POSSIBILITIES OF PENSIONS.

The Daughter of a Soldier of 1865 May be a Pensioner in 2010.

The death of Miss Eliza Sanford brings us once more to the pleasant subject of pensions and their possibilities. Miss Sanford was the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, and by virtue of the fact had enjoyed a pension during the last five years, that is to say, from 113 to 118 years after Yorktown.

The father from whom she derived title was Sergt. William Sanford, of the New Jersey volunteers. He was born in 1752, and his services in the army seem to have had an invigorating effect upon his system. He lived to be 90 years old and was blessed with two wives and eighteen children. Little Eliza was the offspring of the second wife and came to gladden the household in 1815. The Sergeant was then 63.

We do not know whether this old hero survived his second wife or not, but an examination of the pension rolls proves that he would have been in fashion if he had subsequently married a woman no other than Eliza. Last year the following widows of Revolutionary soldiers were on the list: Mary Snead, aged 82; Esther S. Damon, 84; Nancy Jones, 84; Rebecca Mayo, 85; Nancy Weatherman, 88. It will be seen that Mary Snead was actually younger than Eliza, and, so far as years go, she might easily have been the granddaughter of the New Jersey sergeant when she was led to the altar by Bowdoin Snead, of the Virginia troops. Crabbed age and youth cannot dwell together, but apparently there is an affinity between youth and heroic age which pensions may be expected to stimulate.

The cases so far considered do not exhaust the possibilities. Though 90 is a ripe old age, Elijah Glenn and Eleazer Smith are drawing pensions or were a year ago, at the superior age of 102. They are veterans of the war of 1812, while they must have entered as youngest drummer boys. If we suppose that the venerable Glenn had a daughter when he was sixty-three, and that this daughter is to live till she is 84, she may be receiving a pension in 1943, or 128 years after the battle of New Orleans. But why limit the child of such a father to 84? Let her days be numbered like Elijah's own and her pension will be paid almost a century and a half after the termination of the war.

So the daughter of a soldier of the civil war may be on the rolls in 2010, and it must be remembered that the possibilities are now increased though two causes. Scientists say that the race is becoming longer lived, and the number of pensions from our earlier wars was as nothing by comparison with those who trace their claims to the great struggle between the North and South. The total is now somewhere near a million.

Of this total about 233,000 are classified as "widows, etc.," and some 760,000 are getting pay as invalids. The widows and the etc., of to-day may be counted on to equal or break the old records, but the 760,000 invalids should be able to furnish out of their ranks many Elijah Glenns and Eleazer Smiths, whose girl relicts will live on into the twenty-first century.—Chicago Times Herald.

Sick Headache is the bane of many lives. Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine cures and prevents this annoying complaint. For sale by Hughson-Ligon Co.

Her Simple Request.

"I am going to ask a great favor of you," she said hesitating.

"It is already granted," he answered devotedly.

"A very great favor," she repeated, as if doubtful of the propriety of stating it. "You're sure you won't think it presumptuous or forward in me?"

"Never," he answered. "I glory in this evidence of your trust and confidence. Only tell me what I can do for you.

"Well," she replied with evident reluctance, "would you mind getting up off that rustic bench? Papa painted it this afternoon and he will be awfully provoked if he has to do it over again."—Chicago Evening Post.

Probably when the Lord made woman Satan resolved to invent a lot of foolish things for her to do, but after watching her a while he decided to let her take care of that part of it herself.

St. Louis, Aug. 23.—A special from Dallas, Texas, to the Post-Dispatch says: "The hot winds which have prevailed for the past month have destroyed all chance of a large cotton crop in Texas. Reports from all over the northern and central sections of the State are that the crops will not average more than a quarter of a bale to the acre. This indicates not to exceed 2,000,000 bales for the entire State.

Keeping Up Appearances.

A "licensed pawnbroker" who does a great deal of work in the west end of London lately gave to the writer particulars of a strange sort of pledging that has become common of late and that often defeats men of his kind.

Backing up his statement with actual names and dates, he said:

"A bailiff and I enter a showy flat, say, and my accustomed eye at once falls on a handsome or at least a pretentious piano. I say to myself that this piano will sell for what I require. I go to it, but find that it is locked. I ask for the key, and when this is reluctantly produced I find that there is in reality nothing but a case. All the inside of the instrument is gone. The fact is that people in difficulties who still want to keep up appearances can borrow money, while still apparently retaining their piano, by allowing the lenders to take away the main part, or inside, of the instrument. One man in the west end in particular does a considerable business by lending money on pianos in this way.

