

THE TRIBUNE.

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They Two.

A reader of a magazine fell in with the following lines:

IDENTITY.

Somewhere—in desolate, wide-swept space—
In twilight land, in no-man's land—
Two hurrying shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Sluddering in the gloaming light.
"I do not know," said the second shape,
"I only died last night."

After pondering them for three days
his muse began to hum in the same tune,
and the following was found upon his
table the morning after he was sent to
a private asylum:

COULDN'T TELL.

Nowhere—in the midnight, wind-swept street,
In Muddle town, in No Rum town—
Two staggering shapes, colliding, meet,
And knock each other down.

"Say, who are you?" cries one, when up,
Hiccoughing, with a drunken face.
"I don't (hie) know," says t'other chap,
"I'm a stranger 'n this place."

MY AUNT'S STORY.

"Oh, Aunt Pam, how shall I make
Jack a little more dignified? I want to
be proud as well as fond of him. He's
too silly, too demonstrative; how can
I cure him? Aunt Pam, advise me!"

Aunt Pamela looked at Belle irresolutely
for a moment, then beckoned to
Hannah to take the tea away.

"I'll tell you a story, Belle," she
said, "if you'll listen to it. I'll tell you
how somebody you know came to be a
cross, queer old maid—a whimsical,
spiteful, lonely, desolate old woman."

"I don't know any such person," cried
Belle.

"Yes, you do, child; you'll recognize
her portrait when it's drawn. But at
your age, dear, she was, I think, passably
pretty and attractive; in fact, you
won't believe it, but this heroine of mine
was very like you when she was in the
heyday of youth."

"Had she red hair, aunt, like mine?"

"Yes, and the brilliant complexion
and high temper that go with it. She
was only eighteen when she became the
defendant in a case where all the little
property she had in the world was at
stake. She was already an orphan, and
would have been a beggar had it not
been for the wonderful zeal and ability
of her legal adviser—Mr. Reginald
Vickers. Long before the case was
decided in her behalf she had grown to
look forward to the necessary legal
consultations as the brightest moments
of her life, though not a word of love
had passed between them. In truth, Belle,
the lady of our story, whom we will call
by my own old-fashioned name of
Pamela, had a warm heart under a very cold
exterior, and although she knew how to
love well and devotedly, could not shape
her sentiment to suit the somewhat
energetic and passionate devotion of the
young barrister."

"You are so cold, Pamela," he would
say; "one might as well have a bit of
archæology in the shape of one of the
mutilated Grecian goddesses for an idol.
I whisper ever so many pretty things in
your ear, and one would think they
stopped at the tympanum, for not the faintest
blush tinged your marble cheek, and
the chiseled splendor of your profile
remains as if carved in stone."

"And all this time, Belle, every word
of his had been like an electric shock
of bliss to her enraptured soul, and she
scarcely knew whether she was in
paradise or upon the earth."

"When her engagement had reached
an epoch devoted to the bridal
trousseau, she became very much the property
of certain relatives and their chosen
seamstresses; there was so much of trying
on, of comparing and choosing, that
very little time was left for Reginald,
and which he complained most bitterly;
and when the convention adjourned to the
country to arrange further preliminaries
for the coming happiness, Reginald
declared he would follow her very soon."

"It was weather such as this, Belle,
in the month of May; and the very
morning of her journey the luckless
Pamela offended Reginald by repulsing
him in what she held an unbecoming
levity and familiarity. He had but twined
her about the room two or three times,
caroling out in his gleeful way.

"Pamela bade him somewhat haughtily
to desist, which he did, with a frown,
and went immediately out of her
presence, nor did she see him again until
he bade her a cold farewell at the window
of the railway car. So she went upon
her way almost broken-hearted, and had
no joy in the vernal landscape, nor, in
deed, could she see field, or post, or flying
bits of beauty for the tears that
dimmed her sight. She took herself to
task, and vowed that, come what would,
when Reginald should meet her again,
she would welcome him warmly, even
should he enter the house by way of a
somersault."

