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THE BELLE.

A Watering Place Story.

A group of idle young men lounged upon the shady corner of a watering place hotel piazza killing time until the

place hotel piazza killing time until the dinner hour.

"Let us make a belle," suggested Arthur Lindsley. "Let us take some moderate girl and idolize her, one and all of us. Not ridiculously, but just enough to turn her head and have all the other dear creatures dying of jeal-

ousy."

Two days later a party arrived at the hotel who were registered as "Mr. Wolf, Mrs. Wolf, and Miss Wolf, of C.," and on the same afternoon Lindsley announced, triumphantly: "I've found the girl. No; don't ask me what she's like. Nothing startling. I promise you. Just a page. startling, I promise you, Just a passable sort of a ladylike nobody. The raw material, that's all; and that's what we want. A mighty pretty little foot she had, though, peeping from under her waterproof cloak. But plain, unmistakably plain and unpretending, I assure you. Just the nondescript sort of thing we require for our made belle."

In the inviting drawing-room Miss Irene Wolf made her debut, clinging rather closely to the side of her mother.

Irene Wolf made her debut, clinging rather closely to the side of her mother until the music struck up. The dance began. The young and shy stranger found herself introduced to a number of agreeable young men. Every one seemed pleased with her. Everything she said, everything she did, proved to be just the happy word of the moment or the happy act. "It has been such a delightful evening," she said to her mother, when, after midnight, she still lingered to talk over the novel event. "I was a silly girl to dread the begin-"I was a silly girl to dread the beginning so much. How kind every one

As the season advanced, the triumphs of the made belie lost none of their brilliancy. Her success began to reflect credit upon her makers. Every day she seemed more lovely, every day more worthy of preference. For is there a cosmetic like praise? Is there a tonic

osmetic like praise? Is there a tonic like smiles?
Irene Wolf, in her midsummer experience, thought that watering place life was an episode of paradise. But the serpent always crawls into Eden. And in Irene's paradise the intruder had, as in Publical's picture a woman's face.

in Riphael's picture, a woman's face.

Miss Hammond thought it her duty to contide to Miss Wolf a secret that had been intrusted by Dick Wilhurst as something which he considered "too good to keen."

good to keep."

Miss Hammond performed her self-imposed duty without trepidation. If in the rivalry of the season she had allowed herself to feel bitterness, and if malice lay in her motive, she was not rewarded by the effect work hersistic. warded by the effect upon her victim of her astounding revelation. In listening to the humiliating tale, given in strict confidence and without suppression of any stinging detail, Irene remained calm, offering no interruption or exclamation. Her heart, indeed, beat violently, her color went and came. When the whole story was ended she pondered a minute, and said:

"Do you believe this, Miss Hummond? I hardly can. I think these gentlemen—these friends of yours—are too well bred to have placed a girl, an unoffending stranger, in such an ignominious position. Not Do not trouble minious position. No! Do not trouble yourself about this story. I feel sure these young men have better hearts."

But, oh, the storm that swept over that bared bit of palpitating mechanism, the woman's heart, in the darkness of the night! The pain, the tantalizing torment, the bewildering doubt. Could it be true? Let the careful memory, the calm judgment, take up the facts. Alas, the story was not without its cor-

roborating proofs!

The first night of anguish that sweeps across the pillow of a young girl robs it forever of all the white roses of which girls' pillows are made. Thenceforth the softest is but ruffled linen on which the head rests.

In the morning Jrene awoke—for at dawn she caught one miserable half hour's sleep-awoke, for the first morning of her life, upon a flat, stale, unprofitable world.

What pleasure was there to a made belle in fixing her blende hair at the

glass?
The first thought of the child had been this: "Oh, how I wish I could tell mother!" but she reasoned with "No; it is better I should bear it myself. And father, dear father, how he would resent this cruelty! how much he loves his poor little girl!

He must never, never, never know."

