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Wine and Glory.

A fly, on the brink of a tankard, was sipping The rich mantling wave of the ripe Rhenish

"Oh, what are you doing? you rush to your ruin! Be wise, foolish fly, and to reason incline!"

Thus argued another, careering in gladness, Around the bright flame of a taper afar, "All drinking's a folly and brings melancholy;

Take warning and shun it, lost fly that you "Behold how a passion more noble should

'Tis glory alone has a charm in my eyes; Whatever betide me, its radiance shall guide

Good-bye, silly toper! and learn to be wise.' Thus saying, he sported his wings for a minute, Then flew to the light that so tempted his

But burning his pinions in glory's dominions, He fell in the candle and died in a blaze.

" Alas!" cried the fly that was perched on the tankard.

"Can aught for the want of self knowledge atone? We rail against others, see faults in our

brothers, And blame every folly and vice but our own." But whether this fly was converted from toping' Or led a new life, is not easy to say;

But if flies are like drinkers 'mong two-legged 'Tis likely he sips the bright wine to this day.

A Gambler's Remarkable Escape. A well known correspondent, being detained at Milan, Tennessee, recently. made the acquaintance of Geo, H. Devol, the gambler. He is a gentlemanly looking person of forty-seven, dark sandy hair, light sandy whiskers, beginning to show the silver; a quick, piercing gray eye, ruddy complexion, is of good adout of office not quite four months after dress, and a sweet talker. He was born he had completed his fifty-second year. in Ohio, but for thirty years has been a

While operating on the Shortline road, near Lagrange, he won about \$1,800 and five gold watches, and ended the game just as the train was leaving Lagrange on its way to Cincinnati. The victims squealed terribly, and proposed to have their treasure or blood. They marshaled their forces and drew their revolvers. Devol skipped into the rear coach, locking the door as he went. He then went to the rear platform, and, although the train miles an hour, selected a clear spot and jumped. He rolled over at a lively rate, but picked himself up unhurt, though his late friends fired a volley at him from their revolvers. He cut across the country and struck the railroad at Lexington junction, and went back to Louis-

"The closest place I was ever in in my life," said Devol, "was in '50. I was coming up the river from New Orleans in the steamer Fairchild, and had won a great deal of money. 'I he boat landed at Napoleon, and about twenty-five of those killers there, who, in those days, did not think any more of killing a man than they did a rat, got aboard. I opened out and won a good deal of money and four or five watches. Everything went along smoothly enough until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they begun to get drunk. One of them said: 'Where is that blasted gambler; I am going to kill him!' 'I'm with you,' said another. 'I, too,' said another. And the whole party rushed to their state-rooms and got their pistols. I slipped up and got You are sent up for thirty days." between the pilot-house and the roof. They now searched the boat from stem to stern, but did not once think of looking under the pilot-house. I whispered to the pilot that when he came to a bluff bank to throw her stern in and give me At about six o'clock he gave me the Press.' word, and I run and jumped. I was weighted down with the watches and gold I had won, and the distance was more than I thought, and I missed the bank and stuck tight, waist-deep, in soft mud at the water's edge. The killers saw me, and as the boat swung out they opened fire. I could not move, and the tered mud and water all over my face."

# Point D'Alencon Lace.

It is estimated that there are 500,000 lace-makers in Europe, of whom nearly one-half are employed in France. Almost all of the latter work at home. Of the French laces, the most noted is the point d'Alencon, which has had a wide celebrity for more than two centuries, and has been styled the queen of lace. It is made entirely by hand with a fine needle on a parchment pattern, in small pieces, which are afterward united by invisible seams. The firmness and solidity of the texture are remarkable. Horsehair is often introduced along the edge to give firmness. Although the workmanship of this lace has always been of great beauty, the designs in the older specimens were seldom copied from nature. This circumstance gave a marked advantage to the laces of Brussels, which represented flowers and other natural designs with a high degree of accuracy. The defect, however, has disappeared in the point d'Alencon of recent manufacture; at the Paris Exposition of 1867 were specimens containing admirable copies of natural flowers intermixed with grasses and ferns. Owing to its elaborate construction, this lace is seldom seen in large pieces. A dress made of point d'Alencon, the production of Bayeux, consisting of two flounces and trimmings, were exhibited at the Exposition of 1867, the price of which was 85,000 francs. It required forty women seven years to complete it.

