# A BLUESTOCKING;



## ROMANCE REALITY.

BY MISS ANNIE EDWARDS.

The Liberta.

dora is thrown into a perfect flutter of surprise and agitation on hearing of the sudden stroke of good fortune that has befallen Daphne.

An invitation to dine on board a yacht-a large steam yacht, too-Maltre Andre, shipping his potatoes at the new harbor, saw the Liberta enter the roads, and has already brought full particulars of her rig and tonnage to Quernac. Quite impossible to say what an introduction of the kind may lead

"Although as far as introductions go," says Theodora, "I entertain no manner of doubt that our papa was on terms of intimacy with the Jorningham family. I recollect, as though it were yesterday, hearing him speak of them-Jorningham, was it, or Blenkinsop? some name, at all events, of the kind-and in his youth there was a question, even, of his marrying one of the daughters of the house. Now, just to complete the chain of coincidences, we must look up Lady Lydia."

One of Theodora Vansittart's harmless extravagances is an annual shilling Peerage; a volume you would think, not much in request at Fief-dela-Reine, and yet from whose columns of thickly strewn dates, capitals and abbreviations Theodora manages to extract the keenest interest of her existence. As long as we remain living human creatures we cling, of necessity, to some ideal of happiness. Miss Theodora's ideal to the last will be a famillarty with dukes, lords, honorables, and a knowledge of the families into which they may choose to marry.

Looking up her subject with a dexterity born of habit, her finger soon rests upon the page that sets forth Lady Lydia Jorningham's credentials. "Jorningham-Lady Lydia Tabitha daug, of the sixth Earl of Killaloe, born 1854, mar. 1875, Peter George Jorningham, Esq."

And then the vital question of aristocracy set at rest, comes the minor one of how Daphne shall be conveyed to the acme of her approaching gran-

"Daphne will do one of two things," says Aunt Hosie, with her accustomed trenchancy: "walk to the harbor, a matter of close upon :our miles, with the thermometer at seventy-eight, or ride there in the spring cart. For her complexion's sake, if Jean Marie has finished brise-ing the upper field (Aunt Hosie's agricultural phrases are of a strictly composite order), and if Maitre Andre has no better use for the mare I should advise the spring cart."

"The spring cart!" echoes poor Theodora, almost with tears "Well, well!before people of one's own class, I suppose, one may afford to make a show of poverty. If Mr. Jorningham's wife were the daughter of a cotton lord, we must hire the barouche. Lady Lydia will look upon the spring cart in the light of an eccentricity."

Accordingly, shortly after 7 o'clock the "eccentricity" stands ready before the porch; Jean Marie in his meeting house black; Lisette, the stout, old work of Laif a dozen peasant farms, in her best harness

Daphne is dressed in a plain Holland suit, and the straw hat trimmed with white ribbon that she wears on Sundays at the village church; her adornment a little nosegay of clove pinks worn in her waistbelt. As she turns to nod a last farewell to Paul before starting, Aunt Hosie cannot choose but think-a new romance ever present before her mind-of that evening four years ago when the girlish figure tripped forth through the summer twilight, the girlish heart, credulous of all things save wrongdoing or deceit, went forth to meet its doom.

"It was a matter of certainty that people would find us out in time." observes Theodora, gazing regretfully at the conveyance which is to bear her niece into the sacred neighborhood of an Earl's daughter, marveling wistfully if any one could mistake Jean Marie for a gentleman's servant out of livery! "Likelier than not Lady Lydia Jorningham will invite some of our family to accompany them when they leave, and if I am wanted as a chaperon, little as I like the sea, I shall feel it a duty to go. Of course one would want a yachting suit." muses Theodora. "But a dosen yards of serge at one-and-sixpence and a couple of pieces of this fashionable white braid

would not be ruinous." "Me go. too," cries Paul with one of the fine intuitions of his age, connecting the word yachting with burnt almonds, "Me go with Mamsey and the grand Mussieu blonde who loves Mamsey and little Paul."

The grand Mussieu blonde is no and its occupants-hot, dusty and unaristocratic-reach the harbor. In his place is Severne, with a baot and rowers ready in waiting to convey Mrs.