The evening after Miss Hammond's dutiful act Irene was beautiful-really beautiful for the first and, perhaps, last time in her life. She came down into the drawing-room array d in an excellent Peris dress; for her mother, whose maternal instinct had been aroused to the perception that Irene's costumes were not in the style of those worn by her companions, had purchased for her darling at an immoderate cost from one of those fashionable modistes who follow in the wake of the summer faring gay world the very last importation of draperied grace.

Irene came down into the drawing-

room attired like a little princess; but it was not that which made every eye discover she was a beauty at last. It was the hectic rose leaf on her cheek, the scarlet of her lips, the violet shad-ow about her eyes, the mystical shadow upon young eyelids that grief has at last kissed; it was the kindled excitement of

steel, and that illumined into positive, potent brilliancy her modest, softly tinted, pleasantly featured, but never before startling face.

She was really beautiful, and every one said so that night. The belle, without possibility of mistake.

But to those who knew her and who were with her frequently or matched

were with her frequently, or watched her closely from that time forth, there was something missed from Irene that had hitherto had part in herself—the joyous confidence, the innocentabandon, the quiet but genuine undertone of real happiness, had fled. With all her prides have the innocental from she was too ingenuous to conceal from those who cared for her that her perfect peace was lost.

peace was lost.

Our friendly young men held a consultation upon this point.

"Mark me," said Sam Dent, "I know something of girls, and that girl has fallen in love. Mark me, in love with one of us! I only hope, since I am an engaged man, that it's not me."

Du Bois looked infinitely self-conscious, but did not speak.

"Don't trouble yourself, Sam," said Wilhurst, with insinuating self-assertion, "I happen to know she hasn't been such a fool as that."

"We've played too deep," said Gros-

a fool as that."

"We've played too deep," said Grosvenor. "Upon my word, it hasn't been right. We've had our fun, but, by Jove, it has been hard on the girl."

"Well," said gra-eless Dick, "it isn't a wrong that can't be made right. If it's me she's in love with—and—but—well—n'importe. If it's me, I don't care if I do become a victim. 'Tis a cool hundred thousand. It might be worse."

"Wilhurst," exclaimed Lindsley, with flashing eyes, "take care. Miss Wolf is too true a woman, too good a girl to be lightly spoken of, in my presence, at least. A girl that any man might be proud to make his wife."

"Hear! hear!" cried Dick. "Excuse

" Hear! hear!" cried Dick. "Excuse mc, friends. I meant to praise, not to scoff. What greater compliment can be paid to a made belle than to ring the change out of her—ring the changes, I mean. Lindsley, my dear fellow, I pass.

Take her; and a thousand blessings go with you, my boy."

"Lindsley is right," said Sam Dont."

"The girl has metal in her."

"Whoever heard of a belle that hadn't

m tal in her ?" asked Dick.
"Nonsense! but I tell you there's a genuine ring to her."

"Of course."

"And a smart tongue, as I can testify, when she's put to it," said Grosvenor.

"I like a woman who can hold her

own."

"Her own tongne? So do I," satd Dick. "Oh, I'm sincere. Irene Wolf is all right. Hurrah for our made belle! She's a trump. Lindsley, you're a success. Well, good night, boys; I'm off. By bye, Jaindsley. Ring the belle—ding-dong!" ding-dong!"

The feminine portion of the house had not been so sensitively aware of the change in Irene. The truth is, they were too thoroughly engrossed in a wonderful event to condescend to The event was no other than the un-

expected arrival at this delightful sea-side hotel of an English lord, a bachelor, cros ed in love abroad, it was rumored, and come to America expressly to marry.

