

A FAMILY QUARREL.

Its Droll Ending After the Poet Shelley Had Interfered. In his "Rossetti Papers" William Rossetti says that when Shelley was staying in the villa of the Gibbornes a most droll incident occurred. It appears that his servants, Giuseppe and Annunziata, who were man and wife, quarreled, and Shelley, hearing Giuseppe abusing his wife very savagely and also ill using her, rushed upon him with a pistol, shouting: "I'll shoot you! I'll shoot you!" The startled fellow ran for his very life, Shelley after him, till the servant, coming to a shrubbery of laurels, managed to slip under them, Shelley, in his eagerness, darting past him. The servant in a few minutes found it possible to dodge back into the house unperceived. Shelley, seeing him no more, at last went back to the house, where, to his unutterable surprise, he found Giuseppe and Annunziata sitting together in the most amicable manner, addressing each other as "caro" and "carissima." "But were you not quarrelling even now?" exclaimed the perplexed poet. "Quarrelling?" gasped Giuseppe in amazement. "No, signor, we never quarrelled." "But I have been running after you in order to shoot you." "No, signor, you never ran after me, for I have been sitting here for the last hour or more. You must have fancied all this." And Giuseppe and Annunziata, who had both been considerably frightened, continuing to assure him that they had had no quarrel, and Mary Shelley, whom they had let into the secret, saying the same, Shelley was at last utterly mystified and inclined himself to believe that he must have fancied it.

Excessive Energy.

Energy is a fine thing, but, like steam, it needs a little restraint and careful guiding. If the safety valve doesn't work there's likely to be a breakdown or a blow up now and then. The nervous, fidgety woman is a dreadful bore. She ruffles up the atmosphere and makes everybody wish she would take a vacation and rest up like sixty. Some of those people who fly around the fastest do the least work, and the proper thing to acquire is balance. Work as hard as you want to, but let up when the moment for letting up arrives. There is a limit to human endurance, and when you go beyond the limit you never get back into the valve of strong endurance and fine vitality. It is the man or the woman who knows how to work and how to rest who gets things done all fine and shipshape and without tearing the roof off his feet. These remarks may be blunt, like a chisel, but they're as true as the fact that the Lord made little apples.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Odd Street Names.

In Clerkenwell, England, there is a street called Pickled Egg walk. It takes its name from Pickled Egg tavern, which formerly stood there and made a specialty of serving pickled eggs. An interesting London thoroughfare is Hanging Sword alley, which is mentioned in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." London has also Picklehering street. In Leicester is a street called the Holy Bones and another called Gallows Tree Gate. Hull has a street with the extraordinary name, the Land of Green Ginger. Corydon has a street named Pump Pail, and there some years ago lived Peter Pottle, a dealer in furniture. The most daring of farce writers might well have hesitated to invent a combination of name and address so improbable as that which really belonged to Peter Pottle of Pump Pail.

The Labor of a Watch.

The little balance wheel of a watch vibrates five times per second. Imagine that this wheel, instead of swinging back and forth like a pendulum, should roll on continuously over a given surface. Its circumference in a gentleman's watch of ordinary size is two and a quarter inches, and it makes a sweep in each direction of about three-fourths of its circumference. In other words, it would traverse in one second a distance measuring about eight and a half inches. According to this computation, the balance wheel of a watch would travel in a year over a distance of 3,677 miles in round numbers, and it would take the little wheel just six years eight months to circumvolve the globe by way of the equator.

Breaking a Wishbone.

The divining rod is a feature in all early mythology, especially so among the Hindus. As the forked branch of a tree it indicated in various parts of Europe, Asia and Africa where treasures were hidden or where water might be readily found. From the forked branch of a tree it was but a step to the forked clavicle of a bird, and this bone was soon invested with the power of securing the gratification of the wishes of those who in breaking it retained the forked part, for it was the fork that was possessed of mystic power.

Two of a Kind.

