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The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening, Old Kasper's work was done; And he before his cottage door Was sitting in the sun, And by him sported on the green His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin Roll something large and round, That he beside the rivulet, In playing there had found; He came to ask what he had found, That was so large, and smooth, and roun Old Kasper took it from the boy, Who stood expectant by ; And then the old man shook his head,

And with a natural sigh, "Tis some poor fellow's skull, ' said he, "Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden, for There's many here about, And often when I go to plow, The plowshare turns them out; For many thousand men," said he, "Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about." Young Peterkin he cries, And little Wilhelmine locks up With wonder wasting eyes ; "New tell us all about the war, And west they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kasper cried, "That put the French to rout; But what they killed each other for I could not well make out. But everybody said," quoth he, "That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then, You little stream hard by ; They burnt his dwelling to the ground, And he was forced to fly; So with his wife and child he fled, Nor had he where to lay his head.

"With fire and sword the country round Was wasted far and wide, And many a childing mother then, And new born infant died. But things like that, you know, must be At every famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won And our good Prince Eugene." "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing." Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay-pay, my little girl," quoth he, "It'was a famous victory. " As d everybe dy praised the duke

Who such a fight did win." "But what good came of it at last?" Quoch little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he, "But 'twas a famous victory."

ACCIDENTS OF A LIFE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK MERCHANT.

About eleven o'clock on a mild Decomber night, in the year 1808, Mr. Nicholas Young, a respectable merchant of New York city, turned the key in his store door and directed his steps home

He had been busily engaged in taking account of stock, and was, therefore, unusually late. A model of regularity in all his habits, he was never known to be out of his house after ten in the evening, except on sach periodical occasions as the present.

He was a plain man of forty-five, who had never married, and inhabited an unpretending but comfortable abode in what was then the semi-rural district about Bleecker street. His family consisted solely of his old housekeeper and a colored man.

He had not walked far on the night in question, when he was startled by a cry as of a female in distress, seemingly proceeding from a close carriage, which was driving past at a moderate rate of speed. The vehicle had not gone twenty yards further before the cry was again raised, clear and shrill, and he distinctly saw a white handkerchief waving from the window.

Constitutionally fearless, and endowed with no small share of native chivalry, Mr. Young lost ro time in hastening to the rescue of the presumed captive. Accident seemed to favor him, for just then the driver dropped his whip, and, before he could recover it and regain his seat, the merchant was at the carriage door, which he attempted to open. He was resisted by a strong grasp from within, while a man thrust his head from the window and angrily demanded what was meant by such unwarrantable

Mr. Young as peremptorily inquired of searching into the matter. He was answered at once by a blow on the head from a sluugshot, or similar instrument, which felled him to the ground insensible. On recovering, he found himself lying, gagged and bound, at the bottom

of the coach, which was being driven furiously. Defenseless as a sheep borne to the shambles, he could only await his fate with such resignation as he could

Hours seemed to pass before the vehicle came to a stop, when the door was opened and he was lifted out in perfect silence by two stout men. He now saw, by the glimmering starlight, that they were standing on the further end of a long wharf-a pier-the other extremity of which was hidden in darkness. Rocking on the waves, almost under their feet, lay a small rowboat. Into this, still without a word being spoken, he was transferred by the same hands, and she stood out to sea, towing Mr. Young, alone and helpless, behind her.

from his view, and the unfortunate mer. home with the girls in the morning." chant found himself drifting, without And that is Polack style.

that his pockets had been rifled, and his watch and wallet taken, together with the keys of his office door and safe.

