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## The Home Heart.

The babe that nestled in my arms coos for me  
but in dreams;  
The prattler crowned with golden curls lives  
but in memory's gleams;  
What marvel, then, that loving fear blends  
with the pride and joy  
That watches, on his manhood's verge, the  
bold and bonny boy?  
The happy smile of infancy still wreathes his  
rosy lips,  
The fearless light of childhood's eyes know  
nothing of eclipse;  
But firmer tread and stronger clasp attest the  
rolling years,  
While growing, daring thought and will awake  
the woman's fear.  
My son, a whar hand than mine will shape the  
unwieldy way,  
A greater Power soothe thy night and guide  
thee through the day.  
So, in a patient impotence, I strive to stand  
apart,  
Only praying, for thy father's sake, oh, keep  
the frank home heart!  
Keep the pure unstinted charity, the trust in  
all things fair,  
The hope that mid each earthly cloud still feels  
the sunshine there;  
The faith in goodness, love, and truth, that,  
spite of fault and fall,  
Looks on the bright world God has made, and  
owns His touch on all.  
So shall the light foot spring unharmed along  
the perilous path.  
So shall the brave hand clasp and keep the one  
immortal wreath.  
By the yearning of the lonely life, whose chief-  
est joy thou art,  
Oh, darling of our covered lives, keep still the  
fresh home heart!

## THE BASKET OF FLOWERS.

I wondered what peculiar taste could  
have induced either the designers or  
decorators of the craft to have clapped  
such a preposterous thing as a flower  
basket on the stern of that ship. I was  
seated on a dock near Hunter's Point  
watching the loading of a petroleum  
vessel—a queer, old-fashioned bark.  
Had the owner or skipper any floral  
proclivities? Perhaps some practical  
hand in a ship-yard—a master in the  
art of hacking figure-heads of dolphins  
or cornucopias all out of solid oak—  
some one who might have been a  
Thorswelden for the want of opportunity,  
had eliminated that flower  
basket from his inner consciousness.  
Just as likely it might have been the  
production, so far as the poetical con-  
ception of it went, of some captain  
through whose composition there ran a  
latent vein of romance. Who could  
tell but that in years long gone by the  
woman the captain had loved had been  
associated with a basket of flowers?  
So he might have gone straight to the  
ship-yard, all aglow, inspired for the  
moment, and in a cheery voice said,  
"Here, carpenter, cut me out a basket  
of flowers. Do it good. I ain't par-  
ticular about the kind of flowers, so  
that there is plenty of them, and that  
the basket is all right. Put two han-  
dles on the basket." And so to work  
fifty years ago went the carpenter, who  
had followed the sea in his younger  
days, and the artist, with adze and  
gouge in hand, had possibly got into  
a quandary over the job, for quite likely  
he was more familiar with tangled sea-  
weed than with the primmer garden  
flowers. So in great mental travail he  
must have solved the question by  
taking as a pattern his mother's old-  
fashioned sampler, on which in cross-  
stitch was depicted a floral offering,  
and copied it all out in wood and stuck  
it on the stern of that vessel, and felt  
satisfied with it, though a stiffer or  
more impossible flower basket never  
was made. Undoubtedly once it was  
colored with hues as bright and varied  
as a rainbow, and shown out re-  
splendently as the ship's stern and was  
reflected in summer seas, and was the  
envy of other skippers. But when I  
saw it all its bloom was gone, for it  
had been painted all over a glaring  
yellow, and was as ugly as sin. Orna-  
menting the stern of a petroleum ship,  
odorous with the most villainous of  
smells, that poor old flower basket  
seemed horribly out of place.

