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The Black Eyed Rebel.

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British
governed town;
And the little black eyed rebel, so cunning and
so sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner
of her eye.
His face looked broad and honest, his hands
were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were home-
spun, coarse, and rough;
But one there was who watched him, who long
time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner
of her eye.
He drove up to the market, he waited in the
line—
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair
and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came
to buy,
Save the black eyed rebel, watching from the
corner of her eye.
"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted,
long and loud;
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated
to the crowd;
But from all the people round him came no
word of a reply,
Save the black eyed rebel, answering from the
corner of her eye.
For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat
he wore that day
Were long letters from the husbands and the
fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they
meant to gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner
of her eye.
But the treasure—how to get them? crept
the question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what
prizes they might find;
And she paused a while and pondered, with a
pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features, and
a shrewdness fired her eye.
So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old
and red;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she
sweetly said;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the
boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner
of her eye.
"You may have them all for nothing, and
more, if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can
pay for them," said she.
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not
who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner
of her eye.
Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped
her fingers white and small,
And then whispered: "Quick! the letters!
thrust them underneath my shawl!
Carry back again this package, and be sure
that you are sly!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the
corner of her eye.
Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the
strange, ungracious freak,
And the boy was seared and panting, and so
dashed he could not speak;
And: "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder
lad did cry;
But she answered: "No, I thank you," from
the corner of her eye.
With the news of loved ones absent to the dear
friends they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift
she glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing that it
does not pay to try."
Thought the little black eyed rebel, with a
twinkle in her eye.

—Will Carleton in Harper's.

UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

"Oh, auntie, I want to die now!
What is life worth without his love?"
The warm light of the fire shed its
bright glow upon the soft, fair, troubled
brow, the deep spiritual eyes, and perfectly
formed crimson lips of a beautiful
young creature, as she threw herself
into a chair, and addressed these words
to a silver haired old lady at her side:
"Hush, Mary, my poor child, you
must not speak thus. What is the
trouble? I have long feared you and
Charles were not living happily, but I
refrained from asking questions, fearing
I might wound your feelings."
"And so you would have done, Aunt
Agnes, had you mentioned the subject a
week ago; for, although I have been
wretchedly miserable for the last six
months, I would have gone to the stake
before I would have admitted it; but
now everybody knows it, and I have
come to you for comfort."
And the young wife wept bitterly.
"Everybody knows it! I do not under-
stand you, my child. What has
happened?"
Wiping the tears from her eyes, pretty
Mary Stanwood, the bride of only a
year, began:
"You know I have never pleased
Charles in anything since we went to
housekeeping. I can't sew, I can't cook,
nor do anything else; in a word, I am no
housekeeper. And he has a perfect
mania for a neatly kept house, a well set
table, a well cooked dinner, and a tidy
wife. I know, auntie, it all seems very

foolish to you, but it is a great trial to
me. I have tried, and I can't learn; per-
haps I would have made more progress
if Charley had acted differently, but
when I make an effort he never praises
me for it, and if I fail, he ridicules me
until I have just given up trying, and
have left things to Jane, who, you know,
is a very indifferent servant. Yesterday
morning the steak was burnt, the coffee
was muddy; to-day the bread was heavy,
the eggs overdone, the beef raw. Char-
ley flew into a passion and said a great
many unkind things as he arose from
his untasted breakfast. And when I
cried, and said I wished I was at home
with mamma, he said he wished so too
—and many things I can't not repeat."
And Mary Stanwood's voice completely
broke down.

Soothing her gently, Mrs. Allen, the
good aunt, who had known and loved
the spoiled child from her babyhood,
said:
"Mary, how deeply I sympathize
with you in more than I can express."
"Oh, auntie, I have not told you the
worst yet. When Charley left home he
went straight to Annie Glenn and spent
several hours there, and he does this
very often. She has won his love from
me; this is the true reason of our un-
happiness. I have come to tell you this,
and to tell you I am going home to
mamma."
And the sorrowing young wife wept
bitterly.

