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#### Her Answer.

All day long she held my question In her heart; Shunned my eyes that craved an answer, Moved apart: Touched my hand in good-night greeting, Rosier grew-"Should I leave to-morrow?-early? Then adieu!" Bent her head in farewell courteous, Onward passed, While a cold hand gripped my heart strings, Held them fast. Still I waited, still I listened; All my soul Trembled in the eyes that watched her As she stole Up the stairs with measured footsteps. But she turned Where a lamp in brazen bracket Brightly burned, Showed me all the glinting ripples Of her hair. Veiled her eyes in violet shadows. Glimmered where Curved her mouth in soft compliance Toward me from the dusky railing Ah, my love !- One white hand wanders To her hair, Slowly lifts the rose that nestles Softly there: Breathes she in its heart my answer. Shyly sweet, And love's message mutely flutters To my feet.

#### FLOTSAM.

It was a fearful storm. All night they had heard, above the whistle of the gale as it rushed through the heavens, above the tossing of the trees and the pelting of the rain, the great bellow of the waves upon the beach-a long unbroken roar that it made some hearts stand still

to hear. It made the hearts of Mrs. Brenton and her husband stand very still; for, years before, Mrs. Brenton was bringing her children from Europe, and it was in such a storm as this, while the steamship lay broadside to the assaulting surge among the breakers, and the lifeline was chasing after another rose in a gigantic shadow and fell like a cataract, rushing across the whole breadth of the deck, and sweeping from it every living soul that was not lashed fast; and though Mrs. Brenton herself was thrown high and dry upon the shore, with the life so nearly beaten out of her that it took hours to restore it, the children never came to shore at all. Now every storm had for these parents a horrible fascination. They had fitted out a life saving station from their own means; they seldom slept when the wind blew bitterly; they usually sought the shore as soon as the storm grew so dreadful that everybody else sought shelter. It seemed as if they were drawn to scenes of wreck and disaster by some fatality, not precisely hoping that after this lapse of time the sea would give up its dead, but with an obscure prescience of the necessity of their going, or of some blessing to come by means of it.

What blessing they knew not. They were in need of no blessings, as the world goes, for they were beloved by each other and by troops of friends, were in perfect health, were overflowing with wealth; they lacked nothing but the bliss of children in the house, yet, lacking that, it seemed to them they lacked everything. It was hard to content themselves with children in heaven. They would have given all their wealth for one little laughing body toddling about the halls and walking into every one's favor, for the pure love of one little heart-while it lasts, the only utterly disinterested and perfect affection in the world. "It is my punishment for the insane folly of that European trip," Mrs. Brenton used to sigh to herself, when dreary weather or hapless memories made her arms feel emptier than ever. "It is my punishment for remaining at home and letting her go abroad without me," Mr. Brenton used to sigh. "Had I gone, they would have been lashed to me that night, and the wave never ran that could tear them away.'

It was early afternoon when the storm began to blow about the house, and it had not become extraordinarily fierce till toward midnight, though an easterly wind had been piling up the water along the coast for many days. But before midnight Mrs. Brenton was pacing her room and peering from the window; and though sleeping an hour or two at a time, they were both awake the greater part of the night, and by the dim dawning were eager to make their way down to the beach, some three miles distant, Mrs. Brenton casting a long glance at the little empty bed beside her own as she went down; for she always felt when going to the beach in a storm as though she were doing some expiatory duty to the little ones whose grave had been made in the great cradle of the deep.

The rain had ceased, but the wind still blew a hurricane; and Mr. Brenton, bidding his wife put on her other wrap, threw back the top of the phaeton to prevent its being blown over. And when they reached the waterside it was all they could do to make their way along at a walk, for the sea had overflowed the highway, and was over the hubs of the wheels a large portion of the way, sucking back, with every impulse of the tide, so strongly that it seemed as if they must go with it. As they rounded the bend and came out upon the beach road, the whole force of the gale threw itself upon

n, breaking in a long cloud of foam, her heart. She ran down the beach in is due to the public, London Examiner, the whole conference,

from which every now and then came

the awful thud of a minute gun. "She will drift into the cove, and go words down his throat, "I shall leave you in the tavern with Mr. Charles," said he to his wife, "while I go down and have a look at things." And presently the little inn came in sight behind its bulwark of sandhills, and they were driving into the yard.