# Up in a Balloon.

During July an aeronautic convention will be held in Philadelphia. Professor Coleman will then attempt to cross the Atlantic in an air ship, constructed on a and receive a gold medal.

Ages of Our Presidents.

General Grant is one of the three Presidents of the United States who have passed their fiftieth birthday in the executive office—the other two being Mr. Polk, who entered the office about seven months before he was fifty years old, and General Pierce, who became President in his forty-ninth year. General Washington was in his fifty-eighth year when he became President; John Adams was in his sixty-second; Jefferson in his fifty-eighth; Madison in his fifty-eighth; Monroe in his fifty-ninth; John Quincy Adams in his fifty-eighth; General Jack-son in his sixty-second; Van Buren in his fifty-fifth; General Harrison in his sixty-ninth ; Tyler in his fifty-second ; General Taylor in his sixty-fifth; Lincoln in his fifty-third, and Johnson in his fifty-seventh year. General Harrison was the oldest man ever elected to the Presidency, and General Grant the youngest. Washington, Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams were in their fifty-eighth year when they entered the Presidency; Mr. Monroe completed his fifty-ninth year only fifty-five days after he became President, and Johnson was in his fifty-sixth year when he succeeded President Lincoln. Four Presidents went out of office in their sixty-fifth year—namely, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson and Madison. President Jackson was the oldest of our retiring Presidents, as he went out of office only eleven days before the completion of his seventieth year. Mr. Buchanan left office fifty days before he became seventy years old. The President who lived longest was John Adams, who died in his ninety-fifth year. The next oldest was Madison, who died in his eightyfourth year; John Quincy Adams was in his eighty-first year, Van Buren in his eightieth, General Jackson in his seventy-eighth year. The youngest retiring President was General Pierce, who went out of office not quite four months after Mr. Polk retired in his fifty-fourth year and died in a little more than three months later, at the age of fifty-three years, seven months and thirteen days, the voungest of all our Presidents in death.

#### The Court Indignant.

At a late hour John Johnson stood under an awning waiting for the rain to slack up. Along came a stranger, who sought the same shelter, and remarked :

"This rain will do the grass good." replied Johnson,

"Nice for flower-beds," continued the "And splendid for grape-vines," said

Johnson. "How mysterious are thy works, oh, nature!" sighed the stranger, after a long

"And what poor worms of the dust we folks are," sighed Johnson, and that was the last he knew until he found himself at the station. He said he thought he had been struck by lightning.

"There was neither thunder nor lightning all night!" indignantly exclaimed the court. "You were drunk, range. sir, and the officer found you dripping wet and without sense enough to tell the American flag from a clothes-pin. Don't try to come any thunder and lightning

game on me.' "Do you suppose you hear all the thunder there is around?" softly asked the prisoner.

"Yes, sir, and about everything else; and I don't want any impudence, either. "I'll take paris green and die on the

way up there!" said the man. "Very well, sir. The Black Maria passes a graveyard, and it will be no trouble to toss you over the fence. Don't take too much of the poison if you the word, and I would run and jump off. want a good effect. - Detroit Free

# From the Mouth of Babes.

It was at a grand dinner given to a select number of guests, when a certain pompous Mr. B. was smilingly welcomed by the P.'s in the most gracious manner, as though he were one held greatly in their esteem. But at this moment, Masbullets whistled past my ear and spatter Pappleton, a bright youngster of seven, suddenly addressed the big-feeling gentleman in a voice distinctly audible to every visitor present, with the

> "Mr. B., when you were a little boy, did your ma's cook stove have a poor bake oven ?"

Well, really, my dear boy," the gentleman replied, "I don't remember. But why do you wish to know!"

