

THE PEOPLE.

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1878.

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Special Requests.

1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post Office address.
2. Business letters and communications to be published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary note when required.
3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and of only one side of the paper.
4. All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

Travelers' Guide.

South Carolina Railroad.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLESTON, March 1, 1878.

On and after Sunday, next, the South Carolina Railroad will run as follows:

FOR AUGUSTA.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston 7:30 a. m. 7:30 p. m.
Arrive Augusta 5:00 p. m. 6:55 a. m.

FOR COLUMBIA.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston 7:00 a. m. 8:30 p. m.
Arrive Columbia 5:50 p. m. 7:45 a. m.

FOR CHARLESTON.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Augusta 8:30 a. m. 7:40 p. m.
Arrive at Charleston 7:45 p. m. 8:00 p. m.
Leave Columbia 6:30 p. m. 8:00 p. m.
Arrive Charleston 12:15 a. m. and 6:45 a. m.

Summersville Train.
(Sundays excepted).
Leave Summersville 7:40 a. m.
Arrive at Charleston 8:15 p. m.
Leave Charleston 8:15 p. m.
Arrive Summersville 4:25 p. m.
Breakfast, Dinner and Supper at Branchville.

Camden Train.
Connect at Kingsville daily (Sundays excepted) with day passenger train to and from Charleston. Passengers from Camden to Columbia can go through without detention on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and from Columbia to Camden on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays by connection with day passenger train.

Day and night trains connect at Augusta with Georgia Railroad and Central Railroad. This route is the quickest and most direct to Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and other points in the Northwest.

Night trains for Augusta connect closely with the fast mail train via Macon and Augusta Railroad for Macon, Columbus, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and points in the Southwest. (Thirty-five hours to New Orleans.)

Day trains for Columbia connect closely with Charlotte Railroad for all points North, and time and no delays. (Forty hours to New York.)

The trains on the Greenville and Columbia and Spartanburg and Union Railroads connect closely with the train which leaves Charleston at 5:00 a. m. and returning they connect in some manner with the train which leaves Columbia for Charleston at 5:30 p. m. Laurens Railroad train connects at 5:30 p. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Blue Ridge Railroad train runs daily, connecting with up and down trains on Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

S. S. BOLMONS, Superintendent.
S. B. PICKENS, General Ticket Agent.

Savannah and Charleston Railroad Co.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 5, 1878.

On and after Monday, January 7, 1878, the trains on this Road will leave Depot of Northeastern Railroad as follows:

Fast Mail Daily.
Leave Charleston 3:15 a. m.
Arrive at Savannah 9:00 a. m.
Leave Savannah 5:00 p. m.
Arrive Charleston 11:00 p. m.

Accommodation Train, Sundays Excepted.
Leave Charleston 8:00 a. m.
Arrive at Savannah 1:30 p. m.
Leave Savannah 5:30 p. m.
Arrive Charleston 11:00 p. m.

Night Passenger, Sundays Excepted.
Leave Charleston 8:00 p. m.
Arrive at Savannah 1:30 a. m.
Leave Savannah 10:00 p. m.
Arrive Charleston 8:45 a. m.

Fast mail train will only stop at Adams Run, Yemassee, Grahamville and Montpelier. Accommodation train will stop at all stations on this road and make stops on the Port Royal and Port Royal and Charleston Railroad.

Fast mail makes connections for points in Florida and Georgia at Jacksonville, O. S. GARDNER, Eng. and Supt., S. C. BOLTON, G. P. and T. Agent.

Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad.

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 6, 1877.

The following schedule will be operated on and after this date:

Night Express Train—Daily.
GOING NORTH.
Leave Columbia 11:15 p. m.
Leave Florence 12:00 a. m.
Arrive at Wilmington 6:30 a. m.

GOING SOUTH.
Leave Wilmington 6:00 p. m.
Leave Florence 10:00 p. m.
Arrive at Columbia 1:25 a. m.

This train is a fast express, making through connections, all rail, North and South, at water line connection via Portmouth, through only at Eastover, Sumter, Timminsville, Florence, Marion, Fair Bluff, Whiteville and Wilmington.

Through Tickets sold and baggage checked at all principal points. Pullman Sleepers on night trains.