A live lord! One and all of the feminine portion of the house fixed heart and There was no soul upon him at once. There was no turning back from the plow; there was no dallying with time to be "well off with the old loves," or loss of haste in going first to bury one's dead. The affair demanded, or commanded rather, a religious zeal and dispatch. "Up and suite!" was the motte of over parts. soul upon him at once. strike!" was the motto of every Amazonian ambition whose bewitching archery suddenly fixed upon this shining

If the thought of "Mrs." had to any one been sweet, the thought of "My lady," "My Lady Lindehurst," was incomparably a treat.

omparably a treat.

It was, of course, necessary to be presented to "my lord" first. And Lord Lindehurst, who had been thrown by accident of foreign travel into intimate relations with Grosvenor and Dn Discourse appeals introduced. B is, came specially introduced. He was legitimately a prize of the set.

Not until a fortnight had elapsed did it become faintly rumored that Lord Lindehurst, whose attentions had so far been generously general, had "taken particularly" to Irene Wolf.

A torrent of indignation swept through the house. Miss Hammond felt her plane of duty so broadened that she plane of duty so broadened that she actually contemplated confiding Dick Wilhurst's secret, "too good to keep," to the young Euglishman—to illumine his note book as a characteristic episode of American manners and life. She was delayed somewhat in her benevolent in tent, for the reason that the live lord

was not easily approached.

As for Irene, when she felt that the illustrious stranger was unfeignedly at-tracted by herself, she experienced some womanly tumults of satisfaction. He, at least, was sincere. This lover, at least, was unaffected in his marked preference by any latent relish of a joke.
"He did not make me," she

urally, and with some grateful sense of restored dignity, said

The young nobleman, an unassuming youth, seemed hardly to appreciate the furore he had created. The rumor of his baving been crossed in love was not correct. His own temper had made the cross by decidedly refusing a match pro-posed for him upon worldly principles

Personally, Lord Lindehurst was a upon young eyelids that grief has at last kissed; it was the kindled excitement of conflicting pain and pride, the quick flame that made her gentle fawn colored eyes shine steel and gold, and gold and cated; nor was he particularly intellec-

tual. But he possessed an agreeable presence, refined manners, an ample for-

researce, renned manners, an ample for-tune, and an excellent heart.

He had a presentiment that he should find his wife in the new world, and his presentiment was fulfilled.

He fell in love at first sight with Irene Wolf.

The night of his arrival was the night of Irene's beauty. In whatever degree she faded from her perfect brilliancy after that, his kindled imagination supplied the defect. He saw her first in the apotheosis wrought in her by the one cruel moment of her life. He never faltered in his faith in her bright supremacy from that time forth.

For a fortnight he studied her unobserved and "afar off;" then he asked to be presented, and from that time he devoted himself to her with increasing devotion.

At the close of the season their en-

At the close of the season their engagement was announced.

The refined prejudices of the young lor I were not disturbed even by a prolonged visit in the Western home of Papa and Mamma Wolf. He found there what he esteemed most, the aristocracy of heart.

It was a long wedding journey that Irene took, and for many months and even years she had no visible part in her first-loved Western life. But her image was idolized in that home. "My little girl" was the theme of incessant delight; and dearly as her affection clung to those who had filled completely her childish faith and trust, she never repented her choice. She loved her hus-band as truly as he loved her.

"I was made for him," she said, both first and last.

Fortunes Lost and Won.

Virginia City, Nevada, has sixteen faro games, all situated in C street, at the rear of the principal saloons. The proprietor of one of the most flourishing faro banks says that the expenses of running the games, exclusive of license, foot up at \$27,400 a year. From the first to the fifteenth of the month, the time at which the miners are flush, most of the games run three shifts of eight hours each, thus employing six dealers and three case keepers. After the mid-dle of the month the business slackens, and only one or two of the games runs more than two shifts. Every bank pays a yearly license of \$1,000, making the comfortable total of \$25,600.