Chester to the Liberta. Dapbne jumps down, ashamed, from Jean Marie's side, and, turning to Sir John, asks at what time a dinner party that begins at eight is likely to finish. Lisette will not, of course, be taken out of Maitre Andre's stable again to-night; but Jean Marie, by Aunt Hosie's special orders, is to walk in from Fief-de-la-Renie to meet her, and----

"Tan Marie will do nothing of the

All Guns to Be Resighted. Plans are being drawn in the bureau Dainy report that batches of wounded f ordnance at Washington for the rewere passing through Dainy. They sighting of all the guns in the United report also that during the recent battle many soldiers passed, going to the front. It is said the Japanese killed or wounded in front of Port

States navy. The cost of this work will be tremendous, but its necessity was readily realized when called to the attention of the president and the orders have already been issued. An improved variety of sight will be used and the work will be pushed with all the rapidity practicable. For the rapid-fire guns a telescopic sight will be used, of a kind that will permit of continuous aim. Nearly all of the guns are in need of resighting.

kind," says young Severne quickly. "Dinner parties on board yachts never come to an end at rny stated hour. On board the Liberts, I should say, they never end at all."

"And I am to stay there for the re-mainder of my natural life? Thanks."
"You are to stay there until you have had enough of the entertainment, or of your entertainers, or both. After that I shall walk back with you to Fief-de-la-Reine. It lies directly between the harbor and my hotel."

"Three English miles out of your road, calculate it which way you will." "I never calculate about matters of necessity, Mrs. Chester. It is impossible for you to return home at midnight, or later, with no better protec tion than Jean Marie's!"

But Mrs. Chester is obdurate. Jean Marie shall await her on the harbor; Jean Marie alone shall escort her back to Quernac, be the hour of the night or morning what it may.

The least vain of women, the least arrogant as to the power of her own charms, Daphne at heart is a very woman still, and the experience of the last few hours make her shrink from the prospect of a lonely starlit walk with Severne. His manner, after three Hardcastle, his looks, his voice, a thoufeminine insight are the most important things in life, have awakened her to a possibility of which, until to-day, from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainshe never dreamed.

And with all the horror of a gener ous, simple nature, she recoils from the barest notion of Severne's disloyalty. His liking for herself, if it exists, must be rootless, a boyish fancy, born

of accident, that a week of absence must dispell. Never by word or action of hers shall this liking be fostered into love. She owes Sir John Severne everything—she owes him Paul, and feels, poor Daphne, it were through the sketchiest imaginable but a little thing to die for his happiness! His happiness must lie in truth, in honor, in fidelity to his plighted word, and her part, the part of a devoted friend, is to strengthen him in these, cost what it may. And that it will cost her something, certain sharp heart twinges, a certain jealwhen Clementina will be all to him ousy as she looks forward to the time and she nothing, already warn her.

They reach the yacht without adventure and find Mr. Broughton and Miss Hardcastle its only occupants. The cousins are on deck, enjoying the evening breezes and the soft art of doing nothing with a thoroughness pleasant to behold.

Clementina reclines on a low deck chair, her dress simple white-by simple I naturally mean the most elaborate complication of muslin, ribbon upon which South Kensington has set responsibility. the crowning seal of fashion.

Felix Broughton smokes a delicately perfumed cigarette at her feet.

Their thoughts may be engaged on sentiment, scandal, science-probably Normandy mare, who does the united on panteological science, as is their cording to all codes of civilized juris wont. And still, judging from the expression around Clementina's lips, one cannot but suspect that some lighter its entrance unawares among the Tyro-Phenician or Mesogothic strata about which they discourse.

"The question of whether we are to dine or not dine is delightfully solved by your arrival," says Cousin Felix, as he rises to receive the newcomers. "No one belonging to the Liberta, our hostess included has been heard of since the morning, but with a party of four-all people who suit each other," adds Mr. Broughton, with his cheerful optimism-"it would be folly to think of waiting. And so Severne met you on the quay, Mrs. Chester? I was sure of it. That is my luck. I never yet got a happy opening in life but some energetic fellow or another has stepped in and utilized it before my very 'eyes."

"You have been spared the agony of expectation at all events," says Daphne gayly. "I was five minutes behind time. Think what you would have had to suffer during those five minutes if you had really been on the lookout for me!"

