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### The Here.

And many a valiant warrior lay lifeless on the ground ;

And all around was quietness, save where the

cry arose From wounded and from dying, or when the

war horse neighed,

of the blade.

slain;

To tend his wounds if wounded, to bath his aching head :

numbered with the dead.

For hours she wanders slowly, and looks at every face,

horrid place. But where, oh, where's her hero? For his

country has he died? And was he foremost in the fight-the bravest

She walked till nearly daybreak, in sad and pensive mood,

When suddenly the lost one before the maiden stood. Joy! joy! he had not perished! Ere was the

fight begun. The owner of that gallant form had turned

about and run!

## HIRAM'S DUPLICITY.

The Mysterious Tracks in Mrs. Gurney's Flower Bed.

BY CHARLES R. HARKER.

"Yes," said Mr. Gurney to himself, as he walked down to the stable at sunrise, "I'll set Hiram on the watch. It's a contemptible thing to do, to be sure. But I will not be tortured in this style any longer. I don't believe it, but I want to find out for a certainty. And if there is anything in it-if there is anything "-and

the speaker shut his lips upleasantly together.

Mr. Gurney, who had been married just two
years, lived in a snug little place, named Cozy
Dell, a few miles from the city. Hiram Nesbitt, a friend of his boyhood, was his man-of-allwork, and his nearest neighbor was a comrade in the war, a handsome bachelor, Captain Kenrick. How Mr. Gurney first became jealous of the captain he never knew. As he had a very plain face-and was keenly aware of it-perhaps it was when his pretty wife asked him, laughingly, once, after a social gathering, why he was born so homely, and why his eyes could not have been as deep and dark as those of Captain Kenrick. Perhaps it was when he learned from Hiram that the gay captain had a habit of dropping over to Cozy Dell when the master of the place was absent. But, whenever it was, Mr. Gurney was undoubtedly jealous. Hiram, putting the little brown mare into the buggy, noticed his employer's morose look, and

"You don't believe in lucky days, nor nothin', do ve, Mr. Gumey? Now, my grandfather wouldn't no more have gone a journey on a Fri-day, 'n he'd cut his throat! Kinder funny, too, to-day is Friday, now, ain't it?"

"I don't see anything very funny about it." said Mr. Gurney. "But. before I start, I want to talk with you a little, Hiram.' "Yes," replied Hiram, expectantly, buckling

"Well," resumed Mr. Gurney, somewhat nervously, stroking the mare's arched neck, resumed Mr. Gurney, somewhat I'll tell you what I want, Hiram-and it's a favor I wouldn't ask of every man; but you

and I were boys together."

"Yes," reiterated Hiram, in a tone which said that, for his part, he had no desire to deny the

charge. "And," continued Mr. Gurney, hurriedly. "it is because you'll keep your mouth shut about my asking a favor of you that I ask it. What I want you to do is this: After you drive me to the depot, you are to come straight back, and stay round here all day, till it's time for you to come after me at night, and tell me who comes and who goes. Do you understand? You may work or not, as you please; but stay within sight of the house, keep your eyes open, and tell me who comes and who goes. That's

all. Will you do it?" "Sartain," said Hiram, briskly; "I'd as lief's

"Well, then," said Mr. Gurney, his brow clearing up, "jump in. We shall barely catch the train." the train. Hiram drove Mr. Gurney to the village, and

saw him off on the cars. But when he came back to the farm he brought with him a bottle full of poor whisky; and that bottle of poor whisky kept Hiram Nesbitt stretched out, at full length, and fast asleep, on the grass behind the hedge, from the middle of the forenoon till nearly nightfall.

Mrs. Gurney was a fair young blonde, with limpid blue eyes and a skin which had once been dazzling white, but was now a trifle browned. She had been a belle, and was still a beauty. She looked exceedingly attractive as she stood in the vine covered door way, gazing out over the fields, with the setting sun throw-ing a halso round her fair, stately head.

voice behind her.
"See'him! no, indeed!" replied Mrs. Gurney, with a pretty air of vexation. suppose he is? Dear me, it's nearly sunset! Katie, can you drive a horse?' continued Mrs.

Gurney, shortly, turning to a baxom damsel who was her faithful handmaid, and, of necessity, a companion as well. 'Oh," answered Katie, with an easy air of

superiority in that direction, "certainly I can.

Mrs. Gurney."
"You can?" said Mrs. Gurney, smiling "well, I'm ashamed to say I can't. But, if you can, I can go with you, and we'll shut the house up, and go to the depot and meet Frank. It would never do to let him walk home after his hot day in the city. As for Hiram, I am alarmed about him. No distance, nor bolts, nor bars, could have kept him from his dinner, and he didn't come to that. There must be something the matter with him. However, there is no time to lose. Will you go?" "Of course," replied Katie. "I'll go right and put my hat on, and have the carriage up

here to the door before you're ready.

