

# THE BEAUFORT TRIBUNE

## AND PORT ROYAL COMMERCIAL.

VOL. V. NO. 25.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1877.

\$2.00 per Annum. Single Copy 5 Cents.

### Called by the Angels.

The farmer's wife is sitting alone  
In the dusk of a winter's day,  
While over the hills the shadows fall,  
And over the meadows gray,  
And the cares of many a busy hour  
Steal fast from her heart away.

Her eyes have wandered through mist of tears  
To the churchyard under the hill,  
Where the snow, like the wings of a brooding  
dove,  
Lies soft and pure and still,  
And where her treasures, so long ago,  
She laid at the Master's will.

And, ah! how oft, as the days go by,  
She starts, as her listening ear  
Has almost caught on the passing breeze  
Voices so sweet and clear.  
"Tis the angels calling!" she thinks. "Ah,  
me!

It is weary waiting here."  
The farmer comes from his work, at last,  
In the dusk of a winter's day,  
And he sits him down by his faithful wife,  
And she parts his locks so gray,  
And looks in his face with a loving smile  
That years steal never away.

And back again, as her dim eyes turn  
To the hills where the shadows fall,  
She thinks: "My treasures are lying there.  
But he has not taken all,  
Since one is waiting beside me still  
Till the angels' voices call."

But the weeks are slow, and the aged two,  
In the dusk of many a day,  
Will watch the shadows come and go  
O'er the meadows cold and gray,  
Ere they, at the Master's will, may lie  
Where their treasures are laid away.

### How Love Built a New School House.

In a village near Chicago, the school directors of the primary department were sorely annoyed in securing a permanent and desirable teacher. Four or five ladies had successively been employed, but after teaching two or three months on a six months' engagement they had surrendered to the attacks of Cupid. Plenty of gentlemen offered to take the vacant position, but it was decided that ladies only were adapted to it, and that unless one could be obtained the old schoolhouse should be unoccupied. The logs of this "temple of learning" were rotting down, the benches and seats were dilapidated, the well had caved in and the roof leaked. Yet, strange to say, none advocated its repair by a dollar's expenditure.

The old schoolhouse was tenanted when Miss Runney appeared. She was a Vermont, and a teacher by profession. How she could have traveled along singly for twenty-six years was a mystery, for she owned two bright, affectionate eyes, an exceedingly winning countenance and a graceful figure. The directors held a meeting to decide if the lady should have the school, and, under the influence of their erratic and obstinate chairman, unanimously decided that unless Miss R. would obtain surety in a bond of one thousand dollars, to keep the school for six months, she should not have the desired position. Her uncle resided a few miles off, and it was inferred he would become her bondsman. Now, the lady was exceedingly desirous to secure the office, and, having not the remotest idea of matrimony at the time, besought her uncle to be her surety. He acceded to her wishes, the bond was duly filed and the new mistress installed.

For about two months everything went on charmingly. The directors and patrons of the school fancied they had at last secured a permanent and most desirable teacher. But, alas for the insufficiency of human foresight, who should arrive in the village one evening but Ned Bradford, son of the old squire. Ned had left Illinois three years previous to enhance his estate in California, and had been successful in increasing his worldly goods. He was probably thirty-four or five years of age, and was a fine specimen of a stalwart son of the great West. Now, Miss Runney boarded at the old squire's, and, as a matter of course, the young man soon fell in love with her, and Miss R. recognized the affinity. Ned was impatient for an early marriage, and was startled and surprised when Miss R. informed him that months must elapse ere they could be united—that she and her uncle were under bonds for one thousand dollars that she should teach to the end of six months. Young Bradford had lived in California long enough to be capable of forming sudden resolves. So he asked the lady if she would marry him at once if he would arrange with the directors about that bond. An affirmative answer was received. Ned immediately posted to the directors and arranged for meeting them all together the next day on important business. When assembled with them he asked if they would release Miss Runney's uncle from the penalty of the one thousand dollars bond if she married him.

"Release Miss Runney's uncle? Is the lady going to marry you? Confound it! I will never be rid of the bother of these marrying schoolmarm's. No, sir, we won't release the bond," was the reply of the most influential director.

"Well, then," said Ned, "I will pay the bond, for Miss Runney must be mine within a month. But I would like, gentlemen, that the one thousand dollars I shall pay you be devoted to a specific purpose—the building of a new schoolhouse."

The directors were vastly pleased with the proposition, and soon agreed to accept it. The money was paid and bond destroyed. Within the next ten days Ned and Miss R. were married and started East on a visit to the lady's relatives. In less than three months the village had the handsomest little schoolhouse for many miles around.

