

THE TRIBUNE.

VOL. I.--NO. 9.

BEAUFORT, S. C., JANUARY 20, 1875.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

The Old Farm-House.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,
In a quiet, shady spot,
Just peeping through, half hid from view,
Stands a little moss-grown cot.
And straying through at the open door,
The sunbeams play on the sanded floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the old hearth-stone;
With winking grace, in the old fireplace,
The evergreens are strewn.
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window-sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,
While midst the leaves on the moss-grown eaves
The martin builds her nest.
And all day long the summer breeze
A whispering love to the bended trees.

Over the door, all covered o'er
With a sack of dark green baize,
Lays a basket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days;
And the powder-flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled, with noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams away,
And left in their flight, all shorn of his might,
A father—old and gray;
And the soft wind plays with his snow-white hair,
And the old man sleeps in his easy-chair.

Inside the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, airy footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side—
An old oak wreathed by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

SUSY HOPE'S LESSON.

"H'm! Well, I suppose opposition would only make matters worse, but I warn you Susy Maxwell is a spoiled child! I don't believe she was ever crossed in her life."

This was Montague Hope's comment when his favorite nephew, Walter, told him he was engaged to marry pretty Susy Maxwell, the daintiest, sweetest little blonde fairy that ever charmed away a man's heart.

"I am sure I am not going to marry her to cross her!" was the warm reply, and Uncle Montague shrugged his bachelor shoulders and maintained a discreet silence.

For many a long week after the honeymoon there was only peace and happiness between Walter and Susy. The young husband having a good salary in a wholesale house, where he was salesman, had taken a handsome room in a fashionable up-town boarding house, and while Susy's handsome trousseau was new she had nothing left to wish for. Had the little wife been in a cozy home of her own, were it ever so tiny, she might have found happy employment to keep her still content. But in a boarding house, Walter away all day, she soon made friends with the other ladies, unfortunately for her, all possessing wealth sufficient to gratify an inborn love of dress.

Walter opened his eyes a little at some of the prices Susy insisted were requisite to obtain finery, but as long as he could afford it he gave liberally.

But Uncle Montague was right when he said that Susy was never crossed. It is true her demands in her old home were somewhat more moderate, but she had been the petted darling of aged grandparents, an orphan from infancy, and indulged in every wish. So, when the demands for money became unreasonable, and were refused, Susy developed an unsuspected capacity for pouting, and would sulk for days together, quoting her new friends' opinions of Walter's meanness.

Matters grew worse and worse, till one morning, being denied a lace shawl upon which she had set her heart, Susy tearfully wished that she had never been married, or had taken Wayne Russell, who was heir to half a million. She was sorry a minute later, when Walter turned a set white face to her and said:

"You only love the money you can spend, then?"

"A burst of hysterical tears was the only answer, and then Walter was gone.

Not to the store, but straight to Uncle Montague's office.

"Uncle!" he said, abruptly entering the room, "is that Western position still open?"

"The one I offered to you before you were married?"

"Yes! I want it! Now, to-day!"

"But you cannot take Susy. The salary is very large, and there are handsome commissions, but the travel is incessant!"

"I know! Can I have it?"

"What is the trouble, Walter?"

"I must have more money! Susy wants more than I can afford to give her, and more than once has informed me that she married to do as she pleased; so I am going to take myself off, and let her have all the money she wants."

Uncle Montague reflected, and finally said slowly, "Well, you can have it."

Preliminaries arranged, Walter went to the store, resigned his position, and hurried home to pack a trunk and start for Pittsburgh. Even then a soft word from Susy might have changed his resolve, but Susy was out, "gone shopping," the servant told him.

When she came home a note upon her dressing table greeted her sight. Brief and harsh.

"Since you care for nothing but money and fine clothes, I have accepted an offer to travel West, on a large salary and commission, and can remit to you enough, I hope, to make you happy. I have refused the position before, as it necessitated our separation, but now I have no hesitation in accepting it. If you can arrange it you had better return to your grandfather's."

WALTER.

If Walter could have heard the moaning cry that greeted the letter, he could never have carried out his hasty resolution. But he was already on his way Westward, and there was no one to comfort Susy as she wept and grieved. More than once she whispered in her sobbing: "And I meant to tell him to-day. Oh, why didn't I tell him? He would never have gone!"

All night the little blonde sorrowed, and in the morning she carried her troubles to her grandmother, and whispered her secret there.

"You must come right home, and we will write to Walter," said the old lady.

But writing to Walter proved a matter of difficulty. His new business kept him incessantly moving, and there was no certainty of a letter reaching him.

