Bonnie Stratheyre.

There's meadows in Lanark and mountains ir Skyc.
And pastures in Hieland and Lawlands forbye:
But there's mae greater luck that the heart
could desire
Than to herd the fine cattle in bonnie Strath

O, it's up in the morn and awa' to the hill.
When the lang simmer days are sac warm and
sac still.
Till the peak o' Ben Voirlich is girdled wi' fire.
And the evenin' fa's gent; on bonnie Stratheyre.

Then there's mirth in the sheiling and love in

Her lips are like rowans in ripe simmer seen, And mild as the starlight the glint o' her ear; Far sweeter her breath than the seent o' the And her voice is sweet music in bonnie Strath-

Set Flora by Colin and Maggie by me.

And we'll dance to the pipes swellin' loudly and free. Till the moon in the heavens climbing higher and higher Bids us sleep on fresh brackens in bonnie

And love my ain Maggie in bonnie Stratheyre.

—Harold Boulton in Spectator.

"FROM THE HOSPITAL."

"Yes," said the Rev. Mr. Dibble, "I sort of sanitary regulation he calls this through depend upon the hospitality of my flock to entertain this excellent wind a forcing itself through a crevice too small for it.

"I'm afraid I'll meet him, mem."

The world is full of superstitions which young divine, seeing that my own house-hold is in so disorganized a condition, owing to the exigencies of cleaning to those who receive the angel unawaren!

And Mr. Dibble rubbed his hands and looked smilingly around upon the mem-bers of the Young Ladies Aid Associa-over the mountain-tops, when the weary tion, while a very preceptible nurmur and bewildered traveller opened the of assent rose up from this aggregate collection of curls, bangs, frizzed hair, "I beg your pardon," said he meekand crimped laces.

aing.
"I'm sure," said Miss Lidia Larkspur, promptly anticipating the crisis, "papa would be most happy to receive the gen-

While all the other ladies looked ineach other, and whispered, "Bold

"Most kind of you to promise it, I ful am sure," said Mr. Dibble, and so the ofmatter was settled, not at all to the general satisfaction.

should be washed and ironed, and a Duer's sister, and know the whole story. pound-cake of the richest nature con- Sit here and rest a little, and I will

In was as fond of young clergymen as Liqua herself, and would in no wise have objected to varying the monotony of her with a yawn and a general ir "ression that life was a bore.

"We are to have a young lecturer from the city in the church on Sunday head, but I never had small-pox, and exening," she said to her brother when the bustled into dinner.

"Eh?" said Dr. Duer, swallowing his scalding soup; "are we? By the way, Kate, there's a new case of small-pox reported among these hands on the railway enbankment"

"Dear me!" said Kate, who was compounding a refreshing salad in a carved wooden bowl: "I hope you keep well vaccinated, Hugh."
"Oh, there's no trouble about that!"

said the doctor; "only the other patients in the hospital object to such a

"I should think it very likely," said Kate, with a little moue.

"In one of those stone houses by the river, perhaps. Old Mrs. Viggers has had the disease, I know."

strangers. St. Lucetta's, you know—"
"Yes, I know," said Kate. "But to the good folks here, there is only one

and pronounced it first-rate.

Fumor, through the town. An actual Duer, by the soft light of the shaded prism, and the slopes are outlined with small-pox case in their midst, and a lamp, while the rain pattered without. small-pox case in their midst, and a lamp, while the rain pattered without. young minister coming all the way from And when the doctor came in it was enchanting harmony. York to appeal to their sympathies on beha. If of home missions.

"I wonde. if it is contagious!" said old Mrs. McAda. , looking very round- since this morning. And doing very

our village. "What?" cried Mrs. McAdam; "the

small-pox!" "No; certainly not," said Mrs. Emmons; "the sympathetic movement in favor of home missions."

