

THE TRIBUNE.

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Would Make Up His Mind.

I wish he would make up his mind, ma,
For I do not care longer to wait;
I am sure I have hinted quite strongly,
That I thought about changing my state;
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,
I can't bring him out, though I try;
I own that he's very good tempered,
But then he's so dreadfully shy!

When he speaks about love in a cottage,
He gives me a look of surprise;
And if I but hint at a marriage,
He blushes quite up to his eyes.
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it—
And 'tis no use my being unkind,
For that's not the way, I am certain,
To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,
I've worked him both slippers and hose,
And we've walked out by moonlight together;
Yet he never attempts to propose!
You must really ask his intention,
Or some other beau I must find;
For indeed I won't tarry much longer
For one who can't make up his mind.

THE MIDNIGHT ROBBERS.

Last night—yesterday being my seventeenth birthday—we had a little musical party. The people gone, we having eaten up all the sandwiches and a box of preserved cherries, repaired to our respective bedchambers, very tired, very yawny, and rather cross, as is the way of odd people after too prolonged a spell of their fellow-creatures' society.

"Susannah will look up," said papa, somewhere below his second stud.

"Very well," gasped mamma; and the door shut.

Now I suppose I was too much excited to fall asleep easily, and for the last three days I have been puzzling my brains to find out how I had better have my new silk made. I don't care about basques, and bustle skirts are my abomination; anyhow, sleep I could not get. I turned and twisted, and sat up and lay down. No; it was no good. At length, however, I dozed off; but through my slumbers came noises, strange grating noises, as of flower-pots being moved, or a fire being raked out. I took no notice. I knew that Susannah did always rake the fire out before she went to bed, so I supposed she was performing that august ceremony. But before long three tremendous bangs at the hall door fairly woke me up. I listened. Was the house on fire? A minute, and scroop went a window.

"Who's there?" bawled papa.
Somebody growled something.
A policeman, I thought, and shook all over.

Then Susannah opened her door and came running down stairs. Maria would sleep through a railway accident.

"What is it?" said Aunt Jane, coming out of her room, which is next to mine.

"Oh, don't you trouble, 'm," answered Susannah; "you go to bed. I'll see to it;" and hurried on. I lay and quaked. For a while all was quite still—so still that I felt impelled to get up and listen; but barely had I reached the door when quite frightful sounds besieged my ears—sounds as of people scuffling, mingled with screams.

"Policeman!" I yelled. "Policeman—murder—fire!" Anything you like to mention.

Out dashed papa; out dashed Aunt Jane.

"For goodness' sake," cried mamma, "don't go down like that; you'll be killed to a certainty. Why, you haven't even got a poker!"

I flew to the fireplace.

"Here," I said—"here, papa!" and thrust out the familiar implement.

But he was gone.

I caught a glimpse of the tail of Aunt Jane's red flannel dressing-gown as it whisked round the turning. Our staircase is a wonder. It seems to have wriggled out of the mind of the architect who designed this tenement much as a worm will out of a pea.

"What ever is the matter?" demanded I of mamma, who seemed fit to drop.

"He's run through the garden!" screamed Susannah. "Oh, the rascal! Policeman!"

"Good gracious!" gasped mamma. Through the hall tore a large and helmeted person in blue, and out at the garden door. Out tore Susannah. Whether Aunt Jane joined in the chase I am not sure; but she has got bronchitis.

"Spring your rattle!" roared papa, who seemed to have secreted himself, from feelings of modesty possibly, in the pantry.

The policeman sprang his rattle accordingly, and having done so, seemed well satisfied. At all events, he speedily came back again.

"Have you got him?" inquired papa.

"Lor, no, sir," says Susannah (who, I may here mention, is our cook); "he's gone off a mile by this time. Eef this young man—"

"My dear woman," broke in our guardian of the peace, "is there no male person in this house, that you must needs go and willfully endanger your precious life?"

"Lor, yes," replied Susannah "there's master, ain't there?"

"Then," said the policeman, "I consider it was your duty to let him come down and see what could be done."