But what a desolation was the inu and its surroundings! The sign and the flagstaff had been prostrated by the gale, and the yard was a sheet of salt water, in which all the debris of the place, the pigs, the dogs and the buckets, were promiscuously swimming. The piazza was under water, the lower floor of the house was all afloat, the underpinning of the sheds and tie-ups had given way, and the buildings were leaning to their fall, while the old wind whitened willows looked like witches with their gowns tucked up as they stood in the overflow. Mr. Brenton drove close to the bulwark of the sandhills, left his wife in the phaeton, and leaped out upon the sand, climbed the low mound, and ran down where the men had clustered and were at work upon the best they knew to save the

Standing up in the carriage, Mrs. Brenton could see all that went forward below, could see the broad chest of the sea feathered in a thousand plumes of snow, while she felt the shock of every surge of the boiling surf, and trembled every time the great spouts of foam went flying high as clouds where the ledge ran out to meet the open fury of the lashings billows. She could see, too, the dead pall of the sky lift, shade by shade, as the wind went hauling round being sent ashore, that one great billow to the south; could see the parting of that vapor bank with the first full puff man's shoulder; "take this and repair lieve that the resources of diplomacy are from the south, and the wreck starting out like a sudden creation, black with its ruin on all that tumultuous gray and silver, still slowly rising and falling and drifting in with the tide. When she turned her head she could see, also, the life in the inn yard, in curious prosaic contrast in the tragic terror just beyond. Not that you could call it everyday life. because it was not every day that the little pigs were swimming round in the barnyarl, squealing as the Newfoundland swam after them and grappled an ear ; it was not every day that the good taverner, Mr. Charles, was wading about in his top boots, inspecting the general rout, of only a fraction of which he was yet aware, rubbing his hands, and conducting himself as if to have one's house and goods afloat was a little occasional eccentricity on the part of Providence with which one must put up.

Then she turned her head and saw the wreck again, still drawing near and nearer her dreadful doom with every throb of the surf, while the men ran to and fro upon the shore, and the red stars of the rockets one after one went shooting out and falling short of their mark. It seemed to Mrs. Brenton that she could even see the people crowded on the deck; she fancied one figure was a woman with a child in her arms, a woman standing just as she had stood on that black, that horrid night, when the sea snatched her darlings from her clasp. An agony of pity overcame her as she thought these people could probably see her there in safety while death was bellowing for them. She sat down a moment and covered her eyes; the sight and the memory were too much for her; instinctive prayers rose to her lips for the safety of the wretches driving on so surely to destruction; before she knew it she was praying for that mother with the little child in her arms, was praying with all her heart for the little child.

Of a sudden, as she sat there with her eyes closed, there was a shock as if the sky had fallen and the earth had risen to meet it; she sprang to her feet, and saw that the wreck had struck, had struck and parted, and a wild, wild wail, a chorns of despair, rose above the beating of the waves.

Mr. Charles waded out to where the phaeton stood up to its floor in water, on one side of the yard, and handed her his long spyglass. As she steadied it and gazed with aching eyes at the horror, there came one of those mighty throes of the tide when the whole sea seems to be heaved from its bed; the parted wreck heaved with it, far, far up; a cry like the ghost of the first cry was heard sweeping out and away, and in another moment there was nothing to be seen, neither wreck nor people; they were as ut orly gone as if they had never been.

... long swift searching of the sea, and theu Mrs. Brenton leaped from the carriage to the sand, climbed the mound, and ran down the beach as fast as the furious wind that swirled her clothes aboat her would allow.

