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wrangle as to ways and means, much | they threw open the door and ushered in, THOSE GOOD OLD - FASHIONED drinking at old man Sigsby's bar, and Big Jim Perdue and the rest of the FOLKS. Somehow the people of to-day ain't as they

used to be, At any rate, I'm pretty sure they're not the

same to me. And while they're many just as good as those I used to know,

There're scores and scores among them that are only so and so.

We used to always take a man exactly as he

said. But now it's safe to take him just the other way instead.

It does my heart just lots of good to meet once in a while

Some of those good old-fashioned folks so nearly out of style.

I wouldn't say the world in honesty is slipping back,

I wouldn't say that Christians hunting grace have lost the track,

I wouldn't say that men to-day are less the

friends of truth, Because they seem to differ from the ones I

knew in youth. Those statements I refuse to make, but this I

freely say, Those people please me quite as well as those

I meet to-day. Their hearts and hands were honest and their

lives held little guile,

Did those old-fashioned people now so nearly out of style.

We're wiser than they used to be, we m y be

And good old homespun honesty may less our hearts imbue. These later days we all are bent on getting And good old homespun honesty may less our for the log and slab shanty. As there came no reply, he knocked again and weaker, too,

rich so fast. We haven't time to think of things they

thought of in the past. We're wildly striving after gold, we rush and risk it."

push and crowd, And after while we'll each be wanting pockets in his shroud.

But none of us can e'er outrank within the afterwhile

Those good old-fashioned people now so nearly out of style. —Chicago Herald.

UP THE "DRAW."

BY THOMAS P. MORGAN.

The gang at old man Sigsby's combined saloon, postoffice and general store had waited for the coming of the mailcarrier ever since the saw mill shutdown at sunset. The time was passed in cursing the tardy Government official, imbibing Sigsby's villainous whisky and discussing the occupant of the little log and slab shanty, half a mile up the heavilytimbered "draw."

They looked a "hard crowd," and their characters did not in the least belie their personal appearances. The scum and offscourings of many communities they were, held together by their cause against the common enemy, the United States Government. The sawmill, deep

"boys" found themselves looking into then the gang departed for the great the muzzle of a repeating rifle held by a boarding shanty, to prepare for the stern-faced man who stood behind the night's work, up the "draw." "After they had gone Sigsby tighttable. "Up with yer hands!" cried Big Jim ened his revolver belt. Then he looked at the queerly addressed letter and mutsternly, as he burst across the threshold. There were exclamations of surprise as tered :

the valuables is."

be'n thar."

trees.

ness.

did so.

Letter for you."

fancied he heard a faint response.

him. The moan was repeated.

another moan answered him.

bright with delirium's glare.

the gang recognized the holder of the "Wonder why the cuss don't come to git his letter. Never missed bein' on time before. B'lieve I'll jest sorter take sfle.

"What d'ye mean, Sigsby? What aro you doin' yere?" demanded Big Jim. "Nuthin'," returned old man Sigsby, it up to him. Might be handy for me to git the lay uv things in the shanty. Git

the edge on the boys by knowin' whar doggedly. "Whur's the cuss?" "Thar!" answered Sigsby, moving to He extinguished the light and locked

one side that the light might fall on the the door with the utmost caution. sick man. "Thar, an' thar he's goin' to "Jest as well fer me, I reckon," he stay !" muttered, "if these boys think I'm sick "Mountain fever!" some one said, at and gone to bed or sumpin'. If anysight of the delirium-flushed face. thing was to happen-cuss was to plug one or two uv 'em, they mought 'low I'd

Big Jim and the gang glared at old man Sigsby and the rifle muzzle that sorter warned him if they knowed I'd stared them in the face. "What does all this mean?" Big Jim

He reflected grimly that in such an event he was very liable to receive the demanded with an oath. "Nuthin'!" the old man replied. same sort of treatment that was meted 'Yere's his orders from headquarters, an' out to the last man suspected of spying. 'm a-carryin' them out!" Loud words, plentifully interlarded

