

## At Twilight.

The sunset darkens in the west,  
The sea-gulls hunt the bay,  
And far and high the swallows fly,  
To watch the dying day.  
Now where is she that once with me  
The rippling waves would list?  
And O for the song I loved so long,  
And the darling lips I kiss!

You twinkling sail may whither gleam  
Than falcon's snowy wing,  
Her lances far the evening star  
Beyond the waves may ring;  
Float on, ah float, enchanted boat,  
Bear true hearts o'er the main;  
But I shall guide thy helm no more,  
Nor whisper love again!

## Dolly—A Western Drover's Story.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly; she had never had a store doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remember it so well, and it was almost like feeling it when the storm that had been brewing broke, and the rain pelted in torrents; five miles, or maybe six, from home yet, too.

I rode on as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice! I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—oiled again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out in the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human.

The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away, but once more I heard that cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I thought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amidst them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face. "Oh don't tell him," she said; "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"

"A poor, lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you, I've turned faint," and I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up upon the drearied road.

My little daughter had wandered out to meet "daddy," and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

"That's Dolly yonder with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I think (but then I'm her father, and partial, may-be) the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi."

A liquid glue, far superior to mucilage, may be made by dissolving glue in an equal quantity of strong hot vinegar, adding a fourth of alcohol and a little alum. This will keep any length of time when placed in closed bottles, and will glue together horn, wood, and mother of pearl.

## Decided Victory for the Advocates of Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts.

The woman suffrage question is beginning to be regarded as otherwise than a farce in Massachusetts. The strong mind of the sex who have been demanding what they claim to be their rights from the Legislature have gained a decided victory, and their joy and enthusiasm know no bounds. The committee which has been considering the matter for two or three months submitted a favorable report in the Senate this afternoon, in the presence of a gallery full of jubilant women, and when the reading of the document was completed their impulse was to unite in a round of cheering. The report is quite lengthy. Speaking first, of the number of petitions presented and the importance of the subject, and then entering into a detailed history of the progress of this reform in the public mind during the past few years; it also enumerates in detail some of the results which will naturally follow on the introduction of female suffrage into politics, gives the multiplied arguments in favor of and in answer to the objections to this change, and closes with the recommendation of the adoption of an amendment granting the women the privileges they ask for.

The report is signed by nine out of ten of the committee, the dissenting member being Rev. Mr. Dowse, a Senator from Middlesex. The resolution preceding the proposed amendment and the amendment itself are as follows:—

Resolved, by both houses, the same being agreed to by a majority of the Senators and two-thirds of the members of the House of Representatives present and voting thereon. That it is expedient to alter the constitution of this commonwealth by adopting the subjoined article of amendment, and that the same, as thus agreed to, be entered on the journals of both houses, with the yeas and nays taken thereon, and referred to the General Court next to be chosen; the same to be published to the end that if agreed to by the General Court next to be chosen in the manner provided by the constitution, it may be submitted to the people for their approval and ratification, in order that it may become a part of the constitution of the commonwealth.

The article of amendment proposed as above, is as follows:—The word "male" is hereby stricken from the third article of the amendment of the constitution. Hereafter the women of this commonwealth shall have the right of voting at elections and be eligible to office on the same terms, relations and qualifications, subject to the same restrictions and disabilities as male citizens of this commonwealth now are, and no others.

The matter will probably not come up for discussion before next week, and in the meantime the friends of the measure are industrious in securing the influence of the members in its behalf, and they are not without hope that it will pass both branches.

[N. Y. Herald.]

The Indiana *Herald* says: "There lives near Billville, Hendricks county, a peculiar family—three boys and three girls. The oldest girl is about twenty-four years old, weighs about two hundred pounds, is a very intelligent lady, but we noticed one peculiar feature not common among the fair sex. She had a heavy beard (minus the mustache), which is about two inches long and of auburn color. The beard on the chin of the lady is the heaviest. We did not perceive any on her throat, nothing but regular side and chin whiskers. We were informed that her beard has grown more rapidly during the past year. The girl is seventeen years old, born blind, and is an idiot; the next is a girl fourteen years old, born blind. The three boys are all intelligent young men. The parent of this family is one of the wealthiest men in Hendricks county."

New Through Route to Charleston.—The Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel, of Friday, says: "On yesterday morning there passed through this city, on route to Charleston, freight cars loaded with pig iron. The iron was shipped at Columbian, a station on the Salma, Rome and Dalton Railway, and consigned to Perkins, Livingston & Post, a firm in New York. It will go through to Charleston without a single change of cars on the way, and will then be carried by steam ship to its destination."

Dying, Egypt, Dying!—John Henry Troy, Secretary of the Working-men's Association, of Atlanta, Ga., and late sub-clerk in the State Executive department, about 35 years old, from New York, shot his negro mistress and shot himself twice, because she wanted to leave him. He exclaimed, "I've shot myself, come and kiss me—I'm dying." Strong hopes are entertained of the recovery of the woman.

