THE TRIBUNE

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Drowned.

The flashing lighthouse beacon pales before The ruddy harvest-moon's intenser ray, That bathes, and changes into sparkling ore Its stones of granite gray.

Round the tall brigs the greedy ripple laps, As with the ebbing tide they softly swing A shore-belated sea-bird slowly flaps His strong-plumed, dusky wing.

The pier lights, imaged on the waters, melt To silver pillars, such as visions show. Of palaces where fabled Caliphs dwelt In legends long ago.

A single boat steals down the moonlit track, Through the still night its oar-strokes echo

Fringed with cleft light, the outline sharply Heaves on the harbor bar.

What strange freight fills it? Yonder heavy Covers some form of blurr'd and shapeless

dread : Bade is the pall, but fitted well too veil The ocean's cutcast dead.

His name, his Listory? Vain it were to gue But short to sum: a waif, a mystery, Death's procking gloss upon life's loveliness

A secret of the sea.

JANE FAIRBANKS'S HEROISM.

A Story of Christmas Eve.

Last Christmas eve I sat in the little Parnassus theater, with a sense of conscious virtue pervading every fiber of my being because I was there with Paul Lenox, dramatic critic, listening to an intensely classic tragedy, instead of at the Temple, where I secretly longed to be, and gazing at seventy-five scantily robed fairies, singing out of tune and standing on one foot in perfect unison. I yawned for the sixty-third time during the wait between the fourth and fifth acts, and wondered what kept Lenox awake, when I was startled by a deep

"She's very lovely," said he, dropping his opera glass and turning away his eyes from a lady in a private box, at whom he had been attentively staring. "I wonder if she remembers where she was, Christmas eve, seven years ago?"
"Where was she?" I asked, but just
then the prompter's bell rang, and Lenox
knit his critical brows and became strictly attentive to the exits and, entrances, the inflections and gestures of the minor actors, who were to the best of their ability befogging the luster of the "star's" genius by a cloud of piteous blunders. Not being a critic myself, and not having any responsibility in regard to the formation of public opinion, I entirely neglected the play, and devoted myself to gazing assiduously at the lady who had effected the miracle of enchaining the attention of woman-hating Paul Lenox, and of forcing a complimentary adjective from lips little used to praise the fair sex. She was, as he had said, lovely, and looking at the clear cut handsome face, and remembering Lenox's last words, I tried to find in its lines some suggestion that would reveal to me the mystery concealed in his last words. Where had she spent Christmas eve, seven years ago? I queried, mentally; but neither the proud, sensitive mouth, nor the frank, fearless eyes told any tales. I whispered the question to Lenox, receiving only a savage look for my pains, and I renewed my questioning gaze, continuing it until the green curtain descended, when I attacked him with eager questions on the subject.

"If you want me to tell you anything," said he, shortly, "come back to the office and wait till I've written up this thing; then I'll talk; now I want to

So I went down to the office of the Trumpet and sat in an atmosphere of cigar and pipe smoke, and listened to an immense amount of editorial cynicism on every subject in the universe, curiously at variance with the enthusiastic leaders in process of evolution, and then found myself walking up town with Lenox and hearing the story of Jane Fairbanks' Christmas eve adventure.

The night before the Christmas of 1867, said Lenox, Jane Fairbanks found herself in the woods with a boy, and, to the best of her knowledge and belief, five miles from any human habitation. The causes of this rather uncomfortable position were feminine obstinacy and several railroads.