A popular delusion prevails that faro is conducted "on the square" in Virginia. The fact that the owners of the games live, as a general thing, in about as handsone houses as can be seen in the city, and that they are themselves behind fast horses in C street, counts for nothing with the gambling Comstocker, who invariably has his "system" nearly perfected, and is sure to "bust the game" before long. This ardently longed for triumph is occasionally achieved. Within the last six months no less than four games have been cleaned out. They were, however, comparatively poverty stricken concerns, having only \$2,000 or \$3,000 capital. Most of the banks now running have a backing of from \$50,000 to \$100,000, and one institution has \$400,000 as founds. institution has \$400,000 as a founda-

The largest winning reported so far this year was made by a teamster, who away with over \$5,000, and left the bank a wreck. On the other hand, the losses have been extremely heavy. One well known gambler here, who would pass anywhere for the father of a prosperous family, has lost \$15,000 at faro within the last four months. Apropos of this gentleman, I heard a good little story the other day. He and some other professionals had been losing frightfully, and some desperate step was necessary to raise the wind. A neat plot was hatched. Free drinks are a feature of every gambling room. A waiter takes the orders from the players and brings in the liquors and cigars on a tray. The waiter of the game which this wrecked gambler and his companion had resolved to victimize was heavily bribed to join the scheme. Drinks were called for, the dealer among the rest asking for refreshment. The un'aithful waiter passed the tray to the dealer in such a manner as to cover the cards, and the gambler deftly removed the box and substituted another with a cold deck in it under cover of the tray. In about ten minutes the conspirators won \$1,400, knowing what cards would come up. After about two-thirds of the deck had been dealt the dealer smiled

and said:
"Well, boys, you may as well hand
over my box; I see you've got me this

There was neither anger nor hard words. "Anything to beat the game is considered allowable, and the gamblers walk off with their spoils in peace.

The profits of the fare banks are

large and certain. A seasoned gamester said the other day that a game that he and one partner conducted for eleven years cleared in that time over \$500,000. One of the two banks with which Gold Hill is blessed clears regularly every month \$5,000.

A party of men gathered on the shore of the river Lea, in England, to play "cat," a game as to which the reporter in a London newspaper gives no description. A part of the fun, however consisted in tying a rope around a man, throwing him into the water, and drawing him across the stream. broke, the man was drowned, and the other players are under arrest.

It is estimated that there are about 900 American youths, aged from twelve to twenty years, who are engaged in the business of "amateur journalism." GEN. CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

Lieut. Carland's Story of the Sangulnary Battle with the Sloux.

A letter dated "Mouth of the Little Horn," giving a new version of Custer's fight with the Sioux, has been received rom Lieut. John Carland, of Company B, Sixth infantry, attached to Gen. Gib-bons' command. Lieut. Carland says: At the mouth of the Rosebud, on the

At the mouth of the Rosebud, on the twenty-second of June, we struck a large Indian train leading up the Rosebud valley. Gen. Custer from there took command of the twelve companies of cavalry and pushed on after the Sioux. He followed them to the foot of the mountains, and found by scouting in the valley that they were encamped on a branch of the Little Horn. This was on the night of the twenty-fourth. On the twenty-fifth he took five companies and followed the stream down on one side, while Major Reno, with seven one side, while Major Reno, with seven companies, went down on the other.
Major Reno was to attack the enemy in
the rear while Custer fought them in
front. This would have worked all right,
as Reno had got in their rear, but Gen. Ouster, marching down on the other side, saw what he supposed was the front of the camp, and made a charge on them, the Indians giving way and letting him right into the gap. The brave man rode on with his three hundred men, and would have killed the whole 2,000 Sioux, I believe, if there had been no enemy behind him; but instead of charg-ing the front, he was right in the center of between three thousand and four thousand Sioux. Those that were be-hind him kept concealed until he was hind him kept concealed until he was right in their midst, and then, when it was too late, he made a bold dash trying to cut through them, but the enemy were too many. He fell about the first one, and the horses becoming unmanageable, the poor soldiers were cut down in less time than it takes to tell it.