A school-ma'am in a district school was examining a class in orthography. "Spell and define Floweret," she said. "F-l-o-w-e-r-e-t, floweret—a little flower," went off a tow head in a perfect streak. "Wavelet." "W-a-v-e-l-e-t, wavelet—a little wave," was the prompt reply of number two. "Bull-et." "B-u-l-l-e-t, bullet—a little bull," shouted number three, who was innocently personified.

Cyrus Coanman, says the *Darlington Democrat*, has been reprieved by Gov. Scott, after being convicted of murder in his worse form. Coanman is a negro who "merely" "assaulted" his white wife, and was sentenced to hang by the gallows.

## Death of Barnwell S. Stuart.

Died at Winnsboro, South Carolina, on the 18th inst., Barnwell S. Stuart, Esq., of this city.

The memory of a good man taken from us by death dwells in the hearts of his friends. Perhaps no one who has lived in our community so brief a period as Barnwell S. Stuart made so favorable and enduring an impression on those who became acquainted with him; and tidings of his death were responded to by sincere emotions of sorrow in the hearts of all who knew him. With a first-class intellect, thoroughly disciplined, and assiduous habits of attention to his business and studies, he promised to be a shining light of his profession. With high sense of honor and integrity, governed by religious principle, he promised to be an ornament to society. But death has ruthlessly torn him away from us, and we can only mourn his untimely departure. His friends will never forget the modest, unobtrusive, sensitive and gifted gentleman who moved among us during the last two years; and whenever they think of him and his death, they will sadly exclaim: Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory.—*Memphis Public Ledger*.

With heartfelt regret we announce the demise of Barnwell Stuart, who breathed his last on Sunday, the 18th inst., at Winnsboro, South Carolina. Mr. Stuart had been, more than two years, a member of the bar of this city. Staid, almost a recluse in his habits, quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, his acquaintance was limited, but no lawyer or other citizen ever won more friends or commanded greater respect for moral, personal, and professional worth. Mr. Stuart was in the 29th year of his age, was graduated with distinguished honors at the University of South Carolina, a nephew of R. Barnwell Rhetts; a clear-headed thinker, and devout Christian gentleman, there was a magnificent field of usefulness presented to his young ambition. Only a few weeks ago the remains of Mr. Stuart's young wife were consigned to their last resting place. He never recovered from the shock. The two will rest side by side in the village churchyard, near the homes of their childhood.—*Memphis Sun*.

Shocking Affair at North Andover, Massachusetts.

North Andover was the scene of another and tragedy; about half past eight o'clock this forenoon, Frank Cheney, about fifteen and a half years old, the youngest of four children of Mr. A. P. Cheney, the keeper of a variety store near the machine shop, committed suicide by shooting himself. He had recently commenced attending the High School, but did not like the school, and left it on Friday last. Since that time he had told one of his chums that his mind was made up, and that he should not attend that school again. His parents did not sympathize with him in his reluctance to go to school, and his father informed him that he must return this morning and ask forgiveness of the teacher for leaving. About eight o'clock one of his sisters, who also attends the school, told him it was time to get ready, and he went to his room for that purpose, as she supposed. As he remained longer than anticipated, his sister went to his room and found the door fastened. She called the father, who burst open the door, and found his son lying dead on the floor. He had used two pistols to accomplish his purpose, and apparently had discharged them both at the same time. The bullet from one, a small pistol, had entered his right temple, while a bullet from a revolver, which he had discharged with his left hand, had penetrated his heart. Either wound would have caused instant death. The noise of passing carriages had probably prevented the discharge from being heard by the family. The boy was an open-hearted, lively lad, enjoying the esteem of all who knew him, but he was very high spirited, and the command to humiliate himself by apologizing to his teacher wrought upon his feelings that, without considering the effect of his rash act upon his friends, he seized the ready weapons which were kept in the house and terminated his life. The mother of the boy is almost distracted by this sad event, and the family, which has been much afflicted by recent sickness and death, has the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community.

The Manhattan Company have sent Southward within two weeks 416 persons, and many others are leaving daily. The locations chosen are south of the James River, in Kenzie, Amherst, Bedford, Franklin, Mecklenburg and Halifax in Virginia. Each settlement numbers from twenty-five to fifty families, and the lands have cost them in a state of half cultivation, from \$150 to \$100 per acre. The colonists have purchased from 20 to 300 acres each. The payments may be made as follows:—Some quarterly, in advance, some semi-annually, and some in labor. The Old Dominion line of steamers carry Southward every trip some member or family of this colony. The next regular batch will leave May 2, and 5000 members are expected to leave within the next three months. The company have added \$800 to its treasury within the past week, making \$3000 therein at present, with a reserve fund of \$14,000 deposited in city banks.

DESTRUCTION OF WHEAT IN ANSON COUNTY, N. C.—The *Wilmington Journal* learns that the farmers of Anson County in that State have found it necessary to plough up their wheat fields, one of the most disastrous hail storms ever experienced having destroyed the wheat of that section Wednesday night last. This is a truly distressing and only that the labor of so many months should be brought to naught, but that we should be afflicted by the loss of so much grain.

