

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

The lights burned lower; a faint perfume stole its way through the crowded room. The boxes were filled with fair women, who rustled in silks and laces; who looked and listened with eager faces as the singers trilled their melodious numbers and played their parts. And made sad havoc in some soft hearts, for they sang of love. Oh, what a theme to make the young and beautiful dream; so they sang of love, and this was the scene: The Burgomaster, with brow serene, slumbered and dreamed in his high-backed chair. While his daughters stood in the moonlight fair. That streamed through the casement and touched their hair, and round their waists were the circling arms of their soldier lovers; and all the charms of the moonlight, the music that rose and fell. One cord o'er the other with dreamy swell the heart of the listeners wrought a spell.

For the moment divine. Was it mine and thine— This passion they counterfelt there as well? Thus we once swore with many a vow— Many a kiss unremembered now. Since then Love's story must sure have grown old, so often you've heard it by others told. Our love grew cold. As our minds grew further and further apart, until at last our passion had passed and left us each with an empty heart. Empty, and yet I felt the agony of regret for a moment that sweet love song swept with its thrilling measure along. And I remembered a moonlight scene with you and I in the window nook, and I was saying, "My love, my queen!" While your father dozed o'er a dreary book. Was it a wonder that real it seemed? Was it a wonder I dreamed till the curtain fell, breaking the spell? —Phil L. Barker.

Yet They Uphold the System. Everybody in England knows how a lord is made, that barbers may become lord chancellors and brewers get baronies; that political service or trickery, or wealth obtained often by questionable means, can secure that nobility which is denied to science and letters and art. Yet Froude and Lecky and May uphold the system, and journalists with more power than any duke in the peerage, grovel in their columns at the mention of a lord. Nineteenth of the literary men in England feel themselves honored when asked to the tables of persons with less education or character or ability than their own. The people who use the pen, indeed, do more for the continuance of the aristocratic system and the development of its pernicious influence than any other class in the community. They spread the doctrine and intensify the sentiment which support an institution more hostile to the greatest good of the greatest number than any other that exists in civilized society. If the men of letters fought the lords, the lords would go down. But the men of letters serve and follow the lords; and the aristocracy flout their insolence in the face of the world, and take their superiors in their train to proclaim their magnificence, to illuminate their feasts, and to celebrate the splendor they may not share. They deserve the place they accept. They recall a description I long ago read of a Russian serf carefully holding the horses of his master who stood on the shafts while he horse-whipped the slave.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

The Humor of an Author. Who shall ridicule the fancies of women as to dress, no matter how senseless they may seem, when so illustrious an author as Edgar Fawcett fits his apparel to his employment. Fawcett is rich, and can afford to write according to his humor. I went to his residence once to see him. Thence I was sent away across town into the tenement house district of the great east side, where I found him in a top-story room overlooking Tompkins square. He said that he was engaged on a portion of a novel located among the toiling poor, and so he had temporarily hired that apartment, in order to breathe the atmosphere of his subject. Moreover, he wore a cheap suit of clothes, and the furniture was such as might have appropriately been in an impoverished family's home. When he set out to compose poetry, he inclosed himself in an elegant study in his own residence, put on a dressing-gown, simple or gorgeous, according as he meant to write naive or florid verse, and thus costumed himself for his task. With such aesthetic authorization, why shall not our girls indulge in niceties and caprices of garb?—"Uncle Bill's" New York Letter.

The Boy and the Hornet. A Boy he Stuffed his old Clothes with Straw and put the Dummy in a fence-corner of the Medder. Bime-by an Old Hornet came along on his Way home from stealin' Wool, and as Soon as he set Eyes on the Boy he said: "Looks like a Thunder Shower off there, and it won't do for this Boy to get Wet. He seems like a Boy anxious to get up in the World, and I guess I'll Lift him." He lit down on the straw-stuffed body and Jabbed in his Ole Stinger for keeps, and he was expectin' to hear Screams of Agony, when the Boy who had put up the Job looked threw the Fence and said: "You needn't be in any hurry to go on my Account!" "Durn my Buttons!" said the Hornet as he made off; "but that's the last time I'll try and help a Boy up!" Moral—And a Feller could have any Amount of Fun with a Cannon if it wasn't for his mother, who thinks he'll be Busted.—Detroit Free Press.

