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A Child's Wish.

"Be my fairy, mother,
Give me wish to-day;
Something's well in sunshine
As when the raindrops play."
"And if I were a fairy,
With butone wish to spare,
What would I give thee, darling,
To quietthee earnest prayer?"
"I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laughall day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone."
"To run right under the window,
And singme fast asleep;
With soft steps and a tender sound,
Over the grass to creep."
"Make it run down the hill, mother,
With a low like a tinkling bell,
So fast I neer could catch the leaf
That floats in fountain fell."
"Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
With noise like the baby's funny laugh—
That is the brook for me!"

THADDEUS OF WARSAW; Or, The Adventures of a Polish Exile.

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

In the year 1792 Russian invasion threatened Poland with all the horrors of a merciless war. Foremost among the patriots who rushed to their country's defense were the noble Palatine of Masovia, and his chivalrous grandson, Thaddeus Constantine Sobieski.

For his mother Therese, the gentle Countess Sobieski, Thaddeus felt the tenderest affection, but, although now nineteen years of age, he had never known even the name of his father. Upon his twentieth birthday, however, he learned from a sealed packet, given him by his mother, that she had been secretly united at Florence to an Englishman, named Sackville, who had soon after repudiated the marriage, and basely deserted her. Since then she had passed as a widow, retaining her own family name of Sobieski, and living with her father, the Palatine, by whom her son had been carefully educated.

The sensitive Thaddeus wept at this discovery of his father's treachery. "Forget him," cried the countess, who witnessed this emotion.

"I will!" answered Thaddeus, "and my mind to dwell only on the virtues of my mother."

"You are right," said the Palatine, "and I shall live to see you add glory to the name of Sobieski."

Thaddeus was more than fulfilled in the bloody combats that soon ensued. In one of these Thaddeus saved from slaughter a Russian carabineer, who fell on his knees to thank his mercy. One very young man, however, was refractory, and would have been killed on the spot, if Thaddeus had not caught the blow of his sword. The youth rushed and surrendered his weapon, which Thaddeus directly returned, saying:

"Brave sir, consider myself emboldened in restoring this sword to him who has so courageously defended it."

It soon appeared that this brave young man was an English volunteer, named Pembroke Somerset.

A warm affection arose between him and Thaddeus, who invited his new friend to Vilnow, his grandfather's magnificent palace on the banks of the Vistula.

"I would follow you," said Somerset, "all over the world."

After a delightful experience of the refined hospitality of Vilnow, Pembroke wrote two enthusiastic letters to his mother, which he sent to his governor, Mr. Loftus at St. Petersburg, and was forwarded to England. But as Mr. Loftus had been strictly charged to keep his pupil out of Poland, and fearing the displeasure of Somerset's parents, he conjured him to say nothing of his Polish adventures, at least for a while.

Somerset reluctantly consented, and being suddenly summoned home, had an affectionate farewell to Thaddeus and his mother, hoping to revisit them soon, or to see them in England.

A burst of cannon already crowding plain in battle, Prussia was besieged and captured, and the palace of Vilnow was attacked by the savage Russian soldiery. Thaddeus, covered with wounds, hastened from Prussia to secure, if possible, his mother's escape.

"My beloved son," said the countess, "before our cruel murders can arrive I shall have found a refuge in the bosom of my God. Should Poland fall, I beseech you to get the very best of England."

Then trying a portrait of his father round his neck, he added:

"Prize this, my child; try to forget his injuries and, in memory of me, never part with it."

A sudden volley of firearms made Thaddeus spring upon his feet. Loud cries succeeded, and women screamed:

"The ramparts stormed!"

A burst of cannon was followed by a heavy crash and piercing shrieks. The countess, springing in the embrace of her distracted son, fell from his palsied arms back upon the sofa, and General Butzow, who had directed the defense of the palace, could scarcely force him away to a place of safety.

Plunging into the Vistula, amid a shower of musket balls, Thaddeus swam with Butzow to the opposite bank. Emerging from the water he pointed back to Vilnow, which was now enveloped in flames, and said, with a smile of agony:

"See what funeral pile Heaven has given to my dear mother!"

The Russian general, Suwarow, soon compelled the ignominious surrender of Warsaw. Two hours before he entered the city, Sobieski left it, bedewing its stones with his tears. Reaching the frontier, he plucked a tuft of grass, and, pressing it to his lips, exclaimed:

"Farewell, Poland! Farewell all my earthly happiness!"