He flipped the letter toward the group with oaths, reached his ears as he passed and Big Jim picked it up. When the the big boarding shanty, keeping well in the shadow of the trees. His progress over the "rise" and up the "draw" was big man had silently spelled out its contents, he handed it to the next man. From one to another it passed till all almost noiseless, and rapid in spite of had read Bessie's letter. the dense darkness beneath the great

No one made any remark, but there was a dimness before the eves of several that made the muzzle of old man Sigsby's repeating rifle looking less formida-

"Wal?" questioned Sigsby. "Wal," Big Jim returned in an accent-"Some trap to ketch me, like as not," he muttered, suspiciously, "but I'll less voice.

"Prays fer him every day," the old man said, as if addressing himself. His revolver was ready for instant action as he raised the latch and entered "An' 'taint no good prayin' fer dead men," Jim returned, in the same accentthe room which was wrapped in dark-

"Hello, thar!" Sigsby saluted cau-tiously. "Don't be quick with no guns. less voice. "Hunting us! Wall, mountain fever'll do the work if ----- ' "Bill," he said, suddenly, interrupting himself, "didn't you 'low you seed a fel-

A faint moan replied from somewhere ler sneakin' round the storehouse as we in the darkness. Sigsby's suspicion of a come by?" trap was strengthened, and he meditated "Bili" repiled promptly that he had whether it was better to fire his revolver "lowed" so, and several eager voices chimed in with the information that it in the direction of the sound or to run

the risk of having the trap sprung on was dangerous to allow the "feller" in question to continue to "sneak." "What's the matter, pardner?" he "I reckon that that's the detective." asked, moving silently to one side as he Big Jim hazarded.

There was a unanimous expression of "Wall, I'll resk it!" he muttered, as belief that such was the case. Then, led by Big Jim, the gang filed out into the He scratched a match and held his darkness. half closed hand in such a way that a

"Ole man," said Big Jim, slowly, as he turned to go, "if you need any help single ray of light was flashed in the direction from which the moan had 'tendin' to any sick men anywhere around sounded. The moment's light revealed yere, send fer me." a face aglow with fever, lit with eyes "An' me!" cried several voices.

"An' if he gits well, tell him a story There was no need for caution now, 'bout a little gal's letter that saved a and Sigsby speedily had a light burning. feller's life. If you do, mebby his sick-He examined the sick man more closely. "Purt' bad off," he muttered. "Hain't ness'll sorto make him fergit all about what's happened in this section an' that eaten fer days, like as not. It's tough,

EARRINGS.

CURIOUS ADDITIONS TO THE LOBE OF THE EAR.

Barbaric Devices of Torture and Antique Examples of Beauty-String, Trough and Button-Odd Earrings in All Age ...

The strange fashion of mutilating and adorning the human ear has been practiced for all ages, and has been in vogue all over the world. It has especially enjoyed great favor among the Orientais, an.1 by Persians, Babylonians, Lydians, ment of the tenth century, the fashion appears to have declined and earrings are Lybians and Carthaginians the earring was worn as commonly by men as by women. Figure 1, taken from Thomas Hope's "Costume of the Ancients," shows how the monarchs of Phrygia adorned themselves, and there are numerous evidences in gems, etc., to bear out the assertion concerning the vanity of the antique male. In the "Iliad" Juno is represented as adorning himself with earrings made with three drops representing mulberries, and most of the jewels so worn at that time seem to have come under the head of what some old-fashioned people still call "eardrops." Fromthis period down to the latest the practice prevailed in Greece, and one finds the ears of the Venus d' Medici to be

pierced for the reception of earrings.

