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The People's Press.

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LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.

STORY OF A BUREAU.

As we were passing down Exchange street several years ago, we stopped in front of an auction room to examine the various articles that were exposed to be sold under the hammer. We had been there but a few moments, when we heard a female voice inquiring: "Is the old bureau to be sold to-day?" On looking up we perceived the question had been addressed to us by a young lady, whose sad but pleasant countenance struck us at once. We replied that all the articles spread on the sidewalk would be disposed of to the highest bidder.

"I should like this bureau, if it goes low enough," she said, pointing to an old-fashioned article that was standing among other furniture; "but I never bought anything at auction in my life, and I see no women here; I don't know if it would be proper for me to bid."

"It would be perfectly proper," we remarked, "but if you wish it, I will bid on the bureau for you."

"If you will, sir, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"How high are you willing that I should go?"

"I don't exactly know how much it is worth, but if it sells for three or four dollars, you may buy it."

"I shall speak to a hand-cartman to leave it at your house?"

"No, sir, I will call at noon and settle for it and take it away. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness."

So saying, the young lady went away, leaving us to wonder who she was, and of what use the old piece of furniture could be to her. We examined it—looked out the drawers—but saw nothing remarkable about it. At eleven o'clock, when the auction commenced, we were present, and after waiting near an hour, the auctioneer remarked: "We will now sell the bureau. What will you give me, gentlemen?"

One man offered two dollars, another three, and we bid a half dollar more. Four dollars were bid—four and a half, and five dollars.

We were astonished that the old thing should bring so high a price. What could we do? See it sold, and disappoint the lady? The thought struck us that it might have belonged to some friend, and she wished to purchase it on that account, and rather than disappoint her, we resolved to bid again. Six dollars were offered by another to our astonishment; but when our hand is in, we seldom let another outbid us, and so we offered until the bureau was run up to ten dollars—and we purchased it for half a dollar more. Certainly we would not have given four dollars for it to use ourselves. However we bought it, and had it sent to our room, telling the auctioneer that if a lady should call for it, to inform her where it might be found.

We examined it again and again, and began to regret our purchase, feeling almost certain that the young woman would not thank us for what we had done; but we never mourn over a bad bargain. Our philosophy will not permit us to do so.

A little after dark, as we were sitting in our sanctum, the young lady came in, with an apology for intruding, and remarked: "You bought the bureau—so the auctioneer informs me?"

"Yes, I bought it at an extravagant price I assure you."

"What did you give?"

"Ten dollars and a half."

"You astonish me. What can I do? I had no idea that it would bring over three or four dollars, and am not prepared to pay for it to-night."

"I suppose it was foolish in me to give so much for it; but I presumed you wanted it very much."

"I did, sir, and would not value paying double the amount for the bureau, if I were able, rather than not have it."

"So I apprehended. Perhaps it may have belonged to some friend of yours?"

"Yes, sir, that bureau was once my mother's—and I noticed a tear come in her eye, which she endeavored to conceal, but she is dead now, and I wish to keep it in remembrance of her."

Thinking the lady might be poor, we told her that we might take the bureau that night if she wished, and pay us for it when she found it convenient.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but would rather that you should keep it until it is paid for."

We urged her to take it, but she refused, saying: "I will see what I can do and call in a day or two and see you," and bidding us good evening, she left.

There is something very mysterious about women, we thought. It may be that she is in very poor circumstances. But she shows an excellent heart, and the warmest attachment to a deceased mother. Her education must have been good, and she has evidently seen better days. And we thought the next time she called upon us we would ascertain something more of her character and circumstances—perhaps her name, which we felt anxious to learn.

In a day or two the young woman called on us again, and with tears in her eyes, she remarked: "I do not know what you will think of me, but all the money I have in the world is five dollars; this I have brought to you toward the bureau you were so kind as to purchase for me." So saying, she placed the money before us in silver.

"I shall not take the money at present," I remarked. "I can do without it. You may take the bureau if you want it; and when you are able at some future time, you may pay me for it."

She expressed a great deal of gratitude, and said: "I would rather you should take what I have than that I should be obliged to sell it."

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not always been as poor as I am at present; for I have seen better days. When my parents were living I never knew what it was to want for anything. Now I cannot say so."

"How long have your parents been dead?" I asked.

"About six years since my father died; and it was four years ago last Saturday, when my mother was buried."

