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Parson Kelly.

Old Parson Kelly's fair young wife Irene
Died when but three months wed,
And no new love has ever come between
His true heart and the dead,
Though now for sixty years the grass has
grown
Upon her grave, and on its simple stone
The moss
And yellow lichens creep her name across.
Outside the door in the warm summer air,
The old man sits for hours.
The idle wind that stirs his silver hair,
Is sweet with June's first flowers;
But dull his mind, and clouded with the haze
Of life's last weary, gray November days;
And dim
The past and present look alike to him.
The sunny scene around, confused and blurred,
The twitter of the birds,
Blend in his mind with voices long since
heard—
Glad childhood's careless words,
Old hymns and Scripture texts; while indistinct
Yet strong, one thought with all fair things is
linked—
The bride
Of his lost youth is ever by his side.
By its sweet weight of snowy blossoms
boughed
The rose-tree branch hangs low,
And in the machine, like a fleecy cloud,
Sways slowly to and fro.
"Oh, is it you?" the old man asks, "Irene!"
And smiles, and fancies that her face he's
seen
Beneath
The opening roses of a bridal wreath!
Down from the gambrel roof a white dove flits,
The sunshine on its wings,
And lighting close to where the dreamer sits,
A vision with it brings—
A golden gleam from some long vanished day
"Dear love," he calls; then, "Why will you
not stay?"
He sighs,
For, at his voice, the bird looks up and flies.
Oh, constant heart! whose falling thoughts
cling fast
To one long laid in dust,
Still seeing, turned to thine, as in the past,
Her look of perfect trust;
Her soft voice hearing in the south wind's
breath,
Dream on! Love pure as thine shall outlive
death,
And when
The gates unfold, her eyes meet thine again!

FIDELIA'S FORTUNE.

Who that had passed by the Kings-
lands' fine and brilliantly lighted house
on the evening of Miss Harcourt's fete
could have imagined that an aching
heart, and the dark and unkind passion
that makes aching hearts, existed within
those dazzling walls?
Light streamed through the windows;
music poured forth delightful strains;
guests were arriving and departing; the
avenue, the grand avenue of the town,
was animated with the concourse; and a
crowd of eager people, encouraged by the
balmy air of the late spring night,
passed into the shrubbery under the
ballroom windows, and stood gaping
with unfeigned admiration at the flitting
figures of the dance.
All the windows of the two lower
stories, besides the wing in which the
ballroom lay, were lighted. Above them
intervened a dark space; and over the
third story, in one of the small round
windows of the Mansard roof, a faint
light twinkled. An observer noticing it
would have supposed that some domestic
whose duty did not call to active ser-
vice had retired betimes. But no! The
dimly lighted chamber in the roof
held in its solitude a daughter of the
house.
The figure of a young girl, wrapped
carelessly in the folds of a coarse gray
dressing robe, was flung at full length
upon a narrow bed in an attitude of un-
mistakable dejection. Her face was
buried in the pillow, her hands clasped
above the flowing hair that reached in
unbraided tresses to the floor. Her
whole frame was agitated by a pitiful
sobbing that could not be controlled.
A step along the uncarpeted passage
and a knock at the door had no effect to
arouse the unhappy girl. The knocks
were repeated rapidly and more loudly,
and being unanswered, a woman's voice,
clear and shrill, but agreeable toned,
called from without: "Fidelia Kings-
land, are you here?"
The girl arose slowly, and rubbing the
tears away from her eyelids with a be-
wildered air, moved listlessly toward the
door.
"Who is it?—who calls me?" she
asked, with her hand upon the key.
"A friend of your mother," answered
the quick, clear voice.
"I am dreaming," said Fidelia, not
in reply, but sadly to herself, and turned
away.
"You are not dreaming," answered
the voice.
Fidelia Kingsland cast one glance, be-
wildered yet imploring, at a picture
hanging above her bed—a portrait that,
forming the sole ornament of the room,
occupied the only perpendicular space
of walls elsewhere slanted so sharply
as to make the chamber oppressive, like
a cell.
"Your mother's friend!" If a voice
from that other world into which long
years ago the lovely being of the portrait
forever passed had spoken now to her
desolate child, it could not have awak-
ened more complete and wondering sur-
prise.

