THE BEAUFORT REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. III. NO. 46.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1873.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

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

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

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BEAUFORT, S.C.

I met her on the cars to-day-I've often met her there before. She has an arch, enchanting way Which women envy, men adore.

A Confession.

She is not young-no more am I! Indeed, my beard is white as snow; But Time has slyly passed her by, Nor left a wrinkle on her brow.

Her eyes are blue as heaven's blue; Her forehead with the lily vies; Her cheeks have caught the rose's hue, Her hair the sunset's golden dyes.

We meet and chat, and when we part Perhaps we kiss, but neither tells! And then for hours within my heart There's music sweet as chiming bells. Our talk's not of indifferent things-

Of books and pictures, birds and flower But things akin to wedding-rings, Of boys and business, girls and dowers Indeed, it is most grave and staid,

As doth become our time of life:

For we are passing into shade,

THE DREAMING BEECH.

And I'm her husband, she's my wife.

More than a hundred years have passed since it was struck by lightning and split from top to bottom, and the plow has well furrowed the place where it grew. Before that time the mighty old beech tree stood, some hundred yards from the first houses of the village, on a grassy mound, a tree such as one never sees in these days, because animals, plants, trees, and men are becoming small and mean.

The peasants said the tree dated from the early Christian era, and that a holy apostle had been massacred beneath it by a false heathen; that the roots of the tree had drunk up the apostle's blood, which, rising through the trunk and branches, had made them so large and strong. Who knows if the legend be true? Anyhow, there was certainly one curious fact concerning the tree, and everybody in the village knew about it, great and small. Whoever fell asleep under the tree, and dreamt a dream, that dream would surely come So from time immemorial it was called the Dreaming Beech, and no one knew it by any other name. There was however, a peculiar condition attached to the dreaming, and if anybody lay down under the beech with the idea of dreaming some particular thing, then the dream would sure to be nothing but confusion and rubbish, and nonsense of all sorts, of which no one could make either head or tail. Now this was as-suredly rather a difficult stipulation, because most people are so very likely to think of what lies nearest the heart. One hot summer's day, when not a breath of air stirred, a poor journeyman came wandering along the read. Things had gone very badly with him for many years in foreign parts. When he reached the village he turned his pockets in-

they were empty.
"What am I to do?" he thought to himself; "I am tired to death, but no one will take me in for nothing, and it is hard to beg." Just then his eyes fell upon the noble beech tree, on the green grassy slope; and as it stood only a few yards from the road, he laid himself down under it to rest. While he was soundly sleeping a branch dropped from the neech tree, with three leaves on it, which fell just on his breast. He dreamt that he sat at a table, in a most cozy room, and the table was his own, and the room, and, indeed the whole house. At the table, leaning on it with both hands, stood a young woman, looking lovingly at him; and that was his wife. On his knees sat a child, whom he was feeding with soup, and because the soup was too hot, he blew upon the spoon to cool it. Then his wife cried out, laugh-"What a capital nurse you !" Jamping about the room was another child-a fat, rosy-cheeked urchin-dragging about a large carrot, to which he had tied a string, and shout-ing out, 'Tally ho!' as if it were the finest fox. And both children were his

side out for the last time, but, alas!

This was his dream; and it must have been a very pleasant dream, for his whole face beamed, in his sleep, with

happiness. When he awoke it was almost evening, and before him stood a shepherd smoking. He sprang up from the ground, much refreshed, stretched himself, and

yawned, saying:
"Heavens! if it were only true! but, at all events, it was pleasant to know how it would all feel!"

Then the shepherd came up and asked him whence he came, and whither he was going, and whether he had ever heard of the wonderful Beech?

Having learned he was as innocent as a new-born babe, he exclaimed : "Well, you're a lucky dog! For any one could read in your face you were dreaming for a long time as you lay And he told him the peculiar virtue of the tree. "It's sure to come true," he added. "Now, just tell me

what you were dreaming. "Old fellow," answered the young man, grinning, "that is the way, is it, you question strangers in these parts! I mean to keep my beautiful dream to myself, and you can't be surprised at

As he came into the village he saw stuck from the roof of the third house stuck from the roof of the third house all his money?"

"Wife," laughed the husband, "how "Wife," laughed the husband, "bow and subhigh? You, a such power!" ling from it. And below, at the door, stood the landlord of the Crown Inn. He happened to be in good humor, for he had a very good supper, and was feel-ing quite happy and genial. So the young laborer pulled off his cap and asked for a night's shelter.

