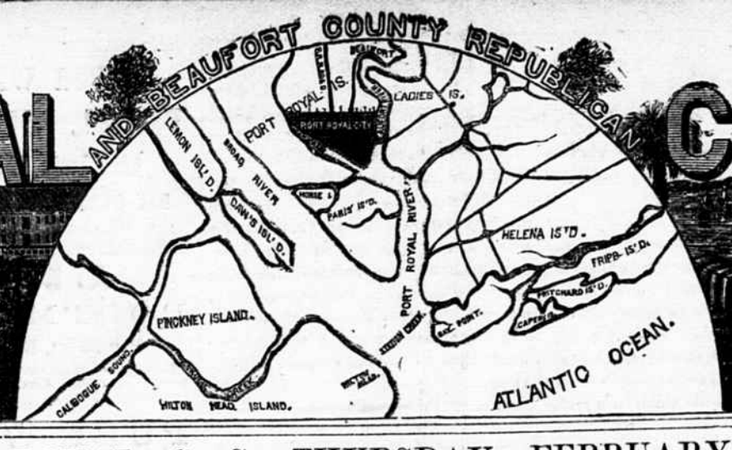
PORT ROYAL AND BEAUFORT COUNTY REPUBLICAN COMMERCIAL



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A Farewell.

Love, if it live for a year and a day,
Shall do well, shall it not?
'Tis a most fickle thing, so they say;
And a year and a day is some time, is it not?

Ours has lived for so long—yes, a year,
And a month too, I ween;
That is well—if it die now and here,
It will do full as well as most loves, I ween.

So let us kiss—hold each other once more,
Then,—Farewell,—shall we not?
Love has parted from us—let us part before
Something come in its place that is worse,—
shall we not?

For us both there are fields that are fresh,
Pastures new for us both;
New loves we shall find who'll be dear, more or less
Than a year, or a year and a day, to us both.

There, enough—let us take what the Fates shall allot;
Fare the well, fare thee well;
My best wishes are yours; yours are mine, are they not?
They should be at least—once more, fare thee well.

ON THE BRINK.

I have known Arthur Gravely well and intimately. A part of his story came to my knowledge through my own observation, and a part he told me himself.

Arthur came of an old, well-defined and respectable stock, with just enough of aristocratic pride inherited from his progenitors to give him refinement and self-reliance. At an early age he was left an orphan, and received most of his education under the care of an uncle. When he was one-and-twenty he was admitted to the employ of a banker named Vanderlain, and very soon took a position of trust and responsibility in the house. A year later he took for his wife Fanny Summerton—one of the fairest and sweetest of earthly treasures. He had loved her long and truly, and her love in return had been single and devoted. Thus was life opening for Arthur Gravely with bright and happy promise. He had friends whichever way he turned; his business prospects were of the very best; and his home was an earthly paradise.

One enemy, and one enemy alone, at this time stood in Arthur's path. His wife did not see it then. She loved him so fondly and so trustingly that she could not see a fault.

A few of Arthur's friends feared danger, and one of them, more bold than the rest, spoke to him warningly, but kindly; but he turned away from the warning with a sneer of derision.

The months and the years went on—from twenty-two to twenty-eight.

Six years of married life,—six years of blessing so far as the outer things of life can give blessing. In the bank Arthur had assumed a place very near to the head, and his salary was munificent.

From early youth Arthur Gravely had found the wine-cup among the symbols of life's social phase. He had kept wine in his own house; he had used it upon his sideboard and upon his table; and he had partaken freely abroad. In the earlier years it was wine, and only wine of the best and the purest. Later, stronger liquors were required to keep up the tone. At the age of eight-and-twenty, there had come an undue flush upon Arthur's cheek, and there were blotches in the eye which ought not to have been there. He now took brandy before breakfast, and through the day he was forced to supply fuel to feed a fire which else might have consumed all bodily comfort. As yet he had never been helplessly intoxicated. He was confident in his own strength.