"Mary, you know I am your friend;
and what I am going to say to you
wounds you, it is yet for your own good.
You have done wrong, my child. I ad-
mit Charles, knowing your tender
rearing as the only child of wealthy parents,
should not have been so exacting; but
he has been accustomed to the superior
housekeeping and good management of
a domestic mother and industrious sisters,
and he doubtless attributes much
of your errors in making his home com-
fortable to indifference on your part.
He does not understand your difficul-
ties, nor does he deem your efforts
praiseworthy, because he has been in
the habit of seeing others make them as
a matter of duty. As for his visits to
Annie Glenn, I can, I think, explain
them. Mrs. Glenn is a good house-
keeper and a splendid cook; Annie,
a bright, intelligent girl, who does not
grow cross over her household labors.
So, if Charles sometimes drops in there
to partake of the deliciously prepared
little meal, and chat with the friend of
his childhood, in her bright, pleasant
little parlor, over the last new book, it
is not surprising."

"Oh, auntie, it may be true, but
Charles is cruel and unkind, and I am
sick of it all. I am going home to
mamma; she won't want me to cook,
and sweep, and make a drudge of my-
self."
"Hush, Mary; you do not know what
you are saying, and surely you forget the
vows so solemnly spoken just one year
ago. It was until death do us part that
you promised to be the wife of Charles
Stanwood. Then it was not for health,
happiness and sunshine you took those
vows, but 'for better, for worse'; and
now, my child, if the worse has come so
soon to blight the orange blossoms, you
must hear it."

"Oh, no, I cannot; I must go back to
my old home—my dear home, where
everybody loved me. I never want to
look upon Charley Stanwood's face
again," sobbed the homesick young
wife.
"Don't, Mary; don't speak those
words," said the old lady, with white,
trembling lips. "They are an echo in
my heart that sounds like a funeral
dirge. And now, my dear niece, ere you
take this important step of leaving your
husband and your home, allow me to
tell you something of the history of my
own life—a chapter whose sad story has
never been unfolded to the view of your
brighter young life."

"Mary, I was about your age—seven-
teen—when I married Carlton Allen, the
handsomest man in our town. Like
yourself, I was a spoiled child—the only
girl in a family of ten children. I was
too young to understand the sacredness
of marriage, or to appreciate the depth
and strength of the manly nature of my
husband; yet I loved him. He was very
considerate, very indulgent, and I pre-
sumed upon his affection and goodness
until our home became very miserable,
and at length, alas! desolate. I had al-
ways followed my own wishes in all re-
spects, and when I married I made no
change. One day we were to have a
large dinner party. Carlton was not
well, and I had arranged to have it with-
out consulting him. Among the guests
was a gentleman to whom my husband
had a decided antipathy. He was too
much of a gentleman to treat any guest
with rudeness, but the next morning he
called me to him and told me never to
invite that man into his house again. I
answered angrily. One word brought
me another, until I declared my intention
of going home, saying to my husband,
as I left the room: 'I never wish to
look upon your face again, Carlton Al-
len.' And oh, my God! I never did;
for that night my noble, manly husband
was killed by a violent fall from his
horse. When they told at home, next
morning, of my bereavement, I fell
senseless to the floor, and for months I
lay hovering between life and death.
At length my strength and youth tri-
umphed, and I recovered to pass my
life in a sorrowful atonement for the
folly of an hour. Since then, my child,
I have never seen a young wife render
her home unhappy without great grief
to my heart."

When Mrs. Allen ceased speaking her
niece was sobbing very gently, and she
felt sure her end was accomplished,
even before the penitent young wife
murmured:

"Oh, auntie, I thank you so for this
story, which I know was so hard for you
to tell. I will go home at once, and I
do not think Charley will ever have
cause to complain of me again. I feel
that I can learn to keep house, and
make any and every sacrifice for his
happiness."

"Keep house," exclaimed Mrs. Allen,
in cheering tones, "of course you can.
Because you can paint, draw, and play
on the piano, that is no reason why you
cannot learn to manage your household
affairs with prudence and neatness. You
should not want any one to say that the
stupid servants of the kitchen can
excuse you. Surely, if they can ac-
quire the mysteries of cooking, so can
you. And now I am going to send my
cook to stay with you a month. But
mind, you must not spoil her; you must
manage and see to everything yourself,
and assist her."

"Oh, dear, good auntie, how shall I
thank you?" exclaimed Mrs. Stanwood,
seemingly forgetful of all her trouble.
"By doing all you can for your hus-
band's comfort," solemnly replied the
old lady.

