VOL. III. NO. 38. .

OCCUL. VEDICE AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. OUR MOTTO IS-TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Jas. C. BAILIE & BRO., RESPECTFULLY ASK YOUR AFTEN-tion to the following DESIRABLE GOODS of-fered by them for sale:

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PLOOR OIL CLOTHS.

24 feet wide, and of the best quality of goods manufactured. Do you want's real good Oil Cloth? If so, come now and get the very best. Oil Cloths out any size and laid promptly. A full line of cheap FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, from 60c. a yard up. Table cloths all whiths and colors.

CARPETS.

Brussels, three-ply and ingrain Carpets of new designs. A full stock of low-priced earpets from 30c. yard up.

Carpets measured for, made and laid with dispate

LACE CURTAINS. French Tambourd Lace, "Exquisites."
Nottingham Lace, "Beautiful."
Tambeured Muslin, durable and cheap, from \$2.50

CORNICES AND BANDS. ewood and Gilt, Plain Gilt, Walnut and Gil Cornices, with or without centres. Curtain Bands, Pins and Loops,
Cornices cut and made to fit windows and put up

WINDOW SHADES. 1,000 Window Shades in all the new tints of color. Beautiful Gold Band Shades, \$1.50, with all trim mings.

Beautiful Shades 20c. each.
Store Window Shades any color and any size.
Window Shades aquared and put up promptly.
Walnut and painted wood Shades.

RUGS AND DOOR MATS. New and beautiful Rugs.

Door Mats, from 50c, up to the best English Cocoo that wear three years.

100 sets Table Mats, assorted.

MATTINGS 1 14 New Matting, Plain and Fancy, in all the differen Mattings laid with dispatch.

WALL PAPERS AND BORDERS. 3,000 Rolls Wall Papers and Borders in new pat-terns, in gold, panels, hall, oaks, marbles, chintres &c., in every variety of colors—beautiful, good and cheap. Paper hung if desired.

HATR CLOTHS In all widths required for Upholstering. Button Gimps and Tacks for same.

CURTAIN DAMASKS. Plain and Striped French Terrys for Curtains and

Dholstering purposes,
Gimpe, Fringe, Tassels, Loops and Britons;
Moreens and Table Damasks.
Curtains and Lambraquins made and put up. PIANO AND TABLE COVERS. English Embroidered-Cloth and Piano Table Cover

Embossed Felt Piano and Table Covers. Plain and gold band Flocked Piano Covers. CRUMB CLOTHS AND DRUGGETS.

New patterns in any size or width wanted. To all of which we ask your attention. All wordone well and in season, by James G. Bailie & Brothers.

AUGUSTA, GA.

H. M. Stuart, M. D., Corner of Bay and Eighth Streets, Beaufort, S. C. DRALER IN

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS. FAMILY MEDICINES, FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES. STATIONERY, PERFUMERY. BRUSHES, &c., &c., &c.

Together with many other articles too numerous to mention. All of which will be sold at the lowest price for cash. Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded.

PIERCE L. WIGGIN.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Solicitor Second Circuit.

Beaufort, S. C.

JERRY SAVAGE & CO., Wheelwrights & Carpenters.

Carts, Wagons and Carriages repaired in the bes manner at low prices.

All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.

MAGNOLIA St., BEAUFORT, S. C.

J. K. Goethe, M. D.

Dr. Goethe offers his professional services to the public. He may be found at his residence,

Game Hill, near Varnsville, Beaufort Co., S. C.

A. S. HITCHCOCK, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW BOUNTY, PENSION AND CLAIM AGENT.

BEAUFORT, S. C. YEMASSEE

Eating Saloon,

P. R. & S. & C. R. R. JUNCTION The traveling public will here find good meals of the arrival of trains. Also accommodations for ma-and beast, near the depot.

B. T. SELLERS, YEMASSEE, S. C.

W. H. CALVERT.

Tin, Sheet-Iron, Copper & Zinc Worker. DEALER IN

Japanned and Stamped Tin Wares. Constantly or hand, Cooking, Parlor and Box Stoves. TERMS CASH. Thankful for past favors, and hoping by strict at ention to business in the future to merit your kind

W. H. CALVERT, Bay St., between 8th and 9th Sts., BEAUFORT, S. C.

CHARLESTON HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

mch25-1v E. H. JACKSON. Redeem Your Lands.