Alas! for the man thus failing! He knows not that his powers of understanding are dying out as the body fades and perishes!

At length Mr. Vanderlain called Arthur into his private closet, and told him that he was going to suspend business.

"I have money enough," said Mr. Vanderlain, "and I know that my close application to business is wearing upon me. I am growing in years, and need rest. I think of going to Europe."

"And of closing up your business?"

"Yes."

"But, sir, there is no need of that. If you will trust your bank under the guidance of some capable and responsible agent, with your name at its head, it might go prosperously on, and you could go away upon your trip at will."

A cloud came upon the banker's face, and he shook his head.

"It is too late," he said. "At some time I may tell you more."

Shortly after this, in process of closing up his business, Mr. Vanderlain sent Arthur to a distant city to make some important settlements. Arrived at his destination, the young man called upon the correspondents of the bank, and having made preliminary arrangements, he found himself with a few days upon his hands which he might enjoy in pleasure. On the very evening of his arrival, he had fallen in with John Hatton and William Roberts, two friends and classmates of earlier years. He was startled when he saw them. They were evidently going down hill—were drinking to excess. Yet they were gentlemen, and Arthur joined them. He spent a first and a second night in their company. On this second night, for the first time in his life, Arthur Gravely drank to a state of helpless stupefaction. He awoke on the next day feeling sad and humiliated. When he met his companions in a private parlor connected with their sleeping apartments, he found them with a bowl of hot brandy between them. A spirit of true friendliness came upon him when he saw the marks of the destroyer so deeply fixed upon the companions of his boyhood.

"Boys," said he, "this won't do. You are going down."

They regarded him curiously, and asked him what he meant.

He told them what he meant. They were in a dangerous way.

"You forget, old boy," said Hatton, "that you are in the same boat. If we took passage before you, it is no less sure that our route now is the same. Don't preach, Arthur. Try a bit of hot brandy."

There are moments in a lifetime—great crises—when the events of the past flash before the mind as upon a magic mirror—when a man, in a brief instant, recalls every salient point of his earthly career. Such a moment was the present to Arthur Gravely.

"Let it alone," he said, solemnly. "I tell you, Jack, and you, Will, that you are going down. You can't last much longer at this rate."

"Well," retorted Roberts, with an attempt to laugh, "it appears to me that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Hadn't you better try to let it alone yourself?"

"If I will try it, will you try it?" he asked.

"*Will* you try it?" demanded Hatton.

"I will if you will join me."

"Done!"

And they did it. They joined hands and promised one another that they would be true and steadfast.

A new surprise was in store for Arthur Gravely. He found upon cutting off his spirituous liquors that his body weakened and that his hands shook as though with palsy. He applied to a physician for help. Fortunately he applied to a man of sense and understanding.

"Can you give me something to steady my nerves and restore my appetite?" Arthur asked, after he had frankly stated his case.

"This shows you, my dear sir," said the physician, "into what a dangerous state you had fallen. I can give you something to steady your nerves, but it would not help you in the end. If you will be brave and true you will come out all right in a very few days."

Arthur said he should not go back. He wanted no stimulant—no more of that.

The trial was a severe one, and it may have been a blessed thing for Arthur Gravely that it was so. He felt more heroism in the conquest, and he also saw more clearly how deeply the evil habit had become fixed upon him. On the morning of the fourth day of his trial he awoke with an appetite for food, and was able to eat a hearty breakfast. He was a new man from this time forth. The physician had given him certain hygienic directions which he followed implicitly, and thus he held fast upon his health as it came back to him.

And on this fourth day Arthur saw Hatton and Roberts. They had kept the faith, and had been unexpectedly prospered. An excellent opening in business had been presented and accepted.

On the fifth day the business which had brought Gravely from his home was concluded, and he set out on his return. And the last struggle had passed. His nerves had become steady; his appetite had started up as if by magic; his cheek had grown fair; and the white of his eye was growing clear and pearly again.

