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BY HUGH WILSON AND H. T. WARDLAW.

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A river flowing, broad and fleet;

It will not be so, dear, alway. Thy heart would fain its love forget

stand outside a fast-closed door,

Yet parts us neither bolt nor bar,

Who are so near, and yet so far.

hear thy voice so solt and low.

nd silent tears unbidden flow:

While yet its music fills the air,

I pass and breathe a silent prayer.

ne step-and I by thee could stand,

and touch thy dear familiar hand;

One look-and I upon thy breast

One word—and I again might raise

My face to thine, and meet thy gaze;

Would lean, and, weary, find my rest

Poor heart that fain would love forget

And cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

And with no word thy heart should read

And cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

What does the pupil of the eye study?

Morning milk is richer than that

When big trees begin to shoot it's about time for little bushes to leave.

aunt are alike in that they are no

The Derrick tells of an Oil City man who has to turn his toes in. If he didn't

they would hit the sides of the streets.

The number of submarine cables at

present in operation is said to be 585, with a cable length of 69,500 nautical

The total revenue from the bees of this country, of which there are 2,000,000

hives, is estimated at \$14,000,000 an-

A poor bookkeeper and a disagreeable

"Now is the accepted time" remarked

-Boston Transcript.

Oh, heart that would its love forget

And cannot yet, dear love, not yet!

My heart would fain its love forget,

And cannot vet, dear love, not yet

Against me closed forevermore

Thy face from mine is turned away,

It cannot yet, dear love, not year.

The Frog. Who am I but the frog-the frog? My realm is the dark bayou, And my throne is the mud ly and moss-grown

That the poison vine clings to-Where the black snake slide In the slimy tide, And the ghost of the moon looks blue.

And what am I but a king-a king? For the royal robes I wear-A scepter; too, and a signet ring, As vassels and seris declare; And a voice, God wot! That is equaled not

In the wide world anywhere I can talk to the night-the night! Under his big black wing He tells me the tale of the world outright And the secret of everything-For he knows you all

From the time you crawl, To the doom that death will bring. The storm swoops down, and he blows-he blows!-

While I drum on his swollen cheek, And croak in his angered eye that glows With the livid lightning streak-And the rushes drown In the watery frown

That his bursting passions leak. And I can see through the sky- the sky! As clear as a piece of glass; And I can tell you the how and why Of the things that come to pass; And whether the dead

Are there instead,

Or under the graveyard grass. To your sovereign then, all hail! all hail! To the prince on his throne so grim! et the moon swing low, and the high stars

Their heads in the dust to him : And the wide world sing-And grace to his royal whim!

## A MAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

"Your friend, Mr. Cliffe, is certainly a model of devotion, Lawrence," re-marked pretty Claire Morrison, halfjealously, as she looked a little con-temptuously after the lazy, loose-jointed, out not altogether unattractive figure lounging contentedly off into the dis-tance. "He certainly has constituted himself your shadow, though I himself your shadow, though I wonder that he never discovered how exceedingly de trop he is occasionally."
the glance of steady determination which met Gerald's eye as he left the Lawrence Stanley, smiling fondly down upon the sweet, pouting face so that even Claire's frantic prayers would near his own. "I can't have you quarbe of no avail. rel with dear old Gerald, for, as you say, he is devotion itself. I happened, years ago, to fish his little sister out of lake when she was drowning. She has since died, and Gerald seems to con-an elaborate though hurried toilet. With tightly pressed lips he sour He seems to be almost alone in the word as regards family. He has a stepfather, but his mother died several years ago, and he had no brothers nor sisters excepting the one I just spoke of, and a half-sister, scarcely more than an infant when she strayed away one is supposed to have been drowned. I think his friendship for me would bear any test, and I verily believe he would

not hesitate to give his life for me."
"I have often heard of the strength and unselfishness of some men's attachments," answered Claire, thoughtfully; "but surely your friend does not belong to this class. He is too lazy, and awkward, and stupid to be capable o self-sacrifice, or sentiment of any kind."
"Yes," said Lawrence, slowly. "he
is dull, and slow, and stupid; but

still-"
"But still we can find something more interesting to talk of," interrupted Claire, coaxingly, drawing a little tradict her.

The scene of our story is laid far away amid the lakes and plains of New Zealand, where, at the time we write war was waging between the British and the copper-colored Maoris, and among all her majesty's servants fighting for the mother country in this faraway land were no braver officers than Lawrence Stanley and his stanch friend, Gerald Cliffe. They were sta-tioned at the small town of Timaru just then almost the center of the irregu iar sort of warfare waging between civilization and barbarism-a position of some danger, not at all suitable for ladies, as Captain Stanley vainly represented almost daily to his mother, who had a year before followed her son from England and was staying in limaru, having with her, as a guest, Claire Morrison, the daughter of a brother officer of Lawrence's, to whose fascinations that young man had fallen a willing victim some months before, and the wedding day was drawing very

tribe of Maoris was encamped within three miles of Timaru, and for several days petty skirmishing had been carried on between the two forces without any apparent result.

Early in the afternoon Gerald Cliffe was alone in the small parlor belonging to the apartments reserved for the use of Mrs. Stanley and Miss Morrison in the only inn which Timaru afforded waiting the return of Lawrence, who had been sent out some hours before in charge of a reconnoitering party.

Gerald's vigil had been a long one,

and he had consulted his watch many times rather uneasily, when at last the door was thrown open, and Lawrence, haggard, trembling, with bloodshot eyes, staggered over to his amazed

friend.
"Thank God, you are alone!" he cjaculated, in a hollow voice, as he sank into a chair. "Gerald, old boy, it's all up with me. One of those accursed copperskins has hit me with a poisoned arrow, and that, you know, is certain -and such a death! Oh, my poor

The young man broke off with some thing that sounded like a sob, while Gerald, who well realized the hopelessness of such a wound-against the poison of which the most skillful phyas if turned to stone, stared with horror at the unfortunate man, in whose veins the poison would so soon begin its deadly work; and neither of them heard

The two men were still sitting in blank sidence. Gerald convulsively squeezing his friend's hand-for what could be said in the face of such a calamity?—when a commotion was heard in the hall, followed by a sort of tumbling at the door, which was the next moment opened to admit two blanketed red-skinned Maoris, ushered by the landlord, who retired after explaining that the visitors had just come rom the enemy's camp under a flag of truce, with an important message for

Captain Stanley.

