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## VOL. III.--NO. 3.

# BEAUFORT, S. C., DECEMBER 6, 1876.

#### Cradle Song.

Sleep, my baby, beside the fire, Sleep, child, sleep ; Winds are wailing, nigher and nigher, Waves are rising higher and higher, Sleep, child, sleep ; While the father, out on the sea,

Toils all night for thee and me. Sleep, my baby, contest and blest,

Sleep, child sleep ; Whether tuo heart in thy mother's breast Be light or heavy-so best ! so best ! Sleep, child, sleep ! While thy father, out on the sea, Toils all night for thee and me.

#### DUKE RUTHERFORD.

It was a fair sunny day in August. They were out on the cliffs, fathoms above the sea, at play. She a dark eyed, wondrously beautiful girl of thir-teen; he a tall, stalwart boy, a year her senior. There was a wide difference in their stations in life. You had only to note the richness of her silk attire, the threadbare scantiness of his, to feel as-sured of that. No rich man's son would have been dressed quite so shabbily as Duke Rutherford; and yet, in spite of the wornout clothes, the boy, in beauty of form and feature, might have been a fit son for a nobleman. fit son for a nobleman. The children were gathering mosses

from the rocks and chatting gayly to-gether, forgetful of rank or station. They had met often thus for the last six years.

years. Duke's father was the agent of the estate of Lucy Delamere's highbred mother. Their cottage was but a little distance from the Hall, and the children, distance from the Hall, and the children, in search of amusement, wandered out often to the cliffs and whiledaway sunny afternoons in juvenile sports. Duke gathered for his fair playfellow the brightest tinted shells, and, in return, she brought him musty old books of romance and chivalry from the great li-brary at the Hall, which he read and re-read, until his soul was filled with dreams and aspirations, vague and sweet, and unreal as the visions of an opium enter. opium eater.

The Rutherfords had not always been dependents. Generations back there were noblemen in the family, but politi-cal differences that taken title and wealth from the name. Early in life, Hugh Rutherford, Duke's father, had become agent to Mr. Delamere; a post he had retained when Mr. Delamere died, leaving a widow and one only child, a girl, as sole heirees to his vast wealth and estates. Hugh Rutherford had married a young wife, beautiful and The Rutherfords had not always been

wealth and estates. Hugh Rutherford had married a young wife, beautiful and refined; but after a few years their sin-gularly happy life was broken. Mrs. Rutherford died, and her husband had only his six months' old boy to toil for. No restraint was put upon the inter-courso between Duke Rutherford and Lucy Delamere by the prond lady moth-er of the young beiress. If she thought of the mat er at all, she trusted to the inborn pride of her daughter, and to the cold contempt she had tried so faith-fully to imbuse her with—contempt of all that was low born or ill-bred. Mrs. Delamere would never have thought of all that was low born or hil-bred. Mrs. Delamere would never have thought of looking for a princely heart beneath the rough jacket of one she considered too far beneath her to merit even the tribute

hand. "You will throw it away to-morrow when it is withered," she langhed. "No; I shall never throw it away."

The day was setting in steel blue clouds; great banks of them obscured vast masses of drenching fog swept up the rocky coast and s tiled heavily down on the land.

That night Mr. Rutherford called Duke into his bedchamber, where he kept his private desk and his meager store of books. He took from an ebony

store of books. He took from an ebony casket a ring set with large diamonds. "There, my son," he said, "this is the only thing I have on earth to show that noble blood flows in our veins. That ring belonged to my great-grand-father, the Duke of Someton. It cost £1,000. It will bring readily more than half that sum. I give it to you. Will you keep it to show the world that your an-cestors were nobles—or" — He paused and looked into the face of the boy. "Or what, father i" Duke's face was eager, hopeful; already he had half divined his father's meaning. "You love books, Duke. I had thought you might desire an education. The proceeds of that ring will defray

The proceeds of that ring will defray your expenses at school-maybe help

your expenses at school-maybe help you through college. But you can keep it if you choose. Which shall it be?" "Father ! knowledge before anything else in the world ! What care I if my body starve, so that my mind be fed !" So it was decided. A fortnight after-ward Duke had left Romney and en-tered the renowned school at C. Six years passed. Duke had been six years at college and was at home on a brief vacation.

brief vacation.