He reached his own city in the morning, and went first to the bank and gave in a return of his business. Mr. Vanderlain had glanced quickly and eagerly into his face when he first entered, and a wondrous change came upon the banker's manner as the business proceeded. Something outside the business in hand was evidently on his mind.

Arthur did not reach his home until time for dinner; but he had sent a boy from the bank with word that he should be there.

"Fanny!"

"Darling! O, I'm so glad to see you back!"

Something made the wife even happier than she had thought as she rested within her husband's embrace; but in the sudden joy she could not see it,—she could only feel a great warmth, like the glow of heaven, as Arthur's kiss came, sweet and pure, to her lips.

As they entered the dining-room Arthur saw the decanter of wine near his plate.

"Take it away, Fanny," he said, smiling. "If you want it hereafter for a medicine, keep it. For myself I shall not want it."

"Not want it?—Arthur?"

"I have done with it forever!"

He spoke solemnly, with a manliness that was strong and reliant.

And the wife saw whence had come the great warmth to her heart—saw it in the pure cheek, and in the clear eye, as she had caught it in the sweet breath.

"Arthur—my husband," she whispered, as though hardly daring to trust her own senses, "is it true?—do you mean—forever?"

"While I live, darling," God giving me strength and reason."

Fanny was upon the opposite side of the table. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She turned white—then she pressed her hand for an instant upon her heart,—and then, as the crimson flood once more bounded on its course, she covered her face, and sank down, weeping like a child.

Arthur was by her side in a moment.

"Fanny!—my wife!—what is it?"

She looked up, and caught his startled gaze through her tears. With a quick movement she threw her arms around his neck, and pillowed her head upon his bosom.

"O, Arthur!—bless you! bless you! I could die for joy if I did not feel that I could find more happiness in living now for you!"

Here was a new revelation. Arthur Gravely now learned how his sweet wife had suffered without daring to complain—how the worm had gnawed at her heart!—saw it all the more clearly because he saw in this present time her surpassing joy and ecstacy.

Not many words were spoken. This was not the time for such a heart-moving theme. And now, as they eat the meal, Arthur told of his trip to the distant city.

After dinner Arthur went out to carry a budget to a neighbor, and when left alone, Fanny sat down and cried again for joy. And so Mr. Vanderlain found her. He had stopped in passing to do an errand.

"Mrs. Gravely! What has happened? What is wrong?"

"Wrong?" she repeated, looking up. "O, sir, it is for joy I am crying."

And then she told him the source of the new happiness that had opened to her.

Mr. Vanderlain listened, and after a deal of thought he slowly said, with his hand upon Fanny's fair head,—

"Dear child, you may rejoice without fear. If Arthur has pledged his honor to this new life, be sure he will keep the faith!"

Most of the afternoon Arthur spent at the bank; and as he sat at the table in the private office waiting for the banker, a feeling of sadness and regret came upon him. It would be hard to leave the old place, and it might be a long, long time before he could find another so pleasant.

It was toward evening when Mr. Vanderlain came in, looking flushed and self-satisfied.

"I have kept you waiting, Arthur, but I have been busy. I have made a most important change in my programme."

"Ah! And then you are not going away?"

"Yes—I shall go to Europe; but I shall not give up my banking business. I have found a new man—one safe, reliable, and competent—who, I think, will take my business while I am absent."

"Mr. Vanderlain," cried the young man, frankly, "I am glad of this, for I know I shall be able to persuade you to let me keep my place in your employ."

The banker shook his head.

Arthur trembled, and started to speak.

"Tut, tut—not your present place, Arthur. Know that you are my new man. If you will take charge of my business, I shall not let it go from me; and I shall leave it in your hands, knowing that both it and you will prosper. What say you?"

"Mr. Vanderlain!"

"Ah! my boy, I have seen your wife. I found her crying for joy. And when she told me whence her joy came, I knew there was joy for me also. To the *new man* I give my entire confidence, and in *his* hands I fear not to trust my name and my honor,"

It was Arthur Gravely's turn now to weep; and he could no more help it than he could have helped the great flood of peace and blessedness that flowed in upon his heart.