"Nevertheless, she found herself hop-
ing that his first visit among these sim-
ple country folk would prove to them
that he was altogether a superior being,
not fashioned after the same clay as
themselves—picturing him as she had so
often seen him when deep in legal con-
troversy, his high white brow bent into
a frown, his eyes glowing with a secret
fire, words falling out of his mouth like
molten coals upon the heads of his ad-
versaries; only some honest, faithful
hearts that loved her far beyond her
desert."

"Reginald reached the farm one
balmy evening, riding from the train in
a convenient ox-cart, his traveling suit
of gray and broad straw hat, his flowing
neck-tie and the air of easy nonchalance
and careless simplicity about him,

gravely vexing his betrothed. He had
not been half an hour with Pamela be-
fore he was on intimate terms with the
whole of her uncle's family. There was
not the hint of a frown on his brow, and
no trace of legal lore or dignity of state
embarrassed his intercourse with her
simple relatives.

"To hear his talk as he stood there
by the five-barred gate, swinging little
Elsie to and fro, one would suppose that
he had never pleaded a case, that he had
never quoted a poem, or delivered an
oration. Pamela's uncle drew to him
in his provincial dialect, her aunt joined
in the conversation without even drop-
ping her sun-bonnet, and Cousin Eph-
raim, the bashfullest of mortals, sat down
to tea with the stranger guest. The
supper the young lawyer devoured that
night would have honored the appetite
of a laborer in the off kitchen. Pamela
looked with dismay at her Olympian,
wondering if that could be the way the
gods dined upon ambrosia. So, wounded
and disappointed, scarce knowing
why, she sat silent and cold by his side
when they were alone together once
more. They had the whole of the grim
parlor, with its whitewashed walls, its
hideous portraits, its horse-hair sofa and
chairs, to themselves; but the door of
the sitting room stood ajar, and Reginald
looked longingly thence upon the
gay rag carpet, the well-polished stove,
with its grate aflame, the warm cushioned
chair where her aunt nodded, and the
bit of holly-crowned glass, where
Ephraim made himself smart to visit
sweet little Jessie Downes.

"She is the loveliest creature, Reginald,"
said Pamela, "that the sun ever
shone upon."

"Except one," said Reginald. "But
I don't believe old Sol's rays often reach
you, my Pamela."

"The very next morning, at the country
church, he saw Cousin Ephraim's
sweetheart. As was her wont, she
nestled in her father the deacon's pew,
and looked with rapt eyes to the good old
minister, while Reginald's eyes, once
fastened on her primrose face, never left
it throughout the service. By some
magnetism their eyes met, and poor little
Jessie's rapt gaze left the face of the
minister to feast shyly upon the classical
allurements of the young barrister."

"Reginald walked homeward by Jessie's
side, while Ephraim and Pamela
followed after, both proud and pensive
that the little maiden had found favor in
the sight of so distinguished a guest."

"Reginald prolonged his stay in the
country, declaring that he needed a
vacation, and was out in the morning be-
times, fishing in the neighboring streams
for sunfish, and gathering wild flowers
and ferns; coming back at sundown
somewhat abstracted in his manner,
but saluting forth again the next day."

"Pamela declined to join these ex-
cursions, as the sun and wind together
would have made sad havoc with her
complexion—as they would with yours,
my dear, you very well know. But
there are complexions, Belle, that the
sun takes to kindly enough, and paints
with a magical brush, the wind putting
in a crimson that was never found even
upon the palette of Sir Joshua Reynolds."

"Upon the May festival, which was
arranged late in the month as a farewell
celebration for Pamela and her be-
trothed, the beauty of sweet Jessie
Downes seemed to our pale patrician of
the city like something almost super-
natural. She called to Reginald time
and again to tell her if he had ever con-
ceived of so glowing and vivid a loveliness,
and could not take her eyes from a
head that made the sweet blossoms with
which it was crowned seem faded and
dull by comparison."