A short time ago a lady residing at Clifton, England, having an income of £5,000 a year, was so struck by the devotion of a young crossing sweeper to his mother that she proposed to him, placed him in the hands of a tutor for a couple of months, and when he had been intellectually veneered and polished, married him at Wells' cathedral. The experiment was not a success, and the lady is now suing for a divorce.

### Matrimony by Mail.

A man writes from the far West to Miss Jennie Collins, of Boffin's Bower, Boston. Enclosed in his letter is \$5, to be used for the girls aided at the Bower. After explaining the design of this enclosure he proceeds as follows: "While writing, I wish to ask if it is not possible for you to do me a favor and at the same time, perhaps, assist some good woman to find a home. I am a bachelor of forty, neither rich nor good-looking, but I am in business and doing well. I was born in the State of New York, but I have lived sixteen years in California, and nearly two years in this State. As you have probably guessed ere this, I am in want of a wife, and would ask you if among your acquaintances you could not pick out for me a nice, virtuous, and true woman, one who has no home and would appreciate one of her own and a kind and loving husband (as I would try to be) to protect and provide for her. I do not care how poor she may be, as far as money is concerned; but I would have her well educated and accustomed to good society, for I should take her among those who would meet her with open arms, and I should introduce her among the best society, both here and in New York. I would not object to a nice little widow, provided she was homeless, young, virtuous, and in every way a good woman. You will probably wonder why I do not go among friends and acquaintances to pick me out a wife, and I will tell you the exact truth. I spent ten months two years ago visiting my friends East, but the marriageable ladies all seemed to be well to do and to live in stylish happy homes, better than I was able at that time to give a wife. Then I would sooner give some good woman a home who now has none than one who is already in possession of a good home and otherwise well provided for. I believe it is in your power to put me in correspondence with some lady who would like to find a home and a husband, always provided, of course, that we were suited to each other, and I will, of course, give her undoubted proof that I am what I represent myself to be.

To these and similar epistles Miss Collins always makes suitable replies, and in some cases she is really the good genius who makes easy the first steps towards a happy home. In one instance a gentleman wrote to her for a wife, and while she was considering what she should do about the matter there came to her a girl who was an orphan, an educated girl, but like so many others, not trained by any particular calling. The letter containing the request was handed to her, and she answered it. The gentleman saw from her reply that she was not only a young woman of education, but of strong common sense, so he arranged for an interview with her. This interview took place, and they were married after a brief courtship. Of their after life Miss Collins knows nothing, but she believes that the marriage was a happy one, in spite of the somewhat peculiar manner in which it was contracted.

### A Clever Trick.

One day, seeing a large ship with the appearance of a well laden merchantman near the shore, the steamer Speedy gave chase. On nearing her she suddenly raised her ports, and Lord Cochrane discovered that he had to deal not with a rich, helpless merchantman, but a large Spanish frigate, crowded with men, who had hitherto been kept out of sight. To that the Spaniard would have been a simple act of folly; to escape from her by taking flight was equally out of the question. Some of the officers were anxious to try the fate of an action, but Lord Cochrane, fire-eater as he was, possessed a clear, well balanced mind, and saw that the Speedy would have no chance. He therefore had recourse to a ruse, for which he had prepared beforehand. Having heard that the Spaniards were particularly bitter about the Speedy, he had caused her to be painted so as to resemble a Danish brig, the Clomer, well known on the Spanish coast. He had also shipped a Danish quartermaster, and provided him with a uniform of an officer of that nation. As soon as the Spaniard disclosed her real character, the Speedy hoisted Danish colors. The Spaniards not being satisfied with this evidence of nationality, sent a boat to board the British brig. Had the Speedy been boarded, the trick would, of course, have been discovered in a moment. To prevent such a catastrophe, and at the same time disarm suspicion, the Danish quartermaster, in his uniform, was placed in a prominent position on deck, and told to carry on a conversation. The yellow quarantine flag was run up at the same time. The Spaniards have always had an abject and unreasoning terror of infection, and on this occasion their fears were increased by the intimation given by the Dane that the ship was only two days out from Algiers, where the plague was raging. This intelligence was quite enough for the Spaniards, the boat at once returned to the frigate, which immediately set sail, the Speedy losing no time in making off in the opposite direction.

