VOL. IV. NO. 3.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1873.

-such a wicked leering face !

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The Golden Sunset.

The golden sea its mirror spreads Beneath the golden skies, And but a narrow strip between Of earth and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rock, the rock-like cloud, Dissolved in glory float, And midway of the radiant flood Hangs silently the boat.

The sea but seems another sky, The sky a sea as well; And which is earth and which is heaven The eye can scarcely tell.

Se when from us life's evening hour Soft fading shall descend. May glory, born of earth and heaven. The earth and heaven blend;

Flooded with peace, the parting soul With silent rapture glow, Till where earth ends and heaven begins The spirit scarce can know.

UNA.

For the first time in my life-nearly seventeen years and a quarter—I was alone in the wide, wide world; to be precise, in that bit of it which lies between the Paddington station and Bath, I had all but missed the train, so the my uncle had only time to hurry m into a first-class carriage, wherein a so

itary lady was already seated, and give me a solemn injunction to get Au Margery to telegraph when I "turne up all right," before the train dashe "All right!" Of course I should hall right! I should think, at seventee and nearly a quarter, I might be trus ed to take care of myself during a thre hours journey; the more so as my uncl

had "put me in at one end," and m

aunt would "take me out at the other. As soon as I had arranged myself an my belongings comfortably in my coner I took a survey of my fellow-pasenger—a grim, iron-gray old woma in an exasperating bonnet, who we looking, not daggers—that is much to pointed and brilliant a simile—but ru ty nails of the jaggedest description, my poor little hat; such an attractive one as it was, too, with the most piquart little wax-wing imaginable brooding over it with outstretched wings. For my part, I think, when one has a pretty face, it is wicked to spoil it by a dowdy hat; I should have attracted much more attention if I had worn an exasperating extinguisher like my fellow-

traveler's, with an aggravating bow at the top; and, besides, Tom would not have liked it. I was rapidly losing my temper—it was too provoking. Here was some-body evidently just as ready to find fault and take care of me as anybody at home. My only comfort was a hope that she might get out at the next station, or at all events at some distance from Bath. Ah, how little I knew what was coming, or I should have felt glad to have had her glaring twice as grimly

from the opposite seat! "Traveling alone?"

What an unnecessary question, I thought. "You are much too young and too

pretty to be permitted to do so. I meekly answered that my youth and prettiness were "faults" over which I had no control, and hinted at the possibility that time might be expected to cure both, if only I lived long enough. She smiled--yes, really; not a bad smile, either.

"While waiting for that, you should have somebody to take care of you."
"Take care of me!" I exclaimed,
with a little shudder of disgust. "I am quite able to take care of myselfindeed, I am tired of being taken care of. I am almost worn out. Besides, I have been at two garden parties, and have long left the school-room" (with

dignity).
"My dear, the school-room would be the best place for you for the next halfdozen years. I must leave you at the next station, but I will tell the guard to look after you. You will learn in time how good a thing it is to be cared for. Una without her lion would never get safely through this world."

The train stopped; I helped her to

gather all her bags and rugs.

"Good-by, my dear; your little face has made the day look brighter to an old woman; so you have my leave to keep it unchanged as long as you can," and she actually patted my cheek with a kind old hand as she passed out.

I watched her take her place in a little basket carriage that was waiting for her-watched the old bald-headed man servant stand, hat in hand, evidently giving her all the story of life at home in her absence-and felt sorry, as I returned her good-by nod, when the carriage moved out of sight down a shady country road. I followed her in fancy to a flowery country home, where I felt sure that she lived cozily with old servants, quaint furniture, and old pet dogs, cats, and birds. How little I then thought that one day I should-. But I forget; we must not anticipate, as of his pocket. real authors say—that must come in its

then.
The train had just stopped at a quiet little station and was just beginning to move on past the roses and hollyhocks, when the door suddenly swung open, and a man jumped in. One glance satisfied me that he would not improve on acquaintance. Tom has told me since that he was a "cad;" and, if a "cad" is an odious, vulgar, red-haired person, with unwashed hands covered with coarse rings, a sky-blue satin tie, and an overpowering odor of bad tobacco-I know the difference quite well, for Tom never smokes any but the very best Manilas, and I quite enjoy the smell—then most decidedly he was

rightly designated. I saw all this at a single glance, as one does sometimes, and bent steadily over my book, wishing that the hour which-would bring me to dear aunt Margery was over. Presently I was reading something so amusing that I had forgotten everything beside. The train had left the little station far be-

"Take off that veil miss; I'm sure s whiff of fresh air will do you good. This carriage is awful muggy"—that was the creature's very expression— "muggy!" "Besides, it's desperate bad for your eyes to read through that speckled stuff."