"Captain, sir?" I made bold to say  
to a man in the dock, who was giving  
some instructions as to the moorings of  
the vessel.  
"Just so, sir," was the reply of a  
fine, hearty-looking man. "Here, Mr.  
Mathis—this was to a person evi-  
dently the mate—'have this hawser  
eased. Take out the double hitch, and  
don't jam the knot. It's too tight. It  
would take as much as five minutes to  
unreeve that knot; ain't you got *sabe*  
enough to know that when you are taking  
on board this kind of dangerous stuff,  
alongside of the factory as makes it,  
the whole place is just as likely as not  
to be on fire any minute? Tell that  
hand forard at the fall to watch the  
captain and them spiles here, and to  
loosen the hawser with the tide. She  
can't chafe much. It ain't a bad plan  
co have an ax, and a sharp one, always  
ady, so that a fellow can cut his

lucky and run. Capt. Billy Magruder  
saved his brig a year and a half ago, at  
this very dock, from being burned up,  
because he had a carpenter's hatchet  
handy. You was wanting me, sir?"  
said the captain. "What can I do for  
you?"  
"Only this," I replied; "I am very  
little nautical, and my experience does  
not go beyond yachting; but I have, I  
think, a kind of memory for ships. Did  
I not see this ship at New Bedford;  
she was then in the whaling business  
some years ago?"  
"Exactly so, sir. You are right.  
Maybe you found her out by the car-  
ving on her stern. She is a queer old  
craft, built as they only built 'em fifty  
years ago. She has been kept up,  
though, all the time right through, and  
the oil is so soaked into her timbers  
that there is no rot in her. For nigh  
on to thirty years she pitched and  
tumbled on the Pacific, and many a  
whale she has had alongside of her, and  
tried out, and if all the money she has  
arned was in my pocket or in yours, or  
only halved between us, why, I, for  
one, make bold to say that I wouldn't  
be here stowing away coal-oil. The  
petroleum business is a kind of resting  
place for old-fashioned ships. It used  
to be the lumber trade, but now lots  
of the old stagers go into coal-oil."  
"It is, then, a kind of charnel-house  
for decayed vessels?"  
"Well, that's it, pretty much. I  
saw you looking at her stern. It's a  
real nice bit of work that carving.  
Them flowers is all buttercup and  
cowslips and sunflowers now from their  
color. There is a queer yarn about  
this here ship which I don't mind tell-  
ing. I am fresh in her, that is to say,  
it will be a year this coming February  
since I took hold of her. I ain't had  
much luck, that is for my time of life,  
and had hoped at my age to be some-  
thing more than captain of an oil-craft;  
but luck is everything. Now, we sea-  
faring men keep the run somehow of  
all the ships and the stories about 'em.  
You see, some ships bring luck and  
others don't. I've known a ship that  
mostly always made money for her  
owners, but always killed her captains.  
I knowed one bark that made every  
skipper as sailed her take to drink.  
You see, the story about this ship I got  
from the man as sailed her before me;  
and during her whole life she ain't had  
but five men to handle her, and four of  
'em, of which I am one, has been on  
her during the last ten years. Afore  
that, for nigh on to forty years, only  
one man sailed her. Before the keel of  
this ship was laid, there was a sea-  
faring man as sailed out of Maine. That  
man struck salt water airy, and had  
n't no education when he was young,  
but lots of pluck. In them days, fifty  
year ago, passengers used to take the  
regular liners from Boston or New  
York and go to Charleston. That sailor  
man was before the mast. He was a  
handsome, civil kind of a fellow, and  
was learning his duty fast. There  
came once aboard the brig he was on,  
which was a Charleston liner—one of  
them big Boston bugs—one of them  
aristocrats of the old time—with a sick  
doctor, his only child—'My cap-  
tain, I saw here, was inclined to be  
melodramatic, as he insisted on this  
peculiar, eccentric subdivision of a sin-  
gle syllable.

