THE BARNWELL PEOPLE.

BARNWELL, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER [illegible]

[illegible] stward
I was going [illegible]
And there [illegible] meadows by
After [illegible] hay,
And the [illegible] larger
[illegible] wind [illegible] ed,
[illegible] thought [illegible]
It seemed that [illegible]

My farm was a small [illegible] one,
Although they [illegible]
And I could not [illegible] like a man,
For the times was dull and bad.
And matters were looking dreary
For me that summer day,
When I heard a sweet voice behind me:
"I will help you get in the hay!"

'Twas my neighbor's daughter Molly,
Who lived across the road,
And soft was the light of her downcast eyes,
And the blush on her cheek that glowed.
I gladly accepted the service
She offered in a friendly way,
And there by my side that afternoon
She helped me gather the hay.

She was no fine lady feeble,
Though her arms were plump and white,
And she raked all day for me, row for row,
Till the fall of the summer night;
And then, when we ceased our labors,
And the hay was stored away,
From the depths of my heart I thanked her
For her kindness to me that day.

And I took her home to her cottage,
But I did not pause to woo,
And I asked not her hand in marriage,
Which I know she thought I'd do.
I left her there at the gateway,
Beneath the branches brown,
And from her looks I knew she was
The maddest girl in town.

—Puck.

MIDNIGHT IN A DEAD-HOUSE

We were sitting alone in the twilight leisurely puffing at our cigars when one of the hospital nurses came out and whispered to the doctor that Sailor John was "agoin." The passing away of a mortal is an event about which there is always something of the mysterious, and so we walked down the long corridor and entered Ward 12. The nurse was right. John was "agoin." Like an alto relievo, out of the crumpled pillow rose a face that was Roman in its rugged outline, and even the pinched nose, sunken eyes and compressed lips did not obliterate the likeness to some of those historic busts dug up among the ruins of early Italy. A student said it looked like Seneca, and truly there was much to recall the old philosopher in the wrinkled features.

The man in bed 27, restless with fever, turned over so as to face the couch of the dying man, and with wild staring eyes watched every sinking respiration of the old sailor.

An awkward plethoric beetle buzzed around the gas jet in an irregular orbit, its hum being the only sound to break the silence which the faint breathings of the sufferer softly punctuated. The doctor lifted the sheet and felt the pulse of the patient. "It's about over," he remarked, and he laid down the helpless arm.

There was a rattle in the throat, a long-drawn sigh, as if all the sorrows of a lifetime were relieved as it died away, and then the eyes opened. They looked into the doctor's, and seeming to find comfort in the returning glance of compassion, they closed slowly. Then there was a twitching of the muscles around the mouth, and in a supreme climax of effort the lips moved and faintly came forth, "Hard a port it is, sir." A slight tremor shook his frame, and all was over.

John had reached harbor.

Then there was a tread of feet in the corridor and the carriers of the dead came in, and John was taken out to the dead-house and laid beside other storm-tossed barks that had that day found a last mooring-place, whither the whole armada of humanity drift at last. The hospital bell gave one stroke to announce the departure of another soul, and then the nurses looked over the ward book to see who next should receive his dose of medicine, and hospital life resumed its quiet current.

We went back to the portico and resumed our cigars. "A curious fellow, that," said the doctor; this is his fifth visit here, and he knew it would be his last. He was always begging me to be at his side when the end came, and by good luck I chanced here to-night.

"Strange as it may seem to you, this same man was once a king. You smile, but, nevertheless, it is true. He was cast away in the Pacific and reached one of the small islands out there, where he lived and became the ruler of a little kingdom. He longed for white society and abdicated and went back to the sea.

"But that is not what I wanted to speak about," the doctor went on, lighting a fresh cigar. "It's his curious ideas of his ability to come back from the other world. He has talked to me by the hour on this subject until I put him down as a spiritualist of the most orthodox kind. He has promised me to make his presence known on the night of his nativity, June 30, and has excited my curiosity not a little."

"If he could only do that," said I, "it would be the solving of all our doubts."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "no message ever came from beyond the Styx, and good sailor as John was, he cannot, I believe, recross that inky flood."