Every month a short letter reached Susy, containing a draft for money, and she sorrowfully hid them away, the very sight of them cutting her to the heart. Home was not home to her, with Walter away, the weary heart-sickness pressing sorely upon her.

One morning when her husband had been gone nearly six months, an uncle of Susy's died and left her \$20,000. Montague Hope heard of the legacy with a grim smile.

"I suppose madam will have a set of diamonds," he said, "or a fancy wardrobe from Paris."

To his surprise, late in the day, Susy came into his office. She had never been a favorite with the old man, but his heart softened as he looked in her sad, pale face.

"Mr. Hope," she said, timidly, "I have come to ask a great favor of you."

"Well, my dear," he answered gently, "I should be pleased to grant it, I am sure."

"You have heard of my legacy?"

"I have."

"You know of this miserable separation; that is all my fault. I have a plan to end it. I don't want to excuse myself, for I know that I was foolish and extravagant, but I am sure if we had not lived in a fashionable boarding house I never would have cared so much for expensive clothing. I am a good housekeeper, for my grandmother taught me how to cook and sew and keep a house in order. What I want is to buy a small house, furnish it neatly, and have a home of our own; and then"—the blue eyes were lifted pleadingly—"won't you let Walter know how sorry I am, and bring him back. I would not trouble you about the house, but grandfather is so old that any unusual business troubles him."

"You are a sensible woman," Uncle Montague said, emphatically, "and I will help you with all my heart. I suppose you are anxious to get into your house as soon as possible?"

"Indeed I am!"

"Well, I will call to-morrow and tell you what I have done."

Such a time as Uncle Montague gave upholsterers for the next fortnight! He bought a gem of a two-story house, with all "modern improvements," and every day he brought a carriage for Susy to go with him to select carpets, furniture and household wares. Then he drove the workmen till every spot within the four walls was in shining order.

"We won't write to Walter till everything is ready," he said.

And one sunny morning he escorted Susy to the completely furnished house, where a strong-armed servant was already installed, and made a little speech.

"I am a rich bachelor, my dear, and Walter's my heir, and dear as a son to me. I have never given him wealth, because I think he will be a happier, nobler man for leaning to depend upon his own exertions. I disapproved of his marriage because I thought you were a silly, spoiled child, who would mar his life's usefulness."

"You were right," said Susy, tearfully and humbly.

"I was wrong. The last two weeks have proved that. I had no business to encourage him in this wild-goose expedition, but as my atonement for my injustice to you I ask you to accept this house and all that it contains. You will find the piano a first-rate instrument, and the pictures, though few, are good. Your own money, if you will trust it to me, I will invest in secure stock that will give you a little income of your own."

"How can I thank you?" sobbed Susy.

"By growing rosy and happy, and giving me a corner of your fireside now and then. Now, my dear, I am going home to write to Walter."

But before the letter had accomplished its journey a telegram shot past it, carrying terror to Walter Hope.

"Come home at once; Susy is dangerously ill."

Oh, the heart sinking, the bitter repentance! All the weary loneliness of the last six months were as nothing to this horrible fear. Susy, little, tender, loving Susy, ill, perhaps dying! Walter Hope had hardened his heart by saying to himself that Susy never loved him. But he knew it was false; Susy had loved him. He had taken her, a petted child, from her tranquil, happy home, put her where every hour there was temptation to some fresh extravagance, and then, when she, like a child, craved indulgences beyond his means, had roughly granted them while depriving her of his protection and presence. And she had fretted herself ill.

Oh, how the long journey tortured him! If ever he could reach Susy and hear her say she forgave him, he would never leave her side again. If her life was spared, and she still craved the extravagances of her friends, he would try by love and gentleness to win her to more reasonable wishes! Over and over again, in the long, tedious journey, he lived the few short months of his married life, every harsh word rising to torment him, and all Susy's winning charms reproaching him. If she died, he would never know happiness again. Perhaps she was already dead! So the self-communing went on. He had led a busy life in the six months that poor Susy was fretting her heart away in self-reproachful sorrow, and had had but few hours for meditation. Long, hard-working days found him utterly weary at night, and in his rapid movements from place to place, the frequent changes from hotel to hotel, he did not miss home comforts as he must have done in a more settled life. Home had indeed never been more than a name to Walter Hope, who had boarded under his uncle's care since he was a mere boy. The privacy of one's own house, one's own table, were to him misty possibilities when he should have won a sufficient fortune to buy a house. But he felt with bitter force what a desolation life would be to him if Susy died.

A very pale, anxious face greeted Uncle Montague as he waited on the platform of the depot for the earliest Western train by which Walter could return.

"She is out of danger!" he said, before other words of greeting were exchanged; "very weak yet, so you must meet her as calmly as you can."