Upholsterer and Repairer. The Acts of Congress and the Regulations of the Treasury Department in regard to the Redemption of Lands now in the possession of the United States by reason of the Direct Tax Commissioners calse can be had at this office. Price ten cents. By mail fif-Old Furniture put in good order, Picture Frames

PAUL BRODIE, ARCHITECT

BEAUFORT, S.C. Drawings of Models prepared for Patent Office. Studies for special purposes, made at short notice. Box 31, P. O. decl-ly

William Gurney COTTON FACTOR

Commission Merchant, NO. 102 EAST BAY

NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF, CHARLESTON, S. C. Particular attention given to the sale of and ship-ment of Sea Island and Upland Cotton. Liberal advances made on consignments. dec7-ly

JOHN BRODIE,

Contractor & House Builder. Jobbing Punctually Attended To. OFFICE: Corner Bay and Ninth Street, BEAUFORT, S. C.

PORT ROYAL SAW & PLANING MILL Beaufort, S. C.

D. C. WILSON & CO.,

Yellow Pine Timber and Lumber.

CYPRESS SHINGLES. Builders & Contractors.

Plaster Lathes,

JOB SAWING Promptly Done.

Flooring and Celling Boards Always on Hand. Orders for Lumber and Timber by the cargo rountly filled. Terms Cash.

D. C. WILSON & CO.

THE BEAUFORT HOROLOGIST!

P. M. WHITMAN,

Watchmaker and Engraver, Mayo's Building, Bay Street. will give his personal attention to the repairing of WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY. Ornamental and plain Engraving done at short notice.

Genslemen having fine Watches can test them at this establishment by one of HOWARD & CO.'S the Stone REGULATORS.

Having added to my stock one of J. BLISS & CO.'S the Transit Instruments, I am now prepared to furnish Heaufort time to the fraction of a second.

BAY STREET, BEAUFORT, S. C.

A. MARK,

BOOTMAKER

Bay Street, Beaufort, S. C.

Having opened a shop upon Bay Street, I am pre-pared to do first-class work.

A. MARK.

Guaranteed by the use of the

AMERICAN DRIVEN WELL

Now being put down in this County. They are

Cheap and Durable,

And give universal satisfaction. Pure Water can be

ntroduced into any house by the AMERICAN

DRIVEN WELL in a few hours. Apply to

M. L. MAINE, Sea Island Hotel, or to E. G. NICHOLS, Permanent Agent.

S. MAYO,

BAY STREET, BEAUFORT, S. C.,

HARDWARE,

Liquors, Segars and Tobacco.

Net Yarns, Fish Lines & Cordage,

Glass, Paints and Oils.

White Lead and Turpentine.

Special attention given to mixing Paints, and Glass cut to order of any size. febl1

M. POLLITZER,

Cotton Factor

Commission Merchant,

BEAUFORT, S. C.

The Savannah Independent.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Established on the CHEAP CASH plan, at the low rate

of only

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR:

W. G. CAPERS,

Corner Bay and Minth Streets.

P. O. Box 865.

INDEPENDENT,

Savannah, Ga.

"Oh, dear! dear!" cried Mrs. Ambrose, as the full meaning of the in-Alfred Williams, what shall we do? Poor Mrs. Tod-

kins will break her heart." TRIAL JUSTICE, There was no little difficulty in securing the certified mistress Crofut's Building,

"I'll write to Dobson," said Mr. Ambrose to his wife. And he wrote to Mr. Dobson the

next morning as soon as he went into his study.

Mr. Dobson was the principal of the N. B.—Court will be held every Friday at Brick Church, St. Helena Island. mch26-ly

great training college at Hatley, and an old friend of the vicar's, so he might just as well have written to him sooner, only none of us think of all the right things to be done just at the right time. "If you want a mistress, offer seventy pounds," said the principal by return

of post.

And the vicar did offer seventy PURE WATER pounds, though where the money was to come from I could not tell, and I

don't think he could either.

Back came another letter from Mr. Dobson, to say that he had a mistress who had just finished training—a widow; exactly the person to suit St. Bridget's, and she would accept the situation on certain conditions. I don't know what the conditions were, except that her evenings were to be at her own disposal, only I know that it seemed to me very odd to hear of the schoolmis-

tress making conditions, and accepting such an enormous salary, as if she were conferring a favor.