Through Night Train—Daily, except Sundays.
GOING NORTH.
Leave Columbia 6:00 p. m.
Leave Florence 11:00 p. m.
Arrive at Wilmington 12:00 a. m.

GOING SOUTH.
Leave Wilmington 2:30 p. m.
Leave Florence 8:35 a. m.
Arrive at Columbia 10:45 a. m.

Local Night Train Leaves Columbia Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only, at 6 a. m. Arrives at Florence at 8:30 p. m.

A. POPE, G. P. and T. Agent.

Speech Delivered in New York by Congressman Waddell of North Carolina.

SOLDIERS OF THE UNION, MY FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN: The man who could without misgivings occupy the position assigned me this evening would be indeed be unenviable. I frankly confess that this is to me one of the most trying, as it is the most gratifying, occasions in my experience. You ask me to select as my theme this evening "The Confederate Soldier," and the duty was as manly and generous in you as it was acceptable to me and to all those who once bore that name. Be assured that it has for them, as it should have for others, a significance which could never attach to any ordinary invitation. It is welcomed as a good omen of better days to come, as the dawning of a new era which can no longer be postponed. Now and then, but less and less frequently, demagogues, for sinister purposes, make spasmodic efforts to rekindle the dying embers of our late confederation, but public sentiment condemns all such efforts, and they will soon cease altogether. It has been carried on on both sides principally by men who, whatever else they may have shed, did not spill an alarming quantity of blood during the war, and are not recognized by their countrymen as heroes of the civil strife, but who illustrate the prophetic witticism of Gen. Scott, that after the fighting was all over the great difficulty would be in reconciling the non-combatants. Let them continue to afford us amusement now, as they excited our contempt then. The Union will probably survive it if the political career of the wordy warriors does not.

The Confederate soldier and the male citizens of the Confederate States were nearly, absolutely synonymous terms. In no other country with such a population and territory, was there ever such an approximation to universal soldierhood as was exhibited there. No other government was ever charged with "robbing the cradle and the grave" to recruit its melting armies. In the good old conservative State in which I live—and which was so averse to the conflict before it was begun—the number of soldiers exceeded the number of voters by 6,000, a fact which, I believe, is without a parallel.

There have been, and still are, very erroneous ideas as to the motives which impelled these men to take up arms. Among them was the notion that they were at heart opposed to the form of government under which they lived and longed for a more aristocratic one. The best answer to this is to be found in the fact that they adopted the constitution of the United States almost verbatim, only incorporating into it a clearer statement of the relative rights of the States and the general government, and fixing the term of the executive at six years and declaring his ineffectual to a second term. A more common, but equally erroneous, idea was that they were inspired by a fatal love of the institution of slavery, and were determined to risk everything their lives and fortunes, to perpetuate it, and great stress was laid upon the utterance attributed to a distinguished Georgian, which was a gross misrepresentation that the new government was to be founded upon slavery as its cornerstone. Yet only a small portion of the people of the South owned slaves, and I assert here now, as a fact which no Southern man will deny, that not one man in one hundred living there at that time, and perhaps not one in a thousand, would have shed one drop of his blood simply to save that institution.

I was "a good old rebel" and would describe myself if I ever denied or apologized for it before a Northern audience. I am only illustrating a sentiment which prevailed to a large extent in my State at that time and endeavoring to prove to you that slavery was not what the people of the South fought for. I recollect very well that one eccentric old gentleman, who was very much depressed by the turn which events had taken, gravely informed me in the Spring of 1861, in a discussion as to the causes of the war that in his opinion, if the truth should ever be known, a woman would be found at the bottom of the trouble. For, he said, every great struggle for the sake of Troy to the present day had originated from that cause. The old gentleman may have been wrong, but whether one of the sex set the ball in motion or not, it is very certain that they kept it rolling right lively after it started.

No, my friends, the Confederate soldier did not leave his fireside and those who were dear as life to him to go out and fight for four long, weary, terrible years for any of these things. I never heard the Confederate soldier while over his fate. Profanely may sometimes have disturbed the atmosphere a little, but it was never made sickening by any such insinuation as that the great words of Robert Lee to the surrendered remnant of his splendid army, "Human virtue should be equal to human calamity," touched the heart of the Southern people, and, as the blast of a Bessemer furnace transforms the softened metal, steered it against adversity. They went to work with the same spirit which animated them during the war, exhibiting a recuperative power at which you were amazed, and their country, then utterly desolate, smiled again with bounteous harvests, and despite every obstacle, has steadily advanced towards prosperity and power. In this material development of that portion of your country I know you have rejoiced, and many are the hard-ested ex-Confederates who have been cheered and assisted by their former enemies in their struggle with adverse fortune since the war.