"The v'age was a long one, and  
Jack's duty it was to go down below  
and hand that young miss on deck, and  
put her like a frostbitten flower in the  
sun, for they thought she was dying.  
Now this rich man's child didn't care  
a brass farden for Jack, but Jack, who  
was an ass, cared for her. When they  
got South, Jack put the lady in  
her carriage at Charleston, and bid her  
good-bye, and didn't say nothing more.  
That rich man's child came pretty  
nigh dying in Charleston, and Jack  
kept calling every day, with the cap-  
tain's compliments, so he said, to see  
how she was getting on; but they wasn't  
the captain's compliments, but his own.  
She didn't get any better or much worse,  
but kept backing and filling. When  
it got to be time for Jack's brig to go  
home, the girl's father he came in per-  
son on board to thank the old man for  
his civility in sending so often to make  
inquiries about his daughter. Now,  
this made the captain stare, for the old  
skipper, after he had dumped the party  
on the Charleston wharf, had no more  
thought about 'em than of an old cask  
of nails. So the story got about the  
ship, and the crew ran poor Jack about  
it, as shipmates will, until Jack got  
most wild. But they knowed Jack didn't  
allow much chaffing, so after a regular  
knock-down or so, they let Jack alone.  
Jack stayed by that brig all that winter,  
she going regularly on her trips, and  
he finding out how the young woman  
was making out. She stayed South  
most a year, and then Jack learnt she  
was coming home in another vessel.  
What does he do but leaves his own  
craft and ships in the other one, and  
comes home with the young woman.  
Jack had brushed up mighty in the  
twelvemonth, though he wasn't nothing  
more than a sailor. The father didn't  
know him no more than you could tell  
one link of a chain cable from another,  
but his daughter did. I disremember  
exactly how the yarn goes on  
here, but as sure as you are born the  
rich man's daughter and Jack got to  
love one another unbeknownst to the  
father.

"Now, fifty years ago a man that  
commanded a ship wasn't thought no  
mean shakes of. Now-a-days he is  
mighty low down, and ain't considered  
as much account as a head waiter in a  
dining-saloon. It was agreed between  
'em that Jack should fight it through  
and get a ship, and that then, if the  
old man didn't agree to it, they would  
look out for themselves. So he did, and he

went to South America round the Horn  
and was gone three years, and come  
back second mate. Then he went to  
China, and had no end of luck. His  
captain and first mate died on board  
the ship, as did a good many of the  
crew, and Jack brought the vessel into  
Boston and took the vessel into  
Boston and had all kinds of favors  
shown him. You see, sir, I have been  
third mate more nor once on a long  
v'age, but somehow or other no such  
luck never come to me. Well, Jack  
had brought from China a curious kind  
of basket for his true-love, and had  
made a regular hot-house of his ship  
with queer kinds of China plants,  
which wasn't common in them days in  
the United States. So now, as captain,  
he made bold to give the basket to her,  
and they both went to the old man and  
told their stories. 'No, sir, he couldn't  
think of it. What, give his child to  
one of them no-account ship captains?  
Not if he know'd himself.' Well, at  
last it was fixed up that Captain Jack  
should make another v'age, and then,  
if she would have him, they should be  
married. That was all the old man  
would do, and them hard lines was  
agreed to. Captain Jack had a new  
ship a-building for him, for the China  
trade, as you know, was just busting in  
them days, and he wanted his owners  
to let him call his ship after his sweet-  
heart's name, but the old man wouldn't  
let him. So says she to him one day:  
'My dear love, in remembrance of me,  
you'll have that basket of flowers put  
on your ship, and just while your ship  
floats I'll never forget you, nor must  
you forget me.' My wife, sir, as is at  
Bridgeport, has got that part into  
rhyme, something about 'your heart  
smoother, and 'the ship she floats,' but  
I never was good on poetry, and just as  
likely haven't got the hang of it. The  
ship was launched, and that there iden-  
tical basket was carved and put on her.  
It ain't stuck on, sir, but is cut right  
out of the timber, so as to be everlasting.

