

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VII. NO. 5.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1883.

\$2 a Year.

Rate of Ad. ...
One inch, one ...
Quarterly, ...
Contract advertising ...
No ...
Address, ...
Barnwell C. H., S. C.

- Spe. Reces.
1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post office address.
 2. Business letters and communications to be published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary note when required.
 3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and on only one side of the page.
 4. All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

The anchor's weighed, the harbor past,
Away I went, the ship flies fast.
The skipper's wife sat at his side,
In fear she saw the darkening tide.
"Fear not," quoth he, "thou'rt safe with me,
Though the wind howl and the sea be free,
Over the sea the breeze blow,
Over the sea the ship doth go.

The sea grew black, the wind blew high;
"A ship," the sailors cry,
Down sank the vessel far in flame,
But nearer still the vessel came.
She had no sails, no oars, no crew,
But nearer, nearer still she drew.
One lone dark man on deck they see,
They can hear him laughing mockingly.

The skipper stood with frozen stare,
His men were white with wild despair,
The tempest shrieked, the sea was flame,
And nearer still the strange ship came.
Down knelt the skipper's wife and prayed,
"God of the sailors, send us aid."
Each sailor's lord bent his knee;
"Save us, O Lord! we cry to Thee!"

Hurrah! Hurrah! the spell is done!
The phantom ship is gone, is gone!
The winds are fair, and fair the tide;
The skipper's wife is at his side.
He holds her hand, he cannot speak,
A tear rolls down his rugged cheek,
And merrily he! the breeze blow,
Over the sea the ship doth go.

FREDERICK E. WEAVER.

Our First Difficulty.

Robert and I had been married eight months before we seriously disagreed in anything. Our life during that time had not been a season of perfect bliss as some would have it, but we certainly had been happy—as happy I think as any can be before reaching Paradise, and when our baby came, it seemed as if our cup was full to overflowing. I like, even now, to dwell on the joy of those days when I was first a mother, and so for Robert, I think there never was a prouder or more affectionate father than he. "Well, Esther," he would say when he came in at night, "we are not rich in houses and lands as some are; but we are rich in our daughter; she is like wisdom, for she is more precious than rubies."

But I know that the fond praise of doing rents is but emptiness to others, so I will not tire you by repeating all he said. It was not idle talk to me, however; no praise to my imagination was too great for my little one, my Mayblossom as I called her, for she came to us in the merry month of May. Never a fortnight ago, there was a child as wonderful as ours, and before the little stranger had been with us a month, we had laid many brilliant plans for her future.

But I am wandering from my story. We were living in Kansas, far away from both Robert's relations and my own. We had not, therefore, as is generally the case, a host of aunts, uncles and cousins to urge that the child should be named according to their fancy. So it came to pass that our lady was nearly two months old before the subject had been debated. But one day, how well I remember it, Robert said, as he tossed her in his arms for a final good-by before returning to the store, "Esther, don't you think it's about time this maiden of ours had a name of her own? Wilson was asking me this morning what we had decided to call her, and I told him I supposed we thought her good enough without a name, for we had never spoken about it."

"Mr. Wilson's child was named before he was a week old, so I don't wonder that he thinks us rather tardy," said I.

"Well, what shall it be, Esther? Rosamond or Rachel? Bridget or Joanna? Kate or Arabella? Or haven't you thought of the matter yet?"

"Our child's name was decided in my own mind long ago," I answered, and then for some reason I cannot account for, I hesitated, though I certainly had no idea of what to follow.

"Well, let us hear it. It is something extraordinary, I suppose; nothing less would suit our darling."

"It is Mary," I said.

"Mary! surely you must be joking. You can't mean it, Esther?"

"Why not?" I asked, the blood rushing to my face involuntarily.

"So you have a Byronic passion for the name of Mary. Well, I must acknowledge that I am entirely free from it. But seriously, Esther, you cannot think of calling our daughter by that name?"

"But I do think of it," I responded, "and I cannot imagine what objection you can have, for almost every one agrees that there is no sweeter name."

My husband's face grew dark.

"Any name but that, Esther, you might as well not name the child at all. Hardly a family of any size in the country but has a Mary among its members. But I can't talk any longer now; I shall be late as it is. Look in the directory, and find something else that suits you, and tell me at tea."