JOHNIE COMES MARCHING HOME. Mr. Henry Payne, a Confederate soldier, who enlisted in Captain Joseph Scott's company during the war, and who for the past six years has been considered dead, returned to his family in this city Wednesday. We learn that he has been a great sufferer in consequence of being frost bitten while in service.—*Petersburg Times*.

## The Wages and the Cost of Living.

Mr. Wells, after a most painstaking examination, came to the conclusion that while the general rate of wages of unskilled labor had risen fifty per cent., the rise in the price of the commodities which laborers require to make themselves and families comfortable had been at least seventy-eight per cent. in the last seven years. In regard to skilled labor, his conclusion was that the rise in the wages of mechanics and artisans amounted to sixty per cent., while the advance in the price of the necessities of life was, as before, seventy-eight per cent., showing a difference of eighteen cents in the dollar against the workingman. Here is the plain fact that the wages of the workingman do not buy him now as many comforts and necessities as they did in 1861 and '62. Where the unskilled laborer received one hundred dollars he now receives one hundred and fifty; but the necessities which he could have bought for one hundred dollars now cost at least one hundred and seventy-eight. Where the skilled workman received one hundred dollars he now receives one hundred and sixty; but what he could have bought for one hundred dollars now costs one hundred and seventy-eight.

It is very evident, then, that the man who works for wages will never obtain his dues, or know what he is getting, until the currency of the country is hard cash. Every merchant or storekeeper using a paper currency knows that it may drop down ten or twenty cents on the dollar in one day. The paper money has no intrinsic value. What is seventy-five cents to-day may be but fifty to-morrow, and this uncertainty makes necessary a heavy addition to the selling price of all the goods the poor man requires. The merchant does not consume the goods. All that rests with him is to make himself safe, and he does—at the expense of the purchaser. The laboring man pays the price. Food, shelter and clothes he must have. There is no waiting for lower prices, no escape for him. No profit can be added on by him for some one else to pay. Every cent is taken from his own hard earnings. The laboring man pays the price. This is why the working classes should join in the cry for hard money. Silver is silver and gold is gold. There is no risk in dealing with specie, and the merchant has no excuse for tacking on twenty or thirty per cent to the fair selling price.

[Charleston News.]

Farmers Visiting Farms. This is one of the most useful employments a farmer can be engaged in. It is getting the necessary knowledge for his business. Not only the best farms, but the poorest also, may be visited with advantage. An eminent farmer once said he never visited a farm, of whatever character, but he found something useful to him.

A man's failures are instructive as well as his success. To know what to avoid is often very important. It is always to be regarded, as in its exercise the closest judgment is often required. What we have about us, what we see, instructs us, whether at home or abroad. At home it is of the most importance. This is especially so with farming. Our land adjoining our neighbor's comes much under the same conditions for success. What grains will do best on such and such soils; what grass, what fruit—first especially—as locality has a decisive influence on the many varieties—all this is important and must be tested. It is so important that it can hardly be overestimated. Our neighbor tests it for us; we need, then, to engage in it, avoiding the failures, and securing the success.

We should make this a business; take pains to do it; make it as regularly a part of farming as sowing and saving manure. Direction must always precede everything, and this comes exactly under this head. Farmers are always willing to communicate, and a man can see for himself—he needs but keep his eyes open. How much benefit has resulted from an observation of John Johnston's mode of farming? The whole country has been benefited more or less, by his system of drainage, his mode of raising wheat and other grains, and his feeding of sheep and cattle on the farm. And there are others; almost every neighbor has them. And we have all kinds of success and non-success. We need but look and see for ourselves and be benefited. We should not depend upon ourselves alone; many know more than one.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker*.

THE OLD WORLD EMBRACING THE NEW.—Our correspondent on the ground says that the scene of the laying of "the last rail" on the Pacific Railroad "was a grassy valley on a mountain which divides the north end of the Great Salt Lake into two bays, far away from all signs of civilization except such as surround the two railroad camps. A chosen party of skilled Chinese leveled the ground and laid the last few ties, and the last pair of rails laid tie," reserved for the final ceremony of the junction of the two ends of the mighty road. Here, then, at the Great Salt Lake, the dead sea of America, in the heart of the Continent (the City of the Latter Day Saints being at the other end of the lake)—here we have, in the joint labors of Chinese and American workmen, Asia and America hand in hand, or the Old world embracing the New—a most interesting and suggestive incident.

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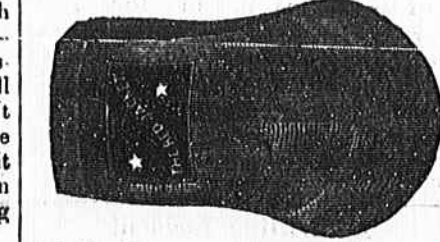
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