Fifteen minutes later, Cozy Dell was basking in the rays of the sun, with no one about the place save Hiram, still asleep behind the hedge. But a human figure soon appeared on the quiet scene, a slouching figure with a weary gait. It was a man with a coarse, red beard, and coarse, red, tangled hair, straying out from beneath a well ventilated hat. He was a ragged, disreputable fellow—in a word a "tramp"—and as he lounged up the path, staring about him, be munched some food held in one grimy paw. He shambled coolly up to the side of the cot-tage, and knocked. But, probably, he had a well-grounded suspicion that the action would prove an unnecessary exertion, for, without waiting for a response to his summons, he stepped on the soft mold of the flower bed beneath the window, and tried to raise the sash. It was securely fastened. With a mumbled oath, he cast his eyes toward the stable. The around, and seeing nothing he could conveniently appropriate, he climbed a ladder, gained the top of the hay-mow, burrowed a hole in one Kenrick bent over him. corner, and lay down with a satisfied grunt.

It was well for him, perhaps, that he en-sconced himself so soon; for hardly had he passed from sight when there was a stir and a confused muttering behind the hedge.

"This here's a pretty go-this is!" he grumbled. "A most sunset, too! I've kept watch like the mischi f, I have! I wonder, now, what Gurney 'll say ?" With many misgivings, Hiram made his way

to the stable. He went into the building, came out, looked down the road, up at the house, and then swore.

"Gone!" he ejaculated. "Gone, an' I don't know where! The little mare sin't here, an' I

don't know who's got her! Well, I might as well look out for a new place-I might! I rather think this has fixed me! Howsumever I want su'thin' to eat, an', what's more, I'm goin' to hev it. Hollo!"

Hiram was going up to the side door of the house when this exclamation escaped him. There, under the window, he saw imprinted on the vielding soil, a clear cut impression of a man's boots. He stooped and examined the

"Well," he soliloquized at length, standing up and regarding the tracks in the earth like a aching head;
And still she weeps, for much she fears he's one man round here as wears such narrer-heeled, stylish-looking boots as them. There ain't no mistake about it, the feller as wore them boots was Captain Kenrick! An' the tracks ain't more'n two hours old. He's been here, Till, weary, sad and foot-sore, she leaves the then, an', cuss it all! I didn't see him. He's probably gone off ridin' with Mrs. Gurney. Now, there's no sense in my takin' the bread an' butter out o' my mouth, an' six dollars a week out o'my pocket, for nothin'. Here's the evidence that Captain Kenrick has been here. There's no dodgin' it. He made them tracks, an' I shall tell Gurney that there's been one visiter here to-day; an' I shall tell him who it was. I shall say the captain stood under the winder here a-talkin'-what in Moses was he standin' here for if wasn't talkin'?-a-talkin' with Mrs. Gurney, an' she a-leanin' out an' whisperin' an' laffin', an'—oh, I calkerlate I can

> hungry, Hiram went up to the door. Turning the knob, he stepped back in wonder. "Shet," he said, "an' locked! So Katie's

gone, too ?" Hiram's face again grew perplexed. Here was another problem to solve—and all on ac-"Katie's with her," he decided, promptly, "an' the captain has been here, if he ain't

with her now."
There remained but one more obstacle for aim to clear from his path. It was past the time that he should have met Mr. Gurney at the railway station. However, Hiram's mind was of a highly ingenious turn.

tore down forty feet of fence, an' while I was tixin' it up, Mrs. Gurney went off with the Hiram had no sooner invented this fiction

than he descried the carriage coming up the road, and went down to the stable to receive it with his usual solemn, decorous coun-Just at dusk, as Hiram was rubbing the

the little flower-bed, under the window, and he knew that Hiram's broad soles never made "Well, Hiram," he said, with an air of care-

at it attentively, and said: "I ruther guess there was! I ruther guess you can see where Captam Kenrick stood in

ler, an' she a-leanin' out.' Mr. Gurney scowled darkly. If he himself had not seen and examined the trampled flower-bed, he would have had suspicions that Hiram was not telling the truth, for his wife and Katie had already said that Hiram had not been seen around the premises during the greater part of the day. As it was, he felt like choking Hiram, kicking himself, and murdering Captain Kenrick-but he dared not think of his handsome young wife for a minute.
Without more words, Mr. Gurney walked lowly up to the house, clenching his hands and cursing in the dusk, while Hiram shut up the

his nest, and, taking from his pocket a short, black pipe, he lighted it, settled back comforta-

bly, and began to smoke.

There was no caste at Cozy Dell. Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, Hiram and Katie, all ate at the

mode of dining had been proposed.

