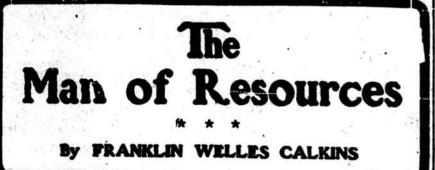
TALE OF A MARTYR.

Well, this tale must have an ending. Weil, this tale must have an ending, And it is no use pretending That the end we are intending Is a triumph, for it ain't; Miss Sophronia Jennie Moddle, With her hygienic twaddle, Through eternity will toddle As a predigested saint. —Ealtimore News.



MOSS. N the summer of 1867." | finally decided to make some bull-boats said Kelly, the post trader, for our goods and take up our march "I started out to take a as quickly as possible down the creek. consignment of goods to There had been rains on the moun-the Black Hills country, tains, and there was water enough in

where most of the blanket the Medicine Dance to float the wide-Indians were supposed to be gathered. "I set out about the middle of Auposed to be gathered. bottomed skin tubs of the Sloux. mast with a string of packhorses and Chief and Bat fell to work cutting wiltwo men-Bat Lamoure, my driver, and Little Chief, to act as guide and As they had some half-tanned bull interpreter to the Cheyennes and Gros pelts and plenty of thongs, there was Ventres. I could then speak Sioux no difficulty in building the craft. In very well, but Little Chief could talk an hour they had their first bull-boat in seven wholly different Indian loaded. tongues; without him such an expedition could hardly have been under- plies afloat-five boats lightly loaded taken.

"We jogged across to the Little Mis- our march, Bat cordelling the boats, souri, and followed that stream nearly and Little Chief and I walking on to its head without meeting Indians. either bank of the creek. There was Then we crossed over to the Belle but little timber along this stream-Fourche, and followed that past the only patches of willows. There was no pine hills. There were no buffaloes ex. covert that we couldn't have driven the cept stragglers, stray bunches of old Crows out of in a few minutes, so we buils that had been left behind in the did not fear an ambush. march of south-going herds.

Medicine Dance, Little Chief an- cover of night, and so we pushed nounced that the Ogailalas and their ahead as fast as Bat could pull the ailies had all gone south after the buf- boats. When beaver dams lay across falo. He said the Ogallalas, or a good the channel, either Little Chief or mypart of them, had wintered on this self would help lift the tubs over. Our creek the year before, and had raised progress was discouragingly slow. The a crop of vegetables at their village Crows followed us leisurely, quite like during the summer. They had gone, an escort of cavalry. and if they had intended to return would not have moved their village and taken all their borses out of the country!

"It was too late in the season to turn north to the Blackfoot country., so graze our stock and hunt and rest for a

"Then one morning a party of Inmans appeared. There were fifteen or twenty of them, a wild lot of fellows mounted on swift horses, who circled about our camp, riding like the wind. and then shook their blankets at us

"Little Chief made signs to them to

the sto hay and wheat and barley, She showed scap nuts small and guarity With a steak sho no're would parkey, Nor with solid stuff like that; But she stuck with grim persistence To her predigest existence, And she fought with firm resistance All temptation to get for tation to get fat. .

Be a part of what she's chew to-Be a part of what she's chew to-Ready Oats abe ate at 2.02 And Aseptic bran at 4: At just 5 she'd eat her dinne. Of Dust-Corn (that was a winner!). As she kept on growing thinner S.e asepticized the more!

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showed him my Jack-o'-lantern, he looked at it long and earnestly, evidently regarding it as a fetish of some kind. "Huh!" he said. 'My brother has made a medicine!" "I then told him and Bat to stay by

the goods at all hazards, took my gun, the Jack-o'-lantern and two blankets, and left them. I went directly to the mouth of the dry ditch. This was fifteen or twenty feet deep and ran into the creek parallel with a curve or loop on which the Crows were camped.