And then everyone laughed. Mrs. McAdam looked puzzled, and Mrs. Em-

sacred things.' But Miss Lidia Larkspur, whose father did not believe in vaccination, and who body that he comes from a hospital, what had a mortal horror of the disease can he expect?" against which the famous Jenner waged so successful a warfare, was much trou-

bled in her mind. "I've always had a sort of premonition that I should fall a victim to the

small-pox," sighed she. "I only wish pa would let me be vaccinated!" It was on a sultry August evening, the

sky full of lurid clouds, the air charged the big drops beginning to knock at after a little hesitation, said that she with glittering arrows of electricity, and Miss Lidia's door—a most mysterious

And Miss Lidia Larkspur declared that moon is a radiator and reflector of the tap, as she afterwards declared.
"Who's there?" said Miss Lidia, open-

ing it sufficiently to obtain a glimpse of as bold about it as Kate Duer. a tall pale man with pocket-handkerfolded turbanwise around his

"Excuse me," said this apparition. "but I believe I have lost my way. Might I ask shelter from the shower? I am the

young man from the hospital." a little shriek. "Good gracious! have I it done from photographs. Both these and electricity as well. Why may not

And then she ran for the servant

and the camphor-bottle, and went into hysterics.

Mrs. Printemps lived in the next house-a picturesque cottage, overhung with Virginia-creepers, with a little plaster cast of Cupid in the garden, and a great many bluebells and carnations -a young widow who read all the new est books and sometimes wrote gushing poems for the second-rate monthlies.

Mrs. Printemps imagined herself like the gifted and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and dressed up to the part, as far as nineteenth-century prejudices when the sun is gane down and the kye are at would allow her—and she was seated by the casement, trying to find a rhyme aspire
To my winsome wee Maggie, the pride of Stratheyre!

To my winsome wee Maggie, the pride of poetry, when the tall pale stranger approach and a raying to find a raying to suit a most unaccommodating line of poetry, when the tall pale stranger approach and a raying to make peared under her window, "for all the world," as Mrs. Printemps subsequently Rizzio himself." "Excuse me, madame," he began,

"but I am from the hospital, and "My goodness me!" ejaculated Mrs. Printemps, jumping to her feet: "how dare you come here and tell me that to my face? Why don't they isolate you?"
"Madame—" said the surprised

stranger. Though some to gay touns in the Lawlands will roam.

And some will gang sodgerin' far from their home

Yet I'll aye herd my cattle, and bigg my ain

Though some to gay touns in the Lawlands "Go away! said Mrs. I'rintemps, and horror, as if the cloudy air was filled round about with lowing cross the meadow to Mrs. Underlay's across the meadow to Mrs. Underlay's and tell her that the small-pox case is old-country tradition is full of such and tell her that the small-pox case is rampaging all over the country, trying tales, and we are all primitive enough to get people to let him in, and she isn't to feel a touch of creeping dread at the to open the door on any account. And eldrich voices of the wind, forgetful that stop at Dr. Duer's and ask him what

> said Betsy, getting behind the side-board; and I ain't been vaccinated for dread of the wailing of the wind. But seven years, and-

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Printenge get there full five minutes before he does. Make haste now."

Kate Duer was standing in her door-

Not a damsel in the number but would have extended her gracious hosple seem to shut their doors against me, gladly have extended her gracious hospitality to the Rev. Felix Amory, who was to preach a sermon in aid of "Home Helps and Missions" at the Willage Dibble, the clergyman. Would it be church apon the coming Sunday eve asking too much if I were to request permission to rest in your porch until the storm is over? I came from the hospital, and--"

"Oh, I understand," said Kate quickly. "You are the small-pox patient. But I have been vaccinated, and am not dignantly first at Miss Lidia then at afraid of the disease. There is a very

"But you are mistaken," cried the young man: "I am not--And Lidia Larkspur went home, and "Hush!" said Kate gently. "Do not issued orders that the parlor curtains be afraid to confide in me. I am Dr. "Hush!" said Kate gently. "Do not bring you some bread and milk until brother comes.

