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My Baby Sleeps.

The baby sleeps why will ye morn and sigh, Ye parens? let her rest ; The pate loved face that 'mid the flowers lie Speaks to your aching breast : "My lot is light; oh wherefore weep? I lay me lown in peace and s'eep "-The baby sleeps

The bab sleeps-how blest she slumbers on. Unconscous of alarm ! That got'ess heart, unsoil'd, unstain'd, has

No earthy ill could harm; A mindo pure, a sin ess breast-The baby seer

The baby s'eeps. The bal sleeps—earth's joys or cares no more Will bak that sweet repose; Yet kee we not what might have been in store For he of bitter wees.

She feet not winter's chilling sleet, Nor summer's fierce and su'try heat-The baby s ceps.

The bahr s'eeps-'tis but a calm, short night That peaceful time will last; And oh! how bright the morn that greets her

When the brief rest is past ! He Who, unbounded in His will, Soothed Jairus, lives and comforts still-The baby sleeps.

The baby sleeps—the last sad kiss now pros-Upon the lips so still ; The Father help thee in thy sore distres, For, mother, 'tis His will. And as you hear the solemn knell Sing ye the hymns she loved so wel'-

The baby seeps-now, Father, take her home ine for eternity.

The baby sle ps.

ch o'er her tenderly. , oh, ye winds, breath soft and still eath this treasured flower decked hill-The Jaby sleeps.

The Phantom Light.

A THRILLING GHOST STORY.

It was about eleven o'clock at night. Nellie and I were sitting by the bow window in our drawing-room, which she had thrown wide open. The day had been most oppressively hot, but now a faint breeze was coming in from the sea, m st refreshingly welcome after the sultry, stifling heat of the day.

It was quite dark—that soft, velvety la mess that belongs only to a perfectly

Just is a below our window lay the yard or two of garden, then the long. straight line of the promenade, with its asphalt walk and drive dimly defined by a shadowy row of white posts connected by ornamental chains. Beyond the embunkment lay the wide, desolate waste of sands, stretching away for miles on either land.

The fide was far out, so far out that only a sort of pale gray gleam on the horizon showed where the sea was just beginning to creep over the shoals and sandbaks off the Southport coast. Seven miles away to the right, across the estuar the Ribble, the steady light from the Lytham lighthouse kept vigilant wich and ward over the dangerous Horse Bank, that treacherous, dangerous shoal a which many a good ship had Sone b its doom of shipwreck and

Nelle was leaning out of the window, her ellow on the sill, her eyes fixed on the maty, soft darkness outside. It was as dak inside as outside; we had no thought of lighting the gas that long summer evening.

"How still it is !" she said, dreamily. "What a spell of solemn silence the night lays on everything !"

As it to contradict her words, a faint soundlike a far off voice seemed to rise from the sands below, and swept by with a prolonged, mournful cry.

"What is that?" she asked, startled. "Some one calling down on the sands I said. "The intense stillness

nected with those great deserts of sand that wretch over toward Lytham. Old

by a phantom voice.

cally "What does it say?" "Don't scoff, Jean," said Nellie, a little vexedly. "It is a most pathetic, dreadul legend. Years ago, before Nellie, cowering in my arms. there was a town here at all, people used denly a bright light appeared, hovered ever. fer a moment over a spot a yard or two away, and then vanished. At the same moment a piteous, unearthly cry echoed all around. The horse became wild with rider to the ground. When he recovered himself, he found, lying on the ground at his feet, the body of a beautiful young

had flowed all over her white dress.

the girl's body laid in an upper room. "That night an awful storm arose. A He was taken to the same house where Down below in the road, a yard or two some loss of life most infallibly have

fessed that the beautiful young girl was his wife, whom in a moment of rage and jealousy he had stabbed to the heart and cast into the sea. And the sea had given practice on; but a fellow has no chance up her dead, and the waves had cast him on shore, and the murderer and his victim were face to face. And now they say the voice of the murdered girl haunts the | spin along in peace new." place where she was found. It seems to rise from the sands and goes echoing and wits of all the old maids on the promewailing along, calling, calling, as if in nade," returned the other. "You look mortal agony. The old boatman says most horribly like some goblin from the people have followed it, believing some lower regions, with your dark lantern one was in peril, and have been lured on | flashing in front, those noiseless wheels and on, till the tide has overtaken them, and your long legs and arms spread out and they were drowned."