"Well, what do you want, you cursed dirty rascals?" growled Gerald, impatiently, for the mon seemed in no haste to transact their business, merely

desire to own an Englishman as a hus-band, and she now sent her messenger o say that she would, with an herb shameless mistress that an Englishman cannot be bought-even with the price of his own life: that death is a thousand times preferable to such a life!" cried Lawrence, in a voice of ringing indig-

nation, as he sprang to his feet with least, isof some importance." clinched hands. friends, turning with a start, saw Claire, with a face like marble, standing in the open door of the adjoining room. his friend, and returning, seated himself open door of the adjoining room.

The next moment she was crouching and gravely.

at Lawrence's feet, heedless of the grin
"" would much rather have had noth-

ribly hard for you at first, I know, my love. But I have heard only good of this girl. She is said to be interesting, kind-hearted, tolerably educated, and almost as fair as a European. Law-ence, think of your mother, of your poor little Claire, for whom who have animost as fair as a European. Lawcnce, think of your mother, of your
poor little Claire, for whom who have
so often said nothing in the world would
be too difficult to do. I am here on my
knees before you, begging for a lite
think of your mother, of your
short, she has promised to marry me
next month. Hush! it is really a very
fine thing for me. She is astonishingly
good-looking for a Maori, has no end of
moray accuraty nad the bad taste to find me
to the promise of the promise knees before you, begging for a life which is so much dearer than my own. money, and

to be done, it must be to-day, to-mor-row will be too late," said Gerald, speaking for the first time. "If you consent, I will go with you—or, better still, go before you, leaving you to fol-

"Of course he will go !" cried Claire, with a smile that was meant to be courageous, but only reminded Gerald of a moonbeam he had once seen lighting the face of a corpse, and Lawrence unwillingly agreed to follow Gerald in an hour, though he would pledge himself to nothing more than a visit, and room with the Maoris told him plainly

Five minutes later Gerald, with a very white face and eyes shining with a sort of dogged resolution, was engaged in the unwonted occupation of making an elaborate though hypried toilet. out his gaudiest necktie, all the jewelry of a dandy brother-officer who roomed with him, copiously anointed himself with the pomade and eau de cologne belonging to the same individual, and giving a disgusted glance in the mirror, accompanied by a greeting to the figure therein reflected that sounded not unlike "confounded ass !" dashed out of the room, and, throwing himself on the

with amazement at this strange trans-On rode the captain, cantering swiftly toward the Maori encampment, his pace gradually growing slower as he neared his destination, a haggard look of suffering in his large dark eyes growing more hastily formed grew every moment more

horse waiting below, was off, leaving

One instant he stood motionless after dismounting before the hut pointed out te him as the quarters of Kawara; then, quaring his shoulders and throwing is head a little back, muttered: "It's the only way. Selfish brute that I am, to think for an instant of myself when Lawrence's life is at stake!" He was shown into the presence of a strange-looking creature, attired in a gorgeous teather blanket, sitting cross-

legged on the floor, smoking a long -the Princess Kawara. Lawrence, half an hour later, on the same road. After the painful parting with his sorrow-stricken mother and betrothed, Lawrence's ride was certainly not an enviable one. Was it tancy, or did he really teel the premonitory symptoms of the bodily pain soon to rival the anguish of his mind? Again and again he swore mentally hat no amount of torture should in-

duce him to consent to such an infamous bargain; and with Claire's kisses still warm on his lips, he strode, with lowering brow and teeth set tight to prevent any utterance of pain to escape nim, into the small room where the princess and Gerald awaited him. To his utter amazement, his friend started eagerly forward with out-stretched hand and cheery smile, little paler than usual.

though Lawrence thought he looked a 'I wish you joy, old fellow. It's all arranged; the princess resigns all inten-tions to your hand, and promises to send you home to night out of any dan-

"But I don't understand," gasped Lawrence, suspiciously, unable to Kawara, somewhat reversing the order grasp this sudden change of fortune. Kawara, somewhat reversing the order of things, insisted that her marriage "Are you joking? Is there no trap laid under this apparently most astounding piece of good luck? Tell me quick—for God's sake what is the price I am o pay for my life?" Nothing; you go scot free," an-

swered Gerald, slowly, and with a strange gravity. "The princess will sell you so herself." ersonage, still squatting smoking on he floor, nodded her tawny head in-

differently. "Yes, yes, it is true. I want nothing from you. I will cure you and you can go and marry your white-skinned love

when you please."
"Geraid, will you tell me how you have managed to save me?" asked the young man, turning to his friend with lad eyes and a bounding heart, in which there was not a shade of doubt as to the princessibeing able to do as she promised, for the marvelous efficacy of the native remedies, in seemingly hopeless cases, was well known. "All in good time old feliow. Your

physician is ready for you now; there is no time to be lost." While Kawara silently and carefully ound on the wound in Lawrence's shoulder a sort of poultice made principally of what resembled boiled eaves, the preparation of which she had just completed on the young man's arrival, Gerald, with eyes fixed dreamly on the floor, relapsed into such a prown study as to throw a dim shade of apprehension over even the intoxicating joy which filled Lawrence's soul at hoped-for deliverence.