Sailing from Danzig to London, Thaddeus naturally thought of Pembroke Somerset, but as he had received no reply to his letters addressed to him, he could not suspect Thaddeus's real rank, and he knew he was the cousin of his perfidious friend Somerset.

Lady Tine-mouth's brutal husband and heartless son, pretending to regard her friendship with Thaddeus as a shameful intrigue, at last required her to leave London, and she sadly obeyed. Lady Sara Ross, unable longer to restrain her passion, desperately

avowed it, and implored Thaddeus to receive and protect her, but he persuaded her to remember her duty to her husband.

His next trial was the death of the venerable Butzow, whose long illness Thaddeus in debts he could only defray in part, and a dissatisfied apothecary caused him to be arrested for a petty twenty pounds, and flung into Newgate. The pretty Euphemia was compelled by her mother to relinquish her handsome language master; but Mary Beaufort did not rest till she had privately procured the payment of his debts and his release, a deliverance which he ascribed to Lady Tine-mouth's friendship.

Returning soon after with her cousin Pembroke to the residence of his father, Sir Robert Somerset, Miss Beaufort sadly acknowledged to herself the hopelessness of her ill-fated passion. Meantime Lady Tine-mouth was staying in the same neighborhood, and, in her company, accident brought Thaddeus and Pembroke together. The proud exile stood pale and silent. Pembroke flew forward, and, catching his friend's hand, exclaimed:

"Am I right? Are you Sobieski?"

"I am," returned Thaddeus, amazed.

"Gracious Heavens! and can you have forgotten your friend Pembroke Somerset?"

Assured of his sincerity, Thaddeus clasped him to his breast and burst into tears.

The treacherous Loftus, Pembroke's governor, it appeared, had intercepted the letters of the two friends, and even dared to return those sent by Thaddeus, after seeing Pembroke at the theater. Resolved to make the most ample amends for his apparent desertion, Somerset promised Thaddeus the friendship of his father and the love of his fair cousin, and hastened back to Somerset castle to make good his word. But, to his horror, Sir Robert Somerset, this proved to be the impostor in the street, the man who had assumed the support of that worthy but now enfeebled man, a picture dealer affording him the means by taking each week a guinea's worth of his drawings.

One evening in March, Thaddeus rescued a delicate woman from a ruffianly assault. Accompanying her home, she insisted that he should enter. He did so, and his hostess, Lady Adeliza Tine-mouth, and her sprightly companion, Miss Maria Egerton, entertained him with the greatest courtesy, though not suspecting the real identity of Mr. Constantine. Their praises of the handsome stranger excited the curiosity of the young and beautiful Lady Sara Ross, who, meeting Mr. Constantine when he called again upon Lady Tine-mouth, resolved to ensure the pale and highbred foreigner. Without meaning any unfaithfulness to her absent and unloved husband, she sighed for a melancholy and romantic lover, and Thaddeus appeared to her to be the very one of whom she was in search. Pursuing this design, she presently found herself the victim of a passion for Mr. Constantine which he did not at all return.

The friendship of Lady Tine-mouth was both delicate and sincere, and through her good offices Thaddeus obtained as pupils in German the daughters of Lady Dundas, who were rich, pretentious and ill-bred. Euphemia, the younger, was very pretty, however, and, like Lady Sara Ross, presently set herself to captivate Mr. Constantine. Her caprices merely served to amuse or annoy him, but they greatly excited the jealousy of Lady Sara, who now found herself perpetually tormented by her unhappy passion.

Nor was Lady Tine-mouth less wretched, though from a far different cause. Her husband, the Earl of Tine-mouth, not content with abandoning her and openly transferring his affections to another, had even the cruelty to teach her son and daughter to hate their own mother! In relating her sad history she incidentally spoke of her husband's living in 1770 in Italy under the assumed name of Constantine.

At this mention Thaddeus could scarcely hide his consternation. Was it possible that he owed his existence to such a brutal and unwhorshipful father, and the unhappy condition of his friend Butzow, who had now become a confirmed though harmless lunatic, caused Thaddeus a misery not lessened by the frequent petty insults of the indolent triflers and fashionable bufferies who frequented the Dundas mansion. But among them at last appeared a Miss Beaufort, whose generous nature attracted the attention no less than her remarkable loveliness. The night before he first met her he had ventured into a burning house and rescued a sleeping infant, which he threw into a post chaise for safety. In this chaise was Mary Beaufort with her aunt, Mrs. Somerset. Learning these facts the volatile Euphemia Dundas suddenly joined their hands, exclaiming:

"Sweet Mary! Heroic Constantine! I thus elect you the two dearest friends of my heart!"