At the mention of her mother's name, the tears came fast to her eyes—a tender chord was touched—we saw it, and made no more inquiries—when she took her leave.

It was nearly six weeks before we saw the young lady again. She then called upon us with the remainder of the money that we had paid for the bureau.

We protested against receiving it at that time, thinking it might have been inconvenient for her to pay for it; but she insisted that we should have it, saying: "I am under great obligations to you for your kindness. Had it not been for you, I should not have the bureau—the only relic of my mother; for it was then impossible for me to raise the amount you so generously paid. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Do you wish to take the bureau away?"

"I have spoken to the cartman who will call here in a short time, and have it removed out of the way; for I suppose you will be glad to get rid of it."

"Not at all. I am pleased that I was instrumental of a little service to you, and if ever you need assistance, I shall always be ready to render it."

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart."

At this moment the man came for the bureau, and bidding us good evening, the young lady left the room.

"Going, going,—will you give me but \$2 for this excellent bureau?" exclaimed Mr. Bailey, the auctioneer, a year or two since, as we were passing down Exchange street. "Here, Mr. C.," he said, turning to us, "buy this bureau; it is worth more for kindling-wood than what it is going for; just look at it—going, going, say quick, or you lose it!"

Two dollars and fifty cents, we bid, as we saw it was the very same bureau that we had bought several years before for ten and a half dollars, and it was knocked off to us.

This is singular enough, thought we, as we had the article sent to our room. Where was the young woman who had formerly owned it? Who was she?

We made several inquiries, but could not ascertain who she was or what had become of her. The bureau had been carried to the auction-room by an individual whom Mr. Bailey never saw before, and all our inquiries to ascertain what had become of the young lady seemed fruitless.

Several months passed by, and still we heard nothing of the young lady, when one day, not knowing but what we might get some clue to the former owner, we took out all the drawers separately and examined them. We saw no writing whatever. In the back of the under-drawer we noticed that a small piece of pine had been inserted. It looked as if it had been put there to hide a defect. Frying it with a knife it came out, when to our astonishment, we found several gold pieces to the value of about fifty dollars, besides a note for twenty-five hundred dollars, with interest, made payable to Sarah—when she should become of age; it was a witnessed note and had been running about ten years, signed by a very wealthy man.

Without mentioning to a single individual what we had discovered, we immediately renewed our efforts to ascertain who Sarah was, and where she could be found. We learned that a girl of this name formerly lived with a Capt. —, and did the work of the kitchen. Of him we could obtain but little information. His wife recollected the girl and spoke of her in the highest terms. She believed she had married a mechanic, and retired from the city, but his name she could not recollect. By repeated inquiries we ascertained that Sarah lived on a small farm. Taking an early opportunity, we started for the residence of the young woman. After several inquiries upon the road, we were directed to the house.

It was a pleasant situation, a little from the road, while everything looked neat about the dwelling. As we drew up to the cottage, who should come to the door but the very woman we had been so long anxious to find. She recognized us at once.

"Why, Mr. C., how glad I am to see you. Where in the world did you come from? Walk in and take a seat."

Her husband was present—an intelligent-looking man—to whom she presented us.

"I have often thought of you," she remarked, "and have been tempted to call and see you; but although I have not called, be assured I have not forgotten your kindness, and I never shall forget it."

"But you seem happier than when I last saw you."

"Be assured, sir, I am. My husband has hired this little farm, where we have resided for the last two years, and we make a comfortable living, and are as happy as we could wish. In the course of a few years, if we have our health, and prosper, we are in hopes to purchase the farm."

"What does the owner value it at?"

"He values it at about fifteen hundred dollars. We have had to purchase a great many farming things, or we should have made a payment towards it."

"But what has become of our old bureau?"

"I fear I shall never see it again," she replied; and after a pause, said: "I believe I never told you how I have been situated?"

"You never did."

When my mother died, it was thought she left some property in the hands of an uncle of mine, that would come to me when I was of age; but he said it was not the case. With him I resided a short time."

"Was your uncle's name, Mr. —?" said we, mentioning the individual who had signed the note in our possession.