### The Pearl Fishery.

Ceylon newspapers mention the excitement prevailing in that island in March in connection with the resumption of pearl fishing. The pearl oyster produces its best pearls when about four years old, so that the great object kept in view by divers is not to take any that have not reached that period of existence. This had led the authorities to prohibit fishing on the several banks except at intervals of four years, but this system has resulted in other inconveniences, inasmuch as the mollusks are beset with divers dangerous enemies, who, it is contended, make frightful havoc on a bank in one season if it be not fished. The government is now intent upon discovering what is the right time for a bed to lie dormant. The experiences of recent years give ten million oysters as the average crop of a bank, and the average pearls found would amount to two per cent. When one thousand oysters produce \$100 worth of pearls it is considered a very remunerative product. A hundred pearls of the size of a pin's head are not worth one as large as a pea. Ten thousand persons are directly or indirectly engaged in this industry. In the last great haul in 1874, a million and a quarter of oysters were taken on one bank, which were sold for \$50,000.

### INVASION OF TURKEY--MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.



### Our War Map.

As the long expected war between Turkey and Russia has at last broken out in full earnest, and as it will probably be the foremost topic of interest for some time to come, we deemed it advisable to procure a map showing where the rival armies will operate and the battles be fought. Accordingly we procured this map from the New York Herald, and our readers will be able to follow up the marches and locate the fields of battle in an intelligent manner. At the opening of hostilities the Russian forces occupied Kischeneff, a town on a railroad not far from the northeastern boundary of Roumania, and lying midway between Odessa and Jassi. The advance line of the Turkish troops was stationed on Widdin to Silistria. The Roumanian army guarded the territory lying between the Russian and Turkish forces, and a Turkish fleet held sway in the Danube. Should the Turkish strongholds along the Danube be taken, then a retreat could be made to the second line of defenses in the Balkan range of mountains, where the Turks are strongly barricaded. The mountainous nature of the country makes this position an admirable one for an army on the defensive, and the Russian advance on Constantinople will have to pass these fortifications before it can go further.

### THE YOUNG CUBAN.

One evening, just after the eight o'clock gong, I was seated in the Cafe Perpetua, in the Calle de Santa Maria, Havana, smoking a Spanish cigar, and watching the crowd of persons passing in and out, or pacing up and down the hall, in that earnest, conversational manner which characterizes the Spaniard.

I sat quietly smoking when a young Spaniard—whom I had seen in the United States—passed my table. I at once pronounced his name. He stopped, and, after regarding me for an instant, a bright, warm smile of recognition lighted up his fine countenance, and he sprang forward, and clasped me in his hands, while he expressed, most cordially, his pleasure at meeting me again.

He took a seat by me, and after I had told him how long I had been in Cuba, and where I was living, he answered my inquiries by informing me that he lived within half a league of the walls with his mother, and that his house was at my service as much as if it were my own. Having thanked him for his hospitable offer, we talked of our former schoolmates; for we had been at school together near Boston.

Young Carlos de Armas had been popular with us. He was of a slight figure, but perfectly symmetrical, with the most elegant shaped hand and foot I ever beheld. His hair was as glossy black as the raven's wing, and flowed with silvery beauty about his neck. His features were delicately chiseled, and full of expression and energetic life.

"You will go out with me to-morrow?" he asked. "I remain in to-night, to attend the opera, where you must go with me. I will take no refusal, mi amigo Americano!" he added, with an expressive smile, as he laid his jeweled, olive-colored hand upon my arm.

I was about to consent, for I had come to Havana for my health, which, having been entirely restored in that delicious climate, I had some days' leisure before I contemplated returning to the States. But as I was in the act of replying, a richly dressed officer of middle age and haughty air came

in, attended by several young officers, glittering in gold and plumes. There was no vacant table, and as the officer was looking around to see where he could find a seat for himself and party, his eye fell on me, whose complexion and blue eyes (and national air, doubtless), stamped me as an American.

"Here is a table, gentlemen!" he said, striking his hand on my table by way of taking possession of it. "This is an American, and ought to be in prison instead of being permitted to go at large here."

It was all spoken in Spanish, and so grossly, that I felt my eye flash, and my blood boil. I had half risen, previously, in order to leave with Carlos, but I now resumed my seat, quietly resolved that I would not resign to rudeness what I might have yielded to courtesy, and had he properly approached me.

"It is the general," I beg of you, do not resent, for he is capable of doing you mischief. Yield quietly, my friend. Havana is not Boston."

This was said to me very rapidly, in an undertone, by Carlos, whose naturally brave soul was intimidated by the tyrannical power which crushes everything noble in Cuba.