The vicar said it was the result of competition, the supply not being equal to the demand; but I thought it might be indirectly referred to strikes and unions, though I did not exactly see how; but when there are so many

dreadful things going on in the country, they work into each other in a wonderful manner. "It is a comfort that we are to have a widow," I remarked to Mr. Ambrose;

'she will be staid and respectable, and not such a responsibility as a young "Oh, I don't know," sighed Mrs. Ambrose piteously; "I think I would

rather have a young person, even if she did wear chignons and feathers. She stopped suddenly, remembering

she was going to say.

"I know I shall be afraid of her," she said. "And she is going to play the organ and manage the choir; she will be sure to want her own way in everything, and it won't be nice and comfortable as it used to be. And then, my dear, she is certain to be quite young; no middle-aged person would have taken the trouble to train herself, even if she had the cleverness, which isn't likely.

Depend upon it, she will be young and pretty, and all the shopmen will be falling in love with her, and people will talk scandal, and there will be unpleasantness." "I don't see that it follows," I said rather sharply; but I did not like the

way she spoke of widows. It is very odd : but women whose husbands are alive always give themselves airs about in the town. No bishop had ever come in the town. I think it is because they are jeal-there before within the memory of man; ous of our power of marrying again, having, as it were, two chances to their one; at least, I cannot discover any least of those days had not thought it least one had been old and ill for the last one had been old and ill

be one that I don't know of. .

Disappointed.

And mourn not for the sun gone down :

Hangs on my cheated heart its frown.

Would cheer me more than bird or lute-

With bird and string and voice all mute?

I could not doubt that thy dear voice

How can my heart to-night rejoice,

The breath of June upon my cheek

My fainting lips their anguish speak,

Oh, why did thy sweet steps delay,

Slighted for hope of thee, the day!

Were I away, thou shouldst not chide

One heedless moment of delay:

I seek my sunshine at thy side-

The sweetness of thy breath to miss.

Since bird and song and breeze are gone

Without thee night puts sackcloth on !

Thy voice my song, thy smile my day.

OUR SCHOOLMISTRESS.

An English Story.

to end, and the beginning was this:

I was paying a morning visit to dear

old Mrs. Ambrose, our vicar's wife.

when the vicar himself marched into

the occasion by addressing me.

"Mrs. Action, here's a bother!" "What!" we exclaimed hurriedly,

for we saw there was something serious.

"That—that 'prig' of an inspector says we must have a certified mistress,"

replied the vicar; and then he sat down, and we all looked at each other

in solemn silence for full three minutes.

A certified mistress at St Bridget's!

woman who had kept the school for the

darn so beautifully that they got places as work-women far and wide! And she

had taught both girls and boys the best

manners of any children in Southshire, and had trained them up to be honest,

God-fearing men and women, besides

said-" Bother!"

I bore, impatient for thy kiss:

I thought, to-night, to see thy face,

But now the shadow in his place

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1873.

In a fortnight Mrs. Henry srrived. It was a long journey from Hatley to St. Bridget's, and the last four miles had to be done by road, in an omnibus that jolted a good deal, so that people were apt to be tired when they reached the town. Mr. Ambrose, like the courtly old gentleman he was, went down to meet the new mistress at the Silver Fish, where the omnibus always stop-

ped. "Now they are coming," cried the poor lady, as we heard the garden door open. "I sha'nt know what to say to her, Mrs. Acton; I wish I hadn't asked her to come.'

"It's no matter, for the vicar is alone." I replied, looking out of the window, whence I could see that gentleman rapdly approaching the house. He came straight into us, but his face

wore an expression of dismay. "Well?" we cried as he entered; then,

seeing his face, his wife exclaimed, "O Justin, what is it? Is she so very bad?" "Bad!" cried the vicar, standing in front of us. "What the dickens could I am a middle-aged lady, living quite Dodson send her here for? I wrote for a schoolmistress, didn't I, Mrs. Acton?"
"I believe so," I replied meekly; by myself in the little town of St. Bridget's, where it happened, and I

'hasn't he sent one?" "Oh, do tell us what she is," entreatknow the whole story from beginning ed Mrs. Ambrose, wringing her little white fingers. "Do tell us what she is." "My dear, she is a lady," said the vicar; and then he sat down and looked at us, and we looked at him.