"Yes, sir—that was his name. He was very anxious to see me—made me work so hard and so cross that I was obliged to leave him and carry my living by doing the work of a kitchen girl. One day I learned that he was about to dispose of what little property he had left to pay an old debt of hers. I immediately

went to the auction and found it too true. You know about the bureau, the only article of my mother's property I could purchase—and had it not been for your kindness it would have gone with the rest. The money I paid was earned in the kitchen. As I found it inconvenient to carry it with me, I asked my aunt's permission to put it in her garret, which permission she granted. On calling for it when I was married, I learned that uncle had disposed of it with some things at auction. I would rather have lost a hundred dollars; not that the piece possessed any real value, but because it belonged to my dear mother. (A tear came in the poor woman's eye) and on that account I did not wish to part with it. But it was useless to speak to uncle about it—he was entirely indifferent to me and what concerned me."

"Suppose that I should tell you that I had that bureau in my office?"

"Is it possible? You astonish me, Mr. C.—Have you indeed the old bureau?"

"I have, and what is better, I have something here for you—taking out my pocket-book and placing the note and gold upon the table—these are yours."

"Why, sir, you more and more astonish me."

"They are yours. After I became the owner of your bureau, I found this gold and this note concealed in one of the drawers. There are nearly fifty dollars, and the note is against your uncle, for nearly three thousand dollars, every cent of which you can recover."

The astonished lady could not speak for some time; but when she recovered from her surprise, she could only express her gratitude in tears; nay, more; she offered us half the amount; but we merely told her that it pleased us more to have justice done her, and be instrumental in aiding to the happiness of those we considered so worthy as herself and her husband.

When we left we promised to call on her soon again, and in the meantime to make arrangements for her to receive her just dues from her unworthy uncle.

The old man demurred a little at first; but when he found he could wrong a poor orphan girl no longer, he paid the note with interest—begging us not to expose him.

Sarah's husband purchased the farm on which he resided, stocked it well, and is now an independent farmer. Two happier souls it is difficult to find than Sarah and her husband."

A Strange Story.

A BALTIMOREAN'S EXPERIENCE IN A ROBBER'S CAVE—HEAT AND BRUISED.

Mr. Bernard Feldman, aged about fifty-eight years, living in Baltimore, after several days of mysterious absence put in a re-appearance and tells a most marvellous story. He left his home on Wednesday for the purpose of visiting Highlandtown, a suburban village, apparently in sound mind, and having with him about \$40 in money. Not returning that night, his family became alarmed, and all efforts to discover his whereabouts were unavailing, until he presented himself at his home about three o'clock, on Sunday morning, and related a curious array of experiences. He said he had not proceeded far on the road to Highlandtown when he saw a wagon, the sides of which were closed like a prison van.

The wagon halted near him, and a man jumped out and remarked to him that there was a dead man in the wagon, and that he should look into the vehicle, as he might be able to identify the body. As he attempted to do so he was seized by four men and thrust violently into the wagon, which was rapidly driven off, and being closed on all sides he was prevented from seeing the road. About 9 o'clock, as he supposed, the wagon halted, and getting out he was taken through a dense wood and finally taken into a cave, of which two desperate men were in charge. A fire was burning, and after robbing him of his money they threw faggots from the fire in his face, and burned off his beard and the entire hair from his head, following this by kicking and cuffing him until he was almost senseless. He passed the night without food or rest, and on Thursday and Friday implored his captors to allow him to go home, but their only response was to again assault and beat him in the most cruel manner, threatening at the same time that if he did not cease his importunities, they would murder him. During his entire stay in the cave a small piece of stale bread was his only food, and the nervous prostration and physical suffering he endured were indescribable. On Saturday morning some of the gang brought in a girl about nineteen years of age. Four of them soon after left, leaving two with the girl, and while they were guarding her in another part of the cave, he escaped.

He was suffering intense agony from his injuries, was fearful of recapture, and did not know the road he was traveling, until he recognized the dome of Bayview Asylum, on Saturday night, finally reaching his home at the hour stated. His beard and hair are entirely gone, his face and neck terribly blistered, and his physical strength so much exhausted that he is unable to leave his bed. Feldman is a man of strictly temperate habits, and his story is accepted by all those who know him as entirely true. At present he is unable to give any clue by which his abductors and assailants can be secured.

Indian Fakirs.