"My dear boy," said the banker, afterwards, "I did not speak to you in the other times as perhaps I ought. I knew how you treated others who did speak, and I forebore. I had intended to speak, however, before I went away, and, if possible, to get you a good place. But it is all done now. God bless and keep you."

And now, looking back, Arthur Gravely sees how near upon the fearful brink he stood. From his position of wealth and honor and love, he can see the dark pit from which he escaped, and he sees hundreds upon hundreds sinking into it yearly. He helps the falling ones when he can, and finds unfailing satisfaction in the work.—*Ledger.*

Debt and Dishonesty.

One who is anxious to discover the causes and remedies for the prevailing lack of honesty traces the matter to the credit system as well as the financial calamities now upon us. A thousand honest men are put at the mercy of a single dishonest man to pay his debts. If the one pockets his money and refuses to pay, he deprives a thousand who are anxious to do so. The best way to get capital is to work for it. Work for wages till you have money of your own. To use another's capital, if you lose it you must replace it. When a man finds he owes more than he can pay, he begins to inquire how he can get rid of his debt. If all he has will not pay all he owes, then less than all, he thinks, will pay a part, and he hides a portion or all from creditors. Learn to make money a year before you spend it, then you will buy less and buy cheaper. Other things being equal, dishonesty prevails in proportion to the facilities for escaping obligations. The wise man has said that the "borrower is servant to the lender," and he ought to be until he returns what he has borrowed. When one has the benefit of another's labor, property, person, skill and all are bound for the equivalent. The ancient Roman and Jewish codes held that a man's life and labor should be bound for his debts. This may appear, and sometimes is, severe; but strict justice says, "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly?" "Owe no man anything," if you can help it; but if you do, place what you have at the disposal of your creditor till all is paid.

Good Old Times.

A relic of the "good old times" has been discovered by an old world paper in the shape of a bill of charges submitted by an executioner at Bonn to the authorities of Cologne in 1688. The following are a few of the items contemplated in his estimate: "To quartering by means of four horses, eight thalers; to beheading and burning, eight thalers; to strangling and burning, six thalers; to burning alive, six thalers; to breaking on the wheel alive, eight thalers; to beheading and fastening the body to the wheel, six thalers; to beheading, four thalers; to beheading after cutting off one hand, five thalers; to cutting off a hand or two fingers, one thaler. Tearing with red-hot pinchers, to be paid for at so much a gripe. Drowning or burying alive not being usual in these parts, the executioner will, in the event of such executions being required, ask as much as for beheading or fastening to the wheel—namely, six thalers. To fastening screws on the thumbs and driving the same, one thaler for the first quarter of an hour; for every subsequent quarter of an hour, one thaler. The executioner reserves the right of afterward receiving what may fairly be due to him for his trouble in setting limbs to rights again."

A jury in Iowa recently awarded a locomotive engineer $10,000 damages for injuries received while in the discharge of his duties.

My Deaf Wife and Aunt.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated toward my wife and ancient relation.

"My dear," said I to my wife on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She is very deaf; and although she can hear my voice, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her visit agreeable."

Mrs. —— announced her determination to make herself heard, if in her power.

I then went to John N——, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, and told him to be in the house at 6 P. M. the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said: "My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Annie (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention before. She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I am sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking aloud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up—on the steps was my wife—in the window was John N——, with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried his relatives that afternoon.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite side was startled, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," bawled my aunt; and the windows shook as if with the fever and ague. I looked at the window; John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into strong convulsions.

When I went into the parlor my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape; and there sat John with his face buried in his handkerchief.

"Did you have a pleasant journey?" suddenly went off my wife like a pistol, and John nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response, in a war-whoop, and the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it. When I was in the third story of the building I heard every word.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me: "How loud your wife talks!"

I told her deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that she was getting along very nicely with her.

Presently my wife said softly—"Alf, how very loud your aunt talks!"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did.