There is one peculiarity about the Confederate army of which mention is seldom made, but which was very significant. It was almost entirely without sutlers. Still it managed to get along, and even to win battles. There was great anxiety among the boys, in the absence of any of their own, to get acquainted with some of yours, but it was very rare that they succeeded, for the gentlemen sought after were distant to their neighbors and did not seem to desire any new acquaintances. We didn't have any for very good reasons. In the first place there were hardly sutlers' stores enough in the country to stock a hand cart, and, if there had been, the inducement to speculate was insufficient, for nobody hankered after Confederate money, which was the only currency; and then when pay day came which occurred semi-occasionally, if a man wanted to buy anything he found that it would bankrupt his whole company to do it. You remember how disgusted you used to be when you captured one of our commissary wagons. As to clothing the man who went with a "bleed" shirt on didn't care as well as a "blighted bondholder" in a greenback campaign or a door-keeper in the present Congress. Nevertheless, a sutler is frequently a benefactor, and I should be grossly lacking in gratitude if I failed to express on behalf of the Confederate soldier, the pleasurable emotions which the recollection of those you had always excited in the heart. They are among the sweetest memories of the war.

Soldiers of the Union! I would not only be guilty of a childish neglect of duty and courtesy, but would do violence to my own feelings if I permitted this opportunity to pass without attempting to pay to the brave men who battled for the supremacy of the national authority the tribute of respect and admiration which the Confederate soldier entertains towards them. He knows what motives influenced them. He fully appreciates the patriotic spirit which inspired them. He, better than all others, can sympathize with them in all the memories which the war recalls. He knows more fully than all others how splendidly they fought, how patiently they suffered and how completely they triumphed. Conscious of his own power, he willingly acknowledges theirs, and will never consent to see them deprived of a single laurel or denied a full recognition of their services. He will vote, as he has done, to pay the living and the widows and orphans of the dead the last farthing which may be justly claimed in their behalf. He will seek no exemption from his charge, and will ask no participation in its benefits.

No, the malmed Confederate soldier will cheerfully contribute to the pension fund which gives food and raiment to the maimed Union soldier or his family, and will never ask to participate with them therein. He knows that common sense forbids the consideration of such a proposition, and, therefore, it has never occupied his mind for one moment. The restoration of his rights as an American citizen—and chief among them the right of local self-government which he now enjoys—fills the measure of his expectations if not his desires, and his only ambition now is to continue in its enjoyment and to bring back from its long exile the banished spirit of material progress and "enthroned" its permanent in his country. His destiny, under God, is in his own hands, and it is safe. Henceforward he will stand by your side in every effort to advance the honor and welfare, to erect again the prostrate industries and restore the commercial power, of the great republic. What other aspiration can he have? What possible inducement could be offered to him to act otherwise? He is your fellow citizen, living in the enjoyment of the same rights and privileges accorded to every inhabitant of this free land, and resting secure beneath the protecting folds of that glorious standard whose crimson stripes were painted with the life blood of his fathers and yours; and whenever in the future it shall be unfurled in war the Confederate soldier will be found beneath it, ready to give

Burying the Hatchet.

In the executive session of the Senate there was an interesting discussion over the nomination of John McNeill for Indian Inspector. McNeill was a general in the Union service during the war, and was in command of the disturbed districts of Missouri. When his case came up for action a Southern Senator charged that he had wantonly hung ten men. It appears that the man belonged to one of the guerrilla bands which roamed over Missouri during the war.

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, rose and objected to raking up the dead issues of the past. He said that occurrence had taken place sixteen years ago; that whether Gen. McNeill had been right or wrong, he did not wish to discuss that. So far as he was concerned he should do nothing to revive the unpleasant memories of the civil war, and that nominations and all other questions which came before the Senate should be judged and acted upon without any reference to what took place during the war.

