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Summer Idyl.

Meadow flowers, fair and sweet,
Can you feel the summer?
Can you feel her dainty feet?
Coming softly, light and fleet?
Will ye not outrun her?
Spring up, anemone,
Graceful as court lady;
Ring, ye hare bells, merrily,
Hyacinths stand cheerily,
She will greet you, may be.
Blushing red, rose campion fair,
Like a rustic beauty,
Hides behind the maiden hair,
While veronica, the rare,
Opens blue eyes from duty.
She is coming, is our queen,
Softest breeze shall wait her;
Palmy boughs of freshest green
Wave where'er her robe is seen;
Lid the brooks bring laughter.
Every joyous scent and sound
Rises swift to greet her;
E'en the dull, insensate ground
Shares the fragrance all around.
Let us go and meet her!

VELORE VERE.

A dazzle of golden hair, the gleam of eyes heavily blue, sweeping lengths of pale, lustrous silk, and a smile that was the illumination of all beauty; this was the girl of the hotel at Westwood. I hurriedly touched Sloewick's arm, and the vision passed.

"Is it Miss Vere," he said.

"And is she stopping here?"

"They came in the stage this morning—Miss Vere and her father."

I took a turn upon the piazza and came back again.

"Why does a woman like that come here, Sloewick?"

"It's quiet, healthy, and out of the way of all excitement. The old gentleman has an introduction, and went away. I must be mortification that gives him such savage moods."

And so I dismissed the subject, and turned to Miss Vere's sapphire eyes.

"We will stay all summer, if papa's health improves," she said.

Her father was fond of her. She seemed the light of his life. She read to him, sang to him, walked with him, drove with him. At table she prepared his food, while he waited like a child. She arranged his bed, superintended his toilet, tyrannized over him with a fairy willfulness that was yet beautiful and tender.

Like all other men, I loved her. Like all womanly women, she was kind to me. She did not coquette with me. She neither scorned nor encouraged me. She thought that by-and-by I would understand that it was impossible.

"I was walking in the fields one evening, Mr. Vere, his daughter and I. The sun was going down, and cast red shadows on the river, the little brown boats rocking on its bosom, the children playing on its banks and among the trees.

"Now, papa," said Velore, "isn't this a thousand times nicer than Long Branch?"

Her father smiled and nodded—satisfied with anything that pleased her.

"It is so pleasant, papa," she continued, "that I think Helen had better come up for her vacation."

"Very well, my dear."

"Helen," said beautiful Velore, turning to me; "is my little adopted sister. She is sixteen now, but a little thing—a mere child—and is yet at school. She will like Westwood, I know."

"I hope she will come, then," I said; but I wondered a little uneasily, how her relations with Velore. Would she devote herself to the invalid, leaving Velore more open to my attentions? or would she appropriate her to my exclusion?

"There!" exclaimed Velore, suddenly. "I see a white azalea in flower." And before I could anticipate the movement she had fled across the road and plunged to the recesses of the dark wood there.

"Shall I stay with you, Mr. Vere, or had I best follow her?" I asked, turning to the aged man at my side.

"I think she had rather you would remain with me," he answered, glancing nervously at a heavy country wagon that was then approaching the bridge. "She will take care of herself; but go, if you like."

"No," I said, giving him the support of my arm, as the wagon thundered over. "She is coming back already. I saw her as the dust fell, and showed Vere, in her picturesque dress, emerging from the twinkling birch shrubbery. She came up—pale, agitated, distraught.

"Velore, what is the matter?" asked her father.

"Has anything happened to alarm you, Miss Vere?" I questioned, hurriedly.

"I am not frightened," she answered, hastily drawing her father's hand within her arm. "Come, we must go. It is getting far too late for you to be out, dear papa."

"And you did not get your azalea," he said.

"No," she replied; "but never mind. I can get it another time."

Mentally making a note of the spot, I resolved to see her safely home with her father, and then return for the flowers. The moon was in the right quarter to come up brilliantly at eight o'clock. I could gather the large white clusters of bloom easily by its light.

