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Her Answer.

If the love that you ask for I offer you here,
Can I promise to follow you without fear?
Will you take my hands in your own, dear,
And keep them soft and warm?
Will you teach me to trust each word you say?
Will you keep my feet so they never can stray?
Will you be my guide in the one right way,
My refuge in every storm?
Then I'll lovingly follow wherever you guide,
Though our way may lie through a desert wide.
All through the journey, safe by your side,
You shall lead me everywhere.
It is sweeter to walk by faith than sight,
If only you feel you are going aright,
May I trust you always to find the light,
And guide me safely there?

EDWARD BROWN, STOKER.

"Polly," I says, one day after my convalescence, and we were taking a bit of a walk in the churchyard, "ain't this heavenly?"
"And you feel better?" says she, laying her hand on mine.
"Better!" I says, taking a long draught of the soft, sweet-scented air, and filling my chest; "better, old girl! I feel as if I were growing backwards into a boy."
"And you fifty last week?" she says.
"Yes," I says, smiling, "and you forty-seven next week."
And then we sat thinking for a bit.
"Polly," I says at last, as I sat there drinking in that soft breeze, and feeling it give me strength, "it's worth being ill to feel as I do now."
"For you see I'd been very bad, else I dare say I'm not the man to go hanging about churchyards and watching funerals; I'm a stoker, and my work lies in steamers trading to the East. I'd come home from my last voyage bad with fever, caught out in one of those nasty, hot, bad smelling ports—been carried home to die, as my mates thought; and it was being like this, and getting better, that had set me thinking so seriously, and made me so quiet; not that I was ever a noisy sort of man, as any one who knows me will say. And now, after getting better, the doctor had said I must go into the country to get strong; so as there was no more voyaging till I was strong, there was nothing for it but to leave the youngsters under the care of the eldest girl and a neighbor, and come and take lodgings out in this quiet Surrey village."

Polly never thought I should get better, and one time no more did I; for about a month before this time, as I lay hollow-eyed and yellow on the bed, knowing, too, how bad I looked—for I used to make young Dick bring me the looking-glass every morning—the doctor came as usual, and like a blunt Englishman I put it to him flat.
"Doctor," I says, "you don't think I shall get better?" and I looked him straight in the face.
"Oh, come, come, my man!" he says, smiling, "we never look at the black side like that."
"None of that, doctor," I says; "out with it like a man. I can stand it; I've been expecting to be drowned or blown up half my life, so I shan't be scared at what you say."
"Well, my man," he says, "your symptoms are of a very grave nature. You see the fever had undermined you before you came home, and unless—"
"All right, doctor," I says; "I understand; you mean that unless you can get a new plate in the boiler, she won't stand another voyage."
"Oh, come! we won't look upon it as a hopeless case," he says; "there's always hope;" and after a little more talk, he shook hands and went away.
Next day when he came, I had been thinking it all over, and was ready for him. I don't believe I was a bit better; in fact, I know I was drifting fast, and I saw it in his eye as well.
I waited till he had asked me his different questions, and then just as he was getting up to go, I asked him to sit down again.
"Polly, my dear," I says, "I just want a few words with the doctor;" and she put her apron up to her eyes and went out, closing the door after her very softly, while the doctor looked at me very curious like, and waited for me to speak.
"Doctor," I says, "you've about given me up. There, don't shake your head, for I know. Now don't you think I'm afraid to die, for I don't believe I am, but look here: there's seven children down stairs, and if I leave my wife a widow with the few pounds I've been able to save, what's to become of them? Can't you pull me through?"
"My dear fellow," he says, honestly, "I've done everything I can for your case."
"That's what you think, doctor," I says, "but look here: I've been at sea thirty years, and in seven wrecks. It's been like dodging death with me a score of times. Why, I pulled my wife there regularly out of the hands of death, and I'm not going to give up now. I've been—"
"Stop, stop," he says, gently. "You're exciting yourself."
"Not a bit," I says, though my voice was quite a whisper. "I've had this over all night, and I've come to think I must be up and doing my duty."
"But, my good man!"—he began.
"Listen to me, doctor," I says. "A score of times I might have given up and been drowned, but I made a fight for it, and was saved. Now I mean to make a fight for it, here, for the sake of the wife and bairns. I don't mean to die, doctor, without a struggle. I believe this here, that life's given to us all as a treasure to keep; we might throw it away by our own folly at any time,

but there's hundreds of times when we may preserve it, and we never know whether we can save it till we try. Give's a drink of that water."

