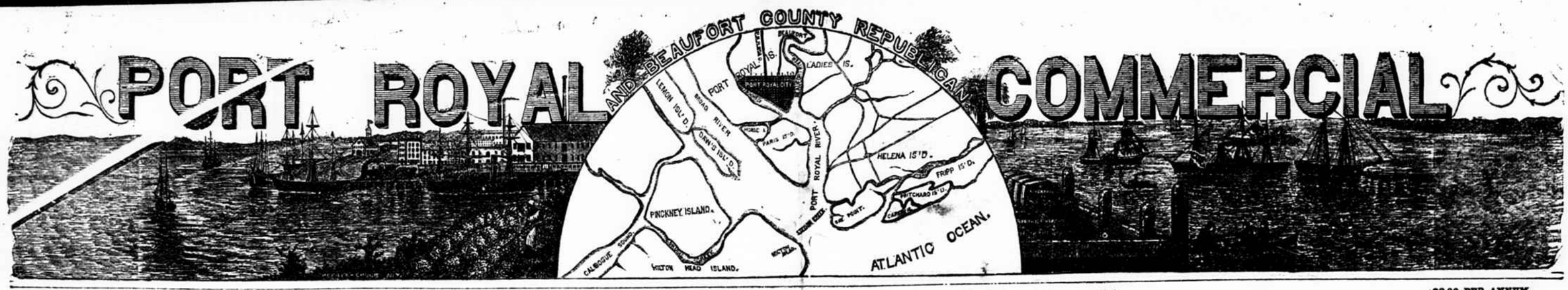
PORT ROYAL AND BEAUFORT COUNTY REPUBLICAN COMMERCIAL



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Rapture.

In my rhyme I fable anguish,
Feigning that my love is dead,
Playing at a game of sadness,
Singing hope forever fled—

Trailing the slow robes of mourning,
Grieving with the player's art,
With the languid palms of sorrow
Folded on a dancing heart.

I must mix my love with death-dust,
Lest the draught should make me mad;
I must make believe at sorrow,
Lest I perish, over-glad.

THE LOST CHILD.

"If we only could get rid of Freddy, we could have some fun!"

The speaker was Gracie Medford, a bright, impetuous girl of nine, and the sister of chubby little four-year-old Fred, who was toiling on after her through the woodland ways, and whose lagging, short footsteps had made her very impatient for the last hour.

"Don't hurry so, Kitty," she said, a moment after. "If you do, we shall lose Freddy; and I do feel sometimes as if I wouldn't much care. I never can go anywhere, or do anything, with him to drag along. There, I can't keep up with you, and that's the end of it!"

Kitty Smith turned round her sparkling, spirited, brunette face.

"I declare," she said, "I think it's too mean of your mother. She might have a nurse for him just as well as not. I don't know what good staying in the country is going to do you, if you never can run, or climb, or anything else, just because you've got always to see to that tiresome boy. I do declare, I'm glad I haven't any little brother."

"Me 'ove oo, Kitty," said little Fred, trying to make peace. "Me 'ove *oo* bery much, Gracie."

And Gracie turned, impulsively, then, and hugged her little brother, and kissed him.

"So you do, Freddy; and sister won't complain of you any more."

"Not a-n-y more?" Fred asked, with a little quiver of hope and fear commingled on the "any," which made it almost a sob.

The little Medfords were Kitty Smith's cousins; and their mother had brought them out from the hot, dusty city to pass July and August in the pleasant country home where her sister Smith lived all the year.

There had been some talk about bringing Freddy's nurse with them; but Mary, who had been confined steadily for the last four years to her little charge, wanted a two months' vacation, in which to make a journey to her Nova Scotian home, and see again all the dear old faces from which she had never been parted until four years ago, when her aunt, who was Mrs. Medford's cook, procured for her the place of nurse girl in the Medford establishment, and she commenced her campaign with little Freddy. Mrs. Medford really wanted to give Mary this pleasure, and, moreover, she was reluctant to incumber her sister's household with too many inmates; but she hesitated over the matter for a while, because her own health was delicate, and she knew that she should be quite unequal to constantly looking after her sturdy, tireless little boy. The affair was finally settled by Gracie.