"I am a thousand times obliged to you," said the stranger, "and the bread and milk will taste delicious after my home life with a spice of ecclesiastical long walk. But I do not know what novelty, returned to her crochet-work leads you to think that I am a victim to varioloid. I have lost my hat in the wind, to be sure, and am compelled to wear this Syrian-looking drapery on my hope never to encounter its horrors." Kate Duer turned red-first, then pale.

"Then," said she, "if you are not the small-pox case, who are you?" "I am Felix Amory," said the young

stranger, "the chaplain of St. Lucetta's Hospital in New York. I am to preach in aid of the home mission on Sunday next." Kate Duer burst out laughing.

"And everyone has been mistaking you for the small-pox case!" said she "Oh, Mr. Amory, do come in. How could we all have been so stupid? But you see, the minute you began to speak of the hospital-

"I must try to isolate him some-where," said Dr. Duer thoughtfully. me, said Mr. Amory. "But it's the way I have always mentioned myself to one time and not at another? Perhaps "Yes, I know," said Kate. "But to cules by the alteration of the electric

Pitcherville Institute,"

cosier yet. ought to find its way into e. ery home in have had such a disastrous expe-

snug corner with an expression of inef- life." ble content on his face.

nant when she heard that Mr. Amory

then in the frozen beauty of winter. And the last time, he asked Kate Duer "if she was willing to encounter the trials of a minister's wife?" And Kate,

"anyone could get married if they were

Mr, Thomas A. Ball, the sculptor, who has recently finished a large statue of baniel Webster for Concord, N. H., is heat, but a portion of that intense vital among them can be counted upon your now at work on a portrait of P. T. Barnum. The figure is in a sitting position. It will not be put up during his lifetime, "Certainly not," said Miss Lidia, clos-ing the door abruptly in his face, with trait from life instead of waiting to have and electricity as well. Why may not stood face to face with the-small-pox statues 2 to be cast in brouze in it be also reflector and radiator of this Munich.

WEATHER SIGNS.

Nature's Means of Indicating the Coming of a Storm.

The wind rises, foretelling a storm. It eries and moans at the window as if it lamented the evil it was powerless to prevent. It is a sound which tries the nerves already sinking as the electric stimulus is withdrawn from the air. The low spirits we are unable to account for are often caused by the suspension of the bracing, positive electric current during a change of weather, too slight, perhaps, for us to notice. This sinking of spirits unconsciously leads sensitive people to regard the cry of the wind as a sort of banshee warning of disaster and wreck. This is one of the oldest superworld," as Mrs. Printemps subsequently expressed it, "like a troubador, or David of Virgil and Theocritis, when to Greek and Etrurian an celipse was the frown of an offended delty and a comet was a fiery mass nger of wrath, the sigh of the wind was full of unutterable portents. In olden days, when window frames were not as close as ours and chimney crannies offered pipe for any time the wind chose to play upon it, imaginative cott rs wove many a legend of demons "Go away!" said Mrs. Printemps, of the air and witches shricking discord

you must be sure that these well-worn ideas have neither meaning nor worth two, and we all know what is promised "If you go across the pasture field you'll before you throw them away. A superstition is not always a thing to be laughed at, a truth which the latest re-search of science strikingly illustrates. In places on the west coast of England, on the calmest, quietest of days, a strange, hollow moan is heard from a distance at sea, although the waves lie sleeping at one's feet. Fifty years ago the coast folk believed it the voice of a spirit, by the old heathen Saxon name

of Bucea, which foretold tempest and woe. You hear the voice now, ominous as of yore, but you know that it is the noise of a storm so far off on the Atlantic that its swell has not even reached shore. Sound travels so much faster than currents of air that the tempest reaches the ear long before the first ripple of wind touches the cheek. Sound "You are the small-pox patient. in air travels about thirteen miles a stripping the speed of any tornado known. The shore at these places ry of the barn, and you shall be carefully nursed and taken care of there, carry the roar of storms which are sweeping midocean hundreds of leagues away, not a blast of which may ever vex the shore. It is wonderful what carriers of sound and motion the great empty spaces of the ocean are. Before a gale is felt in the British isles a leavy swell sets the lightship swinging at the station of the Kish and Cockle Gat, while at Valentia the surf rises twenty four hours before the storm reaches that projecting point. In the bay of Monterey, California, the billows come tearing in from the Pacific while the day is perfectly calm. A cyclone off days at

