

DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL WELFARE.

VOLUME II.

MCCORMICK, S. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1887.

Kershaw mechanically thrust his hand

In Holland ladies are gradually assuming the occupations of the pharmaceutical assistants. The periodical State examinations have just been held and the result is highly favorable to the sex. Out of a total fifty-five candidates, nineteen out of thirty-one female candidates and only eight out of twenty-four male candidates were successful.

There are said to be in Paris more than 30,000 persons who make their living out of rag gathering and burrowing in the ash bins of the city. It is a hereditary calling and those who are engaged in it are strong and robust. This is more than can be said of the ragpickers of New York. Their number certainly is increasing but their physical decrepitude seems to grow greater also.

· Kentuckians will have to give up the idea of the State's possessing diamond fields. At the session of the American Institute of Mining Engineers in St. Louis the other day the subject came up for discussion, and it was demonstrated by Professor Ashburner, of Philadelphia, that the only basis for such a belief was the remark of Henry Carlton Lewis before the British Academy of Scientists, that a slight similarity existed between the trap rock of Eastern Kentucky and the diamond region of Southern Africa. A newspaper correspondent, however, had reported him as saying that diamonds might be found in the blue grass State.

Mr. Lui, of the Chinese consulate in New York, says that there are about 4,000 Chinamen in that city, or one-tenth of the whole number in this country and about one-third as many as there are in San Francisco. There are 2,000 or 2,500 in the suburbs of New York. He says that they are fond of the metropolis and are better treated there than elsewhere. Very many are married to white women, and in many instances these have proved happy unions. He declares that it is a mistake to suppose that all the Chinamen are seeking wealth in this country with the idea of returning to China with it. Could they become citizens many would do so, as they like this country and are fascinated by the comforts and the injustice of American laws regarding the Chinese, but speaks hopefully of the near prospect of a revocation of those that prevent immigration and naturaliza-A writer in the Brooklyn Union says: "A long time ago I wrote the opinion of an experienced publisher that Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, or in other words the Grant family, would derive, in the end, \$750,-000 from the writing: of General U.S. Grant. Inasmuch as Mrs. Grant has already received \$350,000 and will get at least \$150,000 more from the work which Grant finished just before his death, it will be no difficult matter to make the material left by General Grant for another work yield the remaining \$250,000. The work to follow the war record will be practically a history of Grant's two terms as President of the United States. It will be even more interesting to the masses than the war record, but will lack the merit of being the personal compilation of Grant. His notes, however, will supply all the facts. A fair share of the persons who purchase the war record will want the Presidential history. Therefore the success of the work is absolutely assured in advance. Colonel Fred. Grant has the matter in hand. I am told that he proposes to be the publisher himself." An American who has spent some nonths in Liberia writes privately from Monrovia, the capital, that it is built on a bed of iron ore, nearly pure; that it contains 5,000 inhabitants, only few of them white, divided into natives, the Liberians, or children born there of foreign parents, and immigrants. The Kroos, an aboriginal tribe, were formerly the slave dealers of the coast, and each man has a blue tattoo mark in the middle of his forehead, extending to the nose. The women paint themselves from head to heel, many having the Liberian or American flag painted on their brows, put a poor and awkward lad at ease. but never the British flag, which they hate. The girls, as soon as they can the next day after this dinner in a daze walk, are put into the gree-gree bush, a of delight, as if he had been passing are taught their duties as women and wives. They are usually sold at birth for connubial purposes, at about \$15 and hideous wall-paper, but the beauti-ful home in which he had been treated may have as many wives as he has money to pay for. The boys are kept in the bush until fourteen, when they are considered of age. If the boys or girls disclose the secrets of their bush, or are caught in another bush than their own, they are publicly put to death. The country has some 700,000 aboriginals. with 20,000 persons of colonial stock, and nearly all the semi-tropical products are indigenous there. The government is modeled exactly after ours. It was declared an independent state in 1847, and, the years following, was recognized as such by Great Britain and France. The climate, which was once considered fatal to Europeans, has been recently much improved by clearances, drainage and the like, and bids far untimately to be inhabited by the Western races.