"By the way," said Mr. Gurney, sipping his tea, "did you tell Captain Kenrick to-day that I had concluded not to take that land,

"What!" said Mr. Gurney, lifting his eyebrows; "I understood he had been over here

noved. As for Hiram, he felt that he was fast eing placed in an uncomfortable position, and. without lifting his eyes from his plate, he said,

room winder."

what time of the day did you see him trampling down my flowers, pray? Here was a dilemma for Hiram ; but it has been mentioned that his mind was eminently

less of the tracks. "I should judge," he replied, with deliberate exactness-"I should judge it was five o'clock in the afternoon."

"You have remarkably eyesight," said Mrs. Gurney, smiling. "I think you said you were down in the lower corn-field back of the house, from before dinner till nearly sunset, repairing

Ah, Hiram, there was a miserable pitfall you had not thought of! It is absolutely necessary to perfection in lying, it is said, that the liar should have a good memory. This essential qualification Hiram lacked; and, accordingly, he grew very red in the face, and stammered

y saving, coldly : It is of small consequence, of course, whether Captain Kenrick has or has not been here to-day. However, Helen, I noticed that some one has been trampling down your llowers sadly, and, by the looks, I should say

Mr. Gurney and Hiram dashed out of the

house. The horses and the co's were soon driven to a safe distance, and when they were running out the carriages the nearest neighbors began to arrive. Captain Kenrick was just in season to help remove a heavy wagon, and, as he was pushing in the smoke behind it, his foot struck something soft on the stable floor. He stooped to examine the obstacle. Then he gave a shout, and dragged out on the grass, away ful case of new-mown hay. He stepped back to the path, walked to the stable, looked warily around, and seeing nothing he could convenient to the path. stopped forever, and he was away on a journey | the face was laid bare, and a furrow was | if the egg is not fresh. To determine whose length is unknown to man, and whose left in the skull, probably from a shoe the precise age of eggs, dissolve about

happened, unless he was on the mow and fell A mutilation near the eyes showed how bottom of the vessel; but if three days, to the floor, blinded by the smoke. He looks near the animal's hoofs came to knock-like a tramp-well, well, if he isn't the same ing out those organs. Other parts of five days old, it will come to the surface. Hiram's long nap was over. He rose slowly to his feet, and looked stupidly over the land-boots to this very afternoon! See, he has them

derer's feet were, indeed, encased in a pair of fine new boots. Mrs. Gurney, beside her husband, saw them, and said, pityingly, at the same time giving Mr. Gurney a peculiar glance:
"It was he, then, poor fellow, that trod down

Hiram saw them, and, shrinking back, said to himself: "Well, if that don't beat all!" Mr. Gurney saw them, and, pressing his wife's

hand, said, under his breath : "Helen, forgive me! I sill never be jealous again."—Illustrated Weekly.

### The Sultan Going to the Mosque.

My advent to Pera was on Friday, the glimpse of this important personage, I off on horseback. We rode across the edge of the Bosphorus, to the sultan's Little Falls. palace. It is just beyond Tophane, and s known as the Palace Dolma Baghtche. sion was not more than 800 yards from

the palace gates. On the grand square in front two regiments of troops were drawn up at ease on each side of the main road. They were nicely uniformed, and ranged in color from the light mulatto to the swarthy Nubian. Thousands of people, rich in Oriental dress, foreigners, begday was intensely hot. Ottoman solwart fellows they seemed to be. After trumpets. The troops all stood at attention and presented arms. From out foot, consisting of the sultan's personal | tractive style. svite, gentlemen in blue and gold. Following them came the representative of the prophet, mounted on a magnificent white horse caparisoned in gold and orange silk. The sultan was the only person mounted. By his side walked

the grand vizier and a score of minis-1 saw in Abd-ul Hamid a spare man face was sallow and feeble, muzzled with sound for any considerable length of black, cropped whiskers, and there was time. Metallic packages are coming a general air of unrest and disquietude into use, and they are an improvement dress coat, buttoned to the chin, and that prices are ruling low, the greatest trousers long and strapped down. His attention should be given to putting up fez was bright red and without decoration. He wore white kid gloves, and at his breast hung a magnificent diamond age is neat, clean, and sweet, and in this decoration. There were other orders and a fair share of gold lace on the coat, but in most respects the garb of the sultan fell far below that of some of his indifferent officers. He impressed me as young person who had come to a head pefore his time. His glance was furtive, and there was care and distrust behind

all this pomp. As the sultan advanced the troops gave one prolonged shout at a signal. A band struck up and fell in behind the procession. A body of household troops splendid lead horses and a fine closed carriage to be used at will by the sultan resorted to. in his return to the palace. Custom requires that he should return by a coneyance other than that by which he goes to the mosque, and nobody ever knows which of the methods he will employ until the time arrives. After the procession had entered the gates of the mosque, a black-covered wagon drove in, and I was told that in this the sultan would change his habit before entering

the mosque. I observed that as the sultan rode by every head was uncovered. His majesty touched his brow from time to time with his right hand, but whether this was in deference to the respect shown him, or was some sort of religious observance, I failed to learn.