Twelve hours before she was at Pine Grove Academy, safe and happy; but suddenly inspired with a wish to eat her Christmas dinner at home, she had left that scholastic retirement, and committed herself, without any escort, to the tender mercies of the railway system of America, which, she says, consists principally of branches and junctions, and is officered by fiends who incessantly shriek "Change cars!" As well as can be ascertained by a careful collation of her account and six "railway guides" which flatly contradict each other in every particular, she made only five mistakes in seven hours' traveling, which reflects great credit upon her coolness, but at 4 clock she found herself eleven miles from home standing on the platform of a lonesome little railway station, and looking at a fast fleeting "express," which she had fondly fancied was an "accommodation," and by means of which she had meant to complete her

homeward journey.
"I don't care," she said, defiantly, to the station master, who had kindly but feebly waved a flag in the vain endeavor to attract the attention of the conductor of the express, who, guessing the state of affairs, had made derisive gestures

and refused to pause.
"I don't care," she repeated, as he smiled feebly and deprecatingly, and

"It isn't too far for me," she said, boldly, "and I sha'nt walk on the track; I shall walk beside it. And I am not afraid; at least, shan't be if—if you can

afraid; at least, sam, lend me a boy."

"Well," said the station master, looking about, as if he kept a boy in each pigeon-hole of his desk, and the stock had unaccountably disappeared when most needed. "I haven't any, just there's Johnny Tweed. He most needed. "I haven't any, just now; but there's Johnny Tweed. He would like the job, and his mother will like to have him keep out of mischief for

one night.'

As it appeared, upon questioning, that Johnny Tweed was about fourteen years old, very strong of his age, and otherwise well adapted to protect a solitary female on a night pilgrimage along a railroad track, Miss Banks decided to engage his services for the cided to engage his services for that purpose, and at six o'clock she and Johnny left the little station and walked off bravely, followed by a caution from the station master to look out for the tax o'clock approach is the tax o'clock approach in the station of the station of the tax o'clock approach is the tax of tax of the tax of tax the ten o'clock express, which was the only train they would meet.

The lady rather liked the adventure. The air was clear and cold, she was young and strong, and loved the exercise of walking, and her companion, after his boyish bashfulness was dissipated, was entertaining to an unexpected degree. She found herself amused and interested in his stories of boyish naughtiness, and, school teacher though she was, she could not help sympathizing with his wicked little plans for circumventing the pedagogue to whose unfortunate lot it fell to subdue the ambition of the youthful Tweed in regard to base-ball, puglism and skating, and turn it into the peaceful paths of geometry, ancient history and Latin. "I wish I taught in a boys' school," thought Miss Fairbanks; "girls are dreadfully tame," and in listening to the axis of Johnny's in listening to the epic of Johnny's contests, the time passed so swiftly that she could hardly believe her eyes when they reached the little station which stood half-way between her starting resist and her destination. ing point and her destination. The building was closed and dark, and Johnny, who carefully inspected the interior through three different windows, reported that the "stingy old thing had put out the fire."

Fairbanks, coolly.
"Well, if he hadn't," said Johnny, "I'd have gone in and got warm. I know a window that he always leaves unlocked, and the door only fastens with a night-latch, and we would have had a jolly rest. But the minute the last accommodation goes by, old Hicks disconnects his telegraph wires, and we got his fire and goes home and puts out his fire, and goes home, and if your rich aunt was dying, and they wanted to telegraph to you from the city to come and get your name down in her will, they couldn't do it. Come along.

"Well, what of it?" asked Miss

Miss Jane came, and for the next mile they walked in silence, Johnny sulky with regret for the rest of which he had been defrauded, and Miss Fairbanks, who was gradually growing weary, al-though she would rather have died than acknowledged it, entertaining some slight nervousness regarding that down express, although it was not due for three hours. It might come a little early, she thought, and whiz around a curve with a greedy shriek, and rush over them and leave only what the newspapers would call their "mangled corpses." She dreamily imagined the accounts of the affair in those same papers, and the family conversations over the "mangled corpses," and wondered what the officiating clergyman would find to say about the dear brother and sister departed, if the body should be in several fragments; and then she shivered, and was conscious of a sense of relief when Johnny interrupted her reverie with a startled whisper of "What's that?"
Miss Fairbanks looked forward. At

