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A Mother's Heart.

A little dreaming, such as mothers know; A little lingering over dainty things; A happy heart, wherein hope all aglow Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and

And that is all. A little clasping to her yearning breast;

A little musing over future years; A heart that prays: "Dear Lord, Thou know-

But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears"-And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night; A little home grown lonely, dark and chill; A sad heart, groping blindly for the light; A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill -And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread; A little patience keeping back the tears; A heart that sings: "Thy darling is not dead, God keeps her safe through His eternal And that is all.

Clara's Stratagem.

It was an autumn evening. The dead leaves were falling about the garden, and all was still save the noise of the flood lapping the seaweed on the shore. Two persons were walking be-neath the old trees in the garden; one was a young man in whom was exhibited somewhat of the mien of a sailor, though scarce twenty summers had broadened his shoulders, and though a foreign sun had browned his cheek, yet he was "full of lusty life." Upon his arm leaned a lovely, laughing creature, just burst-ing into glorious womanhood; her eye sparked with the fires of wit and mischief; she seemed one who could laugh at every disappointment, and by whom to be beloved was bliss. Silver toned words were dropping from her rosy lips. She gayly reproved him of the broad shoulders

at her side. "Do you sail so soon, then? How naughty, Rupert. I shall be getting jealous of Mistress Ocean. You have scarcely arrived, and now you are anxious to go. Mayhap some pretty one of the luxuriant South calls you from your cold maiden of the North. Ha! methinks that brown cheek waxes a little brighter at the accusion. sation. Oh, you naughty, naughty boy! Remain a few days longer and attend our picnic. I shall be alone without my manly Rupert.

Come, say you will." "Were it possible Clara, I would, but I must sail. I should have been away three days ago, but for those superstitious fellows who have got an idea that the vessel is haunted. And now they will not sail without I stay to-night in the forecastle and unravel the mystery for them. If I succeed in shaming them, we are to sail to-morrow. The whole village is astir with their foolish stories.

"You don't believe in ghosts, then?"

"Nor does Clara, I presume."
"I believe in ghosts, the evil spirits which haunt the vessel of Rupert Lyons and in"—
"Good-night, Clara." And Rupert walked

The scene was on the banks of one of those quiet little harbors, where merchants sometimes grow silently rich, away from the noise and smoke of the crowded city. It was in Prince Edward's island, a good many years ago, when commerce was an infant there. I was a young man then, and had charge of a small brig sailing to the South. We had just completed tak-ing in a cargo for New Orleans, and intended trading among the West India islands until spring should unlock the harbors of my fatherand, whic. winter always fastened with strong bars of ice. My employer was the principal merchant of the place, and lived near the wharf. We were distantly related by marriage, but a near tie of friendship bound us closer than blood. Perhaps that tie was Clara Sea, perhaps it was not; at any rate I had always lived with him previous to going to sea, and now, when in port, spent all my leisure hours at their pleasant home; there was Rupert's

room still, and Rupert's slippers, and his writing desk, and his rifle, and his dog.

I was passionately fond of the sea, and being scarce out of my teens, the acme of my ambition was to make shorter stays and quicker voy ages than any other vessel; and now that I had a share in the business, private interest sup-plied to ambition what it might be losing of youthful enthusiasm. Upon the whole I am afraid I was but a sorry lover, and my coldness and neglect were sufficient incentives to awaken the witty sarcasms of the pretty Clara, which were always joined by the jovial laugh of old

According to the statements of the crew, the brig had been haunted for several nights pre-vious to the completing of her load, by nocturnal visits; and these still continued to be kept up. One had seen a small, whitish figure jump fr m the wharf, hop quickly across the deck and leap into the water; another had seen two figures passing quickly around the shed on the wharf, and all had heard loud reports at midnight, as of the explosion of a gun upon the deck. The combination of these strange events had so terrified the superstitious sailors, that many of them refused to sail until I should convince them by other means than words that they were laboring under a delusion. lively imaginations were enlarging everything tenfold, I determined to watch one night and weigh anchor on the morrow; and for that purpose, on the evening alluded to, after taking a hasty leave of Clara, I proceeded in the direction of the vessel. The long wharf was deserted by all the craft, and not a spar arose above the wharf save those of our little brig which lay moored at the further end. Two small schooners had just moved into the channel, and were awaiting a more favorable wind. The night was growing rather dark, but disturbed only by soft zephyrs which sighed softly in the rigging. Having arrived at the outer block, and before going on board, I made a review of the place. Near the bow of the vessel and opening in the other direction, was a shed or storehouse, erected on the wharf, for convenience in loading and unloading. Entering and casting a searching glance around the interior, I satisfied myself that no one was there concealed. Barrels and boxes were piled against its walls. In this corner was heaped a lot of large turnips, in that were arranged oars, and spare yards, and oyster tongs, and in the center were several heavy anchors and two or three superannuated, heavy guns. Leaving this and stepping on board I found the men in a fever-