"You might let Mary go, I think, mamma," she said, when the discussion was going on. "I shall be out of school, you know, and having nothing to do but play all day long; and Freddy can just play around with me, and give you no trouble at all."

"If you are sure you wouldn't get tired of him," Mrs. Medford said, doubtfully. "You know Mary has always taken care of him, and you have never been used to have him interfere with any of your pleasures. You know you do like to have your own way."

"I think I do not like it better than I love my brother," Gracie answered, with earnest voice and somewhat hightened color; and so the matter was settled. Mary went to Nova Scotia, cook stayed to keep house for Mr. Medford, whose business obliged him to remain in the city, and Mrs. Medford took Gracie and Freddy to her sister Smith's house in Borrowdale.

They had been there three weeks now, and the mother had been watching the course of events in silence. She saw very often that Gracie found little Fred an annoyance, though she had never confessed it in so many words in her mother's presence. At first Mrs. Medford was disposed to regret the leave of absence she had given to Mary; but she concluded, at last, that she had done the very best thing for Gracie; for what would she or any other child be worth if she grew up without learning the lesson of self-denial, or tasting the sweetness of giving up her own pleasures for some one else? Surely she had too much conscience, Mrs. Medford thought, ever really to neglect Freddy; and, even though she might find it wearisome, the silent struggle with herself was sure to do her good.

But, on this summer afternoon of which I am telling you, the tempter had drawn very near to Gracie. She tried for a while to resist his beguilements. Kitty's words roused, for a moment, her sense of justice.

"Mamma is not to blame," she said. "She did not make me undertake seeing to Freddy. She would have brought a nurse, but I begged her to let Mary go home. I thought it would be just nothing to take care of Fred; but, oh dear! it is an awful bore sometimes, when I want to do something else."

Freddy did not know what bore meant; but he understood clearly enough that he was in Gracie's way, and his sensitive little heart ached just as sorely as if it had not been almost a baby's heart. If Gracie had looked at him just then she might have seen some great tears on the tips of his long, curling lashes; but he was a little man in miniature, and he tried very hard to make his voice sound firm and brave.

"Feddy been slower than he had to," said he, sturdily. "Feddy be steam-engine now. So just go on fast, and Feddy keep up. Feddy not pull oor d'ess, or hold on to oor hand any more, eezer."

"Are you sure you'll keep up?"

"Bery sure;" stoutly spoken.

So Gracie eased her mind of its burden, and soothed her conscience—for had not Freddy promised?—and hurried on after Kitty, who was in advance.

And after her, toiling with might and main to keep up, trudged little Fred, rubbing away with his round chubby fists the tears that would come, but of which, being a boy, he was secretly quite ashamed.

Presently a great, gorgeous clump of rhododendron, a little in advance of them, moved the two girls to a simultaneous ecstacy. They had never in their lives seen anything so beautiful as this great tropical-looking shrub, rising high above their heads, and making a glory in the air with its magnificent pink blossoms. Heedless of Freddy, they sprang forward breathless with eagerness; and he, finding that his short little legs were unequal to his ambition, resigned himself to his position like a philosopher.

"Me tan't keep up, no way. Guess me stay here, and rest Feddy. Gracie sure find me when she come back here."

And so Gracie surely would, if he had kept right there in the path. But presently a yellow butterfly flew by—one, two, three—a cloud of yellow butterflies, all going one way. It was too much for Freddy.

"They be yeal gold, I guess," he cried, looking after them longingly. "Me get some for mamma—wear in her ears—say, 'Thank oo, Feddy.'"

So the little short legs, set in motion again by the longing to please mamma, started on once more, this time right away from the path, in and out among the trees; and the butterflies flitted on before, as if blown by a wayward wind, here and there, here and there, but always away from the path. And in half an hour only the wind, and the butterflies, and the Heavenly Father looking down, knew where was Freddy.

The girls thought that it was not more than fifteen minutes when they turned to look for him; but then the rhododendron blossoms were pink, and the sky was bright, and a bird with a golden throat sang to them; and all the time Freddy was stumbling on right away from the path. Gracie was the first to think of him.