Miss Delamere had completed her education and come "out" a wonder-fully beautiful and accomplished yourg lady, followed by a train of obsequious admirers.

On still July night she stole away from the revelry at the Hall and went, as of old, to the cliffs ; to the very srot where Duke Rutherford had saved her life. Chance had taken him that night to the same spot. He was sitting silent in the moonlight, looking out at the sea, thinking of that bygone day when she had given him the heliotrope for a keepsake. All these six years the heliotrope had been kept by him as his greatest treasure. Her image had been ever present to him, spurring him on to exertions in his duties, making every frish victory, every upward step, a triumph for her sake. And yet he never asked himself why this was or what it would end in. It was so and he could not help it. But he felt that to aspire eventually to the hand of Lucy Delaere Duke Rutherford had saved her eventually to the hand of Lucy Dela-mere, the richest heiress in the county. the daughter of one of the proudest women in England, was as hopeless an aim as an attempt to grasp an ignis-

fatuus. He heard her step—perhaps the thrill at his heart told him who was coming. He rose and turned toward her, waiting her pleasure. She might recognize him or not, ju t as she chose.

She passed with a haughty glance. He did not flinch but stood with folded arms, his tall, manly figure outlined against the purple sky, his face lit up by the young moon. A faint flush rose to her white forchesd.

rit Duke Rutherford? "Miss Delamere ? Will you not wel-

your hair," he said. "I want nothing else." She pulled it out and laid it in his elder lady and a sea voyage was recommended by her physicians as her only chance of recovery. They had advised Australia, but to this she would not listen; so long a voyage seemed to her like bidding farewell to earth. She resolved to try the efficacy of a trip to New York.

The news reached Mr. Rutherford, among others, and startled him. Could he make use of this opportunity? For some time past a certain matter of busiand the past a certain matter of other ness had domanded his presence in America, but he had been unwilling to devote the time to the journey. It was now the commencement of the long vacation, and so far circumstances were in his favor. As he thought of the long and close proximity to Lucy Delamere this voyage would give him, and of what it might bring about, his heart leaped with hope and his face flushed as the with hope and his face flushed as the blood coursed more rapidly through his veins; for the Duke Rutherford of by-gone days and the Duke Rutherford of the present, to whom the highest honors of his profession were possible of attain-ment, were two wholly different men. So it came to pass that one day he found himself on board a steamer bound for New York, and Mrs. and Miss Dela-mere were among the passengers. The second day of the voyage they were all on deck at sunset, promeuad-ing, laughing, chatting, enjoying the fresh breezes. More than ever, as Mr. Rutherford gazed from a distance at Lucy Delamere, he confessed that her

Kutherford gazed from a distance at Lucy Delamere, he confessed that her youth had not nade false prophecies of the glory of her womanhood. Her wealth of dark hair rippled away from her broad white forehead; her eyes were deep and fathomless as some wood-herd broad in the minister which the empty. land spring into which the sunshine never looks; her lips red, ripe, perfect; her whole air and bearing were full of haughty grace. She was leaning on the arm of a tall,

proud looking man; but, though she smiled at his soft nothings, she was gazing out, over and beyond him and his range of thought, to the sea stretching so darkly blue and boundless to meet

the twilight glory. Duke Rutherford stopped before her just as she disengaged herself from her companion. "It is the same old ocean which we

used to look at from the cliffs, Miss De-lamere," he said, quietly. She was leaning over the side of the

vessel, looking down at the water. She lifted her eyes, shuddered slightly, and drew up her shawl. Duke assisted

"It is like going back to my lost boyhood to see you," he continued. "I

She stopped him with a haughty ges ford."

They bowed coldly. They would never be any better acquainted. There was nothing in their natures which would assimilate.