As we came in sight of the hotel, Velore said in a thoughtful tone:

"Mr. Derford, how long have you known Mr. Sloewick?"

"Only since last spring," I answered.

She was silent for a moment, then she said:

"He seems to me to have grown very singular."

"Others have remarked it," I replied, "but I have made his acquaintance so lately."

She interrupted me with a slightly excited manner.

"Some poor tramp taking a night's rest here. I have disturbed him," I thought. My hands were already full of the lavish bloom, and I turned away.

The next morning I presented the flowers to Velore.

"What! Did you get them there?" was her first exclamation.

"Yes, I went back last night."

"How kind and thoughtful of you. But, Mr. Derford, did you see no one?"

"No; all was as quiet and beautiful as a scene of enchantment. Yes," I interrupted me that this was Velore's betrothed.

"She urged me to visit her. I did so. Her father was dead. She lived in her beautiful house alone. How greatly she had changed from the gay little schoolgirl of hardly more than a year back! She had lost all the abandon of girlhood, even the bloom, but she was very lovely, and as I watched her a new pang of jealousy of Mr. Alfred Sutton rose in my breast. But in a little while I understood her better. Her feeling for her sister's betrothed husband was only sisterly; his love for her only brotherly. Carefully, tenderly I sought and won her.

Six months after our marriage a gentleman came in a carriage to my house, and asked to see me alone. I conducted him to the library, and closed the door.

He was a man of polished address, and evinced a strong character. He introduced himself as Dr. Vaux of the private insane asylum at Hillside. At this announcement I felt a slight consternation and bewilderment, that I think was apparent in my manner.

"About a year ago," said he, after some preliminaries, "I received a patient whose name may not be unknown to you—Mr. George Sloewick?"

"Good heavens!" I cried.

"You know him?"

"I have known him very well."

"Yes. He was placed in my care by his father; pronounced insane by his family physician. I have given him the best care and particular attention, but he is incurable. At present his physical strength is fast failing; in short, I fear he is dying. But as life fails reason returns, and you consider his state perfectly natural, and his reason lucid, I feel required to treat his wishes with indulgence. He desires to see you, and I have come for you."

I rose and began looking for my hat. When a servant had brought it, I followed Dr. Vaux to his carriage.

I was too confused to observe what course we took. I only realized, with a sudden thrill, that we stopped at last before the portals of the asylum. My companion gave me some refreshment, and I was, I confess, very nervous, and then I followed him through several light, pleasant corridors to the door.

"Is he quite prepared to see me?" I asked.

"He is waiting," was the reply.

I was ushered into a chamber of moderate size. The light was subdued. A woman stood at the side of a bed, fanning the glassed face among the pillows. The head was shaven, the cheeks deeply fallen; I never should have known George Sloewick, not even by his voice.

"Come closer," he said, in a strained whisper, motioning me to the bedside.

Dr. Vaux placed a chair for me, and stood with a hand upon my shoulder.

"I can talk only a moment," said Sloewick, with a painful effort. "I killed her—I killed Velore Vere. You see she has money hid under a chestnut tree, all the money I could get. My dog saw me bury it. He was a sagacious brute. He dug it up, and I killed him for it. I was burying him near the spot, and I was all marked with his blood, you know, when she came and saw me. I thought she saw all for there lay the bags of money as the dog had panted them out of the dirt. It was all the hiding place I had; I thought she would tell, and I determined to kill her. Perhaps, she after all, she did not see the money; I don't know; but I pretended she did the next day, and told her that I was in great trouble, and wanted to talk with her. She promised to meet me near the bridge. She came. I strangled her. Then I hid all day in the woods. At night I heard you calling her. I stole out, and tried to kill you too; I thought I had. Then I ran away and got safe to the city. No one ever suspected me."

"You see I'm dying now. Don't let my innocent man suffer for what I did. The money is there now under the chestnut tree. You will know it, because it is splashed with Sultan's blood."