On the morning following Mr.
Young's abduction, Mrs. Comfit, his
housekeeper, awaited in vain his appearance at the breakfast table. Never before, during the fifteen years she had lived with him, had he been ten minutes behind time. Of course, he must be indisposed. With some trepidation she she went up stairs and knocked at his chamber door. The summons, again and again repeated, awakened no response. He might have gone out for a walk, though such had never been his habit. An hour passed, and she grew seriously alarmed. Finally, when a business acquaintance of Mr. Young's called to inquire why his store remained closed. Mrs. Comfit procured assistance, and her master's door was broken open. A careful search of the apartment only resulted in showing that it had apparently not been occupied during the pre-

ceding night. Days and weeks rolled on, and nothing was seen or heard of the missing merchant. Advertisements appeared in the leading journals, offering liberal rewards for information concerning him ; but none was forthcoming. The case created considerable excitement as well in the community at large, as among Mr. Young's immediate connections, but all attempts to unravel the mystery proved unavailing; and when, one morning, his office safe was found open, and robbed of all its valuable contents. the conclusion was generally arrived at that he had been foully dealt with, and that his reappearance was not to be looked for. A distant relative of the lost man came forward, instituted the necessary proceedings, and took quiet possession of the property which Mr. Young had toiled through so many years

to amass. To return, now, to our ill-fated hero

After drifting in his boat for two inys, the weather being fortunately alm and moderate, he was picked up by homeward bound Italian brig. As Mr. Young spoke only his native lan-guage, of which none of his rescuers unlerstood a single word, he could communicate very little respecting himself, and was barely able to make out the name of the port to which they were sailing. Just before entering the Mediterraneap, they were chased and ried as slaves to the coast of Morocco. By the Italians Young had been treated kindly; at the hands of the half-savage captors, he met with nothing but hardship, being forced to toil almost incessantly beneath a burning sun.

After three years of this suffering, he effected his escape by the aid a fellow slave, an Englishman, with whom he was sometimes allowed to go fishing, and with whom, under cover of night, he flung himself overboard and swam to the opposite coast of Spain, where they found themselves with no possessions but the clothes on their backs. They managed to make their way to the nearest seaport town, whence they intended, if possible, to procure a passage to the United States. All went well; a ship was soon found, which in a few days was to weigh anchor for New York, and on which their services were at once en-

gaged for the voyage. Almost on the eve of their embarkation, a fearful murder was committed in the house where the fugitives were lodging. Circumstances pointed strongly toward them as the perpetrators, and they were arrested on suspicion. Poor, friendless, and ignorant of the language of their persecutors, they were unable to make an adequate defense, and were summarily found guilty. Mr. Young's unfortunate companion was executed, and he himself sentenced to the galleys

After he had undergone the lingering horrors of this worst of punishment for five years, the real murderer was made known by a deathbed confession, and Mr. Young was set at liberty. His story had excited the active sympathy of several humane individuals, and he found no difficulty in procuring means of transportation to his own country. In a few weeks he once more trod the streets of New York, nearly eight years from the time of his enforced departure; but he returned to find himself a beggar. His relative had thrown away his property in wild speculations, and died,

he year before, hopelessly insolvent. Broken in health and spirits, and prematu ely old, the once prosperous merchant, after his protracted misfortune, incu ed solely by yielding to a sudden impr se of humanity, was driven to the occuration of selling small wares at a stall outside Washington market, and whether a female was being carried off migh have been regularly seen thus enagainst her will, and stated his intention gaged for several years, until prostrated by a lingering sickness which brought him to his end, under circumstances of

lamentable privation. Who shall say that the ways of Providence in this world are not inscrutable ? -Illustrated Weekly.

A Polack Wedding.

A Milwaukee paper, describing a Po-lack wedding in that city, says: And what do you think the bride was dressed in! A blue satin dress and green glass breastpin? Not exactly, but a blue dress, green sash, white tarletan veil, and was attended by bridesmaids in green dresses, red sashes, and wreaths of First, the bride and attendants; then the Before morning the boat was cast off, ed to some saloon, where they "danced the sailing vessel quickly disappeared all night, till broad daylight, and went

ceeded in freeing one of his hands, and the immediate construction of six stal

Fur Trimmings.