"Don't you see it" she cried to her husband, breaking in among the knot of men who had been vainly trying to launch the lifeboat. "I have hardly lost sight of it. There it is, to the left; it is coming in fast, as if some great sea monster were running under it. Here, take the glass, and you will see. It is a little child, dear, and its mother has bound it in a cradle, and it is tossing on for what it stole away !"

and crashing down on the retreating the track of the receding wave; regardline of breakers before. They could not less of her drenching, stretched out her have told, as they gazed, where sky end- arms, and her husband, springing ashore The Tenor of the Speeches of Earl Granville ed and water began; and only dimly, far as the boat pushed up the sand, put into out in the bank of opening and closing them a great ten-months-old baby, wet vapor, could they discern the phantom to the skin, crying faintly with fright like outline of a bark with broken masts and cold, and ready to die from the exdrifting helplessly in-a shapeless hulk, posure had it continued longer. She did not stay to look at it twice, but ran back to the shelter of the sandhills, snatched off its saturated clothes, and to pieces on the inner breaker," said Mr. | wraped it in her own thick shawl rolled Brenton. "Soon, at this rate of tide.

There go the hook-and-ladder boys," as the gallant firemen, who usually took under her chin to warm it in her neck, upon themselves the part of salvation at a wreck, raced by. "Rockets and lines enough in the life station?" shouted Mr. Brenton, though the wind blew the Had heaven come down bodily, Mrs. Brenton could have been no happier than she was that moment. She ran back to the phaeton and established herself, and waited for her husband, while the child fell asleep in her arms; and she built castles for the little being's future, if no one should turn up to claim him, and watched the doings in the inn vard, where Mr. Charles was still inspecting his losses and cracking jokes

with his subordinates.
"The barn floors have fallen out, sir," cried one of the hostlers; "the horses are tied up still, and are holding on by

their forelegs"—
"Would you have them hold on by
their two legs?" asked Mr. Charles. "That's what they're doing, sir. And we must have help to pry them up."

"Get it! get it!" cried Mr. Charles,

cheerfully.
"The fires in the kitchen are all burned out, sir," called a maid. "The water's over the stoves."

"Where a good cook keeps it. But build your fires up stairs; victuals must be cooked," said Mr. Charles, shuffling on through the water. As he went, he stopped and picked up something. "The little white chicken!" said Mr. Charles, in a tone Salvini could have envied, holding it out on his broad hand. "My God! the little white chicken is drowned !" and he burst into tears. He was sobbing like a baby when Mr. Brenton came running up the sand and got into the phæton. The good gentleman took in the situation at once, and the horse splashed

" and he pushed his wallet into the man's hand. "More than this has been given me to-day, Charles, and out of our abundance we must help one another. And he drove on, leaving the man ready to sit down in the water with bewilder-

ment and joy.
"My dear," said Mr. Brenton to his wife, as they went their homeward way, it seems a dreadful thing that such loss and tragedy can bring joy with it too. And yet, since not a soul of all that shipload has come to shore alive, that little white bed beside our own will never be empty again, please God."

## Tasting of the Rector's Legs.

The rector of a rural parish in England visited a lady parishioner who kept a Pyreneean wolf-dog, and the good lady took the young rector into the garden to see the dog. He entered the garden a placid, clean, and contented clergyman, but he was destined to emerge from it a demoralized, denuded, and partially disintegrated man.

The dog was young, but had already learned the difference in flavor between the legs of the footman, the "buttons," and the housemaid. It certainly was not his fault that when he saw his first clergy. man, in the person of Rev. Dr. Owen, he mentally remarked: "Here's something new in legs," and promptly proceeded to collect data with a view to from the household legs with which he was already familiar.

Owen's legs, and tasted a trifle of coat-

had been left behind. Fearful that the accident might create spiritual guide, Mrs. Honeywood wrote not caused him "any inconvenience." She also sent him a partially chewed rag, remarking: "I found the inclosed charge of keeping a dangerous wild removed every ill effect of my most seribeast, and she was fined \$2.10 for in- ous accident."

They related that some of these were negroes. They then plunged backward dulging in the luxury.

## Life in a London Workhouse.

house from nine o'clock until five every 25, after recapitulating the arguments day, and sometimes I feels the want of justifying the rejection of the prosomething," was the defense of a poor posals of the powers, comments in a

ENGLAND'S EASTERN POLICY.

