" six months..... " three months..... 50 LEXINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1887.

THE OFFERING.

Daily with feeble, care-worn hands I trim The lamp of life, and with unceasing

I offer its poor, flickering flame to Him

Who doth our burdens bear. Long, long ago, its brightness slowly

Long, long ago, I ceased to hold it dear Nor saw I aught of gladness to be gained

From year, slow following year. Yet, for my Master's sake, who bids me

Until His coming, still I trim my fight; And still it burns, as now the hours grow

And deepen into night. Not mine to ask why He doth will it so;

Not mine to quench this faintly burning Mine but to wait in patience, and to know

The faithful leart is His supreme desire.

DE. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE HORNET COMES NOT FROM THE DEVIL, BUT THE LORD.

Takes Just So Much Trouble to Fit Us for Usefulness and for Heaven-Shall We Take It in Bulk or Pulverized and BROOKLYN, March 13.-At the Tabernacle

his morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.).D., expounded appropriate passages of cripture. Is then gave out the hymn be-

Must Jesus bear the cross alone, and all the world go free? No! there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me. The subject of his discourse was "Stinging

Annoyances," and his text Deuteronomy vii, 10: "The Lord thy God will send the hornet." It seems as if the insect world were deermined to war against the human race, At s every year attacking the grain fields and rado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the

New Jersey locust, the universal potato destroyer seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's ark as the door was opened. In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing from the cut of its lan-

cet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful pasteboard covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them attacking one man will produce certain death. The Persians attempted to conquer a Chrisa city, but the elephants and the beasts on the Persians rode were assaulted by ornets, so that the whole army was

on up and the besieged city was rescued. urning and noxious insect stung out the s and Canaanites from their country at the gleaming sword and chariot of war not accomplish was done by the puncof an insect. The Lord sent the hornet. friends, when we are assaulted by ooths of trouble-great behemoths of e-we become chivalric, and we assault ige, and mich mettled steed of

he a cavalry charge and the malges, and the flies, and the and the hornets! In other words, small stinging annoyances of our hich drive us out and use us up. Into est conditioned life, for some grand and ous purpose, God sends the hornet.

ark in the first place that these small annoyances may come in the shape itive nervous organization. People prostrated under typhiod fevers or ken bones get plenty of sympathy, o pities anybody that is nervous? The s say, and the family says, and everyody says, "Oh! she's only a little nervous, that's ail." The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer. a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A greet multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physicians that the did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die the wheel must keep going around.' These persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context-they have a very thin covering and are vunerable at all points. And the Lord

Again, these small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and peddle it. They gather up all the ao erse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh too, outside. These people are brought to our attention in the Bible. in the book of Ruth: Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of wordly prospects into another land, but after a while she

came back widowed, and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came back to the city? They all went out, and inhat did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said: "Is this Naomi!" as mraen's entered How very brooked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred mes a year, I was asked if I was not in a sumption. And passing through the room ould sometimes hear people sigh and cry: h! not long for this world!" I resolved ose times that I never, in any conversa-would say anything depressing, and by

elp of God I have kept the resolution. e people of whom I speak reap and bind a great harvest field of discouragement. days you greet them with a hilarious morning," and they come buzzing at Good h some depressing information, The ont the hornet. is astonishing how some people prefer to picture of your life, to be hung at last in the

write and to say disagreeable things. That was the case when years ago Henry M. Stanley returned after his magnificent exploit of finding Dr. David Livingstone, and when Mr. Stanley stood before the savants of Europe, and many of the small critics of the day, under pretense of getting geographical information, put to him most insolent questions, he folded his arms and refused to answer. At the very time when you would suppose all decent men would have applauded the heroism of the man there were those to hiss. The Lord sent the hornet. And when, afterward, that man sat down on the western coast of Africa, sick and worn, perhaps, in the grandest achievement of the age in the way of geographical discovery, there were small critics all over the world to buzz and buzz and caricature and deride him; and when a few weeks after that he got the London papers, as he opened them out flew the bornet.