A feeling too delicate, too ingenuous to be termed coquetry, prompts her to smile on Felix Broughton, willingest recipient, let what will betide, of any pretty woman's smiles! Sir John and Clementina, absolved from the necessity of being lover-like, find plenty of themes in common as old acquaintance, and the little dinner party of

four passes off brightly. Fair faces, youth, soft summer twi light, viands from the hand of an artwhere to be seen when the spring cart | ist-all the needful "property" for convivial success is surely present at the feast, whatever jarring elements may be latent in the destinies of the feast-

ers. They dine, they take their coffee afterward on deck. Toward eleven o'clock, and when Daphne is beginning to think of Jean Marie and of her fourmile walk to Quernec, the sound of voices, the splash of oars, was heard approaching through the stiliness. A minute later, and the missing members of the yachting party step upon the scene; five people, never beheld by Daphne save amid the Rembrandtlike effects of this one midsummer them each year.

Chefoo, By Cable.—Chinese who left

Arthur during the last three months

approximate 40,000. There are per-

sistent rusiors that the Japanese have

occupied the forts of Rihlung Moun-

tain and certain forts of the Keekwan

Mountain group, but well-informed

Japanese consider these rumors as un-

true. The Japanese, however, are confident that the end of the Russian

occupation of Port Arthur is fast ap-

very isolation, to stand out vivid flesh-and-blood personalities from the can-vas of her memory forever.

Lady Lydia Jorningham first, a tlay Irishwoman, dressed like a child of fourteen—pretty, despite irregularity of feature, through her excess of animation, her black fringed, iron gray eyes; a tiny witch of a woman uttering, pell-mail in a fine west country ing, peli-mell, in a fine west country brogue, whatever sense or nonsense it is mostly nonsense-may chance to enter her wild Hibernian bead.

light, yet destined, by virtue of their

Next, Mrs. de Mauley, Lady Lydia's dearest (momentary) friend, a widow bland and blonde, ten years older than her hostess, and ten times more dangerous—the same designing creature who, according to Clementina Hardeastle, would conduct Mr. Broughton to jail in a fortnight did she wed him And then the budding novelist, the writing woman in search of materials! An emancipated sister of twenty-nine with a cavaller hat worn distinctly, even for the days we live in, over one ear, with a rakish-looking double eye glass, a can, and-or so Daphne dreams-a palpable odor of Havans smoke clinging to her gentlemanly yachting jacket, and short clipped,

gentlemanly hair. So far the ladies of the group, well supplemented, in matter of pictures queness, by "Man and the Arab." The former is in a rough pilot suit, with regulation buttons: a weather-tanned. red-bearded man of seven or eight and thirty, called by his Christian name. and gentrally regarded with a fetchand-carry kind of affection by every

one on board.

The Arab is sallow and solemn, wears loose-fitting garments, a spun-silk shirt, yellow leather shoes, attar of roses and a huge signet ring. It seems to Daphne as though she must years' separation, of meeting Miss have beheld him in some long-past, sleepy winter evening, when, pillowed sand of the little nothings which to in Aunt Hosie's arms, she used to hear weird stories of magicians, traveling merchants and genii, freely rendered ments."

Mr. Jorningham is still nowhere. Indeed, it may as well be said, once and for all, that as regards this little drama Mr. Jorningham, from the rising of the curtain till its fall, successfully plays the part of Madame Benoiton.

"My conscience tells me that some body or another ought to make an apology," cries Lady Lydia, Sir John Severne and Daphne having been put form of introduction to their hostess. "It cannot be me, for I never knew what o'clock it was till we were finthe other side of Sark-

"Jersey," interposes Mrs. de Mauley in a creamy voice. "We have been in Jersey since this morning. Sark is the knees. place we left the day before yesterday, my dearest Lyd."

"Oh, well, Jersey. As long as you are in the Channel Islands, where is the difference between one reef of rocks and another? Sure it must be your fault, Max. Why did you not-"Remind Lady Lidia of the Liberta | the snow hill. and her belongings? I had forgotten them myself," says Max, smoothing down his tawny beard with an air of contrition. "Now, if the Arab-"

But the Arab, it can be substantially proved, has slept and smoked by turns and laces that the heart of clothes ar- during the whole latter portion of the tist could desire. Lazily she furls and day; he is, therefore, absolved by the unfurls one of the big Spanish fans general voice on grounds of moral ir-

> At last some one by chance remembers Mr. Jorningham's existence.