the point at which she stood, the road ran through a deep cutting, and about a hundred rods before her was a curve so short that in the dim twilight it seemed as if a wall extended across the track. The embankments were high and steep, and the leafless tree, which waved upon their summits leaned together and almost shut out the sky, so that it seemed as if the travelers were walking along a tunnel faintly lighted from the roof. Half-way between them and the curve was a light, a strong bright glare, placed half up the bank, and clearly illuminating the track for some yards in either direction. Miss Fairbanks noticed how the rails, which seemed faint and black lines where she stood, grew clearer and brighter as her glance followed their course in the direc-tion of the light, and how as they came near to its clear brilliancy they grdually assumed a glow, until, close to it, they be almost red hot, and glittered brightly. But what was that mound just beyond the light, and what were those firefly specks dancing swiftly over it, and what did it mean?

Johnny answered her mental question almost as soon as it was formed. "Somebody's trying to throw the train off the track," said he, in a whisper. "Look at the pile of things they've heaped up. What'll we do?"
"I don't know," said Miss Fairbanks,

dragging him close against the embank-ment where the shadows were thickest, and clinging to him as if he were her last

hope.
"I've got a pistol," said Johnny, displaying a battered firearm, well known to the cats of his native town. "Would it be a good plan to creep up and threat-en 'em, and then while they were—were

and at its young owner, and the combi-nation of the two, with the terrified stu-pefaction that they were expected to produce, was so immensely ludicrous that her sense of fun overcame her ter-

ror and restored her self-possession.
"I wouldn't do that," she said, soberly.
"You might be obliged to kill one or two of them, and just think of going through the world with the memo-

ry of a murder upon your soul."
"It wouldn't be murder," said Johnny,
"but justifiable homicide. I guess I'd

better go."
"Stop," said Miss Fairbanks, in her most authoritative fashion. "Stay here, and let me think.

Johnny obeyed, but cocked the redoubtable pistol, and stared intently up the road. The men who were piling various obstructions upon the track evidently meant that their work should not be done in vain, for although a dozen rails were already artistically flung together, they had ascended the embankment and were trying to pry a large rock from its bed to add to the pile. Johnny could hear their voices as they spoke to each other, and inwardly chafed at his enforced inaction, but consoled himself by reflecting that, as he was protecting a lady, nobody could possibly call him cowardly, no matter what happened.

"Johnny!" said Miss Fairbanks, so sharply and suddenly that he fairly jumped, "how far off is the nearest station at which this express stops?"
"Yours, ma'am? Four miles," said

Johnny. "We couldn't climb the embankment and go round and come down on the track again, and get to the station in

"Hardiy," said Johnny.
"What shall we do?" asked Miss asked Miss

Fairbanks again. Johnny ardently urged the advantages of his plan of intimidation, and Miss Fairbanks was half inclined to allow him to carry it out. Villains, she reflected, drawing her knowledge from several text-books on moral philosophy, "specially adapted to young ladies' seminaries," were always cowardly, and when Johnny appeared to them these particular wretches would, doubtless, run away, and there would be no blood-shed. Just as she had decided to allow the young man to enter upon his philanthropic and murderous enterprise, the stone which the men had been endeavoring to loosen yielded to their efforts and came down, bringing with it a great cloud of dirt and several smaller rocks, and extinguishing the light. The men burst into profanity, audible even at the dis-tance at which Miss Fairbanks stood, and seeming, to her, sufficiently fiery to re-kindle the extinguished luminary, but they consoled themselves with assuring each other that the thing was safe any way, and then came rapidly along the opposite embankment towards the spot

where the lady and boy were standing.
"Oh," said she, "there're coming this way." "Never you mind," he replied, "they won't see us, and we'll go up the road and stop the engine as soon as

they pass. On came the two men, swinging their lanterns and talking with a carelessness which astonished Miss Fairbanks, who had never before realized what utter loneliness may prevail within a few miles of the city, and what deeds of darkness may be done in safety almost within sound of the church-bells of the metropolis. With one impulse she and Johnny shrank close to the embankment

and listened.

"Old president will wish he hadn't discharged me so sudden, I reckon," said one.