Exalted at their success of being understood, they went it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantelpiece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking was injurious to my wife. So—"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly whoop, for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I don't."

"What!" said aunt, rivaling a railroad whistle at the time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and looking around and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor, and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at right angles with his body, rolling from side to side with his fist poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think from the relative position of our feet and heads and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must inevitably have ensued, if a horrible groan which John gave vent to in his endeavor to suppress his risibility had not betrayed our hiding-place.

In rushed my wife and aunt, who by this time comprehended the joke, and such a scolding as I got then I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end would have been if John, in his endeavors to be respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a groan and a horse laugh that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

I know it was wrong, and all that, to tell such a falsehood, but I think that Mrs. Opie herself would have laughed if she had seen Aunt Mary's expression when she was informed that her hearing was defective.

SMART GIRL.—During a raid through Florida a bright little girl was found at one house, her parents having skedaddled. She did not know whether the troops were Northern or Southern. Two fine dogs made their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were Gillmore and Beauregard. "Which is the best dog?" asked a bystander. "I don't know," said she; "they're both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch 'em." The troops left without ascertaining whether the family of which the girl was a scion were on their side or not.

What Is Carlism?

Scribner's has a timely and interesting paper on "Carlism in Spain," which at this juncture of affairs in that unhappy country will commend itself to many readers. The fact is that what are now painfully notorious as the Carlist troubles had their birth no longer ago than March 29, 1830, when Ferdinand VII. caused to be republished, with additional sanctions, the Pragmatica of his father, Carlos IV., in order to remove every obstacle which might be in the way of the succession to the throne of a then expected child, whatever its sex might be. As the child proved to be a daughter, since well known as Isabella II., her birth became the signal for a civil commotion in the interest of Don Carlos Ferdinand's brother, aiming to revive the French Salic law which Philip V. had introduced, and which the Pragmatica had nullified. We have not space to give the writer's rapid but graphic summary of historical events occurring during Ferdinand's lifetime, nor the lucid and interesting record he reproduces, touching the celebrated Salic law itself. But our readers will be glad to look over the following clear statement of the Carlist question proper, and its present position as an element of discord in Spain.

"In a little less than a year thereafter (the reaffirmation of the Pragmatic Sanction), September 29, 1833, Ferdinand died.

"His daughter, Isabella II., was proclaimed Queen of Spain, under the regency of her mother, Maria Christina, and immediately thereupon commenced the war of revindication, or of the rival claims to the throne of Spain. Such was the origin of the Carlist party.

"The Don Carlos of that day styled himself Carlos V., as though he were in reality a king, unjustly deprived of his throne. His son, Carlos VI., Count of Montmolin, perpetuated the claim, but died in 1861, without issue, when his brother, Don Juan de Bourbon, inherited his brother's rights, but instead of pursuing them signed an act of abdication at Paris, October 3, 1868, in favor of his son, the Duke of Madrid, who now represents the Carlos interests under the name of Carlos VII.

"As between the opposing claims of the Duke of Madrid and Alphonso, the Prince of Asturias, it seems to us that there can be no question. The right of Alphonso rests upon the ancient and undeniable law of the Spanish monarchy. If it be asserted, in opposition to his claim, that Philip V. changed the old Spanish law and substituted the Salic law, which prevailed in France, with the consent of the Cortes, it may be answered that Carlos IV. and Ferdinand VII. changed the law back again, with the consent of the Cortes, and restored the ancient law of the realm—and their act was surely as valid and effective as that of Philip V. Alphonso is the son of Isabella II. and Francisco d'Assise, Duke of Cadiz, who were married October 10, 1846. The Duke of Cadiz is son of the Infant Francisco de Paula, brother of Ferdinand VII.

"The Duke of Madrid, Carlos VII., the Pretender, Prince of Bourbon and Este, was born at Venice, March 27, 1848, of Don Juan de Bourbon and Donna Beatrix d'Este, Archduchess of Austria. He was educated in the Military Academy of Vienna. In 1867 he married, at Gratz, Styria, the Princess Margarita de Bourbon, daughter of the Duchess of Parma, and niece of Comte de Chambord, the claimant of the French crown, as heir of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon."