"I felt my way cautiously up this until I could actually hear the Crows talking at their camp, and also the sound of ponies grazing close at hand. So far I had found my path clear. It was neck or nothing with me now.

"I hung two blankets on the arms, and lighted the torch of my pumpkinhead. Grasping the pole so as to draw the blankets about my face, yet leaving the eyes uncovered, I scrambled up a steep bank of the ditch. Before my feet touched the level I heard picketed ponies running the length of their ropes and snorting with fright. Some of them pulled their pins and scampered off, and then yells from the Indians' camp and a wild rout of confusion followed.

"With my grinning fire-face turned upon them, with flame and smoke for a scalp-lock, I bore down on the camp, walking steadily, as if intending to eat up everything in the way.

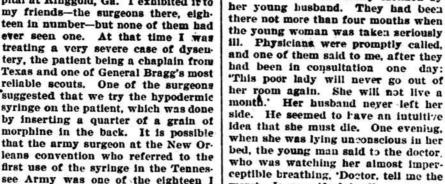
"The Crows' camp was cleared almost as quickly as if a cyclone had "While I watched the Crows Little passed over it. In every direction I saw the Indians run for their horses, lows and making frames for the boats. and when they got to them they simply took themselves out of that country as if a cavalry troop were after them. "The next morning we picked up

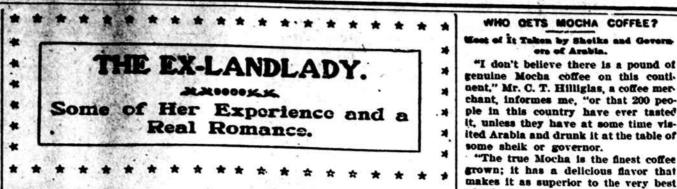
nine ponies which they had left behind. Six of these were our own, and so we "By mid-afternoon we had our suphad no trouble in getting back to the Missouri with our freight."-Youth's

The First Hypodermic.

"The subject of the first use of the hypodermic syringe was discussed at the last meeting of the army surgeons in New Orleans last spring," said Dr. R. D. Jackson, "and one surgeon stated that the first time it was used, he thought, was in the Army of the Tennessee. While in the Tennessee Army I wrote to a friend in Augusta, J. P. K. Wallace, to try to get me a hypodermic syringe and send it to me. I never had seen one, but thought from what I had heard about it that it would be very useful in relieving the wounded soldiers of pain. "My friend was fortunate enough to

secure one from a physician, and sent it to me while I was on duty at the hospital at Ringgold, Ga. I exhibited if to my friends-the surgeons there, eighteen in number-but none of them had ever seen one. At that time I was treating a very severe case of dysentery, the patient being a chaplain from Texas and one of General Bragg's most reliable scouts. One of the surgeons suggested that we try the hypodermic syringe on the patient, which was done by inserting a quarter of a grain of morphine in the back. It is possible that the army surgeon at the New Orleans convention who referred to the





one of those stormy, | gambler, and ord-red the young man snowy nights that riade to go with him. He said to me: 'Madall out-o'-doors more than cri, all this fellow says is true. I am a incomfortable, a party of forger and all that, but you need have of folks, the majority of them no fcar;' and then he braved his capbeing young women, were whiling tor in scorn, and told him he ought, as away the time talling storics, more or a law officer, to know that there was less grewsome in their character, as no extradition law to hold him. 'I am beits a tempestuous whiter evening. not going back to Canada,' he said, and he didn't. He never came back while at the same time they were engaged in assisting a bostess in enterto my house, though. "One of the funciest happenings that