"Would you mind waiting and coming around to my rooms this evening," said Gerald, a little wearily, as his triend eagerly plied him with questions

The august lady had long cherished a greeting him with an almost boisterous distance happily been so short—an exgayety, talking incessantly of everything but the events of the day, and
seeming entirely to forget the object of
seeming entirely to forget the object of known only in her family, heal Captain the visit, until Lawrence rather imstanley's wound, if he would marry her. Stanley's wound, if he would marry her. 'You may go back and tell your of the last hunting news: which had been crushing all light and

G-rald. Pernaps you will have the kindness to remember that I am waiting for information which to me, at The only result of this petulance was "The man will say nothing of the a total silence, which contrasted oddly to make in clear, steady tones from with Ge; ald's former volubility. He sort," came in clear, steady tones from with Ge: ald's former volubility. He the other side of the room, and the friends, turning with a start, saw Claire, for a moment with his back toward

at Lawrence's feet, heedless of the grinning, interested Maoris; of Gerald trying to gulp down a choking lump in his throat, as he looked fixedly out of the window; of everything excepting the window; of everything excepting the window; of everything excepting the leave me no choice. The fact of the matter is, I have had the rascally meanour only chance of life. It will be ter- lost my heart to your princess, and went I was before you, you see, and made the best use of my time; and the lady chap who rode over to the major camp actually had the bad taste to find me love, was received by her fierce and unlove, was received by her fierce and unlove, was received by her fierce and unlove.

"And you think I am cowardly enough "For my sake you must do it," continued the beseeching tones. "What would life be to me after seeing you die in such agony, knowing that but for the safety "For my sake you must do it," continued the beseeching tones. "What would life be to me after seeing you die in such agony, knowing that but for me you might have been saved? You must go to this woman. Who knows? —perhaps some other arrangement might be made; but at any sacrifice your life must be saved!"

"Lawrence, she is right; merely a visit to the woman can do no harm. But these men say that if anything is to be done, it must be to-day, to-mor-

> would it all be worth to be without my one friend?" this unfriendly satisfaction. Verily, wonderful are the ways of Providence, And Gerald, his hand on his friend's shoulder, gazed at him with eyes filled friend to single blessedness, as well as with a depth of affection, the intensity to continue still in your debt, old felmuffled, unsteady voice:

'Lawrence," came in tones of intense feeling, "you saved my little sister's life. Can I be otherwise than gratefu! for an opportunity to do the same for the rather untidy-looking letter.

have grown years older since the morn-

Long after his friend's departure, Gerad sat motionless in the firelight, unflinchingly looking his fate in the face soldiers to Spain, Italy, Germany and for under his careless, indifferent ex- had a small pension since 1815. terior was hidden a wonderful fund of his nearest friends. He, too, had his dreams of the future.

which certainly this dark-skinned, untidy, unattractive wo.nan, smoking the gaping groom almost breatheless cross-legged in a hut, could not fill, but never for an instant did it occur to him to regret the step he had taken. It was inevitable-and it was for Lawrence. The next day he was sorely discomposed by a visit from Mrs. Stanley, Claire and Lawrence; the former with intense as the steadfast resolution so heart almost too full for speech, while the young lady clasped her pretty soft hands over Geral is broad muscular one, and suddenly stooping, electrified and brought our hero utterly to coneverently upon it, murmuring

"Mr. Cliffe, I think you are the best, known it before?" Poor Gerald looked helplessly about the room, until his glance fell upon Lawrence, when he gasped, apologeti-

"She doesn't mean it, you know, Lawrence."
"I should disown her if she didn't,"
"How can cried Lawrence, fervently. "How can she or I ever show a tithe of our grati-

"You can very much please me by getting married immediately," responded Gerald, with a sigh of relief as Claire released him. "Who knows, my princess might return to her first love, and I have no notion of being jilted, I assure

you."
So it was then and there arranged that the marriage should be solemnized the following week, which duly took place, Gerald of course officiating as best man, and being reduced to dire discomfiture by the groom insisting that he should be the first to kiss the bride.

Almost simultaneously with the departure of Lawrence and Claire on their bridal trip to the United States, a cessa-Maoris were not to break up their camp for three weeks, and within that time

should take place.

It was a dreary business, as the deep despondency testified which seemed settling upon Gerald, since Lawrence's departure had removed all necessity for dissimulation. Harder even than he dissimulation. Harder even than he had supposed he found it, and not even the altogether unexpected hindrance set in his way by the violent opposition of Thus appealed to, the unattractive Kawara's father to the marriage could lend any ardor to his suit. The chief had given the tranquil and

The chief had given the tranquit and ready assent, which was a matter of course where every whim of his idolizated and only daughter was concerned, ed and only daughter was concerned, which he graduated more than fifty years ago. He has a rich humor always years ago. He has a rich humor always years ago. without any apparent reason, he per-emptorily ordered Kawara to forget her fancy for an Englishman, for Gerald should certainly never become her husband; but the princess remained unmoved at menaces, entreaties, threats of disinheritance, etc., and calmly followed her own inclinations, as she had done all her life, for the chief, who was the ter- bors flock to her house to listen to them. ror of his tribe, was the mere slave of She sews and reads without the aid of

his daughter. Gerald's visits were frequent, and desperately he tried to become interested in the uncongenial creature, with whom his life was to be passed, and who, in her stolid, indifferent way, seemed to find daily more pleasure in his society. She scrupulously observed all his directions as to dress, deportment, etc.; and Gerald sometimes marveled at a sort of innate refinement which she revealed. But day by day his antipathy toward him with a heart like lead and a face from which youth and hope seemed to have fled, but with never a thought of regret, riding slowly toward the Maori

"You know very well that I didn't peace from his soul was at last lifted, come here to listen to all that bosh, and he had all his life long for hope and

happiness. "If Lawrence were only here," he muttered, as he dashed up the stairs to his room, we should be afraid to say how many steps at a time. "Dear old chap, he will be almost as much de-lighted as I am!" Miles away in California, Lawrence received, two weeks later, the following

hastily-scrawled epistle, which was all

appreciative paternal relative, and calm-ly informed that he might be off about

his business, it not being the custom in either savage or civilized society for a man to marry his sister? "On, Claire! Claire!" murmured the sorely tortured man, "knowing you, how could I marry another woman! For your sake—"
"For my sake you must do it " on the sacrifice?" roared Law-rence, springing to his feet; and then his voice broke. "Oh, Gerry, Gerry! true it is that Kawara is none other than my half sister. Alice suppose than my half sister. Alice suppose than my half sister. Alice suppose than my half sister. "There, the murder is out, old boy!