"Is the Yankee going to move?" demanded the officer, fiercely.

Several Spaniards, who were seated at the little tables about, sprang to their feet and servilely offered him the places they had occupied. But he bowed negatively to their obsequious proffers, and fixed his glance upon me, as if expecting that I would cringe before him, like the Cubans. I quietly sat smoking, and tried to induce Carlos to reseat himself. But he was disposed to conceal his acquaintance with me, and withdrew from the table, losing himself in the crowd that was gathering around.

Finding that I remained seated, the general ordered one of his aides to remove me. As he extended his hand to fasten his grasp upon my collar, I drew a revolver and deliberately retraced motion of the party. Some one behind me wounded me with the point of a sword. I turned and fired, and then making a circular sweep with my pistol around me, I took advantage of the space which I had cleared to walk through it and quit the coffee house, leaving behind me the fiercest uproar.

I had no sooner reached the street than Don Carlos hurried past me, saying, as he did so, in my ear:

"I am glad to see yourself! He has sent for a file of soldiers to arrest you. Follow me, and I will show you a place of safety."

I placed myself under the protection of my friend Carlos, who led the way across the plaza to a narrow street, which we entered and traversed for some distance through the darkness. At length we came to a small shop, over the low door of which was a cigar box for a sign. The shutters were closed, but a faint thread of light streamed through the crevices of the window.

"Here is the shop of Pedro Aliva," said my friend; "he is a cigar roller, whom I have befriended when sick, and who is attached to me. You will be safe here, as he may be trusted."

He knocked on the shutter, and repeated the name of the occupant of the humble tenement.

"Quien es? Quien es?" responded a hoarse voice within.

We heard an exclamation of satisfaction, and the left leaf of a door was pushed cautiously outward. The light from within showed him the face of De Armas, and he quickly threw the door wide and admitted us.

"Now, shut, bar and lock, good Pedro," said De Armas, aiding him.

Pedro, who was a short, dark visaged Spaniard, with an enormous gray mustache, iron spectacles, and a bald head, soon secured the door.

"I am glad to see your honor," he said respectfully, "and your lordship's friend," bowing to me; "but I hope there is nothing wrong, senor."

"My friend, here, has been so unfortunate as to make an enemy of General —, and I wish you to conceal him."

"If he has made such an enemy, he had better leave the island as soon as he can, senor," said Pedro.

"And until he can do so, I wish you to keep him secretly here. To-morrow I will try and arrange for his departure. Now, my friend," he added, addressing me, and taking my hand, "I beg you to keep close, and suffer no one to see you until you hear from me again. If the person you shot is killed, your life is at stake."

"El Caballero is wounded, Senor Carlos!" suddenly exclaimed the cigar roller, examining the floor with his light. "Here is blood he is standing in."

"You did not tell me so," he said, reproachfully.

"I forgot it, and did not feel it, until now reminded of it," I answered; but now that I thought of it, I suffered pain. De Armas made me take off my coat, and upon examination, he found that the sword passed through the flesh of my left shoulder, making two orifices of the breadth of two inches, and that the wound bled freely. It was soon bound by the skillful Pedro, who had been in the wars, and had experience in such matters, which it seemed to afford him great delight to have to do with again. De Armas, having seen me safely in bed, in a small closet, half hidden by a pile of tobacco boxes, took leave of me, promising to come and see me the next day, and report how our affairs stood.

The soporific influence of the tobacco soon overpowered my senses, and when I awoke it was ten o'clock in the forenoon. Pedro had locked me in, and through the chinks of the door I saw him at his work, and pretended to be snoring cigars on a shelf over the door.

"What news from Carlos?" I asked, eagerly.

"Nothing, senor. He is, no doubt, at rest for your safety."

Pedro passed me a cup of fragrant coffee and a light roll, and I ate a hearty breakfast. He closed the door between the two rooms, and thus enabled me to come out of my confined lodging place. We had a consultation, and I resolved to quit the refuge of my shop, unwilling to expose him to danger. He warmly insisted upon my remaining. Finally I made known to him my plan, which was to dress in a suit of his clothes, and with half a dozen bales of tobacco on my shoulders, sally forth into the streets, and try and get beyond the Tacón Paseo, into the country, where, three miles from the city, dwelt an English merchant, whom I well knew, and where I felt I should be in safety. The change in my wardrobe was soon completed, or rather, instead of changing my dress, I put on Pedro's coarse habiliments over my own. He stained my face with tobacco juice, and then piled upon my shoulders several parcels of the broad leaved tobacco, which flapped over and about my shoulders and face, completely concealing it.