"What a horrible tale !" I said, with a shudder. "I wish you had not told it to me."

"And he says," went on Nellie, unheeding my remark, "that whoever hears the voice is in risk of great peril or danger, or some kind of sorrow or trouble is about to happen to him."

Nellie's voice had unconsciously taken tone of awe. The still, somber darkness, the midnight hour, and the weird melancholy legend had infected us both with an undefined sensation of oppression and fear, a presentiment of dread and

We kept our places by the window, looking out into the deep velvety darkness, with the far-away solitary light from the lighthquee gleaming like a red

Suddenly, while we sat, the sound of a voice rose up again from the lonely sands, a meaning, piteous voice wailing and imploring as if in unutterable distress. It seemed to mingle with the boom of the distant sea, now rising, now falling, a lonely desolate wail, thrilling through the darkness like a soul in mortal agony. It was dying away in the distance, in a low, faint sob, when Nellie suddenly sprung back into the room.

"Oh. Jean, look !" she cried, "Look, the phantom light !" I leaned out of the window and gazed out along the promenade. Flashing through the somber darkness like a great star was a brilliant beautiful light. It came rapidly toward us from the right, apparently floating in the air, and illuminating the space before it for several yards. It advanced very swiftly, with a steady, forward motion, floating along about a yard from the ground. As it came nearer we perceived, looming dimly behind it, a giant shadow, weird and grotesque, with outspread wings and misty, undefined form, while a sharp rustling, whirring sound accompanied its

As the phantom approached the 'desolate moaning rose again from the sands and swept along in low, shuddering cries, dying away sad and piteous as before. With the last faint sound, the light leaped up for one second into intense brilliancy and disappeared.

"Oh!" cried Nellie, fearfully "What is it, Jean?"

"I don't know." I replied, a feeling of unaccountable dread and horror taking hold of me. The very demon of fear seemed to possess my senses, an icy grass of terror laid hold of my heart.

The air outside seemed to have become suddenly clammy and cold, a chilly eerie wind crept in at the window. The very darkness seemed filled with shapes, hideous and impalpable, at which I dared not look, lest they should take form before my eyes.

"There it is again!" shuddered Nel-

And with unutterable dread we saw the brilliant star-like light again floating toward us, this time from the right hand. It came swiftly, with the impalpable fantastic shadow in the air above it, and when exactly opposite, vanished.

We sat paralyzed with terror, not daring to move, a horrible benumbing terror seizing our hearts.

This phenomenon happened several from the right and left, and always van-"I heard such a wild legend this ishing when exactly opposite to us, and morning," she went on, presently, "con- always accompanied by the moaning

Again the low wailing sounds from the Joe, he boatman, says they are haunted sands, profoundly melancholy, inexpressibly mournful, like nothing akin to huagony of the tones was like a voice from the grave.

"Jean, Jean, here it is again!" cried

to cross the sands between here and light appeared. This time it came on ing down on them, and made wildly for Lytham on horseback. One stormy even- more slowly, glancing to and fro un- the doors. The theater was well enough ing traveler had crossed as usual, and steadily, while the shadowy form behind constructed, and had many outlets, but had almost reached the shore, when sud- seemed more grotesque and misty than in an instant some of the passages were

> to foretell some loss, some trouble! sobbed Nellie, in tears.

terrer, and broke loose, throwing his reassuringly. "It cannot be. Sorrow may come to us if God wills it, but not through "-

"I say, old fellow," shouted a voice girl. She was quite dead, with a ghastly down below in the darkness. "You'll would in her side, from which the blood frighten somebody into fits with that "The traveler staggered away to the confounded bicycle look like some hor-

the traveler had fready found shelter, to the right, the phantom light stood occurred. and, by some mistake, was put into the stationary at last. In the glare before it room where the neurdered girl was lying. a young fellow was standing, while be- It is mean to snicker in your At the sight of her he gave an appalling hind loomed the fantastic, mysterious when a woman slips down he reve was questioned, and con- ment.