> -so, why on earth shouldn't this one second father Providence has given suit me as well as any for a wife? Don't her.
>
> It was pure sel
> "I feel a suspicion that you will be be absurd, Lawrence. It was pure sel-fishness on my part. I thought only of myself, for I much prefer life with her to life without you, old fellow. What Fortune has evidently doomed your of which Lawrence for the first time low. Shall I never get even with you, tully realized, as he exclaimed, in a I wonder? My compliments to Mrs. Lawrence. I am sure of her sympathy "Gerry, true friend, this can never in this upsetting dispensation. Your defrauded friend, Gerald Cliffe."
> "Lawrence," came in tones of intense "And that is the man I called commonplace and dull," murmured Claire,

Ripe Old Age.

remorsefully, as two teardrops fell upon

diere of the great Nano grand army lives in Paris, aged ninety three. Malame Fetter went with the as he gazed into the dancing shadows. Russia, and was at the battles of Leip-A sorry vista it seemed to open to him, zig, Wagram and Austerlitz. She has

The daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Bowromance and sentiment, unsuspected by man, who died at Corydon, Ind., recently, in her 104th year, many encounters between the pioneers and the redskins, as her parents moved into the country of the dians when she was a little girl.

"Aunt Polly" Jerome, of New London, Conn., died recently, aged 103 years. Her mental qualities were but little clouded; she was not afflicted with deafness, as people of her age usually are; was always cheerful and contented, and enjoyed the companionship of friends.

For eighty-six years Colonel Wm. and brought our hero utterly to con-fusion by pressing her lips almost tucky, having resided in the colony three years before it was admitted as State. He was a gallant soldier in the most unselfish man that ever lived! war of 1812, and laid down the harness Will you forgive me for not having in the home of his nephew after a life of

ninety-seven years. In early womanhood Mrs. Levi, of Lancaster, Pa, was a slave. At the centennial celebration of her birth, recently 300 persons, white and colored ently, 300 persons, white and colored. called and offered their congratulations. A brass band gave the venerable woman a serenade. She is very active and can see the smallest object.

a book. Bees buzzed around—the same bees, seemingly. On her lap lay "Mill on the Floss;" near her a tattered copy on the Floss; "near her a tattered copy of the Floss;"

Aberdeen, Scotland, lost a brilliant wyer in the person of Charles Winchester, just as he had entered his 100th year. He was probably the oldest advocate in the United Kingdom. He took a quiet last effective interest in the progress and prosperity of Aberdeen, and

was a classical scholar. For forty years a centenarian ex-soldier, who recently died in a Russian village, was stone blind. He continued his business of tailor up to the day of his death, threading his needle by means of his tongue. His sense of touch was so acute that he could distinguish the denominations of banknotes with

his fingers. At the sixtieth anniversary of the Bangor, (Me.,) Theological seminary, held recently, Dr. Pend, president of tion of hostilities between the English and the Maoris was proclaimed, and Gerald had leisure and opportunity to the Carlot an go wooing on his own account, for the tones and with moistened eyes. He is

be the last anniversary he will witness. She was a native of Pennsylvania, and reached the astonishing age of 103 great-great-grandmother of thirty-three. The ninetieth birthday of the Rev. Staats Van Santvoord, D. D., of New Baltimore, was recently celebrated. He at command, and says he is "living on borrowed time."

New Orleans has an old German woman, known as "Grossmutter" (grandmother), who became a cente-narian last Christmas. Her comical stories about old times in Germany create great merriment, and the neighglasses. She had two husbands, and

A Western Wind,

asserts no strong claim to being a calm self, but set complete in all its varied, locality. A good motherly woman, full, indispensible surroundings.—Lethating frivolity, and camping to please | ter to Philadelphia Press. her children in the mouth of a canon, is haste to transact their business, merely his defending a step of the leaves and the seemed to afford them interess amuse ment.

To his surprise, instead of finding as they one home with you now it by ono ment with you have the home with you now it by ono ment with some with you not be a seemed to afford them interess amuse ment.

To his surprise, instead of finding as they one home with you now it by ono ment with you not be a seemed to afford them interess amuse ment.

To his surprise, instead of finding as they note home with you now it you now it you now it you now it you not be a seemed to afford them interess amuse ment.

To his surprise, instead of finding as they note home with you now it you not you not be and you not the name of your nother and Miss Claire can space the coarse clover.

To his surprise, instead of finding as they note home with you now it has and you not you not here were not you may not be the east of the leaves are dried so hard that they you not still him, and it has the coarse clover.

To his surprise, instead of finding as they note home with you now it has they note the coarse clover.

To his surprise, instead of finding as they note home with you not you not the heave and this deadedly as the was received by the chief himself. To his surprise, instead of finding and the word in the your nother and clothese were party as usual, the was received by the chief himself. To his surprise, instead of finding and the word to canse clover.

To his surprise, instead of finding and the seemed to afford the name of the coarse clover.

To his surprise, instead of finding and the word in the your note and your leave the coarse clover.

To his surprise, instead of finding and the seemed to the close of the close of the the word in the your note in the coarse clover.

To his surprise, instead of finding and the word in the coarse clover.

To his surprise, instead of finding and the seemed to the close of the the word in the your note in the word in the coarse clover.

To his surprise, instead of

A PIECE OF ROMANCE.

Yesterday, says a recent issue of a Little Rock (Ark.) paper, Mr. Robert Preston and wife, a couple who were happily united a few days ago, arrived in this city en route for Texas. The story of their marriage is rather a romantic one; not that it abounds in hair-breadth escapes, or of blocd in large or small quantities, but thatwell that it is romantic. About four years ago Miss Emma Boland, of Galveston, visited an aunt in Warren county, Ky. It was summer,

the season was, and one evening the girl sat in the yard, half reading and that was necessary to crown the happiness of the newly-wedded pair:
"DEAR OLD LAWRENCE: Send your condolences at once, my boy, or your congratulations, whichever you were

can I get some water P 'Yes," said the girl. "Must I go round to the gate or climb over the fence?" "Both, if you choose." "That's the way I like to hear people talk," said the tramp, climbing over and approaching. "Now where's the

and approaching.

'I'll bring it." "You'd better bring the well, for I'm dyrer than a barrel of bromophyre." The girl went to the house and re-turned with a bucket of water. When the man had finished drinking she did not think that he had exaggerated his thirst. In fact, she did not think that his comparison had been adequate.