When I see that there are so many people

in the world who like to say disagreeable things and write disagreeable things I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse that was at the livery, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me: "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said "Yes." He said: "No use, no use;

man's a failure." The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of a local physical trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it has been a sick hendache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth or sociality or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with you, that just at the time when you want your intellect clearest and your disposition brightest you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. The Lord sent

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep is one of the great questions of the country

considerateness of employers; but whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh! these home troubles are very little things." They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in asking Christ to reprove Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. The Lord sent the hornet.

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1857 and Sept. 24, 1809, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances-a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bili of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of business confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt wirich was against your judgment, just to please somebody else. It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panies come only ton or twenty years It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into mervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant; but their life is giving way now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. The Lord sent the hornet.

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their annoyances are multiplying, and they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life bred a million. By the help of God to-day I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy; they kill spiders and they clear the atmosphere; and I really believe God sends the annoyance of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies. These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our ethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft-and easy, what would we want of heaven? You think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or you hink the devil send

patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel barsbars with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each band and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured, reaches after a while the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worry a peg by which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. It is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are slandered and cheated, and sick and half dead. "Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well to do man I would be patient too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water I would swim;" or, "I could shoot this gun if it

When you stand chin deep in annoyances is

the time for you to swim out toward the

great headlands of Christian attainment, and when your life is loaded to the muzzle with repulsive annoyances-that is the time to draw the trigger. Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. There formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations: It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is, whether we shall take it in the bulk, or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it the bulk. His back is broken, or his evesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him; while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather ave it?. Of course in peacemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw. Better ten fly blisters than an amputation. Better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy; but in this matter of

were not for the caps."

down dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank you would a great deal rather that fifty men should come in with checks less than a hundred dollars than to have two depositors come in the same day each wanting his ten thousand dollars. In this latter case, you cough and look down at the floor and up at the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some allstaggering demand upon your endurance? I want to make you so strong that you the vilsurrender to small adifion says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very

sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him

-followed him to the banks of the Weser,

trouble I like homeopathic doses small

pellets of annoyance rather than some knock

and then he blew a blast and they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable, but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the Gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever. How many touches did the artist give to his picture of "Cotopaxi," or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about 50,000 touches. I hear the canvas saying, "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says the artist, "I know how to make a painting; it will take 50,000 of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these 10,000 annoyances which, under God, are making up the

galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture. I go into a sculptor's studio, and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke-click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh!" he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way," So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling our your immortal nature, It is click, click click! I

wonder why some great providence does not. come and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no; God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletion. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than the great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursions of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances, that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of store houses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and drink of water at a Franciscan convent. was led to the discovery of a new world. And

trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings. Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplex-

there is an intimate connection between

ity come across your soul without it making Our national government does not think it belittling to put a tax on pins and a tax on buckles and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that come through your soul. This might not amount to much in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great rev enue of spiritual strength and satisfaction A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that

which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges river were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewed with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying, "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish; wait until there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am, and what battling I will do." The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large

If I had my flowing th ful as th would have and the be dipped in hall in your ettes, and table, ar and kniv amethy have th you live 150 ve pain or ache each one of u

But you say all these thin is wiser. of us if we best picture in house. God in that g. at govery of the vestibule of heat universe toward must not have we would want? Polycarp w death. fastened to it. around him. tells us that the i canvas of a ship in flames, instead of a only a wall between poniard; the flames would not touch him.

They had actually to destroy him with the Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessing and the promise, as He did to Polycarn: When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand; you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hor-

Two Original Entertainments. Paris has been enlivened lately by two original entertainments, writes Townsend Percy. One was a bird's head dinner party, at which one of the ladies had her head arranged to represent that of a peacock, with the crest represented by an aigrette in diamonds, emeralds and sapphires. The most original head was that of an owl, and the most tasteful that of a turtledove. The other entertainment was that of a bezique party, at which the game was not played, but was represented by the guests, who were dressed as a pack of cards. Care had been taken to have the king and queen of each suit represented by a married couple, so that uniformity of costume could be preserved. The queen of hearts was arrayed in ruby velvet and rose colored satin, and the queen of clubs in black velvet and silver tissue. The guests who personated the common cards of the pack were dressed either in black or scarlet, the gentlemen each having the card fastened to a lapel of the coat, while each lady wore hers attached to her corsage. Both entertainments

were a great success in every way.-New York Graphic. Now that she has gone into hone is giving a New Yorkumers that are the delight of all