"Of course, of course," said papa, coming out of his retirement, and seeming to knock down a wine glass. Mamma groaned, and clutched my arm dreadfully as she heard the smash. "You presume this man effected an entrance through the kitchen window, policeman?"

"Presume!" exclaimed Susannah, who is a west-country woman, and as hot as a live coal. "I found the rascal

'uddled up be'ind the door. 'E'd opened the window and pinned up the blind, and I make no doubt was looking about for a knife just to cut all our throats.

"Very likely," said the policeman. "There's some desperate bad characters about. Why, only last night as I was—"

"Haden't you better make a thorough search for the wretch?" here came in Aunt Jane. "He may have got under the shed."

"What shed, miss?" inquired the policeman.

"Why, the tool-shed at the end of the garden, to be sure."

Aunt Jane detests being called "miss," and can't "abide a blockhead."

"My dear Jane," interposed papa, "how could this good man know that? If you will wait a minute, policeman, I'll go and get on some clothes and come with you."

"Very good, sir," said the policeman; and up stairs papa came, looking more singular perhaps than ever he did in his life before. His appearance, however, being rather picturesque than elegant, I will here draw a veil.

No sooner was he in sight than mamma became hysterical.

"Oh, Hotapur," cried she, "the silver!" and fell back on my shoulder with such weight that I took up a sitting position on the floor.

"Jane," called papa, "come and see to these two foolish creatures. Get up, you donkeys. Why, the fellow's gone! There's nothing to be frightened at now. I and the policeman are going to scour the neighborhood."

"Help mamma," I panted; "she is dying!"

"Indeed, Jane," said mamma, "I knew it would come to that, sooner or later."

"Well," said Aunt Jane, who had just made her appearance, "and what in the world is all this about? Just get up at once, Amelia!"

"Mamma's hysterical," I said. "Has the man taken anything?"

"We don't know."

"But the silver's safe?"

"Yes," said papa; "at least it was five minutes ago."

"Thank God!" said my mother, and took a fresh lease of life.

Much relieved, I summoned courage to get a shawl and a pair of slippers, and creep down stairs. The gas was lit in the passage and dining room. I could hear voices in the kitchen. Afraid of the sound of my own feet even, I listened a little to assure myself that no new alarm need be apprehended, and this was what I overheard:

"Policeman—"There's nothing I admire more than spirit anywhere."

Susannah—"I don't know much about spirit. I wish I knew what was come of that there latekey. If that's gone 'twill be a pretty job."

Policeman—"I suppose, now, you've got a fairish place?"

Susannah—"That I 'ave!"

Policeman—"But you're not the only one."

Susannah—"Bless you, no; there's Maria, she's the 'onse-maid; and Jem, 'e cleans the knives and shoes."

Policeman—"I see. Well, you're a wonderful good-plucked un, any'ow. Blowed if I should 'ave cared to do what you did!"

Susannah—"I dare say not. You didn't seem in a great 'urry to come when I called you. I thought you'd 'ave jumped in at the window. You'd 'ave caught 'im then."

Policeman—"Not I. 'E's been at this sort of game for the last seven years. That's a nice—"

But here an eldritch screech rang through the house.

It was I! Mouton, the cat, had taken advantage of my abstraction to mount the balusters and jump on to my shoulder. The shock was terrific. I shook like a jelly.

"Bless me!" cried Aunt Jane, "what's the matter now?"

"I tell you," bawled papa, hurrying down, on vengeance bent, "I won't have such folly. Go off into the dining-room and shut the door, or to bed, which you like; but—behave yourself like a rational creature, or not another new gown do you have for the next ten years. And now, policeman, to the chase."

"I do wish," said Susannah, as they set off, "that they'd 'ave let me go along with 'em. I'm sure I could get over the fences a vast deal easier than master, and as for seein' in the dark—"

"Oh no, Susannah," I said, "don't you leave us on my account. What a mercy the man didn't hurt you! Did you try to catch hold of him?"

"Lor, yes, miss; seized 'is coat, and tried to tear a bit out with all my might. I'd 'ave clawed 'is face well, if 'e'd attempted to lay a finger on me; but when 'e looked that scared, the coward—well, some'ow, I couldn't mistle 'im."