The Sioux then turned with all their fury upon Major Reno. He charged them with one company, and returned with only eleven men. He then retreated a short distance, placing his men on a bluff. He kept them off until the night of the twenty-seventh, his men go-

night of the twenty-seventh, his men go-ing without water forty-eight hours. He was relieved by Gens. Terry and Gibbons, who saw the smoke from where they were at the Little Horn, and thinking it a signal of the Sioux, marched that

way just in time to save the last handful of the Seventh cavalry.

Out of the whole regiment only 328 men are left, and forty of them are badly wounded. It makes one heartsick to look over the battle ground and see the poor fellows, some of them with their entrails cut out, others with their eyes dug out and heart laid across their fees the same of the dug out and heart laid across their face. They even stopped to cut their pockets most fearful sight was Colonel Cooke. He was a splendid looking man, with long, dark whiskers. They dug his face all out so as to get his fine beard, it is supposed. They did not disfigure Gen. Custer in any way, but his brother. Too Custer in any way, but his brother, Tom Custer, was opened and his heart taken

of the general, and A. H. Reed, the genof the general, and A. H. Reed, the general's nephew, fell within ten feet of each not for worldly things.

other. We estimate the loss of the enemy at five hundred, though it is hard to tell how many were killed, as they carried most of them away. Gen. Terry and the remaining officers are feeling very badly. I was standing by Gen. Custer when Gen. Terry came up, and as he looked down upon the noble general tears coursed down his face as he said: "The flower of the army is gone at last." Custer was supposed to be the first one who fell, but we found seventeen cartridge shells by his side, where he had kept them off until the last moment.

No blame can be attached to any one for this fearful slaughter. If Custer had had the whole regiment, it would only have been worse, as the Sioux were

too many.

There is one poor Crow Indian on the boat who has five shots through him, yet he is happy because he has nine scalps

These Sioux were all from the same agency, as we found camp equipments that had never been used, also blankets that were new and branded United States Indian department.

Inauguration Day.

When the day for the inauguration of the President of the United States was fixed upon the fourth of March, it was for the reason that the date occurred seldom on Sunday. But twice during our history has the Inauguration day fallen on that day. The first was the second inaugural of James Monroe, the fifth President, March 4, 1821. The fifth President, March 4, 1821. The second was when Zachary Taylor was made President, March 4, 1849. Being Sunday, his inauguration did not take place uptil the next day. The third will be the next inaugural, March 4, 1877. This will happen three times during each century, or one year after every seven leap years. Except when passing from one century to another there is a slight variation, as will be observed in the following dates of the past and tuture inaugurations of the first two centuries of the republic: March 4, 1821; March 4, 1849; March 4, 1877; March 4, 1917; March 4, 1945; March 4,

Cholera of an unusually virulent type killed half the residents of Golwo India, within four days. The rest fled, but were refused admission to other vil-lages, and had to return to the infected place, most of them to die.

A DUNKARD LOVE FEAST.

Twenty-five Hundred People Rating Soup out of Eight Hundred Bewls.

At the Dunkard's "love feast" at Rehrersburg, says the Reading (Pa.) Eagle, the large concourse proceeded Eagle, the large concourse proceeded to the Swatara creek, about a mile from the church, where seven persons were ready to be baptized. The Rev. Pioutz prepared the whole party on the land, then proceeded with each one into the water very near up to their necks, the water being about four and a half feet deep at that place. Then, after invoking a blessing from above, he gave each of them three dips into the water, putting the whole person under the surputting the whole person under the sur-

The party consisted of five men and two women, all married but one man. Over 1,500 persons were present when the baptizing was done. In the evening it was estimated that at least 2,500 persons were present. A feast was given to all who desired to partake. Meat soup was the principal dish served. The brothers and sisters were seated three and three together, eating out of one bowl, each having a shining spoon. No hucksters were allowed on the prem-

Ministers from Ohio, Maryland and Pennsylvania were present. As a gen-eral thing the Dunkards are all well off in worldly goods, and generally inter-marry with each other, and the denom-ination is very strong. Each brother is privileged to get up and make some remark. They all talk Pennsylvania German plain, but very slow. At least a dozen brothers addressed the large audience in one forenoon.