The landlord of the Crown Inn looked at the smart lad in his dusty, ragged clothes, from top to toe, and then kindly nodding, said to him: "Sit down here in this arbor. I dare say there's a bit of bread and cheese the husband.

and a jug of beer to spare for ye, and a

truss of straw in the loft at night." Whereupon he went into the house others, have most reason to be grateful and sent out his daughter with the to the tree. Hasn't all you dreamt bread and cheese and beer, and she sat under it come true?" down beside the young man and asked him to tell her of the foreign lands, and in return told him all the village Yes, it was a beautiful dream, and I re-

Suddenly she rose, leaned toward the stranger, and said:
"Pray tell me what those three leaves

re, sticking out of your waistcoat?" The young man looked down and found the twig, with three leaves, which had fallen upon him while he slept. It was caught in the lap of his

"It must have fallen from the great beech tree just outside the village," he replied. "I had a nap under it." the children either." "Fie!" cried the wife; "do you mean

When he ceased speaking, she began to question him narrowly, till she had ascertained beyond a doubt that he had really fallen asleep under the great beech tree, and that, moreover, he knew nothing of the wonderful power and properties attached to the tree. For he was a sly dog, and pretended to know

lord of the Crown Inn?"

couple in the whole village.

She could not deny this; but, nevertheless, she remained sad and miser-

able, nothwithstanding all he could

Every attempt at reconciliation failed:

nearly all day she sat gloomily by her-self, starting whenever her husband

came near her.

This state of things continuing for

some time, he also began to grow mel-ancholy, fearing he had altogether lost

his wife's love. Silently he moved about the house, thinking how to cure the

evil; but no idea occurred to him; so at noon he went out into the village, and loitered carelessly through the fields. In the distance stood the old

dreaming beech, queen of the forest. He went and sat beneath its shade,

thinking of days gone by. Five years had passed since he, a poor, miserable wretch had rested there for the first

time, and dreamt that pleasant dream.

Then the beech began to rustle again,

as it had done five years ago, and to

move its mighty brances, and as they

moved there fell, as then, the golden

glittering sunlight across its leaves,

and through the boughs peeped ever

he dreamt that dream again of five years

it was only a dream. More sorrowful

than before, he broke off a small twig

from the tree and went home and

The next day was Sunday, and as

"Only leaves from the Dreaming Beech, which is much kinder to me

than you are. Yesterday I was resting

beneath it and fell asleep. It wished to console me, for I dreamt that you were

kind to me again, and had forgiven

good old beech, though it is a noble

tree, knows nothing about the future."

The wife gazed at him, and it was as

if a ray of sunshine had crossed her

"Husband, did you really dream

"Really my own true wife," and she

"Thank God," she said, "now it is

fell on his neck and half suffocated him

all right again. I love you so dearly-

everything, but it is not true.

"Yes," he answered positively.
"And I was really your wife?"

with kisses.

to tease you.'

never!"

BBY.

As soon as she had done questioning. she drew him another jug of beer, and pressed him to drink, telling him all the lovely things she had herself dreamed, and what a pity it was they had not

Just then the shepherd came from the field, driving his sheep through the village. village. As he passed the Crown Inn, he saw

the two sitting in the arbor, in earnest converse, and he stood a moment and "Ah, yes; he'll be sure to tell you him better than anybody in the world, the beautiful dream." And then he and if they had not been the happiest

drove on his sheep.

When the girl found that she could not learn anything about the dream, her curiosity knew no bounds, and she asked him outright what he had dreamt while sleeping under the beech.

Then the young man, who was a mis-chievous rogue, and in very high spir-its about his pleasant dream, with a sly look and a wink said:

"Ah! I had a most glorious dream, which must come true; but I dare not tell you what it was." But she worried and teased him so that at last he drew his chair toward her

and told her quite gravely:
"I dreamt I should marry the daughter of the landlord of the Crown Inn, and that after a bit I should become landlord myself." On hearing this the girl grew as white a lily and then as red as a rose, and got up and walked into the house. Then,

after some little time she came again, and asked if he had really dreamt it, and was quite in earnest. "To be sure, to be sure," said he;

she who appeared to me in the dream was most certainly just like you." Then the girl went again into the house. She walked straight to her own room, and thoughts flowed through her heart grew calmer and he slept. Soon

brain like water that runneth apace. "He knows nothing about the tree," ago. The woman at the table and the she said to herself, "he dreamt it, and little children at their play; but now, whether I wish it or not, it will surely the faces of his own dear wife and childmorning she knew his face by heart, so often had she seen it in her dreams

during the night. The young man had slept soundly on his bed of straw. Dreaming Beech dream, and all he had said to the landplaced it in his hymn book. lord's daughter, were alike forgotten. at the wife's feet. He turned scarlet He stood at the door of the tap-room, as he stooped to pick them up and put them into his pocket. But the wife had seen it and asked what it was! and was just shaking the landlord's hand, and wishing him good-bye, as the girl entered. On seeing him ready to start, an indescribable feeling came over

her, and she could not let him go.
"Father," she said, "the beer has not yet been tapped, and the young man has nothing to do; couldn't he stay a day longer and earn his board and lodging, and get something beside for the journey home?"

