In the Lonely Back Pew. The sermon was long and the preacher was prosy. The cusbion was soft and the corner was

A stray bit of lace and the curl of a feather
Lay close to my cheek, and I didn't care
whether
The service was long.
Or flirting was wrong
In a lonely back pew, as we knelt down together.

In reading the prayers we had one book be-tween us; So sweet was her smile that, had nobody seen While bent on our knees
(Oh how Cupid did (ease!)
I had solen a kiss with the prayer book to
screen us.

In the oriel window the sunlight was gleaming.
In my drowsy old brain I felt love fancies

In my drows, out teeming:

Then my heart gave a thump—
But my head got a bump
On the back of the pew—I had only been dreaming.

—Life.

A SOCIETY LADY. How the Demands of Fashion Are Sat-

me Morning Bath to the Evening Reception.

A LIFE OF LUXURY.

A little French gilt timepiece ticking away the minutes in an upper room of one of Murray hill's fine residences struck the half-hour beyond 9 o'clock on a recent morning and while its deep cathedral note yet echoed upon the air there was a sudden movement among the lace hangings of a brass bedstead standing in a recess of the same apartment, and a woman's face looked forth.

and brilliant with the dazzling winter sunshine, which, filtering through the table, where at her plate is piled the draperies of the broad windows, lay in morning mail. Letters, notes, cards of patches of light on floor and furnish-invitation, one or two black-edged patches of light on floor and furnish-ings, but there was nothing one-half so funeral announcements, for death moves pretty, so warm, or so brilliant, no pict-ure so sunny or dazzling within the four walls, as that made by this same face, the face of a young and lovely woman, which, flushed from the pillow's downy begs the honor of leading a coming caress, the eyes dewy with sleep, and much-talked-of cotillon with her, nor do the rumpled chestnut hair framing the they dull when the next note informs whole in sweet confusion looked out to her that her presence is desired among see what had awakened its owner.

"Oh, it's you, you chattering little clock," as her eye fell upon the telltale hands, then, before she sank back into her nest, she leaned out to touch an while a servant brings the breakfast electric button within easy reach. A fruit, chocolate, a pair of reed birds, moment and a soft knock prefaced the with potatoes a la creme, with an entrance of a neat-looking middle-aged woman in cap and apron.

"Good morning, Barker," came from the pillows. "My bath, please;" and

crossed to the bath-room.

Barker only waited to take from various drawers and presses an outfit of feminine apparel, finished with an embroidered muslin combing gown whose ribbons were of the same pale-pink hue as tinted the silken stockings, before she vanished a second time, and the room was left to the clock and the fire. with occasional muffled splashings from the naiad in her tub.

But not for long. The hall door un-closed again to admit a tall old negress, black a- Erebus, her head bound in a brilliant bandana. She shuffled to the door of the bath-room and knocked. "Ez you ready, honey?"

"In a moment, mammy," sounded from within: then:

"You may come now," and once more the fire and clock had it all their own way in the outer apartment. Next Barker reappeared bearing a

silver tray, on which was a cup of bouillon with some wafer-like crackers. She had scarcely placed her tray upon a stand and wheeled a luxurious Turkish chair before the crackling fire when the inner door was flung wide open and, fresh from her plunge and glowing with mammy's vigorous massage, Beauty came out, her flannel gown wrapped warmly about her and her beautiful hair still closely snooded in its oilskin

She sank with supple grace into her waiting chair, the stand with its light refreshment quickly lifted to her side; then, as the fire gleamed too ardently on the soft, clear skin, Barker interposed a glass screen, which tempered the flame's fervor, while it took nothing

from its cheerful light. While the bouillon was sipped and the crackers munched mammy brought a low hassock, upon which she drew her young mistress' feet, and with gentle, caressing touch put aside the wadded shoes and ineased each slender ankle and arched instep in its silken covering. using a silver shoe-horn of exquisite workmanship to spring the little satin

slipper to its place. Then made moiselle stood up while the black hands went deftly on with the task they loved so well.

"You's jest like ez if you was a baby yet, honey," the old woman said, patting the lovely shoulders which rose smooth and dimpled above the cobweb chemise; and, "Deed, I wish you was," as she slipped the clinging petticoat of knitted silk over her charge's head.