sea has sent these surges to tell the shore of its work. When distant hills look clear, sailors forbode storm. When instead of its usual haze, Blue hill, as seen from Dedham, invites the eye to pierce its dells and woody paths in singular clearness, we know it is the last of our good weather for awhile. How is this? A great German observer says the moisture in the air washes its dust and impurities away, leaving this beautiful clearness. But this reason fails to be satisfactory. Why isn't it as clear after a rain as well as before it, when we know the woods fold their bluest mist about them, as if to keep their recesses fresh? I prefer the theory that the air before a storm has a refracting quality which brings distances near, like the glasses of a tele-"I dare say it was very awkward of distances near, like the glasses of a tele-te," said Mr. Amory. "But it's the

by the different arrangement of its molethe good folks here, there is only one current so that various layers of the air And then Dr. Duer tasted the salad hospital in the world, and that is the act like lenses in a degree. One finds the same lense-like quality in the air of | not only to the people who avail them-Pitcherville was all on the qui vive Mr. Amory enjoyed his tea, sliced Arizona plains when mirage is visible, that day when the double-shotted piece peaches, and delicate "angel cake" very and on the northwest prairies, when at of tidings flew, on the tongue of popular much, as he sat tete-a-tete with Kate times it is like looking through a great

You have heard of the old signs and "The small-pox case?" said he. "Oh, sayings about the right time of the moon that is safely isolated at Hope's Quarry for sowing seeds and expecting rain at such a quarter, and you have laughed old Mrs. McAda. well, too, I am happy to say. Upon my at the idea that the moon had anything word, Mr. Amory, I am sorry that you to do with the affairs of the earth beyond have had such a disastrons even. well, too, I am happy to say. Upon my at the idea that the moon had anything for the press. Stenographers are very giving light like a big lantern. "In fact," writes one English scientist, "the "All's well that end's well," said the influence of the moon on the weather is as mythical as its influence over human Presently the same writer speaks of "the powerful agency of the moon in pushing of the pen. Some correspond-Miss Lidia Larkspur was quite indig- causing tides of ocean and of air, subject to the same tidal influences." er and several I know have wives who Farther he declares that "changes of can run the typewriter as well as the was staying at Dr. Duer's residence.

"Just like Kate Duer," said she. "To the weather are associated with various most experienced professionals. A leadmons drew herself up and remarked that "it was very irreverent to laugh at sacred things."

In which is a spects of the moon." Mr. Park Harriing correspondent of a New York paper has a wife who can take down a column sacred things." rushes around the country, telling every- modern times, after studying a mass of of correspondence from his dictation in observations, concludes that there is a half an hour. This column contains tendency in the moon to warm the about 1,500 words, and she must write "The most awkward thing I ever earth at her first quarter and cool it at at the rate of fifty words a minute. This heard of in my life," said Mrs. Prin-the third, slightly but perceptibly. Mr. is very fast typewriter work, and its temps vindictively.