taining a visitor from northern Penn-sylvania who was a guest of the lady I recollect," said the old reminiscencer was when on a very dark night a of the house. The visitor, who was youth tried to get away from my well advanced in years, for a long time-forty years or more, as she herhouse without settling him board bill self acknowledged-had been the pro-He arranged to lower his carpet sack prietor of a boarding house in a Westfrom a back window by a rope and make his own escape by a rear door. ern city. The younger ones had about reached the end of their tether in the It happened that a policerian was recital of gloomy and peculiar yarns courting my cook, and just at that time, about 10 o'clock, was bldding when one of them said to the visitor: "Come, it's your turn. You ought to his inariorata good night and lingerhave lots of stories of events that haping at the door, as all lovers will, when pened in your long career as a landhe felt something strike his head, and lady. Haven't you, now?" looking up, he saw a rope, and attached to it was the daugling carpet "Oh, yes; please do," chimed in the others. They wouldn't take "No" for bag. He seized this, and soon had its owner also. I was called, and the an answer, and the good-natured and very intelligent old lady, captivated by poor young fellow, crying piteously, their appeals, launched forth into a said he had the chance to get work in recital of varied experiences which an adjacent town, and had no more kept her listeners spellbound until the money than would pay his fare. He time came at which to say good night. didn't intend, he said, to cheat me, but She began by saying: "Yes, my dears, he had to get .way to secure certain I will tell you a few incidents and employment. Ile cried like a baby episodes that came under my obserall the time, and my heart pitied him

vation when I took boarders. I had in his distress. I told him to go back a long apprenticeship at the business to bod, and leave town after he had and willingly admit that I am on the had his breakfast next morning. The cook pleaded with the policeman not Here she parenthetically declared to arrest him, and that functionary reher opinion that it wouldn't be a bad leased him forthwith. He went away idea to pension old landladies, like old next day with his heart full of grati soldiers, "and I wish," she said, "this tude, and in a short time I got a letter young lady here," indicating the from him enclosing the small amount daughter of a well-known member of of money he owed me and reiterating Congress, "would induce her honorable his thanks for my kindness to him. He pa to introduce a bill for the relief of never came back to the city without superanuated boarding house keep- calling on me."

ers." Then she began her ctory, or "But did none of your boarders fall in love with you?" queried one of her "Many episodes, humorous, dramatyoung listeners.

ic, pathetic and tragical have hap-"Oh, yes," was the response. "Several callow youths were smitten by my pened in houses where I took board elderly charms. Their avowals, how ers," she began, "and I will tell you of the saddest event which I remember. ever, generally resulted in their seek-There came to my house one day a ing in chort order fresh fields and pastures new. No well seasoned, subyoung gentleman and his bride. They stantial man among my little family were excellent people and had the best recommendations. I noticed the hectic ever proposed to me, however. Ah!" flush in the cheeks of the young woshe said, "if only one had done so, probably I would not be as I am now man and a seemingly unnatural brightness of the eye, but she was as happy -an aged but thoroughly contented old maid."-Washington Star. as a bird and was fairly idolized by

Devoted Newspaper Men.

One of the most noteworthy inciill. Physicians were promptly called, dents of the Baltimore conflagration is and one of them said to me, after they found in the part played by the newshad been in consultation one day: paper men. Some of the thrilling de-"This poor lady will never go out of tails, as related in the Baltimore paher room again. She will not live a pers, recall the heroic devotion of such month.' Her husband never left her men in the pursuit of their calling on the battlefield. While the inside side. He seemed to have an intuitive Idea that she must die. One eveniug, forces of the newspaper offices were "holding the fort" until driven out by when she was lying unconscious in her bed, the young man said to the doctor. tiery blasts, reporters outside were who was watching her almost imperpushing their way with firemen in of news. The American says of the reporters: "The roaring furnace was just back of them, the almost intolerable heat stifling them, the shoes blistering on their feet from the heated pavements to such an extent that many of them were unable to walk afterward; yet still they kept on, keeping tab of the buildings that were