Mademoiselle laughed, and the dressing went on till, the last ribbon of the muslin gown tied, mammy was forced reluctantly enough to resign her nurs-

ling to another's care. For Barker had not been idle during the robing process. The bouillon tray and stand were gone; a low dressingtable whose beveled mirror was the perfection of reflective excellence had been turned to catch the proper light, an and by nice calculation she gets the armless chair placed before it, and now, flanked by her implements of officerows of silver-mounted brushes and combs, steel pins, pomades, and per- ance that a gentleman is waiting to be fumed water-the priestess of the hair-

dressing ceremonial awaited her victim. Mademoiselie seated herself, Barker slipped off the oilskin cap, loosened some pins, letting the veil of chestnut hair fall in wavy richness quite to the floor, and began her work. As the tirewoman labored her mistress let her eyes and his lips are compressed, but his stray idly before her, and her glance bearing is erect and soldierly, and there fell upon a little crystal vase upon the is a gleam of something in his kindling

fading rose.

What did she see in its rusty petals

and crumpled leaf to call up that curious The cusion was sold on the pew and shall tended and should this expression die slowly away and the proud lines of the exquisite mouth obtrusively show in its stead?

"Barker," coldly, "don't keep flowers are not fresh."

about that are not fresh." "No, miss," said Barker respectfully, but wonderingly; then her eye, too, fell upon the condemned Marechal Niel.

'I left the rose, miss, because you had it in your hand last night when you came in, and there was a bit of water in the vase where you put it, so I thought you would not wish it disturbed."

white brow, or was it the wanton firelight which filled the room?
"Very well, Barker; it is of no further

And now the hair is done and the

muslin gown is doffed for a robe of pale India cashmere lined throughout with quilted satin and trimmed from neck to hem and at throat and wrists with costly fur. Then Barker hands a bit of embroidered cambric exhaling a faint spicy fragrance, and draws aside a heavy portiere, through which mademoiselle passes to a morning-room beyond, a beautiful, cozy apartment full of brie-a-brae and objects of art, an open upright piano in one corner, with a banjo, the latest craze, tilting its flat sphere against one leg. A sea-coal fire glows in the burnished grate, a tigerskin rug sprawls before it, and a breakfast service of transparent china and old silver is set out upon a claw-legged mahogany table near the center of the room.

As mademoiselle enters, a beautiful collie leaps forward, fawning against The room was full of pretty things, warm with the blaze of a hickory fire, caressing hand. His mistress pats him and brilliant with the dazzling winter a little absently and moves on to the to read that a prominent man of fashion a small select party which an aristocratic society matron is arranging to take to her country-house for a winter's lark. She goes on through her letters omelette aux confitures.

Mademoiselle eats with relish and appetite, while the dog, on his haunches the pillows. "My bath, please;" and Tarker opened a second door and disappeared. In three minutes she was back standing at the bedside with a ends effectively in a brush of waving bath gown of thick, soft fiannel and a fur. His eyes follow every movement of pair of low shoes, warm and woolly.

The young woman got up, suffered the flair eater, but his dumb entreaty gains him naught till the meal is done.

One letter of her many that morning the unhappy Jum's stump of a tail. At the sight of the keeper the howling monwhite feet into the wedded shoes and now and as she breaks the seal the law made for the stairs the space still te feet into the wadded shoes, and now, and as she breaks the seal the seal the same fleeting look which the dying rose clinging to him, sweeping a dozen had evolved comes back. The note is sleeping parrots out of the way, who set short, a half dozen lines:

> night. I leave to-night. May I call was worth a man's life to see that chimlate this afternoon to say good-by?" The letter drops from her hand. The dog sees her cessation from writing and | a bull-dog never let up. Hastily closing comes over to her feet.

> head, "he may come to say good-by, floor and then began the chase. Over and then we will think no more of this the freak stages, upsetting chairs and charming young officer with his small smashing medicine and photographs in pay and slow promotion, and his tempting suggestion of frontier barracks life." a way that was a caution; then crossing the hall, leaping the iron grating that One more letter is quickly added to separates the crowds from the theater, the number waiting to be sent, then the monkey went at a headlong gait, mademoiselle hurries to her room, leaving his snakeship stranded high

> where Barker already awaits her. Twenty minutes later, perfectly dressed in a costume of cloth and fur, whose elegant simplicity equaled its extravagant cost, gloved like a Frenchwoman and shod like an English peer- working about the building, and the ess, mademoiselle enters her carriage, and the tall footman holding the door chattering and jibbering, clung with bends to receive her initial order.