"The day grew somewhat chill toward
evening, and in the hollow of the wood,
where Pamela wandered alone, it seemed
to her that the wind whistling among the
trees arose to a kind of sob that was al-
most human in its intensity. And as
she walked along, half anxious now to
escape from a solitude that seemed
peopled with melancholy sounds, she heard
a murmur of voices close at hand, just
beyond the little thicket that barred her
progress."

"It is so hard to say good-bye, my
sweet child," said a voice that was the
one voice in the world to Pamela. "You
have crept into my heart, warming and
blessing it."

"And shall I never see you again?"
sobbed little Jessie Downes.

"Nay, darling, how can I tell? Per-
haps when this sweet madness is
cured."

"And then, Belle, poor Pamela heard
no more. A blessed unconsciousness
seized her, and for the first time in her
life she fainted. Not the last; alas!
since that moment of agony her nerves
had not been so strong, and upon the
recurrence of certain sounds or certain
remembrances she loses herself for a
time. A little while ago, when you pic-
tured that scene in the woods, it put in
words that bit of the past; I saw again
the mosses and ferns at my feet, the
little black pool of water half covered
with withered leaves, and I heard the
dull thud or discordant creak of the
frogs."

"When, upon that time long ago, I
awoke to consciousness, Reginald was
bending over me with a white stricken
face, and all the rest were busy with
possets and restoratives in my behalf."

"When we were left alone together,
and I found that Reginald hoped I was
unconscious of all, I was tempted to
accept this negative happiness held out to
me by a niggardly destiny; but he
begged of me, with a persistency which
I interpreted in my own way, to follow
him as quickly as possible to the city,
whither he was going the following
morning."

"You may as well remain," I said, coolly:
"a cowardly retreat now will avail
nothing. Seek your happiness where
you may, Reginald Vickers; it has never
been dependent upon mine. I heard
your words to Jessie."

"And if you did," he broke in, "what
then? They were the first fond ones I
ever said to her, and these were wrung
from me by her sorrow for our parting.
I never meant to do you wrong, Pamela,
and was not disloyal to you in heart.
It was a mad, foolish impulse; forgive
it, I pray you. Do not let this one fault
make misery for both our lives. I will
promise never to see her again."

"And do you think," I cried, "that
her agony will mend mine?"

"Nonsense, Pamela; it is not in a
nature like hers to suffer long."

"But it is in a nature like mine," I
said. "Nevertheless, Reginald Vickers,
your path and mine lie apart henceforth
and forever!"

"But it is so, then," his face white-
ning to his lips. "Let your pride
be the cause, as it has always been. Had
you been less cold, I had not sinned
against a love strong and perfect as its
birth, but stunted and starved every day
that I lived. I beg of you, as you at least
value the peace of others, to breathe no
word of this to your cousin Ephraim;
he is a good fellow, and deserves well of
his blessing, as pure and sweet, so help
me Heaven! as when first he found it.
As for me, I will trouble all of you no
more!"

"He went, and with him went the
rest of my life; for though I am nearly
fifty years old, I only lived to the age of
twenty. It was fortunate, at least, that
mine was the only life bereft; for Reginald
married five years after, and Jessie
took up the thread of her love for Eph-
raim where it could be so readily mended
that my honest cousin never knew
it was broken."

"Dear me, Aunt Pam," said Belle,
her eyes full of tears, "in all those five
years, before he married that other wo-
man, why didn't you make up? Why
didn't you write to him, or fall in his
way somehow, or pretend that you
wanted to consult him as a lawyer?"

"I was too proud, Belle," said Aunt
Pamela, brushing the tears from the
young eyes looking wistfully into her
own. And then there was a clatter at
the door, and Jack came bounding up
the stairs two at a time, leaping from
the landing into the parlor, and taking
Aunt Pamela and Belle into one hearty
embrace. It was noticeable that Belle
found no fault with this lack of dignity,
nor found Jack too demonstrative.

"How jolly it is here, Aunt Pamela!"
said that ardent young lover. "Belle is
like a blamed icicle at the house yonder,
and I never had any yearning toward
the polar regions."

A Bridal Tour.