Most of It Taken by Sheiks and Govern

genuine Mocha coffee on this continent," Mr. C. T. Hilliglas, a coffee merchant, informes me, "or that 200 people in this country have ever tasted it, unless they have at some time visited Arabia and drunk it at the table of

grown; it has a delicious flavor that makes it as superior to the very best of other brands, as silk is superior to cotton, but the crop is extremely limited, and hardly any more than satisfies purely local demands. Some Arabian coffee may find its way to this country; it may even be called Mocha but it is not the real article, I am sure, and none of us have ever had it here. though we do get the best of other brands that are grown in Ceylon and Java, and that means some mighty fine coffee. It is not Mocha, however, for the whole of the true Mocha crop

each year wouldn't supply the coffee demands of one ward in St. Louis alone for a period of six months. The best and plumpest berries of the Mocha growth, those with the most exquisite flavor, are eagerly taken by the governors and shieks in the vicinity, and they have to get their orders in in ad-

their annual supply. The second grade berries go to the wealthier citizens, not of the governing class, and the third or poorest, grade of berries, which are not much superior to the best Java

demand invariably exceeds the supply tenfold. "Sometimes a few pounds of this cheapest grade of Mocha finds its way to Constantinople, but it is very, very seldom, and I don't believe an gunce

coffee, are sold to the people, and the

of it has ever got any further west than that. I presume that if, by some hook or crook, a pound of the real plump berried Mocha were landed ir this country it would sell for a price that even a Rockefeller might hesitate to pay. We get the best coffee grown apart from the Mocha, but the local conditions which prevail where that coffee is raised prevent us from ob taining any, and I hardly think the real thing will ever be found in our

WORDS OF WISDOM. In order to be popular, forget to say a good deal.

markets."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Truth witnesses in vain where malice is the judge.

No temper at all may be worse than some bad temper.

He who is a respecter of persons can not respect himself.

Wisdom is always conceded to be a rich man until he loses his riches. Do not emphasize your own virtues by enlarging on the failings of others

A safe way to judge a man is to ascertain just what friends he doesn't make. A genius is the man who refuses to

believe in the impossibilities of other people.

Man sighs for rest, yet pushes into the game each new day with the old eagerness.

The claims to wisdom of owls and a multitude of men rest upon their looks. and nothing more.

To get rid of a bore, ask him to repeat his longest and favorite story twice. Even he cannot stand that. Only a smart man can conceal from



Flooting Fame. The "man of the hour" May seem to be in it, But "Time flies," alas! He's forgotten next minute. -Public Ledger.

Woman's Way. She-"Time will heal the wound I've made in your heart." He-"Yes; but you'll be mad at me

if it does."-Detroit Free Press. Criminal Offense.

Yeast-"He says he wrote that poem in an unguarded moment." Crimsonbeak-"Yes; he means it was written before he went to jail."-Yon kers Statesman.

Went Too Far. '

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he had lost the object of his affections.

"Alas," he said, "I flattered her til! she got too proud to speak to me."

Society Improvement.

Miss Summit-"How that young Monroe girl has improved!" vance, so that they may be sure of Miss Palisade-"Hasn't she? Wby, 1

can remember when she was such a modest little thing."-Town Topics.

Twice as Good.

"I see the agent has sold yez a carpet sweeper, Mrs. Maginnis. Is it as good as the old-fashioned broom?

"It is an' better, Mrs. Mulduckie, 1 can knock Maginnis twice as far wid it."-Tit-Bits.

Popular Airs.

Mr. Gabler-"So Mrs. Hyfly's husband comes down every week to the tune of \$50 for her?" Mrs. Gabler-"Yes; and yet you said

he didn't known one note from an other."-Judge.

His Sole Avocation.

So your Uncle 'sotterly lived to the great age of 109 years! How do you account for his longevity ?"

"I attribute it to the fact that he was never known to do much of anything else."-Smart Set. - -

Point of View. Ausband-"What! A hundred dollars for an opera cloak? Why, it is perfectly ridiculous, my dear."

Wife-"Yes, I know it is; but you said your couldn't afford an expensive one."-Chicago Daily News.