"Oh, he come back, sir; but not at  
the end of three years, nor in his own  
ship. In Manila he took the fever, and  
was left for dead, and she, the rich  
man's child, was made to believe that  
her sailor-lover was gone, or didn't care  
for her, so after awhile she married  
another fellow. I never heard she was  
unhappy. My wife says she was; but,  
then, women, you know, sir, has such  
strange ideas on them subjects. Jack  
took to his ship again, and the old  
wooden basket of flowers, carved and  
painted on the stern of his vessel, was  
all that remained of his true love, and  
they do say, no matter how rusty his  
old craft became, whether out at sea or  
in port, he used to have them old  
flowers kept in a regular blaze and  
bloom of glory. He was a mighty rest-  
less old fellow, and never staid a day  
ashore, always lived on ship board,  
and a-going all the time. Whaling he  
took up some time in 1840, and kept it  
up for a long time, a-living in the ice,  
maybe a-trying to freeze the love out of  
him. He died mighty rich, and  
singularly crusty and cranky, a matter  
of eight year ago in Maine, where he  
was born. The yarn is a true one, be-  
cause I heard tell how in his will he  
left some of his money to the woman  
he had loved once, because times had  
changed, and she and her family had  
got poor. Some do say that the rich  
man's daughter and her family had  
been supported by that old whaling  
captain for years. So, you see, he  
didn't bear no malice. This old craft  
never was exactly unlucky, and that  
old basket of flowers has lung to her  
so long that I ain't going to have it  
taken off while I sail her. Guess them  
flowers has been a good deal patched  
up since they was first put on her, as  
may be my story, though, saving the  
soft parts, which I can't work in like  
my wife can, it's pretty much as I have  
been telling it to you. I am going to  
keep that old flower-basket fresh, mind  
I tell you, no matter what yellow ochre  
does cost a pound. No, sir; no ghosts;  
not even a rat; petroleum is pison on  
rats. We are for Trieste. Rates  
mighty poor—4s. 3d. a barrel. It may  
be a matter of seventy-five days before  
I get there. She is steady, sir, though  
she can't be said to be fast. No ob-  
jections to your writing it out. I  
might like you to send the story to my  
folks at Bridgeport, only my wife will  
be sure to tell me I have left out all  
the nicest parts. Women are so queer,  
you know, and spin things out so."

## How He Got \$100,000.

An item of much historical interest  
is contained in the account of the es-  
tate of Robert Roberts, of Medfield,  
presented in the Probate Court of Ded-  
ham, Mass. It seems that the father  
of Robert Roberts, whose account has  
just been filed, was captain of an  
American vessel, and during the first  
French revolution, when Robespierre  
was in power, called at a French port.  
While there a wealthy Frenchman, who  
had gained the hostility of the govern-  
ment, secured a passage on Captain  
Roberts' vessel and placed the sum of  
\$100,000 in gold in the cabin. Pre-  
vious to the sailing of the vessel the  
government arrested the intended fugi-  
tive and beheaded him. Captain Rob-  
erts, fearing he would get into trouble  
and perhaps lose his head, immediately  
set sail from the port, and, upon arriv-  
ing at home, left the dangers of the  
deep and invested the \$100,000 in the  
Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance  
Company. A number of heirs laid  
claim to the money at the decease of  
the son, but the court has acknowl-  
edged the present holder the rightful  
heir.

## REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.

The Groundswell of a Fresh Start in  
Commercial Activity.  
Although nearly one-half of the  
period assigned for the short-time  
movement in the New England cotton  
mills has now elapsed, says the United  
States Economist, it is yet too soon to  
determine with the requisite accuracy  
the effects of the movement on the  
trade. But that the movement at the  
time was a salutary one cannot be  
doubted. It imparted confidence to  
the trade, and at least temporarily  
averted the downward tendency which  
threatened such grave results. At the  
present time prices are by no means  
settled, and judging by recent develop-  
ments it is not improbable that a gen-  
eral revision of the entire list may take  
place. But the general tone of the  
market is decidedly improved, and there  
is a bustle and activity apparent which  
are in marked contrast with the stagna-  
tion of a few weeks ago. The improve-  
ment is still more marked in prints and  
dress goods, owing, it is probable, to  
the active demand that has set in for  
the retail trade, the requirements for  
which are likely to be much heavier  
than were deemed either probable or  
possible a short time since. The gen-  
eral feeling now is that we shall have a  
large and active winter trade, especially  
if the season should chance to be an  
open one. In confirmation of the im-  
proved tone of the dry goods trade of  
New York city the news from the man-  
ufacturing districts is unexpectedly  
favorable. The short-time movement  
in the cotton trade appears to have al-  
ready reached the turning point. Several  
mills which went on two-third time  
have resumed full work; others are  
preparing to do so. Now, this move-  
ment is chiefly important as illus-  
trating the improved feeling and is by  
no means on a scale to warrant expecta-  
tions of important changes.