The Proper Attitude. A local boss had instructed his henchmen to occupy an attitude of dignified neutrality in regard to a political measure. When approached by a friend of the measure, the henchman looked cunning and said: "I don't know what I can do for you. The measure isn't ours, and I guess it will be best for our side to preserve a dignified brutality."-Bos-

Casualties in the Mail Service. There were 211 casualties in the railway mail service last year, more than double the number of the preceding year, but for the first in many years no clerk was killed. The seriously injured numbered fifty-six, and the slightly injured were sixty. - Chicago

Experiments by throwing corks in the currents of the North Atlantic made by Admiral Grye indicated a daily rate of motion of from two to six miles.

Push and Energy in Georgia. During the past few weeks charters have been granted in Georgia for twelve railroad companies, four large street railway corporations, two mineral paint, four marble, one oil, eleven large manufacturing and six land companies, while thirty minor manufacturing companies have applied for charters .-

I vhas took notice dot eafery mans haf his weakness. Before we pitch into him pecause be falls let us consider how it whas dot we shtand oop.-Carl Dunder in Detroit Free

Boston Transcript.

PEOPLE PUBLICLY MENTIONED.

What the Newspapers Are Saying About Persons Wito Are Well Known. Ada Rehan used to be a school teacher in Bridge fort, Com.

wine glasses at duner parties. Wilson Barett says he is always very nervous when he coes on the stage, and perspires until he camear the sweat drops from his face patter on he floor like rain.

Mrs. J. W. Smf1. of Orange, N. J., is a famous tricyclist. During the past year she rode 2,643 miles, 2528 of which were with her husb and on a tandm machine; the other 415 - chiph Livingstone. Minister (aside to assis-

nie June has syn the women of all na and has made p her mind that Ameri-women stand ; the head for health, lexion, taste ad good temper. She es that America men should patronize enterprise.

een Margaret 4 Italy is exceptionally ptible to cold and seldom is without a own apartmentsh the Quirinal are kept ture while is to most people op-

Henry Clews, the Wall street broker, rees that "the malwho can't make milk noney to live or out of the prosperity is going to revail throughout the ry for the entity ear of 1887 ought to r the benefit of his family." When a man has a few milens to begin with the of milk and aney is very easily har-

Lill ie Stuck, the -year-old daughter of the Pennsylvania stre librarian, composed ords and music of a "Slumber Song." music teacher adjised her to allow him to rearrange and pub sh it, as he said it was so intricate, so delicte, and so difficult of rendition that ordinar singers could not do justice to it, She delared she would not have the score change, saving she had made it inusually difficult or a special purpose. Then she sent it to Addina Patti, signing an very well and generally lept time with the from Mme. Patti's private secretary that the than the square dances, though some showed diva was singing the "lumber Song" in con- themselves to be expert and graceful in the

A strange case of a sent mindedness came to light in the office c' the recorder of deeds at Washington recently. In July, 1884, a lively music of a hompipe. ed of trust, Fre erick Douglass at the time being recorder. Subsequently a deed of release was secured, and Monday the papers were returned for further record. In examining the deed it vas dated as of record July 16, 1884, and on the back signed "James G. Blaine, recorder of deeds," in the handwriting of Mr. Douglass, showing that the recorder was at thet, time absorbed in mind about the Blaine boom to such an extent as to write that gentloman's name where the recorder's should have appeared.