## and the Marquis of Hartington.

Detailed reports of the speeches de livered by Earl Granville in the House of Lords, and the Marquis of Hartington in the House of Commons, show that the Beyond the "Mules' Wallow" there is Liberal party intended to uphold the view that England should co-operate with the other powers for the coercion of Turkey, and even co-operate with Russia alone if the other powers de-

clined to act. Earl Granville said: If the government influence were used in persuading Europe in one body to come forward and insist, as they have a shall perform the promises she has so long delayed, the result could not be doubtful. It may be said you are not able to persuade the European powers, but I am not sure that the impression does not prevail that England is the only obstacle. At all events, you would not be much worse off after making the attempt. Will anybody tell me that if once the Turks got it into their heads-if they really believed that not only England but the whole of Europe is absolutely and seriously in earnest in the matter-that Turkey, which up to this moment has been influenced by one power, could resist the united powers of Europe? I believe it would be utterly unnecessary to resort to coercion; I believe, if the government will follow that course, they will meet with great success, and they will receive the congratulations and approval of all parties and all classes of

this country.

The Marquis of Hartington said: There are some among us—I trust that the government do not belong to the number-who look with calmness, if not satisfaction, at the prospect of leaving Turkey and Russia face to face, and the prospect of war between them. I ask whether the danger of that position as regards English interests has diminished? Whether it has not rather increased since the time when Canning, rather than encounter the perils of such a situation, rather than allow Russia to take upon herself singly the task of enforcing the proposals which had been agreed upon between England and Russia as to the affairs of Greece, was willing even to ence. Of this at all events I am sure, that the government will take a heavy responsibility upon themselves if they do not strive to do everything in their power to preserve concerted action among the powers for the accomplishment of those benificent ends for which the conference labored, but unfortunately labored vainly to attain.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a leading article, says: Sir Stafford Northcote's speech in the House of Commons can signify nothing but this, that he cannot admit the great powers have done with the proposals of the conference because they have been rejected by the Porte, nor allow that the new Turkish constitution is to be taken as an answer to the wish and appeal of the powers.

The Pall Mall Gazette thinks that the government in the Lords and Commons have spoken with different voices.

Perhaps Midhat Pasha's fall and Edhem Pasha's accession may have suggested to certain members of the administration that Lord Salisbury's threatening language at the close of the confer-

The Blue Glass Cure. Gen. A. J. Pleasonton has written a their classification as a species distinct long letter to the Chicago Tribune on the wonders of blue glass. The glass which he uses is of a dark blue, the No sooner had this enterprising animal color being derived from a preparation made a few preliminary sniffs at Dr. of cobalt which is fused in the pot with tail, than he retired a few paces, in from France, and costs four times as order to get a fair start, and then sprang much as the American window glass. upon his victim with violent and deter- He gives in this letter his personal expemined yells. For the next five minutes rience as to the curative powers of blue the air was filled with fragments of cloth and sun light baths. In October last he and clergyman, and a welkin, which met with a very serious accident in happened to be conveniently near, rang alighting from a wagon in Philadelphia. like a patent railway switch bell. Mrs. His physician said that there had been Honeywood, with great presence of no fracture of the ribs or bones, but that mind, went into the house for a broom he would suffer a long time from the and dust pan, being unwilling that a effects of the shock and fall. Liniments dissenting housemaid should have the and plasters afforded no relief. He reprivilege of sweeping up the rector. By solved to try blue glass. "In my bath-the time she had returned to the scene room," he says, "I have a window with with her household implements the a southerr exposure, arranged with algreater part of the rector had escaped ternate panes of blue and plain transpaover the palings, and the infuriated dog rent glass. Uncovering my back, I sat was worrying the lighter pieces that with my back to the blue and sun lights which were streaming through the window into the bath-room. As soon as a coolness between herself and her these lights began to fall upon my back the pains began to diminish, and at the him a note, apologizing for the playful-ness of her pet, and hoping that it had together. Toward evening the pains returned, but they were much less than they had been before I had taken the blue light bath, and during the night I send it to you, as I think it belongs to your great coat, and you may be able and sun lights, which effectually repiece of cloth on the gravel walk, and was easier than I had been previously. to put it in." Strange as it may seem, lieved me of every pain, and since then, this cheerful note did not produce the now about three months, I have not had desired effect. The rector answered it, the slightest pain or sensitiveness in the but he also procured a summons requir- parts affected—three consecutive sun ing Mrs. Honeywood to answer the and blue light baths having completely which ventured out of the wigwams. as if his bread and butter were in jeop- in the room where the murder was com-