What book are you reading?" "Mill on the Floss."
"Overrated. I never liked it. depth or no depth, I don't know which. Strained characters or no characters, don't know which. The novelist has tried to write a story without a well defined plot, and he has failed. Goldsmith's success as a plotless and charming writer was a bad example."

You shouldn't tear my favorite book to pieces. I like George Eliot and her You don't like Mill on the Floss. You have been nodding over it for the last half hour. You only pretend to

read it because you imagine that in doing so you develop literary taste."

"I think, sir, you are impudent."

"But truthful. Here's a book you should read," and the tramp took from his ragged coat a tattered copy of Bur-ton's Anatomy of Melancholy. "Dr. Johnson said that this book was the only work that could induce him to get out of bed, mornings, sooner than his regular time of rising.

"That's all right. Give me some more water." The conversation was pursued until the tramp accepted an invitation to sup-per. His idea of Burton and Johnson was soon covered up with butter cakes. The tramp, Mr. Preston, remained all night. Next morning, when he announced his intention of leaving, the girl accompanied him to the spot where she

"Why do you tramp around; have you no home?" Yes, as to the home. Don't know as to tramping."
"Whisky?"

"Why don't you quit?"
"I will."

When?" "Now, on one condition. That you will consent to be my wife. Meet me under this tree four years from to-

I will." Good-bye," and he climbed the fence and was gone. No correspondence was place of every other fertilizer. carried on between them. The manly, handsome face of the tramp hung before handsome face of the tramp hung before that the fact of the tramp hung before the girl like a picture. Deep, earnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil that the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil the property learnest any quantity applied to a barren soil the property learnest and the property learnes week she sat under a tree in the yard where four years before she nodded over Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy A buggy drove up. A man alighted and limbed the fence.
"Mr. Preston."

" Miss Roland." There was no indication of a tramp in the handsomely dressed gentleman. The clear, earnest eyes showed no lurid light kindled by Satan's breath. Clasped hands, kisses, renewal of vows. That evening the buggy went to Bowling Green. Next morning a happy couple left on a southern bound train. They are now in this city, stopping at the

Grand Central. To-morrow they will leave for Texas. Walt Whitman on Seeing Niagara. For really seizing a great picture, or book, or piece of music, or architecture or grand scencry-or perhaps for the first time even the common sunshine, or landscape, or mayoe the mystery of identity, most curious mystery of all there comes now and then some lucky still in fair health, but be ieves this to five minutes of a man's life, set amid a fortuitous concurrence of circumstance When Mrs. Elizabeth Bowman, of and bringing in a brief flash the culmi-Corydon, Ind., departed this life she was the oldest inhabitant of the State She was a native of Pennsylvania, and Niagara, its superb severity of action years. She was the mother of eleven children, the grandmother of 155, and the great grandmother of 155, and the great grandmother of the status of the great grandmother of the grandmothe bridge-not a full stop enywhere, but next to it-the day clear, sunny, still, and I out on the platform. The falls is well preserved, both physically and mentally. The doctor is the oldest livenentally. The doctor is the oldest livenentally. The doctor is the oldest livenentally. The river, tumbling green fertile. Consequently plaster should be were in plain view about a mile off, but and white, far below me; the dark, high banks, the plentiful umbrage, many bronze cedars, in shadow and tembering and arching all this immense materiality, a clear sky overhead, with a few white clouds, limpid, spiritual, silent. Brief, and as quiet as brief, that picture; vet a remembrance always afterward. Such are the things, indeed, I lay away with my life's rare and blessed hits of hours, mostly reminiscent, past -the wild sea-storm I once saw one winter day off Fire Island-the elder Booth in Richard that famous night glasses. She had two husbands, and booth in the Old Bowery, or brought up sixteen children, only one of whom is a girl.

Alboni in the children's scene in Norma, or night views. I remember, on the field after battles in Virginia—or the peculiar sentiment of moonlight and stars over the great plains, Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, in an interesting article on "The Metropolis of the Rocky Mountains" in Scribner, says that "in congratulating herself that that "in congratulating herself that the script of t But day by day his antipathy toward such a marriage increased, and the morning before his wedding-day found him with a lead and a found him with a lead and him with a lea

FAAM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. the day it is to be housed the cocks

The Codling Moth and Borer. The codling moth is an enemy not readily overcome, and as its ravages in the apple orchard are very destructive, prompt and persistent efforts are required for its suppression.

The Codding moth is all telemy and its in the cock the second day, opening it and housing it the third. If it were not for the risk of having it out in a storm we should always prefer quired for its suppression. The moth deposits its eggs in the eye or callyt of the young apple. In a few days they hatch and the worm burrows into the core of the fruit. It can be traced by the brownish powder which it casts out behind it. In about three weeks it attains it full size, and escaping from the apple through a hole which it makes in one side, takes shelter in the scales of the bark of the tree or other suitable place.

The most effectual warfare may be carried on while the enemy is in the Lawrence, for you are almost sure to get wrong notions about it; but you leave me no choice. The fact of the matter is, I have had the rascally meanness to steal a march on you. I have lost my heart to your princess, and went out courting her this afternoon decked out in all my war-paint and feathers. I was before you, you see, and made the best use of my time; and the lady pupa or cocoon state of existence, and while in the injured fruit in the worm Placing bandages of old cloth, carpet or wrapping paper around the trunks and large branches of every tree as early as the first of July, and examining this band once a week throughout the season, should also be resorted to in all localitics visited by this pest. The bands act as a trap, and the worms are easily hunted out and killed. It is also imperative for the extermination of the moth that all the wormy fruit that noth that all the wormy fruit that drops to the ground should be de-stroyed before the worm inside escapes. When it is not convenient to turn hogs into the orchard these apples can be gathered and fed to them.