The landlord had no objection to make to this proposal as he had just had his morning draught and was in the best of humor.

Somehow the beer tapping progressed but slowly. Then came bottling the wine, and when the cask was empty and the bottles full, then the girl thought he could help in the field work, and when that was finished there was so many things to be done in the garden that no one ever dreamt of before. So week after week slipped by, and every

night she dreamt of him. And so it came to pass that at the end in such dread, lest I was wrong in of the year the young man was still at loving you, and that God meant me to the house. And then the floors were well scoured and white sand fir twigs wife; for you certainly did steal my were thrown in all the rooms, and the whole village had a holiday. It was the wedding day of the young journeyman but it did not do you much good, for

jealous, or pretended to be. Not long after, the landlord of the Crown inn was decidedly once more in a happy frame of mind. He had been slightingly of the Dreaming Beech. "I never will, for I believe in eating and drinking to his heart's content, and sat in his arm chair with his snuff-box on his knee. Long he slept; and at last when they tried to wake him, they found he was dead.

One day about five years later, the young landlord, for such he now was, had come in, and was sitting in the taproom, when his wife ran in, and said to "Only fancy! yesterday at noon one

of our mowers fell asleep under the Dreaming Beech, without knowing it, and what do you think he dreamt? that. But for all that nothing will come of it. Stuff and nonsense! I should like to know how a tree could come by Caspar, who is half-witted, and everybody pities and keeps him only for

can you believe such rubbish? You, a sensible woman! Just reflect for one moment. How is it possible that a tree | it appear. can foretell the future-let it be ever such an old and beautiful tree?" The wife gazed at her husband with wondering eyes, shook her head, and

"Husband, don't speak so wickedly! You ought not to joke on such subjects.

how dearly you can never know. And all these long, weary days have I been heart, you bad man ; and there was deception at first-yes, you stole my heart,

tinued: "Promise me never again to speak "I never will, for I believe in it as much as you do, depend upon it, though in a different way, perhaps. And now let us paste the leaves in the beginning of our hymn-book so that they may not be lost."

THE MAKENZIE RAID. A private letter received by a U. S. Government officer, from a prominent American in Mexico, states that the Mexican Government has no desire to assume an aggressive position toward the United States, on account of the Mackenzie raid over the Rio Grande, and it is not feared that any efforts at retaliation or diplomatic complications will be the result. The truth is, the Mexicans are dealing with that question very tenderly, and the punishment Mackenzie inflicted on the treacherous thieves engaged in depredations on the Rie Grande, is not regarded as so much of an offense against international law as some would have

His Fishing.—I had an uncle who died from excessive excitement caused by brook fishing for trout. He had fished for thirty-two years without sucby brook fishing for trout. He had fished for thirty-two years without success, but early in his thirty-second year he got a bite. "Major," he observed on his dying bed, "I should die happy if I were dead certain that was a he husband.

A woman seventy-seven years old, at Ripley, Miss., walked five and a half miles to market lately, "carrying on her the got a bite. "Major," he observed on his dying bed, "I should die happy if I were dead certain that was a he husband.

A woman seventy-seven years old, at Ripley, Miss., walked five and a half miles to market lately, "carrying on her back seven turkey gobblers, twenty-two back seven turkey gobblers, twenty-two chickens, twenty-four dozen eggs, and further advises farmers to market their six pounds of butter," and she does that wheat as soon as possible for fear of sort of thing regularly.

Perils of Ballooning.