Mechanically she unlocked the door,
and the stranger entered. Fidelia gazed
at the apparition with a stupor resem-
bling that of a sleep walker.
The stranger returned the gaze not at
all, but walked into the room quickly,
scanned it briefly and studiously in every
part with a manner much like a petted
bird. Her costume added to this
sprightly, pert, bird-like effect. She
wore a walking dress of dark blue velvet,
fitting her petite figure with nice exact-
ness; a cashmere shawl dropped from
her shoulders so low that its point trailed
on the floor; a velvet hatset with narrow
feathers crested her small head. Her
black hair shone in glossy waves; her
quick black eyes sparkled like polished
jet; diamonds glittered at her ears.
She granted Fidelia several moments
to recover from surprise. Then she
spoke to her in a familiar way, as if she
had known her all her life. "Sit down
by my side," she said, drawing her to
the foot of the pallet, and taking a chair
very near. "Sit down here and tell me
why you were crying."
"Because my heart is broken," said
the girl.
"That I am glad to hear," returned
the little lady, briskly. "We are not
so bad off as we feared. When these
things are much broken there is no cry.
My dear, I think I can mend your
heart."
"You said you were a friend of my
mother," Fidelia murmured, gazing with
childlike wonder at her guest, and actu-
ally smiling through her tears.
"That you may have confidence, let
me tell you of myself. I was a school
friend of your mother in Paris. My
name is Nannette Ricard. I am a widow
without children; consequently I have
no resting place. I am a traveler; I go
around the world. By accident I paused
at this town to stop overnight at the
hotel 'Two Isles.' There the rumor of
the birthday fete encountered me. I
made inquiries. I learned that the hus-
band of my dear school friend whose
death I mourned had married again, and
had chosen for his second wife a widow
with two children, the elder being the
heir of to-night's fete. "Where is
Fidelia," I asked, "the charming little
daughter of the Kingslands, the inter-
esting child of whom early letters of my
friend gave me such agreeable advice?"
"She has grown to be a woman," they
answered, "and she is kept a captive in
her own house." "I must see," I cried,
"this captive at once."
"I came, and availed myself of doors
opened to guests. From the dressing-
room I found my way with difficulty. It
was a child—a visitor, I imagine—who
conducted me up stairs to the last flight.
Shining of light through the crevice of
your door guided me the rest. Now, my
child, speak to me freely as to your
own heart. There is nothing so consol-
ing as a friend. Tell me why you suffer
and what you wish."
"I suffer," said Fidelia, without the
slightest reserve or distrust, "because
I am a motherless girl. No one loves
me. I have no right—indeed, I often
feel so—to be in the world. And I wish
it is easier to say why I suffer than
what I wish—I wish to be happy and to
be loved."
The bright little lady listened atten-
tively to this speech. She sighed once
or twice, but at the last seized Fidelia's
hand warmly, and with a bright smile
said:
"My dear, you shall have your wish.
Do not fall into despair; keep your faith
in life. I shall help you; I know how.
To-morrow I continue my journey, but
any day after a fortnight you may look
for my return. Then I shall send for you
to visit me. Keep courage; sunny days
come to all; they will come to you. And
now kiss me, if you like, my child, and
good-night."
Fidelia bent down from her queenly
height to kiss lovingly the strange little
lady whom an hour ago she had not
known to bear an existence in the world.
She lighted her guest along the pas-
sage; blazing lustre below showed plain-
ly enough the descent. Then she re-
turned to her own room, and having un-
dressed and said her prayers with a
comforted heart, lay down in her bed,
and the dance music lulled her to sleep.
When at dawn she awoke, her experi-
ence of the evening seemed like a dream.
Nor could she by such inquiries as she
ventured to make learn anything of her
guest. A fortnight passed; three weeks;
a month. On the last day of the month
she received a note:
"MY DEAR CHILD.—Come and spend the day
and night with me at the hotel, 'Two Isles.'
I have obtained your father's permission to
extend to you this request.
"Your mother's friend,
"NANNETTE RICARD."
On no more unpropitious day could
the note have been sent. As if fate had
decreed that Madame Ricard should visit
this special town only on its days of un-
usual excitement, there was this time a
grand ball to be given in honor of a
distinguished citizen; and not merely
was the whole place in a ferment, but
each house had its share of excitement,
the Kingslands' not the least.
The citizen whom the ball honored
was a young soldier, Colonel Darrel,
whose habitual bravery had been made
famous by a brilliant act of valor. The
war having ended, he was commissioned
to go abroad on an important diplomatic
service. He possessed the hearty ap-
preciation of his townsmen; and though
he had dwelt but briefly in his native
place, yet as he was a fine looking man,
with affable manners, and, moreover,
the largest landowner in the county, he
had the happiness to possess the good-
will of his townsmen also.
This feminine regard was heightened
by an appeal to compassion. Edgar
Darrel had met with a sad misfortune.
While still in boyhood he had lost by