"Bright fairy of the morn, with flowers arrayed Whose beauties to thy young pursue saide

Beyond the ecstasy of poet's dream-Shall I o'ertake thee, ere thy lustre fade?

TO FAME.

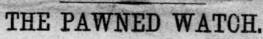
'Ripe glory of the noon, to dazzled eyes A pageant of delight and bower of gold, Dissolving into mirage manifold-Do I o'ertake thee, or mistake thy prize?

"Dull shadow of the evening, gaunt and

gray, At random thrown, beyond me, or above, And cold as memory in the arms of love-Have I o'erta'en thee, but to cast away?"

'No morn, or noon, or eve am I," she said "But night, the depth of night behind the

sun: By all mankind pursued, but never won Until my shadow falls upon a shade." -Harper's Magazine



BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

"Taking the line 3, 4 as

David Kershaw's eyes wandered from the book to the window. There was nothing to be seen there but a red brick morning!" wall, about three feet distant. Then they traveled wearily over the walls of his common sense suddenly rose strong and room, with their soiled red and yellow clear. "I ought not to begin this life.

paper, the bare floor, the cheap pine It's your life, not mine. I'm a poor man. with it all now. I'll send back the table piled with books, the cot-bed in I have four years of hard work here be- clothes-" the corner. "If one had even a fire or a stove!" he

the

"If one had even a fire or a stove!" he muttered, kicking at the black grating of the register, through which a feeble" "Well! well!" said Jourdan, carelessly." David left the box, and rushing home, of the register, through which a feeble supply of warm air crept into the room.

contract, Dave! You can't go through to you, Kershaw? No, don't be offended. with it!" and he fell to staring gloomily I have more of the filthy lucre than I thieves were discovered and punished. at the bricks outside of the window. David Kershaw was a country boy, used to a free, out-door life, to a big nouse, with roaring fires, and to a large, money to you, it would be a real pleasure made a mistake," he told Jourdan, "but used to a free, out-door life, to a big house, with roaring fires, and to a large, gay family of young people. He had to me. been working for years for the money to "Th carry him through college, and had come touched, yet angry. "I do not need any I will keep in it." up to begin his course three months ago. I have everything I need— His bitter humiliation had taught him He had not an acquaintance in the clothes and all," he added, with a gulp. great city. He rented this attic room, bought his dinner for ten or fifteen cents when Mitchener was gone. "If I don't clever, unpretentious young fellows, who, at a cheap eating-house, and ate crackers go to their party, they'll think I had no like himself, had their own way to make and cheese for breakfast and supper. His clothes were coarse and ill-fitting, and go!" he was painfully conscious of it, and held advantages of Western civilization. They would not be as happy in China and their only object in returning, could they do so and then come back here, would be to see their marents. Mr. Lui complains of

aide. How could he raise the money? He silently held them out to her. The power drew out his watch. It was a gold one, of speech and action seemed to be frozen the one luxurious possession in the fam- out of him with horror. Mitchener looked ily. His father had solemnly given it to him when he left home, saying: "It was my father's. I've kept it in "It was my father's. I've kept it in my bureau drawer for twenty years. possession?" Take it, David. You're goin' out into the world. You'll never disgrace it, my of repugnance and contempt for himself. boy." Remembering the old man's face These were "his new friends!" this was as he said this, David thrust it back into his pocket. "What a snob I am! To part with daddy's watch for a suit of old clothes!" But the next moment he thought that I did that. But I bought them at a pawnhe could pawn it. He would soon have it back. Save the money, or earn it-

it back. Save the money, or earn it-somehow. It was not as if he were yielding to a vicious temptation of the town-gambling or drinking. The society of these high-bred people would elevate, educate him. There was a tap at the door, and Mitch-ener came in. "No, can't sit down; I'm in a hurry. Brought a message from my mother. She would like to have you join an opera-party to night. Eight or ten young people. Meet at our house, box at the people. Meet at our house, box at the opera, and back to supper afterward. You'll come? That's right. Good-

No! no! Stay! Mr. Mitchener!" His said Mitchener, putting his hand on his commor-sense suddenly rose strong and shoulder. David shook it off.