Both were much confused at the sentimental absurdity; but the acquaintance thus formed led to friendship and then to love, though Miss Beaufort did not suspect Thaddeus's real rank, and he knew he was the cousin of his perfidious friend Somerset.

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BEAUTY SOLD BY AUCTION.

The snow has been falling slowly and serenely, writes a New York correspondent. It used to make me gleeful and rosy, but it cannot do that any more in this city. I suppose the change is of time upon myself as well as circumstances upon the proud island. No, it is not all because of the individual difference between the now and the then which is within, because to-day, when I opened my door to look up and down the beautiful white street when the glamor of the snow should have made it seem pure and enchanting, I saw nothing that did not make me heavy hearted. I tried to turn my face upward to meet the melting stars that were falling from the gray clouds, just for the sake of that childish habit which clings to the most of us, no matter how severely dignity scorns and tramples upon such petty tricks of simplicity, but the clamor before my vestibule was too sorrowful and imploring for such sentiment.

"For God's sake let me shovel away the snow," said a strong man; "I have a wife and little children, and they are very hungry and very cold."

"My mother can get no work at all; can't I do it, please?" piped a shivering little boy.

"If I only had a shovel or a broom may be you would let me have the job to do," said a low voiced old woman, whose features were not those of one who had spent almost an entire life in struggling for bread.

"Why do come out in the storm?" I asked of her.

"Because I must," she said. "Last winter I hoped I might be dead before the winter came again, but when the summer was here, I somewhat liked to live, but I don't want to be here very long, even if I was to be warm. I don't seem to be wanted much anywhere, or perhaps I might get to die and be comfortable," she added, after pausing to reflect between the last sentence and what she had said before. "Come in and get warm," I said to her.

"I don't go to no soup houses, nor to no charity committees, ma'am, and I don't want anything I don't earn, if you please. If you give me the sweeping to do and lend me a broom I might be thankful for the taste of a warm stove, ma'am, for I've been starving with the cold."

Three imploring faces, and but one sidewalk to sweep.

To feed the child, and send a loaf to the other children is not much in this great hungry city, but the humiliating influences of the unearned bread! Who may know but that never a snowflake shall fall again upon either the child's or the man's forehead to melt upon a glow of self-respect."

Never did a Christmas week pass in New York when the rich and the poor were so far apart either in sympathy or circumstances. The shops are filled with the rarest of beautiful things from the geniuses of both the artist and the artisan. Philadelphia has drifted up to New York. The beautiful array of things sent by all the civilized nations of the earth, which could be purchased only at fabulous prices when on exhibition, can be bought at less expense than anything that is beautiful of our own country's handwork. It is claimed that the merchants in the various parts of the world, notably in China and Japan, France and England, procured duplicates, or close copies of the articles that were rewarded with medals or parchment approvals, and they are now making fortunes out of the late enthusiasm of our citizens. A tiny cup and saucer, daintily painted, and as frail as it is beautiful, was sold at auction for \$70, while the pale faced woman at my door says:

"Pray lend me a broom, that I may earn a scanty bit of bread, and respect myself."

How the Harem of Constantinople are Recruited with Circassian Girls.

A correspondent of the Paris *Gazette* describes a recent visit to a slave sale in Constantinople. Notwithstanding the nominal abolition of the slave trade in Turkey, through the efforts of the civilized European governments, it still continues in a lucrative way. As long as the harem exists, this trade will exist.

This sale was in a house. All the windows facing the street were closed. The correspondent accompanied an Egyptian friend and his valet in a carriage to which they turned into narrow and impassable streets, which finally became a maze of mud which could be crossed only on foot. Reaching the house, they were introduced into the selamluk, or chamber reserved for male visitors. Here they found the slave dealer standing, a short pipe in hand. He was a little old Tripolitan, Gassirgi-Messoud-Aga, by name. He has followed the business for forty years. After the customary salutation, pipes and coffee were offered and taken with the silence usual to Orientals before any business transaction.