Our Advantages.

Had Queen Elizabeth lived in our day, her extravagance would be far more extensive than it really was, I imagine; for the old dame—I beg her pardon, maiden—knew little of real luxury. During her reign, people would not eat meat on Wednesday and Saturday, except in case of sickness, and then a license must be obtained; one object of this prohibition was "the sparing and increase of the flesh victual of the realm." They had eggs, butter, honey and cheese, but almost no vegetables except a coarse sort of beans and peas, the former being sometimes, in case of scarcity, ground with grain for the bread of the poor; but it was so unpalatable that even beggars refused it when there was a possibility of getting anything better. Herbs of all kinds went into the pottage of the poor, which had not always so much as a bone to give it a relish. And these herbs—bitter, often—helped to flavor meats and fish. "Wheaten" bread was scarce, the poorer classes using a combination of bran and meal. The popular drink for men and women was ale. We read that royal Bess consumed her full share of this beverage. Certainly she had no other inducement to become guilty of excess in appetite, and was thus justified in making the most of her privileges, perhaps.

Co-operative Boarding House.

New Haven has a United Workers' Society, from the annual report of which we get interesting particulars as to their women's boarding-house. In a house which accommodates 18 boarders, and gives an average of 38 restaurant meals weekly, the working force is a matron, a housemaid, a cook, and a woman to wash one day each week. The boarders' washing is done out of the house, and paid for by themselves.

AVERAGE WEEKLY EXPENSES.

Salary,	$7 69	Provisions,	$27 00
Wages,	7 00	Fuel,	2 50
Rent,	11 54	Gas and water,	1 35
Incidentals,	3 24		
		Total,	$60 32

FARE GIVEN FOR THIS AMOUNT.

Breakfast—One hot dish, bread and butter, tea or coffee. Dinner—One kind of meat, two vegetables, bread and butter, fruit, or pie, or pudding. Supper—Bread or biscuit and butter, stewed fruit, and sometimes cake, also tea.

A Circuit Court—the longest way home from singing school.

A Model Stock Farm.

How a Long Island Farmer Makes Money at his Business.

Beacon Farm is one of the model farms of America. The farm is occupied by Willian Crozier, and is situated upon an almost insular headland near Northport, Long Island, which is washed upon almost its whole boundary by the waters of Long Island Sound. It consists of a light sandy loam, in some parts being almost wholly sand; its surface is picturesquely rolling, and diversified with hill, dale, and valley, and is covered in large part with such shrubbery and timber as are found upon the sea coast. Six years ago, when Mr. Crozier entered into possession of this farm, it was a neglected wilderness of impoverished barrenness, overgrown with wide hedgerows of rails and tangled bushes, which occupied a considerable portion of its cleared acreage. It furnished precarious subsistence to six cows and one horse, and its farm buildings were mere weather-beaten wrecks useless for shelter. The unsightly and obstructive fences or boundaries of the numerous small fields have been swept away, their sites cleared and grubbed, and the tilled part of the farm has been divided by straight post and board or post and rail fences into six fields of from 60 to 120 acres each.

A rotation of crops suitable to the soiling system of keeping cattle has been adopted, and by the necessary reaction of food upon manure and manure upon food, which results from this system, the farm now keeps abundantly supplied from within its own resources, forty-nine horses, 111 head of cows, bulls, heifers, calves, and oxen; sixty-seven heavy sheep, 150 hogs, and poultry of various kinds in great numbers. This stock, fed in stalls, in which plentiful bedding of leaves, straw, and other litter is used, with the addition of swamp muck spread in the yards and composted with the droppings, together produces over 10,000 loads of manure per annum, all of which is worked over and brought to the finest condition for use upon the corn and root crops, and the meadows. This is the key to Mr. Crozier's success—soiling stock and making manure.