He stopped here. He evidently wished to say more, but was unable. The doctor started forward and raised him to a sitting position. When he laid him down he was dead.

As Sloewick had said, the money—some five thousand dollars—was found; but no one appropriated it, and it was donated to a charitable institution.

A Curious Fish.

A very curious fish was taken by some fishermen in Long Island sound. In general appearance it resembles a small sea serpent. It has a long, graceful, slender body, compressed and scaly. The head has a savage bulldog front. In color it is a reddish brown, with still darker reddish blotches forming two longitudinal series on the sides. The dorsal fin extends the entire length of the body, and at intervals is marked with fiery red spots, which when the creature moves its fin assume bright colors. The mouth opens obliquely, and even the vomer and palatines are covered with sharp teeth. The New York aquarium has secured this monstrosity, and it is deposited in a tank in that institution.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Potato Fertilizers.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes as follows:

"Having boys enough to fight bugs, I am anxious to plant quite a large piece of potatoes this year, and should like the experience of potato growers on the following questions: I want to manure in the hill, and wish to use unleached ashes, night soil and barnyard manure. Now at what stage is it best to use the ashes, and how are they applied—a pint each planting, or on top of the ground potatoes when they are three or four inches high? The same questions exactly in regard to night soil and barnyard manure. I can get plenty of night soil in the village, and am not afraid to handle it, as I have drawn tons of it on the roofs of my apple trees. I can get plenty of unleached wood ashes at eight cents per bushel, and barnyard manure at fifty cents per load; night soil of course costs nothing but the drawing, and plenty of it to be had at that. I draw it in a tight wagon box, use a dipper similar to that used in a potato manure, a long-handled shovel, or short shovel, according to the consistency of the goods to be handled. Soil a clay loam. Please give me some practical plan for a large field. Have read about the Minnesota man who used a peck of unleached ashes to the hill of potatoes, and although he gave a column or two of reading in regard to how many bushels he got from a pound of seed, he did not tell us how he applied his fertilizer."

Your correspondent will find ashes excellent for potatoes, but if he plants, as I do, two feet nine inches apart each way, his "pint to a hill" will require ninety bushels to the acre. When I have applied that amount I drove the load across the field, and had two men follow it out broadcast from each side of the hill will take ten or twelve bushels. In applying ashes or hen manure, or any such special fertilizer, I would furrow out one furrow with a shovel-plow, three or four inches deep, drop manure in it, let a man follow with a potato hook and mix it up with the soil and brush a little soil upon it, another man drop on the seed and step upon it, and another come afterward cover spot down. Another good way, and easier done, is to drop the fertilizer on the hill just as the plants are breaking through, then cover with shovel-plow, as in my potato manure. But as a "practical plan for a large field," I should compost the horse manure and night soil by putting down first a layer of manure, then one of night soil, next one of muck or coal ashes, and continue these alternate courses for all the heap, and would be sure to sprinkle on a few bushels of plaster to each course; then when it was in good heat pitch it over, mixing it well, and after it got to heating again would draw and spread from the wagon upon plowed land, then cultivate and drag in well. This I should think the most practical way of using such manures where they can be obtained so easily and cheaply as he reports. In answer to an Illinois inquirer, I would say that in potatoes for market I have realized the best returns from Peersless. I do not know about charcoal for potato good land on top of the hill after a layer of manure, and as soon as they begin to come up cover ashes and hill with fresh earth. This requires about ten bushels of ashes to the acre. Seed potatoes cut to two or three eyes requires about seven bushels Early Rose and nine or ten bushels Peersless.—Henry Veas, in New York Tribune.

RICE CAKES.

Boil one-half pound of rice very soft; let it get nearly cold, then stir in one-half pound butter warmed, two teaspoonfuls salt, and two of sugar; beat into this five tablespoonfuls condensed eggs, adding one pound of flour sifted, in which you have put two spoonfuls baking powder; make into a stiff batter with milk, and bake in waffle iron, muffin rings, or in cakes on the griddle.

SEED CAKE.

