

The Worthington Advance.

VOLUME V.

WORTHINGTON, NOBLES COUNTY, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1877.

NUMMER 38.

SUMMARY OF THE GENERAL NEWS.

Discretionary to the President.

An incident that transpired at the reception given by ex-Gov. Morgan to President Hayes in New York on Tuesday has been reported. The two Russian Grand Dukes were invited and attended for a few moments, but were guilty of the discourtesy of leaving before the arrival of the President, for whom the reception was given, and who was mentioned in the invitation cards. The Grand Duke Alexis on going away expressed regret it being compelled to leave without seeing the President, but the regret is looked upon by many as a rather thin covering for a proceeding that can hardly be sanctioned either by social or diplomatic etiquette. When they paid their adieu to Gov. Morgan the latter begged them to remain longer, because the President had promised to arrive at a certain time, which was only a few moments distant. The Grand Duke, stated that the reason for their going away was that they were overpowered by the crowd and the heat, but it occurs to a good many people that the endurance of this for five or ten minutes longer in order to pay their respects to the President of the United States would have been after all but a slight return for the many courtesies and kindnesses which these distinguished strangers have lately been the recipients at the hands of almost all classes of our citizens. The President, of course, could not condescend to take any notice of it, but ex-Gov. Morgan, it is said could not but feel the double affront as host and to the President as his distinguished guest.

Robbing a Legislature.

Taking a vote in the State Assembly at Albany last Friday evening, there was a very unusual scene. The question was on the passage of an appropriation of a million dollars to complete the new capitol building. The workmen of the city had been given to understand it would be passed, even if the Governor vetoed it. The Governor had vetoed it, and great excitement was occasioned thereby. Two hours were consumed in calling the roll and the requisite two-thirds majority to override the veto was wanting. On this announcement the crowds in the galleries and in the lobby yelled and shouted against those who voted against the workmen's interests, and as some members appeared outside, several were beaten and even back by the crowd, and members were obliged to escape by a rear door to their hotels. A large body of police arrived subsequently and drove the crowds from the capitol and from the Governor's house, which was threatened. A large crowd then went to the Delavan and other hotels, threatening to mob members, and in some cases squads followed members to their rooms in the hotels, threatening vengeance by the workmen. Finally the police, in great numbers, managed to disperse the crowd. No such scene ever before occurred in Albany.

Grant's Farewell.

The following is the farewell address of ex-President Grant, made while steaming down the Delaware: "MY DEAR FRIENDS—I was not aware we would have so much speech-making here, or that it would be necessary for me to say any more to you; but I feel that the compliments you have showered upon me were not altogether undeserved. They should not all be paid to me, either as a soldier or a citizen. As a general your praises do not all belong to me; as executive of the nation, they were not all due to me. There is no man that can fill both of either of these positions without the help of good men. I selected my lieutenants when I was in both positions, and they were men, I believe, who could have filled my position even better than I did. I never flattered myself that I was entitled to the place you gave me. My lieutenants could have acted perhaps better than I, had opportunity presented itself. Sherman could have taken my place as a soldier or in civil office, and so could Sheridan and others I might name. I am sure if the country ever comes to this need again, there will be men for the work; they will be born for every emergency. Again I thank you for a large assembly, for good-bye, and again I say if I had failed, Sherman or Sheridan or some of my lieutenants would have succeeded.

Unveiling a Statue.

The ceremony of unveiling the statue of Fitz Greene Halleck in Central Park took place on the 18th, before a large assembly, including the President of the United States and a distinguished company of invited guests. After music William Cullen Bryant invoked silence, made a short address and introduced President Hayes, saying: "I am to present to you a distinguished personage who has consented to grace this occasion with his presence and to take part in these ceremonies. The veil will be withdrawn from the statue of our departed friend and poet by the President of the United States, who, in behalf of the subscribers to the fund for erecting it will present it to the city of New York." President Hayes then unveiled the statue, which had been covered with the national colors in a few words made the presentation. Mayor Ely accepted the statue in behalf of the city.

Forest Fires—Village Burned.