"Isn't it a stunning dodge?" said the shadow, in most unghostly slang. "You see, Jack, this asphalt's first-rate to in the daytime for those confounded carriages; so I rigged out this dark lantern

and fastened it to my bicycle, and I can

"Take care you don't spin away the like great wings behind."

The other laughed. "The old maids are all fast asleep long ago, bless their old eyes!" he returned, irreverently. "But I say, Jack, the match for the four oars will have to be put off to-morrow; we are going to have an awful storm. Listen! How the wind sighs and moans among the girders of the pier! It sounds for all the world like some one calling out in distress, and it's a sure sign of rough weather. What a rage Gregory will be in if "-

The two old maids had heard quite enough. Nellie and I looked at each other rather sheepishly, it must be confessed, and then burst into a hearty

The Oil Yield.

market. That is at least 10,000 per diem person to whom a letter is addressed has less than the yield of eighteen months or alone the right to receive it." two years ago, and producers expect a The poste-restante often serves as a still further decline duing the winter to trap to catch the smaller class of male-22,000 or 23,000 barrels per diem. The factors, such as runkway wives or deproduction of to-day is actually not faulting bank clerks. Such gentry usu- to get the accurate weight or measureequal to the consumption, and the deficit ally come to Paris as a secure hiding ment, but making all due allowance for is felt more and more as the excessive place. Their names are communicated that wasted the yield was ten bushels, or old stocks are being worked off, so that to the police, and through them are at the rate of eighty bushels per acre, there seems no reason to doubt the placed upon a list, called the yellow forty more than the proposition called legitimacy of the advance in price of re- list, of the post-office. If one of these for. fined oils from the 10; @11c. of near two persons ventures to the post-restante to Now compare the above result with an years ago to the 261@271c. of the present. claim a letter, the name given is repeated average crop sown broadcast. I am as-There are no more of the great flowing by the clerk in a loud tone—a very sim- sured that the average number of heads wells pouring out hundreds of barrels ple and natural proceeding, and one that per stool in an average field of wheat, daily. The borings have been pushed awakens no suspicions. But its object is down'successfully through the first, sec- to give warning to a detective concealed grains each, which would be less than ond, third and fourth sandstones until in a back room, by whom the culprit is thirty-three bushels per acre, if all the they have gone to enormous depths; tor- immediately followed, and soon after he seed grew. What becomes of the seed? pedoes have from time to time broken up is in the hands of the law. the hidden reservoirs in the bowels of the earth and temporarily improved the yield; new wells have been sunk with varying, but generally very moderate success, powerful pumps have been invented and applied, still a diminution of the supply. At the rate of decrease in production which has been maintained of late years-with the exception of the temporary improvement effected a year and a half or two years ago, when the oil wells were generally stimulated to unwonted activity by the exploding of dynamite torpedoes in them-it will take the world only a short time to work a point when oil will be scarce. It is hardly to be expected that the wells will all absolutely dry up and yield nothing in that time-although they may do so. Vigorous pumping, lucky finds of new wells, and judicious doctoring of old ones, will doubtless afford some oil for almost all time, but it will be scarce, and consequently dear. Up to thirty cents per gallon, kerosene is the cheapest illuminator of equal effectiveness that the world knows. Up to sixty cents it will still be cheaper than candles at eighteen cents per pound. But beyond that figure it must bear a fancy price.

Necessity of Coolness in Danger.