## Turkey's Circular Note.

The circular of the Porte on the fail-"I works in the laundry at the work- ure of the conference, dated January

#### IN THE EVERGLADES.

A Story of the Seminole War in Florida ---The Deadly Swamp.

The exploration of the everglades of

Florida bring to light many incidents of a marsh about which the most remarkable stories are narrated. It is called "Feather Bed Bay." No wild animal when chased by the hunter was ever known to cross it; the baying of the it wants it; we must give it acid when it ing the crew with clothing. hounds might force the deer a little way from the firmer earth, but it would then become alarmed with its rapid sinking and struggle out even "into the jaws of moral and just right to do, that Turkey death." Under the tread of any living thing upon the treacherous tussocks the whole surface of the marsh will tremble as if it were merely a floating scum on a hidden depth of water. As one surveys its tall furze and tufted grass, traversed by the quivering undulations produced by the breeze, and ponders on the fright-ful stories of the lives which have been smothered in the unfathomable slime, his wonderment at the application of the name of "Feather Bed Bay" ceases. It with some gum-arabic in it. Then cover was comparatively unknown to the whites until one battle took place. The Indians, in retreating, hoped by their superior lightness of foot to cross the "Feather Bed Bay" before they were overtaken. They would have avoided it had they not been pressed very hotly, and by boldly attaining the other shore they thought that the whites would be induced to attempt to follow them. But the trepidation of the moment prevented the safe passage upon which they had reckoned. The surface of the bay shook under so many moccasined feet, and warrior after after the child awakes it shows slight warrior sunk in the slime, his last breath gurgling up like the croak of the frog at twilight. To add to the horror of the scene, which even to the heated whites was repulsive, Indian women, whom run- growth of a green-house plant, if well ners had warned of the nearing struggle as they sat fishing on the margin of "Sink o' Pinhooks," appeared on the further side of "Feather Bed Bay," wringing their hands and tearing their hair with terror as their husbands, brothers, lovers and fathers struggled with the strange cyclops. Some of them even flung themselves with long resounding and long remembered shricks round by Mr. Charles.

"Here! here!" said Mr. Brenton, leaning out and slapping the weeping the end in view. I am unwilling to be warriors, whose coppery flesh seemed to peared with their defenders. Stalwart further. I maintain that a child will warriors, whose coppery flesh seemed to have assumed a redder hue from having blood it will not eatch the disorder if exhausted by the failure of the confer- been painted with the blood of the whites, painfully struggled back to the shore, with eyes glaring, tongues protruding still more and faces streaked with sweat and gore. of proof. There the whites, with the passion of revenge grimly burning in their eyes, stood firing at the figures which were attempting to reach the other side; and those

> seen more. Fifty of the savages passed "Feather Bed Bay" either by treading the tussocks with superior quickness and agility or by running aro and it with their utmost speed. The latter example was followed by many of the whites, who resumed the pursuit, after preventing the escape from the mire of two braves w'20 toiled nearly shoulder deep to the cdge. Some of the whites here turned back, but others, forgetting discipline and not hearing the voice of command, pressed on in hot pursuit, The night had fallen and the sound of breaking vines and shrubs and the splashing of the water in the morasses as the fugitives swept ence may be repeated with advantage through was all that guided the soldiers. On, on, they went; the faint light of the moon only served to confuse all nether objects, and the vistas of pine and cypress assumed strange aspects as they sped along. There was a sort of intoxication in the wildness, weirdness and un-certainty of the hunt. There was dan-ger of ambush by wild beasts as well as by savages. They heard the snarl of the the other ingredients. It is imported panther over their heads frequently as they passed into the dense tangle of the palmetto hammocks or "tight eye" jungles. But they were men who had cause to thirst for the blood of the Seminoles, and they knew during these hours of night only of the now near, now distant, sound of their footsteps nd hated voices; sometimes the sobs of the querulous squaws, sometimes the exceed those of many of the so-called defying yells of the fiend like warriors. princely merchants who live on the defying yells of the fiend like warriors, they went eastward from the "Sink o