### A Female Fagin. .

For many weeks Jersey City (N. J.) shopmen who hang their goods outside as an attraction to customers have missed small articles. The larcenies were not extensive, and they might have been endured for months but for the accidental discovery of the way they were committed. A poor woman living on the Heights found her ten-year-old daughter in possession of a handsome new lace frilled baby cap. The little girl, with many tears, confessed that she had stolen the cap from in front of Zabinski's Newark avenue millinery store. She had been induced to commit that and other thefts, she said, by a Mrs. O'Neil of 115 Ninth street, who gave her a few pennies for each article stolen. Mrs. O'Neil in the same way, and she lived on the proceeds of their larcenies. The mother bade her daughter take the cap to Mrs. O'Neil and say nothing. She herself went to Mr. Zabinski and told the story. A warrant was procured and Mrs. O'Neil's house searched. The missing cap and many other articles which were undoubtedly stolen were found there. Mrs. O'Neil was arrested. Six young girls were found who had been taught by her to steal.

### A Child Attacked by Horses.

A child only seventeen months old, the son of a family named Keister, living about seven miles from Oshkosh, Wis., was in the habit of running at liberty about the house, barn and premises. He was missed one morning for a few moments, and a cry was heard from him in the direction of the pasture, only a few rods from the house, in which was a drove of several horses. His parents found the child behind a small stone pile, in a horribly mangled condition, with the horses treading and stamping upon him. He was carried bleeding and almost insensible to the house. The indications are that the child was kicked horses. Nearly the whole of one side of and when shaken, a slight shock is felt pawed and stepped upon.

Many dairymen do not seem to understand that dairy products, put up in neat and attractive packages, will command better prices and will make a readier sale than when goods of the same quality go upon the market in shabby, soiled packages. A clean, nicely-made tub, firkin, or box is, from its very appearance, a sort of guarantee that the contents have been carefully attended to, and that neatness, cleanliness and goodness have not been confined to the package alone, but Mohammedan Sunday, writes a correspondent in Turkey. The great thing duct within. And this is generally true for outsiders on this day is to see the in fact; for the man who sends to marsultan going in procession to his mosque, ket a poor and slovenly-made article is an event which takes place at twelve not apt to pay much attention to the o'clock. As I was anxious to get a package. The consumers of high-priced butter are fastidious, and a loosely made engaged a dragoman, and, in company dirty package will often carry such a with a young English acquaintance, set prejudice against the goods within as to prevent an examination. We saw this heights a mile or two, and down near the exemplified recently in the market at

A gentleman who is very particular as to the quality of the butter used in his The mosque to be visited on this occa- family, and who is always willing to pay an extra price for a good article, went upon the market and asked a dealer to select for him something fine. The dealer took him to the wagon of a butter dairyman who had something of a reputation for nice goods, but, on the particular day in question, his butter was packed in cheap packages, badly soiled. On observing this the gentleman refused gars, and peddlers wandered about to make an examination of the goods, and waited for the spectacle. The saying to the dealer that no matter how fine the flavor of the butter might be, diers were everywhere, and little, stal- the impression, produced from the package, would always make it taste nasty to waiting for an hour there was a blast of him, and therefore he would not purchase it. This is by no means an unusual occurrence, and it shows the importance the palace gates came a procession on of putting up dairy products in an at-

the market that requires such scrupulous neatness in appearance as butter, in order to command ready sales at good prices. If wooden packages are used those made from oak are the best, and should be nicely finished and strongly hooped so as not to admit of leakage. A leaky butter package is a nuisance, and who looked every hour of forty. His is entirely unfitted for keeping butter about him. He wore a plain European on the old coarse, wooden tub. Now butter in attractive form. Let the quality be good, and see to it that the packway an advance in rates may be expected.

tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of milk, one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of sea foam baking powder and a little grated nutmeg.

REMEDY FOR INFLAMMATION.—It is said that twenty minutes in the smoke of wool or woolen cloth will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation ollowed, and in the rear were two arising from any wound. No one need die of lockjaw if this simple remedy is

Perfume for Gloves.—Rose leaves, powdered, half an ounce; essence of cloves and mace, each one dram; frankincense, quarter of an ounce. Mix; put

fry in butter, or else serve hot without also mash them and form into cakes and brown in butter; it will turn black if left exposed to the air after the scraping or when it gets cold.