There came one day to a little inland
town in Kentucky a young rural couple
who had just been bound by the "silken
bonds." Their destination was the
depot, and the bridegroom was evidently
quite impatient for the train should
arrive before he could reach the office.
Buying one ticket, they stood on the
platform until the train had stopped.
When they entered the car the bride-
groom found his bride seated, and he
most affectionately bade her "good
bye," and going out, seated himself on a
box and commenced whistling most
vigorously. He watched the train out
of sight, regret depicted on his face,
when a bystander, thinking the whole
proceeding rather strange, resolved to
interview him. Approaching him care-
lessly, and chewing a straw to keep up
his courage, he said:

"Been gettin' married lately?"

"Yes," said he, "me and Sallie got
spliced this mornin'."

"Was that her you put on the train?"

"Yes," with a sigh.

"A likely lookin' gal," said our ques-
tioner. "Anybody sick, that she had to
go away?"

"No," but here he grew confidential.

"You see me and Sallie had heard that
everybody when they got married took
a bridal tour. So I told Sallie I hadn't
money enough for both of us to go, but
she shouldn't be knocked out of hern. So
I just brought her down here, bought
her ticket and sent her on a visit to some
of her folks, and thought I might get
some work harvestin' till she got back."

"That afternoon found him busily at
work, and when in a day or two after
Sallie came back, he welcomed her
cordially and affectionately, and hand in
hand they started down the dusty road
to their new home and duties."

A Treasury Incident.

The Washington Chronicle contains
the following: A rather suspicious cir-
cumstance occurred in the printing
bureau of the Treasury department,
which resulted in the dismissal of
the principal actress. It appears that
one of the young lady employees was
passing from one room to another, when
four five-dollar notes fell from the folds
of her dress, to which they had acci-
dentally adhered, or in which they had
been concealed. Two other young
ladies engaged in the same room, who
were following almost in her footsteps,
observed the notes fall and picked them
up. The fact being reported to the
chief of the division, he confronted the
unlucky girl and demanded an explana-
tion of the circumstance. She asserted
her innocence of any guilty knowledge
of the money being about her person,
and stated that she believed it must
have stuck to her dress as she brushed
by the tables on which the notes lay
piled, previous to the accident. Although
the belief was generally entertained by
the attaches of the bureau that the girl's
story was truthful, the rigid rules of the
office required her dismissal as a warning
against the recurrence of similar mis-
haps.

In English Courts.

A recent English case of extreme cru-
elty, passing under the guise of justice,
has been much commented on in the
papers on both sides of the Atlantic.
There seemed to be something peculiarly
revolting in the circumstance that a lit-
tle girl of thirteen, who had plucked a
geranium-bud in an almshouse garden,
should be sentenced to imprisonment
for a fortnight in jail, and for four years
longer in a penal institution all too mil-
lily termed "reformatory." But, as a
matter of fact, severe sentences such as
this are by no means rarely pronounced
from the benches occupied by the "un-
paid magistracy" of England. Justice,
in the hands of the gentlemen who are
called upon to administer punishment to
petty offenders in the English rural dis-
tricts, is especially stern with those who
in any way invade the sacred rights of
"property." Theft or trespass, in their
eyes, is too apt to be regarded as worse
than wife beating, or slander, than per-
jury or murderous assault. Such sen-
tences as that accorded to poor little
Sarah Chandler are far from being as
uncommon as the conspicuousness of her
case would imply. The very same
clergyman who sought, in his capacity as
a magistrate, to brand her for life as a
"jail-bird," because she plucked a
flower, sentenced, not long ago, a small
boy scarcely out of his pinafores to
prison for a month, because he scraped
the leavings of a discarded tobacco case,
and condemned a young servant girl to
six weeks in jail for putting some photo-
graphs, which she found in a waste
paper basket in the house where she
served, into her pocket to show to some
friends. Not long ago sixteen fishermen
and women, living on the Northumbrian
coast, were cast into jail for a month for
picking up mussels on the shore, with
which to bait their hooks. It was an
audacious assault upon the property
rights of the squire whose estates ran to
the water's edge; and the clergymen
and squires who administered the law
without pay in that region could not let
the flagrant defiance of the rights of
property pass. In Essex three very
reputable and not disorderly lads, aged
about sixteen, sallied out for an after-
noon walk. In crossing the fields they
came to a brook; a grassy knoll on its
banks tempted them, and they threw
themselves upon it and began to read
some books they had brought with them.
Suddenly up rode the owner of the field
on horseback, and roughly demanded
their names. Soon after they had re-
turned home they were taken in charge
by a policeman, brought before the
magistrates, accused of trespass, and
heavily fined. A little girl of thirteen
was recently condemned at Dorchester
to twenty-one days' imprisonment at
"hard labor," and five years in a re-
formatory, for stealing an earthen milk
jug. It turned out that the jug, which
was cracked, had been given to the girl
without authority by a servant. The
supposed thief, too, was ascertained to
have the best character for honesty.—
Appleton's Journal.