The borer is another troublesome visitor in orchards. The beetle is striped brown and white, and measures threefourths of an inch long. It deposits eggs during the months of June and July in the bark of the trees, near the ground. Here the larva is hatched, becoming a whitish grub, which saws its coming a whitish grub, which saws its way into the tree, perforating it in all

directions. Similar preventives are resorted to against the apple-tree borer and the peach-tree grub, i.e., placing a mound of ashes around the base of the trunk in the spring and allowing it to remain until 'a fter the season in which the beetles deposit their eggs. This obsta-cle, it is believed, prevents them from reaching the soft bark at the surface of

the ground. The most effective method of destroying borers is to insert the end of a wire into their burrows. In August or September, according to the latitude, the search after them is made. The earth is drawn away a little from the trunks of the trees and wherever a fine red sawdust is disclosed, a hole will be found with a grub inside. If the grub has bored into the tree only a short distance it may be dug out with an ordinary pocket-knife. Otherwise it can only be reached by thrusting a wire into its burrow.

The Use of Plaster on Land.

regular time of rising."

"And that's why you like it," remarked the girl, taking the book. "It produced by the plant of sulphuric acid. As you would not find the work so charming?"

Plaster gypsum, sulphate of lime, is a compound of about forty-two parts lime and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As usualiy tound, with every 100 parts of plaster there are about twenty-five ing?"

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The little figure was barefooted, and the grain was destrained when they have passed from the full tide of the paper-box and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As usualiy tound, with every 100 parts of plaster there are about twenty-five ing?"

The little figure was barefooted, and the one calico garment rent and faded the paper-box and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As usualiy tound, with every 100 parts of plaster there are about twenty-five ingression and the paper-box and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As usualiy tound, with every 100 parts of plaster there are about twenty-five ingression and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As usually tound, with every 100 parts of plaster there are about twenty-five ingression and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As the corners of the paper-box and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As usually tound, with every 100 parts of when the paper-box and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As the paper-box and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As usually tound, with every 100 parts of when the paper-box and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As the paper-box and fitty-eight of sulphuric acid. As the paper box and the Plaster gypsum, sulphate of lime, is a parts of water—making a nydrate of sulphate of lime. When exposed to a waite heat the water is driven off, and the gypsum, when ground, is known as

Gypsum is one of the best known and most used of the mineral manures. Its virtues seem to have been known in ancient times, but it had not been used, except in limited districts, by the moderns until about the middle of the eighteenth century. At that time German clergyman, named Mayer, acting on information he had somehow received, commenced a series of experiments, which, upon being published, called much attention to the subject in varios countries. In our own, Frankiu wrote about and practically demonstrated its effects. Once introduced, it found many supporters, and the experiments made on soils to which it was peculiarly adapted were so satisfactory that its friends often claimed for it morethan it deserved, some going so far as to assert that it could supply the place of every other fertilizer. Experience, however, soon showed that in it-self it had no fertilizing powers, that that on good soils only a few plants are benefited by its presence. Its action is almost entirely mechanical, and not until its composition is changed is it of service. By absorbing ammoni which it does with avidity whenever and wherever the two are brought in contact, whether in the compost heap, in the moisture of the ground when plowed under, or from the rains and dews when spread on the surface, a sulphate of ammonia and carbonate of lime are formed. Liebig estimated that a pound of gypsum converted into sulphate of ammonia would introduce into the soil a quantity of ammonia equiva-lent to 6,250 pounds of horses' urine. This may be extravagant, but the effects of gypsum on crops for which it seems adapted is certainly the same as would

be produced by the application of lime and ammonia. -The only sure way to determine i plaster will be of service on any par-ticular soil is to try it. If it be ad-mitted, and we think there is no doubt of it, that it is one of the best applications that can be made for clover, lucern, and other crops of the same nature, when they are grown on proper soil, on others it would produce little effect; and, again, on the same soil where plaster would be beneficial to the crops named, hoed crops would receive less benefit, and rye, wheat, and oats very little if any. Every farmer should institute a series of experiments on a small scale, and from them judge if it is valuable for his purposes, and in these experiments he must use judgment lest he in the end be deceived. Where it acts with great effect and rapidity, it is very exhaustive to the soil, in that it seems to adapt everything in it to feedng the plants, and the application of plaster with nothing else, while enormous crops may be gathered for a year fertile. Consequently plaster should be used as a stimulant to bring into action other manures and the natural forces of the soil, which will be at least partially dormant without it. Its action is much the same as is alcohol upon the human system, and should be kept under careful control. Where much is taken from the soil, much must be returned. There are, however, but few farms where some plaster cannot be used to advantage, and if only used as an ab. sorbent of ammonia about stables, or to

be used in compost heaps, a little should always be kept on hand .- New York Sun Curing Hay. There is a variety of opinions as to the best method of curing hay. Some farmers believe it should be spread thin the stalks are large, the outside is dried so hard that the moisture in the center of the stalk cannot get out until the hay is packed in a mass, when by moistening and softening the outside it comes to the surface and makes smoky hay; second, by drying rapidly in the sun the leaves are dried so hard that they the leaves are dried so hard that they narrow peninsula or strip of beach run-

ittle, simply to air it. Hay is improved very much by keep-

to have it stand the second day than to spread it and get it in the barn.

Massachusetts Ploughman. Milk for Poultry. This is one of the very best things to give either young or old fowls. Most every breeder has tested its value and recommended it as a wholesome and nutritious diet, naturally adapted for young chicks and poultry. On every farm and in most all suburban homes milk is fed to pigs. This is one way to utilize it. But if farmers paid more attention to their poultry stock than they do, they would find that they could turn it to better account by feeding it to better account by feeding it to work and their drawback and their dra

their chicks and laying hens.

All kinds of poultry are fond of milk. Although they soon become satisted if fed exclusively on grain, animal, veg-etable or insect food, they seldom re-fuse milk in any form—fresh or sour, it makes no difference to them. Nowadays milk enters largely into the bill of fare for chicks and fowls. Fanciers have found out that it contains properties beneficial to their health and early development. Almost the first food—and designate him—lay languidly on the designate him—lay languidly on the

nothing is better. Now for laying hens milk is nourishing and induces laying. Where it can be spared it is more valuable to the poultry stock than to any other. If farmers would give it a fair trial, and lay aside the fogy notions of their ancestors and look at things in a new light, the poultry such pages very the provided of the habit of scanning such pages very they would abandon the practice of feeding their spare milk to pigs and give it to a better paying stock .- Poul-

Only Half a Dollar.