Here the pa and ma of young Pappleton gave frantic looks to choke down their beloved offspring; buthe blundered on without the slightest check :

"Oh, because, when you were coming up the walk, I heard ma say she did not

# Youthful Beggars.

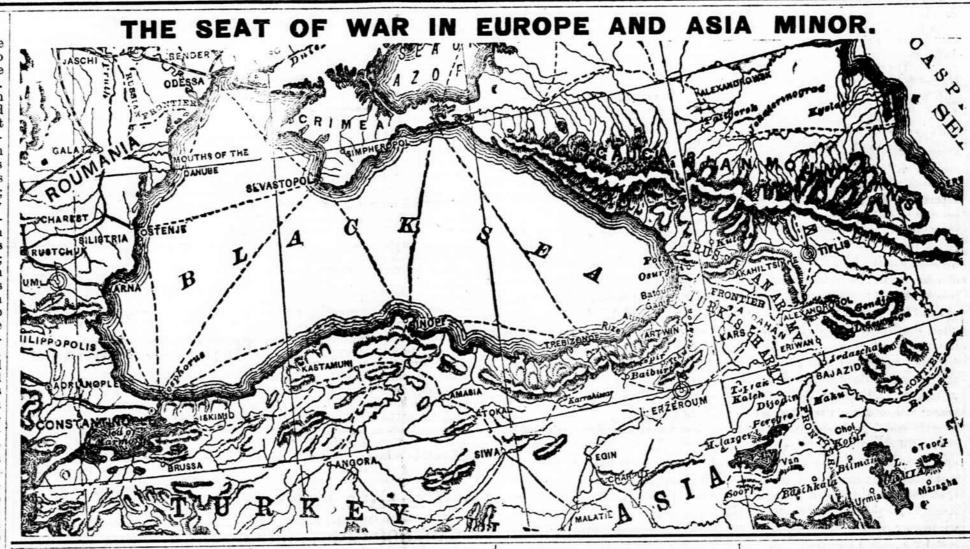
believe you were more than half baked!"

Two tiny beggar girls were brought into a police court in New York city by an officer, who found them begging in William street. One was three years old, the other six. They were poorly clad, cold and wet from exposure to the rain. Both of them sobbed bitterly as the oldest told her little story : Father | trust. and mother both out of work, and the family lived on what these two mites could beg from down town restaurants, and the earnings of a brother by bootblacking after school hours; occasionally. also, the father found an "odd job." The judge asked if they would not like to be in a good home, where they would not need to beg. Both sobbed faster | self"than before, while the older replied : "I don't want to leave me mother." Arrangements were made to investigate their case, and for the time being they were sent home.

# Centennial Hotels at Auction.

The Globe Hotel, opposite the Expogates at Philadelphia, has been new model, and which will be inflated sold under the auctioneer's hammer for with hot air instead of gas. Arrange- \$3,475. It cost, exclusive of its furniments are also in progress for a grand ture and fixtures, \$160,000, and its easterly current balloon race between shareholders have lost twenty per cent. six of the prominent aeronauts of this of their entire investment. The Transcountry, the six balloons to ascend continental Hotel, across the street, simultaneously from West Philadelphia, netted above cost and all expenses, \$75,and the aeronaut making the greatest | 000 to its owners. Tuft's soda water distance in an easterly course from the palace, just north of the Globe, where point of departure to be declared the the calliope used to shriek and rumble, champion aeronaut of the United States, cost \$12,000, and was sold at auction for and receive a gold medal.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1877.



