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BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1877. VOLUME XXIV.---NO. 50.

ANOTHER FIRE DISASTER.

Ten Persons Burned and Crushed to Death in Montreal.

An awfully disastrous fire occurred in the building of the Oil Cabinet Company, in St. Urbain street, Montreal. Ten persons were killed, and many more were seriously injured. The building was five stories high, of wood, and flimsily constructed. At five o'clock in the morning the fire was discovered, and an alarm quickly brought the firemen to the place. The flames at first were confined to the upper story of the building, being checked by the flow of water from thirteen nozzles; but soon they broke forth again from the windows. The firemen were working in various parts of the building, as well as outside. The fire descended to the lower stories with extraordinary rapidity. Shortly before six o'clock, men in the second story were called from their post, and no sooner had they descended from the windows than the flames belched forth spitefully, as if to overtake them. Reckless in their endeavors, they raised a Skinner ladder, and three of them ascended with hose. The water that they poured into the lower stories seemed for the time to obtain the mastery; but suddenly the wind changed, and the flames enveloped the whole street. The wind instantly veered again, and the firemen who had ascended were found at the foot of the ladder terribly burned. The heat in St. Urbain street was so terrible that the shingle roofs, doors, and window frames ignited; but they were prevented getting ablaze by the firemen, who had their wits about them.

At about six o'clock the wind assisted the flames more effectually than before. It raised clouds of red-hot splinters, and deposited them on the roofs of the adjacent dwellings in Vitre street. The occupants of the rickety-built tenements became alarmed, and moved their goods in a remarkably short time. The heat from the works set fire to a saloon and the dwellings adjacent; but a continuous pouring of water soon put that out. The fire in the upper flat did not abate in fury, however, and the basement became ablaze, and the roof, which fell in by sections, increased the fuel that fed the flames. After the whole of the roof had fallen, the upper portion of the walls bulged outward, and it was apparent to all the spectators that the walls were sure to fall and that nothing could save the buildings adjacent (common wooden shanties) or the firemen close by. Chief Patton, who had sent his men into an alley, was awake to this fact, and ran to call them out.

Reddy, Nolan and Holtby, of Engine 1, were on the roof of Beauchamp's store directing a stream on the houses in Vitre street. The chief had barely got the words out of his mouth calling them away, when the rear wall fell and buried them. He received injuries from which it is doubtful whether he will recover. The cry instantly went up that the men were buried. Jack Beckingham, of engine 9, entered the alley with two others, to endeavor to rescue the buried men. Holtby had by this time wriggled out of the ruins, but the other two were buried almost up to their necks. They were powerless, but conscious, and were roasted alive. Beckingham and his companions were utterly powerless to save them. Chief Patton's son rescued his father, with the assistance of Mr. Charles Garth. Beckingham went out for help, which he soon obtained. Even with the additional aid the two buried firemen could not be extricated.

Beckingham went out for more assistance. He had barely emerged from the alley when the other portion of the wall fell, and covered all who stood within reach. Intense excitement ensued. Firemen run frantically about looking for comrades. Work was at once commenced amid the scorching *debris*. It was found that the falling wall had razed to the ground the rear portion of the undertaker's store, and there in the ruins lay the bodies. Within a foot of the surface was discovered a heap of them, some lifeless, others in the throes of death, and others barely conscious. The maimed were carried as tenderly as, under the excitement of the occasion, could be expected, to an ambulance, and taken to a hospital. The dead were put in the coffins that were close at hand, and taken away. Ten persons were killed and as many more were badly burned and mangled.

A Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

The San Francisco *Post* has the following: A most horrible and sickening death occurred in Kerman's saloon, in the back yard of the city hall, being no less than the spontaneous combustion of a human body. The victim was a man who had not been more than a month in the city, but during that time had been frequently arrested for drunkenness. He wandered about alone, seemingly demented, occupying his whole time in drinking the vile poison of the city front and Barbary Coast dens. He has twice been treated for delirium tremens, and on the morning of his death was discharged after a longer time than usual. With a seemingly insane desire for drink he continued from half past seven o'clock drinking steadily at various bars, and the large size of each potation promised to speedily send him back to the hospital.

About ten o'clock he staggered into the room nearly insensible, and feebly asked for a drink. This was refused him, and he staggered toward the gas jet to light the stump of a cigar he carried, while the barkeeper turned away to attend to his duties. A moment afterward he heard a low moan and noticed a flash of fire, and turning around he saw Harley falling to the floor, his head enveloped in black, thick smoke, while flames issued from his mouth and ears. A horrible smell of burned flesh filled the air. Not a moment was lost in attending to the sufferer. He was beyond relief, however. His face was perfectly black, partly charred and partly covered with a moist soot. His eyes were open. His mouth was completely roasted on the inside, but, with the exception of his head and hands, no part of his body bore marks of his horrible death. A letter found in his pocket, addressed to M. Harley or Hartley, furnished the only clew to his identity.