The above little episode happened in the Charity hospital about the middle of May, 1866, and the doctor spoken of was one known and beloved throughout the city and state. It is but a little over a year since he, too, crossed the Lethean stream, but before his death he told the writer the facts given below, speaking of them as a curious coincidence, and not for a moment looking at them in a superstitious light.

He was a man of remarkable nerve, was as brave as Cœur de Leon and would be as little daunted by the appearance of a simon-pure ghost as he would by the approach of an old friend. It was but a short time before his death and whilst Canal street was a pandemonium of sound, and horns and firecrackers were making Christmas Eve hideous, that, seated in his office, the conversation turned on things supernatural. The trepidations of youth over spooks and the fears of the superstitious of older growth were laughed at, and it was not till after the subject drifted to hospital life that the doctor exclaimed:

"That's a fact; I don't believe I ever told you my experience in the dead-house of the hospital after Sailor John's death. I never cared about saying anything regarding it, for if I have to confess it, for the first time in my life I was a little weak.

"You know the dead-house at Charity hospital and its interior? Well, I had had a case of aneurism that puzzled all of us, and, being a young sys- [illegible] diagnosis, which did not agree with that of the other surgeons. So I determined that [illegible] as he was able to [illegible] autopsy myself. Well, the poor fellow succumbed at last, and, as I had been busy all day, I could not get back to the hospital until 11 o'clock on the night of June 30. I remember the date well. Illuminating the inside room of the dead-house, there was but a single gas burner alight. Rigid on one of the dissecting tables was my subject, awaiting me.

"I needn't tell you that, after all of my student likes at the hospital, going out there alone at that time of night produced not the slightest impression upon me. We were too used to such things to notice them. In fact, so great was my desire to prove my diagnosis correct as against that of other physicians, I thought only of the case, and nothing else.

"It was anything but a pleasant night. I may say that I cannot remember a more disagreeable one. A blustering norther was blowing and a heavy rain falling. The wind moaned around the eaves of the hospital as if hundreds of sufferers were in agony, and the gurgle of water in the gutters leading to the cistern was anything but musical. Once in a while a flash of lightning threw out in relief the bodies lying on other tables awaiting burial. Certainly it was a night of nights for a visit to a dead-house.

"Well, I took off my oil-cloth coat, opened my dissecting case, and started to work. The wind stole in through crevices and flared the gas so that I was delayed in my investigation considerably. But after an hour's labor I approached the solution of the problem over which I had so long studied. So full of anxiety was I my hand trembled, and seeing this I stopped, filled my pipe, and began smoking to conquer my eagerness.

"The face of the dead man was ashen in its paleness, and his flesh was as cold as marble. Looking back at the picture now, I don't think I ever saw a more spectral corpse than that. The eyes were open, and in the agony of death the muscles of the mouth had contracted, so that in the rigor mortis he had a sardonic grin that was horrible in its leer.

"The patter of the rain on the roof was incessant, but it sounded pleasant, for it seemed company to one. Still it did not drown all other sounds for now and again above the storm there came from the female ward a wail of anguish from a poor sufferer in delirium.

"It took but a few minutes' smoking to recover my steadiness of hand, and I resumed the work.

"While bending over the body, and just at a moment when the greatest delicacy of operation was required, a curious noise from one corner of the dead-house startled me. It was not like a foot-step, but was somewhat like a shuffling of feet.

"Instinctively I looked in that direction, and noticed for the first time some four or five skulls on the floor in a partial state of preparation. The younger students had been at work preparing them for their cabinets. The grinning faces looked as if to chide me for working on such a night, but then I was too anxious about my case to miss my opportunity.

"Applying myself again to my subject, I was soon lost in the peculiar developments my eye discovered each moment, when I was again annoyed by a distinct sound from the corner.

"Glancing in that direction, it must be confessed I was not a little surprised to see one of the skulls moving slowly toward me along the flagging of the floor. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. There it was—the fleshless sockets of the eyes gazing at me, the uneven, jagged teeth giving a ghastly grin to the mouth.