"I suppose that when visitors want to play on an instrument of this kind the host pleads that the key is lost. Anyhow I have in my own business had quite 50 examples of gutted pianos during the last two years, and I never mark a piano down in an inventory now till I have closely examined it."—London Answers.

A Mother's Argument.

"The most to be regretted act of my life," says a lieutenant commander of the navy, "was a letter I wrote to my mother when about 17 years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'my dear boy.' I felt at that time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a "boy" made me feel displeased. I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things he said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Sampson, and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation, or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you, but to your devoted mother you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unselfish conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshipped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you, but if there are manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother can pay you is to call you my dear boy."

The Spirit and the Flesh.

Into this glorious world I came,
The free-born of the wind and flame.
I bound to me for good or ill
A body-self to do my will.
Though he was frail and prone to rest,
I snatched him from his mother's breast
And bade him serve me. What would you?
I had a great King's work to do:
Wrong to make right; comfort to bring
To those in trouble sorrowing.

I needed one both swift and strong:
Great was the load, the journey long.
Yet this my slave was weak and lame;
Faltering at my behest he came:
So, when his strength was almost gone,
I took the scourge and urged him on.

Yet hurry as I might to keep
The minutes' pace, both food and sleep
My slave must have, impatiently
I saw the glorious hours pass by.
(I could not leave him, for we must
Have hands of dust to work with dust.)
At last he fell and would not rise.
He called me with imperious eyes,
And bade me pause.

This small white room, this cot of snow,
Ministering forms that come and go
I crouch here listening for his breath,
And with my hands I hold back Death,
My work neglected and undone.
If he but beckon, swift I run
This worthless serf of mine to save.
How hard they toil who serve a slave!

—L. B. Bridgman in September Century.

Women as Army Nurses.

At the present time there are 320 women nurses in the service, and these are scattered from Puerto Rico to Manila. A nurse now receives under contract forty dollars a month, and fifty dollars if serving out of the States. An army uniform has not yet been adopted, but is in contemplation. Steps are being taken to place the woman nursing corps of the army on a permanent and satisfactory basis. But it is very true, as Dr. McGee says: "This is a thing which it is impossible to do empirically, or at one stroke."

With our increasing responsibilities in other lands, responsibilities which entail the keeping of a large force of our soldiers in countries and climates generally alien to them, the them' the continued maintenance of the corps of women nurses seems nothing more nor less than a humane necessity. The woman nurse during the recent campaign proved herself capable of rising above the most trying and usual conditions. She has been a success; mare than that, she has been acknowledged a necessity. Nursing is distinctively a woman's vocation. It is a profession which, under all ordinary and most extraordinary circumstances, should belong to women. Ask any of the soldiers who lay ill or wounded in the hospitals during the late war what they think of the woman nurse. There will be but one answer to every query, and it will be seen that the moral strengthening and support of a good woman's presence is, in time of war and suffering, as great as that of her professional skill.—Anna Northend Benjamin, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September.

The most curious street in the world is the Rue de la Republique, Lyon. It has recently been paved with glass. The glass pavements are laid in the form of blocks eight inches square, each block containing sixteen parts in the form of checkers. The glass blocks are so closely fitted together that water cannot pass between them, and the whole pavement looks like one gigantic draught-board. As a pavement it is said to have greater resistance than stone. It is a poor conductor of cold, and ice will not form on it.

Southern Hospitality.

It is no use to try it; we Northern folks can never become as genial and cordial and open-hearted as Southern folks; it would be unnatural. We might be in the position of the good woman who asked the photographer to hasten, after he told her to look pleasant, she innocently remarking that the effort was rather painful. There may, however, be a natural reason for the Southern man's chivalry; he is never in a great hurry; he takes time to live; we Northern folks only expect to live in the next world; we are driving an existence here, with a stop watch to keep the time.—Chicago Standard.

To eat with appetite, Digest, with Comfort and Sleep with Tranquility, take a dose of Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine occasionally. For sale by Hughson-Ligon Co.

"Helava."

The next dictionary published will contain many new words, among them the word "helava." When a man knocks around town until 3 o'clock in the morning and then gets up with a headache like a molasses barrel and a breath like a slaughter house, he always says he had a helava time. The word is a good one and should have a place in the dictionary.—Arkansas Thomas cat.

One doesn't have to be great in order to be misunderstood.

The average man spends less time in trying to do his duty than he does in inventing excuses for not doing it.

There are now 1,015 inmates in the State Hospital for the Insane in Columbia, the largest number in the history of the institution.

The girl who wants to get married and can't may deserve pity from somebody, but the girl who can get married and won't deserves the admiration of the world.