John B. Young, of Cincinnati, Ohio, while transacting some business in a law office in New York, happened to lean too far out of the window and before he could recover his balance he fell out. In front of the building stands a gas lamp, and the unfortunate man struck upon this in his descent, the sharp iron fixtures at the top impaling him and passing through his body. Several people who were passing assisted a policeman to remove him, but it was with extreme difficulty that they succeeded in lifting him free of the pointed metal, which had passed into his bowels.

THE MINISTERIAL BUREAU.

An Intelligence Office in New York for Preachers Who are Out of Employment.

"Yes," said the Rev. Charles C. Goss to the reporter of a New York paper, "a ministerial bureau is an oddity in our country; but it is none the less a necessity. Preachers are often thrown upon the world without the immediate opportunity of locating themselves comfortably, and churches are almost as frequently left without pastors. It is my hope that through the agency of this bureau many of these mutual wants may be supplied."

"Have you had many applications from churches?"

"Very few so far, for the reason, perhaps, that I had not advertised the project."

"Is there a reasonable prospect that you will meet with success in your undertaking?"

"That, of course, is a question of time. Educational bureaus seem to succeed, labor bureaus are not all failures, and I have heard that one or two matrimonial bureaus are meeting with excellent encouragement. Why should not a ministerial bureau succeed, dealing, as it must, with hundreds of churches and thousands of preachers?"

"There must be a wide field for you to work in."

"Yes; the business of supplying churches with pastors, or of introducing unemployed preachers to trustees and other employing authorities, is of itself an extensive one. But I propose to make the bureau a medium of exchange between pastors; an agency through which the pastor who wishes to remove to a better climate, a more congenial neighborhood, or to a field in which his services may be more liberally remunerated, can make his wants known, and can be placed in communication with persons who are in need of just such a man. This branch of the business will be conducted in such a way that there can be no possibility of engendering ill feeling between the pastor and his people. He continues his labor with them until the arrangements for a change are satisfactorily made; he gives notice of his intended removal, and at the appointed time he severs the old connection and takes on with the new. Many a preacher in the country is wearing himself out in a climate which his constitution cannot stand. He is poor, his acquaintance with the outer world is limited, and his only prospect is to work himself out, and die where he is. This bureau will give him facilities for the needed change, such as he never dreamed of. The institution is in its infancy, but I believe that it can be made a great convenience and a great blessing."

The Eastern War.

The New York *Graphic* expresses itself as follows concerning the war between Russia and Turkey, and its ultimate result:

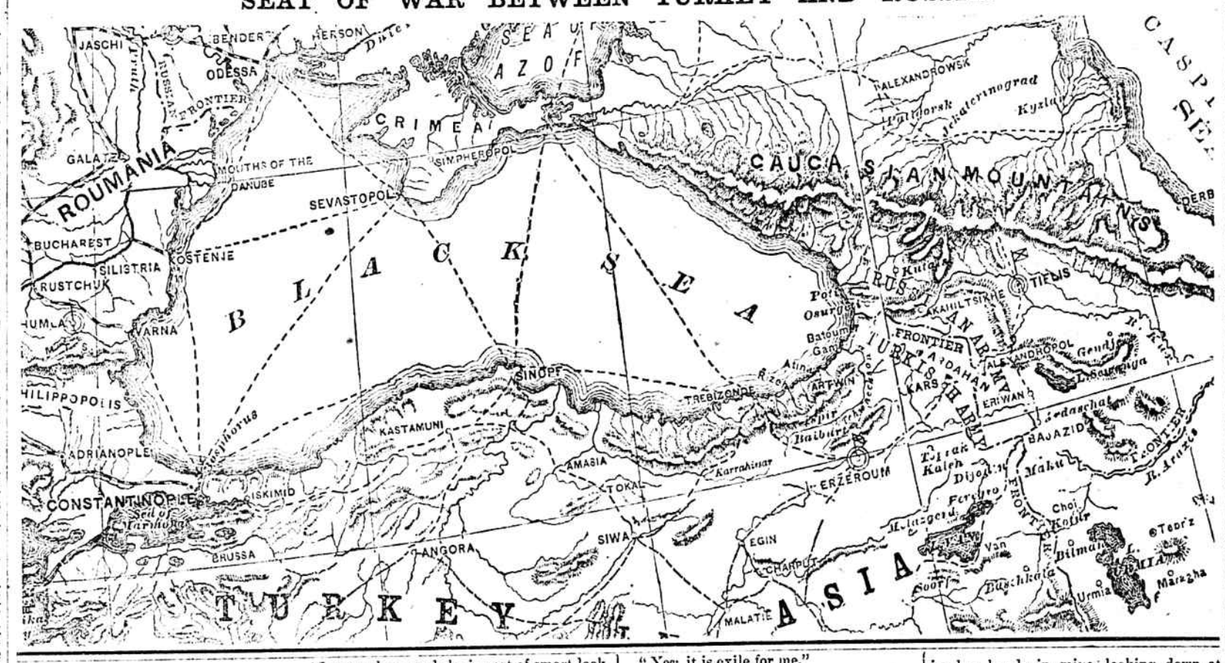
The Eastern war may be said to have actually begun. The Russian embassy have quit Constantinople, removing the Russian arms from the doors of their offices. The czar has reviewed one corps of his army at Umerinka and Birsala, and his address to the soldiers and officers showed that in his view hostilities have already virtually commenced. A detachment of Russian soldiers is reported to have reached Bucharest, which is two hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the Pruth and nearly five hundred from Kischeneff. If this is the fact Russia has shown as much energy in preparing for hostilities as statecraft in conducting negotiations; and while she has amused Europe with diplomatic overtures and toyed with the porte by offering terms that could not be accepted, she has been putting her armies in fighting trim and getting them into positions to strike the most powerful blows the moment war is declared. Turkey is in as good fighting condition as she can be. Her troops have been kept under arms in anticipation of hostilities since the close of last summer's successful campaign, and the victories they won in Servia and Bulgaria incite their martial ardor. It is reported that 20,000 Circassians are all ready to be poured upon Roumania in case that province determines to remain neutral; which means that the atrocities perpetrated last summer in Bulgaria are to be repeated on a larger scale, unless Russia is able to protect her ally. The Turks will doubtless fight with fanatical determination and persistency. They have everything at stake. It is a life and death struggle with them. It will surprise no one if they gain decided advantages in the beginning of the struggle. But the contest is too unequal to make its ultimate issue doubtful. It is eight millions against eighty; and while the eighty are united under one head, with a powerful organization, and the immense backing which the greatest empire in the world can give, the eight are divided, virtually resourceless, with no credit abroad, and no government that they can respect or depend upon. Russia has managed the diplomatic preliminaries to the contest with so much ingenious address that it will be difficult for any European power save Austria to interfere, and the interference of Austria will be at the most for the protection of her allies.

