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From Want of Bread.

At the close of a bitter cold day When the snow on the frozen ground lay...

JOHN'S CHOICE.

Peter Jensen was a wealthy and eccentric New England farmer.

Now John Jansen had been brought up in a very careful and proper manner, and it was therefore not to be wondered at...

Well, John," he said, "how does it seem to be one and twenty?"

"Suppose so," he said, "how do you know so by and by?"

"I mean what I say, exactly, and no more; make this matter your first business."

"But this is rather sudden."

With these concluding remarks, the fond father turned away, and John was left alone to his reflections.

exit, John sat profoundly thinking; he believed he did have an inexpressible sort of tenderness for the youngest daughter of Israel Ives.

A night or two subsequent to the conversation with his father, it was noticed that he attended himself with unusual care before going out, as he insisted, to attend the "debating society."

After a last lingering look at the looking-glass, John started forth into the darkness, taking the shortest road possible to the residence of Israel Ives.

At last he turned in at the gate, and walking boldly up to the front door, he made his presence suddenly known to the Ives family.

"Why! John," he said, "is this you?"

"Leaving his hat upon the rack in the hall, John did as he was bid; he sat down upon the outer edge of the chair and awaited the young lady's coming.

"I heard several suppressed giggles in the adjoining room, and a subdued suggestion upon the part of Israel that they had best not to act silly and foolish."

"At last a sudden idea occurred to him."

"Girls," he said, "do any of you play blind man's bluff?"

"Sometimes," said Miss Sophrony, with a slight glance at her sisters.

"I believe they are all doing so."

"I don't propose to have you do anything of the kind, and if you avoid it you won't have a harvest of bribes and threats to gather in afterwards."

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A Curious Case.

The Story of a Man who Tried to Burn a Village.

The recent trial, conviction, and sentence of William A. Stone to imprisonment for life, for the moment revives public interest in the incendiary fire which well-nigh ruined the residents of the village of Canastota, N. Y., last October.

On the following day, at a meeting of villagers, a committee was appointed to investigate the cause of the fire.

The housewife was smoking her corn-cob pipe, and sitting rather disconsolately before the fire-place, warming her thin hands by the few coals remaining in the ashes.

Almost all elections in this country are attended by many ludicrous scenes and amusing incidents, and we see they are beginning to imitate us somewhat in the old world.

"Sir Edward Watkin distinguished himself in the recent contest at Exeter by his adroitness and tact as a canvasser, and a host of stories are in circulation about his readiness in dealing with hesitating voters."

"I don't know how you can be so sure of that," said a young man, who was sitting in the front row.

"But in a recent contest for the representation of West Gloucestershire, a still more piquant instance of this kind occurred."

"Many boys seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something, to put on, ready-made, with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail."

"O, is it you, John?" said Lucy. "I do believe they're fooling us."

"She suddenly removed the bandage from her eyes, and the next moment John felt her deft little fingers untying the knot in the handkerchief that was bound about his head."

Peter Jansen kept his word, and John was often subsequently heard to say that if it hadn't been for that friendly game of blind man's bluff he would hardly have known how to have made a choice.

A Mountain Home.

On a bright Sunday we descended towards the course of the Tuckasegee, (Jackson County, North Carolina), and a violent storm delayed us at a lowly cabin, near the path by which now leads a visitor penetrates to Tuckasegee cataract.

"The housewife was smoking her corn-cob pipe, and sitting rather disconsolately before the fire-place, warming her thin hands by the few coals remaining in the ashes."

The pleasure of seeing a Western man, they are so rare, may I ask what part of the West you were born in?"

"I dimly remember leaving Ottawa that night on the freight train, with barely money enough to see me through to Albany."

The Young Children.

It is worse than folly, says an exchange, to send children to school before they have developed reasoning faculties.

Horrible Execution of a Woman. The Japanese have, of late years, been so repeatedly paraded as models of what a progressive oriental people should be, and they have imported with such avidity the customs, laws, literature and languages of more civilized lands, that possibly, taking them at their own estimate, we may have learned to expect too much from them.

Horse-Shoe Jewelry.

It is remarkable how old-time superstitions creep out now and then, and take root in the public mind.

An Incident of Beyrout. One of the most pathetic instances of pure Orientalism that ever came to my knowledge is related as a positive fact. While the children of the Abeih school were playing together one day at recess, two small girls fell into pleasant debate about the size of a certain object—playing, perhaps. One said, "Oh, it was so very little!" and the other asked, "How little?"