"It is a little difficult for me to tell exactly what were my feelings. That they were peculiar I frankly admit. I fell to studying about the cause of this motion on the part of the skull, and examined closely to see whether or not there was a string attached and a student playing one of his pranks.

"But no. In the light I could plainly discern that there was nothing attached to this relic of humanity. Then what moved it?

"Still engrossed with my endeavors to solve this mystery, I did not take my eyes off this skull.

"Slowly, stealthily and steadily it came on directly towards where I was sitting on a high stool. The motion produced a dull, grating sound, as some sharp protuberances of bone scratched on the marble slabs.

"After it had advanced about three feet it stopped.

"I laid down my pipe, still keeping my eyes on the unpleasant object and tried to laugh away the morbid sentiments that had now began to rise within me. I whispered to myself how much I would have railed at any brother physician should he have told me of experiencing the slightest feeling of nervousness under similar circumstances. Even the students would have retailed the affair as an [illegible] of my effeminacy had they known it. Surely there were mechanical causes to produce these results. I knew that the unsubstantial could not give motion to the substantial. My natural philosophy told me that there must be a force at work to impel that grim fragment of a human frame toward me. Yet what force was it?

"I determined not to leave my seat to attempt a close inspection, fearing to be rewarded by the laughter of those who were endeavoring to astonish me.

"The dreary monotone of the rain and the unearthly sobbing of the wind turned my reflections to a more sombre color, and some things came [illegible] me I had read in Robert Dale Owen's 'Footprints on the Boundaries of Another World'—curious things, authenticated by affidavits and all the solemnity of oaths of remarkable revelations from the grave. While dwelling on these subjects I recalled the many conversations I had had with my patient, now dead and buried some three weeks, Sailor John, and his persistent asseverations of the possibilities of the intellectual spirit returning to this world of the flesh.

"There! The skull moved again. On it came, still sliding along in a direct line toward me. [illegible] that I would not shake off a feeling of uneasiness and disquiet. [illegible] situation [illegible] cool.

"R—a—t—s, etc," grated the skull's bony points on the floor, the sound tingling my nerves as when one scratches the finger-nail on brick or a rough surface.

"My pulse grew more frequent. I experienced a chilly sensation down my back, and a cold perspiration damped my forehead.

"Suddenly the shadows fled, the gas-light making them saffron yellow.

"They at least did not move.

"I could stand this strain no longer. It was unbearable. I was becoming the victim of a weakness for which I would have reprimanded a child. I felt pale, if that is possible, for it seemed as if all my blood had rushed to my heart.

"With a bound I sprang toward the skull, and stooping, grasped it with my hands. I lifted it from the floor.

"Out jumped a large rat and ran scampering away. I cannot describe my feelings when I saw the cause of my discomfiture. At first I laughed, and then became angry with myself for, even for a moment, allowing such an incident to disturb my equilibrium.

"Examining the skull I saw how it had occurred. The rat had entered the cavity in which the brain had been through the foramen magnum or aperture through which the nerve matter of the spinal column communicates with the brain. The skull turned over, imprisoning the body of the creature, and permitted the use of his feet only through this foramen. He could move the skull, but while it was on the floor he could not get his body out.

"Pasted across the whitened brow was a slip of paper, and on it a student's scrawl—Henry J. [illegible]—and below 'Skull of Sailor John, a King of one of the Polynesian Islands; died May 12, 1862. Charity Hospital.'

"In an instant I remembered the day of the month. It was June 30, the night of John's birthday. His promise came back to me. He had said he would make himself known to me on that night.

"I regretted the intervention of the rat. Had that animal never have been discovered by me there would have been an excellent foundation for a ghost story, on which I could have made my affidavit, and thus swelled the number of authenticated cases of remarkable spiritual manifestations. But the rat spoiled it all.

"Even with the full explanation of the skull's movements the nervous feeling did not pass off for some time, and even now when June 30 comes around I think of Sailor John and his promise, which, however, he has never fulfilled."

—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

The Limits of Speed.