Gen. Gordon took the same ground for Gen. Butler. He said that he, too, had gone through the war in the military service of the South, but that now he wished to keep in everlasting sleep all the bitterness of feeling and of sectional prejudice that strife.

Senator Armstrong, of Missouri, said that during the war the antagonism between the Union men and the Southern sympathizers in Missouri was unrelenting, deep-seated and irreconcilable, and Missouri was to a great extent literally a hell; but that was all past now, and he, too, deprecated any attempt to recall or perpetuate the recollections of those dark days.

These speeches produced a marked impression upon the Senate, and resulted in McNeill's confirmation.

COURAGE.—It is so easy to say, "Never give up the ship." It is so easy to hold your head up and step firmly, to laugh cheerily and have a pleasant word for everybody, when safely hedged in from sorrow and poverty, by the love of friends and a bottomless purse. When sickness passes by and knocks at some other door, when home is the one "sweet, safe corner" in all the world, when there are those who would suffer that you might go free—ah! then it is so easy to feel as if nothing could ever make you quite discouraged. This is a beautiful world, and there are lots of good things in it. Yes, many a son and daughter, a few wives and mothers, and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, who live more in the shine than in the shadow of life. But there are so many, so many more, who have to buck up their armor and spend their best heart's blood in the daily life. Such bitter trials as men and women do live through! Who can doubt that heaven sends them their fortitude? It cannot be of earth. Such strain of heart as hearts and brains do bear up under! Is it any wonder that weary hands sometimes fall despondingly, and weary heads bow discouraged? Oh, ye, whose paths are in the pleasant places! Whose faith was never tried by heaven's seeming disregard of your prayers and tears, who never knew the lack of tender home love and protection, exult in your happiness, and thank Providence. But while you drink from your cup of life such honey-sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those whose daily portions savor so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kind word and a helping hand, which cost so little, may make lighter the burdens of one now almost discouraged.

The trustworthy Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes: "President Hayes has become imbued with the idea that after all something may grow out of the movement to try his title, and that he now regards it as one of the greatest personal importance to himself that the next House of Representatives shall be republican. To this end it is asserted that no further opposition will now be made on the part of the administration to the extension of all the material aid that the campaign committee can extract from the stockholders. The authority for this is of the opinion that for political reasons there may be an attempt at denial of this statement, but he says the sequel will prove its correctness. The statement recently made by ex-Archbishop-General Barlow, of New York, who was one of the republicans visiting Florida in 1876, to the effect that Tilden was certainly entitled to Florida, has, from the clearness with which it was made, attracted much attention here. Judge Blair stated recently that every representative of the people who failed to come up to the requirements of the occasion will be found beneath it, ready to give

Primary Elections.

The convention system has its disadvantages, and does not always declare the choice of the people. The primary election plan, upon the whole, seems best adapted to the present temper and surroundings of the people, and, in a majority of the whole vote cast, will, if the voters avail themselves of their privileges, give a very fair expression of the popular will. There is one feature of the proposed system, however, that is hard to realize as truly democratic, that is the oath regulation. It is to be regretted that democrats as well as republicans have to whip themselves into the party line.—Florence Times.

A HOT SEAT.—Few men of conscientiousness and honorable fibre would consent to hold the place Hayes occupies on condition of holding it with an affectation of a sunlit equanimity like his. The executive chair would burn most men out of it, after they had been told by those who helped them into it that it honestly never was theirs. Equalism is not enough to meet the present case. The people would a great deal rather see a president a little disturbed by such startling revelations as have recently been made. A mock tranquillity of demeanor now proves either a total lack of moral principles or a prior acquaintance with what is at last brought to the light. It is an alternative from which it is next to impossible that any man fit for the presidency should not shrink.—Exchange.

QUESTIONS TO PRIMARIES.—The system provides for frequent, indeed endless, elections; for any one, who will study the plan, can readily see how wirepullers and knowing ones may easily find a pretext to make null and void any primary election and cause a new one to be ordered, and thus by repeating the process tire the people out until they refuse to attend the polls. Demagogues and political manipulators will then have the thing their own way, and the end of good government will be defeated. In our humble judgment it will be extremely dangerous to hazard the harmony and unity of the democratic party on so complicated, and therefore, objectionable, a piece of political machinery. The old plan is much less dangerous or objectionable.—Orangeburg Times.