And he kissed both baby and me, and was gone.

I can hardly tell you what my feelings were during the long hours of that afternoon. It is true that my husband and I had differed before in matters of taste or opinion, but it had been comparatively easy to yield them. My child's name, however, was a different matter. I could not remember the time when I had not looked forward to call my oldest daughter by the name of Mary. My doll-babies, one and all, had been called by it. It was dear to me above every other name—and now to

give it up—"Never, I cannot, and I shall not!" I said firmly to myself.

At the tea-table that evening, we discussed a variety of topics, but both avoided, as if by common consent, the one subject nearest our hearts. When the meal was over, however, and we sat together near our little one's cradle, Robert commenced:

"Well, Esther, have you found any name this afternoon that pleased you? I've been thinking the matter over, and I've come to the conclusion that Laura and Evelyn suit me very well—Laura Evelyn Spencer. How do you like it?"

"I like both names well enough," I answered coldly, "but there is only one name for our daughter, and that I have told you. It is my mother's name, as you know, Robert, and I have always said that my first daughter should be my mother's namesake, but I never dreamed that you would feel so about it."

I continued, ready to cry, yet keeping the tears back by a great effort.

"If your mother was not living, Esther, there would be some reason for your feeling so, but as it is—"

"If my mother was dead, I would not care so much about it, for it then could afford her no pleasure," I cried.

"If it were any name but Mary, I would consent, even though it did not please me," said Robert. "Come, Esther, be reasonable; there are so many pretty names, and Mary, besides being so common, is to me the very essence of plainness."

But my mind was made up, and I would not listen.

"She is your daughter, as well as mine, Robert," I said, "and, of course, you will name her to suit yourself, but to me, she can never be any other than what I have said."

How our conversation would have ended I cannot tell, but fortunately for both of us, it was interrupted by callers who spent the evening with us, and for the time being our dispute and its cause were forgotten.

At breakfast the next morning the subject was not once alluded to in even the most remote way, and at noon and in the evening it was the same.

Another day came and went, and still another, and yet not a word was said. Our table-talk was no longer the pleasant pastime it had once been, for we found it difficult to sustain a conversation on topics of minor interest, while the one subject which engrossed our hearts and minds was tabooed.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

As day after day passed away, and the week drew to a close, a heavy weight settled on my heart. My husband appeared a different person to me. It seemed to me that a great gulf had come between us; even baby, who before had been associated only with the parent's deepest joy, seemed changed. I could not take her in my arms without thinking of what I chose to call my trouble.

Friday morning came. It was a lovely, sunny day; but it seemed to me the dreariest ever sun rose upon.

"Who would think Robert could be so obstinate?" I said to myself, as I rocked my little one to sleep.

Just before noon our pastor called. I was so ill at ease that it was with difficulty that I sustained my part in the conversation. I suppose he noticed my agitation, for he inquired if I were well as usual. For an instant I felt half inclined to tell him all. It seemed as if it would be a relief to open my heart to some one; but a feeling of pride restrained me.

Robert seemed unusually silent at dinner, and I fancied he was looking pale and ill. He kissed the baby, but did not kiss her in the air and play with her as he generally did; as for myself, every word I spoke cost me an effort. When Robert had gone, I took my little girl in my arms and rocked her to sleep, then I threw myself in the chair again, and silently brooded over my unhappiness. It seemed to me that a good hearty cry would be a luxury, but it was a luxury in which I had determined I would not indulge.

The time passed slowly away, and I began to wonder why baby did not wake. I went over to the cradle. Her face was flushed, and I thought her breathing very unnatural. "What if our darling should be ill?" I cried, and then with a chill at my heart, "What if God should take from us the cause of our dispute?"

At that thought a great revulsion of feeling came over me, I knelt down by my baby's cradle and wept unrestrainedly.

"After all," I thought, "is it not natural that Robert should not care to have his child given so common a name as Mary? And what right have I to decide without consulting him what her name should be? Oh, if he would only come!"

I took baby in my arms and went to the window to look for him. Then I remembered his pale face at dinner.

"If anything should happen I should never forgive myself," I said.

At last I heard his footsteps on the stairs; I laid baby down and just rushed to meet him.