Each one asked a blessing upon the former brother's address before he spoke. They wear the plainest kind of clothing. Many young ladies, still in their teens, were noticed wearing the neat but plain white mull cap, covering the whole head, even the ears. The the whole head, even the ears. The women, young and old, dress alike—no curl or fancy headdress to be seen. The dresses of the women are made mostly of calico, in the plainest possible man-

They generally wear a small cape of They generally wear a small cape of the material the dress is made of, with a pure white handkerchief tied around the neck. The men wear homespun clothing of the plainest goods, with no buttons—they use hooks and eyes. The men all wear long hair, parted in the middle and combed back of the ears. The basement of the church is fitted up for the congregation to take their for the congregation to take their meals in.

Three large tables, ninety feet long, were filled again and again. The second story is fitted up as a sleeping apartment, where a great many slept during the night. After the services were over The all the brothers and sisters bade each other an affectionate farewell, the brothers loving and kissing each other and

the sisters doing likewise.

A meeting of the same denomination commenced near Bernville, where a great many of the same participated.

One of the ministers warned the congreout.
Gen. Custer, Capt. Tom Custer, and
Boston Custer, brothers of the general,
First Lieutenant Calhoun, brother-in-law
was nothing but worldly, and their duty

> Thoughts for Saturday Night. Crabbed age and youth cannot live to-

Time's chariot wheels make their road

the fairest face. We see time's furrows on another's prow; how few, themselves in that just

mirror, see! Childhood itself is scarcely more ovely than a cheerful, kindly, sunshiny

Old age was naturally more honored in times when people could not know much more than what they had seen.

To guard the mind against the tempation of thinking there are no good people, say to them: "Be such as you would like to see others, and you will find those who resemble you."

Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow—the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross bow, which has equal force though drawn by a child.

Spero Speroni explains admirably how an author who writes very clearly for himself is often obscure to his readers. "It is," he says, "because the author proceeds from the thought to the expression, and the reader from the expression to the thought.

Objects close to the eye shut out much larger objects on the horizon, and splendors born only of the earth eclipse the stars. So a man sometimes covers up the entire disk of eternity with a dollar, and quenches transcendent glo-ries with a little shining dust.

Men fear death as children fear the dark; as that natural fear is increased in children by frightful tales so is the other. Groans, convulsions, weeping friends and the like show death is terrible; yet there is no passion so weak but conquers the fear of it, and therefore death is not such a terrible enemy. Revenge triumphs over death, love sighs at it, honor aspires to it, dread of shame prefers it, grief flies to it and fear an-ticipates it.

' Joe," said Tom, "I heard a certain fellow say to his girl, 'Shall I have your utensins engroved on that ring?' What do you think of that?" "I think," answered Joe, "he must be the same fellow who saked his girl to let him ride in her phantom."

Items of Interest.

The present number of churches in London is 802, an increase of sixteen the past year. The clergy have increased from 1,375 to 1,445.

Several Baltimore physicians say that many diseases are caused by soap, the grease for which is obtained from un-healthy animals.

To feed sparingly and irregularly is to lose all you give to fowls; but to study into their wants and anticipate them is to render them very profitable.

"Marie! what's that strange noise at the front gate?" "Cats, sir." "Oats! Well, when I was young cats didn't wear stovepipe hats and smoke cigars." "Times are changed, sir."

Customer-" How much for the lilies of the valley?" Florist—"Five shillings a bunch." Customer—"Too much." Florist (blandly)—"Well, madam, if you will have the lilies of the valley, you must pay the vally of the lilies."