> She drives to her tailor's where she mounts a wooden horse to have a new of the landing just as they rolled over, habit adjusted, to the jeweler's to select and that the chimpanzee had a lot of a present for a fashionable wedding; at bangs and frizzes of African fashion a florist's she orders a funeral piece sent and cut in his paws; howsoever be it, to a society house of mourning; she "Jum" was captured and taken back to leaves her carriage for five minutes at a his den, docile and wheezing slightly picture-gallery to glance at a canvas from his exertions. When a reporter which her world is discussing; she saw him he was esconsced demurely on shows herself at a business meeting of his haunches, and at the approach of a charitable organization of which she the newspaper man he cocked his eve is a member long enough to say that she will stand at the Russian table in a as much as to say. "Old chappie, it's a coming festival; she drives to the fur- cold day when we get left."-St. Paul rier's to choose her sables, and to her Globe. bootmaker's for consultation over bottines a la St. Petersburg, and she hurries finally into the boudoir of her dearest

> friend: "Just to hope, dear, that you are going down to Oakeliff with Mrs. L. on was not a hearty, yard-wide weep, but the 21st. No? So sorry. And, oh, a furtive dropping of half-repressed Nell, will you kindly lend me that little book on figures for the german your brother sent out from Vienna last cold wind. month? Mr. R. and I want some novel-

ties for the Worthington ball."
"That is the last," she says to herself thankfully when she has kissed her friend good-by, and "Home." is the word the footman takes as he climbs to

the coachman's side.

It is 2:30 when Barker is getting her out of her outdoor wraps, and luncheon is served, she is told. That meal over, she must give her maid ten minutes' confab over the evening's dresses and twenty more to criticise an arrangement her dressmaker has sent for inspection. Then a few moments to loll among the cushions of her divan skimming the chapters of the last novel before another toilet is in order. At 5 she is again in the carriage in a sumptuous reception dress, rolling to an "afternooa." are down on her tablets for that day, cream of both before, shortly after 6, she stands once more in her own hall and learns from the servant in attend-

received in the green parlor. In all the bravery of brilliant dress, dropping only the fur-lined carriage wrap, she crosses the hall. Fifteen, twenty minutes pass, then the portiere

dressing-table which held a single eye which may be a fine scorn when that mist of tenderness has cleared

Mademoiselle goes up-stairs a triffe languidly. Her room is brillians with warmth and light, and on the had is spread an evening dress all lace and

"There is no hurry, Barker," she says, briefly; "we emertain at home to aight, and dinuer is not until half-past 8. Help me off with these things: give me a loose gown and fifteen minutes here before the fire.

"Your flowers for to-night," says the maid, answ.ring mademoiselle's ring half an hour later, but the young girl searcely glandes at the huge housinet Did a faint blush mantle that smooth

the woman is bearing.
"I shall be late, Barker," she says:

"make haste to dress m : There are two hours of dinner and three hours of ball got through with be-fore mademoiselle's day is really done and the petred tielle tinds her lace-canopied couch. The world has been at her feet, and the expression of triumph and power does not wholly leave the perfect face even after the fringed lids are closed and the soft sweet breath comes regularly through the just parted lips. -N. Y. Times.