Willie Was Minus.



Willie Sappley To-day I

and tied together. Then we took up Companion.

"We believed that, at least until help "When we had reached a creek called came, they would attack us only under

"At night we camped where the banks of the creek were bare of vegetation, but offered pits where we could command the level flats on both sides.

"A little after midnight we were attacked. The Crows came with a rush, there was nothing we could do but and for a moment I thought we were done for; but our sharp fire and good cover discouraged them, and they clat-

this fight.

the woods.

Crow camp for me.

stood my purpose.

and I asked Little Chief to find the

arms, and was ready for my trial.

tered away. Our shots knocked over two ponies, but if any of their menwere hit at this time they succeeded in concealing the fact. "In the morning we took up

march again, with the Crows follow-In token that they wanted to talk. ing like two flocks of buzzards. "Toward noon they rode on ahead,

come on, and they approached cau- and about three-fourths of them dis- first use of the syringe in the Tennes-

pounded their tom-toms all night. They

hoped to keep us awake and wear us

"The next day we had two sharp

in the last we disabled three Crows.

seen one these not ink these sam-just one lettle head. I think these weel scare these will Ingin some of you gost close 'dough." "When Little Chief came in he said the Crow samp was about a gunshot above the growt and that there wave two scouts on horseback on the prairie below us, and how many more on the watch he could not say. When 1

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tiously. They proved to be mountain mounted and took possession of the Crows-and half of them had never creek channel. But we had plenty of seen a white man before. turn of the banks and every bit of wil-

"They had nothing to trade. They were all armed with bows and arrows, and the only sign of civilized life in them out. We wounded one Indian in their outfittings was a few old woolen blankets.

"My interpreter was acquainted with the river Crows of the Tellowstone, and after their curiosity was a little satisfied, he talked with these fellows out, I suppose. But we took turns on in their tongue. He could get but guard, and slept just the same. little out of them, but they promised to return to their buffalo camp and skirmishes in the creek channel, and bring in some peltries in a day or two.

"When we had seen the last of them, This fight would have encouraged us I was quite ready to pack up and pull greatly, but immediately afterward the out for the Missouri, for I knew that hostiles sent a runner to the west. our visitors belonged to the wildest tribe then in all the Northwest, and that our only chance of escape was that the Sloux regarded them as the to crawl away from our camp in the most expert and invelorate thieves in night, each man for himself, and find as possible during good weather before existence. hill cover.

"However, when I proposed that we "I knew my helpers counseled wisely, get out of the country. Little Chief but I hung out for another day or two counseled delay. He said that we of bull-boating, and they agreed to stay might be sure these wild Crows were with me. I think Little Chief was watching us keenly, and that if we persuaded by the prospect of knocking should display any signs of fear or over more Crows with his rifle, which uneasiness they would the sooner at. I now gave him as a present. He was tack us. So I listened to his Indian a keen fighter and a brave man. wisdom, whether for the best or not "That afternoon our progress was I've never been able to guess.

"For two or three days we kept an eye out for the Crows and closely herded our stock at night. Then, seeing no further sign of our visitors, we concluded that they had returned to picion. their villages, which must have been

two or three hundred miles distant. "We had packed all our wares and new skins," with the intention to pull out at sunrise in the morning. Just before daybreak the Crows came. Bat was supposed to be night-herding, but he was probably asleep on the prairie when the drums and yells sounded.

"The rascals slipped up on us quietly. having shod their ponies with buffalo moccasins, fur side out, and they were right on top of us when they drummed us out of blankets. We jumped to our feet and worked our Spencer repeaters with all possible speed, while a yelling mob rode over and round us.

"Owing to the darkness, we came off without a scratch; but when the stampede had rolled out of harm's way we stood there, three men on foot, with a stock of trader's goods on hand, five hundred miles from the Missouri. And werse still, when daylight came, we found ourselves surrounded by a war party of thirty-five or forty Crows.