Pliny says there was no part of dress on which greater expense, was lavished among the Romans, and Seneca mentions

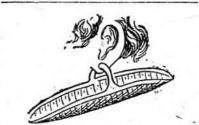
an earring of which a drawing, the lower

right-hand specimen, copied in Fig. 2

is taken from Smith's Dictionary,

FIG. 1. A PHRYGIAN KING.

meny



the lobe of the, ear and then bent

round, the other and flab end being

burial mounds, but both in England and

on the Continent, after the commence-

neither found in graves nor discernible in

paintings or sculpture. M. Viollet Cedric

observes that the style of head-dress and

wearing the hair may in some measure ac-

count for this. In the thirteenth century,

however, the fashion evidently revived,

mention being made of earrings in the

'Roman de la Rose," but there is no

graphic description of their form, and

neither monument nor miniature is found

to assist us. In the sixteenth cen-

tury earrings were in high favor except

among the purists, who denounced

the "women who were not ashamed to

make holes in their ears whereat they

hang rings and other jewels of gold

FIG. 4. ONCE WORN BY A BRAWNY SCOT.

and precious stones." Elizabeth revived the antique love for pearls and wore "rich drops," two large ones with a third depending from them being seen in her portrait by Zucchero. Continual mention of them is made by writers in the seventeenth century, at which period they were given as love tokens. They were also worn by men at the same period all over Europe. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, wore diamond earrings, and all courtiers wore either gold, stones or which he says was worth a patripearls in their ears. Men are not seen It has four pearls, two above wearing them after the restoration of and two below the precious stone in the Charles II, but there was a singular fashcenter. In the more valuable of the ion existing at the same time on the conantique earrings pearls were almost al-ways used; and they were valued for the completeness of their form, as well as for their whiteness. In place of a ring tinent which found its way to England about the time of James I, viz., the wearing of two or three strings of black silk. The noble red man who once ranged the ornament was often attached to the through the forest primeval was not concar with a hook, a custom which still prevails in Italy. Many Egyptian ear-

tent with a simple pair of carrings, but tied his cars up in thongs of stained skin. At least that is what George Catlin says in his "North American Indians," from which the sketch seen in Fig. 5 has been taken. This species of fantastic ear

bent over it. Thus the earring must have elected to a representative office of any been permanently fixed in the ear. This sort he usually puts on the best clothes scoop or basket form of the ancient that he has upon going to occupy his place, the idea being, undoubtedly, that Briton's earring was sometimes carried to a ludicrous size, as witness that represuch a proceeding is a proper manifestasented in Fig. 4. This was taken out of tion of respect for the constituency that a stone cist at Orton, in Morayshire, Scothas honored him, and of appreciation for land. In this case, however, the earring, the dignity conferred upon him. Across or rather the ear-trough, was of gold, the water a different course has been and might have been worn by some un-subdued Celt who caused the Roman pursued in at least one instance, and M. Thivrier, a workingman elected as such many an unhappy quarter of an hour in to the present Chamber of Deputies in his home. Eatrings of silver have also France, wears all the time in public the been found in the British barrows or blouse which is the badge of a laborer in

that country.

A Legislator in a Blouse.

M. THIVRIER.

M. Thivrier began work in the coal mines at Commentoy, France, when twelve years old, and for twenty years remained in them, handling the pick. Afterward he became a vine grower and dealer in wines. He is a Socialist, but not a Communist, "for, having," as a French paper puts it, "acquired his capital by his own hard work, he cannot easily understand how that capital should belong to all the world." Through all his career he has stuck to his workingman's blouse, and it was largely upon, the strength of that peculiarity that he was elected a Deputy. He is said to be a man of unusual intelligence and a good speaker. When he came to Paris to take his seat, his blouse, which he wore not only at the Chamber, but at receptions and all other functions that he attended,

made him at once famous. The garment, it will be seen, is similar to the outside shirts worn by Chinamen in this country, and would doubtless bring the Deputy ridicule rather than honor or popularity if worn here .- New York Sun.

WH Exchange His Position.

NO. 32.