Jumbo on a Tear. Jumbo is a sedate chimpanzee and has received a Christian education. Visitors at the museum will have noticed him, as he occupied a cage in the third story of the museum, and was very vivacious at times, showing great strength in shaking the heavy iron bar and swinging with solemn cadence on the flying trapeze. "Jum" is a character and his exploits recently showed him to be a schemer of no mean order. The fastenings of his eage were thought secure, his keeper Lowanda, always taking the precaution to carefully padlock the bars; but woe alas to carelessness! A key was left in the lock and his worthy monkeyship proceeded with great cau-tion and subtlety to unfasten his lock and liberate himself from the dreary confines of the cage. Once out Jumbo. like all true revolutionists, made license of liberty and commenced to free the birds by running across to the other cages; letting out the cocatoos, parrots and other rare birds, and stirring them up with a club, as various marks bund on the aforesaid birds would indicate. There is a large glass cage in the mu-seum, and on the same floor, in which are kept several snakes of the constrictor species. A Bunson burner, connected with tubing and lighted to warm the occupants, was burning, and the Galliclooking chimpanzee thought he would investigate. How it occurred the keeper could not tell, but coming up-stairs, he heard the unusual chatter of the feathered tribe, and then suddenly a fiendish yell, that indicated something unusually interesting, and startling. Bounding upstairs a strange sight met his gaze. The monkey had just leaped out of the snake hort, a half dozen lines:

"I found my orders awaiting me last at the disturbance. Lowanda says it panzee go down the stairs and thumping the constrictor after him, who like the snake den and extinguishing the "Yes, Sultan," she says, stroking his light, Lowanda ran down to the second

> he collided with a colored girl who was now thoroughly frightened monkey, might and main to his friend "in need." Lowanda says he appeared at the top

> and dry on the wire grating-a wiser if

not thoroughly awakened snake. Down into the darkness of the passage went

"Jum," and at the bottom of the stairs

# She Was in Trouble.

A young woman, befurred and eyeglassed, sat near the stove weeping. It tears upon the corper of a scented handkerchief-merely a bit of a thaw in a

"In trouble, miss?" queried the grayhaired and sympathetic passenger. "Ye-yes," was the sniveling reply. "May I inquire the nature of your

woe, young lady? Possibly I can comfort von.

pled telegram, saying: "Read that."

The sympathetic passenger adjusted his spectacles, hemmed and hawed,

light. He read:
"Come home at once. Your doggie is sick."-Chicago Herald.

There is a certain man about town whose generosity is not unbounded. He uncle, William Longstreet, of Augusta, is quite ready to accept, and even to ask Ga., should share with Robert Fulton for, favors, but is not so often known to the laurels of the inventor of steamreciprocate. There come to him, how- boats. This ingenious Georgian was ever, as to all men sooner or later, occasions when it is impossible to avoid the semblance of hospitality and generosity, even if he possesses it not. A formula of his for such dire necessity, I hear runs in this way: (Moderato)-"I'd invite you to dinner to-day (andante) but we are to have codfish today (allegro and staccato, without waiting for a dreaded acceptance) and I know you don't like codfish."—Boston

The Model for a Marble Hand.

After the restoration of Louis Philippe to the French throne, many of Napoleon's soldiers were left in comparative poverty. One of them, a famous General, had a beautiful daughter whom he wished to marry rich, but who fell in love with a poor young man—an under-secretary or something of that kind. She married at her father's request a rich Count, but refused at the wedding ceremony to allow the ring to be placed upon her left hand, upon which she wore a ruby, put there by her lover. Her jealous husband was not long in finding out what was the matter, and, intercepting a letter in which the ardent young lover claimed Matilda's hand as his, he determined upon an awful re-

One night as the celebrated surgeon Lisfrance was returning from a profes-sional visit, he was captured by a party of men, blindfolded and taken to a distant palace, and led through a labyrinth of passages and rooms. At length his conductor, stopping, said: "Doctor, we have arrived, remove your bandage." The doctor, whose fears had given place to a restless curiosity and a vague apprehension, obeyed, and found himself in a small chamber furnished with remarkable luxury, and half lit by an alabaster lamp hung from the ceiling. The windows were hermetically sealed as well as the curtains of an alcove at the end of the room. Here the doctor found himself alone

