

# THE TRIBUNE.

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## A Kiss.

Only the roses will hear;  
Dear,  
Only the roses will see!  
This once—just this!  
Ah, the roses, I wish,  
They envy me!  
Here is a half blown spray;  
Say,  
This shall love's anadem be!  
A rose-strung wreath  
For thy brow, and beneath  
A rose for me!

## NUMBER FORTY.

Many a craft had visited the cave, gliding smoothly into port, or drifting, dismantled wrecks, but never the like of this one. On she came boldly, all her sails set, and gleaming white in the dull atmosphere. What was the vessel? Where did she come from? The helmsman must be mad. Ah, at last! What else could be expected? Bounding forward on the crest of the advancing wave, she paused, shivered, and hung poised in air, as it were, pierced by the fang of a sunken reef. Then a wondering silence fell on the spectators. The marvel was this—not a soul was visible on her deck.

The wreckers put off to the vessel. No trace of disorder and violence, except two boats gone. The young clergyman who accompanied the wreckers went down the companion-way into the cabin with bated breath. No confusion even here; every article in its place, the lamp swinging monotonously from the beam. A low sound curdled the blood in his veins, already chilled by dread and anticipation of the unknown. It was the veriest breath, half sob, half moan; still there was some living creature in the inner cabin. He stepped to the door.

A girl, bleached to the color of her shroud by illness, lay in a narrow berth, and within reach of her hand were placed biscuit and a bottle of water.

The clergyman brought his prize on deck, as the wreckers swarmed over the side.

The girl opened wide eyes, dreamy and vacant.

"Where are your companions of the ship?"

"I don't know," vaguely.

"Was there a storm?"

"The sea always beats against the side."

"Can you tell us your name?"

"Call me a Caprice of Fortune," abruptly.

Caprice was taken to the house of an old nurse, and soon recovered. Alfred Dearborn, the young clergyman, visited her daily, and rejoiced at her recovery.

One day Caprice was wandering about the little island when she saw a plant, the stem a transparent green color, the broad leaves stretching upward as if to support a lily, which, having spurned its sheath, now starred the dim place, pure as alabaster, and delicately curved like a shell.

Caprice bent the lofty plant to inhale its fragrance, and with one rending crack the giant blossom lay in her hands. The perfume was an intoxicating delight; as her feet strayed into the path once more she buried her face in the snowy petals. A surly mastiff descried her, and approached with deep-mouthed growls. On the right hand was a house, on the left the wall by which she had entered. The house was nearest refuge, and thither she fled, with the enemy in close pursuit. She sprang through an open window, with a startled scream, just as the mastiff's teeth closed on her arm.

"Down, Bruno! back, sir!" commanded a shrill voice.

Caprice, still clutching her flower trophy, stood before a very old man in a wheeled chair. The old man remained motionless for several minutes, his gaze riveted on the lily, then a light came into the withered, gray face, a touch of the wheel whirled the chair to her side, and he exclaimed, in delighted accents: "Has it bloomed once more? What! and you brought it to me because I can no longer visit the cave? Good child! I never forget. Where is my nephew Alfred, that he did not know? Oh, the fools, the fools! It might have withered while they passed by. My priceless beauty!"

When Alfred Dearborn came to pay a morning visit to his aged uncle, Mr. Silas Dearborn, of Mount Hill, he found that gentleman at table, with Caprice seated opposite. The old man played the host with his grandest manner.

It was Christmas in the tropics. Lord Arthur Drummond, commander of the *Psyche*, sat in the admiral's pew. When he raised his head after prayer the opposite pew had an occupant in aspect so unusual that he was guilty of a fixed stare of surprise. A girl sat there, glorified by a shaft of amber light from the altar window, in the perfection of a beauty as rare as it was luxuriant.

"Who is that girl?" he asked, the services ended.

"An eccentric being called Made-moiselle Caprice. An old man died and

left her his fortune a year ago, and since she has revealed in childish extravagance. The nephew, our clergyman, Mr. Dearborn, should have inherited, but did not.

Lord Drummond walked from the church. A dozen paces in advance was Caprice. Snatches of song escaped her lips. A gang of convicts were coming from the shore. They wore straw hats, and coarse blouses marked with the number and name of their hulks. As they filed past, a slight, pale man looked at Caprice. Not a sound escaped his lips, not a gesture betrayed his surprise; a trifle paler, Number 40 moved on. Caprice stood as if petrified. Lord Arthur overtook her. Color had fled, her eyes were wildly dilated, her hands rigidly clinched over her heart.

"Are you ill?" touching her arm gently.

"No," gazing straight before her.

"Perhaps the convicts frightened you. Can I be of service?"

"No. It is nothing."