If women weren't so dead set on doing the things men don't want them to do, probably they'd be just as contrary doing the things men want them to do.

IT HAS 598 STEPS.

The Stairway in the Tower of the Philadelphia City Hall.

A novel diversion is about to be instituted at the city hall. Within a few weeks this noble pile, already distinguished as being the highest municipal building in the world, will contain the highest continuous stairway in the world, and tourists who have hitherto boasted of their muscular ability in climbing the stone steps of the Bunker Hill monument at Charlestown, the Washington monument or the monument to General Brock, near Queenstown, Ont., will tell their friends of their feat in ascending the 598 steps which lead from the seventh floor of the city hall to the landing about the feet of William Penn.

Tower climbing is one of the fads of tourists. Hitherto the Bunker Hill monument, with its four hundred odd stone steps, and the Washington monument, which has a few more, have represented the acme of opportunity for tests of physical endurance. Ascent or descent of these steps has been boasted of, and, though both so cramp the muscles of the leg that the climber for an hour afterward is hardly able to walk upright, the distinction has required the pain.

The building commission is pushing forward the work on the tower stairway, and within two months it is expected that it will be in readiness for climbers. It will extend from the seventh to the sixteenth floor and will contain just 598 steps of iron arranged about a square central shaft, in which will run an electric elevator. To reach the tower stairway the climber may mount the 245 granite stairs in the hanging stairways at the northern end of the building, thus making a total climb of 743 steps.

John Bunker, assistant superintendent of the city hall, said recently:

"Entrance to the tower has been temporarily stopped because of the work being done on the stairway. We are pushing this work, however. It is really surprising how many persons make application to ascend the tower. The old elevator now in the tower will be kept in place for the remainder of the year at least to accommodate those who prefer to ride, but early next year we expect to install an electric elevator which will make the trip in less than half the time required by the antiquated lift now in use. The new stairway will be an easy one to ascend for the tourist climbers, because it will be frequently broken by platforms. There will then exist a continuous stairway for the 547 feet which the tower is high."—Philadelphia Press.

A Remarkable Case.

Matthias Steinberger, who is at present living with his grandnephew, Percy W. Holcomb, near Fostodia, is a veteran of the Mexican war. In one of the charges of his regiment at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, his horse stumbled and fell, and, throwing him to the ground, knocked him senseless and paralyzed his spine.

When he was taken to the hospital, he was able to tell everything that took place up to the time he was hurt, but after that everything was blank. He has always maintained that he was about 21 years old. He has, in fact, been blind to all progress.

The other day he was struck on the head and lost consciousness, and when he came to a peculiar expression was noticed on his face, as if he had just awakened from a long sleep. The first question that he asked was, "What are all those wires up there on the poles for?" He was greatly astonished at the electric cars and bicycles.

He says, "I guess that the world has gone so far ahead of me that I will never catch up with it."—Toledo Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Iron Felt.

A new insulating material known as iron felt, and made in Germany, is being extensively used in Europe for a number of purposes. For the prevention of vibration it is said to be quite successful, and it is placed between engines and their foundations and also between rails and sleepers. It consists of the larger and stouter woolen fibers treated with a by product of petroleum and then coated with gelatin and India rubber and vulcanized. After pressure it is used in the form of plates somewhat over two square feet in area, and from one-half to two inches in thickness. The plates are said to be extremely elastic and imperishable, and have a surface so hard as not to be cut by the sharp edges of bolt heads or iron girders.—Public opinion.

Artificial Daylight.

Tesla has succeeded in making artificial daylight. In his laboratory he shows numerous balls of glass of different sizes which look like miniature suns. The balls are empty; there are no wires in them nor outside of them. They do not burn the fingers. The light does not hurt the eyes as sunlight and ordinary electric light do. A number of leading New York and Chicago photographers will have this artificial daylight supplied to their studios. Tesla says: "The reason I have chosen to introduce the new daylight to the photographers first is that I believe them to be the severest critics in the matter of light. If it succeeds with them a new light will succeed everywhere."

Indian Trick In Luzon.

The Filipinos wrap their cartridges to make them fit various barrels. This crude adaptation of means to ends must amuse the old Indian fighters in General Otis' army, to whom the principle is by no means a new one. The same trick has long been used by our own Indians, who wrap Winchester cartridges with rawhide and shoot them from their old 50 caliber Martinis and Sharp's carbines.

M. B. Peavey, Brumville, Ga., writes: Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine cured my whole family of Chills and Fever. It also cures Dyspepsia and Headache. I believe it stronger than Zeilin's and Black Draught. For sale by Hughson-Ligon Co.

The self-made man puts in more than eight hours a day while working at the job.