with one of his abductors. He was a man of imposing height and commanding air, and his whole exterior of the most aristocratic stamp. His black eyes gleamed through the half mask that covered the upper part of his face, and a nervous agitation shook his colorless lips, and the thick black beard that inframed the lower. "Doctor," said he, in an abrupt, loud voice, "prepare for your work—an amputation." "Where is the patient?" asked the doctor, turning toward the alcove. The curtains moved slightly, and he heard a stifled sigh. "Prepare, sir," said the man convulsively. "But, sir, I must see the patient." "You will see only the hand you are to cut off." The doctor, folding his arms and looking firmly at the other, said: "Sir you brought me here by force. If you need my professional assistance I shall do my duty without caring for that or troubling myself about your secrets; but if you wish to commit a crime you can not force me to be your accomplice." "Be content, sir," replied the other, "there is no crime in this," and leading him to the alcove he drew from the curtains a band. "It is this you are to cut off." The doctor took the hand in his; his fingers trembled at the touch. It was a lady's hand, small, beautifully molded and its pure white set off by a magnifi-cent ruby encircled with diamonds. But," cried the doctor, "there is no need of amputation; nothing is—"
"And I, sir! I say," thundered the other, "if you refuse I will do it myself," and, seizing a hatchet, he drew the hand toward a small table and seemed about to strike. The doctor arrested his arm. "Do your duty then, doctor." "Oh, but this is an surgeon. "What is that to you? It must be done. I wish it; madam wishes it also; if necessary she will demand it you.' This drove the fellow almost herself. Come, madam, request the doctor to do you this service. The doctor, nonplused, and almost fainting under the torture of his feelings, heard from the alcove, in a haif-expiring voice and an inexpressible accent of despair and resignation: "Sir, since you are a surgeon—yes—I entreat you—let it be you and not—Oh, yes; you! you! in mercy." "Well, doctor," said the

man, "you or I." The resolution of this man was so frightful, the prayer of the poor lady so full of entreaty and despair, that the doctor feit that even humanity commanded of him compliance with the appeal of the victim. He took his instruments with a last imploring look at the unknown, who only pointed to the hand, and then with a sinking heart began the operation. For the first time in his experience his hand trembled; but the knife was doing its work. There

was a cry from the alcove, and then all was silent. Nothing was heard but the horrid sound of the operation till the hand and the saw fell together on

Lisfrance wore the ruby upon his watch-chain, where it was seen by the voung lover on his return to Paris, and out of it grew a duel that led to the disclosure of the infamous crime. The morning after the young lover's arrival at the capital he was presented by a man in livery with an ebony box. Opening it he discovered a bleeding hand, Matilda's, and on it a paper with these words: "See how the Count of keeps his oath." After the duel the young man fleed to Brussels, where the bleeding hand was transferred to canvas. Hart seeing the painting copied it in marble.—Lexington (Ky.) Letter

to Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Extra Quarter .- A peddler of tinware in one of the mountain counties of this State called at a farm-house the other day, where the woman wanted to sell him a bear skin. "'Tain't worth sell him a bear skin. "'Tain't worth no great shakes," said the peddler after looking it over. "The b'ar was killed And for answer she snuffled up two or three times in her nose, reached into her dress pocket and pulled out a crumber dress pocket and pulled out she gave the skin a rub, "when I tell you that this 'ere b'ar clawed my husband to death less'n two months ago, turned half round in his seat, and cau- and that I'm still a grievin' widder-wotiously held the ominous missive to the man, can't you make the price a dol-Being a man of sentiment and tinware combined he said he could .-Wall Street News.

> General Longstreet thinks that his big with the idea as early as 1788, but it was not until 1808 that he successfully ran a boat by steam in the Savannah.

"Pap," said little Jacob, looking up from his Sunday-school paper. "here is a piece that says "Beer versus Whisky." Shall I read it?" "Trow dat paber in beer is vorse as visky ain't fit for nodings except kindling-vood."— Bing-hamton Republican.

gauge to see a love of art developing in commercial circles. What is the figure—Hebe?" "O, no, ma'am; it's plaster of paris."—Merchant Translate.

GAMBLER RANSOM.