"Why, where is Freddy?" she asked, with startled face.

"Oh, he's all right enough!" Kitty answered, "trudging along on the path like a little snail. We'll go back for him presently. Just see this kalmia. We must get a little for your mother."

Gracie yielded,—to yield was the fatal weakness of her character. She gathered a splendid bunch of kalmia; then some cardinal flowers burning at her feet attracted her; and then, at last, she turned resolutely:

"Now I must find Freddy. Poor little fellow! I shouldn't wonder if he was crying. We've been away from him as much as twenty minutes."

Kitty glanced at the western sky, and saw the sun hanging low, a great red ball on the misty horizon. She made no remonstrance now against looking for Freddy. She was more frightened herself than she would have cared to own.

Back along the path they flew, Gracie in advance. At last she looked round, her face white with terror.

"It was here we left him, Kitty—just by these blue flags. We started on for the rhododendrons, you know. Oh, where is he, where is he? Freddy! Freddy! Fred!"

But no little piping treble made answer. Would that voice ever answer her again? And, if it didn't, what was the use of living? And she had thought she was tired of him.

The two girls made frantic little rushes from the path in every direction, not going far either way, for on every side the woods shut in round them, and already the twilight was coming fast. At last Kitty said:

"It is of no use, we are wasting time. It is growing dark, and our best way is to hurry home, and send some one to look for him who can find him quicker than we can."

"Well, then, you go, but I must stay here and look. I've got to find him, you know—he is my brother."

"All very well, if you could," Kitty said, dryly. "I don't see how you'd help matters, though, by getting lost yourself, and giving the men two to look after instead of one."

Gracie had not courage enough to resist this argument, which, indeed, had its firm base in a self-evident fact; so the two girls hurried homeward breathlessly. Once there, Kitty stopped outside to tell the story to her father, while Gracie burst into the room where her mother was.

"You may do anything to me, mamma,—anything. If you should kill me, I deserve it. And I don't think I should care. I'm not fit to live."

"Then certainly you are not fit to die;" and Mrs. Medford laid her hand on Gracie's throbbing forehead. "But what is the matter? Why should I do anything to you? and where is Freddy?"

"That's what I've done, mamma,—lost him!"

"Lost my baby? Where?"

"In the woods, mother. He stayed behind, when I thought he was coming, and got lost."

"My baby, my poor little fellow,—all alone in the lonesome woods, and night coming on!"

As long as Gracie Medford lives, she will never forget her mother's face at that moment. She had never seen such a look before. She began to cry, but no one noticed her. Heedless of white gown, and thin slippers, or head, every throb of which had been torture all that long afternoon, the mother sprang through the adjoining room, and was out of doors, and on the path towards the woods, before Gracie had drawn a half-dozen sobbing breaths.

Mr. Smith saw her, and tried to stop her.

"Don't go," he said; "we have got lanterns, and I am going now with both my men."

"Thank you, but I am going too. Do you think I could sit in doors, with my baby all alone in those cruel woods?"

So they all hurried forward, and Gracie came out of the house, still sobbing; and she and Kitty clasped sorrowful hands, and went on more slowly after the others.

An hour passed before a low, eager cry came from Mrs. Medford's lips:

"Come here, James!"

So she found him. She had taken out one of the lanterns, and her mother's instinct had led her on to the right place at last. Mr. Smith stepped to her side. The light from the two lanterns shone on what looked like the statue of a little boy. The long, curled lashes drooped upon his cheeks. His face gleamed like marble in the dim light; and in one careless hand was a great bunch of the poisonous berries the deadly night-shade bears.

"See those berries," the mother whispered. "James, is he dead?"

Mr. Smith bent over the child and looked at him closely.

"No; there is no stain upon his face. He has not tasted them; and he breathes as quietly as if he was in his bed at home."

Then Mrs. Medford caught up her boy in her arms. She had not dared before lest she should clasp despair. Her embrace awoke him; and still, it seemed, his thoughts were running on the golden butterflies.

"Me tied to get oo some for oor ears, mamma, they did shine so brig at; but they all runned away, and then I couldn't find Gracie."

"Weren't you frightened, darling?"