One pound flour, one-half pound sugar, one-half pound butter, one cup milk, two tablespoonfuls ground ginger, two papers caraway seeds, one teaspoonful baking powder; mold rather stiff and roll out as thin as ginger snaps.

TO CLEAN MATS AND TIDIES CROCHETED WITH YARN.

Lay in cold water for fifteen minutes, then rub plenty of white castile soap on them; then rinse in clean suds; hang up in the sun, and when nearly dry dress on underside, and they will look as good as new.

ENGLISH PUFFS.

Two quarts flour; rub in yeast shortening; one pint milk; half cupful sugar; one cupful water; a sponge for several hours; then knead and roll half an inch thick, and cut with tumbler.

A New Cement.

A new cement for glassware has been discovered, which is said to have the quality of being unaffected by boiling water. It is also free from another objectionable feature of china and glass cements, as it does not disfigure by a dark line along the junction. The method of making this cement (which must be used when fresh), is to add five parts of a solution of gelatine, one part of a solution of acid chromate of lime. The articles, after the broken surfaces have been united, are to be exposed to a strong sunlight for a few hours; and meanwhile should be held in the proper position under considerable pressure from a wire or a string. A fracture thus repaired in glassware is said to be hardly perceptible.

Suggestions.

Grow those crops you know best how to grow, adapted to your soil, location, markets and means, grow them every year, be the price high or low, study them so as to grow good crops when others fail, until you can grow them profitably at prices at which others would starve.

Does the dairyman ever suspect that some cows are dreadful loafers? If flies happen to be particularly bad some cows will spend most of their time standing in the water. Some dairymen think the act of standing in the water absorbs the milk from cows. They little suspect it is simply the effect of loafing away her time.

Interesting Torpedo Experiments.

Some very interesting experiments were made a few days ago at Cherbourg with the little submarine vessel called the Thorneycroft. It was the first occasion of testing in French waters whether a torpedo could be launched against a ship in full sail. Accordingly, Admiral Jaurès, who commands the Squadron, ordered a disabled ship, the Bayonnaise, during a rather rough sea, to be towed out by a steamer belonging to the navy.

A second, lieutenant, M. Lemoine, was sent for, and informed that he had been selected to make the experiment of launching the Thorneycroft against the Bayonnaise while both were in full sail. He accepted the mission without hesitation, picked out two engineers and a pilot and went down with them into the interior of the Thorneycroft, of which only a small part was above water, this visible portion being painted of a grayish color, so as to be easily confused with the sea. The torpedo was placed so as to project from the bow of the vessel, at the extremity of which were two lateen sails yards about three metres in length. The towing steamer then took up its position in front of the squadron, and the Thorneycroft assumed the position assigned for it; an interval of three or four minutes separating the torpedo and the Bayonnaise.

On a signal being given, both were set in motion, the steamer advancing in a straight line, and the Thorneycroft obliquely, so as to take the Bayonnaise in flank. The steaming went at fourteen knots an hour, going at full speed in order to escape the Thorneycroft. The latter went at nineteen knots an hour, a rate not attained by any vessel in the squadron. The chase lasted about an hour, the squadron keeping in the rear so as to witness the operations.

At the end of that time the distance between the Thorneycroft and the Bayonnaise had sensibly diminished, and at a given moment the former, in order to come up with the latter at the requisite distance, had to slacken speed to eight knots an hour. The whole squadron watched this last phase of the struggle with breathless interest, and people asked themselves whether the shock of the torpedo would not infallibly destroy the little vessel that bore it. It was feared that the lives of the second lieutenant, Lemoine, and his three companions were absolutely sacrificed. However, the two vessels got visibly nearer.

All at once the Thorneycroft put on a last spurt, and struck the Bayonnaise with its whole force on the starboard bow. The sea was terribly agitated, a deafening report was heard, and the Bayonnaise, with a rent as big as a house, sank with wonderful rapidity. As for the Thorneycroft, rebounding by the shock about fifteen metres off, even before the explosion occurred, it went round and round for a few moments, and then quietly resumed the direction of the squadron. No trace remained of the Bayonnaise; it was literally swallowed up by the sea.