fore me, and after that my living to earn.

seen one that day in a second-hand shop, very cheap. His blood grew hot at the idea of wearing some other man's cast-off out the tablet and a second later the ring, clothes, but he pushed that thought which had caught in the lining and so "Have you any objections to telling Mrs. Bellew how the suit came in your Kershaw stared at him a moment, full the party he had parted with his old father's gift to enter! "I did not, of course, steal the clothes," he said at last. "You cannot really think shop to day. I pawned my watch to do it. I wanted to come here." ple whom he regarded as his superiors. David saw it all, and rose from his seat

panting and trembling. "Sit down! Sit down!, Kershaw!" "No; I've been a fool, but I've done

"Oh no!" said Mrs. Bellew, looking

"Don't be so vehement about it. Going stunned with rage and shame, tore off

| 1 | BUDGET OF FUN. | across the hall. By that time I was reck- | FLOOD AND EBB. |
|---|--|---|---|
| 5 | DUDUEI OF FUR. | less. I seized a strap and pulled. The | The breeze sinks down, and the long r |
| | | whole thing began to come. I strapped it half way and considered. Considering | Of barren sands |
| 2 | HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM | was hard work. So was holding. I | In the hot sun seems like the beach |
| | VARIOUS SOURCES. | pulled. It came, and I went. But I | Of desert lands. |
| | | didn't go far enough, and the bed caught | Among the rocks no children run |
| | Greater than Herrmann-A Saving | me. I was underneath. The Charleston | Only some poor old women come |
| | Philosopher-He was an Esti- | man on the floor below dreamed he was | For driftwood drying in the sun, |
| | mator-Rice at the Fair- | at home. | The second se |
| • | He Didn't Jump, Etc. | "Well, when I got out and took an in- | 'Tis full high noon, the tide is out, |
| | "That Parisian trickthe Vanishing | ventory, I was minus considerable skin, | We quiet are. |
| | Lady-that Herrmann does is a great | but the accession of my eyebrow bal- | God knows what storms may sweep with |
| | one," said Jones. "He covers a lady | anced things. The bed was open, but | The harbor bar. |
| | with a veil, and after a little manœuvring | but I was too impatient to be particular. | The sudden squall, the veering gale |
| | removes the veil, and the lady has dis- | With considerable emphasis I turned out | May tear and wreek the distant sail Of him we love. Our weak hearts fail. |
| | appeared." "That's nothing to a young lady in our | the gas and rolled in. As soon as I hit | of min we love. Our weak dearts rail, |
| | boarding house," answered Brown. "I | the bed it shut up-that is, as close as it | 'Tis sunset; the returning tide |
| | have seen ten or twelve persons in the | could. It was close enough. For about | Creeps up the sands. |
| | parlor, and this young lady come in, sit | ten minutes I would have swapped | The waves gleam with warm colors dy |
| | down to the piano, and begin to play | places with any one of the seven anar- | From tropic lands. |
| | and sing. In two minutes all the rest | chists and given him odds. When I got | The fresh breeze wafts the sounds of joy |
| | had disappeared. Talk about Herrmann! | out of that place there was not enough | From lips of many a happy boy |
| - | He ain't a patch to her."-New York Sun. | left of the bed-clothes to make a respect- | To whom each wave brings a new toy. |
| | A standard and a standard a | able bandage. I know, because I tried it. What I suffered you will never | |
| | A Saving Philosopher. | know. | A snow-white sail flits cross the bar, |
| | Wandering phisosopher-"Yes, my | "This morning the landlady informed | The light is past. |
| | dear sir, I've reckoned up that by walk- | me, that had she known I was subject to | But ere appears the evening star, |
| | ing down town to my business every day | delirium tremens, she would have re- | He comes at last. |
| | I have saved \$300 in the last ten years." | fused the admittance that gave me a | His ship is moored. With him beside |
| | Indifferent fellow (who always rides) | chance to ruin the reputation of her | My doubting heart, can dread abide ? Shall I to-morrow fear ebb tide ? |
| | Philosopher-"Oh, much better." | boarding house. As I left the house the | -Springfield Republican |
| | Indifferent fellow-"Well, I am out | boarders poked their heads out and whis- pered: 'That's him; he had 'em bad last | -spiringliera nepaaroan |
| 1 | that much. Good day!" | night,' and similar encouraging remarks. | DIUT IND DOTION |
| 1 | Philosopher-"Ah-by the way could | New York News. | PITH AND POINT. |
| | you lend me \$5 for a few days?"-New | | descent and the part of the second |
| | York Graphic. | Mother Goose. | A marriage in high life-a wedding |
| | | Mother Goose's maiden name was | the attic. |
| | He was an Estimator. | Elizabeth Foster. She was born in | A scientist went out the other nig |
| | "What's all this crowd doing here?" | Charlestown, Mass., in 1635, and married | in a gale to see what color the wind w |
| | asked a stranger, as he found the pave- | Isaac Goose, of Boston, in 1693. She | and found it blew Carl Pretzel. |
| | ment blockaded in front of a Broadway store. | was his second mate, and began her ma- ternal life a stepmother to ten children. | The Woman's Journal asks: "Wh |
| 1 | "Why," replied a bystander, "the | She added six more to that number. | shall our daughters marry?" What's |
| | proprietor offers a prize for the closest | Think of it! Sixteen goslins to a single | matter with the men?-Philadelphia Co |
| | guess as to the number of beans in that | goose! Is it any wonder that she poured | Speculator - "How do you thi |
| | bottle." | out her feelings in the celebrated lines: | wheat is going to turn?" Pater Fan |
| | "How are the guesses running?" | "There was an old woman, who lived in a | lias-"Into bread I supposeBos |
| | (Ener 000 | , | Budaet |

