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THE MILLER AND HIS MILL.

Once a jolly miller had a mill, mill, mill,
Every one was pleased to fill his till, till, till,
The grain went in the hopper,
The stone went whirling round,
And a cistus from the miller
Would through the mill resound:
He 'o he, and a heigh-ho-heigh,
There are plenty others for to grind,
With the water that goes by.

The miller did not murmur and sigh, sigh,
Because a little water went by, by,
● At heaping up the hopper
High with the yellow grain,
His soul went out in music,
In this glad refrain:
He 'o he, and a heigh-ho-heigh,
There are plenty others for to grind,
With the water that goes by.

A lesson from the miller and his mill, mill,
If fortune has been heaping in your till, till,
If you do have a fortune,
To greet you on your birth,
When old enough to know it,
Don't scramble for the earth.
He 'o he, and a heigh-ho-heigh,
There are plenty others for to grind,
With the water that goes by.

—Donald R. McGregor.

AN ECCENTRIC HEIRESS.

BY LOIS GREY.

Over the long brown level of the landscape the pink clouds made vivid spots. The gray upland clouds parted here and there, giving passage to silver lanes of slanting light. There was a sea wind at large, but it was tempered by immediate spaces of sandbar and dead stretch of meadow grass, shriveled and dry.

The hunt was over. The wind blew up more keenly.

"It's receding to the east," said the young man who rode at Miss Brockton's side and who had managed to keep near her from start to finish. "Fortunate we had such a capital day. There'll be rain to-morrow."

Nothing original in the remarks. But then why expect originality? Mr. Thomas Ashington Revery was a good-looking youth, who sat his mount well and was quite faultless in the matter of coats and collar, nails and hands and boots. Who more could one ask?

But Miss Geraldine Brockton appeared to have an attitude of asking the absurd, the impossible. Had she not owned a million in her own right, curious ways of looking at things and doing things—would really have seemed in questionable form. She was even as unsizable at every point as those long rays of silver-white light that filtered through the clouds and melted and was gone again as you looked. Here, a few minutes ago, with the glad blood in her cheeks caused by the rapid motion, she had seemed vivid, animated, pleased with herself, with life, with her companion, perhaps. And now that the latter had simply uttered a word or two in a softer strain she had stiffened and frozen, abruptly, unapproachably.

When Miss Brockton had dismounted at her own door she went straight into the pretty room where sat her chaperone, relative and companion, Mrs. Gwynne, making tea.

This lady glanced up, caught the look in the girl's eye and said:

"What has Mr. Revery been doing?"

"Doing?" Miss Brockton's magnificent eyes flashed fire. "Do you suppose I care what that creature does?"

"If you don't care for him he cares for you."

"For me?" Geraldine laughed with ineffable scorn. "For my money you mean!"

So that was the trouble again. Mrs. Gwynne had perceived at once that the girl was in one of her "moods."

"I shall advise you, Geraldine, to rid yourself of that prepossession of yours. You are quite capable of being liked for yourself, even if you are an heiress. Be reasonable. I suppose you are not prepared to be an old maid? Then don't ask too much of men."

Geraldine looked at her.

"I hate my money?" she said, with slow, vibrant intensity. "I hate it!"

"You would hate more being without it," observed Mrs. Gwynne, sipping her tea.

"You think so?" said the girl coldly.

"You are mistaken?"

"She paused abruptly. A lad had burst into the room, followed by a young man, tall and dark. This was Eddy, Miss Brockton's brother and pet, and his tutor. The boy began to chatter away to his sister, but the tutor presently said:

"Come, my boy."

"Shall I give you a cup of tea, Mr. Severn?" asked Mrs. Gwynne.

"Thank you, no."

He was gone with the boy. Geraldine had not spoken. After a little while she laughed:

"What a model tutor it is! How well he keeps to his place!"

Mrs. Gwynne flushed angrily.