Fur trimmings will be used more than ever this winter, says Harper's Basar. They are wider than formerly, and are seen not only on wraps, but on polonaises and skirts of dresses, and also on children's clothes. There are many imitations and dyed furs in market sold at low prices, but there is no economy in buying them, as they crock and soon get shabby. Furriers show among low priced furs for trimming children's clothing black and brown cony bands, well made, but only two inches wide, for fifty cents a yard. Black marten trim-mings are more used than ever, and are commended as durable when well prepared and thoroughly deodorized. The fleece is so long that the pelt an inch and a half wide gives a band that appears nearly three inches broad; these are \$1.75 to \$3; bands three inches wide on the pelt are very handsome, and cost \$6.50 a yard. The silvered black marten -with silver hairs sewed in, not glued--is \$4.50 a yard for bands an inch and a half wide on the pelt; double this width it is \$8.50 a yard. Black hare trimmings appear well, as they are silky looking and long, but they are not serviceable, as the dyed fleece crocks and the hairs fall out: price from seventy-five cents to \$2 a yard. Coon borders are very handsome, with their brown shades and light tips; they are what they profess to be, will wear well, and are considered good enough to trim black silk cloaks. They cost from \$2 to \$3 a yard. Black jeannette is an even, durable fur, not of long fleece, but much liked for trimming cloth garments. Borders three inches and a half wide are \$4. Natural gray fox bands are not very good for wear, but are showy, and cost \$3 for the best qualities; there are many imitations of this dressy fur. Colored gray fox is this trimming dyed black, and sold for \$3.50 a yard. Blue fox trimmings are very pretty light fleece for \$6. White fox bands—not the hare, but the veritable fox—are \$2 a yard. Natural lynx trimmings of reddish shade are now being much used in Paris; they are about \$5 a

For more expensive trimmings, the first noted is the gray chinchilla, two and a half inches wide on the pelt, for \$6; these bands are split, and sold for \$3 a yard. The lovely but delicate silver fox trimmings are from \$8 to \$15, according to width. The fisher tail bands are dark and durable, and cost from \$16 the co-operative works. There are do it?" saptured by a pirate, to whom they sould offer no resistance. Their vessel was scuttled, and themselves were carbon sould offer no resistance. Their vessel for \$35 in Paris. The fisher is fast between the supplying all sorts of necessary things, and they are all affiliated and ing exterminated, and it is even now very difficult to get the skins. Brown sea otter is beautiful for brown cloaks or costumes, and costs from \$10 to \$25 a yard with or without silver hairs. Hudson bay sable tail trimmings are \$15 a yard, and are almost as handsome as Russian sable.

The Decadence of Hallowe'en.

The glory of this once popular festival has departed, says the Times. Its triumphs and rough jollities, festivals and strange rites are matters of history. and live only in the immortal verse of Burns and traditional lore. The timid Amaryllis of these more prosaic times does not trust her matrimonial fate to the doubtful chance of picking out, blindfolded, the basin of dirty or clean water, or of depending for a "weel faur'd" man on the likelihood of "pooing" at the stroke of midnight a straight rooted "kail runt." There are still kept up in the western and rural parts of southern Scotland and Ireland some of the rough old games peculiar to this festival, but all over the world, wherever Scotchmen, Englishmen or Irishmen are domiciled, the trail of civilization is over them all. Evening parties, with a ring hid mysteriously away in As she advanced she saw many ears of some elegant work of the pastry cook's genius, have taken the place of the great "black pot" full of mashed potatoes and milk, around which the guests gathered and supped "spoon and spoon alike," until they all became puffe I out she might find one still larger and like plethoric bailies. The rough reel and jig have been replaced by the seductive waltz or pleasant quadrille, and the hilarious "hoohs" and clatter of hob nailed boots, which in olden times made roof and rafters dir!, mingling in inharmonious numbers with the squeaking of a villainous eld fiddle have been succeeded by the rustling of silks, the soft breathing of whispered love, or unmeaning prattle, and the strains of the nigh-toned Centennial prize pianoforte. Like the curious marriage and funeral customs of old, strange mixture of pa- field without having plucked an ear of gan and Christian, and peculiarly social customs, the old Hallowe'en revelries are gone. Even in New York, among the Scotch inhabitants, they live in the memory only as traditions-pleasant traditions, it is true, but never to be revived or re-enacted on this earthly stage. In a few years, when the older generation gives place to the new, when modern in their season. social customs shall have effectively crowded out of existence the antique cleasantries of older conditions of societies, the "heirs of civilization" will folks"—and be laughed at in their turn a question of some importance, was laugh at the absurdities of "the old

A Useful Suggestion.