The statement recently made of the amount of coal consumed by the various transatlantic steamers in making their quick passages makes it pretty evident that unless some great improvement is made in the direction of economizing fuel or of applying power we shall very soon reach the limit of speed to which steamers making long trips can hope to attain. The statement is that the steamer Oregon burned in her quick trip across the Atlantic, during which she averaged a little less than eighteen knots an hour, 337 tons of coal a day. The steamer Aurania, which sailed at the same time, but which had a longer trip, going at an average speed of less than seventeen knots per hour, burned 240 tons per day.

The assumption is that it was the ninety-seven additional tons of coal that enabled the Oregon to make her quick trip. Some little time ago, in treating this subject, we asserted that when a certain average speed had been attained by a steamer, putting this at twelve knots an hour, for example, all increase over this demanded a geometrical increase in the quantity of fuel consumed, and the experience of these two steamers very thoroughly substantiates the ground we then took.

If it needed nearly a hundred tons of coal extra a day to gain a little over one knot an hour, it would be safe to assume that it would have required quite three hundred tons additional coal to have gained two extra knots an hour. It will be seen that at this rate of progression a vessel would need to be converted into a species of coal-furnace in order to make much quicker trips than those now being made, and hence could not carry other passengers or freight to any great extent.

It is the compound marine engine that alone makes the present high rate of speed possible. The old Arabia and Persia used to burn 260 tons of coal per day when making an average speed of twelve or thirteen knots per hour; but steamers have since been built, in consequence of the mechanical improvement referred to above, that averaged this rate of speed per diem with a consumption of coal hardly over one-tenth of that formerly required. But if some corresponding improvement is not made in the application or combustion of [illegible] we are not likely to see much quicker time on the ocean than has recently been made.—*Boston Globe.*

A wooden Statue of George Washington was erected in 1794 in the old Battery Park, where it stood until 1848, when alterations were made in the park, and the statue was sold at public auction for $250. It was bought by Mr. Jaques, a gatherer of relics, and removed to South Norwalk, Conn. When Mr. Jaques died in 1860 the statue was sold to A. Decorato, of New York, for $300. On Tuesday it was again sold at auction for $300 to David J. Schiff, a tobacco dealer at 273 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, who will place it in front of his store as a sign.

Dr. Ernest Hart has been visiting Naples, and describes it in the *British Medical Journal* as the dirtiest, raggedest and most squalid city in Europe, and one whose tax-paying population is but 50,000 persons out of a total number of 500,000.

A Woman's Heart.

They were lovers. All the romance and sentiment of the world was theirs. [illegible] in [illegible] over body and soul as no other feeling can. Innocence happiness from the [illegible] brow, light from the deepest darkness.

Through her tears as they parted she gave such a look of love that he almost dared call her wife. She knew that she was loved in return, and this knowledge seemed to make her heart [illegible] to endure even to the gates of death and beyond.

"A year!" he whispered as he left her.

And she answered:

"I will wait a year—a lifetime!"

When a year had passed and no word came from him they tried to shake her faith by creeping doubts. Men had no constancy, they sneered; men would wring a woman's heart and have no pity. Tears came to her brown eyes, but again she answered:

"He will come back to me!"

When the one year had become five the old sailors in the taverns and lofts shook their heads and said to each other that the ship had surely been lost and that her young captain would never be heard of more. Wives felt a pity for the heart longing and waiting through such uncertainty, and they whispered that it would be no sin to love again.

"I shall see him again—he will [illegible] pattern!" was the answer of Faith, with [illegible] aching heart.

The five years became ten. The brown hair was streaked with gray, and the girl's fair face had become the face of a woman who carries a sobbing, wailing misery in her heart. Men showed their cruelty by seeking to awaken a new love; women exhibited their bitterness of heart towards their own sex by ridiculing her faith. But the light of a never-dying [illegible] burned in her eyes as she answered them:

"He gave me his promise—I am waiting for his ship!"