A Practical Farmer.

Boating is no doubt a good thing when
judiciously indulged in, but an old gen-
tleman residing in Detroit, the *Free
Press* says, whose son was a member of
one of the winning crews at the Toledo
regatta, has rather conservative notions
concerning the muscular art. On Sun-
day the following dialogue occurred be-
tween the father and son:

Father—My boy, how much did you
weigh when you began to train for this
regatta?

Son—One hundred and sixty pounds.

Father—And you pulled at 145 pounds
didn't you?

Son—Yes; I worked down to that
beautifully.

Father—And how much is that badge
worth that you won down there?

Son—Don't know exactly, but I think
I heard some of the fellows say they cost
\$27 a apiece.

Father—Um; \$27. Now then, if
you'll work off the same amount of flesh
next season by sawing wood I'll give you
a badge worth just worth four times as
much as that one, and an order on my
tailor for the best suit of clothes you can
find.

The young gentleman intimated that
he guessed he would take a little run
down to the boat house.

A Treasury Incident.

The Washington Chronicle contains
the following: A rather suspicious cir-
cumstance occurred in the printing
bureau of the Treasury department,
which resulted in the dismissal of
the principal actress. It appears that
one of the young lady employees was
passing from one room to another, when
four five-dollar notes fell from the folds
of her dress, to which they had acci-
dentally adhered, or in which they had
been concealed. Two other young
ladies engaged in the same room, who
were following almost in her footsteps,
observed the notes fall and picked them
up. The fact being reported to the
chief of the division, he confronted the
unlucky girl and demanded an explana-
tion of the circumstance. She asserted
her innocence of any guilty knowledge
of the money being about her person,
and stated that she believed it must
have stuck to her dress as she brushed
by the tables on which the notes lay
piled, previous to the accident. Although
the belief was generally entertained by
the attaches of the bureau that the girl's
story was truthful, the rigid rules of the
office required her dismissal as a warning
against the recurrence of similar mis-
haps.

The Treatment of Habitual Drunkards.

The reports which have appeared of
the short address of Sir Thomas Watson
on the occasion of the recent deputation
to Mr. Cross gives an imperfect idea of
his words and meaning. Short as was
his statement, as under the circumstances
was useful, it was so pregnant with
meaning and will have so permanent
value that we take an opportunity of
presenting the actual words: Sir—My
humble advocacy of this petition may be
expressed in a very few sentences. I
must preface them by saying that, al-
though for much the greater part of my
long professional life I was profoundly
incredulous of the permanent reforma-
tion of habitual drunkards, facts have
more recently come to my knowledge
which have made me an almost sanguine
convert to a better hope and belief.