Panie is, of course, one of the things against which it is most easy to preach but which it is most difficult to preach down. Still, if it could be got into the carries the sound a great distance at times, the light alternately appearing theater, the principal danger to the au- is from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 in subtheir own control, it is probable that, 000,000 at the mints." even under the influence of sudden excitement and fear, many who now would show a bad example might then show a good one. Not very long ago a sudden alarm took place in one of the best of the "Bow thrilling!" I remarked, scepti- manity. No words were uttered, but the Paristheaters. It was not an alarm of fire, it was only a clattering and crashing among the branches, chains and lamps of the huge glass chandelier which hung from the roof. Those who were And once more the brilliant phantom under the chandelier thought it was comcompletely jammed and choked by ex-"Oh, Jean, if it is true! If it comes cited people. Luckily a single instant was enough to allow one of the performers on the stage to see and ex-"Hush, hush, dear!" I tried to say, plain the whole cause of the alarm, and to convince the fugitives that there was no danger. The whole stampede was set going by the sudden pattering of hailstones through an open window among the metal and glass of the chandelier. In that instance the alarm was lantern dodge of yours. You and your but momentary, and in many parts of the house was unobserved. Yet it was nearest house, got assistance, and had rible ghostly specter, flitting along in evident to all cool observers that had it 100,000 lots in a city that has no existthe dark. You gave me a precious start, lasted only a few seconds longer and ence. People in all parts of the United and Texas Land Company, which has the doors and dropped his plunder. The this letter is for me! ship was wrecked on the Horse Bank; Nellie and I jumped to our feet, and and doors would have been hopelessly and only one man, the captain, saved. gazed incredulously out of the window. choked by a panic stricken crowd, and

eyes, and tell her how serry you

The Parisian Poste-Restante.

Another very curious division of the Parisian post-office is that of the poste- Bulletin says: It has been my good forrestante. The passion for intrigue that tune during the past six months to witforms so prominent a feature in Parisian ness the growth and yield of wheat, social life finds there an ample field for planted and cultivated in a way new to its manifestations. Thither come wives most people, of which I propose to give that write to other men than their hus- you a statement. D. O. Bissell, who rebands, husbands that correspond with sides in Goose Lake valley, Modoc counother ladies than their wives, schoolboys ty, California, is a practical as well as a that hazarded a declaration of their feel- theoretical farmer. He holds that the ings to Theo or to Croizette, etc. One old mode of wheat raising-that is, of strict law of this department is, that no sowing from 100 to 150 pounds of grain letter shall be placed in the hands of any per acre-is wrong, contrary to the true one save the person to whom it is ad- principles of agriculture, an unnecessary dressed. Thus, if a jealous spouse comes waste of seed and exhaustive to the soil. to find out if there are any letters for In conversation with a party of friends his or her suspected wife or husband, the (farmers) he presented that proposition, only response obtained will be: "That stating further that he could raise forty is none of your business." A story is bushels of wheat to the acre from one told how, on one occasion, a gentleman pound of seed. The idea being scouted violently excited entered the office, as impossible he offered to wager \$20 dragging rather than leading with him a that he could do it. The wager was acyoung and very pretty woman, who was cepted, whereupon Mr. Bissell, on the pale as death and trembling from head eighth day of last April, proceeded to put to foot. Indicating his terrified com- his proposition to the proof by having panion by a sign, he said to a clerk in one eighth of an acre carefully measured attendance: "My wife, Madam V., in the presence of witnesses. It was wishes to know if there are any letters subdivided into spaces about nineteen by for her?" The impassive official took thirty-seven inches apart, and two ounces down the packet of letters marked V., of seed were planted, the seed having ran them over and answered: "There been carefully weighed, the grains are none, sir," evidently much to the counted, and the ground spaced so as to relief of the lady. An hour later she take but one seed in each place. It was returned alone, through still pale and then irrigated and cultivated like Indian agitated. The moment she made her corn. At this time, says an exchange, the en- appearance the clerk took from the packet tire yield of crude petroleum suitable for a letter bearing her name and presented latter part of September. The number the making of illuminating oil is about it to her. She commenced an eager of heads per stool was from sixty to 118 27,000 to 28,000 barrels per diem, of speech of thanks, which was cut short well developed heads. I send you a which two-thirds go to the foreign by the simple announcement: "The

The Rise in Silver.