I endeavored to shame them out of their fears by laughing at what I termed their folly, upon which they promised that if I watched in the forecastle, where they deemed the most danger was to be encountered, and if I could explain the mysterious visitation to their satisfaction, they would sail the next day. Taking with me two of the most timid, and sending the rest to the cabin, I went below, and stretching myself on a sea chest, was sinking into a deep slumber, when a noise as of something falling on deck, brought me to my feet, and immediately a rolling sound was heard followed by a sudden plash as of something falling overboard; this was repeated thrice at intervals of about a minute, each time, however, increasing in loudness, when all was hushed. Taking advantage of the pause, I directed my two men upon no account to make a disturbance, unless

was broken only by the loud heart-beats of my

I crawled noiselessly from below, and hearing I crawled noiselessly from below, and hearing a slight rustling in the direction of the shed, I passed over the bow and moved softly round to listen. On arriving at the opening in front I looked cautiously in, and what was my surprise to see a figure approach from the further corner, with something held in what appeared to be an cutstretched arm. It moved slowly and guardedly toward the spot where I stood concealed by a large box. Quick as lightning the truth flashed across my mind. I closely scrutinged the object. It was held by a small. mzed the object. It was held by a small, gleved hand, which was now near my face, and lo, it was a huge turnip! The figure placed itself in an attitude as if to throw it with more than ordinary strength, when I stepped forward and there fell into my arms the form of Clara Sea. Another slight report might have been heard, and the ghost would trouble us no more. I waited till the day of the picnic, and the one following—and another, and another— until the old man began to go oftener than usual on the wharf, and then sailed out of port, perhaps not so enthusiastic a sailor, but a more devoted lover. Clara's artifice, if it did not frighten us into giving up the voyage, hastened a marriage ceremony.

Excited Over the War News.

Mr. White, a Detroiter of middle age, visited this office, says the Detroit Free Press funny man, to find a war map and to have a chat about the European situation, and it wasn't ten minutes before his enthusiasm was up to the boiling

"It will be worth thousands and millions and billions of dollars to this country!" he shouted, as he broke through one of the office chairs.

"Yes, it will," somebody remarked. "It will stiffen wages, bring out capital, make money plenty and just set us all to whooping?" he whooped as he scratched the leg wounded at the first Bull Run. Somebody replied that it probably

Taking five newspaper war maps under one arm and a copy of the London Times under the other, Mr. White left the office and proceeded directly homeward, feeling more patriotic every moment. "Oh! we're going to lay 'em right out, Nancy!" he said, as he dropped his hat

"Did you order the flour?" she asked, in a careless tone.

"Flour! What do I care about flour The Russians have got Kars and half of the Turkish army.

"Have, eh? Well, I hope that paper hanger will be here in the morning. You didn't think to see about"-"Right here is Kars, and right here is

where the Turks got mauled," he exclaimed, as he knelt on the floor and traced one of the maps.

"Did, eh? Say, John, can't you rake off the lawn this morning, and did you see about the whitewashing?" "Will you talk about whitewashing

when all Europe is convulsed with war?' he fiercely demanded as he shook the other four maps at her. "I-I'd like those onion beds marked

out to-day," she replied as she hunted through the work basket for a button with an eye on it.