Dangers in Mercury.

Mercury is a foe to life. Those who make mirrors, barometers or thermometers, etc., soon feel the effect of the nitrate of mercury in teeth, gums and the tissues of the body

In Iceland men and women are in every respect political equals. The nation, which numbers about 70,000 people, is governed by representatives elected by men and women together.

A philologist estimates that of every 100 words in the French language 13 are superfluous.

Frequently Protracted Constipation causes Inflammation of the Bowels. Remedy—use Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine. For sale by Hughson-Ligon Co.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

Rear Admiral Watson Didn't Swear, but He Thought It—The Donkey Was a Radical.

Unlike the popular conception of most naval officers, Rear Admiral John G. Watson, who has been assigned to the command of the Asiatic squadron in succession to Admiral Dewey, is very religious. He is an ardent Presbyterian, a deacon in that church and an enthusiastic worker in the ranks of the laymen, says the San Francisco News Letter. When his naval title was only that of commander, he was stationed at San Francisco for several years and was superintendent of the Sunday school in connection with St. John's church, founded by the Rev. Dr. Scott and maintained by the southern set in memory of the founder.

Of course, such a religious man is free from the common nautical vice of profanity, but sometimes things go wrong even on the ship of a devout Christian. Admiral Watson was very disappointed when the orders for him to sail for Spain and destroy Camara's fleet were countermanded.

"Didn't you swear, admiral?" anxiously inquired a sympathetic friend, who had been reading Dewey's famous remarks on the bridge of the Olympia during the battle of Manila.

"No," answered the candid soldier deacon, "not so that you could hear it. But I thought swear as loud as I could holler!"

General Fitz-Hugh Lee's Class Ring.

An interesting relic in the shape of a ring once worn by General Fitz-Hugh Lee recently came into the possession of W. B. Odbert, a Wheeling jeweler. Walter Boulde and his family came to Wheeling from Huntington, W. Va., about two months ago, and a few days ago the head of the family informed Mr. Odbert that he had a large ring he desired to sell for its gold value, says the New York Sun. When the ring was delivered, the jeweler could hardly believe his eyes, for it was inscribed "Fitz-Hugh Lee, 1856." The setting had been lost many years ago, and the intrinsic value of the gold was $6. This sum was paid Boulde, and he gave the jeweler a fragmentary history of the ring. He said the relic was the class ring of the well known Virginian. On one side it bears in deep cut figures a Templar's coat of arms and hood and on the reverse crossed swords and axes.

The Donkey Was a Radical.

A story—unearthed from nobody knows where—is being circulated concerning the last election of Lord Charles Beresford to the house of commons. He had just returned from York City. While the votes were being polled a costermonger arrived on

"IT'S MY DONKEY THAT'S A RADICAL."

the scene to record his vote. His donkey was decked out in sumptuous green ribbons, the emblems of Beresford's opponent.

The voter, on being asked the customary question, answered shortly, "I go for Lord Charley, Lord bless him." Thereupon the members of the opposing faction made a dash for the good man to convince him that, according to the emblems he carried, he must cast his vote for their candidate. Thus challenged, he replied: "Oh, it's all right. I'm a Tory; it's my donkey that's a Radical, but he's an ass!"

The Crusty Ruskin.

Here is a true Ruskin story that has never been published: A certain person in this country sent a friend of his in England an American edition of Ruskin's works. They were seized by the customs, of course, and were in peril of confiscation, when the consignee learned that if he could procure a letter from Mr. Ruskin allowing the books to pass into England the customs would release them. Accordingly a letter of request was sent to Mr. Ruskin, who replied promptly and with characteristic verve as follows:

Sir—I do not see that your friend's desire to give you a present at my expense is any apology for your intrusion upon me. Yours, etc.,
JOHN RUSKIN.

The books came back to America, but in spite of the very tempting offers the recipient of Mr. Ruskin's curt reply refuses to part with the autograph.—Bookman.

A Snoring Premier.

During the recent all night sitting of the New South Wales legislative assembly at Sydney the premier, Mr. Reid, spent a large part of the night in slumber on the Opposition benches. The incident did not escape notice, as the rotund attitude of the sleepy premier and his nasal performances compelled attention from all parts of the house. Eventually it was satirically demanded why the leader of the government should persist in remaining on the Opposition side of the house. Mr. Barton promptly and wittily defended his new colleague by asking: "Why should he not be there? Is he not now my sleeping partner?"—Sydney Telegraph.

AGENTS WANTED.—For "The Life and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murat Halstead the lifelong friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 8x10 inches; nearly 100 pages halftone illustrations. Only $1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

"The codfish", said the professor, "lays considerably more than a million eggs."