"Of course. Everything is Jorning. ham's fault," says Cousin Felix, gravely. "Is not absence in itself, and acprudence, a sign of guilt? We apologize in Jorningham's name, and banish him from our remembrance. Will matter than common may have made there be time for Mrs. Chester to hear a little music before she leaves us, Lady Lydia?"

The question originates in no personal aptitude or predilection for music on the part of Mr. Broughton. He says of himself, frankly, that he does not know one tune from another by the sound, but can just distinguish allegro from andante by the increased bodily efforts of the performers. And still he unfailingly supports the exercise of the art at social gatherings, Systematic noise-this is his theorywhile it promotes general conversation, liberates the individual from the exertion of coming ideas; it also acts as a whilesome restraint or counterirritant upon persons inclined to dance -under many circumstances of a man's life a more onerous exertion

On the present occasion, however, theory breaks down under the test of practice. Max trolls out two or three of Dibdin's sea-songs at the top of a fine, slightly crazy tenor voice; Mrs. de Mauley sings "A Vingt Ans" passably well under the influence of the hour, and with the mellowing adjuncts of air and water, though not in Parislan eccents, and with just half a tone of sharpness running through the upper notes. Then Lady Lydia, jumping suddenly to her feet from the heap of shawls and cushions on which, up to the present moment, she has been coiled, declares that she is falling

asleep and must dauce. Not dances enough? Felix Broughton having weakly put forward the objection. Why, there are enough and to spare. Does not all the world know that the Arab can dance and play that instrument of his at the same time? And if it comes to the worst, if it comes to one of the ladies, doing wallflower, is not she, Lady Lydia, competent to perform the national dance of her country, partnerless, and in a remote corner of the deck, for her own diversion?

To be Continued.

Safety pins are peculiarly American. The United States uses 144,000,000 of

The size of the smokestacks of some of the steamships which leave New York is an interesting topic among folks atong shore. A convincing proof of their size is seen in this comparison: The new East River tunnel, which the Pennsylvania railroad is about to build, is about the same diameter as the funnels of the Lu-cania and Campania, that is, 21 feet It seems hard to realise that two trains of cars could run side by side through the stacks of either of these vessels if they were laid flat.

The Italian election shows a wide division of sentiment,

## Esquiman Children.

JET northern of all Uncle Sam's children are the Esaux who live around Point Barrow, which juts out into the Polar Sea beyoud the Arctic Circle. There it is night all winter long and day all summer long.

So far from becoming gloomy because of their dreary surroundings and their long nights, the Point Barrow children are particularly bright and lively and full of mischief and play. One of their pastimes in winter is to dance to the Northern Lights.

They are warmly clad in garments made of the skin of the Northern deer or the Arctic fox. There is an upper garment something like a sweater with hood to it, skin trousers and deerskin boots coming to the knee.

They wear deerskin mittens, and when they sing their song to the Aurora Borealis and dance with it, they frequently attach the tail of a blue or white fox to their belt behind.

Each dancer clenches the fist, and, bending the elbows, strikes them against the sides of the body, keeping time to a song and stamping vigorously with the right foot while springing up and down with the left knee. The song has a large number of stanzas and begins "Kioya ke, kioya ke," which means "Hail to the Northern Lights." When the aurora is bright and in an especially dancing mood, the children will often keep up the song and dance for hours at a time.

In winter the Point Barrow children have a snowball game which they play with their feet. They wet some snow and make a ball about as big as two fists. The cold is so intense that the

ball immediately becomes solid ice. Then the player balances the ball on the toes of one foot and with a kick and a jump throws it to the other foot, which catches it and throws it back. Some of the players are so expert that they will keep this up for a number of strokes without letting the ball fall to

The children of this tip-end of Uncle Sam's land also amuse themselves in winter by sliding down the steep banks of frozen snow which form under the ishing dinner at Letacq, seven miles cliffs along the shores of the frozen ea. They use no sleds or toboggans, not even boards, in this sport, but slide down the steep declivities on their

Kneeling down and sitting well back, with their hands grasping their ankles, they go shooting along down great steep hills of snow, laughing and shouting, and now and then losing their balance and getting a tumble which sends them rolling in a heap to the foot of

Both boys and girls at Point Barrow are fond of playing football, but they seem to have no order or system. They simply get an old mitten or old boot, and stuff it with bits of waste deerskin or rags, and then kick it about with merry shouts and in great confusion.