He held the glass to my lips, and I took a big draught and went on, he seeming all the time to be stopping to humor me in my madness.
"That's better, doctor," I says.
"Now look here, sir, speaking as one who has sailed the seas, it's a terrible stormy time with me; there's a lee shore close at hand, the fires are drowned out, and unless we can get up a bit of sail there's no chance for me. Now, then, doctor, can you get up a bit of sail?"
"I'll go and send something that will quiet you," he said, rising.
"Thanky, doctor," I says, smiling to myself. "And now look here, I'm not going to give up till the last; and when that last comes, and the ship's going down, why, I shall have a try if I can't swim to safety. If that fails, and I can really feel that it is to be, why, I hope I shall go down into the great deep calmly, like a hopeful man, praying that Something above will forgive me all I've done amiss, and stretch out His fatherly hand to my little ones."

He went away, and I dropped asleep, worn out with my exertion.
When I woke, Polly was standing by the bedside watching me, with a bottle and glass on the little table.
As soon as she saw my eyes open, she shook up the stuff, and poured it into a wine glass.
"Is that what the doctor sent?" I says.
"Yes, dear; you were to take it directly."
"Then I shan't take it," I says.
"He's give me up, and that stuff's only to keep me quiet. Polly, you go and make me some beef tea, and make it strong."

She looked horrified, poor old girl, and was about to beg of me to take hold of the rotten life-belt he'd sent me, when I held out my shaking hand for it, took the glass, and let it tilt over—there was only about a couple of teaspoonfuls in it, and the stuff fell on the carpet.
I saw the tears come in her eyes, but she said nothing—only put down the glass, and ran out to make the beef tea.
The doctor didn't come till late next day, and I was lying very still and drowsy, half asleep like, but I was awake enough to hear him whisper to Polly, "Sinking fast;" and I heard her give such a heart-broken sob that as the next great wave came on the sea where I was floating, I struck out with all my might, rose over it, and floated gently down the other side.

For the next four days—putting it as a drowning man striving for his life like a true-hearted fellow—it was like great foaming waves coming to wash over me, but the shore, still in sight, and me trying hard to reach it.
And it was a grim, hard fight; a dozen times I could have given up, folded my arms, and said good-bye to the dear old watching face safe on shore; but a look at that always cheered me, and I fought on again and again, till at last the sea seemed to go down, and, in utter weariness, I turned on my back to float restfully with the tide bearing me shoreward, till I touched the sands, crept up them, and fell down worn out, to sleep in the warm sun—safe!

That's a curious way of putting it, you may say, but it seems natural to me to mix it up with the things of sea-going life, and the manner in which I've seen so many fight hard for their lives. It was just like, striving in the midst of a storm to me, and when at last I did fall into a deep sleep, I felt surprised-like to find myself lying in my own bed, with Polly watching by me; and when I stretched out my hand, and took hers, she let loose that which she had kept hidden from me before, and, falling on her knees by my bedside, she sobbed for very joy.
"As much beef-tea and brandy as you can get him to take," the doctor says, that afternoon; and it wasn't long before I got from slops to solids, and then was sent, as I told you, into the country to get strong, while the doctor got no end of praise for the cure he had made.
I never said a word though, even to Polly, for he did his best; but I don't think any medicine would have cured me then.

I was saying a little while back that I pulled my wife regularly out of the hands of death, and of course that was when we were both quite young, though for the matter of that I don't feel much different and can't well see the change. That was in one of the Cape steamers when I first took to stoking. They were little ram-shackle sort of boats in those days, and how it was more weren't lost puzzles me. It was more due to the weather than the make or finding of the ships, I can tell you, that they used to find their way safe to port; and yet the passengers, poor things, knowing no better, used to take passage, ay, and make a voyage too from which they never got back.
Well, I was working on board a steamer as they used to call the Equator, and heavy laden and with about twenty passengers on board, we started down channel with all well, till we got right down off the west coast of Africa, when there came one of the heaviest storms I was ever in. Even for a well-found steamer, such as they can build to-day, it would have been a hard fight; but with our poor shabby wooden tub, it was a hopeless case from the first.
Our skipper made a brave fight of it though, and tried hard to make for one of the ports; but, bless you, what can a man do when, after ten days' knocking about, the coals run out, and the fires that have been kept going with wood