Road Across the Entire Republic. The origin of the Swiss Confederacy dates back to 1308. But there is a republic named San Marina, in northeast Italy, which sprang into existence in 41, of which little thought has ever been taken. The country would not now be noticed, only that it has been ostentatiously stated a railroad is to be constructed which will traverse the entire republic. This is not so stupendous an undertaking, as might be thought, since the length of the road will be only twenty miles.—Chicago Herald.

New Undertakings in the South. It is estimated that fully \$38,000,000 of northern and English capital was invested in new undertakings in the south in the first three months of the current year.

The Fate of a Calla Lily. There was just a touch of the pathetic as well as humorous side to a story told by Col. J. H. Woodward, of San Francisco. It was an occurrence of his last trip from New York to the Pacific coast. In the car were two ladies from Boston—"old maids" of the New England school—that is, charming, educated and refined women. They were going out to the coast to teach school or get married, and it probably had not occurred to them which they would prefer. Among their baggage was a little pot with a calla lily in full bloom. The plant was not above eight or ten inches in height. They cared for the flower as tenderly as if it was a first-born baby. It was bitter cold in the east and there was snow on the ground. The calla made a bright spot in the car, and they were proud of it. The train sped along day after day, until one night when they retired they were told that the next morning would bring them into the beautiful San Joaquin valley. When morning broke the train seemed to have been transported into a new country. The air was warm and balmy. The face of nature was entirely changed. The bleakness of winter had given place to the warmth and bloom of spring. The Boston maidens were awake early. They did not tire of the scene, but they discovered something that called them together in hurried consultation. They observed every few miles great growths of tall, white flowers. They were strangely like callas, only they were three and four feet tall and the flowers were simply enormous. They whispered more than once over this spectacle, and it was finally understood that they recognized the flowers as callas. Then they began to look furtively at their little plant in the pot. It was insignificant enough beside these queens of the western slopes. Suddenly one of the women raised the window, while the other with a quick movement seized the pot and quickly dropped it out of the window. It was all done in an instant, and no one but Col. Woodward saw it, and he had too much feeling for them to say anything about it.—Cor. New York Tribune.

The Uproar of the Musketry. Everyone is familiar with the "long-roll," as beaten by a skillful drummer; but the roll of the artillery thunder at Gettysburg was more rapid than any pair of drumsticks. It was not a series of peals; it was one long roar without a break. Talk of Jove's thunder? The gods of Mount Olympus would have sunk down with terror had they heard such a sound. Nevertheless, the monotonous din had a somewhat effect. The writer and numbers of his men who were lying low in the Emmitsburg turnpike, between the opposing lines of artillery, fell into a sound sleep during its continuance and while awaiting the expected charge of the Confederates. Yet, heavy and sustained as was the artillery fire, from the time, shortly after, that the infantry became engaged the sound of the cannons was completely silenced in the still greater uproar of the musketry. Through the smoke we, who were contending with the flank of Pickett's Virginians, could see our brave cannoniers, many of them stripped to the waist and with handkerchiefs bound around their heads, turning the sponge-staff, loading their guns, pulling the lanyards; we could see the white clouds rising from their guns and the Confederate shells exploding around them, and could see the Confederate artillery also during this bloody melee between the contending infantry, some of their batteries which had gallantly accompanied their charging lines, unlimbered within 200 yards of us and blazing away furiously. Yet not one sound of that fearful artillery play did we hear during the persistent rattle of the small arms.—T. F. Galway in Chicago Times.