Most of the city and town halls dotted over our country are, from the outside, friends and the crowd which always ac- discovery of an unknown sea; the lonely companies such a pageant; all this pre- watch of the astronomer; the writing of

Co-operation in Great Britain.

As few people in this country have any idea of the number, value, useful-ness and magnitude of the co-operative associations in Great Britain, it will be interesting to state a few facts relative to them. And from these our industrious classes may learn what their fellow workmen abroad are doing to improve their condition. In no civilized country on the globe do the middlemen, or the shopkeepers, merchants, and traders, make more out of the consumers than in the United States. From producer or manufacturer to the consumer is a long, circuitous, and expensive way. Generally many profits are added to the original cost before an article gets into the hand of the ultimate purchaser and consumer. Not infre-quently the price becomes doubled. The laboring people of Great Britain

found, as a writer on this subject says, that there was "little to earn and many to keep "-that in fact they were reduced to such a desperate struggle to keep body and soul together that a penny saved in buying the necessaries of life would be of great importance. Co-operation societies sprung from the urgent necessity of making a penny go at far as possible. Happily there was a sufficient number of intelligent workingmen to lead off and to direct others in this matter. The result has been that within a few years these co-operative associations have spread over many parts of the country, and have succeeded wonderfully.

While the principle upon which the co-operative societies work is the same among all of them, the mode of operation is different in some cases. Some of the societies, for instance, as in management, while those at hand in never was so confounded before: the neighborhood of Glasgow, Scotland, few have always furnished goods of the first quality. A writer mentions the fact that at the Kinning park co-operative association the loaf factory sends out every morning five wagons with sixfull weight, and that this bread is distributed among thirty-eight co-operabelong to the associated members. This, economical movements of the age, and is ing classes.

An Indian Legend.

The following story, selected from an Eastern teacher, may be applicable in all climes and by all people :

There was once a beautiful damse upon whom one of the good genii wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her:

"Daughter, in the field before us the ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in faith, shall have talismanic virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once, and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shalt thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select an ear full and fair, and according to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee as a talisman.

The maiden thanked the good genius, and then set forward upon her quest. com, large, ripe and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtues enough; but in her eagerness to grasp the very best she left these fair ears behind, hoping that fairer. At length, as the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner, and the ears very small and shriveled. She now regretted the grand ears she had left behind, and disdained to pick from the poor show around her, for here she found not an ear which bore perfect grain. She went on, but, alas! only to find the stalks more and more feeble and blighted, until in the end, as the day was closing, and the night coming on, she found herselt at the end of the

No need that the genius should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly when too late, as how many, in all climes and in all ages, in the evening of life call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked

The Game Laws of England.