and oil, and everything that can be thrust into the furnaces, are drowned; when the paddle-wheels are only in the way, every bit of sail set is blown clean out of the bolt-ropes, and at last the ship begins to drift fast for a lee shore! There was our case, and every hour the sea seemed to get higher, and the wind more fierce, while I heard from more than one man how fast the water was gaining below.
My mate and I didn't want any telling though. We'd been driven up out of the stoke-hole like a pair of drowned rats, and I came on deck to find the bulwarks ripped away, and the sea every now and then leaping aboard, and washing the lumber about in all directions.

The skipper was behaving very well, and he kept us all at the pumps, turn and turn in spells, but we might as well have tried to pump the sea dry; and when, with the water gaining fast, we told him what we thought, he owned as it was no use, and we gave up.
We'd all been at it, crew and passengers, about forty of us altogether, including the women—five of them they were, and they were all on deck, lashed in a sheltered place, close to the poop. And very pitiful it was to see them fighting hard at first and clinging to the side, but only to grow weaker, half-drowned as they were; and I saw two sink down at last, and hang drooping-like from their lashings, dead, for not a soul could do them a turn.
I was holding on by the shrouds when the mate got to the skipper's side, and I saw in his blank face what he was telling him. Of course we couldn't hear his words in such a storm, but we didn't want to, for his lips said plainly enough: "She's sinking!"

Next moment there was a rush made for the boats, and two of the passengers cut loose a couple of the women; place was made for them before the first boat was too full, and she was lowered down, cast off, and a big wave carried her clear of the steamer. I saw her for a moment on the top of the ridge, and then she plunged down the other side out of our sight—and that of everybody else; for how long she lived, who can say? She was never picked up or heard of again.
Giving a bit of a cheer, our chaps turned to the next, and were getting in when there came a wave like a mountain, ripped her from the davits, and when I shook the water from my eyes, there she was hanging by one end, stove in, and the men who had tried to launch her gone—skipper and mate as well.

There were only seven of us now, and I could see beside the three women lashed to the side, and only one of them was alive; and for a bit no one moved, everybody being stunned-like with horror; but there came a lull, and feeling that the steamer was sinking, I shouted out to the boys to come on, and we ran to the last boat, climbed in, and were casting off, when I happened to catch sight of the women lashed under the bulwarks there.
"Hold hard!" I roars, for I saw one of them wave her hand.
"Come on, you fool!" shouts my mate, "she's going down!"
I pray I may never be put to it again like that, with all a man's selfish desire for life fighting against him. For a moment I shut my eyes, and then began to lower; but I was obliged to open them again, and as I did so I saw a wild, scared face, with long wet hair clinging round it, and a pair of little white hands were stretched out to me as if for help.
"Hold hard!" I shouts.
"No, no!" roared out two or three; "there isn't a moment!" and as the boat was being lowered from the davits, I made a jump, caught the bulwarks with my hands, and climbed back on board, just as the boat kissed the water, was unhooked, and floated away.
Then as I crouched, hand-over-hand, to the girl's side, whipped out my knife and was cutting her loose, while her weak arms clung to me, I felt a horrible feeling of despair come over me, for the boat was leaving us, and I knew what a coward I was at heart, as I had to fight with myself so as not to leave the girl to her fate, and leap overboard to swim for my life. I got the better of it, though—went down on my knees so as not to see the boat, and got the poor, trembling, clinging creature loose.
"Now, my lass," I says, "quick!" and I raised her up; "hold on by the side while I make fast a rope round you."

And then I stood up to hail the boat—the boat as warn't there, for in those brief moments she must have capsized, and we were alone on the sinking steamer, which now lay in the trough of the sea.
As soon as I got over the horror of the feeling, a sort of stony despair came over me, but when I saw that little pale, appealing face at my side, looking to me for help, that brought the manhood back, and in saying encouraging things to her I did myself good.
My first idea was to make something that would float us, but I gave that up directly, for I could feel that I was helpless, and getting the poor girl more into shelter, I took a bit of tobacco in a sort of stolid way, and sat down with a cork life-buoy over my arm—one which I had cut loose from where it had hung forgotten behind the wheel.
But I never used it, for the storm went down fast, and the steamer floated still, water-logged, for three days, when we were picked up by a passing vessel, half-starved, but hoping. And during that time my companion had told me that she was the attendant of one of the lady passengers on board, and at last, when we parted, she kissed my hand, and called me her hero, who had saved her life—poor grimy me, you know.
We warn't long, though, before we

met again, for somehow we'd settled that we'd write, and a twelvemonth after Mary was back in England and my wife. That's why I said I took her like out of the hands of death, though in a selfish sort of way, being far, you know, from perfect. But what I say, speaking as Edward Brown, stoker, is this: Make a good fight of it, no matter how black things may look, and leave the rest to Him.