RENOVATING FEATHER BEDS -Old feather beds and pillows are greatly improved by putting them on a clean grass plot during a heavy shower; let the beds rods: this will lighten the feathers and make them much more healthy to sleep on. It removes dust and renovates the

Farm Notes. POTATO GROUND.-I consider the use of fresh manure on potato ground as dangerous to the crop. The grubs bred in decaying barnyard manure are liable to destroy the tubers if brought in contact with them. Some kinds of potatoes

had led astray many other young girls heavy hog unless you first produce a lengthy pig; therefore don't try to fatten your pig rapidly until you have first

PLANT TIMBER.—I advise farmers to plant trees on all hilly and otherwise unprofitable lands, and if too much til'able land has been cleared devote a portion

improvement of fruits by grafting, but we seldom hear anything about grafting our native nuts. Try it. I would say to my rural sisters, keep a roll of grafting wax always on hand, and every spring set a few grafts of choice fruits, nuts or flowers. If grafting is not considered a woman's work it is a pleasant and paying

manures repay the growers of root crops.

A Test for Eggs. An egg is generally called fresh when it has been laid only one or two days in summer, and two to six days in winter . increased age.

### FUNERAL OF A PRINCE.

How the Heir Apparent to the Throne of Hawaii was Buried.

The Detroit Tribune prints a letter from Honolulu, giving an account of the funeral of Prince Leleohoku. The writer says: This young prince was a model of physical beauty, and his life gave hope of future stability to the government, but the temptations of his rank were too strong for his resistance. He became an easy prey to disease, in which a native medicine was fatally administered by a native doctor, or kahuna, without the knowledge of his regular physician, who had pronounced him convalescent. The Tribune had a notice of the late eruption of Moku-weo-weo, the 14,000 feet high crater, which shot up a column of smoke and fire 1,000 feet higher than itself, but broke an easy passage into the ocean near Kealakekna bay, famous as the place where Captain Cook was killed. This eruption, by native superstition, presaged the death of some high chief, and when Kanaina, the aged father of the late King Lunalilo, died, a general cry of "There, didn't I tell you!" followed, and now that "I told you so!" is repeated. In olden times the bones of the kings were thrown to the Goddess Pele in the lake of fire everlasting in the crater of Kilauea, and it is generally believed that the royal mausoleum is a grand storehouse of magnificent empty caskets, whose occupants have gone to join the bones of their ancestors. Yesterday, the State funeral brought all Honolulu and much of the population of this island of Oahu out to pay an honest respect to the young prince. The procession marched 2,000 strong—cavalry, infantry, English men-of-war's men from her British majesty's ship Fairtome, firemen, societies, schools, etc. Minute guns from the punch bowl fort, 800 feet above the town, were answered by the min-ute guns of the war ship in the harbor. No splendid catafalque, with champing, richly caparisoned steeds, bore him to the tomb, but loving hands of a benevolent organization of Hawiian laboring men drew the usual hearse. And as its slow way went onward, ever and anon some loud voice broke the stillness in an ancient dirge or an extemporaneous

chant in praise of the dead. The number of spectators is estimated at 8,000. Forty years ago, when I was but a child, one of the high chiefs died at night. A wail of indescribable mournful violence circumvolved Oahu. Men and women, old and young, even children, burst out in every key in the compass of the Hawaiian pected; therefore, as soon as the sound of the first wail rose in the palace yard, every hearing ear took up its wild cadence, sending the tidings around the then thickly populated island into deep mountain valleys and by the villages near the sea, with the rapidity of sound. The sleeping awoke to wail and murder sleep until day, and all that day the wailing continued. This was a part of heathenism. What a change! Our prince was a member of St. Andrew's church (Episcopal), and, so far as known, not a heathen performance marred the consistency of his burial. The power of the Gospel and its consequent civilization

### liam Pitt Leleohoku. Thoughts for Saturday Night.

whatever we associate with it. even though it be death. Gifts are as gold that adorns the

temple; grace is like the temple that sanctifies the gold. True gladness doth not always speak

joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak. Nations and men are only the best when they are the gladdest, and deserve

heaven when they enjoy it. He is the best gentleman that is the son of his own deserts, and not the

degenerated heir of another's virtue. When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this signthat the dunces are all in confederacy

against him. 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 upon the

profits of to-morrow. Always win fools first. They talk much; and what they have once uttered they will stick to; whereas there is always time, up to the last moment, to bring before a wise man arguments which

may entirely change his opinion. Darwin says that we are less dazzled at the light at waking, if we have been dreaming of visible objects. Happy are those who have dreamt of a higher vision. They will the sooner be able to endure the glories of the world to come.

Oh, poverty! or what is called a reverse of fortune! Among the many bitter ingredients then hast in thy most bitter and hourly contact with the earthenware world. Even the vulgarity of inanimate things it requires time to get accustomed to; but living, breathing, bustling, plotting, planning, human vulgarity is a species of moral epecacuanna, enough to destroy any comfort.