one night's tragedy both his parents. A
fire, quickened by a tempest, had at-
tacked his homestead and burned it to
the ground. His mother, an invalid,
perished in the flames; his father,
dragged from the burning building in
an unconscious state, survived his wife
but a few days. The only heir inher-
ited the estate encumbered with this life-
long grief.
"You surely will not be so heartless
as to leave your sisters to-day!" said
Mrs. Kingsland to Fidelia, when the im-
port of Madame Ricard's note reached
her. "Your father, manlike, forgot all
that must be done to make your sisters
presentable to-night. For once in your
life you can be of use. The Paris ball
dresses, only this morning arrived, re-
quire stitches and tact to make them
fit."
Fidelia sighed in spirit, but, schooled
to self-sacrifice, uncomplainingly re-
mained. Conscientiously all day she
plied her needle and exercised her taste.
Her arrogant step-sisters did not hesi-
tate to wreak upon her at once demands
for her service and contempt for her ser-
vile state.
It was evening when, hooded and
cloaked, she flew from the door. All
the way to the hotel she encountered
signs of the coming event. The atmos-
phere was impregnated with a sense of
expectancy. Groups of gossips lingered
in the streets. The doors of the spacious
hall where the ball was to take place was
guarded by liveried men, and straggling
musicians sauntered across the avenue
and disappeared in adjacent vaults.
The lovely June night had its air
scented with the perfume of roses,
syringas, and honeysuckles. The sky
was flushed with the rosy lights of sunset.
Fidelia forgot her sorrows, and
began to affiliate herself with the joyous
spirit that inspired the scene. By the
time she had reached the hotel she was
kindled by sympathetic excitement into
the blooming beauty that only the mal-
lignant depression of her unhappy child-
hood had kept pale.
Madame Ricard, whose apartments
were the grand rooms of the "Two
Isles," received her guest with the ut-
most cordiality. A *a la carte* dinner
was served in luxurious style, and Fi-
delia, who felt herself in happiness, en-
joyed the feast, from bonilli to ice, and
entered freely into the chatting mood of
her hostess. They spoke at dessert of
the hero of the night.
"He is a friend of mine," Madame
Ricard said.
"How happy you must be to possess
such a friend!" exclaimed Fidelia, with
sparkling eyes. "He is a hero—a real
hero of the time in which we live.
Could there be an act more courageous
than his part in the victory of October
5? Ah, how I should love to look upon
his brave face! But I forget. I am a
vassal by fate's special design. Why
should I dream of heroes?"
"Go on, my dear, with your dream-