He went on. Dignity demanded no further interference; curiosity made him look back. She was following rapidly; she had disappeared. Where? A flight of steps was cut in the high wall, leading to a path above, and in this path the girl lay on her face, like one dead. He bore her swiftly toward the house—an old mansion.

How pretty and helpless she was! Lord Arthur chafed the cold hands. A faint quiver of the eyelids and sensitive lips, and Caprice clung to him blindly, murmuring, "I am afraid. Hide me!"

The old nurse was at hand, and to her Lord Arthur surrendered his charge.

A letter awaited Lord Arthur, and the admiral's lady was disposed to be arch about it at luncheon. It was from the Hon. Maud Fitzroy, of Glenham Park, stating that her papa had no objection to their wedding occurring in March.

Number 40 left his Christmas dinner untasted. As he had just arrived, perhaps the routine of labor galled him.

The next day after this Alfred Dearborn and Caprice were sailing in the harbor. A boat shot out from the shore, and in it sat Lord Arthur Drummond. The two met. Caprice looked steadily at the horizon; Lord Arthur smiled and bit his lip beneath his beard. Yesterday a soft cheek had been pressed against his face, and two suppliant arms clung to him, with the cry, "Hide me! I am afraid." To-day the sunset wrought miracles. She did not know him. Not that he cared. He went to his cabin and wrote a letter to his fiancée in England.

As for Caprice, she flew up stairs when she reached home, and watched the gig pull alongside of the *Psyche*. Then she laid her head on the window-ledge and burst into despairing tears.

The governor's Christmas ball raised excitement to fever heat in this miniature world, and when it was over Caprice stood at her window. The clock struck two. With Caprice all was dark and still; over yonder there was confusion, noise, and blind haste. A man stole along the wall and grasped her wrist.

"Quick! Help me! I have escaped by firing the building."

"I knew you would come." She shrank and shivered.

"Trust me for that! How on earth did you get here?"

"I thought it was out of the world."

"Where you could hide from me—eh? A pleasant suggestion! Do me justice once, Margaret."

"Come in," she said, despondingly. She brought him food and wine. A heap of Silas Dearborn's garments was produced for him to select a disguise. No. 40 was touched. He watched her critically, admiringly.

"Why were you transported?" she faltered.

"Got hard up, and forged the old man's name."

"You can't escape," she added presently. Her face was deadly pale, her hands icy cold, her composure forced.

"I will try. Am I to work from sunrise to sunset in a gang? Life is a bagatelle. If I fail—You have a boat. Time presses. Get bread and water, a chronometer and telescope, if you can."

She placed her hands on his shoulders suddenly. "How could you do it?"

"Because I loved you, I suppose."

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. She did not repulse him. The Swan rode at anchor below. In the darkness he unfurled the sail and stood out to sea. Caprice crouched in the window, hiding her face. When she raised her head it was day, and no sail was visible on the broad ocean.

A little later Alfred Dearborn came over the hill.

"The convict who stole your boat has been captured and brought back by a schooner," he said.

The moon shone down on land and sea. The parish church was white in the silvery radiance, like purest marble, and a woman sat on the step gazing up at the tower. "There's safety under the cross," she murmured.

Alfred Dearborn, coming from the vestry, paused in surprise. "Caprice, what mad freak is this? Pray regard conventionalities."

"I wish to see you," she said, deliberately. "I am in trouble. You should be a father confessor. Listen. I was left an orphan in the care of my aunt. She was not rich, and she had a clever, unscrupulous son who spent her money. We went from London to Scotland for her health. I was seventeen years old. A physician wished to marry me, and my aunt approved. My cousin began to make presents. One day we were forced to seek shelter in a farm-house by the rain, where a curious sort of man dwelt. My cousin laughed at me about marrying the doctor. 'Let us rehearse the scene,' he said, gayly. Then he took my hand with some mock formula, and I retorted merrily, and the curious man witnessed our sport. Afterward he informed me that we were married according to the Scotch law. I begged him not to tell my aunt until he returned from a journey. I hated him for the advantage taken of my ignorance. I ran away. Well, a lady took me as nurse on the voyage to America. I fell ill, and they deserted me in the vessel. Number 40 is my husband."

The clergyman stood aghast. "You?" he finally ejaculated.

"I am what circumstances have made me," she retorted, quickly. "I thought I could live here. I shall not keep your uncle's fortune."

"God help you!" he said, gently.

"You will never stand alone while I am here." Thus collapsed the young clergyman's cloud of happiness.

The schooner had brought more than the escaped convict—a poison seed to take root, and spread a rank plant of disease. Faces blanched with fear in the darkened houses; the streets of the town were deserted; pestilence brooded in the still sunshine; soldiers were perishing like sheep; the convicts were smitten down. Numbers 39, 40 and 41 of a certain hulk had the fever. A young sailor lay in one of the hospitals. Caprice came to his side calmly, arrayed in white and placed flowers on his pallet.