"No, to be sure not," said mamma, who had just shivered herself down. "It is all for the best. We ought to be very thankful."

Aunt Jane vowed that she'd buy a revolver to-morrow, and practice shooting at a mark two hours every morning, and—Susannah discovered that she knew the man as well as she knew me.

"Why, sir," said she, washing her hands, when papa and the policeman had returned to shake their heads and lament the uselessness of their endeavors (they had trampled down goodness knows how many cabbages, smashed a cucumber frame, and upset a bee-hive—all belonging to our neighbors—to no earthly purpose)—"why, sir," said Susannah, "I'm most certain 'tis that man who used to work at Mason's, the oil shop."

"You don't say so!" said papa.

"That man—why, I thought he was uncl' to the milkboy!"

"So he is, sir," said the policeman. "And that boy, sir, 's nothing much to speak of. I hear that his master's very doubtful of him. We expect to give him a night's lodging before long."

"Dear me," said mamma; "why it seems that the air teems with thieves!"

"I shouldn't much care about the air," remarked Aunt Jane; "it's the earth I'm concerned with."

Whereupon we all felt bound to laugh; and the policeman, saying that we should "have some one down" in the morning, lugged out into the passage to have a little private conversation with Susannah about the man who used to work at Mason's, the oil shop, and thence into the street. A little while, and we were all in bed again, and the house done up as tight as a drum or a sardine tin.

To-day, from the first peep of dawn, i. e., half-past nine a. m., when I woke, till now, four o'clock in the afternoon, Susannah has been "giving particulars." First came two detectives, "wonderful fine men both," she tells me, but the one with a Roman nose is most to her taste; then the owners of the cabbages and the cucumber frame and bee-hive, the latter a stout little old gentleman in black and a shovel hat, and a tremendous passion. Papa went and had it out with him; and having spluttered and blustered away till they were tired, they made it up, and finally set off, arm in arm, to search for footsteps. One was found on an ash-heap, and immediately covered up with a basket, as if it was alive and would run away. Since then the bell and knocker have had a stiffish time of it. Jem, our boy, was given the first number of *Emmy's Folks*, and told to sit in the hall on purpose to play pouter, Maria declaring that her legs would snap under her if she had much more running. Let a man own but a potato, he must needs set off here post haste to know if the thief could have fled over it. When the last ring came—it was the thirty-second; I counted them—I said to Aunt Jane: "What in the world can this man have come about?"

"My dear," said she, "he is the proud possessor of half a Brussels sprout."

December 2.—Nothing is known. Susannah has been confronted with the man who works at Mason's. She says he is not at all like what she thought, and not the least like our burglar. The Roman-nosed detective calls every two hours, and seldom stays less than one.

December 3.—This morning the Roman-nosed one came to take Susannah to see a man who was painting a house in Campbell terrace. It occupied three hours. This evening the fish was a shapeless wreck, owing to this ornament of his native land having come in, just as dinner should have been served, to ascertain the precise color of our burglar's coat.

December 4.—The milkboy has been arrested. We are all agog. We feel so certain something will be found out now.

December 5.—Nothing has been found out; but this morning, after mamma had ordered dinner, Susannah informed her that she should like to leave at Christmas, if she could make it convenient.

"Leave!" said mamma, looking astonished. "Why?"

"Well, 'm," simpered Susannah, "I'm going to be married."

"Indeed!" said mamma. "I hope you have made a good choice."

"I think so, 'm," was the smiling answer; "leastways, so far as I can judge."

"And who is it?" inquired my mother. "Not the baker?"

"Lor, no, 'm," said Susannah, getting quite red. "The baker, indeed!"

"I'll tell you, mother," said I, sagely. "I was teaching Monton to beg for a cocoanut drop by the fire—'tis the Roman-nosed detective. Now isn't it, Susannah?"

Susannah smiled.

So if our burglar did nothing else—a sixpenny-bit and four postage stamps were all he got—he has contrived to rob us of our cook.

Waiting for a Cave.

Within two or three miles of Vicksburg, Miss., a merchant, who had business in the country, came to a small creek, beside which a native was washing his shirt. The man was around his garment up and down and around, and as he "soused" he whistled a merry tune.