I then led him to inform Senor De Armas where I was going, that he might, if he wished, come and see me, and grasping his hand, I went out of the door.

At last I reached the post sentry of the city outpost. Here I felt that I should be most in danger, since I learned from Pedro that strict orders had been given to watch carefully every avenue out of the city. By the time I reached the gate, I was nearly overcome with weakness and fatigue. The flesh wound in my shoulder, heated and rubbed by the tobacco pressing upon it, had caused it to bleed afresh, and I could feel the blood trickling down, even to my feet. I, therefore, determined to sit in the shade of a tree, near the gate, upon a stone bench, till in some measure recovered my strength, and get a little rested.

I had not been seated ten minutes—during which time I had seen the guards relieved—when one of the soldiers lounged up, and took his seat on the bench where I sat. Without ceremony, he pulled a leaf

from my bundles of tobacco, and smelling it, like an epicure, he seemed satisfied with its quality, and deliberately began rolling it up in the shape of a cigar. When he had completed it—and he made it very neatly—he lit it by a match, and commenced smoking.

"Buen cigar, hombre," he at length said, without deigning a glance at me. "Where is your shop? I will send for some. You have good tobacco here."

"My shop, senor soldado," I answered, "is in C. de San Juan, No. 18."

"Buen! And where do you take tobacco out of the city? People bring it in usually."

"We have a large order to fill, and I take it out, to get it made up by a friend, who sometimes helps us."

"When you come back, leave me a dozen," he said, "and I will be your customer."

"As you make cigars so well, senor, I will give you half a score of leaves, as a present, if you are going to be my customer," I said; and suiting the action to the word, I pulled the leaves from the bundle, and handed them to him, to his evident satisfaction.

I then passed on, and was soon beyond the gate, and traveling on the dusty road, which had followed the scene in the villa of Mr. W., who was in the city; but I made myself known to Mrs. W., who at once gladly welcomed me, and offered me the refuge I so much needed. When Mr. W. returned in the evening, he found me in bed, with a high fever, brought on by the inflammation of my wound. I was tenderly nursed for twelve days, and at the end of three weeks, I was entirely recovered. From Mr. W. I had learned the excitement which had followed the scene in the coffee house, and of the search made for me, by orders of General —, who represented me as a spy of the Americans.

"If you had not been an American," said Mr. W., "he would not have insulted you as he did in the coffee house. The search for you is now over, as it is supposed you have left the island; and you will be able to get off in the next steamer without difficulty. It sails day after to-morrow."

But I did not wish to leave until I had seen or heard from Don Armas. I proposed—for my aspirations were painfully roused—that we should send to his mother's villa in order to ascertain if he were there or not. Mr. W. advised me not to appear abroad, openly, and rode to her residence, three miles distant, himself. Upon his return, the expression of his face showed that he brought ill tidings.

"He is in prison!" he answered the inquiring look I gave him, as he alighted. "In prison!" I repeated with a sinking heart.

"Yes. His mother is in great distress. She says that three weeks ago last night—" "The very night I last saw him," I said.

"A Spanish officer, with a file of mounted soldiers, rode out to the villa, and entering it, searched for the papers of Carlos, and carried off every letter and scrap of paper they could find, and every letter he had written to his mother from the United States, when he was at the university there. Upon her inquiries why this was done, the only reply she got was that Carlos was a state prisoner, and arrested on suspicion of sympathizing with the American invaders."

"Do you know what prison he is in?" I asked of Pedro.

"In the government prison, near the port side."

"This is a strong place."

"As the Moro itself, senor," answered Pedro, shaking his head. "I know all about it, for I was once in the guard, and have done my duty in it many a month."

"Then you must go to prison, and chat with your old comrades. You must take them presents of fine cigars. You must not be without a flask of wine under your jacket. You must make friends with all in the guard-house. It will take two or three days, twice a day, to accompany this until you make them familiar with your

presence. Throw out hints that you think of enlisting again."

"I will do it, senor," answered Pedro.

"If you will, I will afterward plan some way of liberating him," I answered.

After about four hours' absence he returned. He informed me that his success had been far better than he anticipated, that he had not only been let into prison by one of his old cronies, now a sergeant, but had seen Carlos and spoken to him, by the sergeant's permission.