"I wonder at you, Geraldine! There are times when you seem lacking not only in feeling but in good taste! Mr. Severn is a gentleman—a scholar! More of a gentleman and undoubtedly more of a scholar than any Gwynne or Brockton, perhaps!"

Geraldine turned a little pale.

"How very cutting! How you take Mr. Severn's part! Happy Mr. Severn!" Then, abruptly, without warning of any sort, she bridged the space between herself and the little Moorish stand, and Mrs. Gwynne, in deep surprise, felt the convulsive clasp of two strong young arms about her neck.

"Oh, Aunt Martha! Aunt Martha! Aunt Martha! Don't mind me! Don't scold me! I—I—I am unhappy! And in doubt! I am so tossed about! So—"

"Why—why—Geraldine!"

But the storm—or that phase of it, at least—had passed already. Geraldine drew herself up. She set her teeth; her lips.

"But I shall not be any longer! I am resolved! I shall know what to expect!"

Her eyes shone, a brilliant smile flashed over the traces of tears. She opened the door and vanished.

When Thomas Ashington Revery called the next day Mrs. Gwynne was constrained to tell him that Miss Brockton had gone to town.

"What! Already? She told me she expected to remain out until after the last meet?"

"Oh, she is only gone in for two or three days," Mrs. Gwynne hastened to explain. "She told me that she wished to see her lawyer and her guardian," Mrs. Gwynne smiled. "You know, she is a creature of moods."

Full well did Tom Revery know! Did one ever see clearly how one stood with her? He departed crestfallen; inwardly fuming. She had seemed sometimes to like him well—very well, and she was certainly a very handsome girl, and he, well, he was undoubtedly in love with her, and there was the money! It appeared outrageous to the young man, whose own patrimony was less ample than he could have wished it, that a mere girl and a strapping school each have inherited such wealth. That was the strapping riding by now, and the tall, dark fellow with him was his tutor. It occurred to Tom Revery to wonder, in passing, whether the tutor ever saw much of his pupil's sister.

"Must be rather rough on the poor chap if he's susceptible at all!"

It was a week later, and Miss Brockton was not only at home this time, but had been sitting with Mr. Revery for nearly an hour.

There had now fallen over the room a heavy silence. It lasted only a few seconds, but the pause seemed an endless one. Miss Brockton had risen suddenly and was standing with an elbow against the mantel. As her visitor seemed helplessly to fumble for the fitting word she repeated a little nervously:

"I am sorry—very sorry—for this misunderstanding. But—I cannot marry you, Mr. Revery. I shall never marry at all."

At this unlikely statement the suitor regained courage.

"Miss Brockton! Geraldine!"

"No; it is improbable that I should ever marry. Of course, many men might be tempted to propose to me, thinking me rich. But my property will soon, by my own desire, be so disposed of that I shall have only a moderate income. Even should I marry, my will is so made that nothing I have, in case of my death, would go to my husband. So you see, such considerations may act as deterrents."

"Miss Brockton, you—you cannot think, it is not possible that you would believe me—?" Revery was turning, in rapid succession, from red to white, from white to red. The girl pitied his discomfiture.

"Not at all, Mr. Revery. I suspect you of no interested motives. But I do not care for you—in the way you mean."

Five minutes afterward she was sitting by the fire alone, a scornful smile on her lips that presently faded away and into a sigh. Some one came in at the door as she sat there, but turned again, retreating. At the sound Geraldine glanced around.

"Don't go, Mr. Severn; let me tell you of an interview I have just had!"

She had started to her feet again and stood in the attitude she had assumed a little before, with her arms resting on the chimney top. Dusk was coming on and the room was in a penumbra, save for the firelight. These leaping flames illuminated the face above them. Such a face! Arthur Severn felt dizzy for a moment. He had never seen her look like that. She had never flashed that smile, that eyebeam, upon him. She had never addressed him in that friendly, jesting tone. She was suddenly all life, all softness, all charm. She seemed to wish to atone for her silliness, her arrogance. What a will of the wisp she was! Changeable as a witch.