And [illegible] years became twenty. Men and women had gone to their last rest until scarcely one was left who remembered when the lost ship sailed or who was her captain. But there were children who had heard the story, and as they smoothed down the gray hairs with their soft hands they whispered:

"It is so sad! And he was lost at sea!"

"Lost!" she answered. "Aye! even though the whole world said me so I should wait and watch for him!"

And the twenty years became thirty. One night when the storm-vexed sea lashed the shore in fury and men uttered brief prayers to God as they turned their faces upon the ships making a brave fight for life, Faith lay dying.

The end had come. A human heart, troubled and bruised and scarred by waiting in vain—by hoping, to be ever disappointed—was about to be stilled. For a moment the storm lulled, just as a man draws a long breath before dashing into some great peril. As it screamed and roared again in its vengeance Faith lifted her thin hand and whispered:

"He is coming back to me! I shall see him again and hear his voice once more!"

The nurse moved nearer and whispered kind words, but Faith waved her aside and cried out:

"Do not come between us! I hear his footsteps—he is here! I loved him, and my reward has come at last! Let me clasp his hand—let me look into his eyes!"

And again the storm lulled, until the gale died to sobs and whispers, and the roar of the surf sounded miles away. Before the fury gathered itself for a fresh attack two spirits passed out of the old house hand in hand and were star of the parish to Heaven. She had listened, and his footfalls had at last echoed in her ears. She had watched, and her glazed eyes had at last been gladdened. She had waited, and he had come to be with her through the perils of the dark valley.

Your Own Sister and Someone's Else's Sister.

Many young men are always very ready to accept invitations to other people's home circles. They are very much more attentive to other people's sisters than their own! A young man should be found in his home, and spend sufficient time there for his influence to tell upon the family and for him to cultivate manly dispositions that will be a blessing to him in years to come.

Many young men are like crows; they come back to their nests to roost, and at the dawn of day they haste to other fields. Young men, don't waste your strength and your influence, and your brains in anybody's company when you ought to be in your family circle, in the house of your father and mother. I think it is a duty and obligation that you should be attentive to the requirements and needs of your sisters. Why not sometimes take your sister out? take her for a walk? Why not sometimes take her to a concert? Why not sometimes bring home presents and give them to her? Why, when you come home, should you be sullen, and silent and morose, as though somebody had been treading on your corns all day. Why not come home and tell those who have been home all day some of the incidents that have happened during the day, and be bright and merry and cheerful, and so contribute your share to the family joy, and you will have it all back again in a sister's love.

American society is no longer provincial," says Edgar Fawcett, the novelist. "People come to us from European courts and marvel at the scale of magnificence on which our revelries are conducted. We are foreign and imitative only in our snobbery, and—might I add—in our immorality."

A colored child fell from a second story window last other day, and his mother in relating the incident at the grocery store said: "Dere deb child was a-comin' down feet foremost, wid every chance of being killed, when de Lawd He turned him over, de child struck on his head, and there wasn't so much as a button off."

Chimneys.

Two gentlemen were walking through the manufacturing district along the North river above Fourteenth street the other day, when their attention was called to a tall brick chimney of an unused factory. The chimney was more than [illegible] ft and stood apart from the building which it was connected by an iron flue about six feet from the ground, but the flue had been taken away. Under the hole where the flue entered the chimney was a pile of brick and stone. The hole itself was apparently open, but a second look showed that heavy coffee-sacking hung over it on the inside of the chimney wall, which seemed to be about twenty inches thick. When the men first looked at it a boy of 13 years was climbing through the hole into the chimney.

"[illegible] in there, I presume," said the elder of the two men. "It is warm and dry and very like the caves they read about in their dime stories, 'black as a wolf's mouth,' you know."

"Don't the light shine in at the top of the chimney?" inquired the young man.

"Yes, but it does not reach them. Let me tell you something about chimneys. That pile of brick is twenty feet square, and where that boy went in it is 20 inches thick. Then comes a space that is more than three feet across and then a twelve inch wall surrounds a flue that is about seven feet on a side. That vacant space between the inner and the outer walls makes a fine cave for the boys. The chimney is thick for its size. There is one in Lawrence, Mass., 234 feet high, and is no larger on the base than this one. Down town near the North river ferries is the largest chimney in the world. The inside of the flue is 27 feet 10 inches long by 8 feet 4 inches wide. It is 221 feet high. It takes the smoke from four tiers of boilers, 32 in all, in which 1,000 tons of coal are burned in a day.