Unless England comes to the assistance of Turkey she must be driven to the wall, and Mr. Ledyard has informed the porte that it can expect no help from England. Indeed, England has nothing to gain by keeping the Turk in Europe one day longer. Constantinople is not necessary for the protection of the British empire in the East. The Suez canal makes the possession of Egypt a thousand times more important to England than the whole of Turkey could possibly be. But Russia will not be likely to excite England's jealousy too much, and will stop short the goal of her ambition. Alexander is in no hurry to water his horse in the Bosphorus.

Escorted by Whales.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* has been put in possession of a curious story by Captain Reis, of the British steamer Fleur de Lis, which recently arrived at that port from Androssan. The captain says that when off Staten island, which lies eastward from Cape Horn, the ship encountered a school of whales, which seems to have resolved itself into an escort to attend her on the remainder of her passage. The whales kept in close company with the ship through this long stretch of thousands of miles, and did not leave her until she arrived off San Francisco and put in for the shore, when they took their leave with a series of lively flounders and an occasional spout to assure the master they were taking in bumpers to his health. As the passage around Cape Horn and through the Pacific was a good one, it is fair to presume that the escort was auspicious.

SEAT OF WAR BETWEEN TURKEY AND RUSSIA.



Map of the Seat of War.

We are enabled to give our readers a map of the positions of the Turkish and Russian armies in Asia Minor, having completed arrangements with the New York *Herald* for the publication of maps showing the country occupied by both armies and locating the battle grounds. At first it was thought that the opening scenes of carnage would take place on the Danube, but recent events have directed attention to Asia Minor, where the first heavy battle has been fought and where the rival armies are maneuvering against each other. The town of Bajazid was seized by the Russians, the Turkish troops abandoning it without striking a blow, and leaving a large supply of ammunition in the hands of the enemy. The Turkish army at Kars was defeated by the Russians after a severe fight, and the Russian army is operating to isolate that important place and eventually force the Turks into Erzeroum. The Russian army on the Danube will, in all likelihood, remain passive until the army in Asia Minor has made further progress westward. The passage of the Danube will be an important movement on the part of the Russians, but will require a large army, and if they can take the town of Silistria they will have gained a great advantage, for they would then control the Danube to its mouth and force the Turks to retire on the east and west side of the Russian line.

LITTLE RUNEE.

I was cutting wood in the backyard one November day, when, as I stopped a moment to relieve my arms from the unusual strain upon them, I became aware of a lady coming up the path from the woods. She was very near me before I saw her. A glance had told me she was not one of the villagers. The soft warm colored shawl she wore was wrapped round her more gracefully than any one could have worn it in our village. The intangible something that accompanies the lady, revealed her as such to me---and she was the first lady I had ever seen.

"I believe I have lost my way," she said, "will you tell me where Deacon Thaxton's is?"

I looked in her face as she spoke, to see eyes and mouth as sweet as her voice. Her accent was courteous, but reserved. I dropped my ax, feeling all at once very sensible that my rough green jacket and battered cap were not at all becoming to me.

"If you will come into the road here, I can show you the way better," I said, wishing that my college learning had polished my address as much as it had disciplined my mind.

She followed me down the path, saying as she went:

"I am an entire stranger here; I am staying at Mr. Thaxton's and I wandered off, and got lost in the woods. At one time I thought I had the prospect of a night there. Everything is very strange here."

She spoke with an apparent freedom different from the usual address of New England women. I wondered at it; her features were entirely American, but her complexion had that peculiar dark pallidity that seems the effect of some southern clime.