A Chinese Story.

Chin and wife lived with a nephew and wife in a house in Tung-hwy. The uncle was a dyer and the nephew a tailor; their wives were congenial, and they all were happy. Last spring the nephew died and his wife vowed that she would be true to his memory and never marry again. In November Mrs. Chin's mother died, and she went to her father's house to attend the funeral and settle up the estate. As they did not wish to leave the beautiful young widow unprotected in the house, they asked an old neighbor to stay with her during their absence. Now there lived in the town a soldier named Chao Telshen, a bad man, who had been casting sheep's eyes at the widow. He armed himself with a dagger and about midnight jumped over the wall of the house, and entering the widow's room threatened to kill her. She replied by offering her throat to the dagger. Suddenly the door was kicked open and in burst a tall fellow who wrested the dagger from the ruffian's hand and threw him on the floor. The widow rushed in to embrace the superannuated neighbor, and the soldier, who was armed with a coil of rope, then the neighbors flocked in, and recognizing the soldier set to and hammered him. They turned to the widow's gallant defender and asked him who he was and how he had happened to be in the house. "My name is Tsao," said the tall stranger; "and I am a robber by trade. I was passing through the town, and having no money came into this house to steal something; but finding this fellow here on a worse errand than mine I made him fast." The defender of innocence was a robber. But the neighbors thought so well of him that they raised a subscription and collected enough money to set him up in an honest trade. The bad man went to prison; the virtuous robber hasn't married the widow yet.

A New Era in Telegraphy.

Professor Loomis, of Washington, who has given to electricity and its uses much study and thought, says the time is not far distant when telegraphing will be carried on by means of aerial currents, without the aid of wire or poles. He has already, he says, communicated with his assistant, who was twelve miles away, by means of an aerial current. The current was reached by flying kites a certain height at each point, the string used being a copper wire. When both ends of the kites would be at the same altitude and in the same current, he says he has, by means of an instrument attached to the ground end of the wire, sent to and received messages from his assistant, twelve miles away, there being nothing but an aerial connection between them. Professor Peters, in an article on the telephone, written after he had witnessed its first performance, says: "The telephone of to-day probably bears to the telephone of the future about the same relation that Fulton's little steamboat bore to the magnificent floating palaces that now ply on our lakes and rivers, or to those noble embodiments of human skill which have reduced the formidable Atlantic voyage of our grandparent to an average ten day's trip."

LOVE OF THE HEROIC SORT.

Prretty Jennie Burdick and Her Russian Lieutenant.

The San Francisco Post tells the following love story: Standing away back of the engine house at Hunter's dock is a pretty little two-story cottage, in which Jesse A. Burdick, engineer and foreman of the dock, resided with his wife and beautiful daughter Jennie. Seventeen rose buds all in a row numbered her summers, and she is an only daughter. From a quiet Michigan home the family came here in November last, and after a little while, being skilled in his business, the father obtained a position, and hoped to enjoy under his rustic roof tree in California as happy a home as he had left.

With the beginning of the year came the Russian ship-of-war Vasnick, and with it came as lieutenant and paymaster Georges de Kalandas, a fine looking young man, with plenty of money, a tongue made to woo women, and a careless abandon. The ship wanted repairs, and into Hunter's dock she went. It was not long before the gallant lieutenant procured an introduction to Mr. Burdick, and through him to his wife and daughter. The opportunity he improved. Time and again did he visit the cottage, and into the ears of the daughter did he pour tales of daring and wild romance. When the father's suspicions were excited, he found opposition where formerly he had found obedience. Thinking that no good could come of a marriage between his daughter and the Russian officer, he forbade the latter the house, about a month ago, and hoped that all might yet be well; but neither himself nor his wife dreamed of the extent to which the affair had gone. Miss Jennie Burdick walked and read in the Vasnick's deck, which by this time had come up to Mare Island. For a little time there was no communication between the lovers. However, on a recent Thursday, a ball, given by the officers of the Vasnick, to which Mr. Burdick and family were invited, brought the lovers once more together.