"An interview?" said the young man guardedly. He would not let himself go. He kept a tight rein on himself.

"With Mr. Revery; yes—fancy! I have all at once come to the conclusion that I wish to be married, if I am married at all, for myself. The heiress, Miss Brockton, will in a short time have practically ceased to exist and there will remain only Geraldine Brockton, with a small income. Well, I told Mr. Revery this. And would you believe it? He did not propose to Geraldine Brockton, though a moment before he had offered his hand and heart to Miss Brockton, the heiress!"

She was laughing now. Her eyes continued to flash upon him with that strange, lambent persistence. It was almost like a challenge. What could she mean? Again Severn seemed to turn dizzy. He kept his outward composure by a tremendous effort.

"If what you say is true, Miss Brockton, you will regret it, perhaps."

"Regret giving nearly all my fortune to charitable institutions? Ah, you judge as the world judges, do you? I had thought differently of you, Mr. Severn. Why should I wish to be so rich?" she cried, with a sort of fierceness. "Other women may be able to stand the test. I could not. It was making me hard, suspicious. It was making me doubt the whole world. It was stifling me. I shall have enough left for all the decencies and comforts of life. And I am free! Yes, I am free now. Before I was a slave—a slave to flatterers, to fortune hunters, to every form of human hypocrisy. Other people may feel themselves exalted by such a position. I felt myself degraded!"

She stopped. She almost seemed to pant. The blood rushed to Severn's brain. He took a step forward. What was he about to do—what to say? Whatever it might have been the portier was drawn aside and Mrs. Gwynne came in. The words remained unuttered on his lips.

But Miss Brockton spoke. A strange spirit appeared to possess her, urging her on, goading her to abrupt disclosures.

"Ah, Aunt Martha! I wonder if you'll be surprised, too, at my news? I have made an announcement which has stricken two men dumb with astonishment already. And yet it does not seem so strange, does it? Mr. Severn seems scarcely to believe that I have given away nearly all my fortune."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Gwynne. Severn had vanished.

"You do say such extraordinary things at times," declared Mrs. Gwynne. "People will really believe, at length, that you are not quite right, Geraldine."

"Aunt Martha!" Geraldine stood upright before her. "You don't believe me, either? It is true—true! That was why I went to town to see the lawyer and—"

Mrs. Gwynne had fallen into a chair.

"What! Then all I have to say, Geraldine, is that you are insane! absolutely insane! Who ever heard of a girl giving away her fortune before?"

"Perhaps not, but—"

"You will regret this!"

Geraldine gave a strange, slightly bitter smile.

"I hope not."

"Jerry! Jerry!"

It was her young brother's voice, and it startled her from a fitful sleep. She started up confusedly. The boy called again. His room was just across the hall. An acrid odor of smoke touched her nostrils. Throwing on her wrapper and weak-kneed with fear she threw herself against the door. The hall was dark. She opened the door of the boy's room—a dense cloud rose toward her and smote her in the face.

She cried out aloud—once, twice—for help and then uttered the boy's name. But there was no answer.

The fire, which had smoldered at first, now broke out fiercely.

"Eddy! Eddy!" cried the girl and threw herself into the room. She could see nothing. She was blinded—she could not breathe. She stumbled over a prostrate body.

"Eddy!" she stammered again.

Then she felt herself wrenched away by a strong arm, and some one had seized the boy's inanimate form and dragged it out of the room and her with it.

The next clear thing of which she was conscious was a tongue of flame running up her pretty dressing-gown and of being suddenly enveloped in Arthur Severn's coat, while this covering and his hands and arms stifled the just-born blaze. They stood in the hall and the cloak—and the arms—were still around her and she was trembling in their clasp. Lights flashed out at the other end of the hall and people came rushing along it, and Mrs. Gwynne appeared, white and breathless.

"Merciful heaven!"

It was only a little fire, after all, started from the boy's bed-curtain having taken the blaze of a candle which he had left near it as he dropped asleep. It was not long before the lad had been restored to consciousness, the tattered curtains torn down, the charred bedding removed.