A Tradition of the Mastodon. The Pyramid lake region has for ages and ages been the favorite haunt and home of the Piute Indians. They have many traditions concerning the fantastic rocks in the lake, its finny inhabitants, and the caves and canons of the surrounding mountains; also of great earthquakes and volcanic eruptions that caused the ground to spout water to an immense height. They have a tradition that the country was infested many generations ago by huge animals that tore down and rooted up the trees of the nut-pine orchards and in other ways made themselves obnoxious. These animals were of the size of an elephant or mastodon. The Indians constantly made war upon them, and finally the last herd was driven into Pyramid lake and drowned. To this day when there is a heavy storm, and big, black waves are seen rising and sinking out toward the center of the lake, the Piutes say it is the backs of the great beasts that were driven into the lake in the olden time. The many tracks of elephants found in the state prison stone quarry at Carson City would seem to show that there is some foundation for the tradition. At the same quarry are found the tracks of tigers, wolves, deer, large birds, and also tracks supposed to be those of prehistoric man shod in moccasins made of untanned hide. All these tracks are in one stratum, under about twenty feet of super-numbered rock.—Dan de Quille in New York Sun.

Manufacture of a Terra Cotta Lumber. A terra cotta lumber has recently been added to the list of mineral building materials. A kaolinite of good quality is mixed with sawdust, worked by machinery into slabs, and is then burned, sawed, and dressed. It is, in this condition, ready for market, and is said to be indestructible by fire, water or gas. It is a poor conductor, and suffers but slight expansion or contraction by changes of temperature. Its weight is put down at one-half that of brick. It can be worked with edge tools, bored, and sawed, and holds nails as readily as timber. It is also made into hollow tile and fireproof casing.—Scientific American.

Good Manners of the Bostonians. It is the little courtesies of every-day life—no matter where (need it be only at home), in the streets, the cars, the churches, the shops, that make a people delightful and leave an impress on the stranger. They say about the Bostonians that there is something about the east wind that demonstrates itself in their exterior, and an American lady who had lived many years in the south of France, upon receiving a call from a Bostonian, wrote: "The moment he entered I felt the old Boston east wind in his manner, but after a while it wore off and he became quite genial."—Boston Transcript.

To Distribute Among His Constituents. Each congressman is entitled to 6,000 paper packages, of vegetable seed, 500 of flower seed, 500 of tobacco, fifty quarts of grass, thirty-two of cotton, twenty-eight of sugar-beet, and twenty each of corn and sorghum, to distribute among his constituents.—Chicago Tribune.

FROM SCANDINAVIA.

STURDY PEOPLE WHO HAVE OVER-RUN SEVEN WESTERN STATES.

They Make Admirable Citizens in Many Ways—The Majority Are Farmers—Churches and Newspapers—Peculiarities of Swedes and Norwegians. Neither Jan Printz in his stronghold on the Delaware nor Jan Claudius Risingh, the commander of Fort Casimir, had such strong reasons for calling their settlements New Sweden as the people of many a town in Minnesota have. The immigration to the northwest from Scandinavia has been enormous. Beginning a few years before the war of the rebellion, when Minnesota was the main hunting ground of the Sioux Indians, it continued small and irregular until 1866, when it began in a mighty volume, and since that time it has continued without serious interruption until now there are in this country more than 400,000 Swedes and Norwegians, the great majority of them being residents of Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska and Kansas. For forty years previous to the war they came at the rate of from 100 to 2,000 a year. Since the rebellion as many as 80,000 of them have arrived in one year. Illinois has 68,000 of them, mostly Swedes, one-half of the number being in Chicago. Iowa's 40,000 are about equally divided between Swedes and Norwegians. Kansas has 12,000, principally Swedes, while Nebraska has 12,000, the majority of whom are of the same nationality. In Wisconsin there are 57,000, mostly Norwegians, which is true also of Dakota's 25,000. Minnesota heads the list with about 125,000, most of whom are Norwegians.