"Do you have to wash your own shirts?" inquired the merchant, as he halted.

"Not allus, but old Bet has got one o' her fits on jest now," was the ready reply.

"Then you don't agree very well?"

"Partly well as a general thing. Bet's kind o' mulish, and I'm kind o' mulish, and when we git our backs up we claw off to see who'll cave first."

"I should think you would want some soap."

"I do."

"Why don't you get it then?"

"That would be caving to Bet, stranger. She's squatted on the only bit of bar soap 'tween here and Vicksburg, and she's just aching to have me slide up and ask her for it."

"And you won't?"

"Stranger," replied the native, as he straightened up, "don't I look like a feller who'd wear one shirt three months afore I'd cave in and holler for soap?"

The merchant sided with him, and as he drove on, the man soured the shirt up and down and whistled:

"I'm gwine up the river—
Hear me holler."

Sport on the St. Lawrence—Shooting the rapids.

Detroit Free Press Currency.

A Chicago clergyman says he never was so familiar with Satan as when riding over a cobblestone pavement.

"Does advertising pay?" Well, you just advertise the opening of a free lunch establishment and wait results.

Quail, which of late years have been very scarce in Connecticut, are this year expected to be very plentiful.

The moral of the failure of the California Bank seems to be: Don't try to spread yourself over too many eggs.

When they catch a man gathering Delaware peaches at midnight they preserve whatever good traits he has in him by shooting half a pint of salt into his legs.

A beautiful San Francisco girl has become a maniac, the result of "cramping" for her school exhibition. Her last school report reads: "Highly distinguished in her classes."

There is one town in New England that claims to be entirely lumpy and good. It is Eaton, in New Hampshire. There is not a physician, doctor, lawyer, drinking saloon or pauper in the place.

Be guarded in your conversation. There are times when you may freely express your opinion on a political candidate, but you had better wait until his friends are over in the next county visiting.

If there is anything that will cause the belated night-wanderer to hasten home and take his soldiering like a man, it is to pass a beer saloon, and catch the soul-grawing strains: "Darling, I am growing old."

How to Wake Up.

A medical writer does not approve of the old doctrine which formerly was instilled into the minds of children—that they should spring out of bed the instant they are awake in the morning. He says up to eighteen years old every child should be allowed to rest in bed, after the sleep is over, until they feel as if they would rather get up than not. It is a very great mistake for persons old or young—especially children, or sedentary persons—to bounce out of bed at the moment they wake up; all the instincts shrink from it, and fiercely kick against it. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, do as much as good sound sleep, because the operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tends to equalize the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slowly, and to shock the system by bouncing up in an instant and sending the blood in overwhelming quantity to the heart, causing it to assume a gallop, where the instant before it was a creep, is the greatest absurdity. This instantaneous bouncing out of bed as soon as the eyes are open will be followed by a weariness long before noon.

Answering Letters.

A great many people in this country are shamefully negligent about answering letters. Nothing is more annoying. In European countries it is regarded as the height of ill-breeding to allow a letter which needs a reply to go unanswered, and so it ought to be considered here. This is a point on which parents should lay great stress to their children. They should be taught to consider it as rude not to reply to a letter which needs attention as to hand a fork with the prong end. The busiest people are generally those who are the most exact in this respect. The late Duke of Wellington, who, it will be admitted, had a good deal on his hands at different times of his life, replied to every letter, no matter from how humble a source. Once a clergyman, who lived in a distant part of the kingdom, wrote his grace, on whom neither he nor his parish had a shadow of claim, to beg for a subscription to rebuild a church. By return of mail came back a letter from the duke to the effect that he really could not see why in the world he should have been applied to for such an object; but the parson sold the letter as an autograph for \$5, and put the duke down for that amount among the subscribers.

A Blast Against Car Peddlers.