"From 900 up to 15,000."

NUMBER 42.



ight vas,

hom s the Call. hink mil-oston Budget.

less indifference more galling than dis-He plodded silently from the college to his bare room, and thence to the miserable cating-house day after day.

and put his head out to catch a glimpse of the street into which the alley opened. made for him. A young man on horseback passed at the moment. It was Jourdan Mitchener, one of his class. He rode a blooded what clothes he wore? mare, and was fully equipped in corduroy coat and knickerbockers, cream-col- find himself at all at ease. That lady in New York."

ored leggings, and gauntlets. "A regular swell!" thought Kershaw, laughing good-humoredly. He had no-ticed this Crasus of the college before. "He has a good, strong face. Well, luck's unevenly divided in this world!" awkward lad, his hair carefully oiled and to bing muchine the careful of the college before. "Whether attention to her other guests. They talked of people and things of which he knew nothing. The tall, awkward lad, his hair carefully oiled and "I tried it once, you remember," said "He has a good, strong face. Well, luck's unevenly divided in this world!" taking up his book with a sigh.

taking up his book with a sigh. Half an hour later there was a knock at the door. David opened it, expect-ing to see his landlady, but there stood Mitchener, smiling, whin in hand.

Mitchener, smiling, whip in hand. "Mr. Kershaw?" lifting his hat. the dainty women near with furtive glances. "Ashamed not to have known you before, but there are such a lot of us fel- tered one of the proscenium boxes. path.' I owe much to Mrs. Bellew. Her lows, you know. Thanks, yes," taking Davd had a seat at the back, where he treatment of me and my foolish act a chair. "My mother saw your name in could catch but an occasional glimpse of turned me back from the wrong road. It a catalogue, and sent me to tell you the stage and the brilliant audience. He would have made my life a failure."that your mother and she were school-mates and friends, 'Daisy' and 'Lily'- and fond of the waltzes and marches that sort of thing, I believe. My mother which his sister played on the old piano, married a city man, and for that reason, and fancied himself a connoisseur in during the years that have passed, has music. But he was not educated to un-lost sight of her old schoolmates who derstand this music. lived away from the city."