A big boned Texan somewhat over ix feet high, with an enormous broadbrimmed hat and a sweeping mustache reaching nearly to his shoulders, stood at the Laclede hotel office carelessly examining the register. A slight twitching at his coat skirts was passed by uneded, but a more vigorous puli caused him to look around expecting to greet a joking friend or something of that sort. joking friend or something of that sort. He saw nothing and was turning back to the register leaves again when his glance fell upon such a wee mite of a girl, whose head was such a short distance from the floor that it was no wonder he had not seen her. The wildlooking face bent down to the little one and a deep hast voice asked: "What is and a deep bass voice asked: "What is , little gal?"

"Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" came in weak, childish tones so low that the words could not have been understood had the appeal not been

"No; I don't want any to-day, sissy," said the Texan. 'Please, mister, won't you buy my matches?" with a second pull at the

The man turned again, impatiently, and glanced at the little one; then, as it ashamed, and with a furtive glanco around to see if he was unobserved put a finger in his vest pocket, and the next instant a bright half-dollar gleamed in the little grimy fingers. With a half sigh the big-hearted fellow said, half to himself, "Poor little cuss." "Please, mister, don't you want the matches, and I hain't got no change" "Oh, the devil, no; keep the change and matches, too.

Holding the precious coin in both hands the little match-girl vanished like a shadow through the front door, and the Texan, with a muttered, "what a fool I am," followed. Around the corner and down Sixth street patted the little naked fect, unconscious that she was followed, and up one of the streets devoted to small dealers and a perfect nest of pawnsheps. Into one of the least clean and imposing of these she darted and whispered something to the woman, who took a paper parcel out of a drawer and handed it to the child. The child tore off the paper with nervous fingers, and there was the sole treasure of her heart, her only possession—her doll. She hugged it to her breast and kissed it. What was said between woman and child could not be heard, but when the little waif laid the half-dollar on the counter the woman shook her head and pushed it back very far toward the child, as if her resolution might not hold out very steadfast. The child looked amazed but turned to go, hugging her dolly, and at the door stood the Texan with a very suspicious

moisture upon his cheek and a big lump in his throat. "I've got a little girl like you at home," said he. "Come along and show me where you live." Well, you may be sure that the sick mother and the little girl were rendered more comfortable, for an hour afterward she had a receipt for a month's rent in her hands and a doctor's carriage stood at the door of that tene-

ment house. And such is the story that was told to the reporter by the big-hearted Texan, who last night left the Laclede hotel for his home upon the wide plains where range his broad-horned herds .-

were sent out for the bodies, and the occurrence created a great sensation in Rockaway's Mammoth Hotel. Scranton. Some time ago, Superintend-The greatest of all hotels, says the ent John B. Smith, of the Pennsylvania New York Sun, is the new hotel at Rockaway beach, thirteen miles in a straight line from New York. The new Rockaway hotel is 1,180 feet long—as long as the longest main building at the Centennial exhibition. It is four times as large as Medican Savare gar. Coal company, issued an order prohibitcoal company, issued an order promise-ing the berrywomen from riding over the gravity road, and there was great tribulation in consequence. The order has been relaxed, however, and the "huckleberry train" is still an institu-tion of the romantic route. The quality of berries this season is unusually large times as large as Madison Square garden. It is as long as seventy Fifth avenue houses. It will accommodate and fine. It was feared some time ago permanently 2,000 people, and give enterthat the forest fires had swept the berry tainment temporarily to 20,000 visitors. bushes, but the region where they most The building is six stories high from flourish was scarcely touched by the base to summit, with a promenade pavilion for 2,000 people on the roof. cributed largely to the development of From this promenade the view is superb. In the distance the Brooklyn bridge stands up like the Arc of Triumph in Paris. Coney Island to the the crop. which promises to yield abundantly. Some enterprising women, whose husbands have been killed by accidents in and about the mines, sup-port large and feeble families by the westward, with Manhattan, the new Oriental, Brighton, and Cable's, looks like Venice from the sea. Sandy Hook sale of their berries during the huckleherry season. rears itself from the ocean on the south, the Garden City cathedral pierce the sky on the north, and the Palisades on the Hudson and the distant Orange mountains in New Jersey stand against the sky beyond Prospect park in Brooklyn. Grates and bath tubs are in 200 rooms, and fresh water comes from eighteen wells. This hotel, like the and exposed to the sun and air several days; others, that two days is enough and still others who believe that a few all the year round. There are 15,000 and still others who believe that a few all the year round. There are 15,000 hours' syn to dry the warer from the outside is sufficient. The objections to ocean. The house is built after the curing it wholly in the sun are: First, if | Queen Anne style of architecture. Two the stalks are large, the outside is dried | mile; of dado are made of California red

Too Little To Do. I am always very sorry for those who have too little to do, says a writer in an A river flowing, bload and fleet; English magazine. They seem to me scarcely to have a fair chance in the world. Their natures are not properly taxed and tested, trained and developed

taxed and tested, trained and developed. They might have been among the great and wise and good and famous in the world, but they have fallen back into the ranks of the innavum pecus. Their liberation from the common cares and activities of life, on which, perhaps, they prided and plumed themselves, is their drawback and their bane. It is even possible that it may help to kill them. A traveler who visited the Pitworry-of working against the collar of straining against wind and tide. One day two strangers met at a little inn in the Isle of Wight. One was a medical man; the other was a man letters, whose avocations gave him is cessant work, and called him into a

That love is all a woman's need. with many the first after the yolk is assimilated—its soothing and nutritive effect is apparent, and if mixed with stale bread crumbs or oatmeal cake used to say that there was only one Dear heart, would'st thou thy love forget ! Thou canst not yet, dear love, not yet. If e'er thy soul hath need of mine, thing better than lying on the grass with If e'er the truth thou canst divine, Seas will not part, nor bolt, nor bar We shall be near, who now are far. True hearts that fain would love forgot

swiftly.
"Sir," said the medical man, "I should think that you were rather fond of lying on the grass and gathering daises."

"Sir," was the answer. "I have a

passion for it. I should like nothing better in life than to be on the ground and pluck the daisies."