who struggled back, affrighted with

death in so sickening a form, were given

their quietus by blows inflicted with the

butts of their muskets. Their bodies

were thrust back into the mire and never

panse of water and forest. The island was densely and closely shaded with great camp fire in the center cast about caring nothing about any of them. the tortuous and tangled way which they the way that they had come, and about sunrise found themselves at the Lower Pinhook Sink.

## Two Odd Dreams.

### The Scarlet Fever.

It is as unnecessary for a child to die

Let us see: At any time before the Among the features of the performance body has finished its effectual struggle was a "Chinese Opera," composed by a we are able to help it, not by wonderful well known sailor poet and author, Willis, medicines, but by the knowledge of anatomy and the application of common sense. We consult the sympathetic nerve, and do what it commands us to be sung in the character of a Chinese do. We must give this child salt when tailor, who sought a contract for supplyhas fever—not vinegar, but lemon juice, because the first coagulates albumen and the latter does not on account of the Heardee big ships' guns makee noise, pop! surplus of oxygen which it contains. To imitate the soothing mucous in the intestines, which is now wanting, and to give some respiratory food at the same time, we add gum-arabic. To restore surplus of oxygen which it contains. To time, we add gum-arabic. To restore and relieve the injured nerve we apply moist warmth. In practice we can fulfill all this with the following simple manipulations: Undress the child and bring it to bed at the very first sign of sickness. Give it, if it has already fever, Oh, sailor man he speakee much chin-chin, nothing but warm, sourish lemonade, its abdomen with some dry flannel. Take a well-folded bed sheet, and put it in boiling hot water; wring it out dry by means of dry towels, and put this over Likee muchee cumshaw me. [Chorus.] means of dry towels, and put this over the flannel on the child's abdomen. Then cover the whole and wait. The hot Oh, sailor man makee come ashore for a spree, cloths will perhaps require repeated

According to the severity of the case and its stage of progress, perspiration will commence in the child in from ten and its stage of progress, perspiration will commence in the child in from ten minutes to two hours. The child then is saved; it soon falls asleep. Soon is saved; it soon falls asleep. Soon symptoms of returning inclination for food; help its bowels, if necessary, with injections of oil, soap, and water; and its recovery will be as steady as the treated. Of course, if the child was already dying nothing could save it, or if has effusions in the lining of the heart or brain it is much better it should die, But if the above is applied under the eves and direction of a competent physician I will guarantee that not one in a hundred children will ever die of scarlet fever. I know this will startle some of made a bet that she could do so. She my readers, especially those who have fell off and broke both her legs in I to be lost children already, but I shall go still. A company of mounted robbers dashed put in bed with a sick child. This is still more startling, but nothing is easier