ing," said Madame Ricard, with a friend-
ly little nod. "That is precisely the
use of an occasional slavery, to make
one dream of noble things. You are
quite free at this moment, however.
Would you like to go with me to-night
to the ball?"
It was well for the hospitable impulse
of the little lady that this astounding
proposition was not made until after they
had dined. Fidelia turned pale with
ecstasy at the very thought. To go to the
ball! To see with her own eyes the
enchanted scene! To have a veritable
glimpse of the hero's brave face! She
answered after a moment of profound
silence and with a feminine reservation
that veiled the intensity of her assent:
"I should like to go, if I had a white"
"There is nothing so easily obtained,"
said Madame Ricard, "as a white bodice
and skirt." She bade her maid hasten
to the office of the hotel and order up
stairs a trunk marked with a blue
rosette.
Out of this trunk came white gauze
skirts, which were made to envelop the
young girl in layers of grace, until the
effect of white was dense, yet ethereal,
like a lily. A bodice was found that
conformed easily to the plant form.
Blue ribbons, the tint of forget-me-nots,
embellished the draperies; the cofiture,
with the exception of a plain blue fillet,
was left in its natural "falling grace."
"Simple and *comme il faut*, and alto-
gether as I wish," said Madame Ri-
card, when the toilet was complete.
They arrived late at the ball, but not
irritated by haste; and Madame Ricard
was gratified to find the excitement of
pleasure at its height. Fidelia was pre-
sented to the hero of the night, and at
his own request. He engaged her hand
for the next dance.
Not the next waltz only, but the next
and next, Fidelia found herself the part-
ner of Colonel Darrel. He took her to
supper, and she became the object of
interest to all eyes. The gossips made
her the heroine of the night. But of
these lesser honors Fidelia was quite un-
conscious. She reveled in the thought
that she had seen again and again—and
with an expression in his eyes of so much
kindness to herself—the hero's brave face.
After supper he left her a while, but
returned to beg a brief promenade upon
the balcony, which had been decorated
to be one of the attractions of the night.
Madame Ricard gave consent. And it
was there, under the green archway of
palms and hot-house plants that im-
proved a tropical vista, that Colonel
Darrel said to the young girl who seem-
ed to him the personification of guile-
less sweetness and dignified beauty:
"Will you give me one of these little
blue rosettes as a keepsake of the night?"
"I would—indeed, I would," said
Fidelia, with charming hesitation; "but
they are not mine to give."