It was evident to Mr. Burdick from what he saw at the party on the Vasnick that there was more between Lieut. de Kalandas and his young daughter than he had dreamed of. On Friday morning he took the girl to her mother and suddenly accused her of regarding the young Russian with too favorable eyes. Instead of denying the soft impeachment, the girl boldly declared her intention to marry de Kalandas at the very first opportunity, and added that her husband would be no less than the very best she could get. Burdick understood each other thoroughly. Burdick *per se* and *more* were of course very much astonished. They told the girl that she had the alternative of giving up her lover or undergoing a rigorous confinement. She accepted the latter without hesitation, saying that at the first opportunity she would escape and fly to her lover. Miss Jennie was escorted to her room and locked in, and all her clothing carefully packed away in her mother's trunk, with the exception of a calico dress and a shawl.

Deeming their daughter thus secure, Mr. and Mrs. Burdick calmly awaited the time when the Russian fleet would sail away and carry off the object of her affections. But the lovers, debarred from personal intercourse, found means to communicate with each other through a male friend. It was no secret to this young man that the girl was locked up in her room. It is supposed that de Kalandas liberally bribed him to carry notes to the young lady, and that through him the elopement was planned. The house of the Burdicks stands bleak a short distance from the road leading into the Potrero. The room occupied by Miss Jennie is about twelve feet from the ground, and the presumption is that the go-between de Kalandas, who is supposed to have been in the vicinity, and attaching a small stone to them, threw them into the open window to the girl. This is the only way in which any communication could take place between them for the girl had been locked in her room since Friday.

Nothing occurred to disturb the serenity of the family until last evening about seven o'clock, when Mr. Burdick heard an unusual noise in Miss Jennie's room. He was sitting in the dining-room, which is immediately under the girl's apartment. The thought struck him that perhaps she was attempting to escape. He went out on the front steps, and was astonished to see his daughter fleeing down the road, hatless and shawlless. A glance at the story. Her window was open, and standing in the road was a top buggy and horse. He dashed into the house for his revolver, and reached the road in time to see his daughter seized by the strong arms of the young lieutenant and lifted into the buggy. The indignant father followed the fugitives, discharging his revolver as he went, but in a short time the buggy vanished in the gathering gloom, and Mr. Burdick gave up the chase and returned sadly to his home. The girl had jumped out of the window, under which her lover had dropped her shawl, and in her hurry had dropped her shawl. The outraged father called at the police station and related the circumstances, desiring the assistance of the police to recover his erring daughter. He had not the faintest idea as to where the eloping couple had gone.

The Opium Eater.

A resident of Knightstown, Ind., after eating opium for ten years, wandered into a hotel in New Orleans a week ago yesterday, and committed suicide by boring a hole in his neck with a penknife and cutting the jugular vein with a pair of surgeon's scissors. The confessions of this opium eater have a terrible significance; "God only knows how I have fought this terrible habit, but whenever it gets hold of the system it is too late. God pity the opium eater! Am almost past going now. The opium habit was contracted more than ten years ago, though not confirmed until about eight years since. I then began to fight it with the desperation that almost crazed me, and when nearly well would come discouraged and go back again. No man had a dearer wife and family than I had—a better wife and children. I cannot recall my life."

Items of Interest.

A Texas stockman recently sold to parties in southwestern Kansas 40,000 head of cattle and 2,000 horses for \$140,000 in silver.

Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf of the pantry.

Georgia paid last year \$3,500,000 for material to fertilize her lands, and the average product of her cotton per acre is reported as a little less than 250 per cent.

The Japanese are advancing in civilization. They usually favor condemned felons with the choice of the mode of death. An interesting murderer having been recently asked how he would like to be executed, promptly replied: "By proxy."

Lord Beaconsfield said a neat thing to the Chinese ambassador when he received that functionary lately. "May you," said the English statesman, "find it agreeable to remain in our country until you have taught me Chinese." The envoy of the sun and moon was much pleased.