Two years had elapsed. In the pleas-
ant little dining-room of the Stanwoods
sat the young wife of Charley Stan-
wood, upon whose fair brow rested an
expression of peace rarely seen. In the
center of the room was spread a table
decorated with great taste and beauty.
The damask cloth was snow white, the
silver and china were spotless, while
flowers decorated the glasses and shaded
the pretty cakes and abundance of
sweets prepared by Mary Stan-
wood's own hands. Her own toilet was
faultless, while the smoothly brushed
curls of the lovely child at her side told
that neatness and order ruled over this
happy household. Suddenly, where
the lady sat in the embrasure of the
window, a shadow fell athwart the sun-
light, and raising her bright level lit
eyes, she saw the object for which she
had so long watched approaching.

"Mary!"
She arose and sprung toward the
open door, lifting her fair young face
to the speaker, while he stopped and
fondly kissed her. The soft hand closed
caressingly on his larger, darker palm,
her lips were tremulous; her eyes, lov-
ing in their earnestness, looked up win-
ningly.

"Oh, you have come at last, Charley,
and I have waited so long and so im-
patiently for you."

"You have missed me, then?"
"My heart misses you always, but
especially to-day, for you know it is the
anniversary of our wedding day."
"And are you happy on this our wed-
ding day, Mary?" he asked, counting
back to the dreary days when their
wedded happiness came well nigh being
lost.

"All my life is happiness."
"Thank God! And now, my perfect
little housekeeper, allow me to compli-
ment this pretty table and elegant din-
ner. Mary, do you remember when you
once thought it impossible to learn to
manage your household affairs in the
manner I then unreasonably demanded
of my child wife? What, darling, ever
changed you so? Who taught you to
keep house?"
"Love," answered the proud young
matron, and with humbly bowed heads
and grateful hearts the fond young hus-
band and the faithful wife renewed the
vows of fidelity, to be kept until "death
do us part."—Housekeeper.

The Cost of Plumage.

There is no lady deserving of the
name who could witness without a feel-
ing of horror the process of preparing
for use the feathered beauties which
form such conspicuous ornaments in the
present style of women's hats. If those
who wear such ornaments knew the
tortures to which these helpless little
creatures are subjected, and the heart-
less cruelty with which the business is
carried on, they would shrink from even
indirect complicity in it. Of course the
impression prevails that all birds used
for personal decoration are killed im-
mediately when caught and prepared in
the ordinary way by taxidermists; but
here is where the mistake is made. The
birds are taken alive, and while living
the skin is skillfully stripped from their
quivering, ghastly bodies. By this pro-
cess it is claimed the feathers retain a
firmer hold upon the skin. Such is the
method by which all birds used in the
decoration of ladies' hats are prepared.
Think of the exquisite humming bird,
the blue bird, the cardinal bird, the
oriole, and numberless others of beauti-
ful plumage, struggling beneath the
knife of the heartless operator; think of
this, tender hearted ladies, as your ad-
miring gaze rests on the latest novelties
in fashion by which our city belles are
crowned! Hundreds of thousands of
birds of the brightest plumage are lit-
erally flayed alive every year, and so long
as our ladies will consent to wear such
ornaments, just so long will this cruel
business continue. The Baroness Bur-
dette-Contis has placed herself at the
head of a movement in England de-
signed to put an end to the brutal busi-
ness, and it is to be hoped that she will
meet with cordial encouragement and
co-operation on this side of the Atlantic.

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.—Women are
quiet and sweet tempered during the
year, but they keep account of their
husbands' sins and shortcomings, and
have a grand settlement when house
cleaning time comes. During the few
days devoted to whitewash and soap
and water they inflict the necessary
amount of punishment and so start
square again.

Centennial Notes.

France appropriates \$40,000 to send
mechanics of every class to the Centen-
nial. All French industries, including
agriculture, will be represented in the
delegation.

The Centennial commissioners are
very liberal with passes. Of the large
attendance on the first day only 76,216
paid their money, and since that time
this number has run down to 10,000 and
12,000.

The non-paying attendants are now
announced as 12,000 in number among
the exhibitors and their assistants, 1,511
among the general officials, 225 among
the judges, 100 more to the State boards,
and over 500 to the press.