Forest fires are raging along the Hudson, in northern New York, parts of New Hampshire and Pennsylvania. The Clinton Mills, a thriving village, is now level with the ground, and not a house left standing. Forty-five families are turned out of house and home, and women and children found this morning huddled together out of the way of the heat. A mile west of Clinton Mills in the woods are huddled together some twenty families, unprovided with shelter and provisions. At Cherubusco, about thirty miles west, the scene is heartrending. On both sides of the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain railroad between the station and Cherubusco the woods are on fire. At Connor's Corners every house was burned. The fire has broken out in Stockport, three miles from Altona Station, and the whole place is on fire.

Salts for Europe.

Ex-President Grant with his wife and son, left Philadelphia for Europe the 17th, amid great demonstrations. Eight steamers and three revenue cutters with a large number of friends escorted the party on their start. Before leaving Gen. Grant sent the following message to President Hayes: "Mrs. Grant joins in thank you and Mrs. Hayes for your kind message received on board the steamer after passing out from the wharf. We will be returning our cordial greetings and an expressing our best wishes for your health, happiness and success in your most responsible position. Hoping to return to my country to find it prosperous in business and with cordial feeling restored among all sections, I subscribe myself, truly yours, U. S. GRANT."

Great Forest Fires.

Specials from the vicinity of Green Bay report forest fires in the woods north of that port raging frightfully along the line of the Northwestern railroad, and there is now almost a continuous blaze from Marinette Wis., to Ishpeming, Mich., a distance of some 120 miles, the fire extending back at some places in the forest a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. The Northwestern railroad company lost 150 cords of wood on the 18th, and the lumbermen lost 5,000 cords. Several small houses have been burned. The loss on pine timber is heavy. Rain will stop the flames, and prevent losses, which even now aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Government Steamer Sunk.

During the forenoon of the 18th the government steamer J. Don Cameron, while proceeding up the Mississippi river from below Fort Snelling, was struck on the bow by a snag which penetrated the bow and sank the steamer in fourteen feet of water within thirty minutes. Her companion steamer, the Gen. Sherman, was stationed to save the passengers, about ninety in all, including Gen. Miles, thirteen officers and their wives and children. The morning Major. Hughes, quartermaster here, chartered some vessels to proceed to the wreck. The cargo is nearly a total loss. Its value is \$120,000, chiefly government stuff. Gen. Miles' loss is \$5,000; insurance \$30,000. It is hoped the Cameron can be raised and repaired.

A Nice Marriage.

Chas. Toney, colored was hanged at Americus, Ga., on the 18th for the murder of Mrs. Coraway, white, April 18. Toney confessed to grossly assaulting the woman before killing her, and sold his body to physicians for three dollars. On the scaffold he said: "I dread no death. Jesus is with me. Jesus has made my yoke easy to bear. I will soon be at rest forever. I have nothing more to say." Five thousand people were present. Coraway, the husband of the woman murdered, this morning bought a license for a second marriage, and then went to witness the execution.

The Perilous Situation in France.

France is greatly excited by the course of President McMahon. He has prorogued the Chamber of Deputies for one month, and before doing so sent the Chamber a letter which is regarded by the Liberals as a great assumption of power and looking towards a monarchy. The Imperialists are very active. They regard McMahon as their man. It is understood the Marshal believes a general European war inevitable, and wants a government which will not be disturbed by parliamentary factions in the great struggle about to begin.

A School Teacher Killed by a Pupils.

At Oregon, Holt county, Mo., Miss Kingsbury, a teacher in a select school, having occasion to punish a pupil, a turbulent, unruly boy named William Purno, aged 13, he resisted and struck her several blows with his fist in the breast, when she immediately turned to her seat, fell over, and expired. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that her lungs were diseased and heart so badly involved that death might have been caused by over exertion. A coroner's jury is investigating the case.

Killing Revenue Officers.

J. H. Reves, collector of internal revenue of the fifth district of Virginia, telegraphs the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, as follows: "Collector Joslyn and Deputy Marshal Austin and three others have been shot in Lee county while in the discharge of their duty. One of them mortally wounded. I trust you will take steps to secure the arrest and punishment of the murderers. I have telegraphed Gov. Kemper requesting his aid."

Five Children Burned to Death.