A strange expression darted across the
hero's face; and then, with bended head,
he gave one glance into Fidelia's eyes
that made her cheeks, from her very
heart, blush.
"These are yours to give," he said,
touching gently the brown curls that
the evening wind had blown across his
arm. "May I?" he asked; and being
unforbidden, and while they still moved
onward in the current of the crowded
promenade, he succeeded in possessing
himself of a lock of the beautiful hair;
and he took the little keepsake with him
when he went to Europe upon his ap-
pointed embassy.
And Fidelia—had she any keepsake of
him? None, excepting the association of
her "first ball," and a recollection that
she never took without dropping her
eyelids, and blushing cheek and heart—
a recollection of one glance.
Two years abroad, but all this time
Madame Ricard corresponded with her
friend Colonel Darrel; and she sent him
every three months, quite unknown to
Fidelia, a photograph of her lovely
protegee, whom she managed to have
frequently with her in cities where her
passion for travel allowed her to linger
a fortnight or a month.
The people of the town in which the
Kingslands lived were much excited by
an event that occurred during the first
year of Colonel Darrel's absence in
Europe. The event was the rebuilding of
the Darrel homestead in a style of
mingled comfort and magnificence un-
paralleled in the region round. When
the edifice was complete, the grounds
were elaborately embellished, and the
interior was furnished in captivating
taste.
Still greater was the excitement when,
two years after the night of the ball
given in his honor, Colonel Darrel re-
turned to his native town; and having
settled himself in his superb mansion,
made Fidelia Kingsland his wife. It was
rumored that there had been a corre-
spondence between the now wedded
lovers for half a year or more before the
colonel's return.
In the meantime the bright little
dame, Madame Ricard, had vanished
from the earth. But Fidelia never for-
got her benefactress. Particularly she
remembered the words said to her by
her strange visitor on the night of her
unhappiness: "There is nothing so
consoling as a friend."
When she became established in her
own house, she would not allow herself
to sink into the absorbing happiness of
love. She was good and affectionate to
all, even to her step-sisters, who forgot
now in her prosperity that in adverse
hours they had treated her with con-
tempt. The townspeople called her,
accordingly as the adjectives struck their
appreciating sense, affable, kind, chari-
table, courteous, friendly.
Friendly was the true word.
"For friendship was my fortune,"
said Fidelia. "Let me never be a miser
of the inestimable prize."
Posthumous Advice of a Millionaire.
The will of the late millionaire, David
Snow, of Boston, contains suggestions of
value to his devisees, and to the public.
In the closing article of the testament
he says:
It is my earnest desire and request
that all my heirs (this, of course, is more
especially directed to the males) should
invest their means in the safe way, and
pursue some steady, permanent, legiti-
mate business or employment with great
perseverance and industry, and success
is sure to crown their efforts in due
time. This course is not only an honor-
able one, but is almost always the most
successful and satisfactory in the long
run; whereas dealing in stocks and en-
gaging in uncertain and rash specula-
tions I regard as a species of gambling
at best, a mere lottery, and although
sometimes pleasing and exciting when
the luck is good, still in the main such
a course is generally very injurious and
demoralizing, and often ends in ruin,
both pecuniarily and morally. It is my
hope and ardent desire that my heirs
will ever be honest, liberal, steady, in-
dustrious, kind to the needy, and attend
regularly some church, my choice being,
of course, the Methodist, which has
been so long dear to me.
Quite a Saving.
In nothing has the advance of prac-
tical science been more clearly evidenced
than in the extent to which substances
formerly wasted and lost are now re-
claimed and made to constitute an im-
portant element in the profits of the
manufacturer. One of these applications
consists in the recovery of the soap-
suds from the washing of wool in woolen
factories. These were formerly allowed to
run down the sewers and into the
streams, to the great pollution of the
latter; but in Bradford, in England,
they are now run from the washing
bowls into yaks, and there treated with
sulphuric acid. The fats rise to the sur-
face in a mass of grease a foot or more
in thickness, which is carefully collected
and treated in various ways, mostly by
distillation. The products are grease,
used for lubricating the cogs of driving
wheels in the mills; oleic acid, which is
worth about \$160 per ton, and used as a
substitute for olive oil; stearine, worth
\$400 per ton, etc. It is said that some
large mill owners are now paid from
\$2,500 to \$5,000 a year for these suds,
which a few years ago were allowed to
run to waste.
A child a year and a half old died in
France recently, which weighed at its
birth eight pounds, and never weighed
more than that. For the last year it
weighed only six pounds.