Glaisher, the pelebrated meteorologist, speed will be appreciated when it is re-But this was not Mr. Felix Amory's finds that there are more north winds last visit to Pitcherville. He came in in one-half of the moon's period and autumn when the leaves were red-and more south winds in the other-causes quite sufficient to affect such susceptible A few newspapers keep men at the Capi-

things as the germs of seed. But leaving the slight additional heat given by the moon out of the question, research brings a new and serious phase of the moon's influence before us. The sun's heat, which pours upon her for a period fourteen times the length of our day, part of which flows into space and part comes to earth. In this period of isolation the moon receives not only and electric force of which the sun is the center and source. At her third working, keen-witted, snob-hating, genquarter the moon has been exposed to the uninterrupted heat of the sun for 265 electric energy, which we find diffused throughout nature, quickening the seed

in the ground, the leaf in its sheaf, the blood within our veins, the tissues which overlay our frame. Science detects a tide of nervous electric force at its fullest about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and from 3 to 4 in the afternoon, when human strength and life are at their best, in the hours opposite which they are at their lowest, when the sick feel feeblest, and when the dying find release. The hours of its ebb and flow are as well known as the tide of ocean. and beyond a doubt such a current exists in lower forms of organic life. All things point to the sun as the royal source, the moon as the dispenser and regulator, of this magnetic life. Admiral Fitzroy, founder of the weather service of Great Britain, fairest and most exact of observers, writes in his weather book that all the phenomena agree with the idea of such an electric influence on the part of the moon, and farther that it explains all unreconciled facts in meteorology. This being true, it re-deems from absurdity the dependence of mankind for centuries on the aspects of the moon for signs of weather, for times of sowing and reaping, for weaning of children and young animals, in short, the most delicate operations of nature, sensitive to influences we duly feel and distantly perceive. When all scientific men agree that, whatever the reason, certain changes of the weather and certain changes of the moon happen together, we have not far to look for a code of weather signals available by land or sea. The old superstition was that the moon caused the change of weather, in which lies the mistake, just as if we believed that the cautionary signals of the weather bureau caused storms. That the moon's changes agree with the changes of weather as with the tides is a belief on which we want the

Natural Gas in Dwellings. The necessary danger attending the use of natural gas may not be greater than that encountered in places where the manufactured article is commonly employed for purposes of light and fuel but it is certain that since it was utilized in western Pennsylvania and southwestern New York more accidents have resulted than can be charged up to artificial gas the world over. Two of the most serious of these casualities have taken place in Pittsburg, where not long ago a main exploded, wrecking several buildings and killing four or five people, and where, within a week, the explosion of another pipe has resulted in the destruction of a steamboat and the loss of

If natural gas may be utilized in the homes and the business of the people with safety a very important problem will have been solved. Where so employed for domestic purposes the economy of the household has been revolutionized. The pipes are run into ordinary cooking and heating stoves, as well as grates, and, besides saving the sity of kindling fires and of watching them, and at the same time reduces the may be checked by turning a lever, and escaped arrest. on the other hand by a similarly easy

movement every stove in the house may be made red hot at a moment's notice. The only drawback to all this is the reflection that one's house is connected by direct pipes with the infernal regions, with the devil knows who in charge of the generating process. If all goes well below the little flames so successfully introduced in the houses above will be exceedingly enjoyable, but in the event of disturbances in the depths, or of some slight defect in the means employed to control the supply, there is no telling what might become of the dwellings and their inmates. If the natural gas wells can be controlled and regulated as successfully as the reservoirs of the artificial article are, there appears to be no excuse for the dreadful explosions which have taken place from time to time. On the other hand, if these explosions are to be set down as unavoidable, the natural gas enterprise becomes a dangerous one, selves of its seeming conveniences, but to the public at large, which may be blown to kingdom come at any time when it least expects it.

Washington Correspondents.

A number of Washington correspondents dictate their dispatches to shorthand men, and these transcribe them cheap here, and in ordinary times you can find one who will take down and rewrite a column letter for a dollar. This is much cheaper than doing the writing yourself, as the greatest expenditure of energy in writing is in the ents dictate their letters to the typewrithas a wife who can take down a column writer who composes does remarkably well if he writes fifteen words a minute. tal who are expected to devote themselves to letter-writing exclusively. Theze are few, however and their letters are devoted to editorials, descriptive matter, and gossip about men and measures. The field of Washington correspondents seems to me to be widening every year. There are plenty of bright men in the business, and of the hundreds here the great majority are trained men. The dissippated men fingers; and as a rule they are hardtlemanly fellows.