"Onion bed marked out, when this very copy of the London Times editorially predicts that a million armed men will be rushing at each others' throats in less than sixty days!" She found the button, and he unrolled

the balance of his maps. There was a dead silence until his finger rested on reason that it keeps in the exhalations the city of Erzeroum, when he shouted: from the pores of the sick persons, while where they are making the Turks howl Weak persons are invariably distressed

"By the way, John," she softly remarked, as she looked up, "don't you sleep whatever. think that summer kitchen will have to be reshingled this spring?"

White was in the corner grocery at lunch or breakfast. half-past eleven saying to the proprietor:

"Don't it make your blood jump as you read of the European situation?" And the proprietor raked the cheeseknife on the edge of the counter to clean

it, and replied: "Seems like I shall haf to kill doze poys who cut soap mit dis knife." How can you expect anybody but a

warrior to feel as warriors do? A Lunatic and a Rat.

While at Campbell court house we looked upon one of the most pitiable objects that ever crossed our path. In a bare cell is confined a human being by the name of James Cassidy, a lunatic. He is about fifty years of age, of small stature, and being reduced in flesh, he is a living wonder. He is a Roman Catholic, and in his mutterings he can be heard saying the prayers of that church. while his knees, raw from frequent kneeling, show that from religious excitement his mind has been lost.

He was a few years ago in very good circumstances, being a thrifty farmer of the county, but for five or six months past has been incarcerated in the jail. He is frequently visited by the Rev. Father McGuirk, but will allow no one else to touch him, and is very reticent, save in his prayers, which are kept up continually. He is the picture of Rip Van Winkle after his sleep of twenty years. Since he has been in confinement he has captured and tamed a rat, which is the only living thing he will allow near him. At the approach of any one he crouches in the furthest corner, and prays incessantly, while his rat plays around the room.—Lynchburg Star.

An Iowa Fish Story.

The Dubuque Times tells the following story: "Two young gentlemen who took a fishing excursion down the river hav- to Constantinople and to take upon himing fallen short of bait, commenced using | self the task of organizing the newlythe eyes of the dead fish already caught. | constituted Turkish parliament. The ear down to listen, until completely tired out, I wasped myself up in a fore-ail and awaited in curious anxiety. Remsining half an hour without any signs of a repetition, I again went below and prepared to sleep. I had barely time dedication has been completed at the presiding genius of the opinion that black-eyed ladies are the op One of the fish caught on this bait strug- offer was not one to be either accepted to get comfortably stretched, when, as I had just begun to doze, a noise, louder, heavier and more terrible than any preceding one, brought my timid companious trembling to my side;

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Many farms of the country need reconstruction in plan. In the Middle and Western States we see numbers of them that remain just about as they did when the owners got through clearing them. As fast as the fields—of every size and shape—were cleared, they were fenced, and the heterogeneous divisions have been maintained, without material al-teration, to this day. No thought of possible future convenience or economy had a place in the mind of the designer, present necessity overshadowing all other considerations. Some of these farms have changed hands many times since their redemption from sylvan shadows, but either from reverence for ancient landmarks or a lack of appreciation in regard to convenience, economy of space and appearance, no change has been made in the general plan by any subsequent proprietors. We are aware that every man cannot lay out land to the best advantage, and perhaps no two men would adopt precisely the same plan in laying out any particular farm into fields and plats. Some men do not seem to know what the word convenience means, while others are so eminently practical as to exclude every other consideration. In laying out lands to combine beauty, economy, convenience and other advantages, there is room for the display and exercise of quite as much talent as the most skillful landscape gardener possesses, though of a somewhat different nature. The natural fea-tures of the land should be mapped carefully, first, and then the division into fields, lanes and small plats, made so as to counteract natural disadvantages and combine the advantages. A careful study of the peculiarities of the farm, with a clear view of what is desirable to accomplish, will go far toward securing the best division. Where the highway runs along the line and there are no large water courses or other natural obstacles in the way, very little dif-ficulty will be experienced. Still, we know of many farms offering every advantage for convenience, and yet the owners have made them inconvenient. Wherever possible there should be a lane through the middle of the farm, with a gate opening into it from every field. The public road should never be used to gain access to fields, unless it is unavoidable, as it sometimes is, and one field should never be traversed to obaccess to another, - Practical

Farmer. Household Notes

OAT MEAL MUSH.—Should never be stirred after it is "set," but kept tightly covered over a slow fire. Then the grains will be distinct and it will not be