The children of Frank Dunningal, a railroad employe at Little York, Courtland county, were burned to death on the 16th. The oldest was nine years of age. Dunningal and his wife were a short distance from the house when they discovered the fire, and made every effort to rescue the children, but the flames had gained too much headway. The cries of the little ones could be distinctly heard by the parents.

Reception for President Hayes.

Ex-Gov. Morgan of New York gave a reception Tuesday night to President Hayes at his house on Fifth Avenue. The President arrived about 9, accompanied by his wife and son, Secretary Schurz, Secretary Everts and Gen. Sherman. The house was filled to its utmost capacity with prominent citizens. The President and party remained until nearly midnight.

South Carolina Won't Repudiate After All.

The South Carolina House of Representatives, 74 to 23, adopted the clause in the appropriation bill which provides \$700,000 to pay the January and July interest of the present year's interest upon consolidation bonds and certificates of stock of the State issued under the act to reduce the volume of the public debt.

People for Kanitoba.

The Northern Pacific passenger train going west on the 18th consisted of eighteen cars—twelve coaches and six baggage—containing five hundred emigrants from Ontario, Canada, en route for Manitoba. Capt. Spaulding, the conductor, says it is the largest train of emigrants that ever passed over the road. It was drawn by two locomotives. They were a fine lot of emigrants.

Dinner to President Hayes.

Ex-Governor and Senator Morgan gave a dinner in honor of President Hayes on the evening of the 16th. The guests numbered twenty-five, including William Cullen Bryant, George William Curtis, G. W. James, proprietor of the Times, O. F. Morton, John Jay, Gen. Hancock, Mayor Ely, Rev. Mr. Bev and Secretary and Mrs. Everts.

An Appointment Declined.

On Monday last Secretary Sherman tendered the appointment of Solicitor of the Treasury to ex-Gov. Chamberlain at the instance of the President, who also urged its acceptance. The Governor declined, however, on account of professional engagements regarded more advantageous professionally and pecuniarily.

Pay of Army Officers.

The Attorney General decides that it is lawful for the Secretary of War to instruct paymasters of the army to endorse upon officers' vouchers for pay the words: "The

within account is believed to be correct, and would be paid by me if I had public funds available for that purpose."

The Methodist Call on the President.

A deputation of the United Methodist and Methodist Protestant churches in season at Baltimore, has had audience with the President. Rev. Alexander Clark, D.D., of Frederick, chairman, addressed the President and spoke of the happy reunion in Baltimore, and the era of peace and reconciliation. He said that more than 10,000 people represented by the deputation were interested in the policy of brotherhood, protection and good will now apparent in the movements of the administration. The President, in response, referring to the desirability of fellowship in all the walks of life and duty, spoke at length of other branches of the church in former years, of the recent coming together of divided sects, and of the moral power of union in the church, and said the news from Baltimore and the visit of the committee had impressed him deeply, and he was happy to receive such messages from the people.

Decorating Soldiers' Graves.

At a meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic of Baltimore, Gen. Tyler presiding, the decoration of graves of Confederates on memorial day was brought up and the following resolution adopted: Resolved, That while the Grand Army of the Republic accords to all its members the sacred right of their opinions, yet as an organization it cannot be a party to anything political or tending thereto, and under its rules and regulations as members we cannot as a body decorate the graves of any other than our Union dead on memorial day. Nevertheless we will respect the action of any member individually decorating the graves of Confederate dead.

Tornado in Indiana.

The most severe storm for years visited Marion, Ind., on Sunday. Houses were unroofed, trees uprooted, and fences destroyed. A brick church 9 miles north of Marion was demolished, and at the time it was filled with people attending Sunday service. The roof was uplifted and the walls fell in, burying the inmates. The scene that followed was terrible. One young man was killed and ten or fifteen seriously injured.

A Town Burned.

A special from Norfolk, Va., says the town of Crosswell, N. C., was totally destroyed by fire Friday night last. All the United States mails in the post office were consumed. There was but little insurance held in the town by property holders, and the greatest distress prevails.

Destructive Fire at St. Stephen, N. B.

A destructive fire occurred at St. Stephen, N. B. on the 15th involving a loss of half a million dollars. The city of New York is totally destroyed; between seventy and eighty families are homeless. The district burned is about a quarter of a mile on the river bank. No lives lost. Total insurance \$121,200.