A remarkable "game case," involving

tried in an English court recently. Two miners, named McDonald and Sinclair, were accused of trespassing, in pursuit of game, on lands the property of Mr. Forbes, of Callendar. From the evidence, it appeared that the miners were kind. nothing to boast of, and inside look as walking along a public road, and had gaunt and grim as whitewash and gray two dogs with them, which entered an having on me when I say that I saw mypaint can make them. It has been adjoining field, and, after coursing it, pointed out recently how much better hunted a rabbit into a stone dike built it would be if these bare walls were between the road and the field. McDon- that journal without a pang—notwith- peror Claudius II. gives the following a lorned with paintings on a grand scale, ald left the road, got upon the top of standing I knew that with monotonous white artificial flowers. They formed a illustrative of the lives of famous citi- the dike, and watched the escape of the fidelity the paper would go on calling procession at the bride's residence. zens and the noteworthy incidents of rabbit, while Sinclair stood on the road- me so to the very end. local history. The capture of a fort; side close to the dike, from which he regroom and his supporters; then the the invention of a steam engine; the moved some of the stones, and then secured the animal. It was contended for mail matter. This form was common: the prosecution that McDouald, having ceded by a band of music, larger or some famous book; these and kindred left the road and gone upon the top of sailing vessel, which lay close by with smaller, as the means of the groom will all the poetry of art. The influence of the fence, had committed a trespass, and ing. all her canvas set. His two captors allow; with a running accompaniment of such paintings on the community would a conviction was asked. As to whether climbed aboard the latter craft, whose pistol firing and noises of all kinds. subjects might well be represented with sinclair had committed a trespass by anchor was immediately weighed, and They then marched from the house to be immense. Every attendance at a inserting his hand within the fence it the church, where the priest performed public meeting would be a lesson in was left to the court to say. On behalf but me. You better trot out a few dols. the ceremony, after which they adjourn solutions, and a silent stimulus to of the miners it was urged that they to yours truly or you'll hear thro' the every citizen to distinguish himself by were not guilty of entering or being upon papers from deeds of usefulness and heroism. lands in pursuit of game as set forth in deeds of usefulness and heroism. lands in pursuit of game as set forth in Money spent thus in decoration would the complaint, and that there must be tinue them till the reader was surfeited, land, will be commenced in the spring the complaint, and that there must be tinue them till the reader was surfeited, of next year. In the "City of Health" never show a return in pounds, shillings actual personal entrance to the lands beard pence; but it might yield a rich fore a contravention of the statute was Shortly t harvest of noble deeds; and many a committed. The court took this view of qui t, sleepy little town can boast of the matter and acquitted the accused, incidents to which the highest art will who thus remained masters of the situation and of the rabbit.

The court took this view of pournals "convicted" me of wholesale bribery, and the leading Democratic bribery, and the leading Democratic bribery, and the leading Democratic bribery, and the highest art will who thus remained masters of the situation and of the rabbit.

Science Congress at Brighton last year. waves. When day broke, he had suc- The British admiralty have ordered harvest of noble deeds; and many a committed. The court took this view of shortly afterward released himself from all his fastenings. He now discovered cific and Chinese waters.

A CANDIDATE'S STORY.

Mark Twain Tells how he Run for Office

Now that the election is over we can reread with interest Mark Twain's sketch of his first aspiration for office and the result. Mark says : A few months ago I was nominated York, to run against Stewart L. Wood-ford and John T. Hoffman, on an independent ticket. I somehow felt that I

had one prominent advantage over these gentlemen, and that was, good character. It was easy to see by the newspa-pers, that if ever they had known what it was to bear a good name, that time proved, and they have been indorsed had gone by. It was plain that in these latter years they had became familiar with all manner of shameful crimes. But at the very moment that I was exalting Independents! Look upon the Infamy advantage and joying in it in secret, there was a muddy undercurrent of dis comfort "riling" the deeps of my hap-piness—and that was the having to hear my name bandied about in familiar connection with those of such people. I grew more and more disturbed. Finally your honest votes to a creature who has I wrote my grandmother about it. Her answer came quick and sharp. She

"You have never done one single thing in all your life to be ashamed ofnot one. Look at the newspapers-look at them and comprehend what sort of characters Woodford and Hoffman are. and then see if you are willing to lower vourself to their level and enter a public canvass with them."