For a few moments we were too much the room with his wideawake on, and stonished to speak. "A lady! what shall we do with her?" I will do him the justice to say that gasped Mrs. Ambrose presently, as all the social complications of the position he took off his wideawake as soon as he

saw me, and met the requirements of rose before her. "That's the bother of it; I foresee all sorts of difficulties," sighed the vicar; "but it can't be helped, and," he added, brightening, "perhaps other people won t find it out if we don't tell them."

"How is she dressed?" I asked eager-"All in black, looking small and straight. somehow."
"Is she pretty?"

That meant turning out the dear old "Then they won't find her out," I said emphatically. "If a woman isn't pretty and well dressed, and does not call herlast five-and-twenty years, and had taught our girls to hem and stitch and self a lady, she will only be found out by her own class. "How can you know?" said the vicar.

looking at me.
"Never mind how—I do know; and if we and Mrs. Henry are wise enough to keep our own counsel and our own places, it will be all right." teaching them some reading and writing, and the first four rules of "But won't she expect to be treated arithmetic. Nearly all the children

as a lady-asked to dinner and all who had stayed long enough at the that?" asked Mrs. Ambrose doubtfully.
"I think not," said the vicar; "and school could read easy words in large print, and several of the clever ones had been known to write out the Lord's if she does we can't help it. If she is a lady, she will recognize her position Prayer from memory, and to say the multiplication table quite perfectly. What could anybody want more? No and accept it.' I could not tell how old she was. She

might have been thirty; she might have been five-and-forty. I used to watch her for half-hours at a time to try and wonder Mr. Ambrose called the in-spector a prig. I called him something much worse, but as my thoughts were settle the question to my own satisfacnot put into words they need not be retion, but I was always puzzled.

spector's decision broke upon her; no threatening, no talking about how she would punish them if they were naughty, but the punishment came swiftly on the commission of the offence, and in less than a month she had established such discipline as had never been dreamed of under the old rule.

And she taught them so wonderfully. I used to listen in amazement while she gave the lessons, and the children be-

gan to improve rapidly,
We used to wonder, Mrs. Ambrose and I, what Mrs. Henry did in the evenings. Her dress was so simple that needlework for herself could not occupy her time; yet she was seldom out of doors, even in the sweet summer evenings, until it was almost dark, and then she used to walk up and down the little garden that divided her house from the school for an hour at a time, more for the sake of exercise than enjoyment, it would seem by the rapid

were delighted; but ever as it will be to heap the hot weather."

"It is the cheapest, Mrs. Acton. It Mrs. Henry kept behind him. saves an hour of daylight to come out now instead of earlier."

It struck me all of a heap, as the

people say, to hear this woman, who was earning seventy pounds per annum, and appeared to have no one but herself to care for, talk of "saving daylight" as if the cost of a candle were something to be avoided. I felt very sorry for her. I don't know why it came over me all at once, as it did, that her life was a very hard one. But I put my wrinkled old hand on the little firm white fingers which rested on the gate, and said—"My dearyou must not work too hard."

I was frightened when I had done it. She was so self-possessed and reserved, that I thought she would be angry; but, instead of that, the steady little fingers began to tremble and twined themselves round mine with a clinging grasp, and then I found she was crying. I didn't say a word more to her. When people are as old as I am, and have gone through a great deal of trouble, that I was a widow, and went on to a fresh sentence; but I wondered what are, and how often they do more harm are, and how often they do more harm than good. So I held her hand without

speaking, and presently she stopped crying.
"Sometimes-I feel so lonely," she whispered, "and you are so kind; please forget it, Mrs. Acton." "Yes," for I quite understand her. "But is not your life too hard? Can't

you let an old woman help you, my She took my hand, and kissed it. " No, it is not too hard, and no one can help me; but it will be easier by

and by. Good night.

And then she slipped away, as if afraid of saying more, and I went home and thought my thoughts in silence. territorio il solo del con

St. 'Bridget's was all alive, for the bishop was coming to hold a visitation in the town. No bishop had ever come

other reason, but, of course, there may needful to go about among their flocks on for three minutes about alterations so much as is considered right in the present time, and sheep living in remote towns had to make long journeys when they attended Episcopal gather-

ings. But that was all to be changed under the new reign; for our bishop was not only a great scholar and a great divine, but a strong man also, who would go into every corner of his diocese, and see with his own eyes how matters were going on. He had only filled the throne for two years, and this was his primary visitation, and it was to be held in twelve towns instead of two.

St. Bridget's was one among the twelve, and Mrs. Ambrose had been thinking about her luncheon for weeks, when it occurred to the vicar that the bishop might find it convenient to sleep at St. Bridget's for anight either before or after the vesitation.