"If everything is strange," I ventured to say, "you will find a New England winter forbidding. Shall you dare it?"

"Yes, but I am afraid of it."

Though she talked, she possessed the power that made me feel at as great a distance as though she had not spoken a word. I pointed out the way, told her of the corners that lay in the two miles between our house and Deacon Thaxton's." Then as she walked on, I allowed myself to watch her for a moment

In that elegant form with its sweeping drapery, its graceful poise of head, I recognized the woman of whom I had so often dreamed, but in my seclusion I had never before seen. I went back to wood-cutting with the memory of that face and voice diffusing a glow over my thoughts that was as strange as it was enchanting.

I do not know why I did not mention the lady at the supper-table that night, but I did not. After supper Jane Dunlap, a maiden of fifty, came in with her knitting. There had never yet been a time, since she had reached mature years, that she did not know the full particulars of the minutest event that transpired. I waited patiently. Very soon I was rewarded.

"Have you seen that new girl over to Deacon Thaxton's?" she asked of my mother.

My mother looked up interested. "Why, no. Who is she?"

"You remember the deacon's wife had a brother, who has been a merchant in Calcutta these years and years. Two years ago he buried his wife there; and now he has come on home with his only child. She has come out to stay awhile with her aunt. She was born in India, and though she is very polite and well-behaved, you'd see in a minute that she doesn't appear just like people here".

Miss Dunlap paused. I fully agreed with her last sentence. I wanted my mother to ask questions, for I was not going to look up from my book or become interested at all.

"Let me see," said my mother, "I have forgotten what Deacon Thaxton's wife's name was. She was handsome in her day, I remember---and she is sort of smart looking now, I think."

"She looks well enough, but she is mighty proud---unbecoming in a deacon's wife. Her name was Grace---Martha Grace; you know Thaxton was most crazy after her."

Miss Dunlap paused, and looked into the fire. I thought I knew she had a spite against the deacon for being bewitched by Martha Grace, when she herself was in the bloom of youth. She commenced knitting and talking.

"This girl's father is in Boston about some business, and she is going to stay here this winter. I should think it would kill her, after that climate. They've given her the strangest name; it's been running over in my head ever since I heard it---Runee, Runee Grace."

A week after that, as I was carrying my mother up to the village, she wished me to stop, and leave her a while at Deacon Thaxton's; she had not called there in a long time, and she owned she was a little curious to see Mrs. Thaxton's niece. Would I go in with her?

The very question gave me a tremor of fear and delight. No, I would not go in---I would stop for her when I came back. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the pale attractive face through the window, as I drove away. It did not leave me once during the time that I traded at the store, and with the farmers. When I stopped my horse at Thaxton's gate, the front door was instantly opened, for my mother had been watching for me. She came out, and Miss Grace followed her down the pathway. She had hastily thrown a thick wrap of Mrs. Thaxton's over her shoulders, and she shivered as she leaned on the gate. I thought her more beautiful than ever, and my heart beat heavily as she extended her hand to me, and said to my mother, who was waiting for me to help her into the carriage.

"You did not know that I had seen your son before, Mrs. Lyons. He once guided me through the unknown wilderness that lies between your house and this. If I didn't thank you at the time, Mr. Lyons, I was none the less grateful."

I stood like the witless dunce I was, not knowing what to say; I was too vividly conscious of the touch of those fingers to have had even my usual self-possession at my command. My mother relieved me by speaking.

"Indeed, I did not know he had seen you---he had never mentioned you to me; and in such a little village as this we are always interested in new comers."

She laughed.

"That is unfortunate; I am to suppose that I was not of sufficient importance to be mentioned."

My mother was now in the carriage. I turned and said:

"To tell the truth, Miss Grace, I was almost sure that I dreamed I saw you coming down that path from the woods. I did not think of telling our meeting for a fact, no more than I should have thought of relating as such a vision of the night."

"Am I, then, very ghostly?" she asked.

"Not ghostly; a vision is not necessarily a ghost. I am happy to be convinced that you are tangible and will not fade away, so that I may hope for another meeting."

She smiled sweetly, not distantly.

"I am so tangible that I think of transforming myself into a Yankee girl. Can I tell you anything more practical than that?"

"No; that satisfies me. Now I may hope to see you again."

I bowed and drove away.

The days of that last autumn month ran rapidly on. I went to the little social gatherings, the lectures, the singing schools, because Miss Grace, true to her promise of becoming a Yankee girl, went to them. At first I stood somewhat aloof; bolder young men talked with her more than I did. She was a great favorite with all; even the girls liked her. The sudden flashes of unique simplicity charmed them, and dissipated envy. Evening after evening I had seen one handsome young fellow monopolize her attention and walk home with her. The fact actually made me morose.

One night I managed to sit beside her at a singing school. The cold night air had given a soft, warm blush to her face. I had thought that I liked her pallor better than any color, but the color made her brilliant. Two or three drooping leaves of geranium were in the braids of her hair. That perfume ever after brought her to my mind more vividly than anything else could do. I seemed gifted with a power to move and act my natural self, and I allowed no one else to approach her that night. As we walked home beneath the glinting light of the stars, I noticed that she had become almost silent. Did my presence oppress and bore her? It was too cruel to believe.