But Mrs. Gwynne did not regain her color. What was that she had seen? Should she ever forget it? Geraldine—Arthur Severn! Why, he had held her in his arms! He had held her in his arms and she had not seemed to struggle—she had not seemed to move!

All the next day Mrs. Gwynne went about in a sort of dream. Finally, entering the drawing-room at twilight, as she had done the day before, she staggered back. If there had been any doubt in the night there was no doubt now. Geraldine and Severn were there near the fire, very close together, and he was bending, bending down over the uplifted face.

"Aunt Martha!"

"Arthur Severn started and stood upright. It is a man's misfortune never to look heroic thus caught in the act. But Geraldine only smiled a divine smile.

"Aunt Martha, Mr. Severn and I are to be married next month."

An hour later Mrs. Gwynne said:

"And so this was the reason for your giving up your money?"

"Yes. My money kept him away from me. And—and I wanted, beside, to make sure that he loved me for myself. And he does! He does!"

Mrs. Gwynne looked at the radiant face for a long, silent minute.

"You are certainly," she observed, with slow deliberation, "the most eccentric girl I ever knew in my life!"

And Geraldine only laughed.—*New York Mercury.*

A LONG LIFE.

A NOTED DOCTOR TELLS HOW IT MAY BE ATTAINED.

He Advocates Throwing Phisic to the Dogs—What Should be Done to Prolong Existence—A Cure for Consumption.

Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, a noted New York surgeon, tells a *Herald* representative what should be done to prolong human existence. He says:

"Everybody, under ordinary circumstances, ought to be one hundred years old. As it is, people live from eight to fifteen years longer than their forefathers did. They have learned to eat and drink; how to keep their homes ventilated and their sewers drained, and how to generally take better care of themselves. Still they do not live anything like as long as they ought to, because they do not yet live as they ought to. They have too much to do, too much to think about and too much care to bear. Many are very much distressed as younger men to know how they are going to make sure of a living. By and by when their reputation has grown they are driven to death with the work forced upon them. If I had lived anywhere near right in the earlier part of my professional career I believe my life would have been prolonged beyond a century. I never used to know what it was to be tired, hungry or sleepy. When the decline begins the face loses its color, the plump, vigorous look of the skin vanishes and lassitude takes the place of elasticity.

"Open grates are far preferable to any other means of heating a house, for they help ventilation, which is an important factor in the prolongation of life. I never allow a furnace to be lighted in my house except when there is danger of the water pipes freezing up.

"One of the greatest dangers to human life is the candy shop, which destroys the stomachs of children.

"Tobacco is decidedly injurious when used to excess, the same as liquor. A mild cigar smoked after dinner, however, has a soothing effect, and the smoker sustains less injury from it than he would from rushing off to work on a full stomach. No injury will result from sleeping after a meal. Old people are benefited by a nap after eating. Animals afford an example. Feed two dogs and let one curl up before the fire while the other is taken out to hunt rabbits. Then on the return from the hunting expedition kill both dogs. The stomach of the one that has been sleeping will be clean, while the food in the stomach of the other will be found undigested. The dog that has been hunting has expended all his energies in the chase and the food has had no chance to digest.

"Ice water, which people generally gulp down in unlimited quantities, paralyzes the nerves of the stomach, and is one of the greatest causes of dyspepsia in this country. People should drink water at its natural temperature. Boiling water drunk an hour or so before meals is a valuable aid to digestion in many instances. The majority of people eat more than they ought, and they also eat too fast. In eating it is not a question how much a person can devour but how much he can digest. Some people are better off on two meals a day than on three.

"Turning night into day—that is, working at night and sleeping in the day—does not mean that the person who does it is doomed to an early grave. Men who work nights may live to a good old age. Wm. Cullen Bryant was accustomed to work nights and attained a ripe old age. Still I consider that people who work during the day and sleep during the night are better off. One thing is certain, a person must have sleep at sometime, whether it is at night or during the day. The average person ought to have eight hours' sleep. When I was young I read that Napoleon only took four hours' sleep in twenty-four hours. I thought that no great man needed more than four hours, so that was all I took. I found out the error of that idea later.