"Oh, Robert!" I cried, as I threw my arms around his neck, "name her Laura or anything you please, but do let us love each other again."

He kissed me in silence, and as I went into the parlor, in my instant he

came out, bringing with him my father's wedding gift—a large family Bible.

He opened it, and turning to the Family Record, pointed to a line under the head of Births. "It was this: Mary Evelyn Spencer, born May 19, 1855."

"I wrote it this noon," he said.

"I cannot tell what happened next, for I really do not know; but I have had seven children since then, and they have all been named without the least particle of trouble between their father and mother, and in closing this little account of our first real difficulty, I think God that I am enabled to declare it was not only our first, but our last."

I envy no mortal, though ever so great. Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate; But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse, Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Paper Emigration.

"Gath," in the Cincinnati Enquirer, gives the following interview with one of the Immigration Commissioners in New York city. "This matter of paper emigration from Europe to the United States is becoming a serious thing. In the aggregate it entails a great deal of expense on the American people, through their location; and, besides, it admits unknown and sinister vagabonds, thieves and people who spread disease. In Europe the United States is regarded as a short-sighted nation for being so indifferent about the basis of its citizenship being tainted by these degrading elements."

"Are these people sent over as a matter of economy merely?"

"That is all. You see it costs perhaps 280 francs a year, or \$46, to support a criminal in Switzerland, while it only costs 160 francs, or \$25, to send the same man by rail to the port of Havre and thence to America. There is a clear saving, therefore, of one-half or more to get the fellow off to America and have him out of the way."

"Who ships him?"

"It is done by an emigration agent having relations with one of the steamship lines; that is to say, not a steamship agent exactly, but a man who has a commission for selling a ticket. They make about seventeen francs, or \$3.50, for every fellow they ship to the United States in this way, and the agent works in with the communal officers. The Swiss Republic intends no such injustice."

"Do we not also get first-class emigration from Switzerland?"

"Yes, of course; and a large majority of the Swiss emigrants are among the best of all our acquisitions from Europe. They are intelligent, industrious, frugal, law-abiding and trained in the duties and responsibilities of republican citizenship. Of such emigrants this country cannot have too many. They are making the waste places of the south and west blossom like the rose. There are more citizens of Swiss birth and parentage in the United States than in all other foreign countries combined, and the relations between the Federal government at Washington and Bern, are, as you know, close and cordial."

HOW TO PREVENT STRIKES.

A Washington dispatch says: The present status of the strike of telegraph operators excites a good deal of interest here. The effort to extend it to the railroad operators is regarded with considerable apprehension, affecting so generally, as it is believed it would, the business and commercial interests of the country. It is believed that such a climax would raise more effectively than ever before the issue between capital and labor, and that the public would finally have to interfere and prevent a demoralization of its commercial interests by settling the questions at issue.

A prominent ex-officer of the Government, who has occupied a high position in the Administration and in politics, said to your correspondent recently that this issue is one that will sooner or later claim the attention of Congress. The welfare of the country demanded that the issues so frequently being raised between capital and labor by combinations and strikes should be settled by arbitration established and regulated by law. He believed in labor having a generous reward, but the endeavor to secure this by strikes resulting in suspension of important communications, and otherwise tending to the demoralization of the country should be prevented.

The growth of the principal lines of monopolies was the favorite Family are increasing and becoming more powerful every year. Excellent more powerful every year.

He favors the establishment of a labor bureau in Washington, all differences arising between employer and employee. The labor bureau would create public sentiment in favor of the laborer, and would create public sentiment in favor of the laborer, and would create public sentiment in favor of the laborer.

In Mobile Bay.

In describing the great battle of Mobile Bay, Commander Mahan gives an excellent account of the Confederate ram Tennessee and her consort, the torpedo boat which formed so great a part of the defense, and also of the monitors in Farragut's fleet.

In his plan Farragut wished to combine a westerly wind and the flood-tide—the former in order that the smoke might blow toward Fort Morgan; the latter because it would help any crippled ships into the harbor, whether he was resolved to go, and also because "he had noticed that the primers of the barrel torpedoes were close together on top, and thought it likely that when the flood-tide straightened out their mooring-lines the tops would be turned away from the approaching ships. As at New Orleans the preparations were left very much to the commanders of ships." In the order of battle the wooden ships were lashed in couples, and the four monitors were in a column abreast of the leaders. The Brooklyn was allowed to head the attack with Captain James Alden. Hardly had the battle opened when the iron-clad Tecumseh, Commander Craven, made straight for the Tennessee, but, before reaching her, struck a concealed torpedo and went down head foremost.