WASHING FLUID. - Unslacked lime, one-half pound; borax, one-half ounce; washing soda, one pound; boiling water, two gallons. Soap and soak clothes over night, and to one boiler of clothes add two cups of fluid. Wash after boil-

COVERING FOR INVALIDS.—Never use anything but light blankets as a covering for the sick. The heavy, impervious cotton counterpane is bad, for the "Here she is! Right around here is the blanket allows them to pass through. by a great weight of bedclothes which often prevents their getting any sound

GERMAN TOAST .- To use up stale bread, cut the loaf in slices about half The girl who does general housework an inch in thickness; add a full cup of little knoll where the barn used to stand, says he tore the five war maps into five | rich sweet milk one egg well beaten, and about three rods from the house. hundred pieces, and banged the London | a little salt and pepper; dip the bread Times against the wall with an awful slices in the milk, and fry them while thump as he jumped out of doors, but merely moistened, on a pancake griddle, rather be killed myself. He said he girls are sometimes prejudiced. Mr. This makes an excellent dish for either would give me \$500, and that he had

> RICE FLOUR PUDDING .- Three heaping spoonfuls of rice flour mixed with new milk, until it resembles starch; stir into this a quart of boiling milk; let both boil fifteen minutes, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. When cold, add flavoring, sugar to the taste, afraid he would. He leveled the gun and four beaten eggs. Pour into a pud- and told me to fire it. I took it and fired ding dish and bake one hour. A Few Hints About Poultry.

Those poultry keepers do best who do the least, providing they are not neglectful. By taking nature for our guide we can scarcely go wrong, and yet there are those who will go wrong, notwithstanding they may obtain teaching for nothing if they will but observe. When a hen steals away and makes a nest in the hedge she is pretty sure to bring out fifteen strong chicks. The eggs are laid on the damp earth, the bird goes on and off as suits her inclination, and she does not have to submit to handling of any kind. It follows that snug, dark nooks are the best places for the nests, and that they should be on the ground, or very near it. When the nest is made in a basket the bird is likely to break the eggs in getting in and out, and she is likely to eat the eggs when broken, and thus acquiring a relish for forbidden fruit, the remainder are likely to go the same way, and a good bird become a bad one through being located in a way she would never have located herself. Everything is easy if you go the right way to work, and success rarely attends an effort that is characterized by fussing.

Extraordinary Hoax. The London Civil Service Review states that a member of the civil service has been made the victim of a silly hoax. Some time ago, the gentleman in question-a well-known author and a man

THE MURDER OF MISS HANSON. A New Hampshire Tragedy--A Farmer Em-

"Laying Out" the Farm. ploys His Hired Man to Murder a Young New England of recent years has been fruitful in terrible crimes, but no tragedy has equaled in deliberate savagery the self superior to others. killing of Miss Susan J. Hanson, of Brookfield, N. H., in November, 1874, as its revolting details are now developed by the confession of Charles W. Cook, of Farmington. He did the killing on the promise of \$500 reward from Joseph B. Buzzell, a farmer of means and reputed respectability, a former suitor of Miss Hanson's, and defendant at the time in a breach of promise suit brought Susan J. Hanson was a native and lifelong resident of Brookfield, thirty-four years old, attractive, amiable and cultured above most country girls. She had known Farmer Buzzellintimatelyalways; they had grown up near neighbors, were engaged before the girl had reached her twentieth year, and several times he had appointed and postponed the wedding day. A few months before the tragedy the lover, to everybody's surprise, married another woman. The friends of Miss Hanson were naturally indignant and outraged, and at their earnest solicitations the deserted girl consented to bring a breach of promise suit against The legal papers had been served, but the night before the first hearing of the case the plaintiff was killed. She was

sitting in the early evening with her mother, brother and a little nephew in their cosy New England kitchen, when a blinding explosion occurred, the lamp went out and Miss Hanson fell dead. A hole in the window and seventeen shot and slugs in the woman's body disclosed the horrible work of an assassin. Buzzell was naturally arrested and

tried. The imprint of a gunstock near the window through which the shot had been fired corresponded to a gun he had formerly owned but which could not be found; a wagon track from which a man was followed through a piece of plowed land near the Hanson's corresponded to his, the wadding of the gun had been from a newspaper he was known to take -but after a week's trial the evidence against Farmer Buzzell was held to be prought to justice in this world.