A Fast Train.

The Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago railroad has definitely determined to run a fast passenger train from Chicago to New York in opposition to the Washburn train. It will start at 4:30 afternoon, and put passengers in New York before ten the succeeding night, making the trip in 29 hours.

Resigned.

Edward F. Beale, who arrived at his home a few days ago, tendered his resignation as United States Minister to Austria, to take effect upon appointment of his successor.

RUSSIA'S WAR WITH TURKEY.

The London Standard's Constantinople special telegraphs: "I am glad to report the great success of the Turks in Asia. On Monday Admiral Hatteras, who has been ordered to the fortifications of Sukuk Kaleh, landed a number of soldiers, who were immediately joined by 2,000 men who have arrived at Sukuk Kaleh. To-day upwards of 10,000 natives joined the Turkish forces, who hold the fortifications. The town is in a state of siege, and the surrounding country is rising in support of the Turks."

The London Telegraph's special from Bucharest, according to the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to that city says: The campaign will proceed according to the original programme—Roumania's army remaining on the Danube in its own territory. The Russians crossing the Danube at eight points simultaneously, and pressing forward towards the Balkans. The Danube is being left behind in Bulgaria civil officials charged with the reorganization of the institutions. Several thousand Roumanians have been engaged on the Danube in military work, which they are repelling. They have improved others, and also built twelve redoubts to cover the crossings of the Danube. The whole will be finished by Tuesday. Rutchuk is enormously strong. It has 300 cannon mounted, besides five gunboats. Turkish deserters from the Danube are reported. Giorgyev complains of bad food and sickness in the Turkish army.

The London Times' Bucharest dispatch says the Constantinople telegram which reported that fighting had been going on in Boudroshia were unfounded. No engagements have occurred between the Russians and Turks in Europe since the capture of batteries between Ibrail and Ismail. The Turks have captured 300 Russian vessels in the Danube, containing 120,000 shells and other stores. A reconnoitering expedition of 500 Russian infantry crossed the Danube in a boat a little below Reni. The Turks allowed them to come within range, when they opened such a heavy fire that the Russians were compelled to retreat to their boats with serious loss. The Russian floating batteries on the Danube are small, but ingeniously made, consisting of three pontoons joined together. Each battery carries one gun. The pontoons are fastened down the front and joined. The Russians have some larger steamers armed.

While Gen. Kamaroff was reconnoitering before Karak on the 16th, the Turks attacked the Russian irregular cavalry. The Turks lost sixty-four dead on the field, and two prisoners were captured; wounded not reported. Russian loss, one officer and twenty men killed. The Russian officers and men were wounded. Among the wounded was Maj. Gen. Tochevskoff, commanding a brigade of Daghestan cavalry. The Russian gunboats were captured of Ardahan with nine guns on the 18th; fourteen killed and four officers and fourteen wounded. The Turkish loss was considerable. A special to the London Telegraph from Erzeroum, May 17, says: The Russians have just attempted to break Karak with four sea-sledge guns. They miscalculated the range. The shells flew over the town without damage. Cars replied quickly. The assailants were compelled to retire, but they subsequently again attempted the erection of siege works. Mukhtar Pasha has lost some munitions in consequence of having been ordered to the bank. An advance of 2,500 Circassians from Van has been momentarily checked by the enemy. The experience the Russians had of Turkish needle guns the first few days of the

campaign has caused reinforcements to be dispatched to the Roumanians and Gagauzians. In Roumania the three corps reserves are added to the operating force, and corps are being mobilized in their stead. In Gagauzia a similar change is being brought about. The Russian army on the Danube will be increased to eight army corps, that is, to double what it is at present. If complete, each of these corps ought to number 35,000, thus giving the army an effective strength of 280,000 men. It is actually announced that the Turks have bombarded Sukhum Kaleh again, and the bombarded town has consequently been evacuated.

Minnesota Matters.

A County Sanitary School Convention will be held at St. James on the first Tuesday in June. There were fifty applicants for certificates at the recent examination of teachers, of the Board of Rochester. The Board of Rochester looking finely and promises well, if not interfered with by a hopper.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railroad Company talks of building a branch road from Rochester to St. Paul, via Oronoco, Pine Island, Zumbrota and Cannon Falls. The University of Rochester has purchased a pipe organ—the first in the city. Cost \$1,800. A new hotel is being erected on the site of the old Stevens House, in Rochester. It is to be 44x68 feet, and two stories in height.