Mrs. Martha Craviens, residing near Clark's Fork, Cooper county, has in her hennery quite a curiosity in the shape of a young nicken which was hatched from what is wn as a double egg. It has four perfectly gs and fe et and two heads pointing each other, but only one body. one bill pecks the food at a seems almost lifeless when and pair of 1 the other he

thinks she re freak of she will g eer old park commentary on the

candidates" are hele received but one tich at finest pear orchards in rand all the fruit to the poor-proof eccentricity. Some time age he i telegraph all the crowned heads of Europe to dine with him, but, like a great many hvited guests nearer home, they didn't "get there."

Birds, Dogs and Monkeys. I happened into a bird store a few mornings ago. The proprietor of the establish-ment is an odd fellow of about 60, who has been in the bird, dog and monkey line for nearly half a century. He has lived in the midst of barks, howls and squeals so long that he actually appears to detect harmony in the bedlam of sound continually going on about him. "Yes, there are fashions in animals as well as in other things," he said. "Now take monkeys for example. Sometimes we have a dreadful run on monkeys; can't get enough of them to supply the demand. Somehow, though, the craze for monkeys never lasts long. You see, monkeys are apt to wear out their welcome in pretty short order, and when a lady buys one she is usually glad to sell it back again for about anything she can get inside of a week or so. Monkeys and well

regulated families never get along well to-"Fashions in dogs? Oh, yes. Just at present the black poodle is the proper dog to own if you want to be in style. They come high, but I find some people must have 'em. The bull terrier is a pretty fashionable dog just now, and I notice that old favorite, the black and tan, is coming back into favor again. In the line of big dogs the setters hold their own against every other, and no wonder, considering their beauty and intelligence. Parrots have had a good run this winter, and may be considered the fashionable birds just now. It's risky business buying parrots unless you get em pretty young. You see you never can tell how the infernal things have been brought up. Now, I sold a parrot last week to a minis ter on the hill. That bird was as meek and polite as a dude, but the minister brought him back the next day and gave me a terrible setting out. The parrot commenced swearing like a boodle alderman the moment he got his ugly beak inside the parsonage. That's the reason I'm always delicate like about handling parrots."-Brooklyn Eagle.

A of Bad Habits nerr Zipferl, why is it that you every now and then put a small coin on the table?" "Oh, that is on account of a bad habit of mine. You see, I want to cure myself of the bad versation, so I fine myself five pfennigs every time I use one." "Then I suppose you contribute the sum for some charitable purpose? Not much! That money pays for my beer before I go home."-German Joke.

Hit the Wrong Man. When Macaulay was an undergraduate he attended an election meeting in Cambridge, and was rewarded by a dead cat being thrown in his face. The man who hurled the offensive article apologized by saying that he had no wish to hit Mr. Macaulay, as he intended it for Mr. Adeane. "I wish," replied Mr. Macaulay, "you had intended it for me and

hit Mr. Adeane."-Exchange. Then and Now. Twenty-five years ago there were but two places along the Jersey coast of any importance-Long Branch and Cape May. Then the total valuation of the seaboard was less than \$7,000,000, while the last report of Comptroller Anderson gives the astonishing valua-

Wilkie Collins' Manuscript. Wilkie Collins has sent to the Buffalo ibrary the manuscript of his "Two Destinies," handsomely bound at his own exexpense. Mr. Collins' writing is coarse and very distinct; his manuscripts have many erasures and interpolations, but are withal

tion of over \$100,000,000.—Chicago Times.

unusually legible.-New York Graphic. The Reason. Boston Mamma (to little boy)-Waldo, dear why do you make so much noise? Little Boy-It must be because Hub-bub, mamma.-New York Sun.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST. A quartet of Seneca Indians are giving con-

certs in New York. Many cattle are dying in the cattle ranches lof Victoria, B. C.

Gen | Sherman smokes a briar root pipe (Reno, Nev., complains that the sawdust in which solaced his during the march through Truckee river has produced much disease in

Hen y Watter on has become a total ab- A woman at Santa Cruz, Cal., has sued stainer since his lickness, and turns down his oner husband for divorce, the chief ground of complaint being that he neglected to say grace at his meals.