i ublic excitement because of the murder was somewhat revived, however, in the spring of 1876 by the burning of the fine farm buildings of one of the witnesses against Buzzell in the murder trial, and again in the fall and last winter by the incendiary firing of buildings belonging to two more men who had given evidence unfavorable to the defendant. Reward of \$1,000 was offered for the arrest of the incendiary, and Boston detectives began to "shadow" Chas. W. Cook, who had been Buzzell's hired

man for years. The officers became workmen in the shoe factory at Farmington, whither Cook had removed, and a few days ago arrested him as Buzzell's accomplice in the murder and incendiarisms. Overcome at finding agents of the law in his new friends, the young man has made a voluntary confession of the means employed by Buzzell to revenge himself on Miss Hanson and his neighbors. He

We went up across the hills and pastures leading to the Hanson house to a think Buzzell then asked me if I would kill her, and I told him no, that I had witnesses who would swear we were not on the road. We went to the front side of the house and looked into the windows and saw Susan, her brother and or he would blow my head off. I was at Susan Hanson, and went back of Soltridge's barn. Buzzell went directly for

The wretched lad was made to testity to an alibi in Buzzell's favor at the previous trial, and was then sent out of town by the farmer, who subsequently recalled him to burn the property of those who had sought to justly fasten upon him the killing of Miss Hanson.

A Big Haul of Grasshoppers.

A Des Moines (Ia.) correspondent of other birds are glad to find one unoccuthe Chicago Times says: The north- pied. Sometimes a pair of wrens will watch western county farmers are raiding the the motions of the woodpeckers while hoppers in every conceivable manner. they are work, until an unfinished hole Some burn the fields, some plow them is left unguarded, when they will take under and drag the ground or roll it. possession of it. As soon as the lawful a kind of faux pas all around—the young But the most effective and simple method owners return, the thieves are driven man who was taking a ride for his please. yet seen was improvised by a Carroll off, but they are so persistent and county farmer, who says he procured a troublesome that, although a woodpecksheet of heavy galvanized sheeting eight er is larger and stronger than twenty feet long, two feet four inches wide, wrens, the owners sometimes abandon turned up one side and both ends, the place, and make a new nest. Still, square, about one foot, and the other | the wrens are not always allowed to keep side, for a front, about two inches, at an the house they have stolen, for the blue angle of forty-five degrees, thus forming birds are equally covetous of it, and a scoop. He then attached a long rope sometimes fight fiercely with the wrens in at each end of the scoop, about six inches their attempts to gain possession of it. from the upper edge of the back. Two Occasionally, both wrens and blue birds men took the ropes, dragging the scoop | are driven away by the martins, for these across the 'hopper field, while another birds also prize woodpeckers' holes very man followed behind with a quantity of highly. The fierce battles between these kerosene, with which he would sprinkle various birds over an abandoned hole the hoppers as they landed in the scoop. are very amusing, and often last several In fifteen minutes half a bushel of 'hoppers, ju t hatched, were caught, which, birds, and as each one is determined not holding a high official position in the House of Commons office—received a communication inviting him to proceed twenty bushels, and it required less than settled.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Verily, "pride knows no pain," but to give up, the matter is not very easily the young man don't wear those Mexican spurs any more, not even when he rides communication inviting him to proceed half a gallon of kerosene to kill the whole of them.

What Eyes Indicate.

more terrible than any preceding one, brought my timid companions trembling to my side; but, unlike the former, it did not extend be shown the deck, no rumbling overhead, no splash of water was heard—it ended as if some thing had been crushed to atoms where it fell; then followed the same gentle, hulling sound of the water upon the verser's prow, the same gentle, hulling sound for the water upon the verser's prow, the same gentle, hulling sound of the water upon the verser's prow, the same gentle, breeze was heard meaning in the rigging, and the dread silence of the forecastle ging, and the dread silence of the forecastle.