Reports from the growing crops are of the most encouraging kind. Farmers say that their wheat never looked better this season of the year. Last Sunday Elder Roberts baptised 10 candidates in the river 2 1/2 miles north of Byron, Minn. The current where young Markie was drowned, as five or six other lives have been lost at the same point.

MOVER.

A sad accident occurred at Northfield on the evening of the 18th. One of the students at Carleton College, named Locke, was bathing in the river, when he suddenly sank and drowned. His body was not recovered until the next day. The unfortunate young man was a resident of Zumbrota, Minn. There seems to be a dangerous peculiarity about the current where young Markie was drowned, as five or six other lives have been lost at the same point.

DAKOTA.

Two housebreakers entered Rev. S. T. Sterrett's residence in Hastings, Wednesday night, and with pistols at the head of that gentleman robbed him of \$86 in money and jewelry. The thieves were seen to get into the house by the back door, and were seen to leave by the front door. The work of an incautious landlady.

On one side the meadows are bound by clumps of holly, pines and cedar, and tangled thickets of smilax; on the other stretch low, white sand-cliffs covered with pale sea-grass, and sloping down to the blue sunny plain of waters, that to-day is dotted with white sails of fishing smacks which this morning crossed the bar.

All is clear, peaceful, bright—intensely bright under the August sun. At night it is no less beautiful than by day. The full moon rises over the black pines, flooding the land with its pure brightness; the river is a rippling sheet of silver, and the dark shore is touched with light. Seaward all form is lost, for the low banks and the dim river are wrapped in silvery vapor, through which comes faintly the music of the sea.

A FOGGY NIGHT.

A broad, blue river, rippling and sparkling on its way to the sea. Widening, too, as it flows on, first between high-wooded banks, then by low-lying farms and, then, just before it reaches the narrow inlet, spreading out into almost a lake. Here the stream is broken into many channels by sedge islands half covered at high water. Flocks of snipe and red-winged blackbirds fly to and fro, or settle down among the sedge, their red epaulettes glancing gaily in the dark green or against the clear blue sky. Among the islands the water rushes deep and swift at ebb-tide hurrying down to meet the breakers; the "white sea-horses" that gallop in over the bar, tossing their flowing manes, and at flood-tide going back with almost equal force to where the wide stream flows more gently over sandy shallows and into deep coves and bays on the low shore.

On each side of the river are flat meadow lands, covered with rich swamp grasses in every shade of purple, green and brown. Here and there the ground is broken by clear pools, where water lilies float, guarded on all sides by red cardinal flowers, blue and white marsh gential, and behind them helmet flowers and tall milk-weeds wave, trying to shake themselves free from the close embrace of pink convolvulus and yellow, thread-like bind-weed.

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I long to lose down into that shadowy region, to seek I know not what possibilities of poetry and beauty, and as I gaze, lo, a white, ghostly shape steals through the silver mist; silently it draws near, grows larger and more defined, and the moon gleams on the large sail of a pleasure boat. A sound of music floats to me on the still air; the boat passes out of sight. We bring our skiff to the shore and unwillingly leave behind us the bright fairy-land, half fearing that it may vanish in the night.

I had come down at the end of a hot, dusty summer in town, to the old farmhouse by the river where my cousin Norris and his wife had been passing the summer, and this land by sea was to me a paradise, a place of restful beauty, a Lotus-land of Peace.

Such at least were my first impressions on the evening after my arrival, when, having spent the afternoon and evening on the water, we left the river and walked up through the dark, sweet-smelling cedar

grove. On reaching the house, Norris proposed that I should be introduced to our host and hostess. I readily agreed, and we went into the large old-fashioned kitchen, where we found Captain Wilson and his wife sitting by an open wood fire, for the August night was chilly. Being duly presented, I sat down with them to enjoy the comfortable blaze, and began to speak of the beauty of the country and the pleasure I had had that day in the boating. "Indeed," I remarked, "I felt as though I could float on there forever."