SEMALE EDUCATION.—Keep as much as possible in the grand and common road of life; patent educations or habits seldom succeed. Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women. which they are rarely able to appreciate. It is a common error, but it is an error, that literature unfits women for the everyday business of life. It is not so with men. You see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real

of legs, the neck, breast, thighs, and official accuracy and clearness. The destroy all nests on the wild cherry trees tail-piece will do, but no sauce." Table book shows that less than 43,000 per- along the road. The more you kill this in an uproar, especially on the part of sons are landowners in England in the year theless you will have next .- The

### THE WILD HUMOR OF THE PLAINS.

for Undermining his Reputation. enne, and just before we come to Laramie, on the Union Pacific, writes a correspondent, we stop at Robbers' Roost,

It is here that they will tell the wonderful stories about Jack Slade who superintended the stage line in '60. Jack Slade was considered by every one in this region as an A No. 1 man-a killer and a stabber, whose honor had never been tarnished by missing a man he intended to kill. The crowning glory of Jack Slade's life was when, after killing his thirteenth man, he finally killed Jules Burg, from whom the town of Julesburg on the Union Pacific took its

Burg?" I asked a ranchman with a red face, teasel like beard and greasy buck-

skin jacket. Roost, anyway. We all told him so, too
—told him Jack was a good man, and
told him he'd better look out about pourin' drinks over his should read to be about the look of the look out about pourin' drinks over his should read to be about the look of the look of the look out about pourin' drinks over his should read to be about the look of the look But Jack could have stood this if Jules hadn't lied about him. He said "-

"How did he lie about Jack?" I asked, becoming excited. "Why, he rode over to Laramie one night, Jules did, and slandered Jacktold the Salt Wells boys that Jack hadn't killed no thirteen men. By the great horned steer! wasn't Jack mad, though, when he heard about Jules undermining

"What did he do?" at Laramie he went for him, but Jules got the drop on him, and thunder and lightnin'! Jack had to 'take water.' But that was not the end of it. No, sir!"

"You bet they did. Jules went up to the old Antone Runnels' ranch on the North Platte. Runnels was Jack's right however you have a second of the second of t "Did Jules and Jack meet again ?" bower, you know, so he and some of prised by the sight of so many men dressed lack's drivers got Jules drunk and tied exactly alike, and is led to believe that he is in Jack's drivers got Jules drunk and tied him to a post in the corral and sent to Robbers' Roost for Jack. Lord, how Jack flew for Runnels' ranch! He rode night and day, killed two horses, and when he got there Jules was still tied to a post. As Jack rode up he drew out his pistol and commenced firing. Every time before firing he'd say: Jules, I'm goin' for your left knee,' and fire 'cordin'ly. Then he'd pop an arm, then the end of his nose, and, in fact, he shot all around him and through him, and over him and into him, till Jules looked like a skimmer. Jack would shoot a spell and then come into the ranch and take a drink with the boys, and come out and make Jules drink

"But how could Jules drink with so many bullet holes in him ?" I inquired. "Well, he did drink, and the whisky 'd run right through the bullet holes. Jules Burg refuse to drink! Why, the first thing I expect to hear in the next world will be Jules Burg's voice sayin': 'I say, Montie, did'nt you bring a canteen of old Robbers' Roost with you?' But about the shootin': After Jack had his ears off, and takes 'em down to bi spoon! you ought to seen the joke Jack

"What was it, Montie?" I asked. "Why, after liquorin' a few times. Jack asked Si how many drinks he'd set up for Jules Burg's ears.'

body in Cheyenne.' "'It's a go,' says Jack, and he slapped Jules' ears down on the bar, and

"And what became of the ears?" "Well, Jack Slade traveled around Virginia City and Montana till the dog fiercest assaults. gone railroad came through and a biled shirt marshal had him arrested."

"Was Jack ever hung?" "Yes, they hung him over in Montana. His wife rode thirty miles on horseback to shoot him, but"-

"She wanted him to 'die with his boots on,' an' when she got in too late and found Jack hadn't died with his boots on, it broke her heart. She went the dust off his pipe, looked up, and re-

### English Domesday Book. The "Domesday Book" of England and Wales has at length appeared, and when

its true character has been recognized, will create an unusual amount of social and the rest of the great powers around the table, to the czar: "Your imperial or the new purchaser who has just called venient things to use. Some take the majesty, what part of the Turkey do you on him, possesses of the soil, and what prefer?" The czar: "If you please, a the amount of his rent-roll would be if or crude rock oil which makes a little couple of sides, a pair of wings, a brace it were unburdened, both stated with more complete work. It will pay to political sense of the word. - Spectator. | Ploughman.