"It was then that Craven did one of those deeds that should be always linked with the deer's name," as Sydney's is with the cup of cold water. The pilot and he instinctively made for the narrow opening leading to the turret below Craven draw back. "After you pilot," he said. There was no afterward for him; the pilot was saved, but he went down with his ship."

This action was full of gallant deeds. Among them was that of Ensign H. C. Nields, who at the greatest risk, steered an open boat from the Metacomb toward the wreck of the Tecumseh and saved ten men; eleven others had saved themselves, making twenty-one out of a crew of one hundred. Lieutenant Commander Jonett distinguished himself greatly, as did Captain Drayton, of the Hartford, and many others, while Farragut's own conduct in pushing ahead despite the torpedoes has become immortal. As for Admiral Buchanan, on the Tennessee, he proved himself an adversary worthy of the conqueror. The fight lasted but a little more than an hour, but it determined the fate of the port, as the forts surrendered a few days later, and the fall of Mobile was affected afterward by the co-operation of the army.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH.

Interesting incidents related by the oldest surviving operators.

"While so much is being said and written about the present strike of the telegraph operators and the magnitude of the business interests involved with those of the telegraph companies, the stories of the 'first strike,' and of the first telegraph lines in the United States, told by one of the first telegraph operators, cannot fail to be of interest to the public. 'The operator' was found in the person of Captain Louis M. Chastean, who now commands the Park Guard, but who is also an old journalist. Captain Chastean readily consented to give the desired information, and with no memorandum excepting his appointment as one of the operators for the magnetic telegraph company he said: 'The first telegraph line in this country was constructed between Baltimore and Washington about the year 1845, under an appropriation made by Congress. Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the 'Morse Alphabet,' was superintendent of the line, Alfred Vail was assistant superintendent at Baltimore, Lewis Zanisinger was operator at Washington, and I was operator at Baltimore. All of those I have mentioned are now dead, so that I am the oldest operator in the United States. The line was of copper wire covered or wrapped with cotton. The instruments were all very large, the relay magnet being kept in a box three feet long, which was always kept carefully locked, the assistant superintendent keeping the key.

No insulators were known at that time but sealing wax, glass, oiled silk and a very miserable preparation of asphaltum. The magnets that covered the horse-shoe iron were covered with sealing wax and there were no such things as thumb screws to connect two wires. All connections were made by glass tubes filled with mercury, and the operator in handling these, in case of a thunder storm, held in their hands large pieces of oiled silk. Our hours of service were from three to nine a. m., one to two p. m. and from five to six p. m. I remember the first arrest which the telegraph enabled the authorities to make was that of a negro, who was a ward-room servant of a naval officer. The fellow took the train from Baltimore and was arrested on alighting from the cars at Washington by Detective Cook. The officer placed his hand on the negro's shoulder and said: 'I will take that money and jewelry you stole from Commodore —!' The colored man was badly frightened, and with the anxious query: 'How do you know dat?' handed over the stolen property. The Congressmen would telegraph from Baltimore to the Washington hotels at which they had been stopping to know the amount of their bills. The answers were considered to be a wonderful test of the accuracy of the telegraph. In fact, at first sight it was little more than a plaything. Our principal business consisted in sending the names of persons to Washington; the operator there would write it back, and the paper bearing the indentation would be handed to the party, together with a card upon which the Morse alphabet was printed. The experimenter was then expected to decipher the writing at his leisure."

A Fraud.

John Moranda was a successful fraudster here for a week in Salt Lake city. He carried one arm in a sling, and said that he had hurt it by a fall. Then his confederate, William Naylor, came forward with a thrilling account of being robbed by highwaymen, who would have murdered him had not Moranda gallantly fought them off. "He's so modest that he lied about his arm," Naylor added; "it is wounded by a bullet. The scoundrels took my last dollar, but as soon as I got a remittance from New York he's gone to take his reward." Both men were lavishly entertained.