After this Miss Delamere and Mr. Rutherford never met alone. Whether she was afraid of her own strength if brought too much into contact with his winning presence; a fraid that her pride would have to give way to the dictates of her heart, cannot be known. Certain it is that she allowed him no opportunity Is all at an end between you and that

Duke found her thus, and seating himself beside her, drew her head down on his shoulder. "Lucy," he said, "I love you. I defy

our contempt. I dare repeat it to you. For a moment it seemed to him that she clung to him, then cast him away, and rose to her feet. And when she spoke her voice was cold and unmoved. "On New Year's eve I am tobe married to Sir George Trevor." Duke started up—seemed about to make some impetuous speech, checked himself, and left her. And she threw herself down where he had stood, moaning out: "Oh, pride! pride! It will be my death!" For a moment it seemed to him that

It was the last day of the old year. Duke Rutherford, a stern and gloomy man, was about to bid adieu to his na-tive land for a long season. He did not wish to breathe the air of the season of the s

the same country with Lucy, and she the wife of another. People are differ-ent, you know. Some keep their disappointments ever at heart, others put them eternally out of reach, in the pa-t, Duke wished to free himself from memory. He had destroyed everything but the heliotrope, and even that should be sacrificed, he said, when the ocean rolled between it and the soil that had

nourished it. It was a dark, moonless night, with prophecies of snow in the air. He shut the door of the cottage where his fa'her had eied, and went out for a walk. He avoided the path to the cliffs; he had closed his heart to all dreams of tender-

Almost unconsciously he turned his steps toward Delamere Hall. It rose up steps toward Delamere Hall. It rose up a gloomy, massive pile, lighted only by the red firelight at a single window. To-morrow night it would blaze with the lamps lit to shine upon her bridal. He paused to turn back, but some-thing led him on-through the deserted for the lamps in the lambd deserted

thing led him on—through the deserted gardens, up to the broad door, which stood ajar. All was quiet. The guests had retired for the night. Only a few tardy servants were up—it would do no harm to glance within, He stepped to the door of the room where he had seen the light, and pushed it softly open. He saw no one. Still he went on, and sat down in a great lounging chair before the warm blaze. For a moment, he said to himself, he

For a moment, he said to himself, he would sit in the chair she had recently

For a moment, he said to himself, he would sit in the chair she had recently occupied; gaze into the dying embers she too had gazed into. Some one rose from a sofa at the other end of the room. (He started up, an apology on his lips, for his audacions intrusion. She—it was Lucy—clad, not in bridal robes, but in sable vestments, and destitute of ornament, came toward him, looked up into his eyes, and let her white hands rest upon his shoul-dera. "Duke," she said, at last, her eye-lids drooping, her cheeks crimson, "have I offended past forgiveness?" He did not answer; only looked at her. She went on persistently: "I will let the truth speak, Duke; I love you! I have loved you all along ! But pride came nigh to being my ruin ! Thank God ! at last I have dismissed Sir George Trevor, and true to myself, true to you, I cast aside all womanly modesty end shema and tell won that I love you "

#### Life in High Latitudes. The next place we stayed at, says a

traveler, was Tromso, Norway, where we anchored off the town three days,

we anchored off the town three days, and now the sun merely revolved round the sky, and at midnight was high above the horizon, and shining with a bril-liancy even greater than that seen un-der tropical skies. The effect of this phenomenon has been often and vari-ously described, more or less poetically, by many travelers; but all unite in one sentiment—that of its wondrous grand-eur and solemnity. For myself, I ex-perienced a feeling of mysterious awe and dread, as if the past had sunk into perienced a feeling of mysterious awe and dread, as if the past had sunk into oblivion, and we were all phantoms on the confines of the land of which it is said "There is no night there." One peculiarly in this region is that, al-though all nature is hushed and a palpa-ble silence reigns over all, there is some-thing in the atmosphere which renders

thing in the atmosphere which renders sleep almost needless. Midnight found us quite as lively and bright as early morning—ladies sketching or reading on deck under parasols; gentlemen lounging about fishing, igniting their cigara by aid of burning glasses from the sun's ray's; and one had to darken the cabin windows with thick curtains even to obtain the four or five hours' sleep we allowed ourselvas dur-ing the twenty-four. From Tromso we visited the Lapps, and saw a herd of reindeer. A six-mile walk up the Tromsodal brought us to some fenced inclosures, and further on, three or four

dome shaped huts, about seven feet high in the center, constructed of mud, stones, and timber, each having a door, also a circular shaped opening in the roof, serving for a chimney and window.