Dr. Linderman, in the course of an interview, fully reported in the San Francisco Chronicle, attributed the rise of silver to the heavy purchases of coin which the United States government has been making in London and on the Pacific slope, and the enormous demand for silver in China. The future of the silver market would depend, he said, mainly upon the legislation of the United State and Germany. "There is now," he continued, "about \$1,000,000 worth of bullion at the mint waiting to be converted into trade dollars. The government will need hereafter about \$1,500,000 in silver monthly, and it is probable that no more purchases will be made abroad. From \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 is likely to suffice for the silver demands of China, If the market continues as good in China as for the last four months there is no doubt that much Mexican bullion will come to San Francisco and be shipped hence to Chinese ports. India is likely to consume \$35,000,000 yearly, or about half the annual silver product of the world. I do not think the double standard would be a good thing for this country. I think we should keep the gold basis, with subsidiary silver for common use, fixing the amount for legal tender at \$10. We have now, as I estimate, in this county \$150,000,000 in gold heads of all people in their cooler hours and less than \$40,000,000 in silver, exthat, in case of an alarm of fire in a clusive of plate. Of this amount, there dience comes from themselves and is in sidiary coin, and from \$6,000,000 to \$8,-

The Dying Lion.

A French officer who has served many years in Algeria writes an interesting account of a dying lion. Fangless, coverbeasts on approaching the close of his reign. When not lying mournfully prostrate and alone in some sheltered nook ends his troubles with a blow of a club. Italy.

A swindling company in Texas has sold will get disappointed.

Extraordinary Wheat Culture.

A correspondent of the San Francisco

Now for the result as harvested in the sample stool, one of many from the plat. which contained 135 heads, 118 of which were fully developed. The number of grains per head in this stool was eighty. Over one-half yielded 100 grains each. Owing to an accident Mr. Bissell failed

sown broadcast, is not over five of forty was sown broadcast at about the same time 100 acres. It was irrigated, as was the other, and harvested at the same time. It was put in good shape, had the best of care, and at an expense of \$300 for seed alone. The yield was not over twenty bushels per acre, or 2,000 bushels for the crop. Mr. Bissell informs me that he will plant thirty-five or forty acres next spring, using the seed planter and cultivator instead of the broadcast sower. The facts I have given can be well attested, if desired. Should any further information be wished it will be furnished by addressing D. O. Bissell, Willow Ranch, Modoc county,

I have written the above facts in the interest of the agriculturists of the country; have been thus particular in details hoping others may be stimulated thereby to profit by the information given. To the Grangers I would say, make this method of grain raising the subject of discussion in your lodges and trial on your farms. A few successful trials, such as witnessed by the writer, would revolutionize the mode of grain growing in this country and remove from the farmer the heavy burden of annually providing 100 to 150 pounds of seed per acre for his crop when one and one-half to two pounds, allowing for wastage in planting, would be all that need be required. With such a system how soon the mortgages would be lifted from the farms—the incubus of debt crushing the farmer into the soil he cultivates; how soon it would be abolished!

\$2,000,000 Worth of Eggs.

The steamer City of Peking, which arrived at San Francisco, brought an invoice of Japanese silkworm eggs, consisting of 1,872 cases, the value of which approximated \$2,000,000. These eggs. ed with magne, and blind, is the king of in which a large trade has been carried on between China and Japan and Europe. have heretofore passed through in very meager quantities, and then only as exor behind some friendly mound over- periments. Dampness is destructive to grown with shrubbery, he feebly skulks the eggs, and for that reason their storage within a small circuit of his lair in quest in the vessel was made a special care. of a morsel of prey, which in his de- The cargo in question was packed on the crepitude he rarely succeeds in obtain- steerage deck aft amidships, the warmest | December burglars tore out a bar from ing. At this stage of his career, if his and dryest place on the ship. A bamboo the boot-room window and entered the scent does not utterly fail him, his sole fence surrounded the cases to keep them parsonage. The footman slept near the resource for nutrition is an occasional nest in position, and superfluous heat was preof field mice. Inferior animals smell vented by a current passed through a something fall. He opened his door, and, packet in his hand, sealed and addressed. at him fearlessly, and paw him with in- passage two feet wide among the cases, seeing a light in the pantry, went out, with a memorar solence, for the forest monarch, dethroned The precious cargo was shipped on the taking a sword stick. He shouted out: thousand dollars in bank notes. As by disease, is incapable of resistance. Central Pacific cars for New York, and "Who is there?" and immediately a bearer appeared to be at a loss, he Often the rustic Arab comes upon his will be shipped from that port to Europe man with a blackened face put his head accosted by a man, who asked him majesty in his utter helplessness and by steamer for England, France and out of the pantry door and whistled. he was looking for. The simple

the organ and sing bass would that the company has disposed of over be carried of

The Paris Communists.