"It's all good enough this kind of weather," Mrs. Wilson said, "but come down here in the spring and fall rains, or a rainy spell in winter. I guess you'd not like it so well then. For my part, I never see why people set such store by the boating. I'm sure I can't see the sense in it, and I haven't been in a boat for fifteen years, would you believe?"

"Is it possible? Why do you dislike boating so much?" "Well, I never did like it, but I was in a boat once too often, and I've kept out of them since."

"I tell my wife," said Captain Wilson, "if she wants to see the sense in boats she'd better be down at the shore in a boat nor easter in winter, and see the wreckers go out to a vessel and bring to land the whole crew safe."

"Our conversation then turned to the wreckers, and their work on this dangerous coast, and many evenings after that the old sailor entertained us with accounts of his adventures at sea and in the wrecking service. But I did not forget Mrs. Wilson's allusion to an adventure of her own, one night toward the end of my visit I referred to it, and again asked her why she had not been in a boat for so long a time.

"Well," she replied, "I was in a boat once when I had too much of it, and wouldn't be paid to go in one now. But that's a long story."

"Tell the story then by all means." "But you won't think it's much of a story after all," Mrs. Wilson said, energetically, "but something I'll never forget as long as I live. It was about a fifteen years ago this next November, that I got your sister was very sick and they wanted me to come over at once and see her. She lived then nearly opposite our landing on the other side of the river—maybe you've noticed that white house back among the trees. Well, my husband wasn't home—he'd gone to the village, and I didn't know what till he got in. So I left for her, but I'd be getting home for supper, gave the baby into the care of the hired girl and started across the river with my oldest boy, Ned. He was about twelve years old. It was three o'clock then, and I remember thinking we'd be back by tea time. We got over safe enough, for Ned pulled a strong oar, and the wind was in our favor, and I found my sister very low, and I stayed with her till near six o'clock, for I couldn't bear to leave her. But at last we started home, for I knew they'd be expecting us back for supper."

"When we came out of the house it was nearly dark, and there was such a thick fog we could hardly see an arm's length before us. If it hadn't been for my baby I'd have turned back, as it was I wanted to ask one of the neighbors to go over with us. But Ned wouldn't hear to it; he insisted he could row back as well as any, and if he pulled steady it was easy enough to keep a straight line across. So we got into the boat and pushed off."

"What sort of a boat was it?" I asked. "Why, one of those little flat-bottomed boats, you know. I never did like to get in one of them, they tip over so easy. Well, at first I could see Ned rowing steady, but the fog seemed to grow thicker, and thicker, creeping up from the sea till it had spread over the flats and wrapped round us so at last I could not make out the water's edge, and I was sure to get lost. I just sat still, thinking of my poor sister."

"I guess nearly an hour must have passed, when I noticed Ned was rowing slow and sort of irregular—I could not tell by the sound of the oars—and I asked him if he didn't think we were near home."

"You'd ought to be, mother," says he, and I knew from the way he spoke he was tired and worried. He stopped rowing now and stood up in the boat. "I can't make out the shore; can you?" says he; but I couldn't see anything but the blackness all around. I could hear the water lapping against the side of the boat and the noise of the breakers—and they weren't very far away. That frightened me."

"Then Ned began to row again, but as if he was tired and discouraged, and soon stopped. "I can't row any more, mother," says he, "the tide's against us. I don't make an inch, and I can't find out where we are."

"You'll have to rest and then try again," Ned says. "If I could help you row I would, but you know I can't. Just try a little more, and we'll soon get to shore!" He didn't answer, and we sat still; but I knew by the motion of the boat that it was drifting. I knew, too, that it was ebb-tide, and there was a strong current towards the sea. You've noticed, haven't you, what a strong current there is in some parts of the river?"

"Ned," I said in a few minutes, trying hard to speak cheerful and not let him know how anxious I felt; "you must make one more effort, a few more pulls will surely bring us to land." So Ned took the oars once more, and pretty soon, to our great relief, we felt the bottom of the boat scrape against the sand, and another stroke of the oar brought us to land. Ned got out and began to haul the boat up, but immediately cried out: "It ain't our shore at all! I declare if we ain't by Captain Moore's!" That was a few rows below where we started from. The boat had turned round, most likely pulled away by the current, and here we were farther than ever from home.