The children are very fond of dancing, and if they can get hold of an old tin can which some whaler has left they are happy. Beating the tin can for a drum, they improvise dances for themselves and invent songs to accompany them.

The little Esquimaux of Point Earrow have a most mischievous little instrument which they call a "mitigligaun." It is to the Esquimaux boy what the bear trapper is to the white

It is made of a piece of stiff whalebone about five inches long and half an inch wide. It is narrowed off and

bent up about an inch at one end. On the upper side of this bent up end is a little hollow large enough to hold a small pebble, and the other end is cut into sharp teeth. This is purely an instrument of mischief, and mary a little Esquimaux boy is compelled to retire with his mother into one of their snow huts for a painful interview because of the reckless man- the leading question. Suddenly he ner in which he uses his pebble snap-

The children who frolic by the theres of the frozen sea and dance with the Northern Lights even have mechanical toys among their playthings. One is a wooden doll reprecenting a man dressed in skins.

He holds a drum in one hand and a ctick in the other. The arms are made of whalebone, and by pressing them together at the shoulders the figure can be made to move as if beating the

Crum. Then they have little toy kalaks, or canoes, in which are scated dolls with paddles in their hands. By pulling a dictionary for in the morning? string the doll is made to move its head from one side and make a mo-

tion as if paddling. The girls are very fond of playing cat's cracle. Two little girls will sit in one of the underground houses, or in one of the buts made of frozen snow and, by the light of a stone lamp, make

string. The favorite figure, and a difficult one, is the representation of a reindeer which, by moving the fingers, is made to run down hill from one hand to the

Lieutenant Ray, who was in charge polite that they would take pains to mispronounce native words in the his feelings by appearing to correct him bluntly.—New York Sun.

"Riectric Honey."

Electricity in all its phases is enering into a great variety of operations, but in one startling report at least its use seems to be given rather undue prominence. "Making Honey by Electricity" is the caption of this report, and as we read we find that in New Jersey is an apiary; that the bees are fed on glucoss; that the glucose is manufactured at Edgewater; that \$4,-000,000 is invested in the glucose plant;

that the daily output is 12,000 barrels,

Honey by Electricity."

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Let us suppose that the winter ver, and that the plains are green with the young rising corn Plowing and work are anished for the year, and within the circle of ber-all is life and activity. Men and women are gathering together the few household goods they possess, or pulling up the pegs that hold their tentdwelling in place. Pots and pans of tinned copper or rough red earthenware are piled about, and strips of matting are being rolled up. The children are chasing the fowls to and fro in their endeavors to capture them: the flocks and herds browse near by, tended by sunburst shepherd boys, and everything speaks of an early move. Then the tents themselves are struck and rolled up, and the loading of the beasts of burden commences. Every animal capable of bearing a load is pressed into service. Cows and bullocks, mares, mules, and donkeyseven men and women—share joyfully in the labor, for spring is come and the shade of the giant cedar trees awaits the shepherds and huntersand cattle thieves. Life for the Berbers commences then, and for a few months, in the impenetrable hills and forests, they can pass their existence unhampered by Arab neighbors and far beyond the reach of grasping officialdom. Then a move is made, and one and all, singing as they go, the procession starts off. Men on horseback—their wiry little steeds as mudstained and ragged as the saddles they bear-lead the way. Fine little creatures they are, with all the grace f movement found only in the savage. Their long, toga-like "halks" and straight heavy white cloaks add not a little to their picturesque appearinces. Nor are their features devoid Fishburne and John H. Burkhalter. of beauty, for, though the suns of summer and the tempests of winter score and mark their faces at an early age, they fail to obliterate the pleasant smile and glittering eye that are so typical of the race. The woman fol- prosperous. He had, it is said, lately low on foot, or perhaps on donkey back, strange, undergrown, huddledup figures, wrapped in long striped shawls, and with their heads tied in handkerchiefs of many colors, and gaiters of knitted wool or leather on their legs. What little beauty nature has bestowed upon them they manage most successfully to conceal under the strange dicta of Berber fashions. Their complexions are stained and striped with red "henna" dye; their noses and chins are tattooed in patmony with which they encircle their eyes is so carelessly and coarsely put on as to give the appearance of a recent scrimmage. Untidy, unkempt, and none too clean, the Berber women offer few of the attractions apparent in the men, who, though often sadly in want of a washing, are handsome, frank, and full of spirit, with a mirth that is infectious. With the women are the children, half-naked little savages, some tied on to the back of a friendly cow, some running races by the roadside, and others, again, still at the breast.