Writing from Paris of the Communists in Paris, Lucy Hopper says that it is to be hoped that the present crisis will bring about some cessation of the persecution of the poor wretches who took part in the Commune. Even allowing that the Communists were wholly in the wrong, surely they have been punished enough. The number that were killed by the Versaillist troops after their entry into Paris is variously estimated at from thirty to fifty thousand, including many women and little children. The executions that have since taken place amounted to from fifteen to eighteen thousand. When I first arrived here three years ago-that is to say, two years after the suppression of the Commune—I was told that they were still shooting prisoners by squads on the plains of Satory. Recently a fresh victim was condemned to death, not one of the leaders of the rebellion, be it understood, but one of the rank and file. And it must be remembered that many, nay the greater part, of these poor creatures entered the ranks of the Communist forces not to rob or murder, but in good faith, and to earn bread for their wives and little children. It is easy to see how a workingman, a republican by principle, who had starved and suffered all through the siege, and who was offered thirty cents a day to serve in the republican forces, could easily be induced to accept such an offer. And the heroism of some of these unhappy beings was beyond all praise, Not long ago I was told the story of a young Swiss doctor who had charge of one of the Communist hospitals, and who was greatly aided in his labors by a woman of the people, who, young, strong armed and vigorous, assisted him to the best of her ability, and who was at once the most untiring and faithful of nurses to the sick and wounded. After the entry of the Versaillists the physician was arrested. As he was being conducted before the tribunal he met his former aid and companion coming forth, escorted by a detachment of soldiers. "Ah, my union in the Springfield (Ill.) operapoor Adele," he said to her, "are you here? We have both fallen on evil days, | Lincoln monument. The Times says: it seems." She looked him full in the The programme was about half exhaustface. "Morsieur, je ne vous connais ed, General McDowell was in the act of she said ("I do not know you, talking, when a loud sh sir"), and was hurried away. The doctor the auditorium—the balcony appeared to shrugged his shoulders. "Evidently I be sinking, and several persons cried outs" am a doomed man," he said to himself, "The gallery is coming down!" Grant In the field where this plant grew, there "since that women will not recognize me never moved from his chair, and appear for fear of compromising herself." He not to notice the ex was brought before the tribunal, but by the intervention of a wounded Versaillist whom he had attended he was released. He learned later the true story of Adele's | main entrance, or exit, Sherman spran failure to recognize him. She was being to his feet, waved his hand, and im led forth to instant execution when they the audience to resume their seate, but had met. Even in that terrible hour the all in vain. The confusion grew mo brave girl had turned away from the last confounded, and men's faces paled as the visage that would ever be bent upon her imminence of a terrible tragedy dawned

Analyzing Life.

Dr. Beard states that from an analysis men in all the great branches of the human family, he made the discovery sixty. The superiority of youth and the frightened people, reassured by those middle life over old age in original work familiar notes and by the coolness of the appears all the greater when we consider performers, checked their headlong flight. the fact that all the positions of honor and prestige-professorships and publicstations-are in the hands of the old. Reputation, like money and position, is mainly confined to the old. Men are not are divided between the European army widely known until long after they have and the army of the Caucasus. The fordone the work that gives them their mer has forty one divisions of infantry, fame. Portraits of great men are delu- supplemented by an equal number of sions; statues are lies! They are taken artillery brigades, and six brigades of when men have become famous, which, sharpshooters. Each division contains on the average, is at least twenty-five about twelve battalion years after they did the work which gave represent a total for the buropean army them their fame. Original work requires of 544,000 soldiers, with 1,040 cannon enthusiasm. If all the original work and 328 mitrailleuses. The tro done by men under forty-five were anni- tioned in the Caucasus compris hilated, they would be reduced to bar- divisions of infantry, as many be barism. Men are at their best at that of artillery, and one brigade of riflems time when enthusiasm and experience aggregating 92,000 men, about the are almost evenly balanced. This pe- hundred cannon, and some fifty mit riod, on the average, is from thirty-eight | leuses. The available strength of Rute forty. After this the law is that ex- in the impending conflict may be perience increases; but enthusiasm de-

A Brave Footman.