A Christian Sheik in Arabia.

The *National Baptist* is responsible
for a remarkable story which has been
widely circulated, and is, in substance,
as follows: A man named Randall, liv-
ing in Oneida county, New York, about
forty years ago married a Welsh girl,
who soon afterward visited her friends
in Wales, where a son was born. This
boy was educated in Wales, and after-
ward went to Syria. While there a
sheik's daughter fell in love with him,
and he was arrested while traveling from
Damascus to Jerusalem by armed men,
taken to the sheik's tent and married to
the girl.
It does not appear that he made any
strong remonstrance. His tent was
guarded by night and his person watch-
ed by day, lest he should escape, and
this guard kept over him for years. He
and Arzalia, however, seemed happy;
children were born to them, and their
domestic life was marked by kindness
and true affection. Randall rapidly ac-
quired the Arabic language; his wife as
rapidly mastered the English. Their
children were taught in both.
When he was admitted to the sheik's
family they had to receive his religion
as well as his person. Through him his
wife became a Christian; his father-in-
law became a patron of his son-in-law's
faith; his children were brought up
"in the fear of the Lord"; his son has
become sheik of the tribe—the father-in-
law having died. All the surround-
ing tribes have become favorable to the
new religion, and have pledged their
swords in its defense. Many have been
baptized; hundreds of children have
been taught the new religion.
But a dervish, a zealot of the Moham-
medan faith, had for a long time been
endeavoring to stir up opposition and
persecution; he strove to have Randall's
sons thrown out of the employ of the
Turkish government, and failing in this
turned his assault upon a daughter of
the foreigner, and charged her with
withcraft and apostasy from the true
faith. She was brought before the
mejlie, composed of one hundred and
forty-four venerable sheiks and effendis,
to answer charges which involved her
life. The charges having been present-
ed and substantiated as best they could
be by witnesses, she was called upon to
answer. She defended herself and was
acquitted.
The trial was in October, 1872. In
June, 1873, while Rosa was teaching a
class of forty-two little girls, in a grove,
the way to heaven, the dervish stealthily
approached, and before any one was
aware he had murdered the maid and
fled. The fleetest horses of the tribe,
with armed riders, went in pursuit. He
was soon captured, tried and executed.

In the Olden Time.

On March 20, 1676, Providence, R. I.,
was burned by the Indians. At this
time the town contained, as nearly as
can be ascertained, about two hundred
inhabitants, and the principal settlement
was at the north end. In view of the
exposed condition of Providence, a gar-
rison was established there under the
command of Captain Arthur Fenner.
Roger Williams, through whose effort
the town was fortified, also held a com-
mand. When the Indians approached,
it is said Mr. Williams, whom they highly
respected, went out to meet them with
the hope of turning them from their pur-
pose, but in vain. When told that Mas-
sachusetts could raise thousands of men,
and that as fast as they fell the king
could supply their places, the chiefs de-
fiantly replied: "Let them come. We
are ready for them. But as for you,
Brother Williams, you are a good man.
You have been kind to us many years.
Not a hair of your head shall be touch-
ed." They proceeded with their work,
and about thirty houses (some accounts
say twenty-nine and others fifty-four)
were destroyed, among them the house
of John Smith, the miller and also a
town clerk, who lived on the west bank
of the Moshassuck river, a short distance
north of Mill bridge. Several of the
houses burned were on the east side of
the road, south of the present North
street. Williams retired, seasonably, to
his house, situated on the north side of
Howland street, and was spared. A
house in the vicinity of the configura-
tion, which escaped the general doom,
was the Whipple House, still standing
on Abbott's lane, which with its im-
mense chimney, its projecting second
story (altered some years ago), and its
interior arrangements, was a fair speci-
men of the architecture of its period. As
most of the people had fled from the
town, no loss of lives is reported. John
Smith saved the town records by throw-
ing them from his burning house into
the adjacent millpond, from which they
were subsequently fished up, carried to
Newport and kept there until the war
ended.

Mother Stewart in England.

Mrs. Stewart, better known as
"Mother Stewart," the originator of the
women's whisky war in the United
States, is at present in England, where
she is holding a series of meetings in aid
of the temperance cause. At a meeting
held in London recently, for the pur-
pose of welcoming her to England, Mrs.
Stewart made an address, in which she
gave an account of her work in the United
States. She regretted to say that
they had met with a good deal of oppo-
sition; and she could assert as a fact that
in Indiana the Legislature was bribed
by the rich proprietors of saloons, and
others interested in the liquor traffic, to
the tune of \$40,000, to induce them not
to pass any laws against intemperance.
She had defeated licenses in Ohio, her
native State, on the eighteenth of
August, 1874, and had since obtained
enormous support.

Jenny Kissed Me.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

Facts and Fancies.