"You're sure he'll be on the train,"

asked the other.

"Oh, yes; he is sure to go home at Christmas. They won't relish their dinner in that stuck-up house, to-morrow, I guess. Twill do that tall son of his good, I fancy, to have to earn his own bread and butter, instead of keeping his hands white at Harvard. They say that nothing but the old man's pluck keeps the road alive; his whole fortune is in and if he should die the whole thing will go up, and that conceited fop won't have a cent."

These were the last words that the listeners heard, for the speakers took their way along a lane that turned off at right angles from the track, and their terns soon disappeared in the darkness.

Miss Fairbanks and Johnny ran swiftly up the road. There was no chance that their feeble strength could remove the huge mound of rails and earth and rocks, and a rapid cross-examination revealed the fact that Johnny's means of "signaling" were of the vaguest de-scription and utterly impracticable without the aid of daylight.

Miss Fairbanks wrung her hands and Johnny half whimpered. Suddenly she started to her feet.

"Didn't you tell me there was a telegraph office in that last station?" she asked.
"Yes," said Johnny, wonderingly,
"but the man ain't there; so that's no

"And didn't you say you could get in," said Miss Fairbanks, swiftly pin-ning up her short dress and tightening

her boot lacings.
"Yes," said Johnny, still more bewildered.

"Come," said she, and started swiftly back along the road, at a run, followed by Johnny. To this day, Master Tweed entertains a profound respect for Miss Fairbanks, on the ground that she "can run without making you think of a cow," in which characteristic she differs from all the ladies with whom he acquainted, and he candidly owns

then irritated by his silence, which seemed to insinuate slight contempt on the ability of woman to understand railroads, said, "I'll walk it."

"It's rather far—for a lady," said the station master, gently; "and you'll be afraid; and," he added, officially, "you musn't walk on the track."

stupefied with terror, you know, to bind 'em hand and foot, and then signal to 'the approaching engine?"

Miss Fairbanks looked at the pistol and at its young owner, and the combination of the two, with the terrified stupefaction that they were expected to produce, was so immensely ludicrous to do, while she, thanks to her long pace with her along the track, and that when they reached the little station he left to peevishly inquire what she meant to do, while she, thanks to her long training in the gymnasium, was tolerably cool.

"I want a match," said she, "to light

"There ain't no gas," said Johnny.
"To light the lamp, then. Stop; how

many matches have you?"
"One," said Johnny, searching his pockets. "If my mother let me smoke I'd have more, but matches ain't no good to me, you see."
"Find the lamp first, then," said she;

we can't risk the match." Johnny found the lamp while she took off her gloves, lighted it, and then again inquired: "What are you going

"Telegraph," said she, shortly, sitting down at the operator's desk.

"Telegraph! You!" said he.

"Precisely," said she; I learned at

The next three minutes, she says, gave her first gray hairs. Would they notice her signal at the office in the great city so many miles off, or would they be too busy with listening to the messages from more important stations, and would her petition for help be inaudible? Would they be able to signal along the line of her own town, where she knew that the telegraph office was open all night, and have a messenger sent to the railway sta-tion in time to stop that train which was traveling swiftly along the line to sure destruction, bearing that president whose "whole fortune was in the line, and without whom the whole thing would go up. Would Christmas be a day of sorrow to the loving hearts which were waiting for the many men and women on that train, or would it be made a day of thanksgiving for danger escaped? Again and again she made her signal slowly and clearly, and at last the answer came, evidently given by an operator with plenty of time, and some surprised ill-

humor:
"What on earth do you want!" Back went the answer, "Stop the express train on the Southern road. Plot to kill the president."

The answer was prompt: "Send a message off immediately." Ten minutes after came another message. "Have received a telegram from Creysville. Man gone down to the station. Train will be stopped. Tell us about it."