How He Saved a Man from Ruin and Made

"I could relate hundreds of stories about his life." said a shining light of the N. Y. Athletic Club speaking to a reporter of the N. Y. Mail & Express about the well-known sporting man Charley Ransom, who died recently. There is one story about him which the papers have not published yet. Charley and I made the acquaintance of what we thought to be a very wealthy man at the Monmouth Beach race-course two years ago last summer. He was introduced to us by a prominent official of police headquarters. After the races were over, all three went over to Long Branch. Charley and I came up to this city on an early train, leaving our new acquaintance behind. I never saw him after that, but Charley one day met him on Broadway, near Twenty-third street. They went to the Fifth Avenue hotel to get a drink. I don't know exactly how it was, but that same night both sat down in the room of a neighboring hotel to play draw-poker. I do not wish to disclose the gentleman's name, because he is a good father now and because such indiscreetness on my part might hurt his present fair chances; but he was a confounded ass for his own sake. Charley was an honest fellow, however, and he played a square game. Our new friend dropped \$375 that night, all he had in his possession. He made an appointment for the next evening in the hope of getting even, but he again quit a loser. This time he threw up his hands to the tune of \$1,200. They kept playing every odd night until the mid-dle of the following Dccember. Our gay friend by that time was minus, according to his own calculation \$18,900. Charley wanted him to give up poker half a dozen times before he lost this amount, but in each instance he refused. The fellow commenced to drink like a fish and Charley confidentially told me he'd be hanged before he'd sit down with him again. He never did play after that, although the fellow accused him of being afraid to render satisfac-

"One morning about 10 oclock Char-ley fell in with the would-be sport on Sixth avenue. He was partly intoxicated, and his dissipated appearance denoted he had not seen a bed for several nights. Charley endeavored to get away from him on the plea of business. but it was useless. Our friend held on to the lapel of his overcoat and insisted that they repair to a room and indulge in a game. But the devil could not have altered Charley's fixed determination and he said so. While both were talking a little boy of about 12 years came up and touched the leg of Char-ley's foolish friend. There was a little snow on the ground, and the little fellow's feet protruded from a broken pair of boots. He had neither overcoat nor mittens on, and he really looked the picture of misery. Turning around, our friend saw the boy, and Charley often told me he turned deadly white. What you. Aunt and mamma sent me to find oaths, winding up by bidding the boy to get home or he would kick him all over the street. The lad departed without a word, but before going he cast a most significant but affectionate look at the man he called father. "Charley had had enough, and break-

walked in the opposite direction to that taken by the boy. The father, after a moment's hesitation, went into a ginmill. When Charley saw him disappear from view he turned on his heel and with a quick gait started after 'he lad. He overtook him at Twenty-liftl street. The boy would not talk for some time, but finally he broke down and told all; informed him how his father was fast ruining a good business down town; how he had mortgaged the house they lived in, on-well, never mind what street, how mother, sister, and self were being neglected, abused, and starved, and how their once comfortable home was fast going to pieces. Well, the end of that business was that a sober man entered his home that night, and a weeping wife embraced him. They were tears of joy, I assure you. The mortgage was paid off the next day, a good business was revived, and a man who not long before wished to be a sport, sat down to dinner with his famiy in his cozy dining-room. No matter how the thing was managed. I promised a dead friend I would never tell any one about it, but I could not keep a secret, for he was a good fellow. may have been a sporting man; may have earned a living by eards, and may have associated with some rough persons, but I'll warrant there never walked along the path of life a better

ing away from the man's grasp he

No Show for the Creditor.

man than Charley Ransom.

"Pather a strange thing occurred the other day," said a jewelry drummer, as he lighted a match on his pantaloons; "I went to a town out in Iowa to settle up an account with a firm there that had been running behind on their payments. The firm, composed of two brothers, was one of the largest in the town, and I had no fear of trouble, but when I arrived there I found that they had dissolved partnership and closed business.

"Didn't lose anything, did you?" "Lose anything? Should say we did. One brother took all the stock and skipped east, and the other took all the cash and lit out for the west. What show has a poor creditor got coming in on the shank end of such a dissolution of co-partnership as that?"-Chicago Her-

A State street merchant put a hand-

some plaster figure in his store window and prepared himself to enjoy it with his customers. Along in the afternoon the wife of an artist came in and noticed it at once. "Ah, Mr. B." she said. "that's a handsome figure in your window." "Yes," replied the merchant, "I call it so myself, I do." "Your taste is excellent," pursued the lady, "and I'm glad to see a love of art developing in

an old chap at the end of a bar, who had trouble in raising a glass of beer to his mouth with his right arm, "I might be indooced to relate a leetle adventure which happened to me in Injiany." He was earnestly advised to free his