In a water, turns handsprings, swings on a decided mpon accepting the proposition. A woman is either worth a good deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not of the further worth gendles out savory hot coffeed not nothing. If good for nothing, she is not of the further worth a good deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not of the further worth a good deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not of the further worth a good deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not of the water was heard—it ended as if some very graceful, especially water he was surprised to find the ideximate of the water upon the verset's prow, the same gentle, hulling sound of the water upon the verset's prow, the same gentle breeze was heard meaning in the rigging, and the dread silence of the forecastle by swallowing its own eye."

In a worth a good deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not the further worth a good deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not trapeze, drums on the floor, chases a little dog, and behaves like a gentleman. Only a short time elapsed and he had a obtained worth gentleman in the water worth gentleman in the water worth good deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not trapeze, drums on the floor, that we have the water worth gentleman and trapeze of the Mary and the decided npon accepting the proposition.

A woman is either worth a good deal or nothing. If

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he

It is the admirer of himself, and not the admirer of virtue, who thinks him-

There is not one among us that would not be worse than kings, if so continually corrupted as they are with a sort of vermin called flatterers.

Folly consists in the drawing in of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false He seldom lives frugally who lives by

chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of reveling to-day on the profits Look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice box

desperately in his hand, and all that follows in his fatal career from that time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart. Grief or misfortune seems to be indispensable to the development of intelli-

gence, energy and virtue. The proofs to which the people are submitted, as with individuals, are necessary then to draw them from their lethargy and to disclose their character.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change, no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's charac-

I love a serious preacher who speaks for my sake, and not his own—who seeks my salvation, and not his vainglory. He best deserves to be heard who uses speech only to clothe his thoughts, and his thoughts only to promote truth and virtue. Nothing is more detestable than

Those who are in the power of evil habits must conquer them as they can-and conquered they must be, or neither not convicting. The Hanson house was | wisdom nor happiness can be attained ; soon after deserted by its occupants be- but those who are not yet subject to cause of its terrible associations, and the | their influence may, by timely caution, local public gave over expecting that the preserve their freedom; they may effecmurderer of Susan Hanson would be tually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conqu

A Chinese Bath House.

A Shanghai correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, writing of a visit to a Chinese bath house, says: Within we were accosted by a damp looking specimen of humanity, with a face shriveled up like a washerwoman's thumb, who proved to be the proprietor, who consented for a consideration to allow us to examine the workings of the establishment. Pulling aside a dirty curtain we were ushered into a large room in which a half dozen tallow dips made feeble effort to illuminate the surrounding objects. A tank some fifteen feet long and ten wide was sunk in the floor to the depth of four feet. and possibly contained 500 gallons of water, heated by means of underground furnaces to quite a high temperature, and in which I counted fourteen bathers at one time, while at least twenty others were either preparing to enter or completing their toilet prior to departure. The proprietor seemed quite proud of his accommodations, and after politely inviting us to take a bath, which we reluctantly declined, gave us the following information: The tank is refilled with clean water every midnight, and is not again changed for the twenty-four hours succeeding. His customers arrived at any hour between daylight and midnight, and usually numbered about one hundred and fifty a day. None were refused admission on any account, either of filth or disease. I tried to impress upon the keeper what a great advantage he would have over rival establishments if he would introduce a toothbrush on the end of a chain, but he was inclined to regard it as an innovation calculated to engender too luxurious ideas, and therefore declined it. Seriously speaking, this frightful system of bathing is the cause of propagating more disease than any other met with in this pestilential land, if we except epidemics, which can hardly be regarded as causes.

Fighting for a Home.

A woodpecker's hole is such a very convenient place for a nest, that many

A Church Restaurant.

There is probably only one church in the United States that has a thorough-A writer in the Baltimore Bee is of ly-appointed kitchen in its basement.

RUSSIAN BLUFF.

The Little Difference Between Muscovite

and Other Hackmen. I had arrived at the outskirts of the town and we stopped before a dirty

looking wooden cottage.

A tall man dressed in a long coat reaching to his heels, bright yellow trousers which were stuffed into a pair of red leather boots, while an enormous black sheepskin cap covered his head, came out and asked-my business. I said that I wanted three horses to go to the next stage and asked him what he would drive there for, the regular postage tariff being about six roubles.