"Sir," said the shipping clerk, "I should like to attend my mother-in-law's funeral tomorrow." "You have my sympathy, young man," replied the manager, with a sigh long drawn out. "I have been wanting to do likewise for thirteen years."—Auntie's Chronicle.

GUMMING THE STAMPS.

Precautions Taken to Insure Uniformity in the Work.

The precautions taken to insure uniformity in the gumming of postage stamps are the most interesting part of the work. Each morning when the workmen report for duty they get a series of blanks, which they are to fill out during the day as their work progresses. The government keeps a most careful account of every ounce of gum given them and every sheet of stamps they handle. The system is an absolute check on the stamp sheets, but was designed to insure the use of the proper quantity of gum in proportion to the stamp sheets.

When they start work in the morning, each of the men is charged with 1,000 sheets of stamps and twenty-six pounds of gum. He must spread that amount of gum over the given number of sheets. Exhaustive experiments and exact scientific calculations have determined the proportion of gum and paper. Rigid and continuous inspection and the keeping of a running account with each operator in the gumming room make it almost impossible to neglect any sheet or to dispose of the gum except by spreading it with absolute uniformity over the sheets. The little vats which hang over the rollers contain delicate instruments which show the temperature at which the gum is kept and its specific gravity. From time to time the superintendent of the gumming room inspects these instruments. He requires an absolute temperature of 80 degrees and a specific gravity of 29.—New York Tribune.

How Work Kills Music.

Did you ever hear of a telegrapher who could play the piano? If so, how many? Not how many pianos, of course, but how many telegraphers. Telegraph operators find that after they have worked at a key for several years their forearms and their fingers lose that flexibility that is essential to musicianly work on the piano. As many of the men are fond of music and have pianos of their own they find it hard to be cut off from the enjoyment of the music they could make for themselves if it were not for the strained conditions of the muscles.

There are few other lines of work that incapacitate a man for picking out the sharps and flats, but the telegraphers say that they know few men in their ranks who can use a piano with any effect.

When they sit down before one, their first move is the old impulse that operating the key gives them. They want to use that finger that they use in sending messages, and they find it difficult even after they struggle for a long time to make themselves players of more than ordinary attainments.—Chicago Tribune.

Etiquette by Precedent.

For example of how men may live and act according to precedent there can be no better reference than to the lord chamberlain's office in London. There in quiet rooms day after day men learned in state etiquette, court dress and royal functions reach down heavy volumes to see what was done on such and such an occasion. Beautiful pictures showing with minute exactness the details of the court costume under various circumstances are ready to their hands.

Is the shah of Persia coming? Is the kaiser soon to arrive? Is the king going to receive the monarch of Siam? Is one of the royal princesses to be married? When any of these events happens, the officials at the lord chamberlain's office know exactly what to do. And if some point should crop up which has not been raised for a century or more they have the faithful official records as to what was done on the last like occasion.

A Curious Clock.

In one of the chief watchmaking establishments in Zurich there is to be seen a remarkable curiosity in the way of watch or clock making. The timepiece is in the form of a ball, which moves imperceptibly down an inclined surface without rolling. The length of this inclined surface, which is sixteen inches long, is accomplished from top to bottom in twenty-four hours. Then the ball only needs lifting to the top again. This extraordinary timepiece has no spring and therefore needs no winding. The hands are kept in motion by the sliding along an inclined plane.—London Globe.

Before Marriage.

Fuddy—There would be fewer unhappy marriages in the world if men and women would try to find out each other's disposition during courtship instead of doing their best to deceive one another. Duddy—Yes, I guess there would be, as you say, fewer unhappy marriages. In fact, there would be fewer marriages of any kind, I guess.—Boston Transcript.

In the Dark.

"So he kissed you, did he?" "Yes." "I'm astonished!" "So was I. You see, he met me in a dark corner of the piazza, and—" "Oh! In a dark corner! That explains it."—Chicago Post.