An ebony young eunuch soon entered and whispered in Messoud's ear. The latter made a sign of acquiescence, and, turning to the guests, said: "Bonyouroun" (permit me). The guests rose and followed him into a room of the harem. A long divan, about a foot and a half high and four feet wide, surrounded three sides of the chamber. An excavation in the wall held the cushions and coverings used at night. The floor was covered with mats and loose pieces of carpet. Upon the divan were seated, side by side, two white girls from Circassia, in the dress of their country. Opposite were three other women, one of whom was white, from Georgia, and the others black.

All arose as the visitors entered. One of the Circassians seemed scarcely fourteen. She had bright chestnut hair, long, dark eyelashes, which shaded eyes of liquid blue; a light, well rounded form and regular features, overcast with melancholy. She was a beauty of the first class. Her companion, aged eighteen, was slightly less beautiful, but was a performer on the kemendja or Turkish violin. In addition, she was recommended as a good cook, seamstress and washer. Her brown hair fell to her knees. She looked at the visitors coolly, and fixed her eyes on the Egyptian with an expression that seemed to ask him to purchase her.

At a sign from Messoud one of the black girls disrobed the Circassians. This was not a complicated process, as their dress was simply a tunic, a pair of trousers and a chemise. The younger seemed distressed; the other simply fixed her eyes upon the floor. Messoud passing his hands over them, called attention to their regular, pearly teeth. He dwelt also upon the strict decorum of their antecedents.

After an examination of the Georgian and a glance at the black girls the party returned to the selamluk to close the bargain. The youngest Circassian was quoted at 200 pounds Turkish, the elder at 130, the Georgian at 120. The Egyptian found them too high priced, and took one of the black girls for thirty-eight pounds. He simply wanted a house servant. The sale being completed, the party were again served with pipes and coffee, and left the house.

The preliminaries to this were conducted with great caution. The valet of the Egyptian was sent the day before to announce his master's desire, and Messoud immediately came to the latter to assure himself that all was right by a personal inspection of his customer. As a mere visitor to the harem would have been eyed askance, the correspondent was introduced as Tahir-Bey, a Syrian gentleman who wished to take a chambermaid home with him.

Nothing to Eat.

"If you want to hear 'Annie Laurie' sung, come to my house to-night," said a man to his friend. "We have a lovely fellow in the village, who was sadly wrecked by the refusal of a girl whom he had been paying attention to for a year or more. It is seldom he will attempt the song, but when he does, I tell you he draws tears from eyes unused to weeping."

A small select company had assembled in a pleasant parlor, and were gayly chatting and laughing, when a tall young man entered, whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested attention. He was very pale, with that clear, vivid complexion which dark haired consumptives so often have. His locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square white collar. His eyes were very large and spiritual, and his voice such an one as a poet should have. But for a certain wandering look, a casual observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers. The words "poor fellow," and "how sad he looks," went the rounds, as he came forward, bowed to the company, and took his seat. One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whispered that he was "love cracked"—but the rest treated him with a respectful deference.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing "Annie Laurie" was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named. At its mention the young man grew deadly pale, but did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in reverie.

"The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie," said a lady, whispering to the new guest—"but, oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else can do it justice."

"No one dare sing 'Annie Laurie' before you," said an elderly lady; "would it be too much for me to ask you to favor the company with it?" she asked, timidly.

He did not reply for a moment—his lips quivering a little, and then looking up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every sound was hushed—it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated through nerve and pulse and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feeling; never was heard melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive, so soulful—so tender and earnest!

He sat with his head thrown back, his eyes half closed—the locks of dark hair flitting against his pale temples, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him; and as he sang—

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true—
It seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled—and there was no jesting, no laughing; but instead, tears in more than one eye. And on he sung, and on, holding every one in rapt attention, till he came to the last verse—

"Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fate of her fair feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a world to me!"

He paused before he added—

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die."

There was a long and solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker—the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head kept falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awestruck—till the same person who had urged him to sing, laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying:

"Charles, Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of horror crept through every frame—the poor tired head had ceased to beat—Charles, the love betrayed, was dead.

Annie Laurie.

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Seasonable Farm Notes.