#### Map of the Eastern War.

The map which we publish this week, under an arrangement with the New York Herald, will afford our readers a comprehensive view of the locality and movements of the Russian and Turkish armies in Asia Minor, to which attention has been drawn by recent events. At the beginning of hostilities it was supposed the first clash of arms would occur in Europe; but the Russian campaign thus far has been confined principally to Asia Minor. Bajazid, a fortified town sontheast of Kars, has been abandoned by the Turks and occupied by the Russians without a blow, the Turks leaving behind them a supply of ammunition and retiring to Toprak Kaleh or Van. If a battle is to be fought by the late Turkish garrison of Bajazid it will, in all probability, be on the road to one of these places. If the Russian troops succeed in isolating Kars from the main body of Turkish troops, the Turks will be compelled to fall back upon Erzeroum. Meanwhile the Russian army along the Danube remains inactive, probably awaiting a further move westward of the army in Asia Minor before taking any decisive step. Should the Russians succeed in taking the town of Silistria, on the Danube, the Turks will

# HAPPY AT LAST.

"I do wish, Marguerite, you'd listen to com mon sense," said Mrs. Dale. Mrs. Dale was sitting by a table opposite to

a rose-twined window, whence a lovely summer landscape stretched itself away – green tiny river, and clusters of woods seeming to ean against the sky.

She was a widow who had not yet lost all the fair rounded outlines of her girlish beauty, or the luxuriant auburn braids of her yet un-

silvered hair.

And Marguerite, her lovely daughter, sat on the other side of the table, the slanting sunlight touching her golden tresses, and her daz-

zling complexion seemed purer and more like a newly blossomed sweet pea than ever, by contrast with her light dress. "Well, mamma," Marguerite Dale spoke almost recklessly, "what would you have me

"Mr. Alcotte has proposed to you?"

Marguerite's hand involuntarily closed over

the open letter lying in her lap, while she turned her face suddenly away, as if the glow of the noon sunlight hurt her eyes. "And you actually intend to refuse him?" persisted Mrs. Dale.

Marguerite shuddered slightly.

Then rising, she crossed to her mother's side,

and placing her hand on the back of her chair, ooked down into the upturned face. "Mamma, would you have me marry a man whom I do not love?" "My dear, my dear," reasoned the mother.

"this idea of love is purely visionary. True happiness is founded solely on esteem." Mamma, that's nonsense!"

"Well, mamma, it is. And I am not going to barter away the gold of my heart for any such dry leaves of theory. I love one man only-and that is Geoffrey Rossmore. And I

will never marry anyone else. "But, Marguerite, dear"—Mrs. Dale was half frightened by the vehemence of her daughter's manner-"Geoffrey Rossmore is

"How do I know that he is dead? The ship was lost-but there have been many instances in which one or two. or even half a dozen persons, have survived a worse shipwreck than that. And I know-oh, mamma, I feel it in my soul that he is not dead. My heart would not beat now were there not an answering throb to it somewhere in this wide world. "Then where is he? How do you account for this long and unbroken silence on his part?"

demanded Mrs. Dale. "I don't account for it, mamma-I only "Marguerite," pleaded her mother, " he has

forgotten you, even if he is still alive. Give him up. Prove your womanly pride and spirit. But Marguerite resolutely shook her head. "My daughter," went on Mrs. Dale, "Mr. Alcotte is your uncle's friend. One reason of my coming to your uncle's house this summer was to afford you this golden opportunity. Here it lies at your feet-wealth, ease, a luxuriant home for your mother, as well as your-

"Mamma, I would rather go out working by "Work, then, ungrateful girl!" burst out
Mrs. Dale, angrily. "For I certainly shall no
longer remain a pensioner on Colonel Dale's
bounty, since you have contemptuously spurned his best friend from you. Sew—scrub—teach—whatever suits you best. Something it is necessary for you to do, and that quickly. Marguerite retired, pale and silent, and went

to her uncle's room. Colonel Dale was bending absorbedly some letters-he looked up with a start as Margnerite entered. "Well, Peggy," he said, caressingly, for his pretty niece was rather a favorite with him, "have you come to tell me you will be Fernande Alcotte's wife?"