"It is exceedingly lucky for the codfish that she doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from the country.—Pick Me Up.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

District Appointments.

The following are the appointments for quarterly Conferences of the charges on the Sumter District, S. C. Conference, for Third Quarter of 1899:

Wateree, Salem.....Sept. 3, 4
Richland, Browns Church..Sept. 4, 5
Sumter Ct.....Sept. 9, 10
Sumter Station.....Sept. 10

THOS. J. CLYDE, P. E.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

A Handsome White Serge Costume. The Cut at the Neck—Hat For a Young Woman.

The engraving represents a costume in white serge, the corsage of which is a short bolero ornamented with stitched tabs. Beneath it is a blouse of white ground foulard printed with

FROM PARIS.

cashmere patterns, forming a drapery at the waist. The skirt tunic, which is open down the front, falls over a skirt of the same foulard as the corsage. The latter buttons over the shoulder and down the side seam.—Paris Herald.

The Cut at the Neck.

Leaders of fashion elsewhere than in England seem to be favoring the wearing of bodices cut very decollete at the neck for day wear in order the better to display pearl necklaces and jeweled pendants of all kinds that are inseparable from a fashionable woman's toilet on the continent. Gowns at restaurants abroad are studies in themselves. A pale pink chiffon over pale yellow silk had incrustations of black lace slightly spangled with small paillettes, the neck cut low and trimmed with similar black lace. The decolletage was cut diagonally at the neck, leaving the right shoulder exposed, but over this a couple of bands of black velvet were held in place back and front by paste buttons and a bunch of yellow roses on the left side. The long, transparent sleeves had the same incrustations of lace and the long trained skirt fastened on the left side with small paste buttons and tiny velvet straps. This was accompanied by a toque, which turned up at the back and had a velvet bow in front secured by paste buckles. The transparent black lace wings on the cream tulle crown were worked with jet and diamond paillettes, intermingled with chenille. A bow of black velvet and a paste buckle appeared on the right and Gloire de Dijon roses on the left side.

For a Young Woman.

Here is a hat suitable for a young woman and will suit any light toilets, plain or dress. The form is of yellow sateen or straw; a large rosette of flax

A YELLOW STRAW.

blue tulle prolongs in a drapery on the passes. Brides of the same tulle are knotted in front; a bunch of marguerites sets on the hair, in one of the crinkles of the straw.—New York Telegram.

Open Embroidery.

Open embroidery is more worn than ever. It appears in cotton as well as other fabrics, and there are extremely attractive decorations in blue, pink, yellow and linen colored wash materials in this style, with borderings to match. There are also checked silks and cottons in which the large squares are formed by open bands of valenciennes lace, which cross the fabric at right angles.

The Trailing Skirt.

For women who can teach other women to manage their trains there is a good deal of money coming. According to dressmakers, the long trailed gowns propose to stay a long while, and if they are to stay something ought to be done to teach women to manage them better.—New York World.

Intemperance in Drugs.

There is a source of nervous ailments entirely special to this age and the unexpected outcome of our present day chemistry and advertising. Intemperance in drugs is becoming more common, and it may possibly outstrip the abuse of alcohol in its evil results. The manufacture of new chemical products is supplying the public with endless carbon derivates of high molecular power and of imperfectly known physiological action. Some are most dangerous, and their continued indulgence leads to confirmed neurosis or hopeless neurasthenia, and it thus comes to pass that as the therapeutic activity of the profession tends to abolish disease that of the public is manufacturing it.—Medical Journal.

Plaster of Paris.

The setting of plaster of paris may be retarded by the addition of 2 to 4 per cent of powdered althea root. This addition not only retards the hardening of the plaster, but also enables it to be cut, filed, sawed and turned. An addition of 8 per cent retards the complete setting of the plaster for about an hour, so that the mass may be used for any purpose where it is to remain plastic during at least a portion of that time.

STAGE GLINTS.

Alfred Klein, the comedian, may star next season in a three act farce called "My Lord the Butler."

One hundred and eighty-one new operas were presented in Europe during the past dramatic year.

Edith Yerrington has been engaged to play the title role next season in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Charles Wyndham, the well known English actor, is reviving "Rosemary" at the Criterion theater, London.

Charles Frohman has bought "The Tyranny of Tears" and will put John Drew into the role which Charles Wyndham is playing in London.

Louis N. Parker is to revive Stuart Ogilvie's version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" for Charles Wyndham, to whom Sir Henry Irving has transferred the English rights.