An English clergyman at St. Leonardson-Sea has a brave footman. Early in The footman sprung forward and struck man placed the packet in the A MYTHICAL CITY.—The county clerk ran toward the outer doors, carrying the address, as he was unable of Grayson county, Texas, publishes a part of the plate in an apron, but, being and had forgotten it. been allowed to spread, the passages States have been bitten. Any man who been flooding the country with circulars next moment the footman himself was pecting it for a long while." expects to get a hundred dollars for one and advertisements of their scheme, struck violently on the head and arm by senger upon this The company offer lots in Mineral City another man from behind. The men the carriage of the The authorities of a prison in Canada at \$1 each. The clerk says they own no then ran out of the back door, which readily paid. The advertise as follows: Wanted, a respect- land in flie county, and that Mineral the footman bolted, and went for his packet hat man to act as turnkey in a county City is a myth—that there is not a house that the pantry was found the examine in the pantry was found the One who understands music, in it or a man living in it. It is believed rest of the plate collected and ready to seal, he the organ and sing bass would that the company has disposed of over be carried of The only thing taken of paper, was the for the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over be carried of the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over be carried of the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over be carried of the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over be carried of the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over be carried of the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over be carried of the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over be carried of the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over be carried of the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over be carried of the plate collected and ready to seal, he are the company has disposed of over because the company has

A Child's Letter to Santa Clas

Just before Christmas one of th sorters in the Chiesgo post-office found letter addressed to "Santa Claus." that mythical personage has a local habitation within reach of the carrier, the officials opened the envelope and read the contents. The letter was written by a little girl, named Any Me-Kenzie, living with her parents, and in it she made a touching appeal to Santa Claus not to forget her or her folks, Her little brother wants a new pair of shoes; father would like a new hat; mother would be pleased with a new lress, and the little writer adds: "Now, dear Santa Claus, if you have just one little doll left please bring it around to me, and I'll promise to be a good little girl all next year."

The touching pathos of the missive and the simple faith of the little girl. says a Chicago paper, made a deep impression upon the officials, and after a brief consultation it was decided that the little one should have a satisfactory Christmas, Postmaster McArthur and one of his clerks drove to the residence and found that the statements of the little girl were correct. On their return they drove around to several business acquaintances, and it is needless to say that they in a very short time collected enough to more than satisfy the longings of the little petitioner. A pair of shoes was got for the little brother, and two or three pairs more for other members of the family; the father's and mother's wants were supplied and a handsome doll was secured for Amy. A purse of \$25 was made up and sent along with the other gifts; and in no household in Chicago was there a happier Christmas than that in the little cottage on the obscure street, whose guardian angel is Amy Me Kenzie.

Preventing a Panie.

The Chicago Times recalls a successful effort of General Custer to prevent a disastrous panic. The occasion was a rehouse in 1874, after the dedication of the mediately spread among the people. Me or nearly everybody, rushing toward ti in sympathy or kindness, the last hand upon their understandings. Another that would ever be proffered to her in moment and the panic would have been friendly greeting, lest such recognition uncontrollable. The band in the balcony, might involve her former comrade in her obedient to the band master, kept their seats in the midst of the turmoil, Then, all at once, a blaze of inspiration seemed to rise in Custer's face. He rushed to the very edge of the footlights, swung his hat around his head, and, in a voice of the lives of a thousand representative | which seemed to conquer the stampeding uproar, shouted to the musicians: "11 tention there! strike up that music!" In that the golden decade was between half a second "Yankee Doodle," the forty and fifty; the brazen between twen- nearest and choicest melody that suggestty and thirty; the iron between fifty and ed itself, echoed through the hall, and

The Russian Army.

The active military forces of Russia These figures down at more than seven hundred thou sand combatants, about twenty-four hun dred cannon, and some four hundred a trailleuses. The entire war footing Turkey does not exceed three hundre thousand men.

A man who looked like a countrying