What they Eat.

To get some idea of the enormous eating power of guests who reside in hotels, it is only necessary to say that in one ordinary day's feedings one of the leading hotels in New York city consumes 1,959 pounds of beef, short loins and ribs, 1,800 pounds of mutton chops, nearly 4,000 pounds of spring lamb, 80 dozens of sweetbreads and 1,000 pounds of the hind quarters of veal for roasting and cutlets. The same hotels averaged 40 pounds a day of prime corned beef, or from 1,400 to 1,600 pounds of corned beef per week. Extra beef, which only includes the four quarters, and excides the hides, fat and offal, brings \$13 to \$14 a hundred weight at the yards. The best comes from Illinois, and it is superior to the beef raised in any other State in the Union. Many butchers will, however, tell their customers that the beef which comes from Texas is native to Illinois. Ohio sends a fair quality of beef. But if it were not for the vast quantities brought from Texas to the city beef would bring fifty cents a pound in the market steadily. Dutchess county and Orange county occasionally send some fancy beef to private parties, but it is only a drop in the ocean. Some meat is hardly fit to eat when brought to market, and one morning at Washington market Superintendent Devoe seized no less than 357 quarters of bob veal, which were almost in a state of putrefaction. This shows the danger formerly encountered by housewives who were fond of roast veal or nice little cutlets. The worst kind of beef brings at the yards 88 a hundred weight, and Texan beef brings about \$9.50 a hundred when it is in good condition. About 250 goats and kids are brought to market every year in this city, and they will average 45 pounds a carcass dressed, but their meat is never in any great demand, and is only eaten by people whose palates are in an exhausted state. Sixty roasting pigs are sold weekly on an average and weigh from 15 to 20 pounds each. The consumption of hams in the city amounts to from 5,000 to 7,500 hams per week, and they chiefly come from the Western States. Of tame turkeys, ducks of all kinds, geese and guinea fowls there are delivered to the New York markets about 1,500 tons a week, and their price varies according to season, but they are at the maximum rates about the holidays.—*New York Herald.*

Wanted to Pay Taxes.

One day a resident of the northern part of Detroit, says the *Free Press*, called at the city hall, and finding the official who received taxes, he said: "I called here to pay some taxes. How much shall I pay?"
"Where's your property?" asked the official.
"Haven't got any."
"And what are you going to pay taxes on?"
"I dunno, but I want to pay 'em. I've had it flung up to me a dozen times that I ain't no taxpayer and ain't no business talking around, and now I want to pay in whatever is right and be as good as anybody."
"But you are not taxed."
"Why ain't I? Ain't I as good as anybody?"
"Yes, but you can't be taxed when you have no taxable property."
"I can't, eh? Well, there are other towns besides Detroit, and if I can't feel as good as anybody else here I can pack up and leave."
And he put up his wallet and went out.

Shade Trees.

Many farmers now see how much they have missed it by permitting the wholesale destruction of forest trees upon their lands. From the nakedness of the country, droughts are becoming common. From the scarcity of timber trees, the cost of fencing and erecting buildings is annually increasing. But there is one way whereby amends may partly be made. Let there be one united plan to have rows of beautiful and useful trees set out on both sides of all our public highways. Let sugar trees, walnut trees, oak trees, chestnut trees, locust trees, catalpa trees, silver-leaved poplar trees, etc., stretch their long avenues in every direction all over the country. How it would relieve the nakedness of the land! What a grateful shade they would give to the weary traveler! The value of farms would become almost immediately enhanced as soon as these rows of beautiful trees were planted out. And in the distant future, when those trees should arrive at maturity of growth, the value of the timber itself would become a most important item. Let grangers and others take hold of this matter.