"There are some very queer chimneys in the world. I have read of one in a Mexican factory which was made of sun dried bricks that were ten inches long and seven wide, and three thick. There is a chimney in Pennsylvania that is made of old iron rails that does good service. Queer, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man. "The house that Christine Nilsson was born in was made of unhewn logs piled up with mud chinked into the cracks. The chimney is said to be of wood also. Long flat pieces were split out of the logs and laid up as were the logs of the house, but into the shape of a fireplace, tapering off into a flue where smaller sticks were used. Inside of the fireplace a wall of round stones was piled up and thickly plastered with mud, as was the inside of the wooden flue above. When, as occasionally happened, the mud fell off, her father stuffed it back aside and plastered more on. Whether that chimney was made so or not, plenty of others are in the West and South."

"Speaking about fireplaces," said the older man, "reminds me of a very singular place where they were formerly used. One hundred and fifty years ago stoves were unknown. The fishing smacks that sailed out of Gloucester in those days were small affairs of from twenty to forty tons, but they had to carry a fire, of course. In the fore cuddy they built a brick fireplace, with a brick flue running up through the deck. I never heard that any of them burned, either, though the back log must have been well shaken up when they got into a chop sea on the George's bank. The Willow, the Blanco, and the Squirrel were 'pinkerys' when they fitted out in that way between 1720 and 1730. Tradition says that the flues were good places to smoke herring, and that the fishermen were about as badly smoked in the cuddy as the herring were in the flue.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Befuddled Groom.

A verdant looking couple, evidently from the far interior, called at the City Clerk's office the other day, evidently on a delicate errand. It was quite easy to see from the plentiful white ribbons that bedecked the bonnet of the girl, and the white gloves in which her hands were encased, that she was a prospective bride. The young man was very bashful, and, notwithstanding several nudges and whispered promptings from his lady love, he could not muster up courage to state his errand. But the genial clerk helped him over his dilemma, and asked:

"Do you wish a marriage license?"

"We do," responded the maiden.

The necessary blank forms were produced, and the clerk asked the usual questions concerning the genealogy and family history of the candidates for matrimony. The young man, not equal to this ordeal, slipped away to a seat in the corner, while the bride-to-be gave the required information.

"The maiden name of the groom's mother?" queried the clerk.

This was too much. She was not "up" in the intricacies of the family history of her intended husband.

"Samwell! Samwell!" she called, "What was your mother's maiden name?"

"How should I know anything about it?" responded Samwell. "She died a great many years before I was born."—*Boston Post.*

The number of Modes in an earthquake varies indefinitely, as does the length of intervals between them. Sometimes the whole earthquake only lasts a few seconds. Thus, the city of Caracoas was destroyed in about half a minute, 100,000 lives being lost in that time. Lisbon was overthrown in five or six minutes, while a succession of shocks may continue for hours, days, weeks or months. The Calabrian earthquake, which began in February, 1783, continued through a series of shocks for nearly four years, until the end of 1786. The area shaken by an earthquake varies with the intensity of the shock, from a mere tremor, where a silent trembling is experienced, up to such catastrophes as that at Lisbon, which not only the Portuguese coasts, but extended into Ireland on the one hand and into Africa on the other, agitated lakes, rivers and springs in Great Britain, and caused Loch Lomond to rise and subside with startling suddenness.

How Clay Took His Defeat.