He was asked, and accepted by return of post. He would be glad to stay at St. Bridget's vicarage on the night of the 26th, which was the date of the visitation.

Mrs. Ambrose was delighted with the honor, but bewildered with the responsibility; and we had many consultations about his lordship's comfort, and the proper mode of entertaining him, and were very nervous lest something had been omitted or forgotten at the

But when he came, we forgot our anxiety; he was so pleasant and genial, and took everything so easily, that I thought he was much less formidable than his chaplain-a dignified personage

who seemed oppressed by the dignity of his office.

It all went off nicely: the luncheon was charming; the bishop affable, the clergy in full attendance. Only one

disappointment occurred. Our singing in church was not up to the mark. Mrs. Henry's voice was not heard once during the service; and at luncheon some of the visitors noticed the omission.

"Have you lost yourlovely contralto, Mrs. Ambrose," inquired the rural dean; "I did not hear her to-day." "Oh, no, our mistress is still with us. I don't know why she did not sing; perhaps she has a cold," replied Mrs.

Ambrose. Then the conversation drifted into educational channels, and Mrs. Henry was forgotten. But I knew that she had not a cold.

had heard her singing magnificently, as I passed the church when the choir were practicing an hour before service, and her silence puzzled me. Presently the bishop's courteous voice was heard saying : "I hear your school is doing remarkably well, Mrs. Am-

brose; will you take me to see it pres-"Certainly, my lord."
And as soon as the general gathering had dispersed, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose and myself accompanied the bishop to the school-house. Neither the chaplain nor the rural dean came with us, for which we were afterwards thankful. I entered with the vicar, the bishop hav-

ing beyond them in the distance. Here is the bishop come to see the school, Mrs. Henry," said the vicar blandly.

As he spoke, he glanced round the room, to see that all was in order. I, not thinking of the school, was looking at Mrs. Henry. She flushed crimson, and then turned white to the lips. With a hasty movement, she passed round to the other side of the great black board on which she had been drawing a map, and the strange thought came into my head: "Is she trying to conceal her-

self ?" But the bishop was in the school by this time, and the children stood at attention, and stared at his apron and silk stockings with round-eyed amazement. He turned to the mistress with a civil little speech of congratulation. Halfhidden behind the board, she swept a steady pace at which she moved. One courtesy, but did not raise her eyes; night, when I was coming home late, I and the lower part of her face was covstopped and spoke to her.

"You walk late, Mrs. Henry; but chief. His lordship walked about chief. His lordship walked about among the children, and the Ambroses were delighted; but ever as he moved,

"Would you like to hear them sing, my lord?" inquired Mrs. Ambrose

cheerfully. What could the bishop do but say that he should like it? "A short song, please Mrs. Henry," said the vicar, as he ranged up to the fireplace, where the bishop stood with

his hands behind him. Mrs. Henry, still on the other side of the great black board, made a sign to the children, who put their hands be-hind them. Hers were quiet as usual, but they were trembling. The song began: only some common school mel-

ody, but it startled the bishop. "God bless me!" he cried hurriedly, stepping forward, and looking round the black board. Mrs. Henry had not sung ten notes.

Once started, the children went on by themselves, and her voice was silent; but the bishop had heard enough. Straight round the black board he went with long eager strides, and in another minute he had his hands on Mrs. Henry's shoulders, forcing her to look up.

"I knew it," he said emphatically, while Mrs. Ambrose and I and the vicar stared, and the children sang on noisily. He was holding her hand in both of

his now, as if he never meant to let it go again. "My lord, you forget!" she said, try-

ing to escape.
"Hester Murray, I remember!" was all he said, but her eyes sank, and the color came flushing over her face. Notwithstanding the quaint cap and hideous gown, she looked beautiful then. Mr. Ambrose came to his senses first,

and covered the situation. Luckily the children had not heard a word.
"My lord, I should like to have your opinion on enlarging the school. think of throwing out a class-room over

And he pointed vaguely to the other

witnessed might have been a dream for all traces it left behind. I got Mrs. Ambrose out, and was thankful that the door closed behind us before she made remark. "My dear, what does it mean?" she whispered nervously, as we stood in the yard.
"Never mind; only don't talk about

word nor have I since.

How does it look outside?'