"I hope I am not defrauding Harlowe of any right you have given him, by thus taking possession of you," I said, at last.

She looked up; her eyes smiled.

"If I had given him a right, you could not defraud him of it," she said.

"Then it is not his presence that you regret," I said, feeling my soul in my eyes as I spoke. "You are lonely, homesick, perhaps, for the warm land of your birth. Do you find cold hearts in this cold clime of ours?"

"The hearts are warm, I believe, Mr. Lyons; but sometimes it seems as though I were transported into some frozen region, some place where there is nothing akin to me, and I shiver with undefinable fear. That is foolish, I know."

We had reached the gate where I must leave her. I retained the hand in close clasp.

"Oh, do not say there is nothing akin to you here. That leaves me in the land of strangers; I cannot bear that.

The earnestness with which I spoke called a color to her cheeks that had so lately paled.

"Recall that sentence," I pleaded.

"Do you really wish it?" she asked.

"Yes; it is exile for me."

She withdrew her hand from mine, but she spoke softly:

"I recall it."

I knew that I ought to go, but still I lingered.

"Mrs. Thaxton said that you were going to M. to-morrow. May I take you in my cutter?"

How I feared lest she should refuse that simple request! But she did not, and I walked home elated with the prospect of a prolonged *tete-a-tete* with her.

"Aren't you going to work this afternoon?" my mother asked, as I came down in my best clothes instead of my working suit.

"I am going to carry Miss Grace over to M.," I said.

I feared some dampening remark. It came.

"Miss Grace is very kind to the young men."

"Is she?"

"Have you heard whether that report about her having a lover in Boston was true or not?" she asked.

"No, I have not."

I went out, shutting the door with violence. Now I half wished I was not going to ride with Miss Grace, I felt sufficient bitterness to make me wretched all the afternoon. Banishing with an effort the gloom from my face, I greeted Miss Grace in my usual manner, only somewhat more constrained. But the quiet geniality, the sweet grace of her appearance charmed away my reserve. For these few hours, at least, I would be happy.

The air had been growing colder and colder---the snow creaked under the sleigh; but after an hour's sitting by the warm fireside of our friends in M., and an addition of extra wraps, we started home with no fear of cold.

A gray vapor was rising in the west, and gradually overspreading the sky; a biting wind from the northeast swept over the road, cold and merciless. It was only for my companion I feared; for myself, I was familiar with the fierce cold of our winters.

"Call all your fortitude, all your endurance, Miss Grace," I said, "for to a child of the sunny East this must be almost unendurable."

"If I were only warm, she replied, in a smothered voice from under her mufflings, "I should think this grand. You see it's beginning to snow, and a snow storm is still a novelty to me."

Night and the storm came on apace. My horse began to lag through the thick coming snow. We had reached that part of our journey where there were no houses. Lonely pasture lands or woods stretched away on either side. The cold was intense. I began to fear it myself, and felt it, too, accustomed as I was to its intensity. Miss Grace had been silent for a long time. I bent toward her. She raised her eyes to mine.

"I feared you might be feeling the effects of this cold," I said. "How does it affect you?"

"Very strangely," she said, slowly, in a low voice. "It is harder to bear than I thought; but I don't suffer so much as I did."

Her words pierced my heart like a knife. I threw my arm about her; I drew her close to me.

"Miss Grace, rouse yourself! Oh, for God's sake, do not yield to that feeling of rest and peace that is coming to you! It is death. Throw it from you!"

Her head sank on my shoulder; her breath sighed over my face, and thrilled me even then.

"Oh, it is sweet! Let me sleep!" she murmured.

"It is the sleep of death!" I said, with my soul in my voice. "As you love life, as you value the happiness of those who love you, rouse yourself. Stand up in the sleigh, stamp your feet, swing your arms. Do not keep still."

She obeyed me; the first moment caused an exclamation of pain, but for a moment I would not let her desist. She sat down.

"Mr. Lyons." Her voice was faint and low. I bent my head to hear. "Unless we can reach shelter soon, I shall be obliged to yield. It is really beyond my endurance."

I could not speak; my heart was weeping tears of blood. I could have offered her the libation of my life, could have mitigated the agony I knew she was suffering. I remembered the log cabin of a wood-cutter and his wife. I had seen it perched upon the side of one of those hills. I had watched for it ever since having entered upon the deserted road. I knew that unless a light burned within I could not find it; even then it might be doubtful. I thought that, notwithstanding my efforts, which I did not for one instant remit, if I did not soon find shelter, Miss Grace would yield to the cold fiend that sought her. Her vigorous will could not long sustain the attacks upon a frame always unused to cold.

My straining eyes were at last rewarded by the faint glimmer of a light through the storm. Fiercely, impatiently, I urged my tired horse up to the door. With Miss Grace in my arms I tried to enter. At first the inmates were startled by my imperative summons, but in a moment they unbarred the door, revealing the ruddy glow of the fire within. Motionless, senseless, I laid Runee on the wooden settle, where the yellow light played over her ice-cold face.