THE HOUSE.

The growth of the principal lines of monopolies was the favorite Family are increasing and becoming more powerful every year. Excellent more powerful every year.

THE HOUSE.

The growth of the principal lines of monopolies was the favorite Family are increasing and becoming more powerful every year. Excellent more powerful every year.

THE HOUSE.

The growth of the principal lines of monopolies was the favorite Family are increasing and becoming more powerful every year. Excellent more powerful every year.

THE HOUSE.

The growth of the principal lines of monopolies was the favorite Family are increasing and becoming more powerful every year. Excellent more powerful every year.

Avoid Farm Mortgages.

Mortgages are necessary and beneficial to civilized society, but there are unpleasant features about them. They often enable a man to accomplish what he could not otherwise do, and they also often involve a man who would have been otherwise successful. They often enable a man to get out of trouble which he could not otherwise avoid, and they perhaps equally often make miserable a life which would have otherwise been happy. It is easy to get them on to the farm, but it is not always so easy to get them off. Farm mortgages are about the best investment that capital can find. Investors generally like them. They partake of the nature, permanence, and other substantial qualities of real property, but are relieved from many of the burdens imposed upon land.

The editor of the American Agriculturist says that one investment company in New York city has upward of \$20,000,000 in farm mortgages, mostly on Western farms. The money draws seven per cent, and upward, and is obtained in Europe at four per cent, so that the annual profit to the investment company are about \$600,000. There are perhaps a dozen such companies in New York city alone, and there are private investors, now that money is plentiful all over the country; so that there is no lack of opportunity to get mortgages on farms. But so hard are they to get off that, notwithstanding the fact that investors will not generally loan more than a third or a half of the value of the security offered, a broker who deals largely in farm mortgages, recently said to the writer that, as a rule, mortgages are not paid. That is to say, when a farm is once mortgaged, it in a majority of instances remains so for a long time. If one mortgage is paid, another is made to raise the money. If it is foreclosed, it is very rare that anything is paid back to the farmer. If it is sold, it often continues to be traded around until it gets into the hands of some one who uses it in buying the land, and so gets "satisfied."

Money at seven per cent, will double in ten years if the interest is kept invested. If the farmer carries a mortgage of say \$5,000 for thirty years, it will cost him, at seven per cent, about \$35,000 for the use of the \$5,000. This enormous figure, obtained by computing interest at seven per cent, on the amount paid, is no more than a fair estimation of the cost of such a mortgage, for the farmer can doubtless always invest his money in something which will yield him seven per cent.

Therefore:—1. Do not mortgage the farm unless it is absolutely necessary. But, as a general rule, it is less valuable than a particular one, it may be well to specify, by adding: 2. Do not mortgage to build a fine house. By so doing, you will have to pay money for an investment which does not bring money. 3. Do not mortgage the farm to buy more land. Where there is absolute certainty that more can be made out of the land than the cost of the mortgage, this rule might not apply. But absolute certainty is rare, mistaken calculation is common. 4. Do not mortgage a farm unless you are sure of the continued fertility of its soil. Many persons borrow with an expectation of repayment based on an experience of the land's virginity only, which, on falling, may leave the land less productive, and the means of repayment thus be removed. In this way trouble begins which may result in the loss of the farm. Keep very clear of mortgages.

Blackville Bakery.

FRESH BREAD, FRESH CAKES, BAKED EVERY DAY. The Choicest Confectioneries and First-class Groceries always in store. RESTAURANT. Meals at all hours from ten cents apiece upwards. Public patronage solicited and satisfaction promised.

J. H. BORGER.

PROPRIETOR. Having made large additions to my business I am prepared to furnish Fish, Game, Lobsters, Turtles, Terrapins, Oysters, Etc. Stalls Nos. 1 and 2 Fish Market, Charleston, S. C.

CHARLES C. LESLIE.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fish, Game, Lobsters, Turtles, Terrapins, Oysters, Etc. Stalls Nos. 1 and 2 Fish Market, Charleston, S. C.