NOMADS OF MOROCCO:

of the Wonders

And so to the forest.-From "The Berbers of Morocco," by Walter Harris, in Scribner's.

Didn't Trap Him. Stories of surprises in cross-examination were exchanged in a small group of men the other day, and the following was sprung by an Illinois man: "icars ago one of the prominent lawyers of centr... Illinois was D. G. Tun nicliff, afterward Justice of the State Supreme Court. Tunnicliff was a great wit and a very smooth article on cross-examination. He did not often get the worst of it from anybody. He seldom attempted buildozing in cross-examination, but could back an unwary man into almost any admission. One day Tunnicliff had an old man named Dave Brown on the opposite side, and the value of the old man's testimony depended upon his claim that he could not read. It was believed that he could read a little and Tunniclic tried to trap him. After several adroit efforts, which old Dave neatly sidestepped, the lawyer changed the subject and wandered away from

asked: "'Have you a dictionary in your home, Mr. Brown? "'Yes, sir-a dictionary. Had it for

vears.' "'I'm glad to hear that. Every man should have a dictionary in his home. You use your dictionary I hope?

'Yes, sir; I use it regular.' "'That's right. A man should use his dictionary often. About how often do you use your dictionary?'

"'Every morning, sir,' said the old man, with apparent interest. "'Every morning. That is commendable. And what do you use your "'To strop my razor, sir.' "-Seattle

Post-Intelligencer. Milton's Tomb.

There are probably many, even among the subscribers to Milton's statue who will be surprised to hear that the body of the great poet was once on all corts of complicated figures with the view at a charge of threepence a head within a few yards from the site chosen for this splendid tribute to his memory. It was in 1790, after a little carousal, that two overseers and a carpenter entered the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Milton lay buried, and, having discovered the leaden cofof the Government station at Point in which contained his body, cut open Barrow, says that the children are so its top with a mallet and chisel. "When they disturbed the shroud," Neve says, when telling the story of same way as he did so as not to hurt the ghoulish deed, "the ribs fell. Mr. Fountain confessed that he pulled hard at the teeth which resisted until some one hit them with a stone." Fountain secured all the fine teeth in the upper jaw, and generously gave one to one of his accomplices. Altogether the scoundrels stole a rib bone, ten teeth, and several handfuls of hair; and to crown the diabolical business, the female grave-digger afterwards exhibited the body to any one willing to pay threepence for the spectacle -Westminster Gazette.

A Pennsylvania fisherman has discovered that bullfrogs act as sentries and that electric machinery is used in to fish, and that it is useless to try to its manufacture. Hence "Making catch bass when a deep-voiced, bellowing frog is watching.

## CAROLINA AFFAIRS

ences of Interest In Various

Galveston, easy.. .. .. .. .. 9 1-16 New Orleans, easy..... Mobile, steady.. .. .. .. .. Savannah, casy .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 9 

 Charleston, quiet
 .9 5-16

 Baltimore, nominal
 .9 50

 New York, dull
 .10.00

 10 05
 ...

 Memphis, quiet .. .. .. .. .. .. 9 9-16 St. Louis, quiet .. .. .. .. .. 9 9-16 Louisville, firm.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. 976

Charlotte Cotton Market.