"And my mother married a farmer, and has been poor all of her life," interrupted David, morosely.

and down to-morrow," carelessly. ders. Something in Mitchener's manner made his wealth and David's poverty appear paltry accidents, to which they, as men, were loftily superior. Before they had been together ten minutes. David felt

his morbid gloom disappear. He began to talk naturally and laugh heartily. "This Mitchener was a thorough good fellow," he wrote home that night. "Was not conscious, apparently, that he talking of him. His brain was on fire. was worth a dollar."

The trath was that Jourdan fully ap- equal of these dainty folk, as well-born, preciated the value of his father's great as virtuous, as clever, as they? They wealth, but he was a well-bred and cour- dared to despise him because he was teous young fellow, and knew how to awkward and ill-dressed! Kershaw was invited to dinner at Mrs. In his embarrassment and hisery he least, Witchener's on Sunday He want about thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of That's a day longer than a wonder lasts. Mitchener's on Sunday. He went about his coat, and drew out a little painted kind of barbarous convent, where they through a golden mist, and had brought til he saw Mrs. Bellew's eyes fixed on it some of it still clinging to him. He hummed a tune, as he pored over his problems. He did not see the bare floor back to him, making some incoherent remarks about the play, while she looked at him keenly. Suddenly she grew pale, and interrupting herself in the middle of as an honored guest. The Persian carpets, the statuary, the table brilliant with flowers and silver, even the delicious flavors of the dishes lingered gratefully on his long-starved palate. He had met, too women more cherming and mon I would like to speak the anteroom? I would like to speak the a too, women more charming and men with you." more gently-bred than any he had ever known before. What a world they lived in! He was even yet bewildered by his glimpse into it. Every luxury and delight waited on the lifting of their hands. Libraries,

know what to do with. The fact is, I Mrs. Mitchener, still loyal to her old

I will not do it again. My path in life "Thank you!" Kershaw stammered, is straight before me. With God's help. juster views of life. As time passed, he "Now I am in for it!" he groaned, made friends among the other students,

clothes fit to wear. The watch has to go!" in life. His college days passed quickly. He studied medicine, and returned to his He paced the floor, one minute blaming native town to practice.

to think of study. He decided on nothing until nearly Kershaw. He hard from others of the high position held by the physician in dark, when he rushed out, pawned the the community; not only as the head of watch for one-fourth its value, and his profession, but as an influential citierable cating-house day after day. Being naturally a genial, friendly fel-low, the thought of the four long, lonely years to come sickened him. He threw up the window presently, and put his head out to catch a glimpse of the street into which the alley opened

Mitchener had married a very wealthy woman, and had continued to live only in pursuit of fashionable amusement. But what matter? His friends—his welcome—the music. Who would care what clothes he wore? "And what have I gained by it?" he thought, bitteriy. "If I were to die to-morrow, I should be remembered only as Arrived at Mrs. Mitchener's, he did not the man who kept the best French cook

was quite occupied with her duties as "You were right," he said to the doc-hostess, and received him with careless tor when he came that afternoon. "You

parted, his red hands protruding from his

the dainty women near by scanning him | Every tick of this old watch since"-

They drove to the opera-house and en- be a snob. Keep steadily on your own

A very pretty, flighty young lady, Mrs.

Bellew, who was the chaperone of the party, tried politely to make him talk to her, but in vain. She turned to Jourdan "Yes, yes. American life! Up to-day at last with a shrug of her bare shoulshines. Shakespeare.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide, "Your friend," she whispered, "seems It boots not to resist both wind and tide. to be absorbed by his own thoughts. He does not look as if he were enjoying himself. Who is he?" "One of my mother's last hobbies; a student in the college from the counpost of danger. try," he replied, in the same tone. They turned to the stage. Kershaw forewarned. saw their smiles, and knew they were

Shakespeare: Both of you are birds of self-same feather. Why had he come here? Was he not the Modern form: Birds of a feather flock together. Shakespeare: Strike now or else the iron Modern form: Strike while the iron is hot. Shakespeare

"That would be a ten days' wonder at the In his embarrassment and misery he

least 100,000 beans in that bottle." plate, jewelry and David's watch. The

"I? Oh, I'm from the West. I've her and she survived Father Goose many been out there estimating the population years. Still, she stayed by her nest and of cities from the number of names in the | fed her flock until they were able to swim directories."-Tid-Bits. by themselves. One of her daughters married Thomas Fleet, a printer by trade,