"And yet, sir," was the rejoinder, "I have a strong idea that you are a man who goes about a great deal in the world, and takes an interest in a great world, and takes an interest in a great about time for little bushes to leave. many subjects." "I go about a great deal too much, and work a great deal more than I like. If I had my choice in life, I should lie

all day on the grass and pick daises."

"Do you know, sir, what would be the probable result of your having too she would have him.

"Now is the accepted time" remarked the young man when his girl told him she would have him. little to do?"
"Well, what would it be?" "Well, what would it be?"

"It would probably be an attack of paralysis. To shut up work would probably be to close your existence."

And practically this is a kind of thing which does not happen so infrequently as might be supposed. It is always a dangerous crisis for the professional man who retires from the full tide of

and cover a vast tract of country

tween Pittston and Hawley, are

to the mountains, manage

tract numerous "huckleberry brigades

way women and children are whirled

away across the dizzy chasms and

through the deep cuts that distinguish

this rugged landscape, until they fre-quently find themselves as much as

twenty miles from home, trusting to

and girls, with sunburned faces, cling

to the side rails of the coal cars with one hand and hold their heaped pails of berries upon their heads with the other. Frequently their calling is fraught with

hardships and learn to love its gypsy-

like character. They leave for the mountains at the morning's first light,

and go in crowds of from twenty to

thirty. The greatest terror of begin-

which abound among the berry bushes.

After a time, however, they learn to

fight and vanquish the reptile, and it is

no uncommon thing to hear a veterau berry-picker boast of the number of rat-

tlesnakes which she killed during the season. The violent storms that visit

the mountains at this season of the year

are considered a source of great danger

by the pickers. About four years ago several women were killed by lightning

while taking temporary refuge in a mountain shed. Their pails were filled with berries, and they were ready to re-

turn, when a fierce rain-storm came up.

Several women who were hastening to-ward the structure saw the bolt by which

their companions lost their lives, and fled in terror to the town. Wagons

was performed and a dissection of the

ossification of the choroid coat. On

This colossal building is erected on a extracted globe revealed a complete

ners in the business are the rattlesnakes

but they become insured to its

spair and suicide.

condition of having too much to that of stroyed The chief use of a sea captain in these days is to explain how it all happened having too little to do. One might her tell tragic narratives of melancholydeafter most of the passengers have be drowned. A recent issue of the Philadelphia Press says: The Moosic Highlands,

account-ants.

About 20,000,000 shad have been hatched at the hatching establishment of the American fish commission at which form a spur of the Alleghanies, Washington this year. A new shade for silk is called "lemon now black with huckleberries, and atmade up of women and children who wander barefooted along the mountain-

Among the assets of a grocer who failed in business in a Wisconsin town side during the day, and return to Scranton, Carbondale or Pittston, as the case
may be, in the evening, carrying pails
and buckets overflowing with the fruit.

The men who pack the little boxes of figs have wonderful memories. They The berry pickers, who go by hundreds to secure a never forget to put the wormy fruit at

ride on the gravity road of the Penn-sylvania Coal company clinging to the sides of the laden coal cars that are strung together by the dozen, and in this the bottom of the box. Doctors recommend people to go to sleep lying on the right side. This is all the better if you are a little deaf, in the left ear and don't get home till late. "Only twenty!" "Yes," she explained, "George made me promise when we were married that I would never change. I was twenty then, and I mean chance for a return ride. A "huckle-berry" train is one of the sights of the gravity road. The women to keep my promise."

From the speed of light, which has been measured, it is proved that at least four hundred and fifty-one millions of millions of these minutes waves flow into the eye and dash against the retina in each second. The rose slug, so destructive to bur rose bushes, may be destroyed by dusting the plants, while wet with dew, with air-slacked lime. Syringing the

bushes with a strong solution of soapsuds is also recommended. The natives of the South Pacific worm about the size of vermicelli, which they can obtain only at certain seasons. even European residents are said to con-

sider the "pabola" a rare relish. Salt is recommended for hens which pull out and eat their feathers. Give, twice a week, a little salt pork chopped fine and mixed with the food; or put a spoonful of salt in two quarts of meal, moistened with water, and feed once or twice a week.

Courting All of Them. "I don't want to make any trouble, but there is one man in this city who ought to be gibbeted!" began a bluntspoken woman of forty-five as she stood before the officials of the Twentieth street station a day or two ago When they inquired for particulars she handed out a letter and said: "Observe the envelope. The letter is addressed to me. You will see that the writer calls me his jessamine, and he wants me to set an early date for the wedding."
When the captain had finished the

ding:
"And this is addressed to my daughter Lucretia. You will see that he calls her his rosy angel, and he says he can't live if she doesn't marry him. It's the same man." So it was, and his letter was as tender as spring chicken. That finished, h handed out a third, with the remark:

letter she was ready with another, ad-

"This is directed to my daughter Helen. It's the very same man, and in it he calls her his paasy and he says he dreams of her."
"Why he seems to love the whol An Ossified Eye.

A curious case of an ossified human eye has been made known a few days since in Cincinatti. The patient was Mr.

W. H. New, one of whose eyes was inward twenty-seven years ago by a piece wretches there are in the world!"

"Yes, indeed. It's lucky you found"

"Yes, indeed. It's lucky you found"

jured twenty-seven years ago by a piece of gun: ... The missile entered the eye-ball and produced a partial deprivahim out."
"Yes, it is. If I hadn't he might have married the whole caboodle of us. If Lucretia nadn't opened one of my letters and if I hadn't searched the girl's tion of sight, which continued for a number of years, and gradually growing worse until the sight was completely pockets while they were asleep we have thought him an innocent lamb." And do you want him arrested?" gone.

This caused a rympathetic derangement of the other eye, whose vision in consequence was greatly impaired. The pain from the diseased eye during the "No, I guess not, but I went this matter to go into the pape s as a warning to other women. Just think of his last six months became so intense it was decided to remove it. The operation

sitting up with me Sunday night,
Lucretia on Wednesday night, and
Helen on Friday night, and calling each
one of us his climbing rose! Oh, sir,

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