GROWING OLD,

Fin growing old, they tell me; They say I'm getting gray, And that my face has not the grace It had once on a day. And in my gait I show it That I am growing old-Hurrah! I wouldn't know it

I'm growing old, they're saying-Hurrah! They do not know A cheerful mind is not the kind To any older grow. The world's as bright as ever, I'm happier each day, And Fill feel young forever, No matter what they say.

And better all the while. No look ahead to when I'm dead Will take away my smile. That bravely will be showing And lighting up my face-They think I'm older growing, Hurrah! It's not the case. -H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

PITH AND POINT:

The sailor's accounts are cast up by the

Rights and lefts-The "ins" and the "outs."

Spoiled children make bad men and women.

A martial strain is that which is put on the drum-major's spine.

The best site for the World's Fair is undoubtedly the mirror.

Some women like a whispered tale of love, but a belle prefers a declaration made in ringing tones .- Baltimore American.

The old railroad contractor should be in a good physical condition, for he is training all his life.—Kearney Enterprise.

The Indians are the largest land owners in the country, but they have raised more hair than potatoes, thus far .- Minneapolis Journal.

A Morsel for the Dog.-Tramp-"I'm nothin' but a bundle o' bones." Hired nothin' but a bundle o' bones." Hired Girl-"Here, Tige, go bury him."--Munsey's Weekly.

"I think your wife wants change." "Change? Doctor, you don't know that woman. Change will never do for her. She needs a fortune."

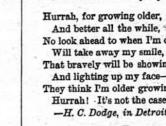
"Ma, the minister is coming." "What makes you think so? . D. you see him?" "No, but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable."

Nations are like individuals, says an orator. Not much. You never hear an individual complaining about the size of his surplus.-Boston Courier.

Lawyer-"Your opponent will have to pay the amount, but you will have to the costs please tell me, have I won or lost." Lancaster-"I hear that you have been burning the midnight oil. What study interests you so much?" Forrester-"How to get the baby to sleep."-Time. Although they went to school together, And grew up children side by side, He never dreamed how much he loved her Until her wealthy uncle died. -Harper's Bazar. How hard some men will struggle to build a little reputation, and will at once give up the the ghost when it comes to building a kitchen fire .- Kearney Enterprise. Lioness-"I've been chasing a missionary for about s'teen miles! Did you see where he went, me lord?" Leo-"Yes, my dear; he just stepped inside." Puck. "What does a man know about a woman's dress, anyway?" scornfully asked Mrs. B. "He knows where the pocket isn't," was Mr. B.'s reply .-Louisville Journal. Stern Parent-"Look here, I have just been told that you received a thrashing in school last week. I didn't know it at the time." Jimmy-"I did, pa."-Lawrence American. She-"Sir, what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?" /He-"Do you object?" She-"Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm."-Boston Beacon. Some one was saying before Jones that the best method of restoring those who had been frozen was to roll them in the snow. "That may do well enough in wintertime, but what yer goin' to do in summer, when there ain't no snow?" commented that cheerful idiot .-- Judge. Don't waste the gas, the high-priced gas, Now nights grow long and drear; When comes to pass, each precious lass Expects her sweetheart dear. 'Twould be quite right to quench the light When dudes, as green as grass, Make their tongues run on what the've done, They'll furnish all the gas. A number of children were making a good deal of noise, and their mother, after rebuking them several times, at last said: "If I have to speak again, I shall punish some of you." At this the youngest child rolled off the sofa, and, after gravely reflecting awhile, said: "Then mamma, I'd advise you not to speak." She didn't.

When an American workingman is

If I was never told.





the wilderness, turned out great quantities of lumber from trees cut from Government land, and its owners, in their Eastern homes, knew little and cared less of the rough men whose toil increased their employers' ill-gotten gains. Old man Sigsby was the worst man in

the whole gang, that seemed composed ! of the champion profane, shock-headed, tangle-bearded and desperate men to be found in seven States. They growled at the generalities of life, cursed each other and drank great potations of fiery whisky, and Sigsby growled the loudest, cursed them all individually and collectively and drank oftener than any other of his customers.