Five hundred gallons of wine have just been received in Chicago from Jerusalem. It has been more than two months on the way. It will be used for Parsover purposes. Minister (at baptisimal font)—Name, please? Jother-Philip Fertinand Chesterfield Ran-

tent)-Mr. Kneeler a little more water, There is a great demand for Mexican mats to paint upon. The material is used for finels in greens, ar vall panels, also as an adjustable door and in rustic or summer

farnishing. Rabbit hunting by moonlight is now inluged in by ranchers in the vicinity of Lexington, Ora The destructive animals pay nocturnal visits to haystacks in large droves, where the hun'ers lie in wait for them.

The Japanese will soon permit for eigners to dwell and do business in any part of the empire. When this occurs a foreign language will be necessary to supplant the native language for official purposes, and it is said that the Mikado and the leading statesmen favor the English, which has long been used in the

Six miles from Mackinaw, Ills., is a bit of ground about eighty feat square that is always so warm that snow melts as soon as it falls upon it. It is said that when the earth there is disturbed it flashes like burning powder, and that a peculiar gas comes up from the ground which so far has shattered every vessel in which an effort has been made

A ball was given by deaf mutes in Baltimore recently. The Baltimore American says it was a curious affair. They danced assumed name. A far days ago she heard music. Waltzing gave them more trouble mazy whirl. A little girl danced the fisher's hornpipa, which was unexpected, and several couples arose and danced a slow waltz to the

gentleman had a dee made of record, also a The salaries paid New York teachers are scarcely princely, when one considers the cost of living here, The salaries of the male assistant teachers range from \$2,016 to \$1,080. The salaries of the female assistants range fiom \$1,116 to \$633 in male grammar schools, from \$1,0% to \$603 in mixed grammar schools, from \$1,056 to \$603 in female gramnar schools and from \$900 to \$504 in primary epartments and schools. Principals' salaries run up as high as \$3,500 or \$4,000. All male ssistant teachers of less than one year's exerience receive \$720 the first year and

The apprehensions of war have afforded hree English officers of the Salvation army in Paris an opportunity which they availed hemselves of in their own manner. On afternoon recently three men, dressed miform by this time familiar to eve were walking along the Rue de Riv ing big placards on which wer, War is Declared." An indigns thered around them, tore up the would have ill treated the officers ely rival of policemen, w-_h dimarched these salvation-

have a good drink,"-Chicago Herald. BANK CASHIER. banks icnver, Colo., which, by the financial storms. Mr. wood is known ighout the mountains as a man of rare luck, besides being considered of exceptional

ability as a financier. His first notable successes were at Deadwood, where, during the troublesome times of that wild region, he contrived to keep the value of his securities far in excess of his loans without making enemies' In the banking experiencies of a mining town this is unusual. Yet, strange to say, Mr. Wood is noted for seeming extravagance in his concession to embarrased friends.

The explanation is simple. His judgement ofmen is almost unerring. A story illustrative of his character is told by Black Hills acmirers. It was said of him that he refused noney with such suavity and grace that the soplicant usually left with an involuntary hank you" on his lips. One day, though, Ir. Wood found his persuasive eloquence d explanations vain. A long haired bullwacker from Sidney, Neb., who insisted on th immediate cashing of a draft of \$500, refued to complete his identification or deposit th draft for collection. "I am sorry," said Wood, his patience finally exhausted, "bt you will have to move along. I have buness to attend to."

Well, see here, Mr. Cashier," exclaimed theidney man with a round oath, "you'll just ten to my business first or I'll give you these

Te cashier looked down the muzzle of an Irevolver. He neither moved nor paled. bn't do anything in a hurry; you might nevehave time to regret my friend," said be. If you will gently pass your finger along the m of the counter there you will find the mout of a double barreled shotgun; it is loadel ith slugs. I have my finger on the trigge Get, or I will let her go at you." The all whacker, his pistol hand trembling and hispes bulging from their sockets with fright plored the counter mechanically with hi disengaged hand, finding a gaping hole in put of where he stood he dropped hi weapon he didn't stop to say farewell. The conceales of the precautions

of fronti banking .- New York Star.