Then, as the two drove across the city, Uncle Montague told Walter of Susy's legacy, her present, and her good resolutions.

"She is the dearest little woman in the world," the old man said, "and you must make her happy now. There is a good woman in the house now to keep it in order till Susy is well. Then, Walter, let her have the care herself. Even if her inexperience brings some temporary discomforts, love will soon teach her how to remedy defects, and she will find her happiness where true women seek for it ever, at home! God help those who have no such heaven of rest."

The carriage stopped before the pretty stone house, but Walter scarcely saw the cheerful halls as he sprang up the stairs to Susy's room. Once there, he remembered his uncle's caution; and, opening the door softly, he went in with a quiet step. A very weak but a very glad voice spoke his name, and he bent over the pale face on the pillow, his voice low and tender, murmuring loving words.

"Our boy," Susy whispered. "I meant to tell you the day you went away."

"What a brute I was! Can you forgive me, Susy?"

"Nush, love; it is I who should ask forgiveness. But you will not go again, Walter."

"Never! The wee darling! She him curl his fingers round mine. How old is he, Susy?"

"A week old to-morrow. Walter let me call him Montague."

"I should have asked it."

So through sorrow and separation Walter and Susy found the road to happiness, and it would be hard to find a cozier home, a more gentle, loving wife, or a sturdier boy than greet Walter Hope every evening when he returns from his day's business. He colored with deep pain when Susy put into his hands every draft he had sent to her uncashed, but he has invested them for the use of Montague Hope, Jr., while Susy wonders if ever again fine clothes or jewelry can tempt her to speak a cross word to Walter.

The United States Agricultural Bureau estimates the average value of horses in his country at \$71.45 a head.

New Bridal Dresses.

Creamy white and pearl white failles are both shown for wedding dresses, says a fashion journal, but the preference is for the former. The prices range from \$4 to \$10 a yard. The first quality is handsome enough for any lady, and the finest is of remarkable beauty—thick, heavily repped, yet pliable and soft; indeed, it is no longer a commendation that a silk is stiff enough to stand alone. White satins are shown in various qualities, costing from \$3.50 to \$10 a yard.

Trains of new wedding dresses measure from sixty to seventy inches in length, which is longer than those of ordinary evening dresses. The new and appropriate fashion is to adjust this train in a wide quadruple plait from the belt down, as this smooth flowing fold is far prettier under a veil than any bunched-up-over-skirt or pouf train. Three breadths of silk form this train, and the plait is held in position by tapes underneath, until near the bottom, where it spreads out like a fan. There is no flounce, of course, on these back breadths. A deep side plaiting is across the foot of the front and side gores, and above this is a square tablier, formed by three bias bands of silk, piped on one side, and edged below by a tulle plaiting. These cross the front breadths and extend up the side gores to the belt, producing a very pretty effect. Clusters of orange flowers are down the middle of this tablier, and also down the tulle jabot that trims the box-plait behind. The basque is a long smooth cuirass with pointed neck and antique sleeves, trimmed with abundant ruffles of tulle around neck and elbows, with merely a piped band on the edge of the basque. Little shell bows of silk fasten the front, and one is placed on the back of the waist and on each elbow.

Another stately wedding dress is partly of white gros grain and partly satin. The front or petticoat is of white satin, trimmed with two five-inch plaitings, lapping, a puff, and a standing ruffle two and a half inches wide. Over this a train of white corded silk seventy inches long behind, with the sides cut three different lengths, forming a square front and deeper square corners on the sides. Two large bows are down the front. The basque has a position back with a smooth cuirass front. The bride-maids' dresses accompanying this are of checked Chambray gauze over white silk.

Awful for the Man.

The Detroit Free Press is responsible for the following:

"Be you on the police force?" inquired a dilapidated man, as he entered the Central Station, recently, and addressed a sergeant. He was informed that such was the case, when he continued: "I'm clean tuckered out. It's that wife of mine. I'm a fool—a blasted old fool, sir! I'm fifty, and she's twenty. She wants to gad about, and I want to stay at home; and if I say a word, it's the teapot, flatiron, or whatever comes handy. I've argued and scolded, and scolded and fit, and here I am. Look at this black eye! Look at me all over, mister police force! Once I was happy; now I am busted. She wants me to go to every picnic, and excursion, and festival, and dance, and it's killing me by inches. Then she wants a new dress to-day, a bonnet to-morrow, and so on, and I've got to get 'em, or have a fight. I've stood it all along, but I'm broken now. See that 'ere arm—see where she put her teeth in that this morning, when I would not let her have money to buy a pair of high-heeled shoes. Just lay yer eyes on that air scar, mister police force!"

"It's pretty tough," said the sergeant, as he looked.