But the telegraph operator at the cen-tral station was racked with the pangs of curiosity for hours, for Miss Fairbanks fainted, and Johnny did not know the telegraphic alphabet, and was slightly afraid of the apparatus, having vague ideas as to its capabilities of "going off," and when she recovered, the oil in the lamp was exhausted, and she did not care to try to signal in the dark, and was too nervous to do so intelligibly, even if

she had tried. At last, at Johnny's suggestion, she gathered together her scattered faculties, and the two walked slowly up the road, clambered over the pile, which might have been so fatal but for them, and went on toward the station. Suddenly, to their intense horror, they saw the headlight of an engine approaching them. Had all their labor been in vain?
Miss Fairbanks screamed and Johnny
shouted, and the engine, which was moving very slowly and to which no train was attached, stopped almost im-mediately, and half a dozen men came

toward them.

Johnny told the story, and Miss Fairbanks stood and listened, and everybody shook hands with her, and she found that she was a heroine, and also that the president and his son were in the party to which she was talking, and she also learned that gratitude could be oppressive; and then they all got upon the engine and steamed down to the obstacle and inspected it, and then Miss Fairbanks was sent back to her own town on the engine, with a man who carried an order from the president for the immediate dispatch of a construction train and a gang of men. She went home and went to bed, and her family physician says to this day that if she hadn't been a disgrace to her sex she would have had a brain fever, instead of which she was up and ready to receive the president and his son when they called upon her in the evening. "And that's all about her Christmas eve, seven years ago," said Lenox, ascending the door-steps of his

boarding-house.
"Is that really all?" I asked. "Oh, you want to know what came of it?" asked Lenox, with a provoking smile. "Well, she married the president's son. He's my cousin, and that's why I know the story so well. Good

How to Cure Whooping-Cough.

Whooping-cough is a most distressing complaint, not only to its victim, but to others who are obliged to witness the painful effects which it produces. We observe that the question has recently been agitated, whether placing a child who is suffering from this disease in the hopper of a mill will afford the patient relief. We look upon this as a super-stitious notion. But there is a very sim-ple remedy for whooping-cough, which, so far as our observation has extended, has proved efficacious. It is to remove the child, say fifty or one hundred miles, in any direction, from the place where it is first taken. The cough stops, or abates, at once. The cure is attributed to the change of air.

An old man in Nevada, 70 years of age, was recently sent to jail for twenty years for shooting a fellow citizen.

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

There are 10,000 people in the west

An Army Officer's Appeal for the People of a State on the Verge of Starvation.

ern part of the State of Nebraska who are reduced to the verge of starvation. Nebraska, usually so prolific, has this year met with a sad mishap in the loss by grasshoppers and drought of all the crops grown in Dundy, Hitchcock, Cosper, Boon, Furnas, Phelps, Greeley, Howard, Sherman, and nearly all in Franklin, Buffalo, Hall, Antelope, and Butler counties. I lately traveled over the devastated region, and found the in habitants in a most deplorable condition. Fully one-third were barefooted and clothed in rags. There were no potatoes, no corn, and but a little shrivelled wheat. Many of the families were living on small pieces of black bread, parched wheat, or melons and squashes. There was not over a ten days' supply of food in any of the counties. Three counties were without meat, and most of the inhabitants had not tasted animal food for six weeks. Unless we feed these people they will certainly die of starvation. The State of Nebraska is doing all it can, and although Nebraska is doing an it can, and atthough rich in soil, it is too young and poor financially to carry all these destitute people through the winter. There are as many as 10,000 in want, and at \$4 per, head per month (a low estimate) it will require \$40,000 every thirty days to feed. require \$40,000 every thirty days to feed clothe, and warm these poor people. The task is a great one, but I believe the generosity of the people is equal to it, and that they will not permit any one to suf-fer, much less die of starvation. The sufferers are our frontiersmen, the pioneers of the West, and we are all interested in the settlement and development of that great country. Generous people of the East, the facts are before you; what will you do in the matter the case is urgent, and I pray you to de quickly what you do at all. These peo-ple of the West should not be permitted to starve or be driven from their beautiful and fertile homes for the want of bread.