"What do I do now, Ned?" I was tired out, and I was afraid to venture with him alone again. At last I proposed

that we'd try and find the way to Captain Moore's and ask some one there to row us, and this time, Ned, poor child, was glad enough to do it. We had some trouble to find the path that led up through the woods. However we did get on it at last and fell our way to the house. Captain Moore was out, but Jim Lewis, a young man who worked for him, was there, and he agreed to take us across, though Mrs. Moore wanted us to stop there all night. And, indeed, I'd have been tempted to stay, for I felt dreadful nervous when I thought of the dark and the fog and the strong tide, but my baby was always in my mind—I kept thinking he must be crying for me—and of course I'd have risked anything to go to him.

"It was about 8 o'clock when we left Moore's. When we got to the river Jim said he'd take Captain Moore's boat to cross to come back in, and proposed, as it was more comfortable, that I should get in it and we'd row across. So we started, our boat fastened behind, with Ned in it. Jim hadn't been here long and didn't know much about rowing, and neither of us thought how much harder that would make the pulling. It's queer Ned didn't think of it, but I guess he was too tired."

"As I said before, it was ebb-tide and the water rushing out to sea very fast; and I never saw such a black sky, and the fog that thick I couldn't see if you could not more and went out into the darkness, I remembered all I'd heard about people being lost in the fog. I thought of my husband and the baby, and my sister, and a horrible feeling came over me that I'd never see them again. And all the time I was getting damper, colder and blacker."

"We don't seem to keep a straight line," Jim said, after he'd been rowing what seemed a long, long time. "The other boat, or tide or something, swings us around so. We'd ought to be near across, but the water's as deep as ever."

"I knew, though I didn't say so, that we were not going across, for I heard the sound of the sea, at first very faint and far off, now getting louder every minute, and at ebb tide we might easily be caught in the current near the mouth of the river and be carried out to the breakers. Such a thing has happened."

"Well, for perhaps half an hour neither of us had spoken, and I was so frightened I'd almost forgotten about our boat, when Jim remarked that it was easier pulling than before. Then all of a sudden he stopped rowing, leaned past me and felt the stern of the boat, as if he had made an exclamation as if he was scared. "What is it?" said I, somehow feeling right away what was the matter.

"I thought so; the boat's loose, by George, and the Lord knows where she is now!" "It seemed as if that was too much! I felt all confused, and I think I told Jim that I'd never felt my boy—must turn back. "If I only knew which way to turn back," says he, and began hallooing out calling Ned. But there was no answer."

"I can't remember what I did or said; when I think of that time the same dreadful feeling comes over me that I had then, when my boy was drifting out alone in that little boat. I thought he must have got beyond hearing before we missed him, and there was no chance that he could row against the tide, tired as he was. When Jim began to row again, but in an uncertain sort of way, stopping every now and then to shout. Once we thought there was an answer, but after that he couldn't hear a sound."

"At last he gave up calling, and I felt then there was no hope of ever finding Ned or getting ashore. Jim said he was going to try and get me safe home first, and then start out again with my husband and other men to help him. I had to own that that was the best plan, but it made me shudder to think what might happen to Ned in the mean time. I was soon the ground began to get very dry, and Sandy Point is all pebbly and hard. Jim got down on his hands and knees and felt, and presently he said: "We're at the end of the damned point; the shore's in the other direction, so we must be still on the same side of the river. It's that there point down by the flats, confound it!"

"Oh! I never felt so done in all my life as I did when he said that. We were within a mile of the sea, farther than ever from home, and my boy gone. I just couldn't help it; I burst out crying, and Jim stood by me, not knowing I suppose, what to do next."

"But pretty soon he gave a shout, and that was answered by another quite near. It stopped crying, and listened; sure enough, there was the sound of oars and the gleam of a light through the fog. Then I heard my husband's voice; I called and he answered, that soon he'd come up beside us."

"Squire Greene was with him, and they said they'd been out since seven o'clock looking for us. But, where's Ned? I called and he answered, that soon he'd come up beside us."

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heard Squire Greene say: "one man I should think could hardly row against it." My husband didn't answer. I guess he, like me, was thinking of our little boy out alone in the current.