But from the West the news is more  
decided of coming activity. At Chi-  
cago, St. Louis, Louisville and Cincin-  
nati there is an active demand for  
money for business purposes. The grain  
trade appears to have received a new im-  
pulse, the receipts and deliveries one  
week recently reaching to something near  
the figures at corresponding periods in  
former years. But the chief cause of  
the present activity appears to be the  
requirements of the pork trade. This  
will liberate a very large amount of  
money, which will be distributed all  
over the West in payment of hogs.  
The farmers who, from whatever cause,  
held back their grain, will now be in  
a position to realize on stock, and will be  
in a position to settle up their old store  
bills and make new purchases.  
The South is harvesting her cotton  
crop with an activity which shows that  
the granger policy of holding back  
produce for higher prices has made  
very little headway in that part of the  
country. The proceeds are put into  
immediate general circulation; and al-  
though, owing to causes which are a  
disgrace to our country, they no longer  
flow back in a stream of wealth to the  
North, yet the money received for the  
crop is devoted to the wiping out of in-  
dividual and local indebtedness. Even  
at present prices planters receive a  
good profit.  
The general outlook, then, is not un-  
favorable. It is true there is nothing  
particularly bright or attractive in the  
immediate future, but at the same time  
there is nothing particularly depressing.  
All our industrial interests, without  
exception, are in a sound condition, and  
this encumbrance could perhaps now be  
more truthfully applied to the general  
finances of the country than at any  
former period in our history.

## How to Manage Her.

A man named Taddles, in Virginia,  
has got his wife in proper subjection,  
and means to keep her so. "Oh,"  
says he, in telling about it, "there  
ain't many who know how to rule a  
wife properly. Now, my old woman is  
one of the best-natured women in the  
world, but she's got a deuce of a tem-  
per. Whenever I see she's got her  
madness up, if it's a dozen times a day,  
I just quietly say nothing, but rather  
humor her, and she comes around all  
right after a while. Even when she  
throws things at me or gives a wild  
dash at me with the broom or rolling-  
pin, I just dodge a little, and she never  
hits me a third time before I get my  
eyes on her, and let her know I dis-  
approve of such actions on her part.  
Perhaps I have to leave the house to  
show her this, but she sees the point.  
Then, by being careful not to irritate  
her, and letting her have her own way,  
I manage make her do as I please. And  
you bet I make her understand and ap-  
preciate my discipline. Oh, I keep  
her under perfect control! A man  
has, you know, got to be master in his  
own house, or your wife will ride you  
down as if you wasn't nobody. My  
wife's a perfect angel in her natural  
disposition, but any other man but me  
would spoil her."

The best shot ever heard of has been  
made in Calais, Maine, where a gentle-  
man fired, in midnight darkness, at the  
bark of a dog, and the next morning  
found the animal dead, the bullet hav-  
ing hit him in the throat.

## UNITED STATES PENSIONS.

Gen. J. H. Baker, Commissioner of  
Pensions of the United States, has sub-  
mitted his annual report to the Secre-  
tary of the Interior. During the year,  
5,758 new applications for army invalid  
pensions were allowed, at an aggregate  
annual rate of \$39,332.50; the pensions  
of 8,063 pensioners of this class were  
increased at an aggregate annual rate  
of \$416,257.50; the losses to this roll  
from death and other causes were 3,  
105, whose pensions, with the amount  
of reduction of the rates of other in-  
valid pensions, aggregated \$377,453.55  
annually.

## THE ARMY PENSION ROLL.

On the 30th of June, 1874, there  
were 102,457 army invalid pensioners  
on the roll. The aggregate annual pay  
of this class was \$10,058,377.54. The  
increase in the number of this class  
was 2,653, and the aggregate increase  
of pensions was \$431,137.45. During  
the year, 3,051 new pensions for army  
widows and dependent relatives were  
allowed, at an aggregate annual rate of  
\$416,433, and the pensions of 12,932  
pensioners of this class were increased  
at an aggregate annual rate of \$408,  
111.22. There were stricken from the  
roll of this class of pensioners, 7,623  
names, whose pensions aggregated \$1,  
250,113.05. On the 30th of June, 1874,  
there were on the roll of army widows  
and dependent relatives, 107,516 names,  
at an aggregate annual rate of \$13,537,  
195.56, the decrease for the year being  
4,572 names, and the decrease of pen-  
sions of this class being \$424,568.03.