Rice at the Fair,

DITO ATM AN TITT

on being a nurse to his children, and Everybody, almost, knows what a wide-out short-up figure Billy Rice, the there she lived and sang from morning minstrel, has. Well, about two weeks until night: ago (at least so we are informed) Billy was at an agricultural show in a one-Thomas Fleet sold songs and ballads night-stand town, and as he stood in a thoughtful attitude contemplating the at his printing office, and one day a exhibit, the editor of the county paper happy thought struck him. So, while and a farmer passed by. she sat in her arm chair or shuffled about

"Look there," whispered the editor, the house lost in sweet dreams, he care-"that's Rice." "Where?" inquired the farmer.

"There," said the editor, pointing toward William.

"Rice?" repeated the farmer inquir-ingly. These he now printed and sold under the tit'e of "Mother Goose Melodies for Chil-dren. T. Fleet, Printer. Pudding Lane, ingly. 'Yes.'

"Yes." "Well, by gosh, it's the funniest rice I ever seen. It looks a blame sight more like a punkin. Le's go an' take a look at it." Billy met the farmer half way and "Billy met the farmer half way and"

He Didn't Jump.

Sunday afternoon a man suddenly appeared at a three-story window in an un finished building on Grand River street and seemed to begin preparations to commit suicide by leaping to the pave-ment. A crowd of forty or fifty people speedily gathered in a half circle below, and a hough all seemed to be aware of what was going on not a voice was raised to prevent the stranger carrying out his designs. He removed his coat and looked down as if estimating the distance. Then he removed his vest and looked down again. Some of the crowd asked each other in low tones if his intention was to jump, and were andrawing it out-"has said to me: 'Don't swered that there was no doubt of it. The man removed his collar and tie after his vest, and then spit on his hands and took his position square in the window. No one below moved a foot. There was half a minute of silence, during which everybody mentally calculated on the exact spot he would strike, and something like a shudder passed over the crowd. Then the unknown spit on his hands once more, raised them above his head, and calmly remarked :

I shall occupy this building November 1 with a large and well selected stock of staple and fancy groceries. I shall do a strictly cash business, and it will be my aim to ---"

The Fatal Folding Bed.

An expression of profound gloom on has the right of life over his own child; the face of a friend led to inquiries which elicited a tale of sorrow and suffering. "Do I look mournful?" he asked. "Do I bear the appearance of a man whose soul has been entered by the iron of adversity? Well, that's the way I feel. "You know, I moved day before yesd'amour, I suppose) I sought the seclu- standard) for a substitute. Some impe-

with whom she went to live and insisted

"Up stairs and down stairs, And in my lady's chamber."

fully wrote down what he could of her

rhymes which fell from her lips. Soon

he had enough to make a volume.

Capital Punishment in China,

depends upon the whim of the officer of

the law. Here is an instance: Pen Ta

Ren, the Rear Admiral of the Yangtze

boatmen and a soldier over the matter of

two cash-the price of ferriageacross a

small stream. The Admial took in the

"From 900 up to 15,000." "Oh, pshaw! Why, there must be at east 100,000 beans in that bottle." "Where might you be from, stranger?" She had so many children she didn't know what to do?" Yet her family cares sat lightly upon "Bout the barnyard proudly struts, Heedless that November murky Finds him cooked and stuffed with nuts.

Three thousand people in Russia are making barrel organs, and now we can begin to understand why dynamite is so popular in the land of the Czar. - Graphic.

The Phrenological Journal says: "In choosing a wife, be governed by her chin." A man is apt to be governed by the same thing after he gets a wife .--Kansas City Squib.

"These newspapers 'll never get done pitching into the oleomargarine manufacturers," said old Mrs. Pinaphor, glancing at an article headed "Corruption in Greece," in a daily paper.