The following interesting incident was related a few years ago by Mrs. Robert Todd, of Kentucky, the mother of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, and has never before been printed:

The Todds and Clays were always on intimate terms, and in 1844 they lived near each other in Lexington, Ky. Henry Clay and James K. Polk were then rival candidates for the Presidency, the chances, as was generally supposed, being strongly in favor of the great Whig leader. As it turned out, however, the contest was much closer than had been anticipated, and finally advices from other States showed that the result hinged upon the vote of New York. There was no telegraph in those days, and news had to come by the slow course of mails. The New York mail was due in Lexington about 10 o clock in the evening of a certain day, and it was known would tell the story of victory or defeat. As it happened, a young lady relative of Mr. Clay was to be married on the same evening, and insisted upon his presence though under the circumstances he would much rather have remained at home. Mr. and Mrs. Todd attended this memorable wedding party, which was not large, and composed almost exclusively of the family connections and intimate friends—all ardent Whigs, and of course deeply interested in the pending political event.

As the hour for the arrival of the mail approached Mrs. Todd saw two or three gentlemen quietly leave the room, and knowing their errand watched eagerly for their return. When they came in she knew by the expression of each countenance that New York had gone Democratic. The bearers of the bad tidings consulted together a moment in a corner, and then one of them advanced to Mr. Clay, who was standing in the center of a group, and handed him a paper. Mrs. Todd, aware of what it contained, fastened her eyes upon him. He opened the paper, and, as he read the paragraph which sounded the death-knell of his political hopes and life-long ambition, she saw a distinct blue shade begin at the roots of his hair, pass slowly over his face like a cloud, and then disappear. Without saying a word upon the subject which must have monopolized all his thoughts, he laid down the paper, and, turning to a table, filled a glass with wine, and, raising it to his lips with a pleasant smile, said: "I drink to the health and happiness of all assembled here." Setting down the glass, he resumed the conversation as if nothing had occurred, and was, as usual, the life and light of the company. But Mrs. Todd said that as soon as the contents of the paper were known, "a wet blanket fell upon everybody," and in half an hour all the guests had departed with heavy hearts, feeling that gallant "Harry of the West" had fought his last Presidential battle and lost the prize forever.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Jones Goes On An Excursion.

We met our dear old friend Jones the morning after the excursion and he looked mad. We asked him the reason, and he told us he had been to the excursion, but would be—if he ever went to another. He gave us the following reasons:

Because Maria, she's my wife, would insist on me getting up at four o'clock and holding the baby while she dressed herself.

Because Maria hurried me off without any breakfast because she was sure we were late for the train, made me run all the way to the depot with the baby in my arms, only to find we were a full hour ahead of time. Because while waiting for the train the baby got cramps in its stomach and it cost me fifty cents to get him out of it.

Because when I grumbled, Maria, meaning me, said some men are too mean to live.

Because when I wanted to go and get a drink Maria would insist on my taking the baby with me.

Because when Tom [illegible] along with his girl, and he had [illegible] the baby in my arms and the twins leaning up promiscuously against me, and the villain laughed, and pointing to me, said something to the girl, and she laughed, too.

Because then a very important government peculiar to babies slipped down Maria would insist on straightening it up before everybody, and making me hold the pins while she did so.

Because all the boys caught on to it and laughed.

Because when the conductor came round for the tickets Maria kept crowd the twins down so that they might only pay half fare, but the conductor insisted on unraveling them out and make me pay full fare for them.

Because when I wanted to slip away to see a fellow Maria would insist on slipping with me, and when I mildly objected she began to cry, and said it was just like me.

Because I had to stand in the cars the whole way home and most of the time hold the baby.

Because I hate excursions.—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

"Johnny!" cried a mother to her boy, who was yelling with the peculiar intensity of a small boy with the throttle wide open. "Oh, Johnny!" "Yes, ma'am." "For heaven's sake what are you yelling at that way?" "Ma'am!" "I said what are you yelling at?" "I'm yelling at the top of my voice. I thought you knew."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Pimperton, who has proposed to the family of his affianced in Long Branch, stands on the beach contemplating her as she emerges from the billows. "Great heavens, Mary! is that you? You never reminded me so much of sugar as you do now." "Because I look sweeter than ever?" she asked, archly. "No; because one-half of you appears to have been dissolved in the water."