These figures represent prices paid Middling.. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. ... ... 9.55

Strangled Himself. Columbia, Special.-Philip Maltry, the proprietor of the Wright's hotel barber shop, strangled himself to death some time Tuesday night. The first intimation that any one had of the awful occurrence was when the dead man's wife went into his room yesterday morning to awaken him. He had been in ill health for several years and lately was despondent. Mrs. Maltry found him with a heavy string around his neck in which was a piece of wood. He had strangled himself by twisting the wood around in the string after the manner in which a physician twists an improvised tourniquet in order to check the flow of blood from a severed artery. Coroner Green was summoned and called in Drs. S. B. There was no necessity to hold an inquest, the coroner so considered. the evidences of the manner in which the deceased met his death were so apparent. Maltry had at one time good business and seemed happy and been on bad terms with former friends. He had but one barber at the time of his death. It is surmised, although this is merely rumor, that certain recent occurrences made the dead man very despondent.

A Splendid Gift. Spartanburg, Special .- Mr. S. M. Miliken, the New York millionaire and mill man, who is interested in many of the cotton factories of the Pied mont section, recently presented a me morial window to the terns of dark blue, and even the anti- late friend, Capt. John H. Montgombeing placed in its proper position in the splendid edifice of worship of the church, by an artist representing the firm of Jones & Co., of New York, deis one of the most beautiful works of the kind perhaps, in South Car-olina. It cost \$3,000. Complete, including the three parts, the window's dimensions are 10x6 feet, and on either side of the largest panel is a smaller one, each of similar size. The side windows are separated from the main oanel by a narrow wall. On the largest of these side windows is a reproduction of colors of Hoffman's masterpiece "Behold, I Stand at the Door and

### Homeseekers Coming.

Commissioner Watson has received n announcement from Mr. Thackston, land agent of the Southern railway, that a large number of the condition of the country. The number, it is stated, is so large that there is difficulty in securing accommodations for the visitors that desire to secure sleeping accompdations. Some time menced a systematic canvass of the west with the intention of bringing as many of the visitors to this part of the country as possible. It is now thought that because of the efforts of Commissioner Watson in behalf of this State to interest those coming in this particular section that the majority of them

### Injured by Wild Horse.

Yorkville, Special.-During the sale of a lot of wild horses, auction off by Mr. Stony Kimball of Rock Hill, at the lot of Mr. Walker Jackson one horse rather wilder than the others plunged across a buggy in which farmer was sitting knocking the man down and considerably injuring him. The horse got away and was last seen leaving town "like a whirlwind."

### Who Gets the Reward?

Gov. Heyward has another proposition to settle in the matter of paying rewards. H. P. Dyches of Barnwell county captured James Walker, wanted in that county for murder, and recently sentenced to life imprisonment. Dyches puts in his claim for the reward which had been offered, Sheriff Creech makes the statement that Dyches arrested and delivered the prisoner. On the other hand, Garfunkle, superintendent of police in Savannah, makes a statement that one of his policemen, J. G. Harpe, made the arrest. Gov. Heyward is usually governmed in matters of this kind by the statement of the sheriff.

Hunter Accidently Killed.

Swansea, Special.-A sad and fatal accident occurred about ten miles east of Swansea Thursday evening about ! Welton Glover, colored, were out hunting and by some accident young Sayor's gun was discharged at short range the entire load taking effect in Welton Glover's back in the region of right spinal column. The wound was wo and a half or three inches across. Welton died in 18 hours after the ac-In ante-mortem statement Glover said that it was an accident.

### News in Paragraphs.

Columbia is to have another building and loan association. The petitioners for a commission are W. J. Murray, L. T. Levin, William Barnwell, W. R. Muller, Jno. M. Graham. T. F. Fisher and Wm. Melton. The capital stock will be \$200,000, payable in monthly installments of \$1 . year. company will take the place of a company whose stock is now maturing.

The secretary of state last week granted an increase of capital stock to the Columbia League Baseball club. he increase is from \$1,500 to \$2,500.

DOUBTFUL WEATHER PROPHETS:

Much of the current faith in the barometer as a weather prophet is, it appears, misplaced. Because a storm is generally threatened when the fall of the barometer is great and sudden, and vice versa when it suddenly rises. it has been for years the practice to make barometers with "fine," "changeable" and "storm" marked on them. and such is the confidence placed in these by many people who own them that they grow indignant at the weather if it dares to rain when the indicator says "fair" or to be clear if it says

All that a barometer shows is the pressure of the air upon the earth's 🌡 surface at the point where the barometer is when the reading is made. The pressure does, indeed, vary continually with the weather conditions, but it varies also with the elevation of the point of observation above the sea level, and it takes an expert to tell whether any given variation is unusual or abnormal, and if so, what it means. A barometer adjusted with weather signs for the seashore may often predict great storms there, but if taken to another and higher altitude the markings are wholly unreliable, even for making guesses. T. F. Townsend, at the head of the Philadelphia Weather Bureau, is frequently called on by people who know this much to adjust their barometer for the level in which they use it, but he is always careful to point out why, even after such adjustment, the indications are not reliable.-Philadelphia Record.