The matter had been canvassed thoroughly, and the opinion was general that the occupant of the shanty up the "draw" was none other than a Government detective.

"Wal," growled big Jim Perdue, "I'm yere to say that his story's purty thin! If he's takin' up a claim as he says he is, w'yn't he go out on the prair' like a wite man stead o' comin' up yere whur squatters haint wanted now, say?"

The question was addressed to no one in particular, but Sigsby took it upon himself to reply that he "didn't know an' didn't keer a cuss!"

"Wal, you needn't be so brash!" retorted Big Jim, with an oath. "I-" A clatter of hoofs interrupted him. The door was flung open and the tardy mail carrier threw the wrinkled pouch into the room.

Then Sigsby distributed the mail. This was done by opening the pouch, pouring its contents in a heap on the floor and, with several forcible epithes, telling the company to "drive in." There were few letters, but a bundle of newspapers provided nearly every one with something to read.

When each had got his own and the wrangling had ceased, one letter remained. It was addressed to the occupant of the cabin up the "draw."

"Wal," remarked Sigsby, "that cuss gits entirely too many letters for a squatter. One every week or oftener. An' uv all dad-blamed directin' this beats any I ever seed!"

The address was printed in straggling, irregular characters and with shocking disregard for capitalization. Several examined the rude characters and all were of the opinion that they were traced in that manner to disguise the writer's chirography. "Le's open it !" cried Perdue.

"Not much!" objected old man Sigsby. "Nobody opens any letters in this yere postoffice but me! Understand?"

The postmaster mentally resolved that while the gang might do as they liked outside of the office, he was not going to allow them to commit any act within the office that would incur the wrath of the Government.

Perdue rose, cleared his throat and began:

"We all know that this cuss is-"You bet!" interrupted several voices.

"Yes, wal, we know what happened to the last feller that come a spyin' 'round whur he had up call to be." "We have a idee!" said a voice.

"Wal, shall he have the same?" was Big Jim's pertinent question. Without a moment's hesitation came the almost unanimous verdict that he should have

shore "Wall," he added, presently, "one is bout as shore as the other. If the boys don't down him, the fever will. Mountain fever's first cousin to the grave-

vard.' The sufferer moaned and tossed feebly in his delirium, and, when Sigsby held a tin of water to his lips, he drank with almost frenzied eagerness.

"Dryer'n a bone!" remarked Sigsby. Wal, the boys 'll soon ease his misery, I reckon. Pore cuss! He's in a hard row o' stumps, but now he's come out here to hunt the boys; he ortn't to kick if they hunt him."

The sufferer rolled his head slowly from side to side and moaned. "Do your groanin' now," remarked the

visitor grimly, "fer the boys'll deprive you uv that privilege soon. Thar'll be detective on tree for breakfast, I reckon. Wal, I must be a-gettin'. Don't seem to be nuth'n' worth packin' off. By George! I mighty nigh fergot his letter! I'll jest see what orders his bosses has sent him. Mought do me some good and they never

will him." He opened the oddly addressed en velope, and slowly spelled out the epistle it contained. When it was done, he spelled it clear through a second time. Wall, I'm blabbergasted !" he ejaculated, as he laid the letter face upward

on the table. It was a short message and was printed in the same eccentric fashion as the address. "Wal, I'm blabbergasted!" old man Sigsby repeated. "Plumb blabbergasted! Some how, that 'minds me uv-

He paused. Presently, he said, slowly:

"Prays fer him every night an' mornin'. Name's Bessie. Minds me uv -never mind!" He shook himself

fiercely. "Deserves all he gits," he said, hoarsely. "Didn't he come yere to hunt the boys? Yer bet yer life he did !" He answered himself with fierce energy, shaking his fist at the moaning figure on the bed. Then he turned to leave the shanty, but paused, with his hand on the rude latch.

"Prays fer him every night an' mornwrite an' tell her when he's downed.

He took a step toward the letter that lay face upward on the table. The quaint characters seemed staring him in the face.