"No, uncle," answered Marguerite, firmly.
"Why not?" demanded the old man. "I do not love him." "Well," said Colonel Dale, intently watching her, "and why don't you love him? Are you still thinking of that ne'er-do-well, Geoffrey

Rossmore, who was shipwrecked six months

"Yes, uncle," despairingly cried out Marguerite, "I am still thinking of him. I am his affianced wife, and will be faithful to him as long as I live." 'Then you are a fool," slowly uttered Colonel Dale, a savage frown knitting his brows.
"Uncle," went on Marguerite, unheeding
his last remark, "will you help me to get a

"No," thundered the irate man, "I won't!"
That was the end, of course, of their easy
going life at Dalewood Place. Mrs. Dale and Marguerite went into cheap

lodgings.
Mrs. Dale spent her time, like Niobe, "all tears."

Marguerite toiled from place to place in search of any work which might keep starvation from their door.

And in the midst of all this Mr. Alcotte re-

newed his offer.

Mrs. Dale brightened visibly.

"Oh. Marguerite, you never will refuse him a second time?"

"Mamma," said Marguerite, "I have not

"Good," said Uncle Pale, when the mother arrived at Dalewood. "There's nothing like extreme measures. She can't hold out long now. We shall have her back here eating humble pie' in less than a month." But there was more resource and resolution

in Marguerite's character than either her mother or her uncle gave her credit for. One morning she was asked by a gentleman if she would accept a situation.
"Give me something to do," said she, de-

spairingly; "I don't care what it is." "Will you go abroad as companion to a crazy be driven to Schumla and the Balkan

and the subset of soldiers was following her to whether the subset of soldiers was following her to whether to soldiers was possessed with a general idea that a regiment of soldiers was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was following her to wheat her down and her was followed. shoot her down-and between them both our little heroine had but a sorry time of it.

But she persevered, smiling and resolute, as if her heart were not growing faint within her. It was the day appointed for the sailing of the vessel, and the three ladies had come on board--Mrs. Gerard nervous and flurried, Miss Gerard perpetually watching an opportunity to guerite worn and wearied with the cares of

"Here's a mistake," cried out Mrs. Gerard. "I thought we had engaged No. 14."
"So we did," said Marguerite. "And here's the officer says No. 14 was taken

a month ago, and there's some mistake, and we shall have to go in a dark, stuffy little hole un-der the wheel. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" "I am sorry, ma'am," said the officer, "but might be willing to give it up to the ladies if "-

it is the only state-room left. Perhaps, however, the gentleman who has engaged No. 14 Dear Marguerite, do ask him," said Miss Gerard, bursting into feeble tears. Marguerite hesitated.

It was not a pleasant mission, but there seemed no alternative. Conducted by the stewardess, she knocked at the door of No. 14, one of the best cabins on

"If you please, sir," said the voluble woman. "here's three ladies as supposed they were to have 14, and there's only 9 left, as there's no ventilation and only two single berths, and if you wouldn't mind changing

The state-room door opened. A tall figure darkened its expanse, and Marguerite dropped her traveling shawl with a low

"Geoffrey! oh, Geoffrey!" "Marguerite, is it possible that this is you?"
"Yes," said Marguerite, recalling herself in-"I am going to Italy." His face blanched

A hard, strained look came into all the fea-"On your wedding tour, I suppose?" said hours.
"I have heard of Mr. Alcotte's devotion."

he. "I have heard of Mr. Alcotte a distribution of the "No," answered Marguerite, quietly; "as companion to two ladies. I am earning my own living now, Geoffrey. Uncle has turned me out of doors, and even mamma has left me."

The word escaped like a fluttering bird from between his closed lips.
"Because I have refused to marry Mr. Alcotte. Because I was true to the man who, it

seems, has forgotten me."

"Never, Marguerite!" he cried. "My treasure—my love, listen, and you yourself will confess that I am guiltless of blame." And then, still standing in the state-room door, Geoffrey Rossmore told her of his shipwreck and of the long fever that ensued and his slow homeward progress.

He had written more than once, it seemed, but his letters, intrusted to careless messengers.

had never reached their destination.

"And when I reached England," he con-cluded, "I heard that Fernande Alcotte was your accepted lover. What could I do but shrink from beholding you, and resolve that my inopportune presence should never mar "Oh, Geoffrey!"