LITERALLY TAKEN POSSESSION. Men of middle age, who remembered that as boys the picture in their school books of "a Norwegian killing a bear" suggested a country and a race that were then as remote from us as the Soudan and the Soudanese now are, will be amazed at these figures, but they do not tell the whole truth. The Scandinavian has literally taken possession of whole counties in the northwest, and the civilization which there obtains is that of Scandinavia, with some modifications and improvements, rather than that of the United States. In Minnesota, more than in any other state, the Swedes and Norwegians have impressed themselves upon business, society and politics. At the last census the native voting population of this state was 88,000, while the foreign-born voters numbered 123,000. In only two other states does this condition of affairs prevail, viz.: Nevada and Wisconsin. The foreign-born voter predominates in every congressional district in Minnesota, their smallest majority being 3,000 in the First, and the largest 13,000, in the Third.

In the first place it may be said that as a body the Scandinavians are industrious, thrifty, honest, and pious. They are more clanish than the Germans, and more docile than the Irish. The great majority of them follow agriculture, although there are many in the plineries, not a few are (if possible) engaged as sailors on the great lakes, and several thousands of them are carpenters and masons. Of a Scandinavian family every member works. The man and wife who own and operate a farm in Minnesota, Iowa, or Wisconsin will have daughters at domestic service in some adjacent city. Thousands of the best house servants in Chicago are from the families of Scandinavian farmers in the northwest. This industry, the close economy which is usually practiced by young and old of both sexes, the absence of speering habits on the part of the men as a rule, the tendency of all to attach themselves to the land, save as they can better their condition in the cities, and the kindly and helpful disposition which they show toward each other, are all having the effect of lifting these newcomers to independence and wealth.

THEIR CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS. They have their own churches, mostly Lutheran, although there are many of the Methodist and Baptist denominations; and fifty newspapers and periodicals, more than half of which are published in Chicago in their native tongue, supply them with suitable reading. No Scandinavian community, no matter how small, is without its church organization, and where there is not wealth enough to support a clergyman, that functionary works on week days at the plow, or at the bench the same as other people, and prepares for his Sunday labors during the evenings. Singularly unobtrusive, unobtrusive, and taciturn, the Scandinavians, notwithstanding their large numbers, are not conspicuous. Their goings and coming are all quiet, their proceedings all orderly. They do not, as a rule, figure in any organizations outside the church. In the cities they are not turbulent or excitable. If by any chance during a political campaign a few scores of them can be persuaded to march in a procession, they are as demure in their deportment as if they were in attendance at a funeral. Not given much to hilarity, indulging in it in no Sunday parades or picnics, and caring little for beer, such of them as have an appetite for intoxicants are satisfied with nothing weaker than alcoholic spirits. But the bibulous Scandinavians must be comparatively few in number or else very circumspect when under the influence of liquor, for the police records have very little to say about them.

One peculiar thing about these two kindred people from the great northern peninsula of Europe is the sublime contempt in which the Swedes profess to hold the Norwegians. Nothing hurts a Swedish young woman more than to be taken for a Norwegian, and she is not slow to rebuke the person so offending. The Swedes are generally fairer and taller than the Norwegians, who are apt to be short, stocky and swarthy, like many of the Danes. Swedish girls who have had the benefits of good home training are highly prized by American families, and they master the English language so easily that, with their fair hair and complexion, it is often difficult to recognize that they are newcomers. What is true of them is true of members of both races as regards their lingual accomplishments. A Scandinavian soon divests himself of every trace of his own accent, and speaks English as fluently as anybody with no greater advantages than he. While most members of the race in this country cherish a natural affection for the old country, their unemotional natures render them free from a desire to parade their nationalistic prejudices, and it can not be doubted that they will be assimilated, in spite of their clanishness, more readily than the people of some other nationalities, who bring their old-country pride and prejudices here with them and transmit them to their children.—St. Paul Cor. New York Sun.

A two-foot rule: Keep your feet dry.

BILL NYE ON GALILEO.