Without replying, I bent my head lower over my book, but the letters getting confused, and my heart was eating with fright. "Poor little thing ! Deaf, is she?"

and he took the seat opposite and lean-ed across, so that I had to shrink into my corner to avoid his touch. Poor little Una needed her lion now. "Bad for the eyes, miss, and such

shiners as yours are too good to be wasted on that stupid book. Give a fellow a peep at them. And a great red hand advanced to-

wards my veil.

I could only cower into my corner with a great cry of terror—one helpless call on "Uncle," knowing the while how far away he was, and how unconscious of his poor little Polly's trouble.

In putting up his hand to my veil, the man touched me, and the touch, slight as it was, roused a fury of anger or felt before, and l

of their wilful, but oh! their loving darling-all this occurred so vividly to me that, with a great cry for help to Heaven, I fell at the man's fect, and en-

treated him not to kill me. "Kill you! I thought it was your incle who was to kill me! Bless your little heart, I am going to take care of you. You look pale. Now, didn't you come off in too great a hurry to have time for breakfast? Have a bit of uncheon"-stooping to take a black bag from under the seat. "I always go about provided with something good. I'm a soft-hearted boy, I am, and never see a fine young woman suffer, if I can help it. Peck a bit now-do; you have

hungry look,' up, and said as steadily as I could, softened in a moment, and I lay back in choking back the tears—for I would no cry before him:

"I am not hungry; I will not eat. Do not speak to me any more. You I am a lady.' "A lady! I know that, Do you think I'd be so good to you if you were not? I know a lady when I see herand a hungry lady, too—I knew you was. Come, peck a bit. Don't be

bashful.' By this time he had unlocked the bag, and taken from it—yes, it may ap-pear improbable, but, oh! It is dreadful true—a turnip—a great unboiled turnip—a turnip still covered with the soil of the field from which the wretch had taken it! He began to scrape and

pare it while I looked on.

Was he mad? I would try to please him, and do as he wished, and then perhaps he would not hurt me. I should soon be with aunt now, and at that thought I felt the tears coming again, but opened my eyes widely, and bit my lips hard—the tears must not fall. I crushed them back, and sat watching my companion till, having peeled the turnip to his satisfaction, he cut off a thick slice and handed it to me. Raw

turnip! And touched by those fingers "Come, take it, my beauty-a peach ripe and downy as your own cheek. Peaches is dear, too, this season; but I give noheed to that. If so be as I find a pretty girl to eat 'em, I don't grudge the money. Come, peck away; or do you want me to feed you? No, you shan't have it without 'Thank you.' After all my trouble, that ain't manners," with

a significant look at the knife. "Thank you!" I said, eagerly. took the slice of turnip—and began to eat it—yes, I ate it all, every mouthful making me feel more ill. Another slice was offered, I took it and began to eat, but my throat seemed to be

closing-I could not swallow. "Come, finish it. Good, isn't it! The ladies are always fond of a bit of fruit. Don't be bashful-I've something here for you to wash it down. Nothing like a drop of brandy to make it agree with you," and he touched the neck of a black bottle which stuck out

What would become of me? I had own place; I had not even seen Tom, once seen a dreadful woman for a few moments at home—a new cook she was -who was, oh! so frightful. Nurse told me she had taken brandy and was drunk. I had thought her mad. If he had made me drink it, and if, when Aunt Margery found me, I-but no, this I would not do; he might kill me first. I went on eating the turnip, and all the while I prayed earnestly for rescue. Was my prayer answered? The train began to slacken its speed it stopped; but there was no station in sight. I think it was a sliding or something of that kind.

At the side of the carriage where I was sitting there was a steep bank which shut out all hope; at the other side were several lines of rail; beyond was the open country. In an instant my torturer was at my window. With an oath he commanded me to "be still, and stay where I was." I heard some one pass, and, in reply to a question, I suppose, say that we had been shunted to allow a special train to go by—it would pass in three minutes. I called, hind, and was going at full spead, when suddenly a horrid voice close to my ear made me start, and I looked up to see me so fiercely that I dare not try again.