"Tough! Great heavens! it's awful! perfectly awful! to bite in that way!" continued the old man. "But the end has come. I've got relashuns over that who wouldn't see me abused, and she's welcome to what's in the house. If any one comes around here sayin' I've committed suicide or disappeared, just tell 'em how it is, mister police force—tell 'em I suffered and suffered, until I had to leave her to die. Tell everybody to beware of her; she looks nice, but she's a varago, a hippercrit—a regular yaller fox, behind the currant bushes!"

The sergeant promised, and the old man rolled down his sleeves and pursued his journey towards the ferry.

Maine Ship Building.

The Portland Press has prepared an exhibit of the amount of tonnage built in Maine during the year 1874, from which it appears that the whole number of vessels built and registered during the year as far as reported is: Ships, 15; barkentines, 11; barks, 23; brigs, 13; schooners, 104; steamers, 5; tugs, 4; other vessels, 7; total tonnage of same, 75,533 tons. Number of vessels registered, built, and building, and to be completed within the year: Ships, 19; barkentines, 12; barks, 33; brigs, 15; schooners, 118; steamers, 5; tugs, 4; other vessels, 13; aggregate tonnage of same, 90,621.

THE DIPHTHERIA.

A Fearful Scourge—What Should be Done.

A fearful scourge, the diphtheria, is now afflicting many sections, large and small, of the United States, and there is every reason to believe that it will extend rather than decline in its ravages. So important has the matter of its arrest become, that a meeting of the leading physicians of New York city was lately held, and the origin, rise and progress of the scourge was carefully considered. It was known that in New York the deaths by diphtheria had grown gradually every year from 53 in 1869 to 1,151 in 1873, with a considerable increase in 1874. The physicians, after deliberation, arrived at the following practical conclusions:

1. If diphtheria has gained a foothold in any city or populous neighborhood, it selects certain localities in which its persistence is speedily marked, and its persistence, as shown by repeated outbreaks or continued prevalence, seems to hold an important relation to certain conditions of soil, drainage, and sanitary wants of dwellings, which admit of preventive measures.

2. The extension of the disease from one individual to another and to entire households or families, and from family to family, and from place to place, are facts so well proved in the history of the disease that the entire separation of the sick from the well, at least of children sick with this disease from all others, should be regarded as a first-rate sanitary duty.

3. That the immediate sanitary as well as perfect medical care of every family exposed to it seems to be a duty required by every consideration of humanity and public health.

4. That a complete and exact record of diphtheria as it prevails in any locality is a duty of much importance to society, and that, for the purpose of promoting the successful discharge of this duty to society and the medical profession, the Public Health Association of the city of New York respectfully submits the following resolution as embodying its view upon the subject:

Resolved, That every Board of Health, every county and city medical society, and every practitioner of medicine in the State of New York, is most respectfully urged to cause a correct record to be prepared concerning the beginning, progress, local, domestic, and hygienic conditions under which diphtheria occurs in any place in the State.

The Jockey's Race.

San Francisco has this year been giving the same experience that every locality does every year, where horse racing exists. A paper gives a detail of how the thing is done: "Two jockeys put their small heads together and lay out a campaign. Here is a horse that has no fast record, but is a good second to Goldsmith Maid. His want of a record permits him to be beaten without exciting suspicion, thus reviving California enthusiasm on their favorite horse. One jockey takes charge of Occident, the other of Fullerton. Occident wins the first race, and up go the California hats. The next is trotted to wagon. Occident behaves badly and Fullerton wins, making very extraordinary time. A week later the horses are brought together again. This time Occident behaves splendidly, and Fullerton is the one that cannot be managed. Occident wins to sulky, only one heat being in less time than Fullerton made to wagon the week before. Everybody feels glad that the gallant little brown horse won the race, but few have more confidence in his ability to beat Fullerton than when they went on the ground. The race had every appearance of being sold. It does not follow that the owners of Fullerton and Occident had anything to do with buying and selling. Probably they had not. Owners are not usually consulted by jockeys in these little matters. They arrange that among themselves. The thing the public has to consider is, if it is worth while to be victimized year after year by jockeys for the sake of witnessing a trotting race that is probably decided before either horse goes on the track."

Questions for Discussion.

The Granges of Iowa issue every month a list of questions for the farmers to discuss. Here is the last lot:

Main Question—What benefits have been secured to the producing classes through the organization of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry?

Sub-questions—1. What benefits in the matter of social culture and enjoyment?

2. What benefits in the matter of financial and material advancement?

3. What benefits in the matter of such education as relates to methods of farm practice?

4. What benefits in the matter of such education as relates to public affairs, to knowledge of finance, and to the increasing influence of farmers as a class?

5. What benefits in the matter of general welfare?