The religious mendicants of India are a numerous class, deriving their subsistence from the charity of the populace, whose pity they excite by practicing various kinds of self-mortification. One exhibits himself destitute of clothing, or covered with a coating of ashes, and another displays a withered limb, which he has succeeded, by vigorous effort, in paralyzing. Each one strives to surpass all others in the fanatical extent to which he carries his self-abuse, in order that he may obtain a superior reputation for sanctity. One year one of these pious beggars contrived to make himself a lion in the religious circles of Jeypore by suspending himself by the heels a great part of each morning. By tying ropes to the branches of a tree overhanging the road, so as to form a sort of pulley, and then fastening his feet into slip-knots, at the end of one of the ropes, he continued to haul himself up until he hung his whole length in the air with his head downwards. In this position he remained for hours together, mumbling his prayers and telling his beads. His

face was serene, he spoke without difficulty, and in no way gave signs of suffering any particular discomfort. During a whole month he continued this novel feat, winning thereby great enthusiasm from the admiring Hindoos.

At another time one of these beggars, or fakirs, distinguished himself by his extreme hideousness. Upon his face, half hidden by a rough, unkempt beard, was tattooed in red the trident of Neptune; his hair, tied in a knot was rolled above his head, forming a sort of mitre; and his body, which was very lean and quite naked, was besmeared with ashes. But the most revolting thing about him was his left arm, which, withered and quite stiff, stood out perpendicularly from the shoulder. Through the closed hand worked round with strips of linen, the nails had bored their way and were growing out upon the other side; and the hollow of his hand, which had been filled with earth, served as a flower-pot for a small myrtle-bush.

In order to reduce his arm to this miserable condition, the fakir was tied to a seat, and the afflicted limb was fastened to a cross-bar. During a considerable period, the torture resulting from this unnatural position is agonizing; but as the arm becomes withered, sensation deadens, and finally ankylosis ensues, and a permanent condition of rigidity is the result.

Southern Manufactures.

The Philadelphia American says: Cotton manufactures had in 1860 made more progress at the South than has been generally known. That section had 166 factories and 303,076 spindles scattered through twelve States. North Carolina had then the largest number of factories, 30, but Georgia stood first in spindles having 85,187, while North Carolina had but 41,884. Virginia had 49,440 spindles; Alabama, 35,740; South Carolina, 30,890; and Tennessee, 29,850. In the year 1860, the ravages of war had reduced the number of factories to 150, but the number of spindles had increased to 345,606. Georgia still stood first in spindles, 82,622; Virginia had 77,116; North Carolina, 59,898; South Carolina, 34,923; Alabama, 29,946; Tennessee, 24, 923; Missouri, 16,605. In 1875 the number of factories had increased to 181, and the spindles to 481,795. Of the latter Georgia had 131,350; South Carolina, 70,282; Alabama, 58,480; Tennessee, 55,358; North Carolina, 54,400; Virginia, 55,624; Missouri, 19,700; Mississippi, 18,255. There seems to be an increase in the size of the factories, including a concentration of Southern capital. The average of spindles to a mill is 4,177 in Alabama, 5,796 in Georgia, 1,655 in North Carolina, and 1,384 in Tennessee. With this evidence of the increase of manufacturing industry, it is hard to account for the impoverishment of the South exhibited by the census returns and the State assessments, except upon the theory that Southern agriculture must be unprofitable and the planters and farmers generally poor and in debt.

The main fact incident from the above statistics is that cotton manufactures have become permanently and extensively established all over the South.

Southern Men and Manners.

Olive Logan, writing to the Chicago Times, from Washington, gives her views of Southern men from a social standpoint:

Men of this decidedly Southern cast of thought and breeding are amazingly agreeable to women. I forestall their here, by at once asserting that I do not speak of them as lover or sweetheart, in which capacity I have no use for them, but as the mere cavalier savants of society, the carpet knight of the drawing-room. In this respect they are immeasurably superior to our pre-occupied, busy and thoughtless Northern men. Their form of address is in itself more respectful. A remark to a lady is almost invariably prefaced by the word "madame." A sent in a street car is instantly relinquished in favor of a woman by these courtly men. To meet a lady in the street and walk with her, and not relieve her of such little parcels as she may be carrying, would be considered very rude conduct. This particular item in their code of etiquette is directly at variance with that prevailing among New York men who copying the European custom, hold that a lady may carry a small bundle with propriety, ladies being constant purchasers of odds and ends, but no gentleman carries a parcel, that being a distinctive badge of a counter jumper, or errand man. I know that I shall evoke a responsive "yes" from the lips of