Modern enterprise far surpasses that of the palmy days of ancient Babylon. American showmen are now exhibiting three separate and distinct skeletons of Guiteau—his skeleton when he was a boy, his skeleton when he shot Garfield, and his skeleton after he was hanged. The man who secures the skeleton of his ghost will make a fortune.—*N. Y. Journal.*

[illegible]

"Called [illegible]
[illegible]
Forget to [illegible]
[illegible]
by a beat [illegible]
from the animal [illegible]

A Burlington girl [illegible] extensively to hooking down the [illegible] beaux. She [illegible]

As they [illegible] office were [illegible]
Dot murmured: [illegible]
that don't [illegible]

"I assure [illegible]
to receive calls [illegible]
lieve that [illegible]
men, children [illegible]

"The poet [illegible]
said Micky Malone [illegible]
the Hub to his home [illegible]
"lives in Philadelphia."

The fly to be sure [illegible] found in the restaurant bowl of [illegible] not supposed to have [illegible] seasoning by the cooks [illegible] be a genuine case of accidental [illegible]

At great "heights" [illegible] *Monthly* says, dogs lose their [illegible] of barking. It is a fine [illegible] keep your dog in the country [illegible] up to the swaying limbs of [illegible] and lonely tree.

"Did you enter the [illegible] barrel of cookies you this morning?" asked the grocery man [illegible] "No sir; I put a bucketful in the [illegible]" "Oh, well, that's all [illegible] time. But in another [illegible]"

"No, she is not what you would call a pretty girl," said a young man to his companion, "but she is beautiful to me because she has a lovely soul." "I never thought to look at her feet," said the other. "Perhaps you are right."

It is said that an applicant for the vacancy in the state board of fish commissioners based his qualifications for the position on the fact that he sold salt mackerel and codfish [illegible] years. He was certainly [illegible] with the duties of the office, [illegible] the average member of a board of fish commissioners, he should have been appointed by the governor.

Big feet are now the proper caper and the larger a man or woman's feet are the more fashionable they are. Looking reflectively at others they repose in all their native grandeur up on top of the footstalks, we are [illegible] that we will never be compelled to go out and make them ashamed for the sake of fashion. We will be able to lead the giddy throng in this [illegible] *Argus.*

"Wife and I quarrel [illegible]" said a Burlington man [illegible] to a friend. "I am sorry [illegible] was the reply. "Now my wife and I have been married eight years and [illegible] unpleasant words [illegible] between us." "How can that be, pray?" was the astonished exclamation. "Oh, my wife lives with her father, [illegible] in San Francisco."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"I hear you intend to [illegible] your two sons to college." [illegible] "Yes," replied [illegible] [illegible] "Good morning, [illegible] "Good morning, sir." [illegible] class instruction. [illegible] conference, and [illegible] bull nine!"

The Rev. King of Brooklyn [illegible] other day, to marry [illegible] wife was living [illegible] the obstacles in the way of the happy [illegible] desires. He [illegible] Queen and [illegible] Queen's sister. [illegible] cheaper than a Chinaman [illegible] doesn't begin [illegible] *Times.*

The Mistral [illegible] the national [illegible] the ladies who [illegible] There is a [illegible] would require [illegible] a day [illegible] quest that all who [illegible] have their shirts [illegible] at 1127 [illegible] avenue. This [illegible] Mongolian immigrants [illegible] the hanging [illegible] *Press.*

On Sunday afternoon [illegible] furiously and heavily [illegible] often in the [illegible] woman. After the [illegible] Arey Burton, [illegible] stable to feed his mule [illegible] mule standing on [illegible] ing on its hamstrings [illegible] riding, and said [illegible] Bill Hatfield but [illegible] posing the mule was [illegible] he shook Bill's head [illegible] movement on Bill's [illegible] tail was twisted in [illegible] The lightning [illegible] the end of the [illegible] it stood on its own feet [illegible] his last furrow [illegible] with poor Arey.

The authorities of [illegible] the passenger [illegible] slice are marked [illegible] square and 3 [illegible] propagated with [illegible] up to 20 per [illegible] They are laid [illegible] thick, and the [illegible] filled with hot gas.