The special train swept by, but I the "cad's" hideous face close to mine hardly saw it—my eyes, my whole sole, were fastened on the figure of a man who just then came down the green bank which was at some distance. I pressed my face to the glass. Which way would he take? He stood up for a moment, and then slowly, lazily saun-tered towards me. The glass was up my only hope was that he would pass close and see me, for I was past calling or moving now. I noted every trifling detail of his figure and dress; he was a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, dressed in light gray; young, and with a long, golden beard; even the carna-tion in his button-hole 1 observed, and the strength and careless ease of his figure as he lounged along. He stopped

to whistle to his dogs, and then again strolled on, idly twirling his cane. I do not know what kind of face was pressed to the glass on my side—it was wild and scared one, I am sure; but in another minute a pair of great merry blue eyes carelessly glanced up in passing, and were startled into earnestness by the eyes they encountered; the whistle sounded, but, even as it did, a strong hand was on the door-handle, the door was wrenched open, the train moved on—he was beside me, I was

safe!

I don't know what happened then. My deliverer says that I cried, and held one of his hands tight in both of mine; but that I don't believe. In the first place, we had never been introduced, and, in the second, two of his fingers are about as much as my two hands can contain at once. I know, when I grew calmer, that I found him taking care of me, and that I didn't dislike it as much as one might have expected. I don't remember how I told him all; I suppose the turnip and knife, which still lay on the seat, helped me a little; but I do know that he told me "not to be frightened, for he would not throw the scoundrel from the window, as he deserved"—and that he looked so fierce and so strong that I could quite imagine it was a habit of his to throw scoundrels from windows; and that he rather liked it. What he did was to take the creature by the collar, and force him down on his knees, in spite of his piteous protestations that "he never meant to hurt the lady-it was only a lark; he would not have done it for a

ten pun note not if he had known."
"Hold your tongue. Swallow this, and think yourself lucky to escape six months on the treadmill. For the lady's sake, I will not prosecute you, and I'll not break every bone in your body, as I should like to do, as it might annoy her to see it done. But you'll eat this, to the last morsel—mud and all! I should say it is not the only dirt you will have to swallow in your life! Down with it!" And when the last atom had disap-peared, my deliverer, with a parting

where he lay till the train stopped, and turned to "take care" of me again. I almost shrank from the stern face to which I now raised my eyes, but it fully, while he interposed his broad stopped, and I saw aunt Margery's

lear old face on the platform. ness of my clasp, and at my face, which ally, so he sent for him and told him of I am sure she wondered at the eager-I felt was still white and scared. I his loss. made a little motion towards my deliverer, but could not speak a word. He said a few words and gave his card to my aunt, who accepted it and the situation as graciously as she does everything, and looked rather anxious to get me safely to the carriage and home, and

in five minutes we were driving away.
"What did he do for you, darling?" "Oh! he was so strong and so good to me—and he made him eat the whole turnip, auntie!"

Come, we won't talk or think of it And she quieted and petted me, evidently thinking that I had lost my wits,

until I was lying on the sofa in her drawing-room, able to tell her all. Well, that was my first and only attempt at "taking care of myself." I never want to do so again. Tom takes care of me now-of course, you understand that it was he who came to my deliverance. Aunt wrote to him that very evening, and my father came down from London next morning on purpose to thank him; then Tom called, and so and so-the end of my story, or, perhaps, I should say the real beginning

of it, is that I am his wife now. At first I did think it a pity that my husband should be only "Tom," when I had always intended to marry at least three syllables, as I am merely "Polly;" but now I think Tom the most charming name in the world, and would

not change it. I have only one thing more to tell. The old lady with the disagreeable bonnet is Tom's aunt. I am writing this in her house, which is just what I had fancied it, and she is one of the dearest and kindest old women in Eng-

"Una has found her Lion," she

I don't think I am much like Una: but Tom is a darling old Lion, with his tawny beard and splendid strength, on which his wife loves to lean. I hear him calling "Polly!" from the lawn, where he lies, lazily puffing his cigar under the cedar; and, as he can grow on occasions, if I keep his majesty waiting too long, I had better go. "Coming, Lion."-London Magazinc.

A GAMBLING STORY .- It was some

time ago that a man at one of the gambling tables in New York city, after play-ing a time, got up "broke." He felt might remain there, but there was none, and he drew forth only a cough lozenge. He was about putting it into his mouth when he was struck with the similarity of its appearance to a "split," and partly in jest threw it upon the table. It won and was paid by the dealer, who did not notice the deception, and with this amount he continued to play until he left the table a winner of more than \$10,000, and with this sum he estabAn Insult to the Horse.