Some Hitherto Unpublished Facts About This Inventor from Wayback. Galileo, commonly called Galileo, was born at Pisa on the 15th day of February, 1564. He was a man who discovered some of the fundamental principles underlying the movements, habits, and personal peculiarities of the earth. He discovered things with marvelous fluency. Born, as he was, at a time when the rotary motion of the earth was still in its infancy, and astronomy taught only in a crude way, Galileo started in to make a few discoveries and advance some theories of which he was very fond. He was the son of a musician, and learned to play several instruments himself, but not in such a way as to arouse the jealousy of the great musicians of his day. They came and heard him play a few selections, and then they went home contented with their own music.



Galileo played in the band. At the age of 20 Galileo began to discover. His first discoveries were, of course, clumsy and poorly made, but very soon he began to turn out a neat and durable discovery that would stand for years. It was at this time that Galileo noticed the swinging of a lamp in a church, and, observing that the oscillations were of equal duration, he inferred that this principle might be utilized in the exact measurement of time. From this little accident, years after, came the clock, one of the most useful of man's dumb friends. And yet there are people who will read this little incident and still hesitate about going to church. Galileo also invented the thermometer, the microscope, and the proportional compass. He seemed to invent things, not for the money to be obtained in that way, but solely for the joy of being first on the ground. He was a man of infinite genius and perseverance. He was also very fair in his treatment of other inventors. Though he did not personally invent the rotary motion of the earth, he heartily indorsed it and said it was a good thing. He also came out in a card in which he said that he believed it to be a good thing, and that he hoped some day to see it applied to the other planets.

He was also the inventor of a telescope that had a magnifying power of thirty times. He presented this to the Venetian senate, and it was used in making appropriations for river and harbor improvements. By telescopic investigation Galileo discovered the presence of microbes in the moon, but was unable to do anything for it. I have spoken of Mr. Galileo all the way through this article informally, calling him by his first name, but I feel so thoroughly acquainted with him, though there was such a striking difference in our ages that I am almost justified in using his given name while talking of him. Galileo also sat up nights and visited with Venus through a long telescope which he had made himself from an old bamboo fishing rod. But astronomy is a very enervating branch of science. Galileo frequently came down to breakfast with red, heavy eyes, eyes that were swollen full of unshed tears. Still he persevered. Day after day he worked and toiled. Year after year he went on with his task, till he had worked out in his own mind the satellites of Jupiter and placed a small tin tag—"oh one, so that he would know it readily when he saw it again. Then he began to look up Saturn's rings and investigate the freckles on the sun. He did not stop at trifles, but went bravely on till everybody came for miles around to look at him and get him to write something funny in their albums. It was not an unusual thing for Galileo to get up in the morning, after a wearisome night with a fretful new-born star, to find his front yard full of autograph albums.



Galileo's book sold well on the trains. Galileo was the author of a little work called "I Discorsi e Dimostrazioni Matematiche Intorno a Due Nuove Scienze." It was a neat little book, of about the medium height, and sold well on the trains, for the Pisan newsboys on the cars were very affable, as they are now, and when they came and leaned an armful of these books on a passenger's leg and poured a long tale into his ear about the wonderful beauty of the work and then pulled in the name of the look from the rear of the last car, where it had been hanging on behind, the passenger would most always buy it and enough of the name to wrap it up in. He also discovered the isochronism of the pendulum. He saw that the pendulum at certain seasons of the year looked yellow under the eyes, and that it drooped and did not enter into its work with the old zest. He began to study the case with the aid of his new bamboo telescope and wicker covered microscope. As a result, in ten days he had the pendulum on its feet again. Galileo was inclined to be liberal in his religious views, and more especially in the matter of the Scriptures, claiming that there were passages in the Bible which did not literally mean what the translator said they did. This was where Galileo mis-did it. So long as he discovered stars and isochronisms and such things as that he succeeded, but when he began to feel with other people's religious beliefs he got into trouble. He was expelled from Pisa, and we are told by the historian, and we are assured at the same time that Galileo, who had always been fair, for most of all competitors in other things, was equally successful as a deer. Galileo received but sixty cents per year for his salary at Pisa, and a part of that he took in town orders, worth only sixty cents on the scond.—Bill Nye in Chicago News.

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