reamt in Five Seconds. I was sting with a police official at his office, andve were discussing some fantasti story, who an employe came in and sat down besie us, leaning with his elbows on the table I boked up, and said to him: You have forgotten to make the soup. "No, no; time with me." We went out together, gaig across long corridors, I walking behind his at the surge where I had been brought to He went into a wing of the house which knew well, and which led the class roms. Under the stairs he showed me a stove on which stood an oyster shell with a litte white wint in it (I had been mixing waer colors the evening before). "But you have forgotten the vegetables. Go to the porte at the other end of the courtyard; you ill find them there on a table." I waited for long time; at last I saw him making signat me that he had found nothing. "It is the left hand side," I shouted and saw his cross the yard, coming back with an immense cabbage. I took a knife from my potet, which I always kept there, and at the mment when I was going to cut the vegetabld was awakened by the noise of a bowl of sep being put heavily on the marble top of thetable next to my bed.

It appear to me that the idea of soun was suggested time by the smell at the moment when the oor was opened by the servant bringing in he soup while I was asleep, and it takes five econds at the most to walk from the door to be bed .- Revue Scientifique.

ABad Practice Indeed. In his aricle on Locksley Hall and the Jubilee" Mi Gladstone referred to the ancient custon of the government of opening

private lettes at the postoffice whenever it saw fit. "This bad practice," he wrote, "has died out." Lis a pity be did not add that he himself had been the last minister to indulge in the "bad bractice," which he did, in spite of Postmasti: General lawcett's earnest opposition, as lately as Fatuary, 1881. He at that time opened and rea all the letters that passed through the postfice for and from three of the chief Irish leders in parliament.

Mr. J. D. Redding, a musical enthusiast and a musician of rare talent, while serving the state as fish commissioner, conceived the

idea, it is said, of getting up a frog opera. He made the rounds of the restaurants, and, after much time and trouble, secured a tenor frog, a basso frog (the bassos were numerous). a baritone frog and soprano and alto frogs. He then locked himself up in his room for three days, refusing food of any description, with the exception of chicken tamales and crayfish salad, a diet which is said to have a peculiarly stimulating effect upon the musical faculties. When at the expiration of that time the door was opened and the composer released his best friends would not have recognized him, so emaciated had he be come from the strained mental effort. He had done the opera, but the faithless member of the Bohemian club, in whose care he had left the opera company, regardless of the sanctity of his trust, had yielded to his base appetite and eaten them. Whereupon Mr. Redding, it is maliciously alleged, tore up his opera in a rage, and refused to listen to

any apologies. "The tenor was tough," said the wretch "but, Joe dear, the baritone and soprano would melt in the mouth." It was a pity that this catastrophe should have taken place, for the frog is by no means unmusical, and in skillful hands might have astonished the community. "It was light but pleasing," said Mr. Redding, referring to his opera, "and might have raked in a pot of money if put on immediately after 'Polar

Star.' However, the man who ate my company is punished. He has got the gout, and the betting now is that it goes to the stomach and kills him, and I hope it will."-San Fran-It Cured Him. Apropos of a fashionable craze, the follow-

ing story illustrates itself: A little Detroit boy was sick, and his mother sat up at night with him and sung him to sleep. The next night singing had lost its charm, so she told him stories, and, being an amateur elocutionist, recited the poem, "Rock of Ages," with such dramatic effect that he went to sleep and did not wake until morning. The following night he was worse, and insisted that his mother should "pway" with

She began "Our Father," but was peremptorily stopped by a little hot hand laid against

Then she essayed "Now I Lay Me," but it threw the baby into a feverish rage. "Pway, Mamma," he commanded, Wock of Wages' all over the room, the way you did last night."-Detroit Free Press.