Do you know the origin of the fashion of that cruelty to the horse, known as blinkers on the bridles? No! Then I will tell you. In 1802 they came into fashion in this wise: The Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, was woefully in debt. Being a Prince, he could not be sued at common law, or arrested, but a ribbon stretched across the sidewalk must not be broken by the debtor. So his creditors contented themselves by using this ribbon to compel him to take to the street, or go back. So he had to travel in a coach-and-four. His off leader got "wall eyed." The duke could not buy another team, and this white eye made the horse unpleasant to look upon. Here was a fix, a princely fix. Poverty and no credit ruled the roost, and it seemed that his Royal Highness would have to go on foot, until one of his drivers lit upon the blinker dodge, and so one was fitted to his head. It completely hid the whiteeye, and then a blind was put on the other horses to make things even and

uniform. Our stages were once driven through the country with four blinkers on the horses, i. e., one on the outside of each head-stall, and that fashion continued many years, or until one-horse wagons came in vogue, and then two blinders were placed on each head-stall. Thus, because the duke was too poor to supply his carriage with sound horses, or those having sound cyes, we to-day, after over seventy years' experience, follow the fashion set by him.

Fashion Notes.

A revers collar in front, with a boxpleated ruff behind, is a stylish way of fnishing the neck of basques, and indulger at once both the prevalent caprices for the raff and the gentleman's coat collar.

A pretty design for alpaca dresses is a double-breasted jockey basque with an apron over-skirt open up the back to an apron over-skirt open up the back to the belt, and two rows of kilt pleating on the lower skirt.

The New York Republican State Controller Hopenton the lower skirt.

The New York Republican State Controller Hopenton the lower skirt. Sleeveless jackets, especially those of

black or dark-colored velvet, will be

again fashionable, and are already worn with grenadine and silk dresses, accompanied by sashes of velvet. The silk or woolen ruff is now as universal for finishing the neck of dresses

as bias bands have been hitherto. Beautiful suits for morning, either for house or street, are made of the new dark calicoes. Artists in gloves have prepared kid

loves of invisible colors to match the

lark costumes with which they are to be worn. Short gloves, with but one button at the wrist, are \$1 65; with two buttons, shake, flung the creature into a corner, \$2; the sylish longer gloves fastened by three buttons are \$2 50; and with

four buttons, \$2 75.

A Dog Stealing Story. The wife of a London attorney lost favorite poodle dog, and in her distress shoulders between me and the other favorite poodle dog, and in her distress and of the carriage, till the train again invoked the aid of her liege lord to recover the pet. He knew the head of the dog-stealing fraternity profession-

"Well, Mr. Q. C.," was the reply,
"I knows your dorg well, and I thinks I knows how to get it. But it's a very waluable dorg—will cost a lot of

few days.

"Well, £30."
"Rubbish." But after a deal of altercation, Q. C. agreed to give £25, whereon his friend said, "You're a gen'elman," and the bargain was struck. "But," was the addendum, "you can't have him for a "The whole turnip! You are ill. Pol-

> "Why not?" inquired Q. C. "Why, yer sees, Q. C., yer dorg was only sold last Monday, to a hold gent for twenty guineas, and as he's got to be darned fond of him, we feels bound to let him have a few days afore we take him back again; he must have sumthing for his money. The dog came back in due course.

Rolling Stock. The decline in the value of new railroad securities caused by the financial

troubles promises to operate in a distressing manner upon some of the industries connected with the railroads. At the Rogers Locomotive Works, in Paterson, orders for locomotives for three months ahead were cancelled and nearly 600 workmen were discharged. It is also feared that 500 more workmen may be discharged from the same works and several hundred from the Danforth and the Grant works. There is also a check to car-building, and it is not at all improbable that much suffering will result to workmen in these and other railroad industries during the coming winter. Hard-pushed employers may prevent some distress by adopting the plan of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and shortening hours of work, with a corresponding decrease in pay, instead of discharging their em-

The Reward of Kindness.

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has awarded its annual premiums," says a Paris correspondent. "One gentleman received a medal for purchasing an old horse incapable of working, and, to save it from suffering, had the animal slaugh-tered, and the flesh given to the poor; another prize winner saved a foal from being buried alive by its owner; an in his pocket for any stray money that architect obtained a medal for plunging into the Seine last November and saving a dog. An agriculturist received honorable mention for extending the culture of goat's beard, a plant which increases the production of milk in sheep, enabling them thus to rear their young. Perhaps that farmer might discover a plant to increase the supply of milk among the Paris herds, and trus enable people to escape from a series of terrible adulterations."

Persian ladies call a European lady's dress "trousers with one leg."

Facts and Fancies.