It now comes to light that the refusal of the German government to take part in the Paris Exhibition of 1878 is intended, not as a sign of hostility to France, but as a snub and chastisement for the German artists and manufacturers who made such a discredit show at Philadelphia.

Punch's idea of a treaty is "An international agreement between two or more powers, which each and all of the contracting parties will punctually fulfill when the time comes for doing so, unless they find that the safest and most advantageous course is to back out of it, in which case they are free to back accordingly."

Beaver hunters in California live in arks or floating houses, in which they move from place to place on the streams and ponds. The one small room on such a craft contains benches for several men, cooking utensils, hunting articles and a stock of provisions. The hunters are a lazy, card playing and careless lot, but live comfortably and make the business pay.

On March 11 the hamlet of Carol, in the Canton of Massat, Switzerland, was covered by an avalanche of snow, which broke loose from the heights of the Pares mountains. It was five in the morning, and the twenty inhabitants were still in bed. Of these six escaped, and the corpses of nine were subsequently obtained. Those of the rest had not been dug up at last accounts.

Two policemen in San Francisco saw two men pushing and pulling each other at a distance in the street, and commented on it by themselves as "rough skylarking." Then one of the men ran away, and the other, approaching the officers, said: "You blamed fools, couldn't you see I was getting robbed? That fellow has gone off with my watch."

The selectmen of Boston, one hundred years ago, leased the public lands and buildings at auction. The ordinance provided: "The premises to be so leased shall be set up at public auction or sale, by inch of candle, and that at the instant in which the candle shall expire, the person last bidding the highest or the greatest annual rent for the same shall be declared the lessee of the same."

They had been married five months, and she was turning the leaves of a book; she espied a pressed flower, part of a bouquet he had given her previous to wedlock, and said: "Tis but a little flower, but, oh, how fondly dear!" "I should think so," he growled; "that's a representative of a half-guinea bouquet, and to buy it I walked into town and deprived myself of luncheon for a week."

The vessels which passed through the isthmus of Suez in 1876 numbered 1,395, and measured 1,986,698 tons. In 1875 there were 1,411, measuring 1,908,970 tons. Of the vessels of 1876, England was represented by tonnage of 1,510,198, against 476,500 supplied by other nations. France followed at a long distance, with 135,345 tons; Holland had 101,031 tons; Italy, 60,998; Austria, 27,281; and Russia but 16,627 tons.

The residents in an old-fashioned two-story house at Hampton, N. H., on arising one morning this winter, found snow up to the eaves of the house, and had to take up the boards from a chamber floor and lay them down on the snow to the barn, and then they had to take some boards from the roof of the cattle. The sheep were buried under the snow for twenty-one days, and were then got out alive.

Naval Warfare.

In the long contest for supremacy between heavy artillery and armored vessels, the attack has in general kept the lead of the defense. But there may be greater dangers for the navies of the future than even the projectiles of eighty-one-ton guns. The British admiralty has recently been considering with favor a rocket float. This is a small vessel which is propelled by a speed of 275 miles per hour, and to a distance of four miles. In the bow of this vessel there is a quantity of gun-cotton arranged with a percussion cap, so as to explode upon striking an obstacle. If one of these rocket floats were started and accurately directed toward a ship at a distance there is a clear certainty that it would arrive before the ship could be moved out of range. The charge of gun cotton could easily be made sufficient to sink, on explosion, any ship that can be built. The admiralty are also taking an interest in a new torpedo which travels under water at twenty miles per hour.

An Arithmetical Genus.

Mr. John N. Outwater, of Jersey City, New Jersey, the Erie railway expert, known as the lightning calculator, has for a protégé a little boy of Hebrew parentage, who can successfully solve the most difficult problems without marking down a figure, seeming to impress each figure or combination of figures on his mind as they are given out. The boy is deformed, standing only thirty inches, and when Mr. Outwater found him he was selling matches in New York.