## THE NAVY PENSION ROLL.

On the 30th of June there were 1,  
551 navy invalid pensioners, at an ag-  
gregate annual rate of \$103,432, an in-  
crease in the year of 121 in the num-  
ber of pensioners, and \$18,954.25 in the  
annual rate of pensions of this class. On  
the 30th of June there were 1,735 pen-  
sioners on the navy roll of widows and  
dependent relatives, at a total rate of  
\$287,534, an increase for the year of 15  
in the number of names, and \$6,984 in  
the rate of pensions.

## THE VETERANS OF 1812.

The names of 571 new pensioners  
were added to the roll of survivors of  
the war of 1812, and 1,217 of this class  
were lost by death, leaving on the 30th  
of June, 17,620 pensioners of this class  
at a total annual rate of \$1,691,520—a  
decrease for the year of 646 in the num-  
ber of pensioners, and \$62,016 in the  
rate of pensions of this class. The  
names of 813 widows of soldiers of the  
war of 1812 were added to the roll, and  
554 were lost by death during that  
period, leaving on the 30th of June,  
5,312 pensioners of this class—an in-  
crease for the year of 259 in the num-  
ber of pensioners, and \$24,864 in the  
rate of pensions.

WIDOWS OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.  
The total number of pensioners of all  
classes on the 30th of June, 1874, was  
236,241, a decrease of 2,170 during the  
year; the aggregate annual rate of pen-  
sions of all classes on June 30th was  
\$26,254,071.10, a decrease from the pre-  
ceding year of \$5,645.13. The roll con-  
tains the names of 410 widows of sol-  
diers in the Revolutionary war.

Certain specific increases allowed to  
invalid pensioners, by laws passed at  
the last session of Congress, and the  
steady increase in the number on the  
invalid pension roll will, probably,  
bring the disbursements to invalids for  
the present fiscal year up to those of  
last year; but in the payments to  
widows, minors, &c., a reduction may  
reasonably be expected.

## BOUNTY LAND WARRANTS AND CLAIMS.

During the year, 234 claims for bounty  
land warrants were allowed, the war-  
rants calling for 35,640 acres of land.  
The number of applications for bounty  
lands received during the year were  
529. There are now upon this suspen-  
ded files of the office nearly 100,000 ap-  
plications for bounty lands. Of this  
number 350 cases were prosecuted dur-  
ing the year. The existence of sus-  
pended claims is a temptation to un-  
scrupulous agents to fabricate testi-  
mony, with a view of obtaining the al-  
lowance of claims not admissible upon  
existing known evidence. The last act  
of Congress granting bounty lands has  
been in force for twenty years, a suf-  
ficient time for all those who are entitled  
to its benefits to avail themselves of its  
provisions. It would, therefore, be con-  
sistent with justice, and for the interest  
of the Government, that a limit should  
be put by Congress to the period dur-  
ing which the various acts granting  
bounty lands shall continue in force.

ABOUT THE BUTTER.—After buying  
a pound of butter of a Detroit grocer,  
a woman indignantly remarked that  
thirty-seven cents per pound was sheer  
robbery, and she couldn't see how but-  
ter was so high. "I'll explain, madam,"  
replied the bland grocer. "You see  
the exceeding parchedness of verdure  
has resulted in a dearth of lactical  
foundation for butter, and not until  
the atmosphere is rendered more hu-  
mid by some astronomical procedure  
will the supply of oleaginous matter  
be increased." She pondered a while  
and went off feeling much better.