"The great mortality from phthisis or consumption is due to the varying temperature and the foul air breathed. It is contagious, and healthy persons can contract it. The sputum, or expectoration, becomes dry and is converted into a powder, which floats in the air and may be inhaled. The next ten years will show a great diminution in deaths from phthisis. Consumption can be cured. The way to cure it is to put the patient in the mountains where the air is dry, and keep him away from the doctor and the apothecary shop. He does not need medicine. There is too much medicine used in many kinds of disease.

"Insanity, I should say, is increasing, and the explanation is to be found in the way in which we live. Men rush to secure millions when they ought to be satisfied with hundreds of thousands. They likewise rush to spend their money and then worry to meet their financial engagements. Insanity may be caused by functional disturbance or by an organic change. In case of an organic change it is doubtful if insanity is curable.

"Dreams do not indicate a physical defect. They indicate that the dreamer's stomach is out of order or that he is worried. Dreams often seem of long duration, but it should be remembered that thoughts fly so fast that they cannot be measured. They will travel over pretty much the entire universe in five minutes. If a person keeps his mouth shut he will not snore. If he cannot keep it shut any other way he ought to tie a bandage under his chin and over his head. The nose is the proper thing to breathe through. But snoring will not do any harm. A person who appreciates humor and has a good hearty laugh now and then is the better for it, but to be eternally giggling and smirking, when there is no cause for the risibility, is neither beneficial nor interesting. A giggler is a fool. Crying often affords relief. If a person is suffering from great grief and he is unable to shed tears, there is decided danger of public ridicule in his mind. Whether the jovial or the

quiet person is apt to live longest is perhaps a question. Some people are so solemn that they have not life enough to die, and keep on earth to curse everybody they are acquainted with. It is not the length of time one lives, but the good he does. Some men could live a hundred years and be of no benefit. Others could in twenty years accomplish wonders by their energy and the proper use of their abilities.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Ladies who bite thread slowly commit suicide. Most silks are soaked in acetate of lead, which is deadly poison.

One factory in New York is credited with making fifty different kinds of cloth for wearing apparel out of hemp fibre.

Recently in Sweden a glass composed of fourteen substances, of which phosphorus and boron, are the most important, has been produced.

Dr. Brown-Sequard is not discouraged by the sudden collapse of his life elixir sensation. He is still engaged in manufacturing the elixir and professes boundless faith in it.

It is claimed by practical scientists as a demonstrated fact that the material development of the United States has been in almost exact coincidence with the growth of our patent system.

Dr. Norman Kerr says that the use of narcotics and stimulants by woman is on the increase. Alcohol leads the list and then follows chloral, chloroform, ether, chloroform, sal-volatile, eau de Cologne. The last is usually taken on lumps of cut sugar.

A Belgian has lately invented a musical shirt, on the cuffs of which fragments of a score are printed, so that if the instrumentalist be a flutist, harpist or cornetist, he has his entire part under his eyes, and need not carry any further music about with him.

An Austrian sculptor, Friederich Beer, has discovered a process for dissolving marble, and then molding it like metals. The name of the marble thus treated is beryt. The new product costs little more than plaster, and is well adapted to the ornamentation of houses.

The increase of capacity of the Suez Canal resulting from the use of the electric light for night passages is equivalent to widening the canal from its present bottom width of twenty-two metres to thirty-two metres—an operation which would cost at least \$20,000,000.

An interesting astronomical discovery is announced from Italy. After ten years of investigation Schiaparelli has found that Mercury, the planet nearest to the sun, has a rotation like that of the moon. The planet turns once on its axis during the period of its revolution round the sun, so that the same side is always turned toward the sun.