"The rascals were lined up on the grainie on two sides, and when we by a fire brand. I put the smooth end of my pole through the top of my manner of threats at us. There was wo doubt of their intentions. They were the bottom till I could fasten it with after our goods and guns, and incidentally our scalps. I had brought a crosspiece to represent outspread four Spencer rifles for myself and men. and the Crows were armed only with bows and arrows and a few old muz- and though I said nothing, he undersle-loading guns.

"We held a little council of war, and

have referred to."-Chattanooga Times. ammunition, and we bombarded every

Picking Cotton.

Reaping the wheat a handful at a low or timber cover, and so drove time would be on a par with the present method of gathering our immense "That night the Crowscamped as near cotton crops.

to us as they dared, and danced and Did the reader ever think what it means to pick out one of our ten million bale crops of cotton? Did you ever stop to think that at least fifteen billion pounds of raw cotton must be picked from the bolls by hand? That is an almost incalculable amount, yet that is what the crop means, and what the manual labor is that gets it out a lock at a time. The limits of our cotton crop are to a great extent fixed by the "Eat and the interpreter now thought ability to get it out and ready for the market-not only to get it ready in time, but to get as much of it out the cold and wet of winter injure the staple and interfere with the work of

> picking it out. But we are persuaded that a successful machine would not prove an unmixed blessing for this section or for the farmers generally .-- Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

The Climate of Manchuria."

The climate of Manchuria may be revery slow and cautious, for timber had thickened along the stream, and garded as good; the heat of the sumwe had to feel our way through the mer is quite bearable, and the bright, groves, promptly shooting at every crisp weather throughout the long winter is most healthy and agreeable, proflutter of a leaf that could excite susvided the north wind is not blowing. "Toward night we passed an aban-In winter, at midday, the sun shining coned village site, where wild pumpthrough an exquisitely clear atmoskins were growing. Some were ripe phere is so warm that moderately thick and of great size, and Bat put two clothing, with the ears covered, is all

or three of them into his bull-boat, to one requires, but in the early morning, make a change from our meat diet. or after sunset, and above all, when a northerly wind is blowing, furs are a necessity. Spring and autumn are both short. In the south plowing begins early in April, and by the end of June or beginning of July the wheat young ash. We kept close to this timharvest is complete. July and August are the hottest and wettest months. but in a country extending through fifteen degrees of latitude there are considerable variations in temperature "We had one of the pumpkins for throughout the country, the rigor of supper, and while Bat was cutting it the climate increasing as the north is

up an idea came into my head. When approached. - From a Lecture by a we had finished the meal it was dark, Former British Military Attache in China.

The Cry of the Clergy.

"While he was gone I made a Jacko'-lantern of the shell of the biggest The service held at St. Paul's Cathepumpkin. Then I shaved the end of dral in connection with the Queen Vica dry ash pole to a broom head, and toria Clergy Fund drew attention to filled the splints with elk tallow melted the conditions under which thousands by a fire brand. I put the smooth end of clergymen do their work. Within the last ten years over 100 clergymen Jack-o'lantern and through a hole in of the Church of England have been admitted to the workhouses and pauthe shavings torch inside. I then tied per lunatic asylums in England and Wales. More than half of the vicars and rectors are living on incomes not "Bat watched my work curlously, one of which exceeds £3 10s. a week. and 1341 of them would gladly exchange their revenues for a weekly £2. "'Hub,' he said, finally, "me, I have -London Paper.

eptible breathing, 'Doctor, tell worst. Is my wife dying? "'It is my duty.' the doctor said, 'to

retired list on account of age."

stories.