Koren's Wonders.

Little Korea has its own "seven wonders." The first is a hot mineral spring which is claimed to have miraculous healing properties. The second is two springs, far distant from each other, but connected by a subterranean passage. When one spring is full the other is always empty. All the water seems to flow from one spring to another, yet one is bitter and the other sweet.

The third wonder of Korea is the Cold Wind Cave, in which there is always a breeze strong enough to take a strong man off his feet. The fourth is a pine forest, in which trees are continually sprouting, no matter how the roots are mutilated. The fifth is a floating stone. It is a large, irregular cube which seems to be resting on the ground, yet a rope may be passed under the stone without touching it. The sixth wonder of Korea is the "hot stone," which for ages has been almost at white heat. "A drop of the sweat of Buddha" is the seventh wonder. This is kept in a temple, and for thirty paces around it no grass, flower or tree will grow or animal will go near.

One Hundred and Ten. It is an utterly mistaken though popular idea that a man is necessarily

superannuated when he is sixty or seventy years old. Thinking men are fast outgrowing the idea, rooted for centuries in the brain, that man is on the threshold of old age at fifty, and that "the lean and slippered pantaloon" awaits him at threescore and ten. It is now an accepted law of the animal kingdom that the duration of life is normally five times the period of growth, which, being twenty-one years in man, makes the limit of his years 105. Sir Benjamin Richardson, an eminent English physician, expresses the opinion that the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that seven out of ten persons could live to that age people of the west are taking advantage of the "homeseekers' rates" to come to the south and look into the health. Metschnikoff, the great Russian biologist, holds that we should live 140 years. A man who expires at eighty, he says, "is the victor of accident, cut down in the flower of his

uays."-Home and Farm.

It is not a pleasant thought that the brilliant white note paper which your hand rests upon may have in it the fibers from the filthy garment of some Egyptian fellah after it has passed through all the stages of decay until it is saved by a ragpicker from the gutter of an Egyptian town; and yet it is a fact that hundreds of tons of Egyptian rags are exported every year into America to supply our paper mills. At Mannheim on the Rhine the American importers have their ragpicking houses where the rags are collected from all over Europe, the disease infected Levant not excepted, and where women and children, too poor to earn a better living, work day after day, with wet sponges tied over their mouths, sorting these filthy scraps for shipment to New York. Our best papers are made of these rags and our common ones of wood pulp, which is obtained by grinding and macerating huge blocks from some of our soft-wooded forest trees.— David G. Fairchild, in the National Geographic Magazine.

Australian Mine 3000 Feet Deep. What is believed to be the deepest gold mine in the world is being worked at Bendigo, Australia. The mine in question, which is called the New Chum Itailway Mine, has sunk its main shaft to the depth of 3900 feet. or only sixty feet short of three-quarters of a mile. The chief problem is how to keep the tunnels and general workings cool enough for the miners to work in at such a depth. It is usually about 108 degrees, and, to enable the men to work at all, a spray or cold water let down from above has to be kept continually playing on the bodies—naked from the waist upward of the miners. Even then they cannot work hard, or they would faint from exhaustion.

Their Only Shell Fish.

Ex-Justice Julius Mayer is a great lover of things that come out of the sea, and while in Chicago, Ill., attend ing the Republican convention, he sought to indulge his taste in a wellknown restaurant. He ordered littleneck clams, and the colored waiter informed him that they were out of them, The Judge thought that, in the ab sence of clams, a broiled lobster might do: but the lobsters, likewise, were out. Soft-shelled crabs were his next choice. but the waiter regretfully informed him that the crabs were also amons the absent. "Then why do you keep these things on the bill? Have you any shellfish at all?" the Judge demanded. "Only eggs, sab," replied the waiter.