It was my very thought! I did not sleep a single moment that night. But after all, I could not recede. I was fully committed and must go on with the fight. As I was looking listlessly over London, sell articles to the members at the papers at breakfast, I came across wholesale cost, less the expenses of this paragraph, and I may truly say I

"Perjury.—Perhaps, now that Mr. Mark Twain is before the people as a sell at the ordinary market price, or a trifle less, and divide the profits in an candidate for governor, he will condeequitable and a judicious manner, but seend to explain how he came to be convicted of perjury by thirty-four witnesses, in Wakawak, Cochin China, in due and fitting climax to the shameless 1863, the intent of which perjury was to rob a poor native widow and her help-less family of meager plantain patch, less family of meager plantain patch, their only stay and support in their be-reavement and their desolation. Mr. Twain owes it to himself, as well as to the great people whose suffrages he "Pa!" teen thousand loaves of good bread and their only stay and support in their befull weight, and that this bread is disreavement and their desolation. Mr.

I thought I should burst with amaze-I never had seen Cochin China! I never evidently, is one of the most important had heard of Wakawak! I didn't know a plantain patch from a kangaroo! I did doing a vast deal of good to the work- not know what to do. I was crazed and helpless. I let the day slip away without doing anything at all. The next morning the same paper had this-nothing more.

"SIGNIFICANT.-Mr. Twain, it will be observed, is suggestively silent about the Cochin China perjury.

[Mem.-During the rest of the campaign this paper never referred to me in any other way than as "the infamous perjurer Twain."]

Next came the Gazette with this: "WANTED TO KNOW .- Will the new candidate for governor deign to explain to certain of his fellow citizens (who are suffering to vote for him!) the little circumstance of his cabin mates in Montana losing small valuables from time to time, until at last, these things having been invariably found on Mr. Twain's person or in his "trunk" (newspapers he rolled his traps in), they felt compelled to give him a friendly admonition for his own good, and so tarred and feathered him and rode him on a rail, and then advised him to leave a permanent vacuum in the place he usually occupied in the camp. Will he

Could anything be more deliberately malicious than that? For I never was in Montana in my life. [After this, this journal customarily

spoke of me as "Twain, the Montana Thief."

The next newspaper article that attracted my attention was the following: "A SWEET CANDIDATE. - Mark Twain, who was to make such a blighting speech at the mass meeting of the Independents, didn't come to time! A telegram from his physician stated that he had been knocked down by a runaway team and his leg broken in two places-sufferer lying in great agony, and so forth, and so forth, and a lot more bosh of the same sort. And the Independents tried hard to swallow the wretched subterfuge and pretend that they did not know what was the real reason of the absence of the abandoned creature whom they denominate their standard bearer. A certain man was seen to reel into Mr. Twain's hotel last night in a beastly state of intoxication. It is the imperative duty of the Independents to prove that this besotted brute was not Mark Twain himself. We have them at last! This is a case that admits of no shirking. The voice of the people demands Who was that in thunder tones:

man ?"" It was incredible, absolutely incredible, for a moment, that it was really my name that was coupled with this dis-

[It shows what effect the times were

By this time anonymous letters were getting to be an important part of my "How about that old woman you kiked of your premisers which was beg-POL PRY."

done which is unbeknowens to anybody for his share.

[In this way I acquired two additional names: "Twain, the Filthy Corruptionist," and "Twain, the Loathsome Em Prof. Young's Idea on the Subject---An Interesting Paper.

bracer."] By this time there had grown to be such a clamor for an "answer" to all the dreadful charges that were laid to me, that the editors and leaders of my party said it would be political ruin for for governor of the great State of New York, to run against Stewart L. Woodford and John T. Hoffman, on an inde-

the papers the very next day:
"BEHOLD THE MAN!—The Independent candidate still maintains silence. Because he dare not speak. Every accusation against him has been amply mous Perjurer! the Montana Thief! the Body Snatcher! Contemplate your Incarnate Delirium Tremens! your Filthy Corruptionist! your Loathsome Embracer! Gaze upon him—ponder him well—and then say if you can give earned this dismal array of titles by his hideous crimes, and dares not open his mouth in denial of any one of them!"