One Pennsylvania company control

Hash is said to be a connecting link between the animal and vegetable king-

Cobblestones weighing thirteen pounds are found in jars of butter from A prisoner in jail at Duluth got out

by falling in love with the jailor's daughter. The banquet to Ex-Gov. Cooke, which was to take place at Williard's Hotel, has been deferred for the present at his

suggestion. Ned O'Baldwin, the pugilist, has been sentenced, in Philadelphia, to two years in the Penitentiary for aggravated assault and battery.

T. B. Parker, a rich Philadelphian, shot his wife through jealousy, inflict-ing a severe wound, and then shot himself, dying instantly. One enterprising individual who was

helping to make a run on a New York bank, who had a check for \$100 sold his place in the line for \$200 to a heavier depositor. A meth flew into the ear of a young woman residing at Middleport, Niagara county, and could not be dislodged for several hours. Finally a surgeon suc-

ceeded in removing it alive. The Rochester Democrat remarks, as a sample of unequal assessments, that "in Whitestone, in Oneida county, a single calf was sold the other day at a sum greater than the whole assess-ment of the personal property of the

town.'

A recent post-office decision is that if a postmaster knows that if a letter addressed to his office is intended for a person living within the delivery of another office, it is his duty to forward such letter (if it has been properly prepaid) without waiting for a request to do so, and without addition-

Thayer was nominated for Secretary of State; D. G. Fort for Treasurer, M. K. Platt for Prison Inspector, B. D. Silli-man for Attorney-General, and Sidney Mead for Canal Commissioner. The platform praises the State and National Administration, favors cheap transpor-tation, and denounces the increase of Congressional salaries. A lady was much beset by her negro cook for permission to attend the fu-

cook for permission to attend the fu-neral of some relative; but, to compen-sate her for the deprivation, her mis-tress said, "Rose, I really feel very sorry for you, but you shall lose noth-ing by staying at home. I promise that you shall go to the first party that is given by any of your friends, and stay all night long." Rose, tossing her head, replied, "Law! Miss Susan, how kin you talk like dat?" You know I don't set no vally on parties. Forty parties couldn't pay me for de sight of one corp !" She was allowed to see the

A Charming Seng-Miss Julia was induced to give a taste of her musical powers. And this is how she did it. She flirted up her panniers, coquettishly wiggle-waggled to

the piano and sang When ther moo-hoon is mi-bild-ly be-eahming
O'er ther ca-halm and si-hi-lent se-e-e-e,
Its ra-dyunce so-hoftly stre-heam-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, oh, ther-hen,
I thee-hink

H of thee-hee, I thee-hink, I thee-hink,

thee-he-he-hehehe-hink hof thee-e-e-e-e
'Beautiful, Miss Julia! Beautiful!' and we all clapped our hands. 'Do please sing another verse—it's perfectly divine, Miss Julia,' said Eugene Augustus. Then Julia raised her golden (dyed) head, touched the white ivory with her jewelled fingers, and warbled : When the sur-hun is bri-hight-ly glowing
O'er the se-hene so de-hear to me-e-e.
And swee-heet the wee-hind is blo-ho-ing.
Oh! ther-hen, oh, ther-hen.
I thee-hink

Hof thee-hee, I thee-hink, I theo-hink, thee-he-he-he-he-he-hink ho-ho-ho oh-hof thee-e-e-e-e!!

The Swan as a Mother. The female swan, if one may judge anything from her conduct, makes a most careful and excellent mother. The human mother is an unknown thing in comparison. To see the twan with her gray cygnets sailing about is not much more in itself than if she were a goose and goslings; but when she takes a mind to give the little things a ride, then we see riding pic-a-back "elevated," as the newspapers say of circusriding, "to the rank of a Fine Art." She assists the youngsters to mount her back either by lowering her tail into the water and thus teaching their infant minds the use of an inclined plane, up which they straightway walk, "sticks out the black fut of her," (as we once heard the performance of protruding her web-footed limb al-luded to by a low person next us) and makes a convenient step. She then raises her wing, and arches back her neck, and thus makes a most comfortable cradle lined with swan's-down, impervious to the wind, in which the babies sit at their ease, or sleep, or look out on the landscape.

A STORY .- The Record of Chico, Cal., furnishes one of those quiet, unvar-nished short stories which seem to verify the Shakespearian adage. Two sisters were sleeping together in an apartment. One of them awoke during the night and beheld, to her amazement, a little girl dressed in white standing a short distance from her. She awoke her sis-ter, who also saw the little girl. Instead of screaming they struck a light, and as the light increased the object faded. The description corresponded with that of a little girl who had died in the same room a few months previous. The family were afraid of the apparently harmless visitor and moved from the house the next day.