## Croup in Children.

This disease causes death by suffocation. The entrance of the windpipe is sia won't fight and Turkey won't fight very small; a little cold causes the line and England has crawled into a cave, ing of the part called the mucous mem- grocers might as well come down in the brane to swell. This diminishes the price of dried apples. sub-mucous infiltration—that is, this The Chicago stones. mucous membrane, being inflamed, man to urge the Illinois Legislature to throws out an extra amount of fluid, like prohibit the employment of convict labor, mucous membrane, being inflamed, the eye, when it is inflamed. This fluid and it was discovered that he had learned hardens and forms at length a kind of a layer, which is sometimes of an almost leathery toughness, increasing in thickness until the orifice is so nearly closed that the breath is obstructed. Nauseating medicines dilute this formation and thus aid to bring it away. A favorite prescription for a quarter of a century with eminent physicians was to mix a teaspoonful of powdered alum with a little sugar to make it palatable. The immediate effect is to nauseate, giving great relief in a minute sometimes. changed every two minutes, and squeezed a little so as not to dribble and wet the clothing, is an excellent remedy, be Flannels dipped in ice cold water, cause it cools the parts and diminishes roubles. The estimated expenditure for the amount of blood sent there, and as the 1877 shows an increase of 3,500,000 phlegm is made out of the blood, a less roubles, roubles, amount is made and relief is certain.
But flannel dipped in water as hot as can be borne and applied to the part, the Charity Relief Association. They changed every two minutes, carries off the heat by evaporation, and irritating money from benevolent persons, and the surface, brings the blood away from pocketed the proceeds. They are said the interior and thus diminishes the phlegm.

## A Rich Shoemaker.

In the taxables of Brooklyn, says a local paper, appears the name of a German whose annual payments for taxes Judging by the position of the moon, Heights. He pays taxes yearly upon Pinhooks," where there stood a few deserted wigwams, crossed several streams and "thicks," and finally approached a large island in the midst of a great expanse of water and forest. The island children on Sunday he thinks it is a big murmured the fair one, as she leaned on magnolias, bays and live oaks, and a few customers, doing all their work and support me?" Now he supports her thing. He has no help, but works for a a wonderful glow, which disclosed to they are displeased with his way of them a circle of many wigwams. The doing things he simply says they can Indians stood at bay and renewed the take their work elsewhere, and he sorely fight. But they were surprised by the tries their patience by his habit of dissudden apparition of their pursuers, appointing his customers as to time. who, they supposed, had been haffled by This man collects his own rents, builds two or three new houses every year, and cent, one of them being killed. In Nehad led them. The soldiers dashed in from his frugal habits promises, if his dians than they had expected to encoun- yearly income from real estate is not less ter, and could only cut their way back than \$15,000 per annum, but he regards into the morass, from which they main- idleness as a sin, and works away every on trial. In the court room a table and tained an occasional fire at the figures day upon boots and shoes as regularly chairs were arranged like the furniture

#### A Hawk Among Hens. Gilbert White tells a most dramatic

story of a neighbor who had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow hawk that came gliding down between a faggot An exchange tells a story of a gentle- pile and the end of his house, to the man who, on going to bed, lost a collar place where his coops stood. The owner, very contemptuous tone on the assertion button, which on coming detached rolled vexed to see his flocks diminishing, hung said Mr. Brenton; "you can never stand Oh, the sea is giving us back something found "drunk and incapable" in the made by Gen. Ignatieff at the final sitpublic streets. She was an inmate of St. ting of the conference, that the Porte by searched for it about ten minutes, and into which the bird dashed and was en-Giles' workhouse, and is over eighty-two its action had virtually abrogated the then gave it up for lost. In the night tangled. The gentleman's resentment is pretty much all I can think of about answered. "Do let me go on."

"I don't know. It isn't a question of letting you. I doubt if it is possible."

"Oh, I must try—indeed I must! I record to grass if she had endured scarcely couldn't go back," she cried. "It seems all the time as though I heard some one as she waited there in that awful inter- "The delegates."

"All. Dremon returned the glass in a grassion as the worknouse, and is over eighty-two treaty of Paris. The Porte declares that the dreamed that he found it under the suggested a fit retaliation; he therefore few seconds, while she stood trembling, and then, without a word, sprung into the lifeboat, as, at last, it rode triumphant of about treaty of Paris. The Porte declares that the dreamed that he found it under the suggested a fit retaliation; he therefore few seconds, while she stood trembling, said then, without a word, sprung into the lifeboat, as, at last, it rode triumphant of about treaty of Paris. The Porte declares that the dreamed that he found it under the dreamed that he found it un couldn't go back," she cried. "It seems all the time as though I heard some one calling me." And on they went.