There was no possible way of getting out of it, and so, in deep humiliation, I

set about preparing to "answer" a mass of baseless charges and mean and wicked falsehoods. But I never finished the task, for the very next morning a paper came out with a new horror, a fresh malignity, and eriously charged me with burning a lunatic asylum with all its inmates because it obstructed the view from my house. This threw me into a sort of panic. Then came the charge of poisoning my uncle to get his property, with an imperative demand that the grave should be opened. This drove me to the verge of distraction. On top of this I was accused of employing toothless and incompetent old relatives to prepare the food for the foundling hospital when I was warden. I was wavering-wavering. And at last, as a

so I sent in my withdrawal from the candidacy, and in bitterness of spirit signed it:

"Truly yours, once a decent man, " MARK TWAIN, but now "I. P., M. T., B. S., D. T. F. C., and

He Had Been to the Centennial. A bashful appearing man stepped into the editorial room the other evening,

and edging up to the table of the managing editor, hat in hand, said, in a hesitating way: "You like little items for your paper,

I suppose ?" "Certainly," replied the editor; "a newspaper, like life, is made up of little items. What have you to offer?"

"Well," said the bashful man, playing with his hat band, "my name is Smith, John Smith, and I've just got tome. "Glad to see you back again, Mr.

Smith; been gone long?" "I've been," said Mr. Smith, with a tremor of pride in his voice, "to the Centennial, and if you want to make a of her gradual shrinkage under the aclittle notice"-

"What!" cried the editor, springing to his feet, "you've been to the Centennial? And you've got back? Give us your hand; I'm delighted to see you. Spear, let me introduce you to John Smith. John has been to the Centen-

nial." Spear shook hands very warmly with Mr. Smith, and then ran to the aperture communicating with the reporters' room below and shouted: "O'Shaunnessey, come in here, quick, here's a man that's

been to the Centennial!" Then O'Shaunnessey bounced in, followed by his assistants, all of whom embraced the bewildered Smith warmly, and expressed gratification it afforded them to meet a man who had been to stages of the formation of the planetary the great national Exhibition. Word system circumstances nearly enough regot down stairs, somehow, and several others came up stairs at a tearing rate to gaze upon the individual who had been to the Exposition. It was too much for the modest man to bear, and murmuring something about making an item of his return if they wanted to, he hurried out just in time to meet on the stairs the foreman and thirty-two compositors, all eager to get a glimpse of the man who had "been to the Centen-

Slaughter of 320,000 Bulgarians.

The Cologne Gazette observes that Bulgaria has on several occasions figured in history as the scene of "atrocities" no less horrible than those lately committed by the Bashi-Bazouks. The Greek Emperor Basilius Il. was nickgraceful suspicion. Three long years named "Bulgaroktonos" because he had passed over my head since I had ordered 15,000 Bulgarian prisoners to tasted ale, beer, wine, or liquor of any have their eyes put out, a few only being left with one eye in order that they might guide their fellow prisoners back to their homes. Even more atrocious self confidently dubbed "Mr. Delirium was the massacre of the Gothic settlers Tremens Twain" in the next issue of in Bulgaria. The much praised Emby the historian Trebellious Pollio: Cladius to Brocchus—We have destroyed 320,000 Goths and sunk 2,000 ships. The rivers are covered with shields. their banks with spears and pikes, and the fields with bones; no road is free from blood; the huge barricade of wagons is deserted; and we have cap-"There is things which you have conquering soldiers can take two or three The train was flagged one mile this side

on the Courtlands estate, about a mile This is about the idea. I could con- and a half west of Worthing, in Engif desirable.

Shortly the principal Republican journals "convicted" me of wholesale idea of Dr. Richardson, as expounded in i

GROWTH OF THE EARTH.

"Since meteoric matter is continually falling upon the earth, she must of course be growing larger, and the daily number of meteors is so immense that it would be natural to suppose that the increase might be quite appreciable in a few centuries. It is not so, however; the surface of the earth is so enormous, compared with the quantity of meteoric matter, that, even on the most favorable hypotheses, her diameter would grow only about an inch in five hundred million years by accessions of this kind. A few figures will make this clear.