HOW PACKARD HAS BEEN PROVIDED FOR.—Alluding to the appointment of Packard as consul to Liverpool, a Washington letter says: "This position has always been considered one of the most desirable in the gift of the government abroad. To accept it, however, necessitates the withdrawal of Mr. Packard from all participation in Louisiana politics. This is what the anti-Packard wing of the Republican party of Louisiana want, and the President himself has for some reason been anxious to get Mr. Packard out of the country, as he long ago offered him the choice of several positions in the consular and diplomatic service. But with Mr. Packard it was the Orleans consular position or nothing. As Mr. Packard is now, however, broken, not only in spirit, but in pocket, it may be with him as with the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet. Packard succeeds Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, who is transferred to the consul generalship at Paris. The salary of each consulship is \$6,000 per annum. The fees, however, are very large."

THE TELEPHONE.—There is no account extant of how the telephone acts when under fire. The destruction of the Free Press building gave the little instrument a fiery ordeal to pass through. The telephone in the editorial rooms communicates with the residence of the managing editor, Wm. E. Quinby, No. 777, Jefferson avenue, a mile and a half from the newspaper office. When the fire struck the editorial rooms, the bell at Mr. Quinby's residence began to ring violently. As the fire increased in intensity the ringing of the bell became more impetuous, pealing in gusts as the fire seemed to surge around the companion bell in the burning building. It was an emboisement of Poe's lines on "The Bells," where the rising and the quelling of the fire could be calculated by the rising and the falling of the anger of the bells. At last the clamor of the telephone bell became unbearable to the ears in the room and the bell was muffled with cotton which partly stopped the alarm. But here the strangest part of the telephone's action comes in. From the speaking tube came the roar of the sea, and it would seem that the swish of the water from the engine and the pouring of the floods from the roof could be plainly heard. The cracking of the burning timbers and at last the crash of floors and falling partitions came and every sound of the conflagration in all its insufferable details faithfully reproduced, and the sudden stoppage of all sound showed that communication was broken and the voice of the wonderful instrument stifled by the scorching flames.—Detroit Free Press.

Teachers' County Conventions.

The school teachers of the various counties of this State should at once go to work and organize a county convention. Get all your teachers together for two days, and the benefit will be invaluable. An exchange of opinions as to methods of teaching, text books, discipline and the thousand other questions pertaining to the work of the teacher would do much good in each county. These conventions will greatly assist our State Superintendent. He will be able to see all the teachers, and particularly the country teachers, and impart to them his own views and enthusiasm.

If three working teachers will get up an informal meeting, and appoint a place and time for the convention, and then see the county papers freely in writing up the convention and publishing the order of business it will be a success. These editors will do anything to help the educational interests of the State.

Should the teachers of any county desire information as to details and plans they can get it from any of the Spartanburg teachers. They have held these conventions for eight years, and would not give them up for any consideration.

CHARLES PETTY.

AN ORIGINAL IDEAL.—A gentleman residing in Camden, who generally has an opinion of his own, and who is noted for his originality, has struck upon an idea that is really novel, and for the benefit of the party we will publish it. He suggests, inasmuch as success this year should be the paramount object of every democrat, and the great number of aspirants for the offices tends to defeat the party, that every man, who is brought forward for a nomination and fails to get it, be shot; and that those who receive the nominations and fail to get elected be stayed alive. He thinks that in this way the number of candidates can be effectually reduced, and the success of the party in the next election placed beyond doubt.—Camden Journal.

TWO CHEERFUL EXPERIENCES.—The engineer of the Northeastern railroad placed a glass of water on the seat of the Pullman palace car, the other day, and carried it right through from Chicago to Omaha without losing a drop. An Omaha editor then suggested that he try some more susceptible fluid, and so the engineer set a glass of whiskey in the same place, but he hadn't got out of town on his return trip before he came in and noticed that every particle of the liquor was gone, and the bottom of the glass was dry as a chip; while just opposite sat the newspaper man who had gone along to see fair play—gloating over his victory.—Chicago Journal.

John Smith says his good brisk wife is better than a dozen telephones for practical use.

The four 100-ton guns made by Armstrong for the Italian government have been purchased by the English Admiralty. All Italy is disgusted.

A Washington correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch says it is reported that confessions are to be made in regard to the frauds in South Carolina. Where is the man with a quickened conscience.

Charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon the burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions.

Lord Beaconsfield recently wrote to a gentleman in Birmingham that the English military preparations were actually necessary, war or no war, as the tenure of India was directly involved through the strong foothold gained by Russia in Turkey.

Lord Dudley was one of the most absent-minded men ever met in society. One day he met Sydney Smith in the street, and invited him to dine with him, "and I will invite Sydney Smith to meet you," he said. "Thanks," said Smith, "but I am engaged to meet him elsewhere."

A young gentleman saved his life by an act of politeness. The steamboat Magenta being crowded with passengers a young man gave his seat to an old gentleman and then went forward. In less than three minutes the boiler blew up and the old gentleman was killed.

A convicted Texas murderer, in his confession, opens in this style: "I scratched you a few lines to let you know that I still float through the gentle breezes of misery; but according to the decision of the appellate court, I guess it is about 'pea time' with me, but then we must bear our misfortunes in this world like men."

Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you will add a little every day. Do not wait for a long period of leisure. Pick up the book and gain one new idea, if not more. Save that one and add another as soon as you can. Boys the old book.

Miscellaneous Items.

The times are hard—everybody says so—but the wages of sin have not been cut down.

A man can profess more religion in fifty minutes than he can practice by working hard for fifty years.

A pupil being asked to name the bones in the head answered: "I have them all in my head, but cannot give them."

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

An elderly maiden lady, hearing for the first time that matches were made in heaven, declared that she didn't care a straw how soon she left this sinful world for a better land.

A schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender: "He serves you in the present tense; he lends in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future."

A young lawyer, who had been admitted about a year, was asked by a friend, "How do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a deep sigh to suit the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

Bashful lover: "Ah, unless, I—I want to see your father. I've some important matters to propose to him." Benevolent young lady: "Well, I'm sorry father is not in—but can't you make the proposal to me?" The wedding cards soon followed.

A Kansas schoolmarm has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gives permission to her. As a result the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

He appeared to be almost gone. Rolling his eyes toward the partner of his bosom, he gasped: "Bury me 'neath the weeping willow; plant a simple white rose above my head." "Oh, it's no use," she snapped out. "Your nose would scorch the roots." He got well.

Lawyer—How do you identify this handkerchief? Witness—By its general appearance and the fact that I have others like it. Counsel—That's no proof, for I have got one just like it in my pocket. Witness—I don't doubt that, as I have had more than one of the same sort stolen.

They had been engaged for a long time, and one evening were reading together. "Look, love," he exclaimed: "Only \$15 for a split of clothes!" "Is it a fitting suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he answered, "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.

After the election of Mr. Wilberforce for Hull, his sister promised the accomplishment of a new dress for the wife of every freeman who had voted for her brother. At this she was saluted with the cry: "Miss Wilberforce for ever." But she smilingly observed: "Thank you, gentlemen; but I really cannot agree with you; I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever."

A Baltimore firm recently received more than one thousand ounces of green tea leaves raised by Dr. A. M. Forster, of Georgetown, S. C., with directions to have them cured in the proper way, so as to secure a fair specimen of native tea. Specimens of the tea were exhibited in Washington a few days ago, and were so fine as to deceive one of the largest tea dealers in the city.

Two Germans, fresh from Cincinnati, visited New York, and one, well acquainted with the city, invited his friend to Delmonico's, where a dinner for two and a bottle of wine was ordered. The place and fare were praised until the bill of \$11 was presented. This they considered an extortion. They paid, however, and while walking down Broadway the excited German commenced to swear at the supposed extortion. His friend then said, "Do not swear, yawcock. It is wicked to swear. God has punished dotards like Delmonico. I have nice pocket full mit spoons."—Philadelphia Herald.

A taster in Eureka, Nevada, persisted in using a particularly vicious mule, and for the following reason: "I used to have a sweetheart back in Hungary that I was awful good on, and this year mule has so many plucks I reckon that my heart just yearns over her. She was as lively as a cat, ever ran barefooted in a snow storm, she were too obstinate to admit of health. She'd look you right smiling in the eye, and you'd think that was more sugar in her boot than in a lemon meringue. Her name was Jenny, and I laid yer hands on her once, she'd kick the bucket and be in less than a minute. She was a way with that mule; she was out of her mind."