"Why pretend what you do not mean?" she cried. "Surely, you, of all others, have most reason to be grateful The late Prof. La Mountain was a brother of the La Mountain who with Wise made the longest aerial voyage on "God knows," replied the husband,
"I am grateful to Him and to you. record, which was from St. Louis, Mo., to the eastern part of the State of New York. La Mountain has been making member it like yesterday, but every thing is a thousand times better than l ascensions for the last eighteen years; was connected with the signal service dreamt it, and you love, a thousand during the war; has made between one times prettier and dearer than the young woman who appeared in my and two hundred ascensions-all except the two last with gas for inflation. "But still it was strange that you

In the fall of 1870 he came very near should dream you were to marry me."
"I never dreamt that! All I saw was losing his life at Bay City, Michigan. Having made an altitude of nearly three young woman, with two children, but miles in a dense fog, and getting comshe was not half as pretty as you, or pletely chilled, he endeavored to descend, but found to his horror that the escape valve would not yield, having frozen to its surroundings. Pulling to deny me or the trees? Didn't you tell me the first day we met? It was in with all his strength, the rope parted the evening, out there in the arbor. Didn't you tell me you had dreamt you above his reach. He then concluded to ascend the ropes from the basket to the were to marry me and become the landcanvas and cut it with his knife, but on searching his pockets he found to his dismay that he had left it on the ground Then the man remembered the joke he had played his wife, and said: at starting. Nothing daunted, he climbed the icy, slippery ropes with his freezing hands, and on reaching the canvas tore with his teeth rents sufficient to let the balloon descend. On "It can't be helped, dear wife, I did not really dream of you; and if I said so it was only a joke. I remember you were so very inquisitive, and I wanted nearing the ground, the wind mean-Upon this the wife burst into tears, while carrying him rapidly toward the lake, he found himself over a thick forest of pines, but was powerless to stop his descent. The basket striking "You have stolen my love, and cheated me out of my heart," she said; "I shall never be happy again; no, a tall tree, he was hurled, bruised, bleeding, and senseless, to the ground, but after some hours revived sufficiently to crawl to the nearest farm house, Then he asked her if she did not love him better than anybody in the world,

where he got assistance.

His balloon at Ionia, where the fatal accident happened a short time since, was made of cotton cloth, filled with oil; was old and rotten from repeated heatings, but was by him considered safe. He made a successful start; but when some six or seven hundred feet from the earth the balloon collapsed from a rent in one side, and fell rapidly. He detached himself from the basket when about one hundred feet from the earth, and struck squarely on his feet, breaking the left leg in three places and the right in two. No other bones were broken, and there were but few bruises. His death was caused by concussion of the brain.

A Michigan Lumberman. A paragraph in a recent Michigan pa-

per has elicited from the Pantiac Ga-

zette the following respecting the landed wealth of a citizen of that State : "Dr. David Ward's great wealth rests in his immense amount of cork pine lands in Michigan and Wisconsin, amounting to over 150,000 acres, every forty of which he has been over himself, making a careful estimate of the number and dimensions of the trees, and noting all come to pass: there is no possibility of changing that." And with this she went to bed. When she awoke the next kindly! And then he awoke and found that to-day he owns the finest tracts of that to-day he owns the finest tracts of really available and valuable cork pine in the United States, and the most of it. His pine lands may be summarized as follows: On the Saginaw, 30,000 acres; on the Manistee and Au Sauble, they went to church, the leaves fell out at the wife's feet. He turned scarlet as he stooped to pick them up and acres. In addition he owns 20,000 acres of the very best hard-wood timbered lands for farming in the central and northern part of the State, besides all his valuable property in Oakland County, and 13,000,000 feet of logs afloat. Placing the same valuation upon his pine lands alone, as other persons are selling detached tracts in the vicinity of his, and it aggregates the sum of \$6,500,000, and we may here say that that amount of greenbacks stacked up would not obtain the deeds of his pine property alone. The difference in pine land is very great, as between cork and other qualities, and acre by acre the cork nets more than three times as much as any other variety." In Wisconsin fully a dozen lumbermen boast that if their pine lands were laid out into strips a mile wide they would reach across the State, or over two hundred miles in length.

The report of Mr. Scudamore, the

Director of Postal Telegraphs in Great Britan, contains a romance of the most original description. After saying how successful he found the system of employing male and female clerks together, and how much the tone of the and the innkeeper's daughter; and everybody rejoiced at it, except just the few who sulked because they were no." Then, after a pause, she contained by the association, and how well the women perform the checking or fault-finding branches of the work, he goes on to speak of friend-ships formed between clerks at either end of the telegraph wire. They begin by chatting in the intervals of their work, and very soon become fast friends.
"It is a fact," continues Mr. Scudamore, "that a telegraph clerk in London, who was engaged on a wire in Berlin, formed an acquaintance with and an attachment for "-mark the official style of the language—"a female clerk who worked on the same wire in Berlin; that he made a proposal of marriage to her, and that she accepted him without eign monarch. Lady Rawlinson and ever having seen him. They were mar-ried, and the marriage, which resulted from the electric affinities, is supposed to have turned out as well as those in which the senses are more apparently concerned." Nor must the pruduent reader run away with the idea that these young persons were very rash or that they married without due acquaintance. For it is a fact that a clerk at one end of a wire can readily tell by the way in which the clerk at the other end does his work "whether he is passionate or sulky, cheerful or dull, sanguine or phlegmatic, ill-natured or good-na-A woman seventy-seven years old, at

Items of Interest.