Would any other people in the world quietly bear to have every ten minutes a hideous *Day's Doings* spread over their laps, a package of nasty "prize candy" given to their charge, a paper of peanuts or pop-corn thrust into their hands, "ivory that grows on trees" put under their noses—but why go on with the catalogue? Everybody who travels knows the nuisance; every lady who takes a fleeting nap in a car has been rudely awakened by a greasy novel flung upon her bosom; every gentleman has been blackguarded for allowing his precious package of prize candy to drop upon the floor. I once heard, says Bayard Taylor, the gentle protest of a lady, but the young ruffian answered: "You needn't be afraid of 'em—they won't bite you!" In fact, since the fellows are licensed by the railroad companies, they have a certain protection, and consider themselves justified in their treatment of passengers, who must be bullied into buying. I am not surprised at them; but the abject submission of their victims is an ever-renewed marvel.

"A dollar is a large price for a watermelon," said a purchaser to a vender of this fruit, as he was paying for one the other evening. "You wouldn't think so, mister," said the dealer, "if you had set on the fence with a shotgun in your hand every night for three weeks, watching the patch."

A Lake Captain.

The Cleveland *Leader* gives the following brief sketch of the life of Captain Scott, the owner of the sunken steamer Equinox: Captain Dwight Scott, who went down with the ill-fated Equinox, was about fifty-three years old, and came to this city from Connecticut when a little more than twenty years of age. For several years after coming to Cleveland he followed the trade of a painter, and did much in the way of painting vessels. In this business he was so successful that twenty years ago he was able to purchase an interest in a vessel, which he then repaired and named Governor Cushman, in honor of a governor of Connecticut by that name, with whom he lived when a boy, and whose memory he held in the highest esteem. Captain Scott, in addition to the Cushman and Equinox, was formerly owner of the C. D. Caldwell and the Ironside, which was blown up nearly three years ago at Buffalo. In the management of these vessels he spent the greater part of the time since 1855, always sailing with them when on the lakes, and spending his winters either at his residence on Cove avenue, in Rockport, just beyond the city limits, or in Detroit. He was not a professional lake captain, and never attempted to command a vessel, but received the title of "Captain" from his love for the water and his long connection with the traffic of the lakes. He left Cleveland at the opening of navigation last spring, since when he has not visited his home. His business was between Sarnia and Chicago, and was of a general character. Captain Scott was a widower, and had but one child, Minnie, a young lady in her nineteenth year, who went down with the ill-fated vessel. She was a student in the convent at Detroit, where she entered three years ago, remaining then for only a year. At the expiration of this time she returned home and passed a year in the Cleveland convent, when she went back to Detroit and remained till the close of the school year in July. She then joined her father on the lakes for the purpose of passing her vacation, as was her wont. She was accompanied by a daughter of Capt. Scott's stepson, who now resides at the residence near the Melrose house. This young lady was fifteen years old, and was about to enter the Detroit convent with her elder companion. Both were ladies of rare endowments of heart and mind, and leave many in this city to lament their sad and untimely end. Personally, Dwight Scott was a genial, whole-souled gentleman, who enjoyed the company of friends and acquaintances, and possessed a natural love for the water.

There once was a time in the good long ago,
When 'twas modestly said "she's two strings
to her bow."
But the Portland girl thinks 'tis hardly the
thing
Unless she can say "I've two beaux on the
string."

There! we knew the day would come
some time. An Englishman has been
sentenced to three months in jail for
stealing an umbrella on a rainy day.
And now—if we could only find the
hound that played us the same trick a
while ago.

Some burglars, upon entering a house,
blew out the lights and tied the
occupants in different parts of the room.
One took it to heart sadly, and exclaimed:
"Oh, I'm undone! I'm undone!" Upon
which another replied: "The 'em come
and undo me."

The Colorado beetle, the advent of
which has been so much dreaded in Eng-
land, has not yet made its appearance
in that country, nor elsewhere in Eu-
rope. The unprecedented wet weather
in July has been very destructive to the
potato crop in Britain.

An officer in the army laughed at a
timid woman because she was alarmed
at the noise of a cannon when a salute
was fired. He subsequently married
that timid woman, and six months after-
wards he took of his boots in the hall
when he came in late at nights.

"Nobody rides over the potatoes that
way, my good woman." This was what
a French peasant near Sassetot said to a
lady on horseback, who, to get out of the
sun a little, rode across a field in the
shadow of some trees. But he didn't
know it was the empress of Austria.