Stables and sheds should be kept dry and clean where frost is not severe, and where it is, the droppings should be removed daily, lest they be frozen into a mass and become difficult to handle. If dry sand or sawdust be scattered over a cleaned stall or shed, beneath the bedding, frozen manure can be taken up without trouble. It is preferable to have the stables so tight and warm that the manure will not freeze in them during the night. An animal cannot rest easily upon a bed of frozen dung nor in a mass of filth. A cold stable may be much improved by lining it with rough boards and filling the space between the two boardings with rough litter, buckwheat straw or leaves.

FEED RACKS.—Have a plenty of feed racks in the yards. They save fodder and prevent the master animals from driving weaker ones from their feed.

Corn fodder or pea straw should be passed through a feed cutter before feeding it to stock in pens or yards where manure is made. The litter is then short, and the manure easily moved and spread, saving both time and labor.

Salt should be given regularly to every animal except poultry. It should have only a very small quantity, one ounce weekly, to each full grown one, is sufficient. Horses, oxen and cows may have one ounce daily, and sheep may be supplied with all they will consume.

POULTRY.—If early eggs are desired, the pullets and young hens should be fed in the mornings with some cracked corn steeped in boiling water until it is only moderately warm. In the afternoons some corn warmed in the oven may be given. Between these meals some mixed feed of potato peelings, house scraps and wheat screenings, boiled together, and seasoned with red pepper, will be useful. A cabbage may be hung in the yard for them to peck at. Provide a clean, warm but well ventilated house, and nests of clean straw.

SUNDRY MATTERS.—Be careful of lights in the barns and stables. Safe lanterns only should be used. We have used the glass globe lanterns, protected with wire, for many years without the least accident, or breaking one of them. Only perfectly safe oil should be used. With good oils if a lamp should fall, there can be no fire if it is picked up again immediately. Choose a perfectly solvent insurance company in which to be insured, and take no risks. Keep roofs, roads and sidewalks clear of snow. Ventilate the cellars whenever the weather is sufficiently mild. A tub of water placed in a cellar on very cold nights will protect fruit or vegetables from freezing. Clean up all machines and tools and oil them, coat the bright parts with tallow, and cover them to keep out dust and dirt. Prepare for packing ice by-and-by, or pack it now if possible. A few loads of swamped straw, handled when convenient, so that it will be ready when wanted; when the wagon box is filled, pile on filled bags to complete the load. Keep the shoes of horses and oxen sharpened or roughened, and do not attempt to drive a smooth oxen; it is poor economy to lose the working power, and lose half of their working power.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

BREAST OF MUTTON.—Select two fleshy and not too fat breasts of mutton; tie them together, and boil in the stock pot or in a stewpan with water; garnish with vegetables and aromatics and little sauce that is over the fat; par; season with salt and pepper; roll in melted butter and fresh fine white bread crumbs; place them on a gridiron; broil slowly and of a light brown color; serve with a piquante sauce and surround the dish with sliced gherkins.

FRIED PARSNIPS.—Peel and boil some parsnips in salted water, with a little flour and butter; then cool, wipe dry, divide in two or more pieces, dip in a flour batter, fry light brown in plenty of hot lard, sprinkle a little salt over, dress on a folded napkin and serve garnished with fried parsley.

BROILED POTATOES.—Peel some cold boiled potatoes, cut in thick slices, season with salt and pepper, dip in melted butter, broil nicely and serve with a little melted butter over.

CHIEF OF RICE.—Wash and drain a quart of rice; put it into a stewpan, with two ounces of butter, a little salt, nutmeg and two quarts of water or chicken broth; stir, boil, cover and cook slowly for one hour; pound to a pulp, along with boiled milk, pass through a fine sieve, bring to the desired consistency with more boiled milk or cream, and heat without boiling, stirring continually; finish with two pats of butter and a teaspoonful of sugar, and serve with small square croutons fried white in clarified butter.

ROAST GOOSE.—Singe, draw and trim a young goose; chop fine and parboil two onions; cool, press the water out, fry slightly in a little butter; mix with mashed potatoes sufficient to fill the goose; when the goose is done, truss, tie both ends securely and roast about two hours; then remove the strings and dish up, surrounding with a border of a dozen sliced, and a few potatoes every two hours; repeat the process, planting beans, corn, or roots in the ground, after which the thistles will be very little trouble; but what few grow must be cut down as soon as they appear. To be perfectly sure, head crops should be grown the third year.

CANADA THISTLES.