Among habitual drunkards there are
many in whom what was begun as a vice
passes into a frightful bodily and mental
disease. The frequent use of intoxicat-
ing liquors in excess, and especially of
alcoholic drinks, leads at length to an
accumulation of the specific poison of al-
cohol within the system, so that the
bodily tissues, which include the brain,
becomes so impregnated, so charged
with the poison, or so affected somehow,
as to produce a degree of craving which
the unhappy dipsomaniac—for so he is
rightly called—is utterly unable to resist
control. So imperative is this morbid
craving, that in some instances, by his
own confession, he could not refrain
from swallowing the customary stimulus
even if he were certain that death would
be the instant result. Now, of such
persons, it is found that, if they can be
strictly debarred from all access to al-
coholic drinks, they will surely, though
slowly, recover from this form of mania;
that the incorporated poison will be
gradually discolored and eliminated from
the system by the silent and sole efficacy
of that beneficent force which we medi-
cal men acknowledge so thankfully, the
vis medicatrix nature; and the wretched
man or woman will become once more
able, and in no small percentage of cases
willing, and even anxious, to abandon
the vice which had been the first step to-
ward the induction of the maniacal
disease. Now, if this be so—and from all
that I have seen and heard and read on
the subject, from experience gathered on
a large scale in America, from the teach-
ings of some of our own lunatic asylums,
and from the testimony of private ob-
servers—I am fully persuaded that it is
so; I might even appeal on this point to
some members of the deputation now
present—then I conceive that the sanc-
tioning, by some legislative measure, of
retreats and reformatories, wherein, at
the instance of his relations or friends,
or by his own wish, or by the sentence
of a magistrate, such a sufferer could be
legally detained for a time (which has
been estimated to be between three and
twelve months, though, in my judgment,
three months would be far too little, and,
of course, ample provision should be
made against any possible abuse of such
detention), such legislative action, I say,
could scarcely be regarded as anything
less than a national blessing.—*British
Medical Journal.*

"Treasury Girls."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati
Enquirer writes from Washington:
"Treasury girls," be it known, are not
all young; in fact, some of them, no
doubt, have children as old as your cor-
respondent, while many are yet in the
full bloom of girlhood, and more have
entered the cypress-hung portals of old
maidenhood, or have worn, or still wear,
the widow's weeds. Still, according to
ye festive correspondent, all ladies en-
gaged in the Treasury department are
"girls," even though they be gray-
haired matrons and mothers of families.

As I have said, "Treasury girls" are
not all either young or pretty, as is
generally supposed, and in looking over
the "sea of faces" I have discovered but
few who look as though their owners
consider life as a great flirtation made up
of little flirtations; on the contrary, the
majority of faces belonging to the "Treasury
girls" bear the impress of an earnest
purpose earnestly pursued, while many
are evidently shadowed by sorrow or
disappointment; in fact, the ladies who
are engaged in the Treasury department
are only a small detachment of the great
army of women who find themselves de-
pendent upon their own resources, and
have, as is natural, sought out the best
place they could command. The aver-
age "Treasury girl" does not go to work
in silk and lace, according to the popular
idea, but, on the contrary, wears a loose
sack and overdress of some light wash
goods over a worsted skirt, and, by way
of taking all romance out of the matter,
carries a little lunch done up in a paper
or pinned up in a red napkin. Neither
do all "Treasury girls" preserve the
lines of beauty in form or face; on the
contrary, there are thin, angular, and
perpendicular women among them, and
there are some who are burdened with
flesh; most certainly there are many
who evidently did not win their positions
by means of personal beauty.

WANTED TO MARRY.—The following
advertisement appeared in the *Irish
Times* of July 2: "Matrimony.—A
mother, suffering from a mortal disease
and longing to see her two daughters
suitably married before she leaves this
world, wishes to meet two gentlemen,
respectable parentage; minimum income
£100; age under forty. Girls are good
humored, trained housekeepers, very
handsome (advertiser can guarantee
this), ages twenty-two and nineteen, eld-
est very sensible, youngest a little
flighty, fortunes £300 each. Enclose
carte, etc. Address Y., 72, office of this
paper."

Items of Interest.

The census of Wisconsin shows a
population of 1,207,821, being an in-
crease of 183,251 since 1870.

Precise old party—"Conductor, do,
pray, get on. I've an appointment!"
"All right, sir! Now look alive, Bill;
here's a hold gent wants to meet his
young 'ooman."