"Not frightened so much as me hungry. Then me find booful berries. See! and before I did eat any, something laid me down to sleep."

It was God's angel, surely, the mother thought, who had hushed her little one to his slumbers;—just in time, just in time!

She drew the purple poison-berries from his fingers.

"They would not be good for Freddy," she said, coaxingly. "Uncle James shall carry Freddy home, and then my boy'll get some nice supper."

On the way the little procession met Grace and Kitty. Little Freddy called out, joyfully:

"Me 'iding! See, Gracie! Me not mean to run away. Me not bad boy. Me only t'y to ger gold fly things for mamma."

It was too much for Gracie.

"Little angel!" she cried, through her tears. "Just see how he takes all the blame, and tries to excuse himself. How can I ever, ever say thanks enough to God, for not taking him just yet to be an angel in heaven!"

Mrs. Medford had two or three minds about what she should say to Grace. Her first thought had been to send at once for Mary, and punish the child by the humiliation of feeling herself no longer trusted. Then she thought it would suffice to "improve the occasion" by a few remarks. But her last, best decision was, that the lesson Grace had been taught would only be weakened by any words of comment. So, like a woman wise enough to know when to be silent—and that gift is not to be reckoned lightly—she left the incident to do its own work. She was satisfied with the result.

The children had a happy summer; and Gracie was never again led into the temptation of even a momentary wish to get rid of Freddy.

Shaving a Pig.

Men of talent often fail from turning their talents in a wrong direction. Chief Justice Chase, for example, would never have made a successful barber. He lived for a while in his youth with his uncle, Bishop Chase, who prepared him for college. One morning he told the budding Salmon to kill and dress a pig. The incipient statesman was not much of a butcher, and, when he came to the delicate operation of scalding the pig, horror! the hair set. But in his extremity he bethought himself of his uncle's razor, and, in due course of time had the porker shaved from tip of snout to tail-end. The bishop, on his return, complimented his nephew on the neatness with which he had performed his task. When, however, the old gentleman came to shave himself, his cherished razor was found in a sad plight. An investigation followed, and young Salmon received some very serious advice.

Greediness.

Greediness finds its own punishment, and that speedily. The punishment does not always take the shape of colic. At a recent dinner an individual with large eyes for fruit and a long reach, fell in love with a large dish of pears of the Seckel variety. His heart longed for them and his hand lunged for them. He grappled the top one, and the remaining four hundred and twenty-four rolled all over the table, into the other dishes, on the floor, into the laps of the guests, and all because one man was greedy. His punishment came from one little pear about the size of his own organ of politeness. This little avenger fell into the coffee-cup of the pear-snatcher and splashed hot coffee into his eyes, all over his face, shirt bosom and white vest. The affair occurred at a county fair, and all the afternoon one man went about the show looking as if he had fallen upon a thousand squash bugs and squashed them over his shirt and vest.

A Cool Reception.

In Virginia City, Nev., according to the *Territorial Enterprise* of that town, a gentleman has placed on each side of the gravel walk leading from his front gate to his door a handsome iron fence, the top rail of which is made of gas-pipe filled with small holes. Before he thus fenced his walk he was much troubled by book agents, map peddlers, and other persistent cattle, but now all is lovely with him. When he sees a man enter his gate with books under his arm, he simply turns a cock and instantly a thousand streams of water dart across the whole length of the walk from side to side. The book-peddler retreats to the gate, gazes wistfully up the walk for a time, concludes the man of the house does not want to see him, and then travels, wondering what sort of infernal machines people will next invent for the discouragement of honest industry. This beautiful and useful invention is not patented.

A Spanish Naval Fight.

We have the following particulars of the engagement between the Spanish Government squadron under Admiral Lobo, and the fleet of the intransigente vessels:

Upon the appearance off the harbor of the national squadron, the Intransigente Junta held a consultation and decided to fight, although they had no hope of achieving a victory. Some of the garrison were in favor of surrendering the city, but the majority of men, especially the deserters from the Government army, were determined upon resisting to the last. Gen. Contreras and several members of the Junta went on board the Numancia. All the morning was consumed by the insurgent vessels in taking in coal and provisions. At noon, everything being in readiness, the four vessels weighed anchor and sailed out of the harbor amid loud cheers from the populace and the insurgent troops.