The following plan will probably succeed in destroying Canada thistles the first year; if not, will certainly do so the second. Plow the ground three or four inches deep in spring when the thistles have made a good growth and plant potatoes, cutting every bush just below the surface. Keep the ground thoroughly hoed in this way, and the potatoes, which are kept down, will be so labor beset upon them. The next year repeat the process, planting beans, corn, or roots in the ground, after which the thistles will be very little trouble; but what few grow must be cut down as soon as they appear. To be perfectly sure, head crops should be grown the third year.

TO CLEAN PLATE.—Take an ounce each of cream of tartar, muric acid of soda and alum, and boil in a gallon or more of water. After the plate is taken out and rubbed dry it puts on a beautiful silvery whiteness. Powdered magnesia may be used for articles slightly tarnished, but if very dirty, it must be used wet and then dry.

United States Congress.

The following are the figures of the United States Congress as near as can be made up at this writing:

STATE.	Y. 1876.	Y. 1875.
Alabama	2	6
Massachusetts	4	1
California	1	3
Colorado	1	1
Connecticut	1	3
Delaware	1	1
Florida	1	2
Illinois	6	13
Indiana	5	8
Iowa	7	2
Kansas	1	3
Kentucky	1	9
Louisiana	2	4
Maine	5	5
Maryland	6	10
Michigan	6	3
Minnesota	3	3
Mississippi	2	4
Missouri	13	4
North Carolina	1	7
Nevada	1	1
New Hampshire	1	2
New Jersey	2	5
New York	17	16
Ohio	7	11
Oregon	1	1
Pennsylvania	9	13
Rhode Island	2	2
South Carolina	1	3
Tennessee	1	9
Texas	6	6
Vermont	3	3
Virginia	1	3
West Virginia	3	3
Wisconsin	5	3
Total	107	141
Majority	78	70

New Hampshire will elect three Congressmen in March. The present delegation from that State stands two Democrats and one Republican. There are more than the usual number of States to be contested, which may vary the above figures slightly.

Look to Your \$1,000 Notes.

A new counterfeit \$1,000 greenback has come into the possession of the United States treasury detectives. The note was discovered in the West, and the plate upon which it was printed is said to have been in existence for two or three years, and is believed to be the work of the notorious Tom Ballard, now undergoing a thirty-years' sentence of imprisonment for counterfeiting. The counterfeit is an excellent one.

Olcott says, it only costs a few cents to make, almost anybody can do it.

Another Warning.

The details of the destruction by fire of the Convent of St. Elizabeth, near Joliette, show an astonishing carelessness on the part of the managers of that institution. There were one hundred persons, nuns and children, in the building, which was entirely of wood. In the village itself there was no fire apparatus whatever. The flames of course worked their own will; the structure was entirely destroyed, and with it perished thirteen persons, more or less. The question naturally arises, How many boarding schools, convents, hospitals, retreats for the poor and aged, great numbers of orphan children, are there which are exposed to a like dreadful danger? In how many instances has it been thought necessary to take extraordinary precautions against fire, which should it occur, can hardly fail to prove fatal to considerable numbers?

"We are very much afraid of fire," said the principal of a young ladies' seminary upon a certain occasion. They had reason to be, and the fear at least was something. In many institutions, we are happy to believe that all possible precautions are taken; but there are others in which the neglect is scandalous and the risk which is run frightful. Indeed, there is nothing more astonishing than the recklessness with which a fiery calamity is almost invited, not only in schools, but in public houses, theaters, and other places of human congregation. In the large cities precautions are numerous, and if the law is obeyed, usually sufficient. Outside the cities there is in hundreds of places a total want of mentioning. The penalty for this may be long in coming, but it is pretty sure to come in terror and death at last.

A Conscientious Plumber.

A gentleman living in Boston has discovered a remarkable plumber, who richly deserves such a fame as he may obtain in a newspaper paragraph. One Sunday morning this gentleman aforesaid found his water pipe frozen. After two hours' unsuccessful work he went forth and secured a plumber, who was able to obviate the difficulty. The citizen wished to settle at once, but the plumber refused any pay, stating that he could not refuse such a call on Sunday, as delay often caused damage, but he could not conscientiously accept money for work done on Sunday.

Many do not see opportunities as children do at the seashore—all their little hands with sand and then let the grains fall through their fingers till they are gone.