### Montenegro.

They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height.

night Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales

flight

Of freedom! warriors beating back the swarm

Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the Has breathed a race of mightier moun-

Great Tsernogora! never since thine own

Don't rely for success upon empty praise.
The swimmer upon the stream of life should be able to keep afloat without the aid of blad-

A man in Weston, Mo., fired in the dark at a man who was stealing his corn, and the next day the county sheriff was around with his arm in a sling. A man in Wilmington filled a sprinkling pot with benzinc, and dampened the carpet in his

in the apartment. The keen torture which the simple postal card is capable of inflicting was illustrated by the one sent to a young married man in the upper social circles of New York, containing the folloring message; "I will return your wife's corn scraper next Tuesday."

In an Illinois court of sessions, recently, a man was sentenced to the State prison for five years and six months. The six months was for stealing a horse, and the five years were added by the judge, under a suspicion that the culprit was the man who first suggested to the government the idea of the three sentences.

some socialistic community. The most notable office-seeker at the White

colored person-eighty-seven years are his-whose credentials affirm that he has been bitten by three different snakes, shot four times, in the breast, legs and arms, and otherwise miscellaneously mutilated. He wanted to do "light sweeping" around the President's A new dodge has come to light in London. A venerable person attired like a clergyman walks about in a dreamy way, a book in his

House for several weeks has been an ancient

pickpockets gyrate, and jewelry, watches, purses, etc., stolen by them are dropped into the umbrella without any suspicion being

### Old Time Turks.

I saw a battalion of Turkish volunteers the other day which is just leaving for the Caucasus, writes a Constantinople correspondent. This battalion has been organized by one man at his own expense. He pays, feeds, clothes and equips the men, and will only cease his expenditure for this regiment when it actually embarks for the seat of war. shot twenty-two holes through Jules he Such things do not cost so much here as walks up to him like a Christian and cuts in America. This man has equipped and rationed for two weeks 870 men for about Monks' saloon, in Cheyenne. We boys \$35,000 in gold, but the money is worth all go down, too, an' by the great horn more here than in America, and shows the patriotism of an old Turk. Another Turk, who is a hero in the hearts of the people, is the Bashi-Bazouk chief who has had command of the irregulars who have so far resisted the Russian attacks at Batoum. This man, Ali Pasha of Chourouh Sou, when a boy of thirteen went with his father to take the Russian Fort St. Nicholas just over the border, during the Crimean war. The party surprised and massacred the garrison by Si Monk had to liquor for all the boys night, having scaled the walls by means of their swords stuck into the walls for ladders. He seems to be a fit son of such a father, reveling in blood and with them ears, getting drinks on 'em in holding his Thermopylæ against the

### Bijah Soothes a Lost Child.

No human being in this big world can equal Bijah in soothing a lost child. When the reporters got down they found that some of the officers had been vainly trying for an hour to quiet a four-yearold boy who was temporarily lost to his

distressed parents. "Here, gimme that young 'un," demanded Bijah, as he finished sweeping. "Now, my little cherry-blossom-angelbirdie - loaf -sugar-strawberry-shortcake, cuddle close to this loving breast and let me rock and sing. I'll have you asleep in ten ticks of a brass watch, and bimeby your dear mother will come rushing in and pallidly disclaim : 'Where, oh ! wh-ere is my lost darling Fitznoodle!'

The boy died-no, he fell asleep. He had to fall asleep or die, and he slept. It wasn't five minutes before he was laid away on an old overcoat to dream of being suffocated by the dust while crossing the Campus Martius .- Detroit Free

We hope every farmer will take good care to keep down the caterpillar. For

The cannons all were silent, the bugle ceased to

For night had forced an armistice upon the

eager foes,

For man and beast alike had felt the keenness

And now a lonely maiden is searching o'er the For she would find her lover, to kiss if he be foot prints, Evidently they greatly interested

With a sudden remembrance that he was

"I'll pretend," he said, reflectively, "that the cows broke into the lower corn-field, an'

little mare down, Mr. Gurney came into the stable. He, too, had seen the tracks in

essness. "any visitors ? Hira'n cleaned the card he was using, looked under the sittin'-room winder, a-talkin' with irs. Gurney-he a-leanin' up against the win-

stable, and went to the cow-yard about his milk-ing, congratulating himself on his felicitous As the stable doors swung together, an unkempt head peered out over the edge of the haymow; and its owner, after satisfying himself that he was alone for the night, crawled back to

same table-and either of the two servants would have felt insulted if any more aristocratic

"I tell him?" said Mrs. Gurney, with a puzzled look. "I haven't seen him since last

to-day. He glanced sharply at Hiram, but that worthy's attention was wholly absorbed by a large slice of cold beef. "Whoever told you was mistaken," said Mrs. Gurney, quietly, though her blue eyes sparkled as she passed Katie a cup of tea. She had seen the glance at Hiram, and was an-

"I s'pose I told him that Captain Kenrick was over here to-day. An' I s'pose, now, I saw Captain Kenrick a-standin' under the sittin'-"Indeed!" said Mrs. Gurney, cuttingly, "at

inventive. He remembered the apparent fresh-

an indistinct reply, which Mr. Gurney cut short

Mrs. Gurney flushed up. But at that instant Katie gave a wild scream, jumping from her chair, and nearly overturning the table.
"The barn! the barn!" she exclaimed, pointing through the window. All eyes turned in the direction indicated. The barn was on

### Those standing by saw that the dead wan- FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Influence of Attractive Butter Packages.

There is scarcely an article of food on

### -Rural New Yorker.

Home Matters. CRULLERS. -One cupful of sugar, one

a portion in a drawer with gloves, and they will retain the scent for a consider-To COOK OYSTER PLANT. - Scrape and wash it; boil in water, with a little salt added; when soft cut it in pieces and frying, but with drawn butter; you can

become thoroughly wetted; turn them on both sides. Let them lie out until thoroughly dry, then beat them with

feathers.

are more easily effected in this way than others; the early Rose is especially liked by the grubs. FEEDING Pigs.-You can't make a

of that to timber. One cannot plant a more profitable crop. NUT GRAFTING .- Much is said about

PHOSPHATIC MANURES.—Phosphatic

The shell being porous, the water in th. interior evaporates, and leaves a cavity of greater or less extent. The yolk of and then pawed and tread upon by the by holding it toward a candle or the sun; must use it with discretion. cork. The other cheek was badly muti- four ounces of common salt in a quart of Kenrick bent over him.

"His neck is broken," he said to the wondering group about him. "I hardly see how it lated, and a deep and ghastly looking pure water, and then immerse the egg. ing out those organs. Other parts of five days old, it will come to the surface, the body were more or less bruised, as if and project above it in proportion to its

How Mr. Jack Slade Punished Jules Burg Riding past the wicked city of Chey-

one of the old overland stage stations between Denver and Salt Lake.

"How did Slade happen to kill Jules

"Well, this Jules wan't no good man like Jack anyhow," he commenced.
"Jules hadn't killed anybody to brag of anyway-only a few immigrants-and in' drinks over his shoulder when Jack liquored. Now, Jack, he was a generous sort of man. He didn't care how many men Jules killed-he wasn't jealous. But every time Jack let daylight through one of the boys, Jules would go mopin' round the Roost, jealous like.

his character? Wan't he?" "Why, what could a man do when his honor's 'tacked? He jes went to shootin'. The next time he caught Jules

was never more marked in its manifestations than in this funeral of Prince Wil-Glory is so enchanting that we love

> got on Si Monks!" "'Jules Burg's ears !' says Si. ' Why, for Jules Burg's ears I'll liquor every-

in town...'

"What did she want to shoot him for ?" cup, thou hast not one so unsupportably out and shot seven barrels into a crowd bitter as that which brings as in close of Chinamen, jumped on to her horse, and that's the last we ever heard of Jack and huckaback beings of the nether or Sue." And the old ranchman knocked

marked: "I say, stranger, don't you think it's 'bout time to irrigate?"

and perhaps political interest. It is a nominal roll of every man in England who possesses an acre of her soil, covering every grade of proprietorship, from the duke of Northumberland, who possesses in a single county 181,000 acres of | Press. soil, yielding on an average nearly £1 an acre; or the duke of Devonshire, with 83,000 acres in Derbyshire alone; to the retired tradesman, who talks of the the egg sinks, too, as may easily be seen and proper weight in society, but they "grounds" of an acre and a half surrounding his Middlesex or Surry villa. less than formerly and with a little care What He Will Take. — John Bull glance how much land the neighboring in our orchards. A long pole with a

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails;

Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,

And red with blood the Crescent reels from

Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone

By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales, Oh, smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,

-Alfred Tennyson.

Items of Interest. Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

parlor with it, as a protection against moths.
Gas generated by the benzine caused a
violent explosion, killing two women who were

A woman in England read a notice in a newspaper that her husband, from whom she had been separated for seventeen years, was lying ill in a San Francisco hospital. She hastened thither, and found he had been discharged. She continued the search, found him, and they were reconciled.

ernment the idea of the three-cent silver piece. The young men of Maysville, an Ohio village,

left hand, an umbrella partly open in his right. This reverend looking object, it has been discovered, is a center around which youthful

Now let me sing." And he sang: "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
The stars are out to-night, love;
The pen is mightier than the sword,
And I'll bet on the Russian army."

### The Caterpillar.