A pretty pavilion has been built by
the Portuguese government nearly op-
posite the Pennsylvania educational
building. It is one story high within
and two without, and is surrounded by
wide piazzas. The Portuguese commis-
sioners have their offices here.

There are two French restaurants on
the grounds. One of them goes on the
principle that nobody will be caught
in it the second time, and that it must
therefore get all the money it can out of
chance customers who have been drawn
to it by its famous name. The other is
obviously kept by an Americanized
Frenchman.

The partial relief to visitors to the
Exhibition which was given by the abo-
lition of the rule requiring two fifty cent
notes (or pieces) for two persons
instead of one dollar, has been receded
from by the managers. They still insist
upon the fifty cent fraction. They do
this, they say, because of the greater
facility in handling crowds and detect-
ing counterfeiters.

The parade of the Knights Templars
in June will, if the programme and
promise of numbers in attendance is
fulfilled, be the most gorgeous in the
annals of Masonry. Some rate the num-
ber of expected Knights at more than
twenty thousand, exclusive of the Phila-
delphia organizations. Minor visita-
tions of military societies, press clubs,
etc., will greatly diversify the scene
until the great day on which Mr. Evarts
is to enliven it with his oration.

New York Millionaires.

The New York correspondent of the
Chicago Tribune says: Commodore
Vanderbilt is easily reached. Any one
can get an interview with him who de-
sires it. H. B. Clafin, the great dry
goods king, occupies a small office in
his great establishment, and customers
and clerks go in and out while he is
there with the utmost freedom. Mr.
Clafin often confers with his clerks and
junior partners at their desks, and is ap-
proached by the firm's patrons as readily
as if he was one of the salesmen. Wm.
B. Astor was another man always ready
to see any one who called upon him in
his business office on Prince street.

Commodore Garrison has an office on
Bowling Green, where his steamship
business has long been done, and pro-
vided he has no person with him at the
moment, can be seen for the asking.

Jay Gould is always busy, but visitors
by taking their turn can see him at any
time.

The leading bank presidents are ac-
cessible to anybody who may call upon
them.

The heads of the dry goods firms of
Arnold & Constable and Lord & Taylor
can be seen at any time by sending in a
card or a name. Indeed, our busiest
men are real democrats, and as a cat
may look at a king, so may the humblest
citizen secure an audience with the
richest without hindrance.

Presence of Mind.

"Dora" was being enacted in a
Western city where the choice of actors
is not great, and Mary Morrison,
on making her exit to bring on her little
Willie, of four years, was shocked to
find a lubberly boy of at least fourteen,
who must go on, as no other was to
be had. The Farmer Allen of the play was
no doubt equally shocked to see Mary
coming upon the stage with a boy near-
ly as big as herself. What was worse,
the audience began to titter. But Farm-
er Allen was equal to the emergency,
and instead of asking "How old are
you, my little boy?" said: "How old
are you, my strapping fellow?" prob-
ably hoping that the boy would have
the good sense to give an age more suit-
able to his size. The boy, however, with
painful fidelity to the book, and in a
supplicatory voice that made the answer
all the more preposterous, said: "Four
to five, grandpa." "Forty-five!"
exclaimed the other, cheerfully; "you
look it, my boy, you look it!" There
was a laugh at the moment, but the
play was saved from shipwreck. It was
told of a famous tragedian that at the
close of an act in which he had been the
prominent character, a goose's head was
thrown upon the stage by some one who
had a spite against him. The tragedian
picked it up, handed it to one of the
others to take away, and said, with per-
fect nonchalance: "The gentleman
who has thrown his head upon the stage
can get it back at the close of the per-
formance."

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.—The Leaven-
worth (Kan.) Times has the following
item: It is now certain that the young
man Callahan, who was hanged by a
mob in Edwards county, a short time
ago, was entirely innocent.

A SUICIDE'S LETTER.

The Feelings of Bernard Bailey, who Shot
Himself in St. Louis Because he was
Jilted.

TO THE PUBLIC: Would you like to
know how a man feels who is about to
commit suicide? In the first place, he
must feel so badly that no matter what
is to come hereafter, it is more endur-
able than the present; and secondly, he
must feel that, more endurable or not,
he cannot help the act; that if even the
future is worse than the present, the
present is unendurable. I suppose
medical men would like to know just the
mental condition of one who can shuffle
off this mortal coil.