conscience of its burdens, and he con-"Well, I had been hangin' around Indianapolis for several weeks, and finally the police judge advised me to leave town. I never argy with a police judge. When they come right down to fatherly advice I accept it and git. I left the town inside of two hours, and it didn't take me over three hours to reach a mile-post ten miles away. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as I was restin' beside the highway, a schoolma am passed. She was a chipper leetle body, weighin' about ninety pounds, and white-faced, and when I sort o' riz up to ax her if she didn't have a bite to eat in her basket she uttered a womanish yelp and started off on a dead run. I didn't hev my swaller-tail coat and

standin' collar on that day, and I guess she took me fur a tramp.
"Now, gents, when a feller is ragged, hungry, and out o' rhino, what does he do? He makes a break, in course. I walks along fur about a mile, and when I comes to a farm-house with a look of comfort about it I stops in and asks if a poor man who has lost his hull family in the great Chicago fire can git a bite to eat, to brace him up as he journeys toward the settin' sun. The motherly old soul of a farmer's wife would hev set out a square meal for me, but that leetle schoolma'am was there to prevent. I heard 'em whisperin' together in the next room, and by and by the old lady came back and give me the bounce. A tramp as has belonged to the purfesh fur fifteen years hadn't orter fire up over sich a trifle as that, but it hit me like a blow below the helt, and I determined

"I went into the orchard and stole some apples, and then laid around to watch. I found out afore dark that the farmer was an old man, and that there was only three of 'em in the house. Long 'nuff 'fore the lights were out I had arranged with myself to break in. There was a chance of plunder, and I intended to scare that leetle schoolma'am lars. out of a year's growth. I don't say as I would hev laid hands on her, but that very thing might hev happened, you

"Well, about half an hour after midnight I begins operations by creepin' up to the back door. It was shut, but not locked, and I crept in, struck a light, and found my way to the pantry. There was cold meat, pumpkin pie, and bread and butter, and it took me a good half an hour to fill up. I might bev got out then, but I wanted somethin' else. There was nobody sleepin' downstairs, and after pocketin' a watch I crept up-stairs into the old folks' bedroom. They was sleepin' as sound as you please, and the moon shinin' in furnished all the light needed. I went are you doing here?' he finally asked the lad. 'Oh, papa,' stammered the boy, moving backward, as if he was afraid, 'I have been looking all over for through a bureau and got a wallet, and was searchin' the old man's pants, when I heard a step at the door an a afraid, 'I have been looking all over for

"It was that leetle schoolma'am. She stood in the door in her night-dress, a revolver pointed full at me, and I could see her eyes blaze. I made a rush to seize her, when 'crack! crack! went the revolver, and one bullet struck me in the right shoulder and another in the side. I went down as if shot through the head, and up jumps the old man and piles on to me like a ton of brick. The little schoolma'am went downstairs after a rope, and then helped tie me hand and foot. More'n that, she kept guard over me while the old man went off for an officer, and every time I fetched a groan she had that revolver ready to shoot.

"In conclusion, gents, permit me to remark that the court give me five years for that little affair, while the plucky leetle schoolma'am received a public purse of \$200. Sometimes I've felt as if it was my dooty to hunt her up and marry her."-New York Sun.

Forcing the American Hog on Europe. Among the bills introduced in the Senate last week and appropriately referred was one by Senator Edmunds, providing for the inspection of meats for exportation, prohibiting the im portation of adulterated articles of food and drink, and authorizing the President to make proclamation in certain cases." Senator Edmunds said that this bill

had been reported last year from the committee on foreign relations. Besides providing for the inspection of pork, &c., for exportation, it contained, he said, a section giving the President authority, whenever he was convinced that unjust discrimination was made against the admission of American products into other countries, to prohibit the introduction of such articles as he thought fit for the protection of the just interests of the United States. In view of what he (Edmunds) saw in the newspapers about current events in other countries touching American products on the theory that they were supposed to be diseased, when the fact was obviouthat the object was to exclude them under any consideration, he (Edmunds) thought it clear that it was time to introduce this bill again.

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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 Cond-

nental Reaper. I have one of each of the sinstruments for display at my stables, 200 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. Apr15

## 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 Gun for several years I can recommend it as the best Gin now in use. Any information in regard to the Gin will be fully given. I can also supply the people of Garendon with any other machinery which they may need, at the lowest prices. Parties wishing to purchase gins will find it to their inter s to give their orders early.
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