A building on Broadway was to have been obtained Saturday, but up to the hour of writing this the gentlemen in charge of the matter have not reported. My instructions from the Nebraska Re-lief and Aid Society are to establish a branch or auxiliary Aid Society in New York city; and until a suitable building can be had, the Relief rooms will be at all Houston street. All packages, letters, clothing, and stores should be addressed, "Nebraska Relief," Army Building, 31 Houston street. Persons wishing to give clothing can send a postal card, giving street and fumber, and a wagon will call for the packages

for the packages.

James S. Brisbin, U. S. Army. It is the desire of Gen. Brisbin that newspapers in the country copy the above letter, and give notice that supplies of clothing, meat, and groceries for the Nebraska sufferers will be carried free over the railroads. Apply for transportation, by letter or telegram, to Nebraska Relief, 31 Houston street, New York. All dispatches addressed to Gen. J. S. Brisbin, Metropolitan Hotel, on account of Nebraska relief, will come free from the Western Union Telegraph lines.

Saved by a Jack.

The following story is told as true, to show the manner in which juries sometimes decide a case: The jury in the case had come to a dead-lock. The powerful appeals of the counsel for the de-fense had not been without effect, and the jury stood six for conviction and six for acquittal. Ballot after ballot was taken; they argued on both sides, but not a sign of a change. As the jury would be out all night, cards were pro-

At midnight one of their number, Col. P—, who led the six for acquittal, proposed that they should play a game of seven up, the result to decide the verdict. The foreman, who was for conviction, agreed, and the proposition was beautily and upon manipular adopted and heartily and unanimously adopted, and in all seriousness, too. Col. P—— and the foreman played, and the others were lookers on. The colonel played to save the accused, while the foreman played quite as zealously to secure his convic-tion. The backers, standing close behind their respective champions, watched anxiously, giving advice and encourage-ment, and keeping the two tallow candles properly snuffed that dimly lighted the scene.

The game proceeded with equal for-tune, till the parties had each scored six. At this moment the excitement was intense. Upon a single card now hung a human life. It was Col. P—'s deal. He dealt slowly, and with trembling hand, his lips compressed, and his breath abated—and turned a jack.

With the turning of this fateful card, which acquitted the prisoner, the jury united in a shout, and on the following morning went into court and gave their verdict of "Not guilty"-a verdict which was received with blank surprise by a majority of the spectators.

Casualties of the Sea.

When the sea gives up its dead, it will reveal a terrible tale of loss of life. Only in six months of 1873, we see in a report before us that the number of liver lost from wrecks, casualties and collisions on or near the coasts of the United Kingdom, was 728, or 138 more than the number lost in the whole year of 1872. The lives lost were 98 in ships, 78 of them laden vessels; 11 in ballast, and, in nine cases, not known; 82 of the ships were entirely lost, and 16 sustained par-tial damage. Of the 728 lives lost, 81 were lost in vessels that foundered, 346 through vessels in collision, and 122 in vessels stranded or cast ashore; 293 lives were lost through the sinking of the ill-fated Northfleet.

A Fearful Penalty.

"Be sure your sin will find you out" is as solemnly true when applied to the retribution of a personal bad indulgence as it is in cases of concealed capital guilt. Hall's Journal of Health quotes the language too often used by apologists for "temperate" drinking of alcoholic liquors, and selects an instance that carries its own warning with it.

induors, and selects an instance that carries its own warning with it:

"A glass of beer can't hurt anybody!

Why, I know a person—yonder he is now—a specimen of manly beauty, a portly six-footer; he has the bearing of prince; he is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the bus of worth. ces. His face wears the hue of youth; and now, at the age of fifty odd, he has the quick, elastic step of our young men of twenty-five, and none more full of wit and mirth than he; and I know he never dines without brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, with plenty of cham-pagne; and more than that, he was never known to be drunk. "So here is a living exemplar and dispreof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of an occasional glass and the destruc-tive effects of a temperate use of good liquors."