It is this: My nerves and senses are
as sound as they ever were. I can attend
to business as efficiently, and as fully
realize that the chief end of man is to
gather ducaats, as I ever could. But I
can also realize that without my better
half I am as a perfect engine without
steam—useless.

Doctors of divinity would doubtless
like to know my moral and religious
ideas. My moral idea is this: That man
should do his duty in spite of obstacles
and consequences, and that so doing is
the only thing which will bring the
peace which passeth all understanding.
I acknowledge that I was too weak so to
do. In regard to my future state, my
reason does not fully accept that there is
a future state of which we will be con-
scious. I believe in the immortality of
the soul, or the life principle, or what-
ever it is, as I believe in the immortality
of a bushel of coal; that it may change
its form so essentially as to be uncon-
scious of having ever existed before, but
that still, as the coal, it is not destroyed,
but simply changes its form. My
heart may speak differently to me, but
even then I believe that whatever is,
is inevitable, as it must all proceed from
one great original, and so must be in
accordance with his will.

However, I shall probably know more
about it in twenty-four hours than all
the D. D.'s living. I am not crazy. I
know that the world is full of good and
enjoyable things, and that they were
put here for our good and benefit, and
that we should strive and work to obtain
them.

But I am unable to care for them
without the love of my darling. I wish
to state that Miss — is in no way re-
sponsible for my having loved her; that
almost before she had ground for think-
ing that my feelings toward her were
more tender than those of friendship,
she informed me that her heart was an-
other's, and that, while she esteemed
and cared for me as a friend, I could be
nothing more to her. But she was mis-
taken in that, and though I could not
convince her of it while living, she will
realize it when I sleep the sleep that
knows no waking. A sweet good night
to all.

APPENDIX.

On the back of a sheet of note paper
were the words: "Respect this." On
the other side was written the following:
"I wish to be buried just in the
clothing in which I die. Do not move
me from where I am found, except to my
grave."

"Bury me in a plain pine coffin, and
have me carried to my grave in a one-
horse spring wagon. Do not let the
total cost of my burial exceed \$5. As the
last request of a dying man, I conjure
you to respect these instructions."

A Dying Lover Married.

An unusual marriage took place in
Omaha, Neb., the parties thereto being
Spencer Wright and Miss Bessie
Roberts, daughter of United States
Deputy Collector John Roberts. The
ceremony took place at the house where
the young man boarded, as he was too
ill to be removed elsewhere. The Rev.
L. F. Britt, pastor of the First Metho-
dist church, performed the ceremony.
Mr. Wright has been failing in health
very rapidly of late, and the physicians
here having given him up, his father,
who is a merchant tailor in New York
city, arrived to take his son home to
die of consumption. Miss Roberts, on
whom young Wright has long been
affianced, decided to go East with her
dying lover, and give him all the care
and attention that her love could prompt
in his dying hours, and the better to
enable her to care for him, she decided
to have the marriage ceremony per-
formed before the journey to New York
was undertaken. While the wedding
was sad in its attendant circumstances,
it was lightened up with the great cheer-
fulness manifested by the bride in tak-
ing up her labor of love.

Advertising Patent Medicines.

Advertisements of patent medicines
furnish support to many so-called reli-
gious papers. Not a few of them would
perish but for the aid they receive from
medical quackery. Hence the impor-
tance of the movement in the Baltimore
conference to exclude these advertise-
ments from the organs of the Methodist
denomination. Of the quacks who thus
advertise, there are some whose medi-
cines are injurious to the men, women,
and children who use them; and we often
see, in the so-called religious papers,
quack medicine advertisements which
are an outrageous deception. If religion
be a matter of truth, show that its organs
sustain themselves by such falsehoods.
—New York Sun.

CHEWING SNUFF.—The Enterprise
(Miss.) Courier says: The physicians
of this place are becoming seriously
alarmed over the prevalent use of snuff
among the ladies. The doctors say it is
creating havoc with the ladies and
destroying their offspring.

That Little Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb—
We've heard it o'er and o'er,
Until that little lamb becomes
A perfect little bore.

So I propose to make a grave,
And dig it deep and wide;
That Mary's lamb and all its bards,
Be buried side by side.