The woman who had welcomed us understood the treatment needed to restore animation to the almost pulseless form. She had a fire built in the inner room, and took Runee there. All night she watched, and worked, and when morning came, the smile in the languid eyes of her patient would have rewarded hours of even greater anxiety.

Early in the morning I rode home, to tell the story to the fearing ones, who had waited through the dark hours for us.

Two or three months after the fearful night, I stood alone with Runee in the little parlor at Deacon Thaxton's. I stood holding her hands in mine, looking down at eyes that shown sweet and humid through tears which were not of sorrow.

"And the absent lover is a myth," I said.

"Yes, and always was."

"But the present one"---

"You know; I have told you; the present one has my love."

And with the love of Runee Grace my happiness is sure.

A Son's Legacy.

The will of the late R. H. Macy, founder of one of the largest retail dry goods and notion houses in New York, was offered for probate in the surrogate's office, and one clause in it proved of special interest as showing that the sons of wealthy self-made men do not always follow in the footsteps of their fathers. After leaving the bulk of his property to his wife and daughter, who are named as executresses, the will continues:

I am grieved to say in this solemn manner that my experience has been such with my son, Rowland H. Macy, jr., that I cannot intrust him with the care or management of any property. He has never succeeded in supporting himself. On the contrary, though he is now twenty-nine years of age, he has been entirely supported and maintained by me, and although I have done everything in my power to aid him in establishing habits of temperance and sobriety, yet I am compelled to acknowledge the failure of every effort made by me and others to that end. His passion for strong drink has not hitherto been controlled by him. In view of these facts I have deemed it wise to make the following provision for his support and maintenance during his natural life: I direct that my said executresses, or the survivors of them or their successors, do, as soon after my decease as conveniently may be, invest in United States government bonds a sum the annual interest or income of which shall amount to $1,000, and that they pay to my said son the said interest or income when and as collected, unless my said son shall contest this will or undertake to defeat its provisions, in which case I direct that he have no part or portion of my estate.

The estate is valued at between $500,000 and $1,000,000.

Irrigating the dry lands of Colorado from wells by windmill power has been recently found practicable by a farmer, near Evans, in that State. With one small mill an acre of vegetables was watered, and the thirst of a herd of eighty head of cattle, horses, and sheep was quenched.

One Massachusetts woman has had several husbands. Four have died and two have been divorced.

The Policeman's Story.

A TEMPERANCE PLEA.

I am a policeman 12,004;
Been on the force for years a score.
Lots of stories I have to tell,
Queer, sad, terrible, funny, and—well,
I'll stop to tell you a little thing
That happened a year ago last spring:

Weary, but watchful, I paced my beat,
Up and down thro' a well-known street,
When, a block away, I saw a throng,
And hasten'd to see what was wrong.
There I found a wee, wee girl,
Dainty and pretty, fair hair in curl.
Weeping, her hands in air she toss'd,
Crying: "Oh, mamma, Oh, papa, I's lost!"
One moment she wept, another she smiled,
And I thought of my own pet darling child
At home, and safe in her mother's arms;
So I tried to quiet this one's alarms;
And first her sunny head I caress'd,
Then lifted her up to my beating breast,
And carried her, sobbing, sweet little fay,
To the station house, only two blocks away.

Captain Caffry was then in command,
He took the lost baby girl by the hand,
And, sitting her up on the desk by his side,
Pleasantly talked till no longer she cried,
But dried up her tears, and soon, smiling and gay,
Was earnestly lisping and prattling away;
And told of her beautiful mamma, her joys,
Her big bearded papa, her home and her toys;
How she heard a wandering German band play,
And, listening, followed them on their way;
Stopp'd when they stopp'd, and cross'd when they cross'd,
Grew tired, cried for home, and then found she was lost.

The door of the station house open'd just then,
Admitting a "drunk" between two of our men;
Not dirty and ragged, and spoiling for fight,
But what you might term a "respectable tight,"
Led up to the desk he just lifted his eyes,
Started back, nearly fell, with a cry of surprise,
Of terror, of shame: "My Grace! Can it be?"
The instant had made him as sober as she.
"My papa! Dear papa!" They kiss'd and caress'd,
Both weeping, as she nestled close to his breast.
"Quite a scene!" said the captain, his face in a glow:
"I think you've been punished enough. You may go!"
The father bowed low—the little one smiled—
And he pass'd through the door in the care of his child.
Do you know that I feel that he made a great vow
Just then, against liquor, and 'tis unbroken now!

DEADWOOD AND ITS PEOPLE.

Pictures of Life and Manners in the Black Hills Capital.

Deadwood is the liveliest town in the United States, writes a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, and each hour adds to the population, business, bustle, confusion and wealth. Eastern reading is as fiction to the people of Deadwood, who know nothing of hard times and dull trade. Here the trader, miner and gambler are all coining money. No taxes to pay, immense profits, a daily increasing demand for goods, the richest mineral country in America, easily worked; no wonder the merchants and miners are happy. As for the gamblers and confidence men, Deadwood swarms with them. In fact, since a little adventure of my own, I am inclined to suspect that one-half the men I elbow on the street are of the black-leg species.