"Prays fer him," he muttered slowly. "Name's Bessie! 'Minds me, no-I'll-I'll do it! Do it er drop a-trying!" he to be far from dying .- New York Sun.

cried with fierce energy. The sick man moaned again. "Her dad-Bessie's dad!" old man Sigsby muttered, and laid his cocked evolver on the table beside the letter. Then he took down the sick man's repeating rifle from the wall and placed

t near the other weapon. "Like's not I'll groan like him purt' oon," he said, with a nod toward the bed. "The boys mean business!" "They mean business!" he repeated

presently. "So do I!" "There was a noise outside and a knock at the door.

"Come!" cried Sigsby. The repeating rifle in his hands and Cricket fights are as popular and arouse the revolver beside the letter were both as keen passions as cock fights in Spain. the "same." There was a prolonged cocked and ready for instant use. As Mail and Express.

anybody on Gov ment land "I've heerd uv sech cases," answered old man Sigsby. When they had gone, Sigsby stood for many minutes staring at the letter before

him. "Der papa," it read, "mama and me has been looking for a letter from you for awful many days. We are fraid your sick an we want to see you awful much. Ole Bose is dead. I pray for you night

an mornin. A hundred kisses from "BESSIE." "Name's Bessie," old man Sigsby mutered. 'Minds me uv-" His voice died away, and, for a long

time, he seemed wrapped in thought. Only the faint moan of the sick man broke the silence at the shanty up the 'draw." A month later little Bessie's heart was gladdened by the coming of the papa for whom she had praved night and morning. No report of illegal timber cutting in

the region round about the cabin up the "draw" reached headquarters. Perhaps his severe illness had impaired the detective's memory .- New York Mercury.

Goose Grease for Membranous Croup.

Old-fashioned remedies are still the hobby with many Connecticut people, and they often cure where modern therapeutics fail. Last week, in Bridgeport, a two-year old child was stricken with membranous croup. A physician was hastily summoned, and he prescribed. The child grew rapidly worse, and the attending physician called in two of his brethren to consult with him. The three

decided that death would soon result unless the operation of tracheotomy was resorted to. This the parents positively refused to allow, and the physicians departed, saying the child would die before morning. After they had retired several women called, and, with the usual feminine desire to do all they could to help the afflicted parents, asked permission to try their remedies. It was granted, as the parents thought it would do no harm, as the child would die in a few hours anyway. The patient was

thoroughly wrapped up in flannels, and in'," he muttered. "Somebody ort to his head and throat were rubbed with goose grease. A dose of the stuff, mixed with vinegar, was with difficulty forced down the child's throat. In a short time

he vomited up a large portion of mucus and broke up the clogging matter in the throat. Being placed in bed he soon went to sleep, and the next day he was playing about the house, and appeared

The Lads of Lisbon.

The lads of Lisbon, the Portuguese capital are a curious feature of her motley population. They seem to have consecrated the bloom of their youth to the sale of lottery tickets for the benefit of the church, and may be seen everywhere hawking halves and quarters of tickets, shouting, "To-day the wheel goes round. When not engaged in this pursuit these young hopefuls take to selling crickets, which are confined in small wicker cages three inches square. The crickets are caught and sold for sporting purposes.

the use of this ornament is to be continued it can scarcely assume a more graceful form than was often given to it by the ancients. The smallest earring in Fig. 2 is a sketch of one of a pair

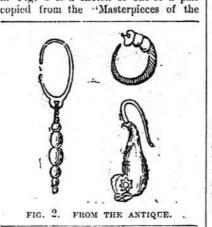
ings of very beautiful design have been

preserved, of which the one to the left

These antique designs have been fre-

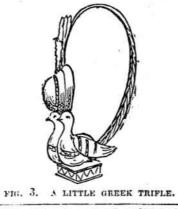
uently imitated in modern times, and if

n Fig. 2 is an example.