And, followed by Mr. Ambrose, he

nothing had happened. Her face be-

trayed no sign of emotion; and when

took Mrs. Ambrose's arm and wished

her good afternoon, she replied in her

usual voice. The little scene we had

bishop and the vicar were coming round the corner.
"I think you dine at seven, Mr Ambrose?" said his lordship serenely.

t," I replied in the same voice; for the

"Yes, my lord." "Then I will take a little stroll. I have hardly had enough walking to-day, and I should like to see a little f your beautiful neighborhood."

Without another word we marched way down the hill, and a few minutes ater we saw his shovel hat going along the field pathway to the river.

We three went home in silence; but

as we parted at the vicarage gate, Mr. Ambrose said: "We always knew that "O, my dear Justin, I had forgotten that," exclaimed his wife, in a relieved tone. "Then you don't think it anything improper?" she was a lady."

Heaven knows what terrible things the poor lady had been imagining during our silent walk; but the vicar's inging laugh swept them all away. "Improper! No. It's all right, of

course; only it's no business of ours.' That was quite true; but neverthe-less I could not help thinking of it all the time I was having my tea, and while I was dressing for dinner; for of course I was going to meet the bishop. And I thought of it again later; for as my fly passed the school-house door, the bishop, who had evidently returned from his walk, was coming out of it, and I heard him say: "I shall see you tomorrow morning, Hester."
"Don't; you had better not," replied

Mrs. Henry's voice.
"Nonsense," said the bishop.
And I privately believe that he ran all the way to the vicarage; for he was there before I was, and only kept us waiting five minutes for dinner.

Two months later her majesty's in spector came to examine our school and to his astonishment and our glorification, every child presented passed triumphantly. We had reckoned on which we were afterwards thankful. I entered with the vicar, the bishop having lingered a moment at the door with Mrs. Ambrose to admire the view of the Southsire Wolds with the sea clitter. months. In vain he entreated her to bridge looks as if it were sus anything, in short, if she would only remain. But she merely smiled and

adhered to her determination.

They told me almost with tears in their eyes, and I said: "It's all the

bishop. At which they laughed; but I knew was right. I had seen, if they hadn't, that a change had come over our mis tress since the visitation. She was happier, more at rest; the look of strained weariness, so habitual to her face before, was gone now, and little smiles used to come rippling over the lips that once were set so firm.

I was very sorry to lose her; but I was sure she was going to be happier away from St. Bridget's. And the evening before she left us, when I went to say good-by, she took hold of my hand and kissed it, and told me all her

Her real name was Mrs. Henry Champ neys. Her husband, a captain in the th regiment, had been killed by accident in the hunting field; thus the price of his commission was lost, and she found heavy debts, of which she had known nothing-debts which she ought never to have known at all—ready to swallow up the little money they had left. Her own settlement of a hundred a year was all she had to depend upon, and there were two children-bright, handsome boys—to educate and provide for. So she put them to school, and went into training for a certificate; got it without difficulty, and came to St.

Bridget's. "And I had to save every penny, and be very careful, or the dear boys would have suffered," she said; "for I wanted to provide for the future. It was very times the magazines would take them, sometimes not; but it was my only

"It was not so very bad, as I had not been used to a very happy life." I don't know anything about Captain

Champneys; but I was sure he was a brute after that little speech. "But now are you going to be happy?" I asked. "Yes, I hope so," she whispered putting her arms round my neck. "I knew him years ago, before I was mar-

ried, and-and-he says he never forgot "Of course not. How could he?" I

they have been so kind?" I promised to do what she wished. and with another kiss on her little face,

she was gone.
In four days a Times arrived by post.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM. Bingle Copy 5 Cents.

I took it up to the vicarage, and said: "I told you it was all the bishop."
"What do you mean, Mrs. Acton, eh of which I had never before heard a Our bishop married! Who is she, I "Ah," replied the bishop in a com-posed voice, "if you want more accom-modation, it will be best gained there.

wonder?"
"She was Mrs. Henry," I replied, calmly. "Who?" cried the vicar.

"Mrs. Henry-our schoolmistress." went through the door, and I ventured And then I gave her message, and to look at Mrs. Henry.

She was standing in her place, and making the children form classes as if old them all about it. "Mind, we must say nothing," said Mr. Ambrose. "It is their secret, not

ours. To which we assented, and therefore it is that no one has known the rights of the story till now, though it happened

A Remedy for Rheumatism.