On entering the hut through a doorway about four and a half feet high, we saw a very grimy old Lapp woman sitting in the smoke of a wood fire. On the ground were what seemed through the by four cords from the roof of the hut hung a smaller bundle; examination, however, proved the latter to be a baby about a month old, and the others vari-ous members of the family coverse

about a month old, and the others vari-out members of the family, covered with reindeer skins. The baby was laced up with gay cords in a cradle, hav-ing the form of a large shoe. We were not loath to make our exit, and, asking for the reindeer, were told to look up-ward, where they were pointed out—"a magnificent tribe of four hundred," slowly descending from the bare look-ing mountains. In time, by the aid of sagacious dogs, they were driven into one of the inclosures, and some of the animals, being adroitly lassoed, were brought near for our inspection. These Lapps and their reindeer wander into the interior of the country during the winter, and return to their summer haunts every spring. It is faid that their approach is always announced be-forchand by the arrival of wolves, these

urely, enjoying life, while his wife and children are deprived of none of the luxaries of wealth or the enjoyment of society. He's smart, an enterprising business man, and it's a pity he's robbed his creditors. Don't say anything to hurt his tender feelings, nor expect him to soil his delicate fingers by toil. He compounded with creditors at twentyfive or thirty per cent., and now lives in luxurious ease, an honored, respected citizen and a prominent man. Go for him ! He's poor—he is trying to pay cont for cent with interest, and his hands are hardened by toil—his wife and children feel the pinchings of pov-erty and the tightness of the times-he lives in a small house and fares scantily, but it is as good as he deserves-he has no business to be poor nor honest. He's a fool for not robbing a bank or stealing from those who would have trusted him in prosperous days. He ought to be poor! Go for him! Keep him down— pile upour nim such a weight of obloquy and pecuniary embarrassment that he will never be able to rise.

# \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

### THE COD FISHERY.

How the Fish are Caught and Cur

How the Fish are Caught and Car A correspondent of the Montreal Gazette, writing from St. Johns, N. F., says: After a few expiring wriggles the cod is flung from the fisherman's boat upon the rough "stage," where it is re-ceived by the "cut throat," who with a sharp knife lays open the fish across the throat and down the belly, and passes it to the "header." This operator pro-ceeds to extract the liver, which is dropped into a vessel by his side, to be converted into cod liver oil. He then extracts the entrails and wrenches off dropped into a vessel by his side, to be converted into cod liver oil. He then extracts the entrails and wrenches off the head, and throws these into another receptacle, to be preserved for the farm-er, to mix with bog and earth, thus forming a most fertilising compost for his fields. The tongues, however, are taken out, and also the "sounds," and these, fresh or pickled, are an excellent article of food. The fish is then passed to the "splitter," who by a dextarous movement cuts out the block bone nearly to the tail, and thus lays the fish entirely open, and capable of being laid flat on its back. This is the most part of the operation, and the "splitter." always commands higher wages than the other operators. The "salter" next takes the fish and washes it well from all par-ticles of blood, salts if, and places it in piles to drain. After lying the proper length of time it is washed, and spread to dry on the "fake," which is formed of spruce boughs, supported by a frame-work, resting on upright poles. Here the cod are spread out individually to bleach by erposure to sun and air, and during this process require constant at. work, resting on upright poles. Here the cod are spread out individually to bleach by exposure to sun and air, and during this process require constant at-tention. At night, or on the approach of rain, they are made up into little round heaps, with the skin outward, in which state they look very much like small haycocks. When the "bloom," or whitish appearance, which for a time they assume, comes out on the dried fish, the process is finished, and they are then quite ready for storing. On being conveyed to the premises of the exporting merchant, they are first "culled," or assorted into four differ-ent kinds, known as "Merchantable," "Madeira," "West India," and "Dun," or broken fish. The first is the best quality; the second a grade lower; the third is intended for the stomach of West Indians, and the fourth, which is inc-qable of keeping, is used at home. The cod sent to hot countries is packed by screw power into small cashs called "drums;" that which goes to the Med-iteranean is usually exported in bulk. Wo ship large quantities of dried cod-fish to Brazil, and there is hardly an in-habited corner of that wast empire in which the Newfoundland cod is not to be found, being carried on the backs of moles from the sea coast into the most height and their reindeer wander into the interior of the country during the winter, and return to their summer haunts every spring. It is said that their approach is always announced be-forchand by the arrival of wolves, these forchand by the arrival of wolves, these atter animals making a point of being coutinually in attendance on the herds of reindeer—I am afraid with sinister motives. Go for Him. He's a poor, hardworking man trying to pay his honest debts and support his family by honest toil: but "go for him," because he cannot pay you a few dollars he owes. He is poor and entitled to no consideration. Keep him down! Help him ! He's a rich man, who robbed a bank or made an assignment, lives in a fine mansion and walks leis-urely, enjoying life, while his wife and chidren are deprived of none of the