Centennial Exhibition," where it was showa among the Castellani antiques. The original is about two inches long, the pair representing the dolphins, which were emblematic of Venus. The eyes, fins and other details of the figure are executed in the professional materialsof the jeweler's art, instead of by engraving or molding, that is to-say, they are sketched upon the smooth surface by

lines of rope-work applied and soldered on. The minute gold cords of which this rope-work consists, so delicate yet so even, and so firmly soldered as to become homogeneous with the body of the object, constitute the grand technical superiority of antique jewelry. The date



of this object is assigned at 350 B. C. the place of its discovery being Tarentum, in Calabria. The earring seen in Fig. 3 is also of

the nature of a votive offering to Venus, the design being that of two doves. It is sketched from one of the illustrations in the Gazette des Beaux-Arts, the original having been discovered in Etruria and dating probably to the fifth century. It is of gold and enamel, the national colors of the plumage being most faithfully reproduced.

That the earring was used in Britain during the Bronze Period has been proved by Dr. John Evans in his "Ancient Bronze Implements." In a barrow at Cowlam, in Yorkshire, touching the temporal bones, he says, which were stained green by the contract, were two earrings of bronze. They were made by beating one end of a piece of bronze flat and forming the other into a pen-shaped termination. The had been passed through pen

compared to that practiced by certain un-



slashing and distorting the car are the, Dyaks of Borneo. The lobes are pierced when the child is only six months old, and from that day the hole is forcibly increased in size till it forms a loop from one to four inches, or even more, long.

At first wooden pegs are placed in the hole; these are afterward replaced by a couple of tin or brass rings, while if the Dyak belle cannot afford such luxuries



sert it in her ear. Gradually the weight is increased by the addition of other larger rings, till the lobe often gives way and splits. Carl Bock, in his book on "The Head Hunters of Borneo," asserts that he has counted as many as sixteen rings in a single ear, each of them the

size of a dollar. The rings are generally made of tin, and cut so that they can be removed at pleasure. Sometimes disks of colored wood running up to an inch and a half in diameter are used. In addition to this mutilation of the lobe, the helix of the car is pierced or slit in several places, and in these holes pieces of colored ribbon or cord are tied, or buttons or feathers inserted. In Fig. 6 there is given a sketch made from one of

the illustrations in Bock's book. It represents the head of a Dyak belle, the measurements of the ear being as follows: Total length of the ear 7.1 inches, length of the gash in the lobe 4.75 inches, distance between the level of the chin and bottom of the ear 2.85 inches. -San Francisco Chronicle.

The only Territorial delegate in Congress who was born in his own Territory is Antchio Joseph, of New Mexico.

A young man accustomed to light house work, would exchange his present position for a life-preserver.-Life.



Young Black Bear (to young polar bear-a recent arrival)-"Say, how did it happen that you turned gray so young?" -Harper's Young People.

The biggest edible oysters in the world arc found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. They are as large as a dinner They are plate, and the same shape. sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his shell so well he does not leave much margin. It is a new sensation, when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide, to have one oyster set before you fried in butter or egg and

The Chinese Minister at Washington is said to have concluded to permit his wife to conform with the social usuages of that city, and she with hereafter receive and return visits.

bread crumbs.

Mr. Gladstone is writing an important article on Mr. Motley and his work as an historian, which will contain very interesting personal reminiscences.

How Curiosity is Gratified in Russia.

The ex-editor of the Chicago News, who has just returned from Europe, relates this incident, which he witnessed in St. Petersburg: "One day I saw a carriage containing a gendarme and another person. I asked our guide who it was, and he said it was a political prisoner. I asked him what would become of him. 'Oh, he'll never be heard of again. We don't have any bother about juries and trials. The papers won't take up the matter and his friends won't attempt to do anything for him.' 'But if he were your brother wouldn't you try to do something for him?' I asked. 'No, sir. If I went to the officers and said I wanted to know what they were going to do with him, they would say: 'Come right in. You can have the cell next to his and go with him to Siberia to see what becomes of him.""