Now it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy-drinking was a relation of ours. He died a year or two after that with chronic diarrhea, a common end of those who are never drunk, or never out those who are never drunk, or never out of liquor. He left his widew a splendid mansion up town, and a clear five thousand a year, beside a large fortune to each of his children, for he had ships on every sea, and credit at every counter, but which he never had occasion to use. For months before he died—he was a year dying—he could eat nothing without distress; in the midst of his millions lie died of inanition, he was a steady drinker, a daily drinker.

been a steady drinker, a daily drinker for twenty-eight years. He left a legacy to his children which he did not mento his children which lie did not men-tion. Scrofuls had been eating up one daughter for lifteen years; another is in the mad-house; the fhird and fourth were of unearthly beauty—there was a kind of grandeur in that beauty—but they blighted, and paled, and faded into heaven we trust, in their sweetest teens; another is toftering on the verge of the grave, and only one of them is left all the senses.

OUR OVETER HAND Commerce and Navigation.

Little improvement is observable in the foreign carrying trade of the United States, says the Secretary of the Treasury. Over 72 per cent of our imports and exports, during the last fiscal year, was carried in foreign vessels. This ratio is, however, a somewhat better exhibit than for the fiscal year 1872, when 70 per cent. of this trade was transported in vessels of other nations. It is estimated that prior to 1860, from 75 to 80 per cent. was done in vessels of the United States.

From the report of the Register of the

ted States.

From the report of the Register of the Treasury, the total tonnage of vessels of the United States appears to be 4,800,-652 tons, being an increase over that of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873, of 104,626 tons, notwithstanding the omission from the official returns, under the act of April 18, 1874, of canal-boat tonnage amounting to 133,065 tons. nage amounting to 133,065 tons.

ilt durin last fiscal year, as given in the report of the Register, is 432,725 tons; which amount exceeds that of the preceding year by 73,479 tons, and is greater than

that of any year since 1855.

From July 1 to November 10, 1874, official numbers have been awarded by the Bureau of Statistics to 684 vessels, the Bureau of Statistics to 684 vessels, whose carrying capacity amounts to 169,654 tons. Of these, 213 were new sea-going vessels, varying from 100 to 5,000 tons, with an aggregate tonnage of 120,972 tons. Of this number 29 vessels measured over 1,000 tons, three over 2,000 tons, while two were iron steam-ships of 5,008 tons each.

The Deceptive Small Boy.

The Burlington Hawkeye writes of the deceptive small boy: "Passing by one of the city schools recently, we listened to the scholars singing, 'Oh, how I love my teacher dear.' There was one boy with a voice like a ternado, who was so with a voice like a ternado, who was so enthusiastic that he empharized every other word, and roared, 'Oh, how I love my teacher dear,' with a vim that left no possible doubt of his affection. Ten minutes after that boy had been stood on the floor for putting sheemaker's wax on his teacher's chair, got three demerit marks for drawing a picture of her with marks for drawing a picture of her with red chalk on the back of an atlas, been well shaken for putting a bent pin in another boy's chair, scolded for whistling out loud, sentenced to stay after school for drawing ink mountaches on his face for drawing ink moustaches on his face and blacking the end of another boy's nose, and soundly whipped for slapping three hundred and thirty-nine spitballs up against the ceiling and throwing one big one into a girl's ear. You can't be-lieve half a boy, says when he sings."

American Apples in England.

American Apples in England.

The London Garden speaks as follows in regard to the importation of our national fruit: American apples of the past season's growth are now selling at moderate rates in provincial towns, both in England and Ireland. The high-colored and well-flavored Baldwin is the commonest kind as yet. As usual they come in barrels, without any kind of packing material, and are, as a rule, in excellent condition. That apples should be sent several thousand miles, and then be sold as cheaply as home grown fruit, is a noteworthy fact. At this rate of progress, fruitless and cold regions will soon be supplied with the finest fruits at a cost that places them within the reach of all classes.