Lilli Lehmann has been added to the long list of prime donne appearing this season at Covent Garden in London. She made her entree on June 1 as Leonora in "Fidelio."

Mme. Sembrich is to return to this country in advance of the other members of the Grau company in order to sing at the Maine festival. She will remain in the United States next year until June.

American comic opera prima donnas are not the only ones who go to the music halls in the intervals between engagements. Letty Lind is to sing at the Alhambra, in London, and Ilka Palmay, the Hungarian, is at the Winter Garden in Berlin. She is at the head of her profession in Vienna.

Close resemblances have already been found between Sardou's "Robespierre" and "Thermidor," which has not yet been given in England. So nearly alike are the two plays that the author is said to have used freely parts of the earlier work, which will probably never be given in England.

THE TROTTING CIRCUIT.

Scott Quinton has deserted the sulky horses for thoroughbreds.

Cresceus is reported to be in fine condition and has gone an easy mile better than 2:18.

Harry Omer is credited with pacing a mile in 2:09¼ over the Cleveland track this season.

Chain Shot, a M. and M. candidate, by Great Heart, is credited with a mile at Detroit in 2:15½.

Granite, b. g., who nosed out Success in 2:14¼ at Denver, is by Deputy, dam by Guy Wilkes.

Que Allen, 2:09¾, has injured one of his feet badly and is probably out of the game in Europe this season.

The foal of Benzetta, 2:06¾, by Patchen Wilkes, has a very crooked hind leg, and there are small hopes of raising it.

Dot, 2:25¼, the first new 2:30 trotter of the season, is now said to be by Alcaid, son of Princeps, dam Althea, by Almont.

James Cassidy of California, who owns and drives Raymond M., 2:08¾, has but one leg and one arm, but he gets there all the same.

A 3-year-old by Arion, dam Houri, 2:17, has been named San Telmo and is a natural pacer. Within 30 days after being taken from grass he showed a mile better than 2:30 at that gait.

Amelia, by Electioneer, is said to have foaled twins four times in eight years. She is the dam of four in the list, notwithstanding her loss of time based on the theory that twin colts seldom live and never prosper.—Turf, Field and Farm.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The blood of five races flows in the veins of the Boer.

Only one person in every four of the inhabitants of London earns more than a pound a week.

In Sweden good hotels are erected by the communities in places where it is thought tourists would like to tarry.

Charcoal is the great Italian fuel, Naples alone consuming 40,000 tons of wood charcoal, at a cost of from $16 to $20 per ton, the national consumption being 700,000 tons.

A large class of Mexicans, commonly called peons, wear a kind of sandal. These are called "guaroches" and consist of a simple sole of leather held to the feet with strings which pass between the toes and are tied about the ankle.

The oldest tree on earth with an authentic history is the great Bhootree of Burmah. For 20 centuries it has been held sacred to Buddha and no person is allowed to touch the trunk. When the leaves fall they are carried away as relics by pilgrims.

WOMEN'S WAYS.

What we are looking for is a girl whose shoes are not a mile too large.

When a child scratches its head, its mother wants to know whom it has been playing with of late.

A woman is immensely flattered when "the girls" ask her to appear at a party in a low neck gown.

When a woman can't sing at all, friends excuse her by saying that, though her voice is not strong, it is very sweet.

When a woman is entertaining an out of town guest, she looks very grateful when some one asks her "company" how long she is going to stay.

Every woman when she hands a piece of pie to a tramp wonders vaguely if he will ever return the kindness by coming back some day and paying the mortgage on her home.—Atchison Globe.

Hot Weather Diet.

"It is a mistake," said a physician during the recent period of extreme heat, "to eat too little in hot weather, just as it is a mistake to eat too much and the wrong things. Extreme hot weather is in itself very exhausting, and plenty of nourishment is needed to sustain the system. This nourishment should be of a simple and easily digested kind. For myself I find that milk and vichy taken at regular intervals of two hours, sipped rather than gulped down in a single draft, gets me through best on a very hot day, from breakfast to a 6 o'clock dinner. Then I take care to have a fairly hearty meal."—New York Post.

Imprisonment For Debt.

A curious survival of barbarism is the fact that men are still imprisoned for debt in New York. By general consent this custom has been generally abandoned in other states along with the flogging, of criminals, but it continues in New York in spite of repeated and notorious instances of its cruelty and injustice. Governor Roosevelt might earn his highest laurels by addressing himself to the abolition of this relic of rude times.—Kansas City Star.

HUMOR

WHIM-WHAMS.

Fantastic Fancies Found In a Funny Journal.

Yeast—Did you ever see anything go as fast as a snake when it gets started?

Crimsonbeak—Yes. A dollar bill.