SAGACITY OF MR. SAGE.

His Reason For Refusing to Advance Another Loan.

One day a young man of Russell Sage's acquaintance—in fact, the grandson of an old friend of other days—approached him on the subject of a loan of \$10 for two weeks and—got it. He promised faithfully to return the money at a stated hour, and the promise was as faithfully kept. Mr. Sage had very little to say when he gave up the ten and quite as little when he got it back.

A week or ten days later the young man came to see him again and this time asked him for \$100, making all sorts of representations of what he would do with it. Mr. Sage refused to ante. The young man was surprised, not to say pained.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you know I'll pay it all right. Didn't I say I'd have that ten for you on Monday, and wasn't I there to the minute with it?"

Mr. Sage beamed softly on the grandson of his old friend.

"My boy," he said, with no trace of unkindness in his tone, "you disappointed me once, and I don't want you to do it again."

"I beg your pardon, I did not," argued the youth. "I said I would pay you back, and I did."

"Yes, my boy," purred Mr. Sage. "You paid back the ten, and I never expected you would. Now, if I let you have a hundred I should expect you to pay it back, and you wouldn't. One disappointment at my time of life is enough, my boy. Good morning."—Collier's Weekly.

A Perugian Superstition.

The girls of the Perugian highlands believe as firmly as any heroine of Theocritus that a person possessing a lock of another person's hair can will pain, disease and even death to the owner of the hair, and thus when maidens give their betrothed lovers the customary plaited tress it is virtually their life and all their power of suffering that they give into those trusted hands.

If the man should prove unfaithful and disease descend upon the unhappy woman, she is not, however, utterly lost. The experienced matrons of her village have means to transfer the complaint to a tree, to an animal or to cast it into running water. The patient must rise in the early dawn, touch a certain plant in a certain manner, saying, "May thou wither and I flourish again," or bind her complaint to a tree in a given fashion, taking care never to pass again before that tree lest the disease, recognizing its former possession, return to her again.

Trees in Japan Sacred to the Gods.

Near every temple in Japan are certain trees that are supposed to be peculiarly loved by the gods and to be sacred to them. Any one injuring or causing to be injured one of them will bring down the wrath of the kami or god whose particular property it is. If the trees be injured in the name of any one the kami avenges himself on that person instead. So when a girl finds that a swain's love has cooled and she thinks revenge would be sweet she makes a straw mannikin and calls it by his name. If she is very vengeful she may also make one of her hated rival. At 2 o'clock at night (called the hour of the bull) she rises, and, clad in a white nightdress only, with high clogs on her feet, her hair hanging loose and crowned with an iron tripod, on which three lighted candles are stuck, she proceeds to the shrine of the patron god of the family.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man, for pity's sake, praise your wife when she deserves it! It won't injure her any, though it may frighten her some from its strangeness. If you wish to make and keep her happy, give her a loving word occasionally. If she takes pains to make you something pretty, don't take it with only: "Yes, it is very pretty. Won't you hand me my paper?" It will take you only a minute's time to kiss her and tell her she is the best wife in town. You will find it to be a paying investment—one which will yield you a large return in increased care and willing labor for your comfort. Loving praise will lighten labor wonderfully and should be freely bestowed.—Exchange.

Animals and Sight.

In the water fishes see only at very close range—about half their own length. This will seem, perhaps, unlikely to anglers, although some of them can cite instances showing that fish cannot see far. Snakes seem to have a very mediocre sense of sight. The boa, for instance, does not see at more than a quarter of its own length. Different species are limited to one-fifth or one-eighth of their length. Frogs are better off; they see at fifteen to twenty times their length.

A Narrow Footing.

Smarticus—I didn't know Ollseeker had had any experience as a tight rope walker. Smarticus—He hasn't. Smarticus—Without it I don't see how he's performing the feat of which he is accused—running on his own merits.—Baltimore American.

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