The Rice Betrayed Him. A young man, wearing a tall black hat, walked into a Clark street sample room yesterday afternoon and called for some liquor. When he had emptied his glass he drew a handkerchief from his overcoat pocket and wiped his mouth with a flourish. As he did so, however, hundreds of kernels of rice fell "Been getting married?" said the man back

of the bar. "How do you know?" inquired the man with the pluz. me the old

y upon me, leaked into look like a bridegroom ill right in his No, but you know how it is. A fellow does want to look too much like one when he way from home. Look like an old timer, don't I? Thanks. Let's all

This bests me," as the egg reked when it saw the spoon.

It is a carious world," my barber said yesterday; "nobody ain't satis-

afternoon with the doctor's little daughter was given two pieces candy. When he returned his mother inquired if he gave the largest piece to the little girl. "No, mother, I didn't; you told me to give the was the company over there."

A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sah," replied Sambo, "dat turkey war' roostin' on our fence three nights; so dis mawnin I seize him for de rent of de fence."

"What pretty children you have." said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Ah, my By and by they will get into the little dear," said be, as be took a girl of five on his lap, "are you the eldest of the family?" "No, ma'am, responded the little Miss with the usual accuracy of childhood, "my pa's

would take, provided he could have get the worst of it.—Ex. any three things he would wish for. The old darkey replied: "Well, boss, de fuss ting, I take a fifty-dollar note in money, den a fine suit of clothes, and next a barrel o' rice.

Den, boss," he continued, "if you let

me take another wish I'd take four gallons o' good whiskey." "What's the matter, Mrs. Tompkin?" asked Flumly of his landlady. "You seem down in the mouth." "Matter enough. The new boarder has gone off without paying a cent of board. He owed me for four weeks. But I don't regret that so much as I do that I let him have his board for six dollars a week when I should have charged him seven. I'll never make a

The Sunday-school teacher was impressing upon her class the importance of honoring the parents. "Now, children," said she, "when you are naughty and cross, your mamma does not want you to be near her where she can see your naughty ways. But when you are good she loves to have you by her. Now Tommy, when do you think your mamma loves you best?" "When I'm asleep," replied Tommy, stoutly. "She says so."

reduction again."

How the Strike

An Old Negro Man's Plans His Wife.

In the Negro-American, a large and ambitious magazine just started in Boston in the interest of the colored race, is the following "How the Strike Ended," by Uncle Rufus:

"He was one of the Sons of Rest and from the day that he became a member his wife has had to support not only four small children, but their father as well. It was early in the morning, and the wind was howling outside, and the thermometer 10 degrees below zero, when he said to his wife as he tucked the bed-clothes around him: "Wife, I'm heartily in sympathy with the strikers who are now asserting their rights all over the country against the grinding heel of monopoly.'

"'Indeed,' said the wife, with a strange light in her eyes.

"'Yes, I am. The time has come when we laboring men are forced to protect ourselves; and I've half a mind to join 'em for the sake of the great principle involved, if for no other reason.'

"So you're in sympathy with the great striking element, are you? Well, it strikes me that the clock is striking 7; so you just strike out of bed and strike a light; then strike out for the wood pile; strike the ax into some of it; then strike a fire in the kitchen stove, and then strike for the well and get a pail of water. By that time I'll strike out and get breakfast ready, and after you've struck that it strikes me that you had better strike out and strike a job, and see how it will strike you to earn some clothes for your ragged young

"And as she struck out of bed he struck for the door, and thus ended one of the most threatening strikes of history."

Girls.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world-except women. Like the wicked flow mix con cibner stories, and me fied to the gland over to improper fractions, and lend. The no hair began to rise began to tremble, the cold I can't cypher out a girl, proper for improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two. They grease his are as full of Old Nick as their skin can hold, and they would die if they couldn't torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as pusley, though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes, and then they are a good deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes at you with her nonsense is to give her tit for tat, and that will flummux her, and when you biggest piece to the company, and I get a girl flummuxed she is as nice as a new pin. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can sow in a.

placid as a mud puddle. guess the boys all do. I don't care about the room. He has left for how many tricks they play on meand they don't care either. The ter (Ga.,) Republican. hoity-toitiest girls in the world can't always boil over like a glass of soda. traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as any old stage horse. That is the beauty of them. So let them wave. I say ; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man of the I heard a gentleman ask an old feller they have spliced on to, and the company and de-

He Blamed Moses.

enough to discourage an hone-t man." he said, as he shook out and folded up another pair of pants.