"Ah, dearest, you have never suffered the was badly hurt by the fall. pangs of jealousy. And when, at last, the bequest of a distant cousin placed me above want, I decided to leave this country forever. And thus it happens that I engaged a passage "But, Geoffrey"—with a smile and blush vou-vou will not go now?

"Not if you will stay in England with me," a maid, and had No. 14 all to themselves. Colonel Dalo and his sister-in-law have con-cluded that it is useless to enter the lists against love; and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Rossmore are happy at last.

the talking.

Thoughts for Saturday Night. Youth holds no society with grief. Don't put too fine a point to your wit,

for fear it should get blunted. It is inconceivable how much wit is required to avoid being ridiculous. I never wonder to see men wicked, but wonder to see them not ashamed .-

The saddest failures in life come from the not putting forth of the power to

Wickedness resides in the very hesitation about an act, even though it be not perpetrated.

The general of a large army may be defeated, but you cannot beat the determined mind of a peasant. Seek not proud wealth; but such as

thou mayest get justly, use soberly, dis-tribute cheerfully and love contentedly. go back to Dalewood. Your uncle offers me a the second for health of mind, and then

> of body. Is not prayer a study of truth, a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without

> learning something. It is an observation no less just than common, that there is no stronger test of a man's real character than power and authority, exciting as they do every passion and discovering every latent

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secured without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art.

# Singular Escapes from Death.

A very exciting incident occurred not long since at the village of Soudan, in France. In consequence of the weathercock at the top of the church steeple getting rusty, and no longer turning as it should do, it was determined to take it down. A man clambered up the steeple, but just before he could reach the weathercock he lost his balance and slid down for seventy feet, then rebounded on to the roof of the church, and rolling thence was precipitated to the ground. He was not much hurt, but being much shaken by his fall, he was replaced by a man called Chevalier. In about half an hour Chevalier made the most gallant efforts to haul himself up by means of a rope; but at last his hands slipped, and he fell backward. His foot fortunately caught in the rope, and there he remained 120 feet from the ground, with his head down beating the air with his arms, struggling to recover himself, and swayed backward and forward by a high wind. Pierre Pean now stepped forth and volunteered to mount to the rescue of the unfortunate Chevalier, but, after doing his best for threequarters of an hour, Pierre had to descend. His place was taken by Moreau, who, climbing higher up than Chevalier, slipped a rope round his body, and cutting that which held his

# A Man's Fight with a Panther.

Savage animals are not yet extinct in Vermont, as Thomas Peggington of East Richford found to his cost. He was on his way to his sugar orchard, in company with his dog, when he suddenly came face to face with a huge panther. The dog was torn to pieces in a twinkling, and the beast then turned his attention to Mr. Peggington, who, though unarmed, kept his presence of mind, and avoided the creature's first spring by falling on his face. The second time he was caught by the shoulder, and a desperate struggle followed, both rolling over and over on the ground and finally falling over a precipice twenty feet high, which ended the combat. Mr. Peggington lay unconscious for several hours until found by his friends, and he was severely injured. The panther has not been seen since the fray, but it is thought he

# Niagara Falls.

The amount of water passing over Niagara Falls has been estimated at 100.-000,000 tons per hour, and its perpendicular descent may be taken at 150 feet, without considering the rapids, which

#### Two Dog Stories.

The Columbus (Wis.) Republican tells one as follows: "A four-year-old child of Deacon D. J. Evans, of Elba, fell into an open cistern a few days ago, and an elder brother leaped in after him; but the latter found it impossible to reach the floor above while supporting the child. A large Newfoundland dog, comprehending the situation at a glance, ran off to a neighboring field, bringing back with him a number of men, attracted by the strange actions of the dog. A ladder was put down in the cistern, and the young man and his charge, half-

drowned, were rescued." ing canine saw that he could not stop the horse in that way. By this time the way. The dog leaped out of the wagon, seized the horse by the nose and sucseeded in bringing him to a halt, no particular damage having been done. The owners of the sagacious dog say that

they would not take \$500 for him."