A Western Man.

During my first trip to "the west" I plunged into the wilderness of Illinois, where I often wish I had remained, for "the savages" of that region are the most delightful people I know of, and were it not heresy to say so, I would call them far more intelligent and refined than any I have known at home.

"I found three meals a day and a feather bed (for which I have a weakness) at the little town of Ottawa, where I worked and thrived for three months. In less than two weeks I believe I knew everybody in the place, and never a chat did we have without a revelation of our origin."

"Finally it became necessary for me to return to the land of long faces and civilization, and I concluded I should have to go without gratifying the darling wish of my heart, that of seeing a Western man."

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Items of Interest.

When is a man tied to time? When he marries a second. When is a singer like a price list? When he is in voice.

A French court has sentenced a man to four years' imprisonment for dueling.

Reverals in the Western States are said to have been unusually numerous this year.

A Crazy Boy's Freak.

The usually quiet neighborhood of Decker's Run, a settlement four or five miles back from Cochranton, Penn., proved the scene of an exciting occurrence which created a deep sensation throughout the district.

At length his relatives determined to make an effort to bring the demented youth safely to the ground, and a couple of men ascended the tree for that purpose.

Hours passed away without changing the scene or terminating the agonizing suspense of the assembled scores. His coat was taken up the tree and left as near the unfortunate boy as possible.

It became painfully evident the boy would perish from cold if not extricated, and as the last alternative it was decided to fell the tree.

Fourteen Connecticut girls have sworn a solemn oath never to marry any young man who spits tobacco juice on the top of a hot stove.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it were only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

Corn-cutters are gradually taking the place of rolling-pins in New Jersey as a weapon of defense among the women.

Maine is going into the cheese business pretty heavily. Petitions for the incorporation of no less than twelve factory companies are before the Legislature.

As the best writers are the most candid judges of the writings of others, so the best liars are the most charitable in the judgment they form of their neighbors.

Some young men in Green Bay presented a preacher with a horse and received his heartfelt thanks. Two days after the presentation the horse was taken away by the farmer from whom it had been stolen.

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Yellow River, Ark., has "resolved that the great need of this town is about forty women."

A cousin of President Jas. Madison, 84 years old, is now in the Nashville, Tenn., poorhouse.

Is there any objection to a teacher "warming" the naughty scholars if he keeps school himself?

The yield of hemp on Kaw River bottoms, in Kansas, is said to average 1,000 pounds per acre.

What musical instrument does a cheap public house remind one of? Why, a vile-inn, of course.

A young doctor being recently asked to dance the "Lancers," said he was much more able to lance the dancers.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, is said to be the wealthiest member of the U. S. Senate. His property is valued at \$7,000,000.

An Iowa engineer married a young lady while waiting for a late train last week. It doesn't always pay to be prompt.

The aggregate coinage of the three United States mints during the fiscal year was 32,523,670 pieces, of the value of \$38,680,183.

The ladies engaged in the rural temperance movement are pouring all the whisky in the streets. There's public spirit for you.

Two officers of Northfield, Vermont, had their houses smothered with lamp-black for their too rigid enforcement of the liquor law.

The Illinois Senate has passed a bill making drunkseniors of railroad officials during their hours of employment a criminal offense.

An English clergyman, the rector of Twychem, was fined \$5 the other day for using armorial bearings without having paid the duty.

A physician was badly hurt the other day by the caving in of a well upon him. He should have attended to the sick and let the well alone.

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Bridge Campbell, who, until two years ago, could turn out as big a wash as any woman in Chicago, died there, the other day, aged 108. The pernicious habit of smoking was what set her off in her prime.

Seneca says that the great sources of anxiety in life are three; the fear of want, the fear of disease, and the fear of oppression by the powerful. He says that the best of these three is the greatest. Seneca's about correct.

Every man's best life should be his critic, his eyes, his guide. He who lives, and does with life the moment it drops half an hour from his hands, is not a man. He is like a plucked plant that stands in water without roots of its own, and can have no growth, and soon fades and passes away.

The Rev. J. M. Perry, Vicar of St. Paul's, London, and a strong advocate of temperance, says that many English mechanics, earning a dollar and a half a day, think nothing of expending from five to seven dollars in the public house between Saturday night and Sunday morning.