Iowa raspberry pickers get only 21 cents a quart at the markets. A circuit court-The longest way home from the singing school. Beloit College, Wis., aspires to be called "the Yale of the West."

"Millions of white worms" came down in a shower at Elizabethtown,

It is stated that all the candidates for

Governer in Minnesota have announced their cordial friendship for the farmers. If any person has doubts whether advertisements are read or not, let him put something he doesn't wish known

in an obscure part of the paper. A Minnesota paper says: If pitching fish from the lakes with an ordinary thin-tined hey-fork is any indication of good fishing, then we have good fishing

The export of boots and shoes from the United States in 1850 was \$103,508. In 1860 it amounted to \$1,456,834, an increase during that period of over

seven hundred per cent. We have been told that Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell. It appears, however, that Freedom shrieked for the wrong name. The will of this Polish person has been found in his own handwriting, and it begins: "I, Thadeus Kosciuszlio," etc.

Mr. J. S. Thompson, of the town of Auburn, Wis., had a maple orchard he thought very attractive. The tornado spoiled over one thousand of the trees, mainly by the uprooting process. Oak trees four feet in diameter, near the same forest, were torn up by the roots.

A schoolboy's composition on tobacco: "This noxious weed was invented by a distinguished man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and as they had never heard of such a thing as a steamboat, they were terribly frightened."

An order for machinery was recently received in Indianapolis, which was written on a postal card, which was then enclosed in an envelope with a three-cent stamp on it, and the package then sent by express at a cost of twenty-five cents, prepaid. The sender was one of your careful men, and determined to have the thing reach its destination.

The mess system at the University of Virginia has reduced the board of the students to an almost miraculous degree of cheapness. The University report mentions a mess of eight whose board only cost them \$9 per month, and one State student whose total expense for living during the session, including room rent, board, lights, fuel, and wash-

ing, has been under \$140. The editor of the Record, an Arizona paper, has on his table two invitations to act as second in a duel and one to an Indian hunting raid, a pair of bearskin mensions of the trees, and noting all the characteristics of soil. His land was nearly all selected from close observation years before most people had an idea of their ultimate value, and the very best taken; location upon streams and fealilities for younger the timber to

And still he's not happy. It is said that in Richmond, Me., when a gentleman's family leaves home for a week or two, the gentleman compiles a list of his friends and neighbors and mails them the following circular: "_ - sends his compliments and announces to the gentlemen named below that he will do them the honor of dining with them on the days placed opposite their respective names. He will expect a good dinner."

The Peoria Review has this blood curdling account of a fight with a monstrous snake, happening in that town lately: A rural gentleman visiting a friend in the Third ward, found in the back yard, after dusk, an immense snake lying in the grass. He procured an axe, and when he had chopped the reptile into about a dozen pieces, he discovered it to be a garden hose which had not been properly hung up in the

coal shed. Charles Dickens, whose criticism on existing abuses were more orthodox than his processes of reform, thus plain-ly sets forth a very pregnant fact: "The first Napoleon caused more deaths than all earthquakes since the days of Noah; the cupidity of ship owners and the supineness of sailors have lost more ships and lives than all the storms that ever blew; the filthy state of our towns sends more souls to Hades than all put together. Plague, pestilence, war and famine yield to dirt!"

The Shah's Gifts. Before leaving England the Shah made some costly presents to several members of the royal family and the nobility. To the Queen he gave a set of very rare and valuable jewels, to the Prince of Wales his photograph set in diamonds, and to the Duke of Cambridge, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, he presented an elegant sword, saying that "he rejoiced to place the sword of Persia in the hand of England." A photograph set in diamonds was also offered to Earl Granville, who extracted the picture, pressed it to his heart, and returning the diamonds, explained to the Shah that much as he thanked him his position as an English Minister forthe Duchess of Sutherland also received presents of diamonds from the Shah, who, at the same time, presented Lord Morley with a valuable snuff-box set with jewels. He gave \$10,000 to the servants at Buckingham Palace, and \$15,000 to the police of London.

THE MINNESOTA WHEAT CROP.—The Farmers' Union, the agricultural organ of the State of Minnesota, says: "Commencement has been made on the great wheat harvest of Minnesota for 1873, and a most bountiful harvest is prom-ised. From a careful estimate we think the State can export this year 90,000,000 bushels of wheat, provided we have our