This relation of Pedro filled me with joy and hope. I at once directed him to procure a stout rope, and half a dozen files, and convey them to the cell of Don Carlos. The next day at ten o'clock, when he knew that he should find the sergeant at his post, he went to the prison, and conveyed these articles. He placed them through the iron window, in the hands of Carlos, who said it would take him two nights to file off the bars, which were thick. He said that if a boat could be brought under the window at midnight, on the second night, he would be ready to descend into it.

This was good news to my heart. I now sent Pedro out to purchase a whole hog, or some light, safe boat that it would be possible to cross to Key West, in, if necessary. This boat he pulled round to a place near the prison, and moored it by an obscure pier.

It was a starlight night. Fortunately, we met no patrols, and reached our boat in safety. Here, to my surprise, I found that Pedro determined to embark with me. He said he would not remain, for the escape of him, who had been so recently in the prison. I was glad enough to get him to aid me further in my enterprise, and, pushing off our boat, we were soon rowing, with noiseless dip, under the walls of the prison. As the clock tolled midnight, we came beneath the window. I looked up but could see nothing save the obscure darkness of the window.

"Hark!" whispered Pedro, "he is still filing!"

I listened, and distinctly heard the grating of the coarse file on the heavy bars.

"You are right," he said, "he has not done all his work," I said, with misgiving.

As I spoke there was a humming in the air, and with a splash, a piece of the iron bar fell into the water. "We held our breaths. We believed it would be impossible for the sound not to attract the sentries. We expected to be hailed, or fired into. While we were thus expecting, the rope fell from the height upon my head. I caught it gladly, and drew it up. I tried my weight upon it, and found it secure. The next moment Carlos was in the boat, and his arms about my neck. Pedro took the oars, and I the helm, and we pulled noiselessly out from under the frowning walls. The guardship sentry hailed us with the sharp "Quien es?" but we answered him as we had done others, by calling ourselves the boat of an English vessel of war, that we knew lay outside, and to and from which the town boats plied at all hours.

When we had reached the Moro we breathed freely; and as there was a wind outside, we stepped our mast and hoisted our leg-of-mutton sail. By sunrise we were eight miles north and west of Moro Castle, and steering gallantly for Key West, so near as we could guess.

We ate a hearty breakfast of rolls and fish, and lighted our cigars. At noon we dined after the same fashion. Seeing in the west a large ship, I bore toward it; and soon found, from her bright sides, that she was a Yankee merchantman.

As we approached her they discovered us, and watched us through a spy-glass. We were at length received on board, and as I had the good fortune to be known to two of the passengers, we were at once at home.

Carlos, whose property had been confiscated after his flight, is now an active soldier in the army, and the day may not be far distant when he himself shall be the instrument of freeing Cuba from the yoke of Spain.

The United States navy at the present time consists of 146 vessels of 150,157 tons measurement.

"That portable stove saves half the fuel," said an ironmonger. "Faix thin, I'll take two of them, and save it all," replied his customer.

"Give me a fifty-stor, next the skylight, so I can get out one way at least," said a traveler as he registered his name at a city hotel.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

What is a young man to think when he meets a young lady shading her eyes from the sun with a piece of music, the title of which—"Kiss Me Good Night"—is turned in full view?

The Pacific Coast States make a loud wail against the tramp nuisance. The climate is very favorable to these people, as they can sleep out of doors comfortably eight or nine months in the year.

Previously to the invention of hats, both men and women generally wore close-knit woolen caps; the man's hat was invented at Paris, by a Swiss, 1404, first worn in England in Henry VII.'s time and first manufactured in London, 1510.

There are now sixty-nine daily, weekly and monthly periodicals in Bengal and Tamil, the two languages of India in which the greatest literary activity is shown. Twelve of these are devoted to Mussulman interests and about twenty to Christian.

When a Buffalo young lady so writes a correspondent—parts from her beau, who is so bashful to understand the nicer usages of his position, she will say: "William, if you were to kiss me you might be afraid to hold me. But if I creek the gate she won't know the difference!"

A boy in Cumberland county, Penn., forty years ago lost a shilling that his father had given him to pay his teacher for a school-book. Last month the boy, now nearly fifty years old, learned where his old teacher is living, and sent him a letter, detailing all the circumstances connected with the unpaid-for book, and inclosing the amount of the little debt, with forty years' interest.

A bombshell was plowed up in Morgan county, Tenn., a few days ago, which had been fired from one of General George Morgan's cannon during his retreat from Cumberland Gap in 1862. The funder, to test its keeping qualities, took it home and put it in the fire. A man about two miles away on a hill reports the experiment as highly successful, but the actors in the scene have not yet been heard from.