Convicts Who Suffer Most. largest convict prison, says that the men whose condition is the most pitiable when they leave jail are mercantile matter how small the remuneration, they have little chance of obtaining employment of the kind to which they were accustomed, and being unused to manual labor they find themselves in a position | matrimonial calendar. which renders a return to crime an almost overwhelming temptation. And yet they are the most hopeful and repentant class, and only dire necessity compels them in most cases to repeat their offenses. What is still more against them, he says, is the fact that they have little to expect from their friends. "The poor, it cannot be denied, are far more ready to assist a fallen relative than the more well-to-do members of society, and in the present instance I might cite a case in which an application I myself addressed on behalf of a discharged convict to his friends, persons of some position in society, was not deemed worthy of even a formal acknowledgment."

#### A Mystery Solved. About two years ago a man by the

name of John Olenheimer, a German,

was suddenly and mysteriously missing from his residence in a Western town. He left a family, consisting of a wife and six children, the youngest child but a few weeks old and the oldest a girl scarcely thirteen years. Tired of waitfoot, freed him from the fearful position ing, they soon mourned for their proin which he had remained for three tector as dead, and the mother set about the real problem of providing for the family. They had been left quite destitute. Recently, as this little family were seated at their frugal breakfast of porridge the postman left a letter adforwarded to the department a trunk filled with the effects of her late husband,

#### Admiral Hobart Pasha. Admiral Hobart Pasha, of the Turk-

British navy, and took advantage of a life. So she unhesitatingly put her foot leave of absence granted him by the in front of the wheel, and with her English government to go into the blockade running business for Collie & wagon was stopped. The child was Co. When this matter came to the picked up unhurt, but its savior had her knowledge of the lords of the admiralty foot crushed, and from pain and exhe was suspended from his rank in the citement combined fainted away when British navy. Thereupon he entered her deed of bravery was done. She was Mrs. and Miss Gerard went to Italy without represent a further fall of 150 feet. The the Turkish service, and, besides being carried to a house in the neighborhood, principal fall invested with the rank of admiral, was and a physician attended to her injuries. alone amounts to 16,800,000 horse power, made a pasha by an imperial firman. He When she recovered consciousness she an amount which if it had to be produced next became conspicuous in checki g was told by her brother that she had done by steam would necessitate an expendithe rebellion in Crete, where his knowlthat which might make her lame for life. ture of not less than 266,000,000 tons of edge of the blockade running business Her answer was: "Don't scold. If I When you see a young man and a coal per annum, taking the consumption was of great service to him in prevent- had hesitated a moment the child would young lady walking along the street, she of coal at four pounds per horse power reverentially plying him with questions, per hour. In other words all the coal plies of arms and ammunition to the inand he earnestly looking into the windows, be sure that they are husband and wife. If she were not his wife he would do all the tell-ing.

The other words all the coal plies of arms and ammunition to the insurgents. By a subsequent decree in surgents. By a subsequent decree in surg ber in the British navy.

#### HUSBANDS AND WIVES,

Sharp Criticism of the Lords of Creation— Wives' Sacrifices Without Compensating

"They are just married," was the re mark of all the fellow passengers of a certain couple on a railway train the other day. And wherever that couple went on their journey the same observa-tion was repeated. There are certain in-dications about the recently wedded which always betray the happy parties as enjoying their "honeymoon." Though from time immemorial the said moon has been regarded as transient, every woman who marries thinks that her case is an exception, and that the new happiness is to be continued indefinitely between the twain until death do them part. It is not pleasant to think that the woman who thus confides must, in too many cases, be disappointed. She must find that the suitor who professed that her companionship was the one thing necessary to his happiness will discover that there are many other things which her husband deems pleasant, and with which the wife has little, if anything, to do. As a rule, the less she is interested in his outdoor movements the better he is pleased. Courtship is one thing. Wedded life is another. Indeed, some women go so far as to say that nearly every boy or man is in a condition of chronic opposition to the girls or women in the family where he domiciles. It is charged that the lads would not "go a courting" if it did not vex their sisters; and that they would not marry if mothers were not in some cases entirely averse to their marriage, and in others only submissive under protest. The marriage of a man is in some sort a triumph over his own female kindred. These kindred submit, as they say submission is a woman's lot.
And they make the best of it, and sweeten
the inevitable with womanly gentleness.
But the husband—what of him? The new husband is elate with the con-