Mr. Vandaniker of the "I. X. L." hotel recently introduced me to one of the sharpest, most successful, and best known confidence men in the country. "I am a blackleg," said my new acquaintance, "and you know it; but I never take advantage of a poor man—I mean a miner working for a stake—traders and merchants are my game. If I can bleed a freighter, I do so without the least compunction. I never resort to violence—I mean the knife, pistol, or black-jack. While I would rather steal than receive the money as a gift, I never leave a man penniless. Do you want to see me at work? Well, come along into the 'Melodeon.' Don't recognize me."

We passed into the crowded, heated room. What a pandemonium! The bar at the right was lined with half drunken men, laughing, chatting, swearing, yelling. Further on was a *rouge et noir* table, its dealer loudly proclaiming to a gaping crowd the fairness of the game. By its side, a motley throng surrounded a lottery and chuck-luck table, the banker being a youth not over sixteen. At the end of the room was a narrow stage, upon which appeared a pianist, banjo player, and three male singers. The men were in their shirt sleeves, puffing away at old clay pipes as we entered, but the instruments soon struck up a symphony, which was followed by a very pretty ballad, well sung and accompanied. Making our way out of the room, we noticed a large crowd gathering at our right, and heard a hoarse voice lauding the simplicity of a game which I soon discovered to be thimble rig, with nut shells doing duty for thimbles, and which has given to the man behind the table the sobriquet of "nut shell Bill." My companion pulled my sleeve, and edged his way through the crowd to the table.

"Twenty dollars that you can't pick up the shell containing the little ball," said Bill, as he passed the three shells to and fro, displaying the ball at every move. "Twenty dollars that no one can discover the ball, and he may lift the shell himself." As Bill turned to expectorate, my companion quickly raised the center shell, plainly showing to the crowd the ball beneath, and replaced it. "Twenty dollars," said Bill. "I'll go you ten," quietly remarked my companion, "it is all the money I have." "No, sir," replied Bill, "twenty or nothing." Then the two argued the point for a second or two, and Bill being inexorable, my companion turned to a bystander and said: "Come, pard, let's go in together. I'll put in ten with you." The person appealed to, confident of his ability to raise the right shell, complied; two ten-dollar bills fluttered upon the table; the center shell was raised, but no ball was there. Of course there was cursing, laughing, charges of foul play and threats, during which Bill quietly picked up his money and slipped through the crowd to the street. He makes but one bet a night.

On the other side of the street, a little lower down, stands "the Cricket," another great resort. It is a dance hall and variety theater, the latter being a novelty here. It was in the "Cricket" that Gen. Crook danced in the same set with Mayor Farnum. His partner is still employed in the house. A violin and viola furnish the music. Six girls are employed in the dance hall, and are on the floor from dark until midnight, their partners varying in social standing from such dignitaries as those just mentioned to the dirtiest, blackest and coarsest of "bullwhackers." The men dance with hats on, and huge cigars between their teeth, and seem to enjoy the ten minutes' set, for which they pay a half dollar, besides treats for self and partner. The theater is reached through two doorways, one leading to the lower part of the house, the other to the gallery, which is divided off into seven boxes. Decorum is unknown to "Cricket" audiences, and, as a consequence, the performance is virtually one of show and not for the ear. Great clouds of smoke fill the room, while many girls, dressed in the loudest fashion, peddle drinks through the audience. The performance begins with the first part of a minstrel show, the circle consisting of "bones" and "tambourine" in cork, two girls, the interlocutor, and a banjo player uncorked. The grait aim of all is to be as loud as possible, and in this particular there seems to be no restraint. Singing and dancing fill up the programme. The performance continues until the last auditor leaves.

The amount of money nightly squandered here upon wine, women and gambling is simply enormous. With drinks and cigars at "two bits" (twenty-five cents) each, wine (very poor) at $5 per pint, and everything else in proportion, it takes but a very short time to run through a big sum of money. Gambling is the great bane of the town. One can find but few public houses where there are not one or more games in operation, while in many saloons the tables are counted by the half dozen. Yet there are many excellent people here.

Deadwood apes the airs and dignity of the oldest city on the continent. Postal service has been secured, and Postmaster Adams, a carpet-bagger from Omaha, with a boiled shirt and shiny hat, opened a regularly established office and began the sale of stamps. Heretofore it has cost ten cents to send or receive a letter, except by the Cheyenne line. The latter has the contract until the close of the fiscal year, and will carry a daily mail, as will also the Fort Pierre and Bismarck lines as soon as they begin running, which will be in about two weeks. The Sidney stage company has sold out to the Cheyenne company, and hereafter daily stages will run over that route.

The first daily paper in the hills, the *Times*, recently made its appearance here. It is a folio, five columns to the page; has the Associated Press dispatches; is well edited, and presents a fine typographical appearance. Its editors, Messrs. Warner and Newhard, are old Denver printers, and are confident of success. The *Pioneer*, the first Black Hills journal, will soon appear daily.