CRUELTY.—Some Prussian army officers are under arrest for cruelty to a soldier. They compelled him to go through with exhausting drills, and when he complained of sickness, they added increased tasks as a punishment for "shaming." He died at last, and then it was found that he had been suffering from a brain disease. The case reminds one of that of Connolly, the Blackwell's island convict, who was tortured by the keepers.

THE POPULATION OF CHINA.

What an Authority at Home Says About It.

Says the *Shanghai Courier*: The subject of the population of China is the riddle of the Sphinx, ever guessed at but never solved. And if it were solved no one would ever know it, because there can be no verification. In connection with our first knowledge of China we are taught that its population is immense. Its millions team. The delusion of one or two generations ago that Jeddo and Peking are the world's great centers of population is scarcely yet dispelled. Many of the cities of the eighteen provinces, especially in the south, are undoubtedly enormous, and to the casual traveler all Chinese cities are presumptively the same. He has learned in his geography or read in his encyclopedia that the population of Tientsin is 500,000, and that of Peking from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000. These round numbers are generally accepted without question, and on this scale smaller cities are gauged. Thus we meet the most confident estimates of population, formed on scanty data, or on no data at all, by every latest traveler, who, like a supreme court, has the last guess at the case. The difference between the high scale and the low scale of estimating Chinese cities is a difference of nearly one-half. There are those who cling to the old tradition that the population of Peking is 2,000,000, and there are others who consider 700,000 a liberal estimate. Little or no dependence is to be placed on the estimates of transient travelers. Even long residents hesitate to express a decided opinion, for experience has taught them that such conjectures are often misleading. It is as idle to inquire the number of families in a large city of "intelligent natives," as it would be to ask an "intelligent native" the death rate of Liverpool. There is, no doubt, a death rate, and somewhere it is recorded. But it is not in the line of any but physicians and coroners to know what it is, unless it may have been published in the morning paper. But the Chinese have no morning papers, nor any other paper. At certain yamens, no doubt, some approximate statistics are on file, but such things are utterly foreign to the thought of ordinary Chinese. In small villages the number of families is known to all; in large cities it is practically not known at all. It would be wrong to disturb the world's faith in the proposition that China contains 400,000,000 inhabitants, a proportion now generally accepted in spite of De Quincey's skepticism. But let this multitude of human beings be apportioned in a fair and equitable manner among the smaller towns and villages, and not thrust by hundreds of thousands upon half empty walled towns where they will find no visible means of support. If these remarks should lead the casual reader to inquire the population of Tai-yuan-fu, he is informed that according to the doctrine of the relativity of human knowledge, if Peking still keeps her 2,000,000 as in the geographies, then the capital of Shansi has 300,000. But if Peking is reduced to 750,000, then does Tai-yuan-fu drop to 100,000, "be the same more or less. The average Englishman, whose faith is said to be such that if a safety valve were only labeled "statistics" he would sit on it with perfect safety, is invited to take notice.

If Not, Why Not?

A medical journal published in Cleveland addresses the following queer query to the profession:

"QUERY.—Has any physician ever seen or treated a bald-headed consumptive?"

We should say that there must be, and that there must have been, bald-headed consumptives; yet the fact that doubt is thrown over the existence of such persons by a medical journal would seem to show that they are not so common as to be within the knowledge of every physician. We ourselves have not, of course, seen as many sufferers from the malady in question as have come under the observation of some doctors; but we cannot at this moment think of any one of those who have seen who was bald-headed. Consumption is a disease that preys upon old people as well as young and middle-aged people; and we suppose its victims are subject to the ordinary laws that regulate the growth of hair. If not, why not?

New York Flats.

We do not mean the flats who stand about hotels and street corners with their hair parted in the middle, but those large buildings, each floor of which constitutes a dwelling house. Of these flats a writer says: No flat that is of any dimensions or surroundings above a brown stone tenement-house can be had short of \$1,000 a year, or \$80 a month. Indeed, nine-tenths of these flats are tenement-houses called by a less injurious name. It is a good way for lazy women and people with small furniture to affect to live. It is better than boarding, in that you eat your own hash. It is purgatory, between the heaven of householding and the topset of a dyspeptic's public table. It is a device to make unrentable houses rentable by farming out the floors and putting in wash-tubs.