A traveler in Mexico writes that he was recently in a city of 12,000 population where not a single copy of a newspaper was taken.

MADSTONES FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

North Carolina Takes a Home Treatment Instead of Going to Paris.

stone. Wonderful apparent cures have been effected by the use of these madstones during the past half century. Some of them are even older than "I will tell you. One of the hangersry. Some of them are even older than "I will tell you. One of the hangers-that, but faith in their efficacy has on around the rooms was a gambler never diminished. There is a famous named Jerry Lewis. Jerry was crooked one in Halifax county, and people throughout. He couldn't bitten by rabid dogs have been taken game if he wanted to. He had his capto the stone or the stone has been pers around town gathering up the untaken to them for years. Last year wary. He always had his particular two cases were treated by it and one seat at a table, and the man who sat op-

is now under treatment. Another stone is known far and he get up, near as the Painter madstone, and is Everything apparently was on the owned by Mr. Painter, of Parson square, but wasn't. Jerry had a wincounty. It is in demand by both Vir- ning way about him in more than one.

but at the sixteenth application the which signals could be given. stone would not adhere. White was given immediate relief. Last week a negro woman living near Danville was bitten. Saturday she was taken to Painter for treatment, and this is now in progress. The nearly of that see, had a telegraph system. One tan would in progress. The people of that section claim that this is the only gen uine madstone in the State. None of you see that the watcher could keep these madstones have ever been sold Jerry informed as to what the other fel By some persons they are regarded as low held. It was a dead-sure thing, and experience of twenty thousand strict giving luck to their possessors. observers.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

KILLED HIS OWN SON.

A Kentucky Farmer Blows His Boy's Head Off, Calling Him Lazy.

years old. He has an ungovernable temper at times, and has been the dread of the neighborhood. In his fa nily he has been quite severe, and at times even cruel, and then for a season, over-indulgent. Last week he was on a spree and in one of him example of the souther-words finding fault with every-

although the neighbors looked on him as a patient, much abused and overworked boy.

On Saturday morning, about 5 o'clock Willie, who is nearly nineteen years old, get up and began putting on his best clothes. G. L. Hopkins, the father, who was standing with his back to the fire, seeing this, exclaimed with the factor of the second part of the second par labor of carrying in coal and removing ashes, as well as the cleaning and dustashes, as well as the cleaning and dusting made imperative under the old system, the new device obviates the necesition made imperative under the old system, the new device obviates the necesition made in plied: "Pap, I've had enough of that," Every cent I have in the world is on the "I'll show table and went on dressing. expense on account of the fuel and light be shotgun from the hooks on the cheating done. Somebody has given my by more than one-half. When a fire is joist, fired as he spoke the last word hand away. That somebody is over us. wanted in every room in the house a and blew the whole top of Willie's If everything is square you won't object match for each room will supply the de- head off. He hastily picked up his to my shooting through the ceiling. mand. If the fire becomes too strong it hat and coat and fled, and has so far there is anything crooked of course you

Robbed of \$1,500 and his Watch. Phil Cox, a fine-looking man, who hails from Yazoo City, Miss., paraded the streets of New Orleans for a week with a big dog at his heels and a thousand-dollar silver certificate pinned to and-dollar silver certificate pinned to his waistecat. He has been a regular attendant at the Exposition races, the first partial and water than the exposition races, but I wish I had. Now, you just hand sometimes petting heavily, and was usually in the comyany of sporting men. He drank a great deal and used to display the silver certificate without any fear of the consequences. Last Thursday night Cox was taken to his rooms intoxicated, by three men, named Waddle, Costello and Faulkner, who put him to bed. When he awoke the next morning his silver certificate, \$500 in bills, two diamond cluster pins and a gold watch and chain, valued at \$400, were missing. enue It was found that the hinges had been "I the presence of the big dog would warmly by the hand. have prevented a robber from entering. The police were informed late Saturday night and they arrested Waddle, did. I never had anything brace me but the other two men who tosk Cox up as that tonic did." but the other two men who tosk Cox home have not been found.