Lord Arthur Drummond was there to inspire courage, and Alfred Dearborn with unceasing ministrations. Both men grew pale at sight of the slight girlish form in that dreadful place.

"I am not afraid. Let me do something."

"Will you go home for my sake?" urged Lord Arthur.

"You may take it," she shuddered. These words were very sweet to him just then.

"Would you care? Do you love me, Caprice?"

She sighed and re-entered her pony carriage.

"I am ordered North at once, this evening. In half an hour I will be at Mount Hill. Marry me, and let me take you also. Say yes, my love. You have become more than all the world besides to me."

How eloquent and tender the cold eyes had become! Caprice quailed before them. Here was a proud, reserved man pleading his cause passionately in the broad street before a hospital door. Alfred Dearborn, weary and depressed, approached the other side of the vehicle. For her ear alone these words were uttered, compassionately, "Numbers 39 and 41 are convalescing; 40 was buried last night. He was not prepared to die."

Th at was all. The girl gathered up the reins of her platoon with a dazed expression and drove away.

Lord Arthur hastened to Mount Hill, his heart beating high, his brain in a tumult of novel emotion. Had he ever loved the honorable Maud with more than a calm affection? This was no time for prudence or hesitation. Death in awful guise was hovering over the islands, watching ever for fresh prey. He rejoiced in being ordered away, that he might carry off his darling from danger. Perhaps he was glad that no time was allowed for possible twinges of remorse. He must claim Caprice. He could not leave her behind. And yet he had always prided himself on being an honorable gentleman.

Caprice was not at home. Woffy was stupid and impenetrable. Captain Drummond would wait; which he did, with his gaze fixed impatiently on the dial of the old clock. Then he rushed out to find her. An hour, two hours, slipped by. Still the silent house and the ticking clock. Good heavens! where was she? A flag fluttered from the *Psyche*, a slender thread of smoke issued from the funnel. He strove to write, and cast aside the pen. *He must see her.* A sickening doubt began to oppress him. Woffy blinked with her cunning eyes, and held her peace. In grief and wrath he prepared to depart at length.

"Tell your mistress that I am deeply disappointed. If she will write me, I leave a card."

A last look at the old house, and he was gone.

Caprice, striving to catch the tones of his voice in the chamber above, whispered,

"He would have been ashamed of me in a month. I was not good enough for him, but I loved him."

"His lordship's gone," said Woffy, thrusting her head in the door. "I obeyed orders—only you should have seen his face. A noble gentleman, mind you!"

"Gone, and I am never to see him again!" exclaimed the girl, springing to her feet.

There was a flutter of flying garments down the avenue, and Caprice stood before Lord Arthur.

"Good-bye," she said, extending her hand, and endeavoring to steady her tremulous voice.

"When death parts us, not before," he answered, clasping her in his arms with a passionate fervor, and stooping to kiss the quivering lips.

## The New Year.

Again the New Year is upon us, and we pause to review the twelvemonth just passed. One hour, one day, one week, one month at a time it has gone, just as the year now in will go. The grand sum total of the past year is made up of ten thousand little items, and thus will the sum total of our lives be made up. We cannot go back to mend what is broken in the past, to correct errors committed, to improve opportunities wasted, to repair injuries done. But seeing wherein we have failed, we may in the future avoid what is wrong in the past. Only so far as repentance and regret lead us to mend our lives and stimulate us to more vigorous efforts in well-doing in the future, are they at all profitable. We are to "forget the things that are behind and press forward to those that are before."

This is a good time to mark out and enter upon general courses of action in life that upon calm reflection seem wise and just; enter upon them with a quiet deliberation to live just one day at a time and let each day, so to speak, take care of itself. The resolutions formed on New Year's, says the *New York Tribune*, will not sustain us during the entire year in right action any more than the New Year's dinner we eat will last us a twelvemonth. The moral nature requires daily moral aliment to keep it in healthful condition just as does the physical. Herein is the error many young people make in trying to lead a new life. They fancy that if they start right the moral machine will run itself without much attention; so when at the end of the year they look back and see how lamentably their good resolutions have failed them, how little of what they intended has been accomplished, discouragement paralyzes them. We all need to remember that the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," applies with as much force to our moral and spiritual natures as to our physical. So in the plans we arrange for our conduct we must provide means whereby this daily moral food shall be supplied. Just as we allow ourselves time to eat and to sleep in order that our physical strength may not waste, so we must give ourselves time and means to tone up and recuperate our intellectual and moral natures if we wish really to lead constantly a higher life.