A prominent English scientist, on hearing the news of the sudden death of the late Joseph Biggar, said that the famous Irishman might be still alive if he had happened to have at the time of his attack a dose of nitro-glycerine in his possession. Nitro-glycerine, taken in small doses, will ward off a severe attack of angina pectoris, of which Mr. Biggar died.

Captain Zaleski, of pneumatic gun fame, is now engaged upon the production of a quick firing gun similar to the Hotchkiss six and three pound guns, but to discharge shells filled with blasting gelatine. If such a gun can be devised capable of being quickly aimed and used with accuracy, it will be hopeless for any torpedo boats to attack a large ship.

A New Wild Horse.

The great Russian traveler, Prezevalsky, has discovered a new wild horse, more nearly allied to the domestic horse than any previously known species. Prezevalsky, on his return from Central Asia, brought with him one of these new species. The horse is described as having tortoise on his hind legs as well as on its fore legs, and has dark hoofs like the true horse. But the long hairs of the tail, instead of commencing at the base, do not begin until about half way down the tail, says an exchange.

In this respect the animal is intermediate between the horse and the ass. It is also different from the typical horse in having a short, erect mane, and having no forelock. It has no dorsal stripe, which, though by no means universal, is often found in the typical horse, and is almost always present in the ass. Its whole general color is of a whitish gray, paler and whiter beneath and reddish on the head. The legs are reddish to the knees, and then blackish down to the hoofs. It is of small stature, but the legs are very thick and strong, and the head is large and heavy.

The ears are smaller than those of the ass. This horse was found on the great Dzungarian desert, between the Altai and Tianshan Mountains, where it is called by the Tartars kergat, and by the Mongols statur. It is met in troops of from five to fifteen individuals, led by the old stallion. They are very shy, with highly developed organs of sight and smell. Prezevalsky's specimen was overtaken and shot in the winter, when water was plentiful from melted snow. But for this it could not have been followed at all, as it frequents the waterless districts.

During the whole time of his stay in the Dzungarian desert Prezevalsky met with only two herds of this wild horse. He and his companions fired into a herd but missed, and with uplifted head and outstretched tail the stallion led the way with the speed of the winds. The second herd met with was surprised. The dog that has been hunting has expended all his energies in the chase and the food has had no chance to digest.

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FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

Think not, because the changing floods divide My face from thine, that memory grows cold.

Dost fear the Past ends as a tale is told, Or, while we journey, keeps not by our side?

Each thing we suffer, be it joy or pain, Leaves us its image in a lasting mould: It may have passed unmarked—it shall remain

Long as our very selves together hold.

So, though we seem, to the light outward gaze, Only to be enduring life's command, Only to squander harnessed heart and hand In a dull dynasty of useful days—

Even then our soul turns in the ill of strife To look upon some secret inward seal Stamped long ago, an earnest to reveal The thin fair landscape of an idler life.

I cannot count these images in me, For Time hath not yet bid me know them all;

Yet from their ranks how fair a one of thee Comes like a blessing, when on thee I call! And when perchance long days shall cast a pall

Over my gravest self, I'll cross the sea Upon the golden wings of gayer thought, Setting the prose of day by day at naught, And in thy vision once again be free.

—Owen Wister, in *Lippincott.*

PITH AND POINT.

Every day is a fine one to the Police Justice.

An early spring—Jumping out of bed at 5 o'clock.—*Texas Siftings.*

"The dear old times"—When a green-back was worth about forty cents.

A lobster can't be styled "well red" until it has been boiled.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Sword swallows ought to try saws awhile. They would be more toothsome.—*Toledo Blade.*

Even the humblest toiler in the land can resolve to live for a hire purpose.—*New York News.*

Only a truly selfish man can realize fully how utterly selfish other men can be.—*Somerville Journal.*

The slow thinker can at least claim that there is plenty of wait to his mind.—*Binghamton Republican.*

She became a good compositor, This Vassar maiden spy, Commanded highest wages for She never could make pi.