An electric magnet weighing 1,800
pounds was lately shipped to West
Point, N. Y., by Wallace & Sons, of An-
sonia, Ct. The magnet has a sustaining
capacity of sixty tons.

They don't ask a woman in Wisconsin
to teach school for any paltry \$2 per
week. They offer her \$1.25, and if she
refuses they nail the door up and hang
up a sign of "no skule hear."

A young American girl in Paris lately
stopped with her friends in a crowd to
observe a carriage accident; she had
very long hair hanging down over her
shoulders which some thief completely
cut away.

A young man, searching for his
father's pig, accosted an Irishman as fol-
lows: "Have you seen a stray pig
about here?" To which Pat responded:
"Faix, and how could I tell a stray pig
from any other?"

A Scotch preacher, who not long ago
had entered into the happy state of
matrimony with a maiden named Grace,
rather surprised his hearers on the en-
suing Sabbath by giving out as his text:
"Unto me is this Grace given."

An old man living at Guelph, C. W.,
was discovered the other day by his
neighbors chained to the floor in a stable.
His son had pinioned him thus because
they could not agree on some question
affecting domestic management.

A very neat bit of satire is embodied
in this clipping from the *Danbury News*:
A milk pitcher, thrown by his wife at a
Nelson street man, missed the aim and
ruined a handsome frame which inclosed
the words: "God bless our home."

The whole number of convicts in the
Georgia state penitentiary is said to be
eight hundred, only one-tenth of whom
are white persons. Many young negroes
are constantly sent there, ranging all
the way from ten to fourteen or fifteen
years old.

A rustic youngster being asked out to
take tea with a friend, was admonished
to praise the eatables. Presently the
butter was passed to him, when he re-
marked: "Very nice butter—what
there is of it;" and observing asmile, he
added, "and plenty of it—such as it is."

During a dense fog a Mississippi
steamboat took a landing. A traveler
anxious to go ahead, came to the upper-
turbed manager of the wheel and asked
why they stopped. "Too much fog;
can't see the river." "But you can see
the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the
urbane pilot; "but until the biler busts
we ain't goin' that way." The passenger
went to bed.

A small image of a human head carved
in stone, which was dug up in a farm in
Webster township, Michigan, some years
ago, was exhibited at the Detroit meet-
ing of the American Association. It ap-
pears to be made of Potsdam red sand-
stone, which does not exist in nature in
that part of the country. The features
of the face are of an Egyptian cast.

A new prophet has arisen in Europe.
He is a photographer. By means of his
camera he made visible an attack of
smallpox twenty-four hours before it
came out. Although no one could as
yet observe anything on the skin of the
patient the negative plate showed stains
on the face which perfectly resembled
the various exanthem, and twenty-four
hours later the eruption became clearly
evident.

In Providence, R. I., a fellow called
at the house of a man who was out of
town, and told his wife that the captain
of a vessel in port—a particular friend
of her husband's—had five gallons of
rare wine on board for him, and wanted
some demijohns to put it in. His story
was so plausible that she went to the store
and purchased the articles for him. He
disappeared with four demijohns, and
has not been seen by her since.

Mr. Jacob Keller, of Pittsburgh, Pa.,
while dredging the Monongahela river,
has taken out of the mud several pieces
of a skeleton which are thought by local
scholars to belong to a mammoth. A
tooth weighing ten pounds is the speci-
men which attracts more attention than
any other. Mr. Franklin Platt, is de-
cisive geologist of Pennsylvania, is de-
cisive of unearthing the whole skeleton,
and will probably interest himself in the
work.

Curious Story.

Massachusetts papers are printing the
following story: John Manning, a young
man of North Adams, went to work in
some print works in New York about six
weeks ago, and did the work of two men
who had been discharged. After he had
been in his new situation a week, he was
invited by these men to go with them on
an excursion. The next day his employ-
ers missed him, and his continued ab-
sence led them to think that something
was wrong. A search was made, which
resulted in finding him in a piece of