tell you to prepare for the worst. Your wife will not survive the night.' The stricken man never said a word. His face turned the color of snow. He walked immediately into another room and blew his brains out. The wife never knew. She passed beyond the shadows of death before sunrise next morning. That," she said, "was the most tragical as well as the most pa-

thetic event I ever noticed. "But life," she went on, "particularly boarding house life, is not all made up of gloom and misery. There are innumerable romances and one happened right under my roof. There was a young minister who, with his sister, was at one time among my boarders. The preacher, a very intellectual and pleasing man, was engaged to marry a young woman who was a school teacher in a nearby city, while a young man who was a master mechinist in a

big factory was dead in love with the minister's sister. He was much happier than his brother-in-law-to-be, for he, the brother-in-law, could only see his sweetheart about once in two weeks, while the machinist visited his lady love seven evenings in each week. At last everything was arranged. I was in their confidence. Boarding house mistresses," she declared, "generally are confided in by the young lovers under their shelter. One day the minister went to the little town where his heart was and was married in the forenoon. He came back the same day with his bride, and in the afternoon performed the marriage ceremony for his sister and her young man. They all started on a wedding tour that evening, as happy a quartette as existed in the State of Ohio.

"One time there was a young man came to ray house from Canada," continued the old lady. "He represented himself as a student of divinity and brought with him two or three letters of recommendation, which, he said, were from preachers in his locality. He was a very handsome, rather aristocratic looking man, and as his creden-

tials appeared good he was properly welcomed. He was courteous and quiet and soon had the respect of every man and the admiration of every woman in the house. The only thing that appeared queer was that the divinity student was a regular night owl (if you will allow me to use that unladylike expression). He had so much church work to attend to, he said, 'that frequently kept him up One afternoon the servant opened the door, in answer to a ring, and just behind her came the young student of divinity. He walked right into the arms of a rather rough looking person who was no less than a Canadian detective. There was considerathe scene. The detective told me that or of the resurrection.

attacked by the flames," etc. A graphic picture is drawn by the American of the scenes in its own office when the flery invasion came. The office force "worked at their desks on the story of the fire with the flames crackling until the telegraph poles in the street opposite were ablaze, and the thermometer in the room registered 100; and they stuck to their posts until they had literally to be driven out by their chiefs. Even then it was the paper and their duty to the public they still thought of, for personal valuables were left behind that the forms holding the types might be saved."-Los Angeles Herald.

Betting on the Baces.

The gullish herd who hug the delusion that they can make money by backing horses would do well to read and inwardly digest the speech of the Duke of Portland at Mansfield on Saturday. The Duke said that he was certain that if he had consistently betted, the money would have gone in floods from his exchequer into that of the bookmakers. "Be a man as rich as Croesus, he has only to go on backing horses long enough and in sufficiently large sums of money, to lose his fortune and most probably finally to land himself with disgrace in the bankruptcy court." If a man can afford to lose the money he stakes he has a perfect right to amuse himself by gambling. The michief is that threefourths of the people who back horses are not in a position to bear the losses that sooner or later they incur. With the best of horses and the best of information it is impossible, says the Duke of Portland, to win in the long run. It is futile for outsiders to expect to do so.

An Irish Custom.

With Easter Sunday the austerities of Lent come to an end among Catholics Therefore in many parts of Ireland the arrival of Easter Sunday is greeted with as much rejoicing as is elsewhere shown at the coming of New Year's.

In every cabin a fat hen and a dainty piece of bacon are put into the pot by the cotter's wife about nine or ten o'clock on Saturday night. But woe to the person who tastes any of the succulent mixture until cockcrow! At midnight, however, everybody joins in clapping hands, dancing and crying, "Out with the Lent!" Then the joyour party retires to sleep until chanticleer announces the dawn, when all pour ble consternation, and I appeared on out to see the sunrise, dancing in hon-

I was harboring a robber, forger and After that, ca jon and bacon galoret

a woman the fact that he isn't as smart as he would wish her to think be is.

We thank those who kill Time for us, and rejoice in his passing; and then we weep for him and wish him back.

One of the curious things about a man who wants to borrow money from you to-day is his eager determination to repay it to-morrow.