## Items of Interest.

The last thing a man should be out  
of—Temper.  
To keep eggs through the winter—  
Don't eat them.  
A corn-extractor that has never been  
patented—The crow.  
"Advertising costs money." So does  
store rent; so do all good and useful  
things.  
"Where is 'parts unknown'?" asks  
a correspondent. "Where they don't  
advertise."  
Don't tell an editor how to run a  
newspaper. Let the poor fool find it  
out himself.  
Performances in the Japanese theaters  
begin at six o'clock in the morning and  
close at nine at night.  
Glory is well enough for a rich man,  
but it is of very little consequence to a  
poor man with a large family.  
"I was very near selling my boots  
the other day," said Joe to a friend.  
"How so?" "I had them half-soled."  
Wouldst thou be a rebel? Come, rebel then.  
For an experiment against thy heart!  
Hast thou never been a ruler? Well, then,  
Rule thyself, O man, where'er thou art.  
A Frenchman intending to compli-  
ment a young lady by calling her a  
gentle lamb, said: "She is one mutton  
as is small."  
An Englishman has just bought at  
Bordeaux, for \$1,600 francs, three bot-  
tles of Medoc wine, of the year 1793—  
\$120 a bottle.

We shall hail the day of female suf-  
frage, for then the monotony of seeing a  
rooster at the head of every victorious  
newspaper will be relieved by the oc-  
casional interspersing of a hen.

Without any desire to brag, the De-  
troit Free Press points to a Michigan  
sunflower nineteen feet high, and re-  
spectfully inquires after the health of  
other sunflowers around the country.

Two ladies caught small-pox from  
wearing dresses which they had hired  
to go to a ball in London. One died,  
and the other brought suit against the  
proprietor of the costume-shop. The  
latter argues that he did not get the  
disease. The lady took it without his  
permission. Case still on.

Twenty barrels entered as "salt  
meat" and "Australian beef" were  
seized at Portsmouth, England, and in  
each barrel was found the corpse of a  
full grown negro. They reached Eng-  
land from the United States and were  
intended for dissection in London; but  
who sent them, and where did the  
sender get them?

The main features of a new plan, on  
trial in the British navy, for raising  
sunken ships are closing hermetically  
the hatches and all openings in the up-  
per parts and pumping down air. The  
air thus introduced rises toward the  
under side of the deck, and not being  
able to escape, presses the water down  
and out through the holes made in the  
ship's bottom. The vessel by this  
means will be rendered buoyant and  
rise to the surface.

## Suffering in Nebraska.

Col. N. A. M. Dudley, U. S. A., has,  
at the instance of General Ord, com-  
manding the Department of the Platte,  
made a careful inspection of those  
counties in Nebraska that were visited  
by grasshoppers. He has just sub-  
mitted an elaborate report which con-  
tains by all odds the best statement of  
facts in regard to the scourge that has  
been made. Colonel Dudley rode from  
house to house, accompanied by coun-  
sillers, and acquired his information per-  
sonally and at first hands. In Red  
Willow county he found many houses  
abandoned, and the settlers who re-  
mained had only ten or fifteen days'  
provisions on hand. They informed  
Colonel Dudley also that they did not  
know where a further supply could be  
obtained. The grasshoppers have left  
their fields bare, the buffalo have gone  
to distant pastures about the head-  
waters of the Republican, far beyond  
the reach of these "poor" people, and  
their domestic animals are reduced to  
mere skeletons. A thorough canvass  
showed that there are 544 persons in  
Red Willow county who must have help  
within ten days. In Furnas county,  
substantially the same deplorable state  
of affairs was found. Many settlers  
had left, but others could not get away.  
The settlers on the Sapps and the  
Beaver were brought together by coun-  
sillers to meet Colonel Dudley at Arapa-  
hoe. There are 9,300 people in Furnas  
county. One-fifth will require aid in  
thirty days, and the number will be in-  
creased, so that full three-fourths will  
have to be supported before spring.  
Many instances of actual present suffer-  
ing are mentioned. Harlan county has  
many suffering families already. Meet-  
ings held in the interests of relief were  
attended by men whose wives and chil-  
dren were "absolutely without food."  
Colonel Dudley gives the facts in a  
precise manner, by precincts, and they  
all bear the same complexion. The  
same is true of Gosper county. The  
following is quoted from Colonel Dud-  
ley's report:  
"Great suffering exists in all five of  
these extensive frontier counties to a  
fearful extent. The settlers are, in  
most instances, scattered over a large  
extent of country, a large portion of  
them living far up numerous streams  
flowing into the Republican. If the  
winter should be as severe as that of  
1870-71, and deep snows fall, beyond a  
doubt hundreds will starve."