of a passing thought.

of a passing thought. The sea breezes gave a beautiful bloom to the check of Lucy, and the sports she shared with Duke rounded her limbs and gave grace and vigor to her step. Mrs. Dejamere read-her fa-worite novels, entertained her chosen company and reigned queen at the Hall, and Lucy enjoyed the wild free-dom of the cliffs. The voup girl was almost reaches in

The young girl was almost reckless in her daring at times. This afternoon she was in her most dangerous mood. A cluster of flowers, growing in a clott of the rock below the surface of the cliffs, attracted her attention. She sprung toward them. Duke waved her back. "It is perilons, Lucy," he said, hur-riedly. "Lock at the black rocks be-neath. A single misstep and "\_\_\_\_\_" "I am no coward," she laughed, de-fiantly. "If you are pale I am not; and I am going to carry these bright things home to mamma." Before he could prevent her she had cluster of flowers, growing in a cleft of

Before he could prevent her she had swung herself over the precipice, and, resting one foot on a narrow shelf of rock, her left hand clinging to a frail rock, her left hand clinging to a frail shrub that had taken root in the sparse earth at the top, with the other she grasped the coveted blossions. . Duke, white and rigid, stood above her looking down. She shook the flowers above her head. "See! I dare

do what a boy trembles at seeing done!

She stopped hastily in the gay, taunt-ing speech she was making. The treacherous rock under her feet orum' led and fell; there was only that little swaying shrub to hold her back from eternity.

Duke threw himself upon his face, reached over, caught her uplifted hands in hisand drew her up slowly, laboriously -for she was nearly his own weight, and he realized too well how much hung on the result to be hasty or reckless of his strength. He rose to his feet, lift-ing her up with him. For a moment, breathless and overcome by the thought of what she had escaped, she leaned

of what she had escaped, she leaned against him; then turning away she seated heraelf on a rock. "Ob, Duke," she cried, pale with the terror of her late danger, "you have saved my life! What will mamma say? What can I give you as a keepsake, to show how grateful I am?" and she be-gun to detach the heavy gold chain she wore at her girdle. wore at her girdle.

She gave him her hand After all, old memories held still their sway in her heart.

Some secret audacity moved him to say it. He bent over her and whispered: "I have the heliotrope yet, Lucy."

Her eyes blazed ; she snatched her hand from him as if the touch had stung

hand from him as if the touch had study her. "Remember to whom you are speaking!" she said, sharply. "I have other business than listening to the silly talk of a lovesick boy I Good night to you, Mr. Duke Rutherford."

Duke gazed after her as she hastened Way.