Old Mr. Bently (reading the paper)for bigamy. Old Mrs. Bently-"Well, it's 'bout time. The idea of a man having seven hundred wives."-New York

By fastening the ham clock back with a string set it, you can make sure

ering the love in which her melodies are r-"You say everywhere held, their freedom from any-thing which might corrupt or mislead cked four times?" Sailorav, me hearty." Stray the infantile mind, their practical wis- are your sensations when the wild waves dsm, their shrewd mystery and motives of human conduct, one is in all soberness forced to admit that her name is among the brightest of the jewels which adorn the brow of the Old South. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when a f

the brow of the Old South. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when a memorial statue will be erected to this venerable old lady in one of the parks or "What nonsense!" exclaimed Brown memorial statue will be created in the parks or it very appropriate." "And will be venerable old lady in one of the parks or it very appropriate." "And will be venerable old lady in one of the parks or it very appropriate." "And will be venerable old lady in one of the parks or it very appropriate." "And will be venerable old lady in one of the parks or it very appropriate." "And will be venerable old lady in one of the parks or it very appropriate." "And will be venerable old lady in one of the parks or its very appropriate." "And will be venerable old lady in one of the parks or its very appropriate." "And will be venerable old lady in one of the parks or its very appropriate." "And will be venerable old lady in one of the parks or its very appropriate." "And will be very approprise." "And will be very appropriate." the food."-Biston Transcript.

"Funny, wasn't it, about that Mis-souri bank which went into liquidation In China, writes a Chinaman in the the other day having \$15,090 more assets than liabilities?" "I prefer to wait for Columbia Jurist, capital punishment often

particulars," replied the other. "What particulars?" "I think the president was either too honest to speculate or too district, was passing up that river and chanced to overhear a quarrel between a lame to skip. The machinery slipped a cog somewhere."- Wall Street News.

A Gum Chewing Contest.

situation. The soldier had been ferried The most grotesque feature of the over the stream, and then refused to pay the poor ferryman. There was a principle evening at the exposition was the chewing gum tournament. Old people were dragged up to the Richardson Drug involved. A large number of soldiers were looking on and apparently enjoying the ferryman's rage at the loss of his Company's stand by roguish youngsters, who forced them to join in, and the fawages. An example was needed, and the "Great Man," as his name signifies, cial contortions of some who have long since bid a regretful farewell to their who was incognito, being on a tour of organs of mastication were immensely personal inspection, ordered the soldier absurd. Twenty thousand cakes were beheaded, which was done on the spot. provided, but these failed to hold out, Willful murder, piracy and confirmed thieves fall under the beheadsman ax. owing to the general attack on the distributors. Several young ladies were Infanticide, however, is not included as heard to repeat that not even the prospect of winning a pint bottle of perfume could induce them to do anything so hence the practice of female infanticide. vulgar as to chew, but soon afterward Capital pnnishment can be met by the makers of the most vigorous protests proxy and the law be satisfied. It is no were running a hot race with the others. uncommon, therefore, when a man of A young lady from Eureka Springs sucmoney is sentenced to death that he can, ceeded in disposing of twelve cakes in an hour, and had a genuine walk-over by the use of money, secure a stay of proceedings long enough to obtain a subfor the first prize, as the second best had not got rid of her sixth cake when "time" was called. Only young ladies were regarded as competing for the perfume bottles, but several grave and resion of a West Side boarding house. The cunious family, often having 200 or 300 erend seigniors were impressed into the tournament, including at least one occupant of a seat on the judicial bench and two or three doctors. Cakes were offered to the jubilee singers with a politely conveyed suggestion that they should take a rest from their singing, but these five Ethiopians proved almost the only individuals who declined to participate .-- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

All the simple proverbs used in our every-day work and life are drawn from Shakespeare. A few of them are: Shakespeare: The sun shines hot, and if we use delay Cold-biting winter mars our hoped-for hay. "My friends, this is to inform you that

Modern form: Make hay while the sun

But the last one had turned the corner. -Detroit Free Press.

terday. Well, hurt by the unfee'ing re- stitute. This is done by making an offer marks of my late landlady and the fact of one, two or more hundred "taels" that she retained my trunk (as a gage ounces of silver, about 1331 cents, our