There are three stages in the existence of the average man when he is of particular interest to his community-viz., at his birth, marriage and funeral.-Success.

Largest Pecan Grove.

Not only do we grow better pecans in South Carolina than any of the Texas variety that have ever been sold in this market, says the Charleston News and Courier, but we have in South Carolina the largest pecan grove in the world. It belongs to Captain John S. Horlbeck, of Charleston, and is situnted in Christ Church parish, just

across the Ashley River from this city. We wish that it were possible for South Carolina to enter the competition with Texas in pecan auts, and with Texas and Louisiana and all the rest of the world in rice, and with New England in the manufacture of cotton goods, and with the world in the you?"

production of fine cotton. A small appropriation by the Legislature and an active agent in the field would enable South Carolina to take all the gold medals offered for competition in the field crops and orchard products and manufactured goods. It is a pity that the richest State in the South, in proportion to its area and population, should be the slowest State in the South to make its advantages known to the investing and home-seeking world.

Plate Glass Window a Curiosity.

Every day, at 63 San Francisco street, a crowd of people can be seen inspecting a new wonder in Porto Rico. The attraction is nothing less than a real full sized plate glass window, such as is seen in show windows in the stores in the United States. It is the only one in Porto Rico. There are a half dozen glass windows in this city, mostly on San Francisco street, but none except this new one is a full sized plate glass window.-San Juan

Technical Schools in Germany.

Of the total of 3610 students in the German technical schools for the year 1902 no less than 1359, or 37.6 per cent., were foreigners. This is a very heavy percentage of foreigners, and surpasses the percentage at the technical universities, which generally ranges from ten to thirty per cent. At the Mining High School at Freiberg, the number of foreigners is still greater; in 1901 there were 280 foreigners to 186 Germans.-Scientific American.

News.

two things at once. I wonder if wo have two brains?" Vera Smarte-"Well, between you

and me, Mr. Sappley. I think we have only one."

...... Advantage of Leap Year. "They are going to be married on the 29th of February. "Sensible couple." 4 9.4 "In what way?"

"Why, the date will not constantly be coming up to remind them of the occasion."-Judge.

.... The Irish of It.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. O'Toole, to hear that er husband suffers from insomny. My husband had the same complaint, but be cured it."

"How did he, now?" "Sure, he became a night watchman." -Brooklyn Life.

Not Such a Bad Shot.

Cayboy time 1 a. m.i-"1 say, old chap, isn't this a little late for you to be out? Aren'i you afraid your wife will miss you?"

Enpeck-"I hope she will, but she can throw pretty straight for a woman." -Illustrated Bits.

No Place to Go.

"Great Scott, Maria! You're not going to begin housecleaning now, are

"Of course. Why not?"

"Why, they've closed up my club for repairs. I'll have to walk the streets." -Chicago American.

Caught in His Own Trap.

Hardup-"I'm very sorry, but I can't pay you to-day. You see, the grocer ad just been here, and -----'

Sutcher (interrupting)-"Yes, I just met him, and he said you put him off because you had to pay me. So here's the bill."-Tit-Bits.

At the Ball.

He-"Who is the girl with the deusion dress?"

She -"You mean illusion."

He-"No; I mean delusion. She is very plain in the face, but her gown is so stunning it makes her look really beautiful."-Detroit Free Press.

His Excuse.

"No," said a citizen, when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers; "I don't think I will."

"Can't afford it, ch?" "It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled my name wrong."

His Yearn.

Poor Fceble (about to be operated on for appendicitis)-"Doctor, before you begin I wish you would send and have our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Harps, come over."

Dr. Cutter-"Certainly, if you wish it, but-ah----

"I'd like to be opened with prayer."-Life.

"That night we camped within a shelter of natural rifle-pits, made by a short curve just below a short curve of the creek just below a grove of

per, so that we could take to it quickly if attacked by the Crows, and a deep, dry ditch protected our position perfectly from a horseback rush out of