The stock is all thoroughbred, the horses are pure Clydesdales (the working and breeding mares weighing 1,600 pounds each) and Morgans. The cows are pure Jerseys and Ayrshires, in nearly equal proportions. The sheep are Cotswolds and Southdowns, the hogs are all the choicest Berkshires, and the poultry are Aylesbury and Rouen ducks; game black Spanish, Buff Cochin, and houdan fowls; bronze turkeys and Bremen and Toulouse geese. All this stock having been bred from the best strains, and with great care and judgment, and being kept in excellent condition and health, are perfect specimens of their several races.

The crops raised last year were 150 acres of grass, 35 of oats, 40 of barley, 12 of wheat, 40 of corn, 10 of fodder-corn, 5 of potatoes, 40 of roots, 6 of cabbages, 8 of vetches or tares, 60 of rye and 10 of rape. Of these crops none are sold, all being consumed upon the farm. The produce sold consists of butter, which brings 75 cents a pound on a yearly contract, wool, pork, which brings 18 cents a pound, occasionally a carcass of beef, and mainly live stock for breeding purposes. The sales from the farm the past year were $18,000, an increase from $13,000 for last year. Stock is shipped from Beacon Farm to every State in the Union and to Canada, and some other foreign countries occasionally. The crops raised are what would be premium crops anywhere. Two hundred and four bushels of ears of corn per acre have been measured off from the field, and thirty-eight tons of mangels, without weighing the heavy and vigorous tops, which all go to make feed. The barley and corn are boiled for the hogs. The corn-fodder and hay are used for winter feed, cut and steamed, with sliced roots, meal, and bran, (the latter purchased) for all the cattle, horses and sheep; the cabbage, rape, vetches, and rye, are used for the summer feed for cows or for sheep, fed inside of movable hurdles upon the growing crops. The rotation is corn, roots, oats, or barley, rape or other green crops fed off by sheep, and rye or wheat sown with grass seed, of which orchard and timothy are the main varieties, and which are always cut when in blossom.

The plowing upon this farm is probably excelled nowhere. The famed English ploughing is not more accurate in the line, more even in the width, nor more regular in the depth of the furrow than the plowing upon Beacon Farm. The plowing, eight inches deep, is done by Scotch plows or English plows of the Scotch pattern, the harrowing by the chain harrow, also of English pattern; the cultivation by long-tined grubbers, which stir the soil to a depth of twelve inches, and which are of English make. The roller is used to finish the surface when the fields are laid down to grass.

The barns and stables are built in quadrangles, each with a spacious yard in the centre. The main barn is 60 feet by 48, with a basement, in which are a grist mill, circular saw, shafting to run the fodder, hay, and root cutters, which are upon the main floor, and the steam-chest for preparing the food. At a short distance from the barn is the steam-engine, boiler, and tanks. The engine is 20-horse power, and, with the boiler and attached machinery, to which motion is communicated by a wire rope running over the pulleys, cost about $3,000. The cattle-sheds, of which there are two, each 250 feet long, and others of less extent, are furnished with capacious loose boxes for bulls, young stock, or incoming cows, and with stanchions for the milking cows. Two pens, of over 100 feet in length, each with a spacious yard, are provided for the pigs, in which they earn a good portion of their living by working up compost of leaves, muck, etc., with their droppings, into the richest manure.

"I have lost flesh," said a toper to his companion. "No great loss," replied the other, "since you have made it up in spirits."

Items of Interest.

Homeopathy has again been refused admittance to the University of Michigan.

Georgia planters are dividing their acreage nearly equally between cotton and corn.

The amount of grain sealed up on the Erie Canal is 3,000,000 bushels, principally wheat.

An enterprising farmer of Essex county gives a chromo to every purchaser of a load of manure.

Our nervous editor, whenever he gets excited, goes into the composing room—and becomes "composed."

In less than three months more than thirty women have been appointed Postmistresses in the United States.