Predicted His Own Death.

Daniel G. Sperry, of South Windsor, Conn., who early in December predicted his death in three weeks thereafter, died on Tuesday afternoon, within a month of the date he pre dicted. He had already settled his business affairs and had bought a mashouse. The failure of his prediction that he won'd pass away in December had no off et upon him other than to make him more depressed in spirits. He said nothing further regarding his presentment, but it was evident to his friends that he had not abandoned it, for he showed no interest in daily affairs or in the future. He was well advanced in years, but was in ordinary good health until this strange presentiment began to prev upon him.

A Railroad Wreck.

A disastrous wreck occurred last Wednesday night on the St. Joseph and Des Moines branch of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system, about four miles east of Albany. A passenger train bound for St. Joseph encountered a broken rail, when the whole trair, except the engine, was thrown from the track and down an embankment fitteen feet. There were fifteen passangers on the train and not one escaped injury. An old man named Miller, from Palmyra, lowa, was instantly killed, his neck being broken. Several were seriously hurt.

-- The health of Ex-President Arthur has caused some anxiety during the last few weeks. He has been under treatment for severe indigestion and his diet has been restricted to the simplest articles of food, principally milk and pepsin. He has suffered much from insomnia and the attendant nervous excitement and depression.

A Sure Winner.

"In 1862-1 there were numerous North Carolina boasts of no less and robbed of his all. The most note than four madstones, each of which is rious place was the room run by Bill alleged to have certain specific virtues, and Hy Ford. They didn't run anything making each the great and only mad- but poker-rooms, but many a poor devil

posite to him was always fleeced before

ginians and North Carolinians, and the never went for anything but big there are cases known of persons have game. He would get around a fellow, ing cases known of persons having propose a quiet game of draw, take him been taken hundreds of miles to be to his room, and the two would sit down touched by this stone.

On Christmas eve R. M. White, of Jerry had his confederate, however, and Halifax county, Va., was bitten by a had him stationed in a loft immediately mad dog. He went to Painter's as above the table. There was a small hole soon as possible for treatment. Pain- in the ceiling where the fellow could see ter applied the stone sixteen times to the sucker's hand. Then there was an the wound. It adhered fifteen times, ingenious system of wires arranged by

Jerry made a mint of money.'

"How was the trick discovered?"
"A Texan named Sam Reid struck Denver with \$40,000. He played bank heavy and won \$10,000 more. Jerry tackeled him for a game of draw, and News has just been brought to Sam consented. The first night Jerry Owensburg, Ky., by a gentleman from lost just enough to make the Texan Muhlenberg county, this State, of an think that he was the boss poker-player unnatural murder, that of a son by his in the world. The next night they quit father, near the Mud River coal mines in that county. G. L. Hopkins, the father, is a farmer, and is about fitty years old. He has an ungovernable knew it was useless to try and stack the knew it was useless to try and stack the

savage moods, finding fault with every-thing at home. He charged his son ner's money, and was laying himself out Willie with laziness and worthlessness, to win the rest of it. He raked in a pot although the neighbors looked on him of \$6,000, and had dealt the cards him-

I don't know which one has the von how to talk to me," and grasping best, but I do know there has been

will object.

"Reid raised his pistol and cocked it. Jerry didn't say anything but grabbed Reid's arm, but it was too late. The gar, went off. There was a howl and a scampering heard, and a fall in the next

back every cent of that money. If you don't I will put a hole through you big enough for a dog to crawl through.' "Jerry was game, but Reid had the drop on him, and he was forced to give back every cent he had won."-Denver

A Good Remedy.