Fox hunting is all the rage in In-
diana.
California's wool clip will reach fifty
million pounds next season.
You can never do too much to make
home happy—and men never try to, adds
an old maid.
Lydia Sherman, the convicted whole-
sale poisoner, is said to be dying in the
Connecticut State prison.
London has 5,000 miles of gas mains,
54,000 street lamps, which burn 8,000,
000 cubic feet of gas each night.
Gold mounted coffins are considered
the thing now in New York. Wealthy
people are quite carried away with them
—after death.
Tweed must enjoy immensely, in his
suburban retreat the reading of the re-
ports of the one million, and the six
million and all the other suits.
It may not appear of any particular
personal interest to any of us, but it is a
fact that there will be a total eclipse of
the sun on the eleventh of August, 1899.
The newest thing in female apparel is
the patent vibrating bustle. Viewed
from behind, its effect is something
wonderful when the wearer walks actively
along.
The commander-in-chief of the Aby-
ssinian army is an ex-sergeant of the
English army named Kirkam, who has
introduced mitrailleurs, Remington
rifles, and Colt's revolvers.
A Canada journal has discovered a
hermit in the town of Perth who is sev-
enty years old, and for forty years has
not worn any clothing summer or win-
ter, in spite of which he has never been
frozen.
A Lincolnshire (England) boy thir-
teen years old, who put an iron nut on a
rail of the Great Northern road, doubt-
less in play, and threw an engine off the
track, has been sentenced to six months'
hard labor.
A Sacramento beet-sugar factory
turned out 3,000,000 pounds of white
sugar in 1875. The beets yield thirteen
and one half per cent. of sugar—five and
one half per cent. more than the average
yield of Europe.
It's a Davenport (Iowa) inventor this
time, who has perfected a water motor.
It's only thirteen inches in length and
ten inches in diameter, but it sends
elevator loads of 2,200 pounds to the
top of a four-story building.
Benjamin Franklin introduced broom
corn into the United States. While ex-
amining an imported corn which he
found a single seed, which he planted
in his garden. From that seed the corn
was propagated.
In Kentucky they have a "ground
hog day"—the second of February—
when Mr. Woodchuck comes from his
hole, looks at the sky, snuffs the air,
and concludes whether to stay out and call
it spring, or go in again and call it win-
ter.
They were out riding and his mustache
had got entangled in the hood of his
ulster. Said he: "Confound this
ulster and this cold wind; I've got three
hairs frozen on to my nose, and two at
the corner of my mouth." "Where's
the other hair, dear?" she inquired,
tenderly.
An old physician asserts that an
orange eaten every morning half an
hour before breakfast will eventually de-
stroy the desire for alcoholic drinks. He
says that he has never known it to fail in
effecting a cure of the most confirmed
cases of inebriety. Now, who would
ask for a more agreeable medicine.
A woman who was gathering weeds on
the seashore in Japan for burning, laid
her young child down on the beach. A
frightful cry told the mother that all was
not right, and on examination she found
that a cuttle fish had put one feeler
around the baby. She cut the feeler
loose with her sickle and the youngster
was unharmed.
"This loaded cigar business," says a
Sacramento paper, "is being carried too
far, and as a practical joke is becoming
too serious to be amusing. A citizen
lately had his left cheek burst open by
the explosion of one of them, and will,
in addition to the pain and discomf-
ort, have a bad scar to show as the result
of some friend's fun."
A huge tower is being built upon the
top of a new brick building in Virginia
City, Nev., upon which a large dial is to
be placed with the names of the lead-
ing mining stocks upon it, to which a
hand points as the stock goes up or
down, all being done by electricity over
a wire running from the San Francisco
stock board room to the tower.
When young Hopeful entered Har-
vard he wrote to his parents that he
must have a study table. It was given.
When his father visited the room a year
afterward he inspected the table. There
were marks of tumbler on it. He said:
"I judge, my boy, that your rank in
your class will not be very high." "Why,
father, how can you tell?" "The carpet
under the table is not worn at all, but
the covering is a good deal defaced." The
old gentleman had been to college
himself.