"As to the number of visible meteors, there is substantial agreement among authorities. The estimate of Professor Newton is as large as that of any one, I believe, and he puts it at 7,500,000 per diem, which number we will use. As to their average weight there is more difference of opinion. Probably, however, the most careful and best founded investigation is that of Professor Harkness, published in his report upon ob-servation of the November meteors of 1866; and his conclusion is that "the mass of ordinary shooting stars does not differ greatly from one grain.' Professor Newcomb appears also to concur in this estimate. There are reasons, which it would take too long to discuss, for thinking that this value is likely to be somewhat too small; but on the other hand it is almost absolutely certain that the average mass cannot be as great as one-fourth of an ounce. To be on the safe side, we will assume one hundred grains as the mean weight of the visible shooting stars.

"Remembering that the pound is.
7,000 grains, we shall then find nearly
107,000 pounds, or about fifty tons, for
the total weight of one day's supply of shooting stars. An allowance must also be made for the meteors too small to be visible (which are known by telescopic observations to be very numerous), and for the matter brought down by aerolites. If we double the quantity stated above we shall certainly be abundantly liberal, and this will give us 214,-000 pounds a day, or about 78,164,000 pounds per year, as the earth's rate of growth in weight.

"Her increase of bulk depends upon the density of the meteoric matter, and I gave up. I hauled down my colors and surrendered. I was not equal to the requirements of a gubernatorial campaign in the State of New York, and campaign in the pounds, and the annual meteoric accession to the bulk of the earth would be not far from 417,000 cubic feet. A cube about seventy-five feet on each side would be a little larger. It would take more than four millions such to make a pile as large as Mount Washington. Now, since the surface of the earth is about 5,484 millions of millions of square feet, it follows that the annual supply of meteoric matter, if spread aniformly, would form a layer whose thickness would be only 1-13,155,000,000 a foot, or very nearly 1-1,100,000,000 of an inch. In other words, even on such extravagantly favorable hypotheses as we have assumed, the formation of a sheet of meteoric matter covering the earth to a depth of one inch would require a period of eleven hundred millions of years.

"If we suppose meteoric matter to have been just as abundant in space as now, since the beginning of time, and that the velocity of the earth's orbital motion has remained unchanged, and that the effects of her atmosphere and tion of gravity can be neglected, then it can be shown by an easy course of reasoning, which would, however, hardly suit these columns, that her diameter must have grown during her whole existence at the same uniform rate as now, and we find that to build her up to her present dimensions by such a process of aggregation must have taken a period of at least twenty-seven and a half millions of millions of years.

"It is not intended to assert, however, that the earth was really formed in this way; and even if it was, the above estimate is of little value except as indicating the order of magnitude involved; since there is no certainty whatevernot even a probability—that in the early sembled the present to warrant any conclusion. Nor must it be forgotten that the probable estimates of Harkness and others as to the weight of meteors would lengthen all the periods of time mentioned from ten to one hundred fold. We have given the smallest values pos-

An Eccentric Elopement.

A few weeks ago Mrs. H. T. Yarbrough obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of desertion. The husbard went from Nashville to work at Hickman, Ky., and still, as it appears, cherished an affection for her, sent letters and telegrams urging her to come to him and marry him again. She accordingly left Nashville on the Hickman bound train. When she reached Waverley, however, she was taken from the train upon a dispatch which her brother had caused to be sent. He followed her, proposing to persuade her to return, or in any event prevent her from going to Hickman to meet Yarbrough. At Waverley, under pre-tense that she was going to her room to lie down, she and the daughter of the hotel proprietor slipped out by the back way, ran a mile up the track and flagged the western bound train. Mr. Sweeney now telegraphed to the conductor of the train at Frost station to put her off at that point, but the conductor sent back word that he was not an officer of the law; that she had paid her fair to Hickman, and was entitled to go there. husband. He took her to the court The building of the "City of Health" house, a license was obtained, and they were married three minutes thereafter.

SMART BOY .- A smart boy, after eat-