After proceeding a short distance Admiral Lobo's fleet—consisting of the Vittoria, Almansa, Villa de Madrid, Carmen, and two paddle-wheel steamers—were met and the engagement instantly begun.

The fight lasted two hours, when the intransigente fleet was defeated and driven back to Cartagena, their vessels being badly damaged. The insurgents showed great spirit, but handled their ships badly, the Numancia at first having to bear the brunt of the battle alone. The firing generally was at too long a range, but at the close of the engagement, while the Vittoria was endeavoring to intercept the retreat of the insurrectionist frigate Tetuan, broadsides were closely exchanged between those two vessels. Gen. Ceballos has ordered the people living in the neighborhood of Cartagena to quit their houses, as a bombardment by sea and land will soon be opened.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* telegraphed from the vicinity of Cartagena that the naval action was brought on by an attempt of the insurgent fleet to escape to Oran, in Algeria. Additional particulars of the fight show that the rebel ships failed to support each other. The Numancia fired wildly. The Tetuan behaved with the greatest gallantry, and was frequently cheered by the spectators on the shore, among whom were hundreds of foreigners. She narrowly escaped capture, owing to her boldness in coming to close quarters. An attempt was made by the Government fleet to cut off her retreat, but it failed.

The National Centennial.

As the grand idea of our national centennial, says a New York journal, is a national and international industrial exposition it appears to us that the national celebration for the Fourth of July, 1876, at Philadelphia, could be made in harmony with this grand idea of a world's fair if it were made what we may call an industrial procession of the States and Territories. In such a procession, with each State and Territory represented by a delegation of its own people, bearing in front on a large banner the State or Territorial coat of arms, and with the products and processes, as far as practicable, of its leading and peculiar branches of industry borne in the line of march, we would have a splendid and instructive spectacle. It would be a passing panorama of the States and Territories, representing in bold relief and in actual life the people, the industries, the products, the climate and the peculiarities thereof in every State and Territory of the Union. More vividly than any other device would such a procession represent our people, our country and its various and bountiful resources and boundless capabilities. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to reach the impression upon citizen and stranger, from a procession of a hundred thousand men, women and children, embracing the fishermen of Maine, the tar kilns of North Carolina, the big cheeses of New York, the orange groves of Florida, the monstrous grape clusters of California and New Jersey, the towers of gold and temples of silver from Montana, Colorado, Utah and Nevada, the buffaloes of Nebraska, the elks of Oregon, and the thousand forms of the iron of Pennsylvania, and so on, to the end of the glorious line. This procession would appropriately be led by the army and navy, as representing the forces of our national independence, and it would properly be classed with our civic societies as completing the representation of a reign of peace.

We throw out this suggestion as entitled to consideration by the management of this centennial enterprise; for we think it embodies an idea for the celebration of the one-hundreth anniversary of our national independence, which, from its attractive novelties and instructive groupings of American life and industry, will at our great world's fair of 1876 be universally acceptable.

A Broken Window.

A San Francisco paper relates the following incident which recently occurred there, which shows how easy it is to collect a crowd in a large city: "A man carrying upon his shoulder a heavy iron bar struck it against a large glass window and cracked the pane. The street was one where loaded vehicles frequently passed, and so to prevent the jarring from causing the cracks to extend, a ring was drawn about the spot on the glass with a diamond point. Somebody caught sight of the shivered spot and the circle about it, and stopped to look. Another did likewise; the crowd increased, and in a short time four policemen arrived on the run, it having been reported at headquarters that a pistol ball had been fired into the office, and that the place had been robbed. Of course the coming of the police drew a still larger crowd, and the office was almost besieged. The excitement could not be allayed, and the crowd dispersed until a placard was hung up giving the explanation of the affair, and even then a number lingered near to spell out the words."

Items of Interest.

Feather trimming, it is said, will be in fashion again this winter.

Colorado now has nine daily, one semi-weekly, and thirty-two weekly newspapers.

We can always tell when an exchange is stuck on a job of printing, by the wrappers it uses.

The Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce whittles up a bunch of pine shingles every three days.

According to the revised list of the canvassers there are 164,570 male qualified voters in Philadelphia.

It has now become a question as to whether a phrenologist can tell what a barrel contains by examining its head.

Our market reporter says that nails are seldom sold by auction, though they are often brought to the hammer.

Collections are so slow now that absent-minded people find it more difficult than usual to collect their thoughts.

Out of the 30,000 Americans whom the last census of Paris gives as permanent residents, 28,000 are from the Southern States.

One of the best directions to follow for success in society is this: Talk to the young ones, and listen when the old ones talk to you.

A woman stated to a London magistrate recently that during her five years of married life her husband had knocked her down 115 times.

Michigan's Constitutional Convention has adopted a clause prohibiting railway companies from giving free passes to any but railway operatives.

The Chief of the Boston Fire Department has signed the pledge, and issued an order for every man in the department to do the same or resign.

A pensioner of the Second Connecticut Artillery drew $162 pension money, and being distrustful of savings banks, deposited it in a faro bank inside of three hours.

Denver is to have a new hotel, and the public are assured that the walls will be bullet proof, so that the guests won't run any risk on account of an affair in the next room.

A boy at Menasha, Wis., took a drink of carbolic acid the other day in his curiosity to find out the contents of a bottle, and he was dead almost before he could get the bottle down.

The American Minister sends home stating that many Americans (travelers, walters, and laborers) are now in Vienna in destitute circumstances, and asking that means be provided for their return home.

An open winter is predicted, because corn-husks are thin. *Per contra*, other prophets assure us that we shall have a very severe one, because corn-husks are thick. There can be no doubt about the accuracy of these predictions.

The fastest trains on the English railways is the Great Western Express between the Paddington depot in London and Exeter. Its average rate of speed is 45 64-100 miles per hour; but between Paddington and Swindon it travels at the rate of 53 62 100 miles per hour, including the stopping.

You can tell when a printing-office has vacated a building by the number of blood spots, pieces of skin, and finger nails on the floor. And another sure indication of a move is the number of crippled individuals who call at the new office in the following week and ask, "Are you settled yet?"

Among the documents read at the trial of Marshal Bazaine in Paris was one showing that there were 17,000,000 cartridges in the arsenal of Metz, of which only 1,000,000 had been used when the place capitulated; and that when Bazaine said he had no ammunition, the fact was he had no intention of fighting.

A colony of wasps built their nest a few weeks ago in a church, offensively near the choir. The sexton being appealed to, said, "I'll fix the rascals!" and proceeded to burn the wasps out. The next day while gazing at the ruins of the church, the sexton was heard to remark: "I knew I could fix the rascals; but I'm sorry the church went along with 'em incidentally."

Ex-Gov. John W. Palmer, of Illinois, has written a letter to say that in his opinion questions like that of the mode of observance of the Sabbath are beyond the rightful domain of legislation, and that every person should be permitted without legal hindrance to determine for himself on that, as on all other days, how he will employ his time, only that he shall not in any sense invade the liberties of others.

Preserving Milk.

A method for preserving milk is thus described:

The milk, fresh drawn from the cow, is placed in cans or bottles, which are filled as nearly full of milk as possible, and immediately corked tightly or hermetically sealed. The cans or bottles are then placed in a bath of water heated to the same temperature as the milk, in such a manner as to allow a free circulation of water beneath and around, but not over them. The temperature of the water bath is then slowly raised to between 160 degrees and 170 degrees Fahrenheit's thermometer. The water is kept at this temperature for a greater or less length of time, according to the period during which it is desired to preserve the milk. One hour will, it is claimed, preserve the milk four or five weeks. Five hours heating is enough for eight months or a year. The fire is then withdrawn and the bath allowed to cool slowly, after which the cans and bottles are withdrawn and the operation is completed.

An essential of success in this operation is, that the vessels designed to contain the milk should be perfectly clean and sweet, and that the milk itself should be perfectly pure and unadulterated. If the temperature be carried higher than that named above, the milk acquires a cooked taste. If the temperature be not raised so high, and maintained a suitable length of time, the milk sours.