"Why are you here, my poor fellow?" asked the visitor of the prisoner. "De walls is so thick I can't get out. Data why, see?"—*Racket.*

When reports relating to the Indian are filed in the Interior Department we suppose the Indian file is the one used.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Now, my little man, tell me, what is your place at school?" "Please, sir, I'll get promoted, I shall be the last but one."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Judge—"Prisoner, do you confess you guilty?" "No, your Honor, the speech of my lawyer has convinced even me of my entire innocence."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

The man who's always deep in debt Is seldom known to float On fame's high wave—yet none the less He is a man of note.

—*Washington Post.*

Everything depends on a good beginning, and when a baker starts in business he should remember that a great deal depends upon his making a first-class tart.—*Statesman.*

"Mind, I don't want to be flattered," said a feminine voice confidentially by a photographer's screen, "but do try and idealize it all you can."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"What makes the tea so weak, Mrs. Brown?" asked Jones, the wag of the boarding-house. "It's been listening to your jokes about the hash, I reckon," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Doctors are queer men," remarked Dobbin to his wife. "Why?" asked the lady. "Because you can't show them your tongue, without they show you their bill."—*Washington Star.*

Dudley—"You look at me as if you thought I was a fool, eh?" Stranger—"Why, no; you can't be such a fool after all. Your remark shows that you read a man's thoughts at a glance."—*Texas Siftings.*

Visitor (to a school)—"Now, children, what do you suppose was the first thing I did when I went to school?" Small Boy (on a back seat)—"I'll bet you stuck a bent pin in the teacher's chair!"—*New York Sun.*

Mastered Its Intricacies.—Man—"Are you getting an insight into your employer's business?" Boy—"Well, I should smile! I know it better than he does." "How long have you been here?" "A week."—*Chicago Times.*

Wife—"Did you find out what ailed the clock last night after I told you it wouldn't run?" Husband—"No; I sat up till nearly midnight and took it all to pieces, and I saw nothing wrong with it." Wife—"Well, I've thought what is the matter with it. I forgot to wind it."

Kangaroo Skins.

When brought to bay, the kangaroo jumps like a fish for a hunter's chest, and tries to crush it in with his fore feet. To prevent this, each man wears across his breast a two or three inch thick matting. Armed with a spear, with a club attachment at the other end, they ride upon swift horses into the herd. With the agility and equipage of circus riders, they stand erect upon their horses, and use their spears and clubs. The kangaroo is able to jump clear over a horse. As the game is bagged it is skinned, and the skin is stretched on the ground and pegged down to prevent shrinkage. The flesh furnishes meat for the camp. Each man places his private park upon his body, and when they have one hundred skins apiece, they return back to civilization. There are twenty varieties of kangaroos, among them the blue, red Wallaby, black gray and forester, the latter furnishing the best leather, as it lives mainly in wooded sections.—*Nature.*

Kis-ku-dah's Life-Long Grief.

Kis-ku-dah is an Indian now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary. He is almost literally alone in the world, for, though there are other Indians in prison, they are not of the same tribe and speak a different language. But one link binds him to the world, and that is a cowboy who speaks the same tongue, but who has only a few months to stay. Kis-ku-dah is sick in the hospital, where he grieves and mourns day in and day out. For hours he will kneel with his blanket about his head and never move. When the night nurses take their places Kis-ku-dah's face brightens up, for then his cowboy friend, who is a night nurse, comes to him, and they have a friendly talk. This "untutored" son pines for liberty; his only thought is of his native plains and hills, and how sweet would be his revenge for depriving him of that liberty.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Legal Descent of Property.

Where a husband and wife are lost at sea, the law always assumes that he, being the stronger, survived her by some minutes or hours. On this supposition he inherits her property (during the few moments that he survives her), and on his death his relatives inherit it from him. In seven different cases, followed up in the French courts within the last ten years, it was found that the wife outlived her husband, and the practice of the law had to be reversed.

Rice is the main food of 470,000,000 persons, or more than one-third of the whole human race, and it enters largely into the diet of the remainder.

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