"Making love," said the bachelor, "is as dangerous as making faces. You want to know just whom you've got to deal with."

She—It's like pulling teeth to get her to talk.

He—You mean it's like taking the gas.

Visitor—And does your town boast of any poets?

Native—Yes. We've got four out in the cemetery.

Bacon—They say Rockefeller is a literary man.

Egbert—Yes. I believe he owns a lot of the Standard works.

"Judge, I ask you to keep this witness still."

"Does the learned counsel forget that the witness is a woman?"

Bill—Gill wouldn't think of fishing on Sunday.

Jill—No. But he'll sit around and lie about it, all the same.

Chollie—Do you know, I can hardly keep my head above water.

Dollie—That's funny. I thought anything very light would float."

Patience—Don't you think Will has a musical laugh?

Patrice—Indeed, I do! I notice he always laughs when you try to sing.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Checkered Career.

"Poor Throggins!" exclaimed Rivers.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Brooks.

"Passed in his checks."

"What! Dead?"

"No; went by here just now in his cross barred suit. What are you looking so disappointed about? Want him dead, you murderous wretch?"—Chicago Tribune.

But They Have No Taxes.

"What are you doing, Thomas?' asked the father of a young man who sat dreamily gazing into space.

"Building air castles, father," replied the visionary youth.

"Quit it, my boy, quit it," said the old man. "You can't mortgage structures of that kind for a cent."—Chicago News.

What She Wanted.

Mrs. Fadd—Have you any sympathetic ink?

Clerk—I think so. What color do you wish?

Mrs. Fadd—Black. You see poor little Fido died last night, and I wish to send out cards announcing the fact.—Cleveland Leader.

Luck.

"How would you define luck?" was asked of the man who has made more money than he knows what to do with.

"It is the product of a reasonable amount of ability backed by tenacity."—Detroit Free Press.

Naturally.

"Those tree climbing dogs that they have just discovered in South America would never do for a quiet neighborhood."

"Why not?"

"Too much on the bark!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Because. Next Questioner!

"Why cannot women be taught to step off a car?" asks a correspondent of the New York World. They can. Next questioner!—Boston Globe.

Why will not women be taught how to step off a car?—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Pay In Advance.

"Stop, Bessie! What are you pounding little brother for?"

"Because, mamma, he's sure to do something he oughtn't to do in about two minutes."—Chicago Record.

Social Badinage.

"My father says you belong to the masses."

"An my pap says youse belongs ter de asses."—New York Journal.

Nil Desperandum.

I asked a maid in fair Bordeaux
To marry me. I loved her seaux.
Ah, me! It was a crushing bleaux
When she replied, "You booby, neaux."

So then I journeyed to Cologne
To wed a girl I long had knogne.
When I got there, my bird had flogne,
And I, alas, am still alogne!

So now I linger in Marseilles,
With cheerfulness that never feilles—
Hoping that soon some favoring geilles
Will put new wind into my seilles.

—John C. M. Valentine in St. Nicholas.

A Neighing Cock.

Camden says the Thames was once called the Cockney, and therefore a cockney means simply one who lives on the banks of the Thames. Wedgewood says a cockney, or cockerney, is one pampered by city indulgence, in contradistinction to rustics hardened by outdoor work. There is, however, a legend, almost too good to be true—namely, that a Londoner who had never before slept out of sound of Bow Bells had occasion to go into the country and was detained all night.

He was much disturbed by the lowing of the cattle, the grunting of the pigs and other sounds of country life, which he could not understand, and in particular he was frightened by the crowing of the cock. In the morning, in response to the farmer's inquiries, he said the sound of the wild beasts had kept him awake. Just at that moment the cock crowed again, and the Londoner said: "That's the one! He's been neighing like that for hours!" Since then Londoners have been called cockneighs, or cockneys.

A little boy is nine-tenths devil and one-tenth angel. He would be bad enough if the proportion were the other way round.

CURRENT MISCELLANY.

One of the secrets of the success of Robert P. Porter, editor, tariff expert, superintendent of the United States census of 1890 and recently United States diplomatic agent in the West Indies and afterward in Germany, is his wonderful memory for figures. He fairly revels in statistics. In his home in New York there are several rooms filled with volumes upon volumes of industrial statistics. Many of these Mr. Porter can readily quote from memory. An illustration of this occurred not long ago, says the Philadelphia Saturday Post. A Chicago man was boasting of the rapid growth of his city.

"We have 2,000,000 inhabitants now. You gave us 1,100,000 in 1890," he said.

"Not as much as that," replied Mr. Porter. "The exact figures were 1,099,850. Your school census of 1892 gave 1,400,000."