"One of noble birth," replied the fel-low. "the roads are bad; but my horses will gallop the whole way. They are excellent horses; all the people in the town look at them and envy me. They say how fat they are! look, how round! The governor has not got any horses like mine in his stable. I spoil them! I cherish them; and they gallop like the wind. The people look, wonder and admire. Come and see the dear little ani-

"I have no doubt about it. They are excellent horses," I replied; "but what will you take me for?"

"Let us say four roubles, your excellency, and give me one on account. One little whole silver rouble; for the sake of God let me put it in my pocket and we will bless you."
"All right," was my answer, "send

the horses to the Tzarskoe Selo inn immediately.

Presently the fellow rushed into my room, and, bowing to the ground, took off his cap with a grandlose air, then drawing out the money I had given him from some hidden recess in the neighporhood of his skin, he thrust the rouble into my hand and exclaimed:

"Little father, my uncle owns one of the horses; he is very angry. He says he was not consulted in the matter, and that he loves the animal like a brother. My uncle will not let his horse leave the stable for less than five roubles. What a professed declaimer, who retails his discourses as a quack does his medicines. agreed to take you and even showed him the money; but he is hard hearted and stern."

", Very well," I said; "bring around the horses."

In a few minutes the fellow returned, and exclaimed: "One of noble birth; I am ashamed !"

"Quite right," I said; "you have every reason to be so; but go on, is your incle's horse dead?"

"No, one of noble birth, not so bad as that; but my brother is vexed. He has a share in one of the animals; he will not let me drive him to the next station for less than six roubles, and the

'How did you know that? Thave; a

very old grandmother." "Well," I replied, "go and tell her paid by the Treasury department. It was based on supplies furnished the Revolutionary army in 1779, and has been in the various courts in journey, for you know misfortune curs sometimes; God sends them," I which had to be added increased it to between the paid by the Treasury department. It was based on supplies furnished the Revolutionary army in 1779, and has been in the various courts since that time. The claim was originally for \$8,000, but the ninety-seven years interest which had to be added increased it to between that, fearing lest she should be annoyed if any accident were to happen during our journey, for you know misfortune occurs sometimes; God sends them," I added, piously. "Yes; he does," interrupted the man. "We are simple people, your excellency." "And, not wishing to hurt the old lady's feelings, should the fore leg of your uncle's horse or the hind leg of your brother's suffer on the road, I have changed my mind and shall not go with you to-day, but take post horses to-morrow."

The man now became alarmed, thinking he was about to lose his fare. He rubbed his forehead violently, and then exclaimed: "I will take your excellency for five roubles."

"But your brother?" "Never mind; he is an animal; let us

"No," I answered, "I shall wait: the post horses are beautiful horses; I am told they gallop like the wind. All the people in the town look at them, and the inspector loves them."

"But your uncle might beat you.

should not like you to be hurt.' "No," was the answer; "we will go;" and the knotty point being thus settled,

What Came of Using Mexican Spurs.

A young man-a stranger-undertook to take a little ride about the suburbs for his amusement, so he said. He had on a large pair of Mexican spurs, and as soon as he got in the saddle he stuck them into the sides of the animal, which immediately made about one hundred yards, sometimes with his head stuck down between its forelegs and sometimes with its tail up in the air, as it was trying to walk on its fore paws; in fact, it was ure contributing his share. He saw a great deal of the country in a very few moments, then he struck the ground as if he had a through ticket to China.

He gathered himself up, and limping to a chair, holding on the lower extension of his spinal column, seemed to be out of sorts.

"Did you get hurt?" was the anxious

"Not a darned bit," was the reply, grating his teeth and fondling the afflictgot hurt if I hadn't dismounted when I did; but I would not have ridden that straws are all "ton" in character. It pony in the first place if I hadn't been an experienced horseman."

Verily, "pride knows no pain," but out for his pleasure in a hack, with a careful driver and two hearse horses, hired especially for the occasion—San hired especially for the occasion. - San Antonio Herald.

Items of Interest.

Yet a few more days, and the earliest green apples will be doubling up the first rash boy. As the young lady remarked about the in fant: "How sweet, but how bald for one so

An Iowa man put \$16,000 in the rag bag for safe keeping. A peddler came along and his wife sold the rags.