It was a tremendous scene. Far as the eye reached, the gray expanse churned an angry yeast. Rank after rank, the great black bodies of water, rearing above the grayness, came rolling n, breaking in a long cloud of foam.

It was a tremendous scene. Far as the eye reached, the gray expanse churned an angry yeast. She and on they went.

The delegates, however, remained silent, to east yis some one that the scene that ensued; the expression that fear, rage, and revenge information was that exist in the oceans. He church fifteen miles away, and was quietly consuming the hair in the pew cushions, having left the buggy on the pulpit steps. The delegates, however, remained silent, to reight hours a day, all we can say is defective both in form and substance.

The delegates, however, remained silent, to reight hours a day, all we can say is some one intended to be slave vant to the object of the conference.

The delegates, however, remained silent, to reight hours a day, all we can say is the the gorilla consuming the hair in the pew cushions, having left the buggy on the pulpit steps.

The delegates, however, remained silent, to reight hours a day, all we can say is some one intended to be slave vant to the object of the conference.

The delegates, however, remained silent, the ties simply monstrous. Our work in the fearn as she waited there in that awful interval, shaking with excitement, bear and revenge into the ties is simply monstrous. Our work is that it is simply monstrous as the under the first account of a substance.

The delegates, however, remained silent, the ties is may and was quietly consuming the hair in the pew cushions, having left the buggy on the pulpit steps.

When he awoke neat marks were irreleabled in the ties is simply monstrous.

The delegates by the silence.

The delegates by the silence was for a long ties for it is simply monstrous of a that it is simply monstrous.

The delegates

## A Chinese Story. " It was trest by

On board the United States steamer of scarlet fever, says Good Health, as it Tennessee a pleasant minstrel entertainis that it should be blind with cataract. ment was given by the enlisted men.

CHORUS,

Hi vah for te Mellican ship, Makee plentee pigeon for me, Catchee plentee dollar all day long From the war junk Tennessee.

Hi yah, cumshaw.

Makee tailor clothes, they no fittee hun,

Likee muchee cumshaw me.

'Sposee no likee, me no care.

Hi yah, cumshaw,

Hi yah, cumshaw,
Drinkee muchee samshoo, and tookee for me,
Likee muchee cumshaw me,
Me runnee bellee fast, but he catchee by and

"Gumshaw," it may be explained, is a very expressive word on the China coast, signifying any kind of bribe, and is an argument for custom that the Chinese traders know how to use, conscious and some

## Items of Interest, and tol nod!

In our infancy we cut our teeth; in our old age our teeth cut us.

into Eagle Pass, Texas, and shot all the

A young woman stepped out on a bal-cony in Paducah, but the account says that "the balcony wasn't there, and never had been." A broken leg was the

The Chicago stoneentters' union sent a

his trade in the penitentiary, and anideol "What," asked an Arkanses Laper,

"shall we do with the school money?" We should say that in Arkansas, the best thing you can do is to spend it before the treasurer steals it, says an exchange. "Smoky Jones," known throughout

the Black Hills as a vagabond, has become suddenly wealthy by discovering and selling gold veins. He gained his nickname by long disuse of soap, and wealth makes no change in his habits. The Russian budget for 1877 shows

hired a house, put out a sign, collected to have operated in the same manner in other cities, A beautiful country girl grew indig-

nant at a Madison (Wis.) hotel clerk because he presumed to run into her sleeping room and throw open the windows and turn off the gas, which was escaping, and would soon have made her an angel. She had blown the thing out, as she would a candle.

"You would make a most beautiful his shoulder-" w-wouldn't y-you like to

Avalanches of formidable size are common in this winter of deep snow on the Western mountains. In Wyoming a blast in a mine loosened the snow on the surface above, and four men were carried with frightful velocity down a steep desvada a cabin was swept away, and three

Mabel Hall, a ballet girl, was murdered in the green room of a St. Louis theater by a jealous lover, and he is now mitted, and an actor, as a witness, described the crime by imitating the language and movements of the murderer.

A youngster being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows: "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministhrough his'n, and then ties it up. This