Items of Interest.

Kit Carson had 10,000 hair-breadth es-
capes, and then suffered the humili-
ation of dying at the heels of a Mexican
mule.

The boy who started from home to
walk to the Centennial is being picked
up hungry and repentant by policemen
in all parts of the country.

That was a pretty conceit of a little
three-year-old who, when gathering
flowers and finding one with an unusu-
ally short stem, exclaimed that he "found
it sitting down."

"I narrowly escaped being out off
with a shilling," said a solemn young
man. "How did you escape it?" asked
a bystander. "My father had no shil-
ling," was the solemn reply.

A contemporary describing a boat race,
alludes to the "flashing of 10,000 eyes
and the plaudits of twice as many fair
hands." What a lot of one-eyed women
there must have been at that race!

"Why is it, my dear sir," said Waf-
fles' landlady to him the other day,
"that you newspaper men never get
rich?" "I do not know," was his re-
ply, "except it is that dollars and sense
do not always travel together."

The Philadelphia Inquirer strongly
urges the reduction of the price of ad-
mission to the Exposition from fifty to
twenty-five cents, on the ground that
the present charge will virtually close
the doors against hundreds of thousands
of workmen and their families.

The New Orleans Picayune says that
the telegraph art has reached such
perfection that long courtesans have
been maintained between persons hun-
dreds of miles apart, and some love-
sick telegraphist has even invented a
telegraphic sign for love's first sweet
kiss.

A clean tooth does not decay. Acids
and sour fruit always injure the teeth
instantly; sweets never do; without
them children would die, hence their
instinctive instincts for sugar. If a
tooth powder was never used the teeth
would not be so white; but, kept per-
fectly clean, would last for life.

The editor of a Western paper has
medical authority for stating that in
some cases if liquid food be applied to
the body, it will merely, by being ab-
sorbed, sustain life. The editor had a
moleasses jug forcibly applied to himself,
and his head not only increased in size,
but it has been a sweet looking head
ever since.

While a barber of Niles, Mich., was
shaving a customer the other day, he
became tangled up in an epileptic spasm.
After the customer had lost a slice off
the neck and narrowly escaped a sever-
ance of the jugular vein, he modestly
suggested that he would wait for "the
next," as he never did like close shav-
ing.

Sandwich Islands Surf Bathing.

Says a writer: It is very exciting,
but the sea was not very rough. The
surf board is a rough plank shaped like
a coffin lid, about two feet broad and
from six to nine feet long. The men,
dressed only in malos, carrying their
boards under their arms, waded out
from the rocks on which the surf was
breaking, and, pushing their boards be-
fore them, swam out to the first line of
breakers, and then, diving down, were
seen no more till they reappeared as a
number of black heads bobbing about
like corks in the water. What they seek
is a very high roller, on the top of which
they leap from behind, diving face
downward on their boards. As the
waves speed on and the bottom strikes
the ground the top breaks in a huge
comber. The swimmers appeared pos-
ing themselves on its highest edge by
dexterous movements of their hands and
feet, keeping just at the top of the curl,
but always apparently coming down hill
with a slanting motion. So they rode in
majestically, always just ahead of the
breaker, carried shoreward by its mighty
impulse at the rate of forty miles an
hour, yet seeming to have a volition of
their own, as the more daring riders
kneel and even stood on their surf
boards, waving their arms and uttering
exultant cries. They were always ap-
parently on the verge of engulfment by
the fierce breaker whose towering white
crest was ever above and just behind
him; but just as one expected to see
them dashed to pieces, they either waded
quietly ashore, or, sliding off their
boards, dived under the surf, taking ad-
vantage of the undertow, and were next
seen far out at sea, preparing for fresh
exploits. The great art seems to be to
mount the roller precisely at the right
time, and to keep exactly on its crest
just before it breaks.

An Extensive Work.

Should a ship canal be cut across the
Isthmus of Darien at its narrowest
point, it would be thirty-two miles long,
and would require a ship tunnel 125
feet high and seven miles in length
through solid rock. A vessel going
from New York to San Francisco would
save ten thousand miles of sailing, and
could afford to pay a toll of \$3,000. In
the one item of wages, a clipper ship
of 1,500 tons burden would save \$2,000
at least. It is estimated that the work
would cost \$100,000,000.