The conversation then turned upon New York city.

"You underestimated that also."

"Yes, we gave New York 1,515,301, and the state census of 1892 gave 1,801,739."

"Where do you carry all these figures?" asked the Chicago man.

"I believe I can repeat from memory the best part of the important figures in my census," returned Mr. Porter.

"Can you tell me how many negroes there were in this country in 1890?" asked the westerner with an air of triumph.

"There were 7,470,040," repeated the statistician without a second's hesitation. "And there were 107,475 Chinese."

The visitor took down the census report from the bookshelf and found that Mr. Porter had not made a single mistake.

A Rattlesnake Eater.

Moses Henderson is a sable son of Africa and lives two miles from Americus in a rocky field where rattlesnakes are most plentiful, says the Savannah News. Moses makes a living by capturing snakes and selling them. Whenever he cannot sell them he eats them. This is the truth, strange as it may seem. He recently killed a large one with 11 rattles on it. This was a fat snake, and Moses ate it. The other day he brought a very large snake to Savannah, trying to sell its hide. There were 23 rattles on it. The snake was very poor, and Moses said it would not do to eat, and he stuffed its hide and sold it for a good price. Every year Moses makes a great deal of money selling snake oil. He says right down the vertebrae of a rattlesnake is a fatty streak of flesh that makes an oil, when fried, that will cure any case of rheumatism. It is strange to how many people he sells this rheumatic snake oil. He has a long list of certificates from people he has cured. Some of them are from intelligent whites, who declare that the oil has cured them when all other remedies have failed. He sells a vial of the oil for $1 and guarantees a lasting cure. Moses says his father was an African hoodoo doctor and taught him how to cure all aches and pains with snake oil. The negroes of Sumter county venerate and fear him as a mysterious doctor who can cure when all else fails and look upon his snake oil as something enchanted.

A Ring With a History.

A ring with a history has just been handed over to the Numismatic museum of Paris by a Polish gentleman, who purchased it for a small sum recently in Warsaw. Shortly after he formed the acquaintance of the lady who was afterward Marquise de Pompadour, Louis XV presented her with an intaglio ring representing his own apotheosis. It was pronounced at that time to be a marvelous work of art, equaling anything of the sort produced in ancient Greece or Rome, says the London Chronicle. Round the edge was an elaborate inscription. One day Mme. de Pompadour, to her distress, lost this precious ring, which has now reappeared after nearly 150 years' peregrination. If rings could speak, this one doubtless could tell a curious tale.

Shooting at a Balloon.

At Meudon, near Paris, a captive balloon was recently allowed to rise to a height of 150 meters and then shot at with a Lebel rifle. Most of the shots passed through the lower half of the balloon, and some pierced the upper half. The effect on the ballon was hardly perceptible, as six hours elapsed before, in a very gentle descent, it reached the earth. It is evident that the light gas did not escape through the holes made in the lower part of the balloon, and to make holes effectively in the upper half would require a gun of greater caliber and firing perhaps shrapnel. It would not, however, be an easy matter to hit with shot from a large gun a balloon traveling at a considerable distance from the ground.—London Times.

Klondike Hospitality.

The following extract was taken from a letter in the Kansas City Journal: "We were entertained at dinner one Sunday by a gentleman, and he had his cabin as cozy as a woman's. He didn't have a tablecloth, but served his dinner in courses and washed the dishes between. He had evaporated vegetable soup, broiled steak, evaporated potatoes and macaroni, canned raspberries and spice cake which he made himself, and coffee. I enjoyed it, as it was nicely cooked and served."

The Sea's Salt.

At present it is estimated there are in the world's oceans 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all this salt could be taken out in a moment the level of the water would not drop one inch.

WILSON & SUMMERTON R. R.

Time Table No. 1, to take effect Monday, June 13, 1898.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Lv Wilsons Mill	9 10 a m
Ar Jordan	9 35 a m
Ar Davis Station	9 45 a m
Ar Summerton	10 10 a m
Ar Millard	10 15 a m
Ar Millard	10 45 a m
Ar Silver	11 10 a m
Ar Packsville	11 30 a m
Ar Tindal	11 55 a m
Ar W. & S. Junction	12 27 p m
Ar Sumter	12 30 p m

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Lv Sumter	2 00 p m
Lv W. & S. Junction	2 03 p m
Ar Tindal	2 20 p m
Ar Packsville	2 38 p m
Ar Silver	2 50 p m
Ar Millard	3 05 p m
Ar Millard	3 35 p m
Ar Summerton	3 50 p m
Ar Davis	4 20 p m