Youth's Companion. Transforming Shakespeare's Sayings.

gallerics of art, operas, balls, voyages to Europe, to the Nile! This was life! He band's. You have it on !" wanted more of it -- more of it. Mrs. Mitchner had asked him to come often; had offered to introduce him to

her friends, "a gay young set," she said. He walked up and down the room, flushed and panting. He had never dreamed of such a world! He must see stolen. As we came home, he put my a kind of rocky basin, the upper rim of viated costume urged me to renew the was in 1754 and the last before the re-

go again without a dress-suit. He had Kershaw has the tablet in his pocket." hand of man

paper tablet, which he fingered mechan-

a sentence, said to Kershaw : : 'Will you be good enough at the close of the next

the rest was an evening suit of my hus- ten. It is generally supposed that the started the baby owned by the second greatest nations of the earth can not fore."

"Aren't you mistaken, Mrs. Bellew?" is exactly like another, and-"

Modern form: A nine days' wonder. Shakespeare: The common people swarm like summer flies. Modern form: Swarm like flies. Shakespeare: And I forgive and quite forget old faults. Modern form: Forgive and forget.

Modern form: Wind and tide wait for no

Shakespeare: 'Tis the more honor, because

Modern form: The place of honor is the

Shakespeare: I will arm me, being thus

Modern form: Forewarned, forearmed

The Mysterious Sphinx.

The Sphinx occupies a position where the encroachment of the desert is most conspicuous. At the present day nothing monuments on which it is figured show around the room, now and then casting arrangement. not only the entire body down to the a glance at the folded bed and admiring

When they had reached the anteroom paws, but also a large square plinth be- it's compactness and air of gentility, but It is the most humiliating of our contiat the close of the act, she said: "I have neath covered with ornaments. Since somehow I did not feel like tackling it neatal disgraces that a man can steal a most disagreeable question to ask. Mr. Kershaw. Our house was robbed by since the reign of Thothmes IV., this remembered that my chum had first protected from punishment by the Canaburglars last Monday, and silver and jew- plinth has disappeared beneath the sand, lifted the top. I did that. But when I dian government. And it is a sad comelry and clothes were taken. Among and its very existence had been forgot- let go it came back with a slam that mentary on our civilization that the two

said young Mitchener. "One dress suit M. Maspero's recent researches suggest time on the bed I undressed. Say, did cals. - Chicago News. that it is a work yet more stupendous. | it strike you as chilly last night? No?

"wore it to a ball the night before it was the centre of an amphitheatre, forming combination of that fact and my abbre- since its settlement in 1880. The first

room is pleasant and the man who occu- members, as the patriarchal plan of dopies the other half a very nice fellow. Night before last I went home early, and when ready my new chum boldly ap-proached an innocent-looking piece of furniture, and after a little sparing. furniture, and after a little sparing for time let in with right and left stoical indifference upon the ultra preand brought to view a comfortable bed. I had never seen a folding-bed else the lot would not have fallen to him before, and was a little astonished. individually. He accordingly presents However, I made no remarks but turned himself to the court, and the convicted

Badinage of the Ministers.

There wos a meeting of the preachers of Lynchburg, Va., and when it was breaking up Dr. John Hannon could not find his hat. Turning to the Rev. R. Acree, he said :

"One of you Baptists has my hat." "Then," said Brother Acree, "your hat has more brains in it than ever be-

A fews days after that Dr. Hannon was passing by Brother Acree's yard gate, and when urged to come in he said :

"I am on my way to preach." "You can't preach," replied Brother Acree.

-Richmond Religious Herald.

Sphinx is hewn out of a large isolated floor front into a wild symphony of woe. agree upon a plan of extradition which rock, which overlooked the plain. But Then I sat down and thought. To gain shall not be in favor of thieves and ras-

"My husband," she went on, excitedly, He has proved that the Sphinx occupies Well, it was. Indeed, it was cold. The Charleston has had eight earthquakes

more of it! How stale and dull the Latin and mathematics seemed now! But how to compass it? He could not But how to compass it? He could not

enough to arouse the pug in the room property