sciousness of having won the girl of his choice. He has taken a wife, all objections to the contrary notwithstanding. He takes her on his arm with all the pride of a captor and a conqueror. Nobody disputes his victory. Mother The other is related by the Providence and sisters become his wife's allies and Press thus: "A boy was driving one of Kennedy & Gough's teams down Manton hearts. He is monarch of all he surveys. avenue, when the horse began to run, There are no more contentions, for the reins fell out of the boy's hands, and everybody has indorsed the arrangement, he was thus at the mercy of the beast. A large Newfoundland dog belonging and promoted it from the first. He your caprices long enough. I will be a consecuted to Almighty God is for a good conscience, Dalewood. Your uncle offers me a the second for health of mind, and then fastened his teeth in the animal's tail. leaves metaphorically choke him. He One of his teeth gave way and the know- looks for new conquests, and selects his wife for an antagonist. It is not that he does not love her. He loved his mother. frantic steed was running down Broad- It is not that he would not do any and everything for her that does not interfere with his own whims and caprices. He did all that for his sisters. But he rebelled under their control; and having, boy like, annoyed them, man like, he annoys his wife. Evenings at home become wearisome, and evenings abroad if his wife must be with him, are hardly less so. As he declined to be tied to his The chaplain of Millbrook, London's mother's "apron strings," he is fretted by his marriage tie. He has pressing business which keeps him from the tea table, and which encroaches on his evenclerks, post-office employees, etc. In ing hours. His wife's looks of remoncompetition with the crowds of reputable strance are considered "fussy," and her men eager for every employment, no claims upon him, put in words, are met by protest. And so the honeymoon frequently passes its last quarter, with, unfortunately, no promise of a new moon

of the same happy description in the Then other affairs come in to engross the groom's attention-boat clubs, billiards, base ball, horses, "the lodge," supper with some of the "old fellows," 'politics," hotels, saloons, and all the rest. And he just drops in at the theater, you know, quite accidentally, because Smith told him of a very particu-

lar attraction. If he had only thought of it at dinner time, he would have asked Sarah to get ready. And so on. Mind these are things that the women find out, though they may be very cautious in speaking about them. These are the general heads under the fears they have that their husbands like to escape the company which, as suitors, they prized above every other. The men must answer to their own consciences how far the suspicions are well founded, and in many cases husbands, even of some years' standing, would perhaps do well to live their "attentive" days over again, and spark their wives afresh. The change from the wan and weary or the slightly martyr aspect which many wives wear would be a thing as well worth see-ing as any advertised "attraction," and the voice of a cheerful wife as well worth hearing as any drama, opera or lecture. - Philadelphia Ledger.

# A Heroine in Real Life.

A young lady acted the part of a herodressed to the widow of John Olenheimer. ine on Kearney street, San Francisce, It bore the stamp of the United States one evening, and what she did was all treasurer and was sealed with wax. It the more beautiful and brave because it contained an official notice from the was characterized by great presence of Treasury department in Washington that mind as well as extraordinary courage. a United States consul in Australia had The street was crowded with vehicles, and a woman and child stood waiting at one of the crossings for an opportunity who died in that country. Along with to walk over, Suddenly the child made this property was also \$4,000 in gold. a dart across the street and fell in front Letters of administration were taken out of a passing wagon. The young lady and the proper papers, signed and seal-ed, were forwarded to Washington. saw the dangerous position of the little one, and acting on that impulse that is of more service at times than the reasoning power, bounded to the resone. The wagon wheel was on the point of grazing the child's head. To have stopped to ish navy, was a blockade runner during lift the little one would have been to lose our civil war. He was a captain in the the moment there was left to save its