Hostetter McGinnis met Dr. Perkins Soonover a few days ago on Austin av-"I am much obliged to you, doctor,

removed from the door leading into for that tonic you gave me," said Hosthe back yard, but it is thought th t tetter, taking the learned physician

"So it helped you, did it?"
"Helped me? Well I should say it

"How many bottles did you take?" "I didn't take any myself. Catch me putting such stuff down my throat. When I want to commit suicide I'll go at it in a different way." "But I thought you said you exper-

ienced beneficial effects from it. "So I did. I gave the stuff to my rich uncle, who had just made his will in my favor, and now he is no more. sive oak coffin, which he kept in his One bottle of your tonic knocked him cold."-Texas Siftings.

The great Yuma bridge across the Colorado River was destroyed by fire in a week, the material w. F. B. HAYNSWORTH, up and sent forward at S. S. DINKINS, and rebuilt within a week, the material distances varying from 50 to 750 miles. This is said to be the quickest time on record for such a tree of work.

BE BEAT.

THE DRIVEN WELL MAKES IT EASY to get Water.

No Well Cleaning. Cheap! Durable!

SUMTER, S. C. JACOBI HOUSE.

T. C. Scaffe,

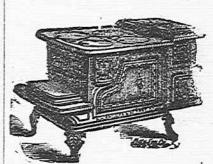
FLURENCE, S. C. M. JACOBI, AGT.

PROPRIETOR. Livery Stable in connection.

F. N. WILSON. MANNING, S. C. Wm. Shepherd & Co.,

128 MEETING STREET,

CHARLESTON, SO. CA.



STOVES.

STOVES STOVES

-AT-

WHOLESALE

AND

Tinwares, House Furnishing Goods, Potware, Kitchen and Stove Utensils. Send for Price List and Circu-

J. C. H. CLAUSSEN & CO.,

Steam Bakery and Candy Factory, CHARLESTON, S. C.

W. A. Reckling, ARTIST,

1102 MAIN STREET, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Portraits, Photographs, Stcreoscopes, Etc.

OLD PICTURES COPIED AND ENLARGED. Sept 16 EDEL BROS.,

RICHMOND, VA.,

Manufacturers of Tobacco & Cigars,

And Wholesale Liquor Dealers. **GRAND GENTRAL** HOTEL,

Columbia, S. C. C. H. FISHER, Prop'r.

NOTICE TO FARMERS. I respectfully call to the attention of the Farmers of Clarendon the fact that I have secured the Agency for the Corbin Disk Harrow, Planet Jr. Horse Hoe and Culti-vator, Johnson Harvester and the Conti-nental Reaper. I have one of each of these instruments for display at my stables, and will take pleasure in showing and explai ing their utility. No progressive farmer can afford to do without these implements. W. K. BELL, Agt., Manning, S. C.

Notice!

I desire to call to the attention of the Mill Men and Cotton Planters of Clarendon. that I have secured the agency for this County, for the DANIEL PRATT RE-VOLVING HEAD GIN. Having used this Gin for several years I can recommend it as the best Gin now in use. Any information in regard to the Gin will be cheerfully given. I can also supply the people of Clarendon with any other machinery which they may need, at the lowest pric-Parties wishing to purchase gins will find it to their interest to give their orders early. W. SCOTT HARVIN, Manning, S. C.

HAYNSWORTH & DINKINS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MANNING, S. C.

Sumter, S. C. Manning, S. C.

JOHN S. WILSON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

MANNING, S. C.

J. E. SCOTT, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

MANNING, S. C.

NEWSPAPER A book of 108 pages. The best book for an advertiser to conADVERTISING suit, bo he experienced or otherwise. It contains lists of newspapers and estimates of the cost of advertising. The advertiser who wants to spend one dollar, finds in it the information he requires while for him who will formation he requires, while for him who will invest one hundred thousand dollars in adinvest one hundred thousand dollers in advertising, a scheme is indicated which will meet his every requirement, or can be made to do so by slight changes easily arrived at by correspondence. 149 editions have been issued. Sent, post-paid, to any address for 10 cents. Write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU. (10Spruce St. Printing House Sq.), New York.

Apr15