It has long been commonly believed that the water in which unpeeled potatoes have been boiled is poisonous. It is now said to have been discovered that this poison, like many others, possesses certain remedial properties.

The disease for which it is particularly recommended is rheumatism, and there is some evidence which goes to show that the belief in its efficacy is not without beneficial effect.

A laborer, while in a state of perspiration, a few days ago, became chilled by a sudden fall of rain. This brought on an attack of rheumatism, which made him so lame that he was quite unable to pursue his usual avocation. The potato water was recommended to him. He tried it in the evening, and much to his surprise, found himself on the following morning as well as usual. He believed the result was attributable to

the use of the potato water.

Another case was that of a man who had been drenched by exposure to a cold storm. The second day afterward he was seized with sharp pains of al-most unbearable severity, and indicative of inflammatory rheumatism. He used the potato water, and experienced immediate relief from intense suffer-This remedy should be used only ex-ternally. The potatoes should be boiled

as hot as it can be borne, to the part affected, by rubbing. Of course we know nothing as to whether it would produce any such effect in other cases as it seems to have had in these two. Carrying a raw potato in the pocket has a similar effect. Many very serious cases of rheumatism have been effectually cured by this very simple

with the skins on, and the water applied

thing. Beauty of Chinese Bridges.

Some of the bridges in China are of extraordinary beauty and magnificence. There is one near Pekin built entirely of white marble, elaborately ornamented. Others are found over the canals of still greater magnificence and with a

grand triumphal arch at each end; and some, instead of being built with arches, are flat from one side of the canal to the other, marble flags of great length being laid on piers so narrow and airy that the stay; offered to raise her salary; to do the air. From the amazing facilities afforded by the numerous canals for transportation of goods by water, these bridges do not require to be built of great strength, for only foot-passengers use the bridges, which is the reason they are of such an elegant and fanciful construction. These bridges are built with a number of arches, the central arch being about forty feet wide, and high enough for vessels to pass without striking their masts. The great elevation of these bridges renders steps necessary. They resemble, in this respect, the old bridges of Venice, on which you ascend by steps on one side, and desgend on the other in the same way. Chain bridges were not made in this country for more than eighteen centuries after they were known and used in

Action Respecting Forests.

A very important bill was introduced into the last U. S. Congress by Mr. Haldeman, of Pennsylvania, and has now become a law. It provides that every future sale of government land shall be with the condition that at least ten per cent, of the timbered land shall be kept perpetually as woodland; and if the land be not timbered, then the patent is to be issued on the condition that ten per cent. of the quantity is to be planted with forest trees within ten years, and kept forever as woodland. If this be done, an abatement of fifty per cent. is to be made on account of the expense of the planting. A viola-tion of this agreement is to be met by the forfeiture of the land. It is also proposed that any one who may wish to acquire title to the public land, under hard work, and very lonely. I used to the homestead act, can do so by proof write stories in the evening, and some- of the fact that he has had at the end of three years after taking possession, at least one acre under cultivation with chance of getting more money.

"My dear, my poor dear, how could you do it all?" I cried, while the tears is planted with trees, in clusters not more than sixteen feet apart. timber for two years, and that this shall

Bad Shots. A California correspondent from the

lava beds says it is no disparagement to the soldier to say, "As a rule, they are not good shots," for such is the fact. "I This, I take it, is owing to two causes: First, they are not drilled enough at targer-shooting; Second, the guns all shoot too high and wide, especially after being fired a number of rounds. I replied, and kissed her again.
"When I am gone, and it is over, (I will send you a newspaper,) will you tell mr. and Mrs. Ambrose all about it—

snoot too high and wide, especially after being fired a number of rounds. I think I am a pretty good shot with a will send you a newspaper,) will you tell mr. and Mrs. Ambrose all about it—

Modoc would be tolerably safe before me with an army gun—either carbine or Springfield musket. I have tried them, and, while you can shoot fast and at a and a glance at the shabby dress and long distance, they will not do for tarquaint cap which I should never see again, I went home, and the next day ing at Modocs is—and a very small target they are, too, generally speaking. The safety of our men during the late The following was marked:
"On the 23d, at St. John's Church,
George street, the Bishop of Southshire
to Hester, widow of the late Captain
Champneys."

The salety of our men during the late fight was owing, in a great measure, to the fact that the guns used by the Modocs were those captured in the fight of the 17th of January, and almost invariably they shot over their mark.