In a new temperance story are four mottoes that should be engraven on the hearts of all those who in familiar phrase are "turning over a new leaf." They are these: "Look up and not down;" "Look out and not in;" "Look forward and not back;" "Lend a hand." These mottoes rest upon the fundamental principle that growth is from within out; that we shall judge the tree by its fruits, and not by digging it up to see how far the roots penetrate the soil, or by splitting it open to find if it is sound at the heart.

In the retrospect of the past year every noble heart must admit that his highest joys and satisfactions have come from a sense of duty faithfully done, of burdens patiently borne, of temptations to evil steadfastly resisted, of opportunities for doing good gladly embraced. Is there one of us who would not, if we could, recall the ungenerous act of which we have been guilty, the unkind word, the selfish feeling? The only thing which we can do to atone for the past is to avoid all these errors in the future, and make the year to come one of sunshine and joy to all around us.

Not a few look wearily forward to months of anxiety, of want, of toil and pain that must come to them as the year wears away. It is enough to live one day at a time, and not make its burden intolerable by adding to it the burden of to-morrow or of yesterday. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." How often do we pass even with cheerfulness the most dreared ordeal, and find our fears and apprehensions infinitely more painful than the reality. In this sense we are to take no anxious thought for the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

So trusting, hopeful, patient, let us enter upon the new year, looking up and not down, out and not in, forward and not back, and lending a helping hand to all who ask and all who need.

## Items of Interest.

"Rents are enormous," as the loafer said on looking at his pants.

"So dark, and yet so light," as the man said when he looked at his ton of coal.

Kansas is now the twelfth of the United States with a compulsory education law upon its books.

The poet Spencer made a sharp pun when he wrote, "Lastly came winter, clothed all in frieze."

Iowa and Michigan are the two Western States which do not hang people for murder, except by mobs.

The crow is not so bad a bird, after all. It never shows the white feather, and never complains without caws.

A convict in the Illinois State Prison drove an awl into his head with a hammer, but did not die, as he had expected to.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency. It does no man good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.

A man who has voted and paid taxes in Norwich, Ct., for forty years, has just discovered that his residence is outside the city bounds.

"Where do people go who deceive their fellow men?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a pupil. "To Europe," was the prompt reply.

The Canada thistle is supposed to have sprung up in Europe from a seed dropped two hundred years ago from the stuffed skin of a bird.

"I can afford to be a little extravagant now, as my husband's been elected to the Legislature," said an Indiana woman as she ordered six bars of soap to be sent up.

Times have come to that pass when a man can't set his house on fire, collect the insurance and put on any style with the money without some one is mean enough to throw out insinuations.

Every form of carbon, whether diamond or coal, when burned with full access of air, produces carbonic acid, just as the particles of our bodies do when burned in the process of breathing.

"You have a good husband, Betsey!" "Um! so-so! good enough as men go. But what makes you speak of him?" "He told me yesterday that in twenty years he had never given you a cross word."

"Oh! I should think not, indeed; and he better not try it, either."

A French manager has adopted an excellent plan in responding to *encores*. No piece is repeated until the entire programme is given, when, after those who wish to retire have left the auditorium, the numbers redemanded are given again.

A pretty story is in circulation in Hampden county, Mass. Some time ago the sheriff found that he was receiving \$1,250 a year, while the jailer had \$1,500. He proposed an exchange of salaries to the latter official, and, as he preferred even \$1,250 to a discharge, he accepted, and up to the time he left the office, paid the sheriff \$250 a year.

Recently Dr. Anthony, the medical officer of Dunganvan, in Wales, was called to attend a poor woman in an advanced stage of bronchitis. The cabin in which she lay contained only two small rooms. In one of these were a horse and three pigs; in the other, where the poor patient was lying dangerously ill, ten persons were sleeping. The door was closed, and the only ventilation was through the chimney.

A little girl living near New Castle, Pa., mistook the nature of some concentrated lye which was carelessly left in a tin cup where she was playing the other day, and drank it. The lye so inflamed her oesophagus that that organ became too contracted to allow of the introduction of even the smallest-sized catheter. She now subsists entirely upon beef-tea, which is introduced into the stomach by a very difficult and painful process.

"What Causes a Horse to Crib?"

was the query of W. Gates, West Salem, Wis., of the American Farmers' Club. He said: "I find a great many horses that have what is called the crib-bite. Buckling a strap around the neck will not cure; only prevents while it is on. I am anxious to find out the cause and the cure."

One member thought this cribbing of no particular harm to anything but the manger, post, or whatever the horse gnawed; while another one rose to say there was a decided difference between gnawing and crib-bite. In the former the horse simply nibbled the surface of wooden objects from playfulness or restlessness; but in the latter, the object was seized with the whole breadth of the jaw and pulled. He believed that this cribbing, usually looked upon as a desire, came from some irritation of the gums or teeth of the animal, caused from something lodging in or between the teeth, and this violent gnawing was only an effort for relief.