"Trade bad?" "Trade vhas so flat dot two dollar wests go begging at six shillings, but dot vhas all right. Moses vhas a good man to hole on. Der trouble vash he got burnet oudt."

"And no insurance?" "More ash four tousand dollar. But der company breaks down dot

same day, und so he lose eaferyting." "Too bad. If Moses had known that the company had failed there wouldn't have been any fire, I sup-

"Of course not. I blame Moses

dot he dosn look in der daily papers

und keep himsef posted."-Wall Some women are awful "tetchy." A widow not long ago stopped her paper because it said her husband

had "gone to a happier home."

day last summer, as the cong. tion was drowsy. The preacher was a long talker, and after his sermon had been spread out over the better part of an hour the congregation was drowsier. Heads began to drop on the respective chests thereunto appertaining, and long, deep breathing became noticeable in various parts of

the church. Then the preacher began to lower his voice gradually. Step by step he reduced his elecution from a fortissimo tenor pitch to a low, soothing bass until eventually his voice died out altogether. He looked carefully over the congregation. All was still as death. No one stirred. All were nodding. Then the optics of the indignant servant of the Lord filled

with gore. He leaned over the pulpit, away over, waited an instant in that posiion, and then suddenly he yelled Fire! fire!" in a voice which sent ts reverberations through every nook and corner of the edifice. That brought the congregation to life as though a bomb had burst under them. One old deacon jumped up

"Where? Where?"

That's where the gag came in, and the minister shrieked in tones of

"In hell! In hell, for all you sleepy sinners!" Only strangers sleep in that church now.—From the Pittsburg Press.

A Bad Scare.

A good story was told of a certain young man of Schley county, who is living on A. L. Beckwith's place. He went to bed a few nights ago, after having heard ghosts talked of for an hour or two, and went to s Some time about midnight a his room awakened him His II

chasing each other up and down his spinal column, and he began to pro 10 "Oh, Lordy! please let me off," A single barreled gun was near bed and he reached forth his hand to get it; casting his eyes toward the window, he thought he saw a form moving about and heard a noise under the bed. With a yell of terror the young fellow dashed through the door, breaking it from the hinges and rushed into the hall, where he met a litte negro whom he capsized, and rushed out in his night clothes. It is said he ran four miles before he was overtaken by some laborers on the place, and carried back. What the noise was that caused his fright. year; but girls get their wild oats was not ascertained, but it is supsowed after a while, which boys never posed that a rat was gnawing about do, and they settle down as calm and | the room, and the unfortunate young fellow took it to be the clanking But I like girls first rate, and I bones of his ghostship as he strode

Love in Forsyth.

other quarters so we learn .- Sum-

A young man from Jackson county brought a blushing girl into town last week, too young for the license law, but after two days and a night of anxious efforts, he came and halted in front of the store in which Esquir

'Squire is a strict observer of propriety, and withal an exceedingly modest man, bence protested against a street ceremony. "But I want wit-"Vhell, sooch luck as my brudder nesses," argued the young man. "I Moses has had in Chicago whas want witnesses, and er heap uv 'em. Yer see, they've all bin fightin' it. her mam und my mam, her dad und my dad. Mam wanted me ter marry a grass widder with no back hair. 'cause she has a muly cow what works in harness und brings twins every year; but I don't want no stock in that sort-I don't. I'd rither live with this gal und eat turnip tops und cow peas, I had; and now we wants to be cemented right here in the street." But the weaver of nuptial knots finally prevailed on the couple to come in doors, where the ceremony was performed after the most approved pattern, when they made a break for the highway, the groom forgetting marriage fee or even a rural thank'ee .- Cumming (Ga.) Correspondent Atlanta Journal.

> That the oyster is nutritious, Quite exquisitely delicious. Is a statement that can never be denied. But he suddenly grows vicious; Toward your stomach quite malicious, When he's fried,