"The time may come," he muttered, "yes, it may happen that she will be glad to unsay those words! I can

Six years passed again. Duke Ruth-erford was making a name in the land. On his graduation he had studied law, been admitted to the bar in due time, and after two years was in successful practice, one of the most rising men in his profession.

Wealth came to him slowly, but fame was not chary. He had turned his at-tention and his leisure moments to literature, and already ranked high as a post. His father was dead. There was no tie, save memory, to bind him to the old place at Romney. So he traveled, when he could do so with benefit.

He frequently met Lucy Delamere in the gay world. Their old familiar foot-ing of early days had given place to a and of early days had given place to a colder and more distant acquaintance-ship. He could not forget the hint he had whispered to her respecting the heliotrope that hot July night. Her pride had taken alarm, yet to him she was and ever would be the one woman the world contained. His heart never the world contained. His heart never for one moment swerved from its passionate allegiance. And she? What meant that frequent absence of mind, that dreamy look in the beautiful eyes,

that constant look of sadness on the exquisite face? What meant that sud-den flush, that lighting up of the features at the first moment that his name was announced on entering a room ? Were love and pride having a battle ? It would seem so, for en his approaching her the light and the flush would die The boy's face flushed proudly as he away and a cold, proud word would be

of pleading his suit.

The voyage was drawing to a close. They were nearing the end. A great storm arose ; the vessel was driven far out of her track, and drifted down to the Cape. One dark, direful night, in spite of skill and frenzied effort, the ship struck the rocks of a lee shore, and parted!

A little moment, to realize the dread horror of their situation, only was left for those on board. Miss Delamero, pale, but calm, was holding the arm of Sir George Trevor ; her friends, shriek-ing and to rrified, stood near. She was not looking at the threatening destruc-tion before her, but over her shoulder, with a hungry, wistful something in her eyes, as if she forgot what she saw not. The expression died out as Duke Rutherford appeared ; for an instant their eyes met. In that moment he knew he was beloved with a wild fervor even equal to

his own. Then there was a dead plunge, a wild shriek of agony, and the water swarmed with struggling human beings ! The world had grown dark to Lucy, but she felt herself borne up by some power beyond her own strength, upward and on-ward through the billows, till her feet touched the firm shore of the Cape. Then, into the light and warmth of a fisher's cottage, and when they had laid her down on the rude settle she opened her eyes, and saw-Dake Rutherford.

"You saved me?" "I had that honor."

- "And my mother ?"
- "She is saved also."

"She is saved also." The door opened, and Sir George ap-peared. Whatever Lucy might have said by way of thanks, was checked by his entrance, and directly afterward Duke went out. A few days later a vessel from the Cape conveyed, among other passengers, Mrs. and Miss Dela-mere and Sir George Trevor back to England. Mr. Rutherford proceeded to New York and accomplished his mis-sion. non

It was months before he and Miss De lamere met again, and then it was on the old place on the cliffs at Romney. Mrs. Delamere was dead; the shock of the shipwreck had proved too much for her, and she returned to England only to die. Lucy had been to visit her grave, and on her return sat for a mo-The boy's face flushed proudly as he put it from him. "Give me the bunch of heliotrope in Suddenly it was announced that Mrs. "Give me the bunch of heliotrope in Suddenly it was announced that Mrs. "Give me the bunch of heliotrope in Suddenly it was announced that Mrs. "Subject to look on the wintry sea. Her eyes were still wet; she had been weeping.

man?"

"All-all," she whispered, softly,

"Forever." Dake Ratherford pressed her more closely to him, and left his first warm closely to him, She had found her closely ber lips. She had found her kies upor her lips. She had found her haven at last. Love, as it ever should, had conquered pride. He gathered her into his arms. "And

"Yours, if you will take me." And Duke Rutherford forgot his ani-mosity to England, and did not go abroad.

The Food We Eat.