Colfax has faith in woman's ability
to keep a secret. He says: "Out of all
the sixty thousand women who have be-
longed to the Daughters of Rebecca, he
had never known one to break faith;
and he protested against the miserable,
worn-out, stereotyped theory of the world,
that woman cannot keep a secret."

Polly Coe, a colored woman, has just
died at Somerville, Tenn., aged one hun-
dred and fifteen. She was a cook in the
American army during the war of 1812.
She helped make the brick and saw the
lumber for the court-houses at Somer-
ville, Covington and Brownsville. Col-
umbia, Ga., pretends to have a negro
one hundred and twenty-five years old.

The discovery of a Chicago woman is
how to eat a peach at the table gracefully.
Cut the peach open in the middle,
and remove the pit. Hold one of the
halves in the left hand, and use a spoon
to scoop out the pulp and carry it to the
mouth. Thus the fingers are not soiled,
and the bother of feeling is avoided.
No patent upon this device has been ob-
tained.

The banks of the Connecticut river are
being protected in places where the cur-
rent washes them away, by covering
them with matting. The mats are wove
about two feet thick, and sixty feet
long by fifteen wide, of underbrush; and
are towed into position, sunk so as to
extend from above high water mark to
below low water mark; and covered with
stones and gravel.

The Davenport (Ia.) *Gazette* says that
two women have been traveling through
that State selling corsets. "Indeed,"
adds that journal, "their anxiety to give
ladies a perfect fit and the insignificant
reward they asked for their services ex-
cited suspicion. Now not a lady in Iowa
will admit that she has bought corsets
in six months, while the two peddlers
have resumed male attire and occupy a
dismal cell in jail."

The mistress of a summer boarding-
house in an interior town, finding her-
self one day quite at leisure, in conse-
quence of the absence of her patrons on
an excursion, repaired to a neighbor's
for a chat. "I should think you would
feel lonesome to have your boarders away
so," said her neighbor. "Well," she
replied, "I do feel kinder lonesome;
bet it's a good lonesome. It seems as if
did when I was just a widdier."

The Blameless Land.

He watched a beautiful bubble of fame;
It floated upward and broke.
He dreamed a dream of a world without blame;
It vanished away when he woke.

But out of the bubble a precious tear
Fell soft on his feathered hand;
And the memory of the dream was dear
As a glimpse of the blameless land.

Items of Interest.

Nevada is overrun with rabbits.
A philosopher presents the following
general deductions from his observations
at a picnic:
One ordinary handkerchief is not large
enough for two persons to sit upon at
one and the same time.

According to the census there are 17-
305 more females than males in Boston.
And still we are not happy!—*Boston
Post.*

It is easy enough to imitate Josh Bill-
ings—thus: Doant karry eggs in your
coatpale pocket. Eggs aint good after
they've bin sot on awhile.

About 95,000,000 feet of logs have
been rafted down the Penobscot river,
Maine, this season, and the booms are
now clear for the first time in eighteen
years.

The girl who will fly in terror to the
arms of her escort at sight of a toad,
will, if she happens upon a snake by
herself, deliberately catch it by the tail
and jerk its head off.

The late Mr. Singer, of sewing
machine fame, used to dress each one of
his men servants in a different livery,
and on one occasion he undertook to
drive six horses three abreast.

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below low water mark; and covered with
stones and gravel.

The Davenport (Ia.) *Gazette* says that
two women have been traveling through
that State selling corsets. "Indeed,"
adds that journal, "their anxiety to give
ladies a perfect fit and the insignificant
reward they asked for their services ex-
cited suspicion. Now not a lady in Iowa
will admit that she has bought corsets
in six months, while the two peddlers
have resumed male attire and occupy a
dismal cell in jail."

The mistress of a summer boarding-
house in an interior town, finding her-
self one day quite at leisure, in conse-
quence of the absence of her patrons on
an excursion, repaired to a neighbor's
for a chat. "I should think you would
feel lonesome to have your boarders away
so," said her neighbor. "Well," she
replied, "I do feel kinder lonesome;
bet it's a good lonesome. It seems as if
did when I was just a widdier."