Said Jeff. Davis at one of the fairs in Missouri, the other day: It gladdened my heart as I drove to these grounds to see the number of side-saddles on the horses hitched along the way. I had almost begun to fear that my American countrywomen had lost the art of riding, at least the art of riding on horseback. "Thank you, ladies, for coming on side-saddles."

Jack and Jill.

"To climb that stately eminence,"
Says Jill to Jack, "I go;
And if thou lovest, then follow me,
Follow in leat or woe."
Says Jack to Jill: "What'er thou wilt,
Thy will is law to me;
And if to climb thou dost desire,
Lead on! I'll follow thee."
They climbed the hill, but all too soon
Repentance came to Jill;
For Jack he tripped upon a stone,
And tumbled down the hill.
"O Jack! O Jack! My own true love!
Oh, what a fall was there!
Behold! Like thee, I'll erect my crown,
For what thou dar'st, I dare!"
"I called on thee to follow me,
Whil't climbing up the hill."
With one wild shriek, "I follow thee
Were the last words of Jill."

Items of Interest.

Ode to my landlady—three weeks' board.
A new definition of an old maid is—a woman who has been maid for a long time.

The leather business of the United States represents a working capital of \$70,000,000.

"Shingle weddings" are now coming into fashion. This novel wedding takes place when the first born is old enough to spank.

A St. Louis woman enumerates among her friends twenty-two women who have become bald from wearing heavy masses of false hair.

An aspiring lady of Utica, N. Y., is expending \$16,000 to put up two hundred and fifty feet high on one of the churches of that city.

Col. Arthur Ginn has a ten-acre orange grove on Lake Monroe, Fla., which contains seven hundred trees, yielding from \$10,000 to \$13,000 per year.

A Paltney (N. Y.) girl put in a lively ten hours' work the other day. She nailed in that time 900 grape-boxes, driving 10,000 nails and handling 3,000 pieces of wood.

Miss Hulett, the Chicago lawyer, will not move in a divorce case, believing, as she says, that "any woman who will marry a man ought to be forced to live with him."

"What makes your face so red?" said an inspecting general to a hard-drinking soldier. "It's modesty," replied the soldier. I always blush when spoken to by a general."

It is stated that the Philadelphia confectioner who advertised "Centennial Kisses" can't sell any. They are too old. The sixteen-hair are preferred by men of taste.

The Rochester *Express* suggests that the baby without a back bone, recently born, be brought up with especial reference to the art of conciliating political opponents.

As a novelty, the application of the camera obscura has been introduced in English railway carriages, exhibiting to the traveler a moving picture of the country through which he is passing.

The editor of the *Kearney* (Neb.) *Press* acknowledges the receipt of a cucumber five feet eight inches in length. And yet some people insist that Nebraska is not an agricultural country.

An impressionable Indiana journalist has "seen away" Lilly-like above the churn a beauty more perfect than that which bloomed fullgrown from the bright fogues of the sea's esthetic travail.

When a foreigner finds that plague is a word of one syllable, and ague, a part of the plague, is a word of two, he wishes that the plague might take one-half the English language, and the ague the other.

It is hard to say who the happiest man is, but the happiest woman, according to the *Danbury News*, is she who is called upon to decide the question as to which is the cunningest of two of the cunningest babies that ever lived.

There is sanctity in suffering, when meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still be a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.

The Grand Duke Alexis, third son of the emperor of Russia, who some years ago, owing to a secret marriage with a lady of the court of the empress, had incurred the displeasure of his father, has now been divorced from his wife.

An unhappy nine-year-old boy, near Reading, Pa., complains that he sees reptiles all around him, and his friends are laboring under the delusion that he has been bewitched by an old woman, whom he saw sitting on a basket at a neighbor's house, and laughed at because of her eccentric movements.

Since 1824 New England has received from the general government for improvement of its rivers and harbors the sum of \$6,375,488; the Middle States, \$11,758,915; the Southern States, \$6,406,833; Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, \$4,580,510; Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, \$675,500; and Michigan and Wisconsin, \$8,799,776.

A man thirty years of age, a plate-layer on the Settle and Carlisle railway, England, hung himself on a post in a public drying ground at Carlisle the other morning. Before doing so he wrote with a piece of chalk on a neighboring wall the following message: "I take the pleasure of rising these few lines if it will be a warning to all young men, and never live with a mother-in-law. Now I end my miserable life."