The arrivals of "tender feet" in this city alone average one hundred a day, and, as the season advances, the influx becomes greater. Hotels can accommodate about one in ten; the other nine sleep in stables, tents, wagons, etc. You can safely assume that four-fifths of the entire number will soon be on their way back to the States with empty pockets. All the good mining ground has been taken up.

A number of farmers have arrived, taken ranches in Red valley, and begun tillage. I counted thirty-six on their way to the Belle Fourche one day. They will make money, as the soil is excellent for agricultural purposes, while the market will be the best in the country next winter, unless the business is overdone. Hay now sells at $100 per ton, and it is very scarce at that figure. It costs about $3.20 per ton to gather it.

Another very fortunate speculation is our solitary ice man. He harvested several thousand tons last winter, and, as he intends charging five cents per pound, his profits will be enormous.

Building goes on rapidly all over the city, keeping sawmills and carpenters busy night and day. Rents are outrageously high, a small cabin of unplaned lumber bringing $25 to $35 per month. Masonic and Odd Fellow lodges have been established. Divine service is held every Sunday. A largely attended school has been opened.

Mines are being opened rapidly, but the abundance of water prevents a thorough working of them. Merchants and gamblers have decided to take and pay out gold dust hereafter at the rate of $18 per ounce—a reduction of two dollars.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Drainage.

All farm lands are greatly improved, and made more productive by being properly drained. From experience and observation, I am satisfied that underdraining, if properly done, where it is practicable, is much the best, yet, lands which are quite rolling and hilly, would in most cases be greatly benefited by making deep dead furrows, every two or three rods apart when plowing. But when the land is only moderately rolling or nearly level, make good sized open ditches, not more than eighty yards apart, deep enough to go mostly below the top soil, in order that the land may be drained below the roots of the growing crops, then as the surplus water runs off, the air will enter the soil, and rising up through to the surface, aerate and warm the land, which helps to furnish good and wholesome food for the crops, thereby increasing the yield. But underdraining if properly done, is still better.

Drains should not be far apart, and should be so laid as to run from the head to the outlet with some descent, and be from two to four feet below the surface (of course an outlet must be provided). This would drain the soil more evenly and thoroughly reaching all parts of the land or field to be drained. By this method of draining while the surplus water is running off, the air is running up the drains, and rising through the ground, aerating and warming the soil, making it fit for cultivation full ten days earlier in spring, and continuing its warmth as much later in the fall, thereby lengthening the growing and opening season, and, in mosts cases, preventing injury from early and late frosts, which, in some seasons, would add more to the value of the crop than the whole cost of the drainage.

Where the land is favorable for underdraining, the cost need not be more than from two dollars to four dollars per acre, according to the prices paid for labor and materials. The drains can be made of pine boards; a strip six and one-half inches wide nailed on to the edge of a strip five and one-half inches wide, and in lieu of a bottom, nail short strips across about four feet apart, to keep the sides in their places. This kind of drain will last many years, and do good service. Therefore, I would recommend underdraining as being the greatest benefit to the soil,

But persons who cannot conveniently underdrain their land, should at least dig a few open ditches, of good size and proper depth, for mains, and then when plowing make deep dead furrows, leading into the ditches, which will be found highly beneficial.—*Isaac Esmay, in Rural New Yorker.*

Domestic Helps.

RICH SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cupful sour cream, one cupful molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful soda; stir rather thin.

FRIED CAKES.—One cupful sugar, one cupful sour cream, one cupful buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, spice to taste; mix thick enough to roll easily.

COLOGNE.—One quart alcohol, one-quarter ounce oil of lavender, one-quarter ounce oil of rosemary.

II.—One quart alcohol, one ounce oil of lemon, one-half ounce oil of bergamot; shake well.

BAKERS' GRAHAM BREAD.—Make a sponge as for white bread with wheat flour, say one square of compressed yeast to two quarts of water; when light make up the dough with graham flour and one-half a teacupful molasses; let stand to rise again, then make up the loaves with the hands, and when light bake.

TO COOK BEEFSTEAK.—Slit the outside or fat part, say every four inches, cutting through to the lean, which prevents contraction and increases its tenderness. Have a bright fire and gridiron hot before putting it on; turn over to prevent burning. A steak an inch and a half thick will be cooked in from seven to ten minutes. To fry, prepare in the same way; put a little butter on pan or griddle, and let it get brown before putting on the meat; cook quickly, and, whether broiled, fried, roasted, or baked in the oven, if you want juicy, tender beef, never salt it before it is cooked. Beefsteak should be served the moment it is cooked; otherwise it loses its flavor.

Hints About Flowers.

House plants ought to be stimulated gently once or twice a week. Rain water, so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you take an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in one gallon of water, it will make spring water even more stimulating to your plants than rain water. If you water your plants once in two weeks with guano water (one tablespoonful to a pail of water), they will grow more thrifty. Chicken manure dissolved in water is excellent. Always keep the soil in your flower pots loose. A common hair-pin used daily, will stir the earth sufficiently.

A minister who had twice married the same couple—A divorce ensuing between the two marriages—remarked that he didn't wish to add a repairing department to his business.