The census for 1875 shows that Boston has 341,919 inhabitants, of whom 179,675 are women, 162,268 men, while the foreign born are in excess of the natives 2,841. There are 4,969 colored persons, 45 Chinese, 5 Japanese and 57 Indians.

A man with a full set of burglar's tools was found in Independence Hall, trying to pry open the safe in which the Declaration of Independence is kept. The magistrate before whom he was brought allowed him to be discharged on a plea of insanity.

on a plea of insanity.

A young man of Wayne county, Iowa, who had been deaf and dumb for twenty years, while driving leisurely one day lately was suddenly thrown from a wagon to the ground, striking his head, and on arising found that he had recovered his speech and hearing.

A Chicagoan has obtained a verdict against a railroad company whose bag-agageman smashed his trunk. He proved that the trunk was not only dropped from the wagon to the ground, but that the baggageman lifted it as high as he could, so that it would fall heavier.

A lunatic was found dead in an English asylum with his ribs crushed into his lungs. A coroner's jury did not believe the explanation given by the keepers, which was that he had inflicted the injury by throwing himself against a wall, and a rigid investigation is in progress. progress.

An ingenious, if not learned, philologist has been studying up the origin of "cobos," the word used by farmers in calling their cattle. He says that the Greek word bosoo, meaning "to drive to pasture," repeated rapidly becomes "kobos," whence "co bos." There's nothing like learning like learning.

Not long ago a paragraph from Paris told of a man whose nose had begun to grow alarmingly. We now find, in a French medical journal, an account of an operation performed upon that nose. The excresence, weighing 280 grammes, was cut off, leaving a badly scarred but more symmetrical organ.

South California has three temperance colonies. Two of them are in Los Angeles county, and the third in Santa Barbara county. The colonists are thrifty, quiet and enterprising, and the colonies themselves are in a most flourishing condition, the absence of intoxicating liquor attracting a moral and intelligent class of people.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Failures in the United States for the First Six Mosths of 1876.

The failures in the United States for the first six months of 1876, as reported by the mercantile agency of R. G. Dun & Co., are as follows, the number of failures and the amount of liabilities be-

rug graen pa preres:		
States and Territories,	No. of	Amount of
Alabama	88	8480,92
Arkansas		190.64
California		1,778,10
Colorado		209,34
Connecticut		2,272,60
Dakota		67,00
Delaware		188,00
District of Columbia		54,77
Florida		66,00
Georgia		2,747,50
Idaho		3,80
Illinois		8,896,00
City of Chicago		5,975,90
Indiana		5,975,90 2,181,42
Iowa	148	1,576,48
Kansas	29	27K.00
Kentucky		4.228.70
Louisiana		1,136,79
Maine	78	932,50
Maryland	76	1,148,80
Massachusetts	244	7,436,17
City of Boston	164	W 404 00
Michigan	252	4.457.84
Minnesota	65	364,08
Mississippi	57	964,06 493,78
Missouri	53	794,30
City of St. Louis	41	1,087,23
Montana	2	65,00
Nebrasks	9	57,30
Nevada	8	62,70
New Hampshire		301,50
New Jersey	79	905,17
New York	450	9,292,38
City of New York	442	18,766,66
North Carolina	94	718,26
Ohio	204	1,809,00
City of Cincinnati		1,809,00
Oregon	14	204,73
Pennsylvania	236	2,691,60
City of Philadelphia	73	2,691,80
Rhode Island	89	5,007,75
South Carolins	70	1,258,00
Tennessee		
Texas		1,018,13
Utah		6,00
Vermont	29	699,01
Virginia and West Virginia	119	2,781,89
Washington Territory		163,66
Wisconsin	127	1,820,10
Wyoming	1	37,00
Total		

The failures for the same period 1875 were 3,563, with liabilities amount

ing to \$76,000,000.

Mesers. Dun & Co. think the worse passed, that reckless speculation is or and that better times may soon be