The Pall Mall Gazette has the follow-ing: Lovers of half raw beefsteak are perhaps aware that they have excellent chances of swallowing the *taenie inermis* in their favorite food, the taenia being a in their favorite food, the tauna being a parasite of the ox, which knows how to make itself perfectly at home in the hu-man stomach. Nor, in spite of its dis-tinguishing epithet, is it by any means a pleasant guest. But Dr. Normand, of the French naval medical service, has made the discovery, as he thinks, of a still more insidious enemy of man, to which he has given the pleasant name of

anguillula stercoralis. It is about one-quarter of a millimeter in length, and but for its extreme leanness would be visible to the naked eye. It is absorbed into the system either in animal or vege-table food, and is believed to be the cause of the terrible disease known as the Cochin China diarrhea, which has committed fearful ravages among the French troops stationed in the east, for so long as the worm remains in the body the malady continues, and frequently ends in death. The best remedy hither-to discovered is milk, but it is far from being so efficacious as could be desired.

FARM LABORERS.-A north of England paper has made a careful compari-son of the condition of men and women regularly employed on farms in Cumber-land in 1768 and now. In brief it ap-pears that the wages of men and women permanently employed on a farm are no less than six times greater, and that on an average the cost of the essential articles of food is a little over three times higher. The wages in the north of England are usually at least one-third

higher than in the south.

#### A Wonderful Horse.

Startle, one of Robert Bonner's horses, recently tratted a quarter of a mile in thirty-two and one-half seconds. A noted horseman who witnessed the feat says: When all the facts are considered, the performance was certainly the most wonderful ever made. Startle accomplished the feat so easily, and finished so well within himself, that I was convinced that, great as was the per-formance, he was capable of readily accomplishing a still greater. Startle, in his physical conformation, is a marvel of power, and the fact that a horse of his size could draw a wagon a 2:10 gait under such unfavorable circumstances, and without any special preparation, stamps him as the most wonderful horse of the age.

An Omaha girl recently married a man An Omaha girl recently married a man whose features were nearly obscured by a heavy growth of whiskers. "Now," said she, at the conclusion of the mar-riage ceremony, "my first anxiety is to get that hair off of your face, so that I can see who you look like. I've mar-ried a pig in a poke, so far as your fea-tures are concerned." The barber had a call that day. a call that day.

is an almost indispensable article of food. The more extensively Brazil, Spain, and Italy are opened up by rail-ways and other means of transit, the greater becomes the demand for cod, as the cost is lessened. Roman Catholic ocuntries are our best outcomers, and Newfoundlanders have no reason to with for the abolition of Lent or a reduction in the number of fast days ap-pointed by the Roman Catholic Church. The advancing price of fresh meats of all kinds in various countries is also raj idly increasing the demand for cod, and has considerably enhanced its value. Twelve or fourteen years ago the average price of fish was from twelve to fifteen shillings per quintal. It is now exactly double that price.

A Curious War Scene.

A correspondent of the London Standard, writing from the Tarkish army, says: The officers on their way Standard, writing from the Turkish army, says: The officers on their way to Nish at the first cancon shot returned to their regiments, but I was detained by a sight which, even in the midst of this sanguinary fight, deserves to be re-corded. Among the drivers who bring provisions to the camp in carte drawn by oxen, to return the next day with the wounded to Nish, was a young Bulga-rian girl, about fourteen years old, driv-ing a pair of buffalces. Along the road traversed by the girl thousands of Bashi-Bazouks daily pass, and it leads through the midst of at least 30,000 sol-diers. The girl appeared in the camp instead of her father, who, she told me, was ill, but did not wish to lose his share of the rich harvest which the war brings, and although many of the sol-diers cast stolen glances at the unwont-ed apparition and perhaps reckoned up the time since they had last seen a woman, the girl passed uninjured, and without the alightest fear, through the midst of their ranks. midst of their ranks.

Hal Nicart, a noted manager of minor theaters at Paris a generation since, is dead. He opened a theater but to fail and be imprisoned for debt, and was al-most as speedily discharged to open an-other theater. One day Dumas went to jult to see him. "He has just been set at liberty," said the keeper. "Very well," said Dumas, taking a chair, "I will wait for him."