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## The Home Concert. BY MARY D. BRINE.

Well, Tom, my boy, I must say good-bye. I've had a wonderful visit here; Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could Away from all that my heart holds dear. Maybe I've been a trifle rough-A little awkward, your wife would say-And very likely I've missed the hint Of your city polish day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof Sheltered us both when we were boys, And the same dear mother-love watched us

Sharing our childish griefs and joys, Yet you are almost a stranger now; Your ways and mine are as far apart As though we had never thrown an arm About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom; Your wife and children are fair to see; You couldn't breathe in the little cot, The little home, that belongs to me. And I am lost in your grand large house, And dazed with the wealth on every side, And I hardly know my brother, Tom, In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert was grand last night, The singing splendid; but, do you know, My heart kept longing, the evening through, For another concert, so sweet and low That maybe it wouldn't please the ear Of one so cultured and grand as you; But to its music-laugh if you will-My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night (For the clash of the music wearied me), And close to my heart this vision came-The same sweet picture I always see: In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home, Half in shadow and half in sun, A mother chanting her lullaby, Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell From the mother's lips, I heard the coo Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue She echoed the song with "Goo-a-goo." Together they sang, the mother and babe, My wife and child, by the cottage door, Ah! that is the concert, brother Tom, My ears are aching to hear once more.

So now good-bye. And I wish you well. And many a year of wealth and gain. You were born to be rich and gay; I am content to be poor and plain. And I go back to my country home With a love that absence has strengthened too-

Back to the concert all my own-Mother's singing and baby's coo.

## MISS CUTHBERT'S BIRTHDAY.

"Miss Cuthbert, are you an old maid?" The governess looked up in surprise from the columns of figures she had been correcting, and met the puzzled blue eyes of little May Fleming. "Why do you ask me that question,

The child flushed and hung her head. "Nothing; only last night when you and Mr. Kenneth came in the gate, we were all on the piazza, and mamma said Mr. Kenneth seemed very—something French; and Alice said that was too absurd, for you were only a governess, and an old maid besides; and Bertha

"Never mind what Bertha said. Your mamma and sisters would not like you to repeat what you happen to hear them remark. Your slate is correct," she added, "and you can go now."

"Have I said any thing bad, Miss Cuthbert?" and the blue eyes grew abashed and wistful as they noted the unwonted flush on the governess's

"No, dear, certainly not;" and she smiled down in May's doubtful face as she gave her the kiss of dismissal.

But the smile faded as soon as the small observer vanished, and tossing her scattered books together, the governess hastened out of the sunny, dusty schoolroom, and up to her own apartment.

It was a wonderful September day, magnificent in clearness and color. Yellowing fields and crimsoning woodlands were steeped in magic sunshine. Down below her, in the garden, the flowers glowed like jewels, and far away in misty, glittering distance, hills, forests, and ocean were bounded by a purple sky. Was it tears in Amy Cuthbert's eyes that made the sunlight seem misty? Impatiently she dashed them away, but still they gathered and fell slowly, blurring the bright day.

Only a governess! Well, had she not become accustomed to being only a governess during nine weary years of lonely struggle with the world? And an old maid besides—yes, surely that, for this day even now declining to its close must be counted as her thirtieth birthday. But that, too, was no new thought. Why should a girl's careless, slighting

speech wound her so? "Do hope and romance never die in a woman's heart? Sitting with clasped hands and bent head, the governess reviewed the two months that had elapsed since the morning when Bertha Fleming, smiling saucily at her sister over the top of an outspread newspaper, had inquir-

"Say, Al, which of your New York Adonises do you think is in this neighborhood?

"How can I tell?" and the goldenhaired Miss Fleming went on carelessly assorting her worsteds.

"I suppose you could tell by reading this paper, but I'll save you the trouble. It's nobody less than Mr. Carl Kenneth, the 'young and gifted artist.' Now as you didn't catch him last season, aren't you glad pa's country-seat is located in | who had turned a leaf : this romantic spot? Oh, don't trouble yourself to blush, Al !"

"Blush, indeed! You are too impertinent. If I were your governess, I would teach you better manners.' "Good manners don't run in our family," was the serene response.

cultivate them." "But go on about Mr. Kenneth," in-

terposed Mrs. Fleming—a matronly lady, who loved her ease too well to interiere with the little passages at arms formal apology. between her daughters. "Is he alone

"No, mamma; there are three other pardon. Her attitude and expression as herself to answer, with a laugh!

artists mentioned. One is that dried-up Mr. Finnis, he's so fond of." "Who, by the way, is an artist of great merit," remarked Miss Alice, with

much asperity.
"Well, well, my dears, we must have

Mr. Kenneth here to dinner. He is a very charming young gentleman, and a great favorite of mine. And we'll invite his friend, of course."

So it had happened that the two artists had been guests at the Flemings' for an evening, which proved an introduction to much pleasant social intercourse. Having been prepared to see in Mr. Kenneth only a handsome, fashionable, self-conscious devotee of art, the governess had been astonished to meet one who seemed scarcely more than a boy, with all the ardor and enthusiasm of young life flushing his cheek and firing his glance, who yet possessed that subtle refinement, delicacy, and dreaminess which mark the true artist. Taking her usual place as a quiet, unobserved member of the family circle, she noted with increasing wonder the simplicity and frankness of manner of this much-praised young painter, this pet of society, who sat in the center of a group of children, his face alight with interest and merriment, talking as vivaciously as if he were

a child himself. That had been the beginning. From that evening the sober governess, who had thought her romance dead, had become conscious of a new element in her eventless life. Had it been only the language of Carl Kenneth's dark eyes, that had so often sought her retired corner, or had it been the novelty of receiving numberless little attentions to which she was all unused, that had first gladdened the dull days? How was it that the barriers of reserve and pride had been leveled so completely by this stranger's gentle courtesy? How had she managed to forget that she was only a governess, and he the heir of millions?—she a woman past the heydey of life, he in the very prime and glory

of youth? Ab, what a foolish dream! And now, awakened by that careless shaft of ridicule, she must pay the cost of her folly in these bitter tears, falling on cheeks that burned at the remembrance of her presumptuous fancies. Young Mr. Kenneth had been kind and chivalrous to her, as it was his nature to be to every woman. Perhaps he had been kinder to her, out of pity. And she-well, thank heaven, no one would ever know of it, this idyl of a dead summer, this idyl that she would bury in the sunset of her thirtieth birthday!

Is it easy for a woman to see the glory fade from her life-to look forward bravely over a waste of gray, cheerless years that brighten only as the dawn of heaven breaks upon their close? You who think it easy would have wondered at Amy Cuthbert's haggard face as she sat with the dusk gathering around her, gazing out at the distant hills, and confronting that prospect of

"Long, mechanic pacings to and fro, And set, dull life, and apathetic end."

It was late when a knock at her door was followed by the delivery of a mes-

"If Miss Cuthbert is not indisposed Mrs. Fleming would be glad to have her come down. Miss Bertha can't sing without her accompaniment."

Rousing herself with an effort, the governess was astonished to see moonlight already silvering terrace and lawr. The afternoon had long passed, and merry voices below told her that, as usual, the Flemings' hospitable parlors were filled with guests. How could she go down? But mechanically she had said 'Yes" to the servant-maid; so as she rose and dressed, removing as far as possible the traces of tears, and saving bitterly to herself, as she cast a last glance at the pale face reflected in the mirror, "What does it matter how I

The maelstrom of gay life surged around her as she reached the hall. Bertha Fleming, followed by a noisy party, rushed in from the terrace, waving book over her head.

"Oyez! Oyes! Come here and improve your chances. I've purloined Mr. Kenneth's sketch-book—the same he re-

fused to exhibit!" The owner of the book, who had been running over a light air at the piano, sprang to his feet.

"Pray, Miss Bertha," was the vexed remonstrance which he tried hard to make polite, "don't take advantage of your discovery. Don't make public the fruits of my late industry, I beg.'

"What's the use of begging, Mr. Kenneth? After being shameless enough to steal the book from the pocket of your blouse coat, you might know I would also disregard your prayers."

"But the sketches are so poor," the young man persisted, much discomposed, "that I really must insist-" "No, you mustn't insist nor apologize;" and Bertha's voice was supported

by a chorus from the curious group. 'You're a genius, you know. Now, are we all here? First comes a study of foliage, and next the old bridge over the creek. Very pretty. Foliage againrocks-moon shadows; how peculiar those are! how light!-oh, how lovely!" and she paused, enraptured by an exquisite little color sketch of convolvuli. "Oh, beautiful!" and "Mr. Kenneth, how could you deny us the pleasure of seeing that?" were the outcries that fol-

"Oh, now we come to the character studies! Here's a Goliath to begin with, and an Airy Fairy Lilian on the opposite page. What a contrast! And oh, here's the funniest charcoal study of

A laugh rose and grew as head after head bent over the paper. But it was | tiful woman." checked by an exclamation from Bertha,

"Why, here's St. Cecilia, and, as I live, it's the image of Miss Cuthbert !" . as she stood by the balastrade gazing out at the moonlight with absent eyes. Confused by the general notice, she said, hastily: "Of me!" and glanced you, as the "When I reach your age I'll begin to from the picture upheld by Bertha to the face of the artist. The latter met her his cheek as he tried to stammer a

she sat at the organ the other evening struck me and haunted me until I made a sketch and christened it St. Cecilia." "Excellent! That heavy coil of

hair, that sweep of drapery, and that absorbed look are all perfect." "And so like her!" "Mr. Kenneth must have made quite

a study of the lady's face and figure,"
Alice Fleming said, with a somewhat
derisive smile. "He ought to have a vote of thanks."

"But I am afraid Miss Cuthbert, on the contrary, is displeased with me," the proprietor of the sketch-book remarked, doubtfully.

"Indeed, no," the governess hastened to say. "I am very glad you thought my face worth sketching. It has never been so much honored before." "She owes you more substantial thanks, Kenneth," said Mr. Finnis, with a laugh. "She ought to take the very attitude you have depicted, and repay you by giving us a song. Ah, Miss Cuthbert, don't say no!"

The governess shrank back. "You must excuse me. I'm not in the mood for singing."
"Must one be in the mood?"

"Pray oblige Mr. Kenneth, Miss Cuthbert," said Bertha, maliciously. "I really can not." "When she says she can not, she

means she will be urged." The importunity, half joking, half serious, was continued, until Alice Fleming, who was already annoyed by the affair of the portrait, quite lost patience.
"I never before," she said, coldly, "have seen Miss Cuthbert attempt the role of the prima donna in society. She does it very well; but I really think we

have had enough of it." Utter and amazed silence followed this speech. No one knew what to say. Amy Cuthbert crimsoned to the temples, and walked straight to the piano, struggling hard to keep back the tears that threat-

ened to overflow.
Still possessed by the sadness and exhausted by the excitement of the afternoon, the effort of singing had seemed impossible. But no sooner had she touched the keys than she became conscious of an imperative desire-almost a necessity-of expressing her mood in music. Stopping abruptly in a light prelude, she tossed aside the sheet of music before her. Only a few days before she had set to music a little poem that had struck her fancy, and now, without premeditation, she began to sing it, feeling as if all the sorrow and despair in her soul were floating out on the notes.

Higher, sweeter, the voice rose, freighted with infinite sadness and yearning, startling the careless listeners into attention. The passionate tones, soaring above them, seemed singing the

dirge of hope.
"Upon my word," said Miss Fleming, looking around the circle of astonished faces, as the last note died away, "Miss Cuthbert seems to be the sensation of the evening!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed an exquisite beside her, remembering to raise a fan he had dropped five minutes before, "you may well say that. She'd make a

sensation any where. The singer was surrounded, and eagerly complimented.

"What is that song?" one after another inquired. "Only a little poem called a 'Woman's Birthday.'

"Surely you don't mean to stop. Sing something else." But Carl Kenneth, at her side, said, imperatively, "Come out into the air; you look really ill. Pray don't ask any thing farther of Miss Cuthbert," he said to the others. "She has given me

my song; that is enough." Only to glad to get away from the crowd and the lights, the governess accepted his offered arm. Ill enough she felt, indeed, as they paced down the garden path in the waning moonlight. All her excitement had passed into intense languor—a weariness so great that she was glad to sink down on a garden seat at the end of the walk. But remembering her resolution of the afternoon, she half rose as her companion 18

threw himself on the grass at her feet. "I ought to go in. I forgot that Mrs. Fleming sent for me to play Bertha's accompaniment." "Ah no; dor't go back amongst all

those people. Stay here in the moonlight, and let me talk to you." Another wave of the self-scorn which had humilated the governess that afternoon seconded his entreaty. "Why," Amy Cuthbert said to herself—"Why should she not sit down and talk to Mr. Kenneth as any friend or acquaintance would do? Why need she be so foolish-she who had buried romance

forever? "I shall be glad to have you talk to me; and tell me about that last picture you were so much interested in.

she responded. "I have not touched it for a week. am tired of attempts in art;" and the young aristocrat moodily tossed his heavy hair away from his brow. "I believe I shall keep only one picture of all those I have painted this summer."

"And what is that?" she asked. unsuspectingly.
"A St. Cecilia." Amy Cuthbert could not repress a

start at this unexpected reply. Neither could she at once find a fitting rejoinder. She sat in silence, idly pulling to pieces a blossom of Virginia creeper, thankful that shadows hid her face. "No, I will not keep that piece either," her companion continued, im-

petuously. "I do not want to remember you with that cold, pure, rapt expression I have depicted. I will rather paint you as a Madonna—a happy, radiant, beau-"You flatter my face; it suits neither

of those characters.' "How might I paint you, then?"

' Red-cross knight forever kneeled To a lady, in his shield.'

"I could not be the 'lily maid of Astolat' if I did not smile on Lancelot.' "But I cannot paint you, for I have rarely seen you smile—have never once seen you look glad and care-free. And yours," he added, in lower tones, "is the face of all in the world that I most the f

wish to see happy and bright."

Involuntarily the listener started at the words, and a quick heart-thrill disturbed the even answer.

"Like most of the race, I am neither very happy nor extremely miserable."
"But is not happiness possible? Let
me make you happy by the effort of my
whole life. Miss Cuthbert, why will you not understand me? I want to tell

you that I love you."

The last leaf of the blossom she had ruined fell on the grass. The hand that had held it was prisoned in two others, and the moonlight shone on the earnest dark eyes that were trying to see her face. Amy Cuthbert's resurrected romance, warm and glowing with life, stole back into her heart and fired her pale cheeks with blushes. Half incrednlous, she listened, as the voice went on

passionately: "I love you. My darling, my rose of life, what will you say to me because I love you?" .

Reader, what do you think Amy Cuthbert answered? On the one hand lay the desert of life, unsunned and unvaried; on the other waited love, joy, light, and beauty. Could she turn away,

"From lands of bliss enchanted, over wastes of sunset sea, Snowy-sailed and crimson-tinted sped a won-drous argosy?"

In the waning moonlight, amid the dying year, she read another page of her idyl-an idyl destined to grow fairer and dearer through many a coming year. So ended Miss Cuthbert's birthday .-Harper's Bazar.

An Ant Fight. An interesting account of an engage-ment between a party of red and of black ants is related by a correspondent of the Forest and Stream: "Last week, as I was coming in the gate," says the writer, "my attention was attracted by seeing a stream of ants moving across the walk, going in different directions. They were traveling in a belt about four inches wide, and moving very rapidly. Of those going in one direction, each had a large ant egg in its mouth. I followed brought their wives to receive lessons of literally covered with them, he succeeded the empty mouthed ones and found they were robbing a nest of red ants. The nest was about one foot across, and was covered with red and black ants engaged in a most desperate battle—the reds trying to defend their home from their thievish enemies. At times the ants would form in their little hills, sliding and rolling over the ground. I observed that the black ants that were engaged in stealing took no part in the fight, but would sieze the eggs and make for their own hill, leaving the fighting to be done by the rest of the band. The black ants in making these depredations had to cross one carriage drive, two plank walks, and climb up a terrace two feet in heightthe distance between the two hills being 152 feet through the grass of an ordinary lawn. Out of curiosity I killed one of the black ants, and took it to a jeweler and had it put on the balance with the egg it was carrying, when the egg was the heaviest; which shows the remarkable strength and endurance of these interesting insects. I once noticed a small red ant trying to carry a worm, several times as heavy as itself, up a small mound on the top of which was its nest. After trying several times without success, it ran up the hill and disappeared in its hole, and presently returned

## in spite of his struggles." Wheat Production.

with quite a number of companions, who

easily carried their captive into the nest

The following table gives the annual production of wheat in the United States for twelve years, together with the annual exports and the home consumption.

eed and wastage:		
Crop (bu.)	Exports.	Consumption
362177,957,172	56,915,621	122,041,55
63 173,677,928	39,689,773	133,988,15
864 160,695,823	14,657,641	146,038,18
65148,522,827	15,359,137	133,172,68
366151,199,906	10,171,692	141,028,21
67 212,441,400	23,556,319	188,884,48
68224,036,600	21,136,029	202,900,57
69260,146,900	50,026,612	209, 220, 28
370235,884,700	49,794,432	186,090,26
371230,722,400	35,434,161	195,288,23
372249.097,000	48,929,069	200,167,93
373 281,372,000	87,393,643	193,978,35
374308,000,000	70,466,890	237.533,11
375290,000,000	71,028,346	218,971,65
376250,000,000	55,008,758	194,990,24
STORY OF THE REAL PROPERTY.		Anna Maria

This season it is known that the reserve has been cut down to the minimum by shipments of 30,500,000 bushels from into trouble. Her husband's printer the West since Jan. 1, against shipments last year of 29,000,000 bushels from a crop allusion in his article; but Lamartine, 40,000,000 larger. At five bushels per capita, the home requirement would be about 235,000,000 bushels, beside the quantity needed to replenish the reserve -which figures of yearly consumption wit's end. Finally a gentleman, a indicate may be roughly estimated at 20,000,000 bushels. Hence, if the coming crop is as much as 325,000,000 bushels, and the price is not unusually high, consumption and replenishment of reserve will take about 255,000,000 bushels, leaving 70,000,000 bushels for export. If the price rules high, both consumption and the quantity taken for reserve will be diminished, and the surplus for export may then be as much as next morning, he found a small paper | coil, 98,000,000 bushels.—New York Tribune.

# A Nose Fashioner.

Dr. Cid. an inventive surgeon of Paris, noticed that elderly people who for a long time have worn eye-glasses supported on the nose by a spring are apt to have this organ long and thin. This he attributes to the compression which the spring exerts on the arteries by which the nose is nourished. Not long afterward a young lady of fifteen conlive, it's the image of Miss Cuthbert!" . "As Elaine, perhaps," she answered, Every eye sought the governess' face with a sigh—"if I were young and beausulted him to see if he could restore to moderate dimensions her nose, which "Elaine! No; if I painted you thus, was large, fleshy and unsightly. He five days. I would paint Lancelot kneeling before took exact measurement, and had constructed for her a "lunette prince-nez" -a spring and pad for compressing the artery-which was worn at night, and look with another, half eager, half de- And you, if Lancelot were kneeling be- when she conveniently could in the dayprecating, and a dark red flush rose to fore you, would you smile upon him?" time. In three weeks a consolatory dim-Something in the voice, something in inution was evident, and in three months the flushed face uplifted in the moon- the young lady was quite satisfied with "I cannot excuse the liberty I have light, thrilled her strangely. Why did the improvement in her features. This taken, but I can beg Miss Cuthbert's Mr. Kenneth talk to her so? She forced story recalls Captain Marryst's phrenological developer.

What the Poets Think of Her-The Days of Chivalry .- Some Noted Women. Oh, woman! lovely woman: Nature made thee To temper man: we had been brutes without

There is in you all that we believe of heaven, Amazing brightness, purity and truth, Eternal joy and everlasting love. —Otway. Woman, dear woman, thou 'rt still the same While beauty breathes through soul or frame While man possesses heart or eyes, Woman's bright empire never dies. —Moore. The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath Feels in its barrenness some touch of spring; And in the April dew or beam of May, Its moss and lichen freshen and revive : And thus the heart most sacred to human

pleasure, Melts at the tear—joys in the smile—of woman Oh, woman ! in our hours of ease

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light, quivering aspen made:
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
Scott.

Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell how the bold warrior returning from the fight would doff his plumed helmet, and, reposing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs that woman's hand might pour into their wounds the healing balm. But never a wearied knight or warrior, covered with the dust of battle-field, was more in need of this barren waste; and during the warm woman's soothing power than are those careworn sons of mental or physical toil who struggle for the bread of life in our more peaceful and enlightened days.

" Clarion wild and high," may all have vanished from the scene, the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the picture of domestic joy as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so, for there are deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound and passions more intense in our great theatre of inmore intense in our great theatre of in-tellectual and moral strife, than where the contest was for martial fame, and ton, he was startled by a loud scream force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory or of wealth. the night in an adjoining bedroom, and

tes himself was her pupil.

co-operation. The wife of Louis Galvani (daughter had studied anatomy), being a woman of quick observation, noticed that the leg of a frog, placed near an electrical machine, became convulsed when touched by a knife, and a series of experiments out of this led to the discovery of a new system of physiology, ever since

called "Galvanism." The wife of Lavoisier, the French scientific experiments, but even engraved the plates which illustrated his "Ele-

Huber, the blind man, who wrote the best book on bees, derived his knowledge of their habits and instincts from

the observations of his wife. Mary Cunitz, one of the greatest geniuses in the sixteenth century, was born in Silesia. She learned languages with amazing facility, and understood German, French, Polish, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. She attained a knowledge of the sciences with equal ease; she was skilled in history, physic, poetry, painting, music, and playing upon instruments; and yet they were only an amusement. She more particularly applied herself to mathematics, and especially to astronomy, which she made her principal study, and was ranked in the number of the most able

nomical tables acquired her a prodig-

The wife of Alphonse de Lamartine,

ious reputation.

the French poet, was mistress of many languages, and excelled both in music thought at first that the left arm of Serand painting, and was also a brilliant writer. In the stormy days of '48 her husband wrote diligently to free himself from debt. She suffered acutely for him, whose honor and fortune then seemed trembling in the balance. The delicate face became wrinkled and the sweet voice was often tremulous with anxiety. When Lamartine was finishing an article on Beranger, at a time of great political excitement in Paris, she was nearly beside herself, lest by any verbal imprudence he should get himself was also greatly alarmed at the political obstinately deaf to all their entreaties, vowed that every line should go to the public just as it was written, or not at all. Madame Lamartine was at her mutual friend, got leave from her husband to read over the proofs and modify the offensive expressions. All the long night that this gentleman was occupied Madame Lamartine sat up, sending into the library to him little suggestive notes of her own. At last the poor, weary friend was so overpowered with fatigue and sleep that he was obliged to desist and go to bed; but, when he awoke struck upward at a stick held above its pushed through the key-hole of his door -a last idea from the indefatigable Madame Lamartine, who had not herself slept a wink all night. This gentleman friend took all the credit of the alterations, while the good wife kept silence and sent her husband's article to the

husband, - Troy Times. Japanese Proverbs. Better avoid blame than seek praise. A beaten soldier fears a reed.

press. Madame Lamartine was often

the amanuensis and proof-reader of her

Great men are spoken of for seventy-The lower part of the candlestick is black. (The nearer the church the farther from God). There are people who have read Con-fucius and still have not read him.

The skill of a poor man is not much believed in. When there are too many boatmen the boat c'imbs mountains. Until polished the precious stone

not brillfent:

A FIGHT FOR LIFE WITH RATS.

An Army of Rats Attacking a Signal Service Officer and His Wife-Conquering the Rodents by Electricity-Terrible Fate of a Child.

The vast number of rats inhabiting the rocky crevices and cavernous passa ges at the summit of Pike's Peak, in Colges at the summit of Pike's Peak, in Colorado, have recently become formidable and dangerous. These animals are known to feed upon a saccharine gum that percolates through the pores of the rocks, apparently upheaved by that volcanic action which, at irregular intervals of a few days, gives to the mountain crest that vibratory motion which has been detected by the instruments used in the office of the United States signal station. Since the establishment of the government signal station on the summit of the Peak, at an altitude of nearly 15,000 feet, these animals have acquired a voracious appetite for raw and uncooked meat, the scent of which seems to impart to them a ferocity rivaling the starved Siberian wolf. The most singular trait in the character of these animals is, they are never to be seen in the day-time. When the moon pours down her queenly light upon the summit they may be seen in the day-time. When the moon pours down her queenly light upon the summit they may be seen will be able to invest in a new fall bonin countless numbers, hopping around among the rocky boulders that crown summer months they may be seen swimming and sporting in the waters of the lake, a short distance below the crest of the Peak, and of a dark, cloudy night And still, though the romance of the castle, the helmet, the waving plume ing, sparkling light giving to the waters Aspasia, the wife of Pericles, was a who came rushing into the office screaming, "The rats! the rats!" Mr. O'Keef, with great presence of mind, immediately girdled his wife ith a scroll of zinc economy and right deportment. Socra- in incasing his legs each in a joims of Guyot, the statesman and historian, owed much of his success to his wife's co-operation.

stove-pipe, when he commenced a herce and desperate struggle for the preservation, sia, and Siberia to China, has started from Calais on his journeying. His bet from Calais on his journeying. His bet obliges him to return through Persia, preserved at the station, among other

their trail in the water exhibits a glowof the lake a flickering silvery appearance. A few days since Mr. John T. O'Keef, one of the government operators at the signal station, returned to his Mr. O'Keef was engaged in the office forwarding night dispatches to Washingfrom Mrs. O'Keef, who had retired for quence—nay, even composed the plating, such as had been used in roofing speeches on which so great a share of his reputation was founded. The best from climbing upon her person; and, stove-pipe, when he commenced a nerce Indian relics captured at the battle of and Southern Russia, and from there Sand Creek. Notwithstanding hundreds over Greece and Italy to France. He of Professor Galezzi, under whom he Sand Creek. Notwithstanding hundreds were destroyed on every side, still they seemed to pour with increasing numbers from the bedroom, the door of which had been left open. The entire quarter of beef was eaten in less than five minutes, which seemed to only sharpen their appetites for an attack upon Mr. O'Keef, whose hands, face and neck were terribly lacerated. In the midst of the warfare chemist, not only could perform his Mrs. O'Keef managed to reach a coil of electric wire hanging near the battery; and, being a mountain girl familiar with the throwing of the lariat, she hurled it through the air, causing it to encircle her husband, and spring out from its loosened fastenings, making innumera-ble spiral ways, along which she poured the electric fluid from the heavily-charged battery. In an instant the room was all ablaze with electric light, and whenever the rats came in contact with the wire they were hurled to an almost instant death. The appearance of daylight, made such by the coruscation of the heavilycharged wire, caused them to take refuge among the crevices and caverns of the mountain, by way of the bedroom window, through which they had forced their way. But the saddest part of this night attack upon the Peak is the destroying of their infant child, which Mrs. O'Keef thought she had made secure by astronomers of her time. Her astro- a heavy covering of bed clothing; but the rats had found their way to the infant (only two months old), and had left nothing of it but the peeled and mumbled skull. Drs. Thorn and Anderson geant O'Keef would have to be amoutated, but succeeded in saving it.

A Rattlesnake's Attack. When a rattlesvake is disturbed it sounds an alarm, and then, if compelled it will fight. When the victim is within reach the jaws of the snake are separated and the head thrown back so as to bring the fangs into a favorable position to penetrate the object. The head is then darted rapidly forward, the unsheathed tooth penetrates the body of the victim, and the poison is injected into the flesh. The same muscular acts which open the wound inject the venom through the duct, and into the part penetrated by the tooth. The divergence of the fangpoints when the snake bites often causes a considerable distance between the two wounds. The power with which the venom is ejected from the tooth depends somewhat upon the amount contained in the gland and its ducts. If the snake fails to strike the object aimed at, the clair de lune gray, with blue tinges, and poison is sometimes projected several she old-fashioned silver grey; rose coral, feet; and a case is on record where it a delicate shade for brightening sombre was thrown into the eyes of a man who hues, and the dark myrtle green of last was six feet from the snake, when it | year,

School Population of the United States. White males, 5,264,635, colored males, 814,576; total, 6,086,872, white females, 5,157,929; colored females, 806,402; total, 5,968,561; grand total, 12,055,443. Attending school—White males, 3,-326,797, colored males, 88,594; total, 3-415,391; white females, 3,087,943, colored females, 91,778; total, 3.179,721; grand total, 6,595,112. Not attending school-Whites, 4,007,

824; colored, 1,330,606; total, 5,458,977. From the above it appears that of the white children of the whole country, between the ages of five and eighteen years, thirty-eight per cent. are not attanding school; of the colored children eighty-eight per cent, are not attending, while an aggregate of forty-five per cent. of both classes are not under instruction.

Items of Interest

Cuba has been fighting for freedom for nine years. The first newspaper in England was

issued in 1588. The wealthiest farmer in heuraska is Isham G. Chicken. He certainly should

always have a full crop. In Bath Abbey is to be seen the fol-lowing epitaph: "Here lies Ann Mann; she lived an old maid and died an old

If all Russia and all Turkey should come to engage in the strife, there would be 87,000,000 Russians fighting 43,000,-000 Turks.

A Spanish proverb says: "The man who on his wedding day starts as a lieutenant in the family will never get

It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken is not all the better competent to sing "pieces."

net.-Rutland Herald. The following is all the space given in

a Texas newspaper to a lynching: "Dudley Hansford was hanged by a mob of forty men this morning, near his home, two miles from Perry, in this county. Too much cattle."

Such is the glut of money on the London Stock Exchange that any man in good credit can obtain the loan of almost any sum for, say, a fortnight, at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum. Yet even on these terms there is scarcely any demand.

John Taylor, the president of the "Twelve Apoetles," and acting president of the Mormon Church until a new president is elected, was shot at Nauvoo, Ill., at the time when Joseph Smith was killed, and is a most bigoted and bitter.

The war correspondent of the London News says that at the battle near Kazelevo, where the Russians were defeated, "a Russian officer, who was observed gallantly endeavoring to rally the men, was killed, and the body, when subsequently discovered, proved to be that of a woman. She was buried where she

An Englishman who has made a bet of £50,000 that he will in six years walk ough France, Germany, North Rusmust be in Liverpool by July 1, 1883.

According to a Louisiana paper, most desirable lands in that State, fronting on navigable streams, and capable of pro-ducing from 2,000 to 5,000 pounds of sugar and 120 to 320 gallons of molasses per acre, or crops worth from \$200 to \$500 per acre, can be purchased for the low sum of \$15 to \$30 per acre. Further inland, and within a few miles of navigable water courses, land can easily be bought for \$5 to \$15 per scre. Excellent sugar lands can be had at very much lower prices than even the above in Texas, says a Galveston journal.

# Fashien Notes.

Simple and pretty wraps for autumn days are square shawls of India or of French cashmere of solid color, lightly fringed, and worn in fichu fashion crossed on the breast and tied behind. Long slender sacques, of medium

length, made of the new rough cloths, double breasted, buttoned their entire length, and with coat flaps behind, will be favorite wraps for fall and winter. The Carrick cloak-a long Ulster shape, with three small round capes known as coachmen's capes—is the stylish overall. It is seen in rain cloaks made of water-proof cloth, and in the English cloths of gray invisible plaids

used for traveling cloaks. Many beaded ornaments are used in bonnets, the preference being for the blue-gray clair de lune beads; there are also many jet fringes, drops, and netted pieces, while for brown, maroon, moss, olive, bronze, and other colored bonnets the mordore or golden brown beads are

The majority of the new bonnets are small cottage shapes and close-fitting capotes, but there are many large Marie Stuart bonnets, with pointed front and flowing plume, and there are also dressy Bergese hats, with little crown and spreading brims-gay and dressy shapes for young folks. New ornamental bows for the throat

are of ribbons of two contrasting colors tying a small cluster of flowers on shells of Valenciennes lace, and from thence the ribbons hang in ends a yard long. Vulcan red ribbons contrasting with pale blue or with mandarin yellow make petty bows. The most stylish colors in head geat

are mousse, or moss green; Vulcan red, more brilliant than scarlet, and containing much of the mandarin yellow shade ; The hair is dressed with reference to

the shape of the bonnets. For bonnets to be worn on dressy occasions, the coiff-ure is high soft loops and puffs on top of the head. For the close shapes the back hair is arranged in a flat chatelaine loop very low on the nape of the neck, or else the chatelaine is braided in wide basket braids of seven strands or more.

Feathers and flowers are more beautiful than in any former season. The bird of Paradise, with its golden plumage, is the choice for expensive bonnets. There are, however, the pretty feathers of the heron, wings, guinea-hens' breasts, peacocks' breasts, and many other stiff and slender feathers for less costly hats. Ostrich tips and the long

plumes are used in profusion. The materials for the new bonnet are plush or velvet trimmed with satin. The plush may be plain or striped. Some brocaded silks in Marguerite pattern are used for crowns of special bonnets. There are also some kid bonnets like those in-The money presented to the Pope by pilgrims during the jubilee amounted to \$8,300,000. Of this sum \$1,840,000 was in gold 1 the remainder in paper,