A well-dressed, able-bodied man astonished people in State street, Boston, on New Year's day by walking up and down with a large placard on his hat bearing the inscription, "I want work."

Before taking prusic acid a young lady in Chicago indited the request that she be consigned to her narrow home in her silk dress, and that her bracelets should not be removed from her wrists.

The volunteers in Saragossa, Spain, incited by the municipality rose against the Government on Sunday. After fighting eight hours they were defeated with a loss of 200 prisoners and six pieces of artillery.

The Supreme Court of Texas has decided that the law under which the late general election was held is unconstitutional, as the polls were kept open only one day instead of four as provided for by the constitution.

A Green Bay woman whose husband kicks her down stairs every second night, says she likes to look over his old letters commencing with: "My dearest, darling little angel Minnie, heaven alone knows the depth of my love for you."

The free ticket system on railroads has received a severe, if not fatal, blow in the new Constitution of Pennsylvania, which provides that "No railroad or other transportation company shall grant free passes, or passes at a discount, to any person except officers and employes of the company."

The Washington Home, of Boston, for the treatment of drunkenness as a disease, has moved into a fine new building, erected on Waltham street, at a cost of $100,000. The Home has been open for sixteen years, during which time, the last report says, 4,210 patients have been treated, one-third of whom have been permanently cured, and the remainder have been greatly improved.

General sympathy was elicited some two weeks ago in favor of the express agent at Franklin, Ky., when the telegraph announced that he had had his face terribly cut, his skull mashed, and his safe robbed, by parties unknown. It now appears that Wood himself took the money from the safe, and then, to allay suspicion, cut his gums with a knife to produce blood and disfigure his mouth, and then knocked his head against the corner of a counter to produce the "mashed skull" result.

Tweed in his Prison.

A New York *Sun* reporter who visited Wm. M. Tweed in his prison at Blackwell's Island, says: While standing in the corridor of one of the wings the cell occupied by Tweed when he arrived in the place was pointed out by the Warden. While glancing up and down the long corridor the reporter saw a large form emerging from a cell. Keeper MacDonald was with the man. The reporter had a full view of him. It was William M. Tweed. He walked quickly along the balcony and recognized the reporter. His face was flushed, and he seemed much fleshier than when he first became an inmate of the institution. It was evident, however, that his mental anguish is great, and that he feels his degradation terribly. His hair is very short and his face smooth. He wore brown pantaloons, vest, and short coat, but with the disguise which would be complete in many others, no one who had ever seen him would have failed to recognize the man who once carried New York in his pocket. He hurried up the staircase to the hospital. He had been visiting a sick convict in his cell and administering medicine to him.

Dr. Partridge, who is in charge of the prison hospital, has never seen a more faithful orderly in the place than Tweed. The ex-Boss arises at six o'clock every morning and attends to the wants of his patients. There are seventeen convicts on the sick list in the hospital. Those who are able to sit up eat at the same table with Tweed and the head orderly. Tweed has a place at the head of the table and his superior officer at the foot. All fare alike, and the wealthy orderly never complains. He is as much in earnest and as thorough in his work as he was in other and brighter days when he was Tammany's chieftain, and none of the sufferers in his care are neglected by him. It is astonishing, the keepers say, to see how active he is. When a convict is carried in with a crushed foot or injured in any way Tweed loses no time in attending to him. He carries a little book which contains the names of the patients and the physician's instructions about the time when medicine must be given them or when a bandage or plaster should be removed and others applied. Thus "John Smith, two pills every two hours," is never forgotten, and Tweed's usefulness is apparent to all. Some think he works so incessantly to kill time, but he seems to take a wonderful interest in every one in the hospital, and frequently in the middle of the night arises to attend to the wants of a poor, suffering wretch.

As the army of prisoners in the corridors sat closely together at the narrow wooden tables eating their cold roast beef, soup, and bread, William M. Tweed, whose saddened countenance plainly showed his misery, took his seat at the head of the plain table in the hospital, and tried to look cheerful as he and his fellow suffering convicts ate their scanty meal.