W. H. BRIGHAM.

Wholesale and Retail Grocer and Agent for Commercial Packages. In store a full stock of First-class Groceries. Bagging and Ties. Will compare favorably with those of any other dealer. Commencement per bale. Storage per bale per month, 15 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed in prices and weights. Advances made on order in my warehouse. Orders filled promptly. No. 121-123

THROUGH COLORADO.

A TRAVELER'S UNIQUE DESCRIPTION. What was seen on the Trip, With a Few Remarks by the Way.

Since I came into Colorado I have played at snow-ball with John S. and on the last day of July. I have seen ladies scrape away the snow and pick flowers from the ground under the snow, and I have seen red ripe strawberries-picked from green bushes after kicking off a foot of snow from over them. This is at Alpine Pass.

I have seen men on horseback along the railroad tracks, where we have many a snow-drift, but have seen these horsemen draw out a red flag, and ride back a dare-devil gallop over the ties to flag a train.

I have seen the timber agent at Marshall's Pass, 10,726 feet altitude sitting by a roaring fire in his office, July 30, while outside the ladies of our excursion were gathering wild flowers and berries, thermometer forty-four degrees in the shade.

I have seen the adobe houses of the Mexicans at Pueblo, wherein was more dirt and filth than ever dreamed of by an Eastern family; wherein men, women, girls and visitors alike sleep under straw on a clay floor, in the one room which was also kitchen, parlor and bedroom. I have seen Mexican girls with castanets dancing a fandango, waiting nothing but a few snowflakes in their long black hair, unshaded in the presence of a hundred onlookers.

I have seen in the streets of twenty saloon towns open gambling halls, with a sign above the door, "Cards and Rum." I have seen on the streets of Denver splendid houses, the occupation of whose feeble inmates was only too plainly indicated by a transparency gas lamp suspended in the vestibule.

I have seen mountains of rocks thousands of feet high, with the stones arranged layer upon layer as if built by a mason, as regularly and carefully laid, and I have been standing in the middle of a plain, a flat stone, on its edge 300 feet to the top. And I have seen in the Royal George a mountain over 3,000 feet high, and seeming one big solid rock.

I have seen, and have examined specimens of coal brought from the mountains, one from an anthracite vein proving up eighty-nine per cent carbon, and another of bituminous coal from a vein eight feet thick, and from a total field of 3,000 acres and owned by one man.

I have seen a girl, deading over the plains on horseback, dismount to pick a bouquet for her hat, and, calling her Newfoundland dog, step on his back and remount.

I have seen an open Bible lying on an elegantly carved oak altar at the entrance of a rum shop and gambling den at Leadville, and above the Bible a sign painted, saying: "Please, Kind Friends, Don't Swear." Think of such an appeal, made in such a way, by the keeper of a drinking den!

I have ridden in a palace car on the Rio Grande railroad, the name of which, painted on its side in gilt letters, was "The Blood of Jesus," followed by another car named "Heart of the Saviour."

I have traveled nearly 2,000 miles over territory west of the Missouri in a land which my mind had peopled with Indians, and have not seen a single Indian on the whole trip—not one—except two filthy squaws on the station platform at Cheyenne.

Black Sea Fishes.

Advised from Odessa, via St. Petersburg, bring the details of a formidable system of fraud which has just been brought to light in connection with the shipping trade. The strains of Karkh, or Yushka, are one of the most dangerous passages of the Black Sea, and of late years the number of vessels wrecked (including the crew) has been increasing.

Black Sea Fishes.

Advised from Odessa, via St. Petersburg, bring the details of a formidable system of fraud which has just been brought to light in connection with the shipping trade. The strains of Karkh, or Yushka, are one of the most dangerous passages of the Black Sea, and of late years the number of vessels wrecked (including the crew) has been increasing.

Black Sea Fishes.

Advised from Odessa, via St. Petersburg, bring the details of a formidable system of fraud which has just been brought to light in connection with the shipping trade. The strains of Karkh, or Yushka, are one of the most dangerous passages of the Black Sea, and of late years the number of vessels wrecked (including the crew) has been increasing.

Black Sea Fishes.

Advised from Odessa, via St. Petersburg, bring the details of a formidable system of fraud which has just been brought to light in connection with the shipping trade. The strains of Karkh, or Yushka, are one of the most dangerous passages of the Black Sea, and of late years the number of vessels wrecked (including the crew) has been increasing.