The czar has already had a delinquent com-missary shot. He proposes to stand no trifling with the flour of his army.

A San Francisco child has been born without eyes, and without any place for them. The father is "a well known and prominent citi-

A Rhode Island man, when arrested the other day, was armed with a pistol, a sand club, a sharpened knife, a coil of rope and a Thirty-three States have made laws for the

prevention of cruelty to animals. The States that have not are Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, Nebraska and Colorado. "I wish I were dead," is a common exclamation with the dyspeptic, and yet no man can get over a fence or crawl under a barn faster when there's danger ahead.

The question now in the male juvenile mind is whether to wait around for his hair to dry or to walk boldly into the house and risk his mother's finding out that he has been in swim-

The young lady who forwarded to a newspaper a poetic complaint entitled: "I Cannot. Make Him Smile," should remember that perhaps he had already "smiled" as frequently as his prudence would permit.

Over two hundred pages of delinquent tax notices were published in a Chicago newspaper. The property affected would, seem to comprise a most every lot in the city. The publication will cost the taxpayers \$50,000.

The shrinkage in the size of the bakers, loaves will soon make, possibly, a scene like the following: Customer—"Give me a pound of those crackers, please." Baker—"Crackers, thunder! them's loaves, ten cents apiece."

An American citizen was garroted and robbed recently while traveling from Turkey to St. Petersburg. No diplomatic correspondence will be necessary, as Turkey and St. Petersburg are two small towns in the oil regions of Pennsylvania.

The sea holds 60,000,000,000,000 tons of salt. Should the sea be dried up, there would be a deposit of salt over the entire bottom of the ocean 450 feet deep, and if the salt were taken and spread on the land it would cover it to a depth of 900 feet.

Great place, that Black Hill country. Besides gold and silver, "a mountain of isinglass" has just been discovered. The accounts do not mention the matter, but we understand that there are indications of type metal and a flowing well of hair dye!

A Frenchman, having heard the word press made use of to signify persuasion, as "Press that gentleman to take something to eat," took occasion at a party to use a term which he thought synonomous, and begged a friend to squeeze a young lady to sing. A Russian engineer has invented a bomb-proof tower, which is moved about by steam,

and in which artillerists sit and pelt the enemy with destruction. By the time the next war breaks out, the warrior will sit in a rocking chair in the front parlor of a hotel and talk his enemies to death with a revolving telepho man putting on an expression in which cunning, avarice and pretended sorrow were blended, rubbed his forehead, and added: "What shall we do?"

I said: "Have you a grandmother?"

"Yes," he replied, much surprised.
"How did you know that? I have; a

A claim ninety-seven years old was rec

\$51,000 and \$52,000, which was paid to the grandsons of the original claimant.

Fashion Notes. Handsome piques with lace effects are mported.

The organdy patterns are gay stripes Another mode style has pretty twills of contrasting hues.

Linens for costumes come rather darker this season. . A linen suit is considered dressy, and

suitable for dinner wear. A handsome organdy dress is pronounced in taste for a mode toilet. The "Admiral jacket" is a novelty

intended for wear with a Breton costume. Lace garniture is employed to trim thin, washable dresses, and lace is used "Let us say four roubles, your excel- on light all wool costumes. Fringes of all kinds will be in de-mand. This form of dress embellish-

ment is so much admired that it will continue in use. Crimped twist, intermixed with "Milan" balls of satin, is a beautiful garni-

ture, and particularly designed for The summer cloak, or mantilla, is arranged in silk, and richly trimmed with

lace and galoon or fringe.

Handsome silk fichus are gotten up for street toilets. This fashion of top garment is very becoming to ladies with slender forms. Torchon on solid colored cam-

brics, bunting suits and percales are

said to be very dressy. Certainly the

effect is picturesque, and hence cannot Old English thread lace is once again in the beau monde. This fashion of lace sets off to great advantage all

gauzy textures, giving to the toilet a delicate beauty of finish. Buttons overlapping is a novel dress garniture, and just at present appears to be much in vogue. Doubtless this fancy style will hold favor for some time, since

the fashion is one that cannot be copied with cheap materials. The chip chapeau is termed the one

close fitting capote. Cure for Trouble.

There are some great troubles that can be helped by the great panacia, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved