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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 on only one side of the page.
4. All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

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THE PEOPLE.

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AND NOW COMES AUTUMN.

And now comes Autumn—artist bold and free. Following rich in brightest tints that be. And with a skill that only nature gives. Paints a vast landscape wondrously alive. Over the mountain tops of gold he throws. Turns the ash purple, crimson, and the scarlet flows.

ARABI'S EARLY HISTORY.

It is worth while, I think, to give you readers a connected and truthful history of the early years of Arabi Pasha's life, since so many improbable things have been printed about him in Europe. He has been set down for a native of Spain, and been declared to have lived in the Peninsula, while he has even been said to have served in the warehouse of a merchant in Liverpool. Whence he came and how he rose are, however, as I shall relate in this letter, Arabi admits that he does not know in what year he was born, and although this may appear singular to the English mind, it is easily and satisfactorily explained by Oriental custom.

Up to this time Major Arabi was unknown to Europe. In fact, his name had never been mentioned, but now he holds a position of honor in the ranks of the British General. The management of the post-office, custom-house, inland revenue, and port duties, and every source of revenue, was handed over to these foreigners, to the exclusion of natives, thousands of whom were dismissed from the service, and, as was to be expected, joined Arabi's party.

On the very day upon which he received his commission of Colonel, which was a great honor, he was ordered to hold a review of the troops in Cairo, which was attended by thousands of the inhabitants. He told the troops that he was inspired by the Prophet to fulfill a holy mission, the motto of which was "Egypt for the Egyptians," and that he would see the British General's standard in the hands of the Egyptians.

Arabi Pasha remained a private soldier for over twenty years, and was only promoted to the rank of Lieutenant through the influence of M. Ninet, whom he met accidentally at Thebes, where he resided in the house of some British soldiers. This was the turning-point in Arabi's life. Gratitude is a great virtue among Arabs, and he became, so to speak, the slave of M. Ninet. This gentleman soon after the eyes were damaged by the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha, because he was known to have been the only surviving son of Mehmet Ali, and from whom Ismail had practically usurped the throne. M. Ninet had professed against the wrong done to Halim, and actually went to Constantinople in hope of persuading the Sultan to reinstate him, but to no effect. M. Ninet returned to Egypt and has ever since acted as Halim Pasha's secret agent, and the eventual period through which Egypt is now going is due very largely to his intrigues. He is seventy-two years old, but looks remarkably young for his age; he has handsome and commanding appearance, and having lived all his life in the country, knows the language and people well. He is known and respected by the majority of the natives, over whom he has an enormous influence, and he is, after Arabi Pasha, the most noteworthy man of the revolutionary party. Lieutenant Arabi was devoted to Ninet, and the latter not only persuaded him to espouse Halim Pasha's cause, but used him also as an intermediary in getting other officers to do the same. He saw that if anything was to be done it could only be done through the army, and the only way of getting at the army was through Arabi. Rumors were ingeniously spread that this officer was inspired by the Prophet, and this had such an effect upon the army and the people that the Government thought it wise policy to promote him. He was therefore, gazetted a Major. M. Ninet, when in Alexandria, lived with Mr. Douglas Gibbs, the agent of the Eastern Telegraph Company, but when in Cairo was the guest of the Princess Toussoum, who favors Halim. The Princess's palace soon became the rendezvous of Arabi, Ninet, and their followers.

The great point was to enlist the sympathies of the lower classes, and this could only be done through the press, but how and where to print this revolutionary paper was a matter for serious consideration. It was attempted once or twice in Cairo, but the enterprise was discovered by the secret police, and all who were proved to have any connection with it were severely punished. It was then resolved to issue the paper at a place where the Princess Toussoum provided the necessary funds. The paper was called "The People," and was printed by James Scaus, of No. 48 Avenue de Clichy, Paris, and was smuggled into Egypt, tightly packed in several boxes. Once in the hands of the revolutionary, or Young Egypt party, it was widely distributed. It was written in common Arabic, so as to be understood by the people, and contained wood-cuts which to us would appear ridiculous, but which have had a great effect on the multitude. One represented the Khedive in the act of being baptized by an English clergyman; in another he was selling the country (a slave in chains) to England; and in another the Khedive's oldest son (the present Khedive) was represented as falling from his horse while reviewing his troops—such an accident being, of course, highly disgraceful to Arabi. The papers were eagerly sought by Arabi's partisans, and did not fail to produce the desired effect; but as only nine per cent. of the villagers could not read emissaries were sent all over the country, traveling from village to village, where they eagerly listened to promises of free grants of land, exemption from taxation and from the dread military service, if they would only possible source of revenue to the bondholders, and what he did with the money will never be known. The tax-payers refused to pay the extortionate sums demanded of them; the interest on the foreign loans could not, consequently, be paid, and, to the delight of Arabi's party, England and France semi-officially interfered. Pressure was put on the Khedive, who foolishly allowed all the high positions of trust to be filled by men sent from the English and French Foreign Offices. The management of the post-office, custom-house, inland revenue, and port duties, and every source of revenue, was handed over to these foreigners, to the exclusion of natives, thousands of whom were dismissed from the service, and, as was to be expected, joined Arabi's party.

Fashions in Cigars.

"How will you have your cigars—rythical, colorful, or is it flavor that you want?" "Are there styles and fashions in cigars?" "To be sure," the tobacco man replied. "Fashions and styles change in cigars even more than they do in dresses. The judges of a really good cigar are very few, indeed. The average smoker buys a cigar through his eyes. Now, here is one," taking it from a glittering show-case, "that sells for five cents. You will notice that it is rich, dark, glossy and handsome. It has no quality, but a smoker is satisfied with it because it looks well, and sticks in his mouth. It serves the purpose of a twenty-cent cigar. I remember when it was fashionable to smoke light-colored cigars, Claro or Colorado, as they are known in the trade, but now everybody wants dark, colorful goods. This has led to the use of coloring extracts, and the demands of the manufacturer and retailer of merchandise in the trade. It shapes the cigar manufacturers are controlled by mold-makers, who, in order to stimulate their business, are as inexorable in their season's changes as are the makers of hatters' blocks. Cigars are pressed into wooden molds before the wrapper is put on, and, according to the mold, the cigar is turned out to be thick or thin, dumpy, pointed at end or entirely round. Smokers, as I said before, are attracted by appearance, and some shapes become very popular and have a great run; others don't take at all, and then the mold-makers get up another shape. As for quality, it is simply a matter of taste. Some men actually prefer the taste of a nickel cigar, just as an Irishman will cling to his clay pipe and 'nigger head.' But it is a curious fact that if a smoker once inhales the flavor of a fine cigar he loses all taste for a cheaper article.

"Yes, people are gradually becoming educated in the matter of taste, and the market for nickel cigars is not so constantly recruited from boy cigarette smokers. Last year the consumption of cigarettes was 14,000,000 in this country, but this year before the end of the season it is estimated that 18,000,000 will be sold. The market for cigars is also showing signs of improvement. A good workman gets \$4.00 per 1,000 for making a fine cigar, and can turn out from 500 to 750 cigars a day.

"Tobacco is a peculiar plant. Every leaf differs. The more tender the leaf the sweeter the tobacco. No machinery has yet been perfected to supplant the skillful manipulation of the human hand, although there have been numerous attempts to make cigars by machinery. The wrapper is made of paper, and is called a leaf and the binder, which is called a sheet, and the wrapper. The wrapper is not the thickest part of a cigar, and yet it is the part which imparts flavor to the whole. A bad wrapper will spoil the filler and binder, while a good wrapper put on a poor tobacco will make a good cigar. The wrapper is made of a fine tobacco grown on the island of Sumatra, into the market has lately come a great variety of the same. This tobacco is grown under the direction of a wealthy Dutch syndicate at Amsterdam, which employs coolies to raise tobacco on their possessions in the East Indies. The tobacco has only been in the market two years, and it is already famous for the fact that the importations of it have increased at the rate of 100 per cent. a year. In 1874 the total tobacco product of the island of Sumatra was only 96,463 pounds. Last month 147,224 pounds alone were brought to New York. The Sumatra leaf is cured so well, and is so glossy and handsome in appearance, that cigar-makers eagerly take it. Its quality is very poor, but since four pounds of it will cover 1,000 cigars, where twelve pounds of seed or domestic are ordinarily used, it is much cheaper to use Sumatra tobacco where appearance only is considered, notwithstanding its duty of thirty-five cents a pound and ten per cent. ad valorem. Cigar manufacturers say that American growers of tobacco have become very careless in the cultivation of their tobacco crops. It requires one year of curing before the crop is ready for the market, and the '80' and '81 crops have been found so poor that in self defense the handsome Sumatran stranger has been given the preference. Lately the Tariff Commission, while at Long Branch, heard arguments for the suppression of this imported tobacco by placing on an additional fifty per cent., or 100 per cent. ad valorem duty. Cigar manufacturers aver that they prefer to use Pennsylvania or Connecticut tobacco if they can get it for use in cigars. The native leaf, they say, has the quality, but it is poorly cured and of bad color. The spring of colors of Sumatra tobacco is graded with the most perfect nicety. There are, for instance, thirty-three shades of brown, comprising dark red, pink, and middle brown, and light and dark yellow. It is the nice arrangement of colors which causes the Sumatra tobacco to be preferred, and it is said that American growers might take a valuable lesson from the care and skill which characterize the coolie labor."—N. Y. Sun.

"The new opera-house in Frankfurt-on-the-Main illustrates the manner in which electricity enters into the conveniences of daily life. It there serves as a fire alarm, a door-closer, a heat indicator, a life insurance for the ventrator, a general illuminator and a time keeper for the orchestra.

"—Even when the course of true love does run smooth, so weak and contrary is human nature that the jealous swain is apt to plague his mind with imaginary perils, as the following correspondence will show. His belief:—"If you should desert me doest may I believe I would do like Jones throw myself overboard and be swallowed by a whale. Her suggestion:—"That would be very foolish. Remember that Jones only stayed down a short time. Alligators have stronger stomachs than whales. Try an Alligator."—Brookings Spec.

Forestry.

A fearful waste of timber has been going on for years, for centuries even, in some parts of our land, and the demand is annually growing larger as manufacturing increase. Until within a few years past, while individuals deplored the havoc that was going on and pointed out the disastrous changes which the destruction of the forests would effect on climate and streams, nothing was done to check the useless consumption of timber, or to replace that which had been cut down. The decline of farming and the introduction of coal as fuel have indeed proved a help to the woods of New England, and perhaps other localities. There is more forest land in some districts than there was thirty years ago, but this condition of things is exceptional.

Recently some States have passed laws for forest protection, and the appreciation of shade trees as an ornament to our cities and villages is increasing. Hence the Planters' Day, which has received the sanction of our State authorities. But much more must be done both in the way of checking destruction and in the encouragement of planting and replanting. The woods which have proved such a source of revenue to some districts of the West are fast disappearing before the demands of the manufacturer and builder, and heavy inroads are making on the rich supplies of the South. It is high time for sober counsel and the initiation of thoughtful conservative processes. Few people are aware of the extent of the consumption that is constantly going on. Leaving out of consideration the demands of the manufacturer and farmer, 100,000 cords of soft wood are annually worked up into shoe pegs; 300,000 cubic feet of pine are converted into matches; laets, and boot trees, and tool handles require the use of 1,000,000 cords of birch, beech, and maple, and in burning the bricks which are to replace frame structures 3,000,000 cords of wood are burned every year. Nearly 1,000,000 trees have already been made into telegraph poles, and 500,000 new poles are put up annually. The relations of the existing supply to consumption have been accurately calculated, and it is safe to say that unless economy is practiced or the amount of work cut down, the time is not far distant when the wood will be very high and very scarce.

There is need, therefore, of careful discussion and judicious legislation. Not the builder and manufacturer are not the only persons concerned in the matter. Tobacco countries are especially liable to forest destruction. The leaf tobacco in Louisiana, for example, is largely transmissible to the destruction of the forests. Five long ago destroyed the trees in the far West as they have more recently ravaged the heavily timbered counties of Michigan. These species must be taken into account in the legislation of the States. The States have done well in encouraging tree planting by bounty and by the free transportation of trees. What is needed is a national and permanent law that will see to it that the waste that has so long and widely been going on, but we may hasten the resources that still remain, and insure to coming generations a continuance of the blessings we have enjoyed. —Chesnut Gazette.

Early Fattening of Animals. It is quite as important to fatten and market economically the animal products of the farm as it is to raise them. A pound of beef, pork or mutton in September or October, when the ration must go to a larger part of the ration, must go to keep up animal heat. There is no slight of hand in laying fat upon an animal's body. It must come out of good, honest food in the ration feed. The secret of early fattening is in the use of the best use of all the fattening articles of food, while there is enough of green food to sharpen the appetite and keep up good digestion, especially sweet corn, an excellent article in the rations, to be fed in connection with corn and other rations. We have never seen pork made more rapidly than with this kind of feeding. It will be safe to feed all that the swine will eat up clean, and so more. Slack up the feed a little when anything is left in the trough. The pigs will grow so fast that one can afford to linger by the sty a few minutes, once in a day, to see the fat accumulate. Corn is high this season, and we want to make the best use of it. The best poultrymen we know begin to give extra feed in September, when they mean to kill in November. The Thanksgiving market is pretty sure to be a good one, and brings ready cash. The small potatoes, boiled and mixed with Indian meal and hot water, make an excellent feed for turkeys and other poultry. This favors growth as well as fattening. The rations of corn and other grain, unground, may be reserved to the last few weeks of life. Turkeys should have their liberty all through the extra feeding. Some poultrymen shut up their geese and ducks, but we doubt the economy of this method. With a good run they will have a greater variety of food, and thrive better with an access to a pasture with pond or brook, while they are receiving full feed for market. All that the fattening animals will eat up clean is a good rule for the last month of feeding. —Agriculturist.

The Head Waiter. Oh, no, my son, that dignified gentleman who looks down upon you with such majestic complacency, who possesses the grace of Apollo Belvidere, the proud front of Jove and the equanimity of the mummified remains of Rameses the First—that sublime personage, my son, is not an Emperor, King, Prince or President of some powerful nation, neither is he the owner of countless millions, nor the landlord of the caravansary. He is far above all thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers. He is mightiest in the mightiest. Look at him! My son, when he returns to his room, he shrinks into nothingness before his transcendent grandeur and—check.— Boston Transcript.

Accumulated Horrors.

Since electric lights have come into use several persons in different parts of the country have been killed by the contact of the "missing link" between the two poles of the battery. We would not wish to cause unnecessary alarm, but in seeking to warn the public against the wrath to come, if this thing keeps on, we can only feel that we are discharging a solemn duty. Accidents have been few hitherto because this high-pressure ninety-eight per cent. electricity is only in its infancy, and the people are careful about it. But as it comes into more general use, it will be an old story, and people who place their ear to a telephone are liable to have their ear blown off and walk lop-sided the rest of their lives. Another new thing is about to come into use, water gas. At Appleton they are even now using hydrogen gas, made out of water, and it is only a question of time when oil, coal, wood and coal-gas will be done away with and every house contain a machine by which warmth and light will be supplied by simply turning on the hydrant. Water, it has long been known, is composed of two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen, and a method has now been devised by which these elements are disintegrated, the oxygen driven off about its business and the hydrogen placed on file for future reference. Now, when all these explosive and shocking things are aggregated under one mammoth pavilion, in a house or hotel, and a hired girl who is a little rusty on her knowledge of chemistry and electricity goes plunging around among the pots, kettles and pans, bouncing the hillyow bed and pitching the dyspeptic biscuit on a curve, there is going to be trouble. When that time comes, a horse with all the modern improvements, with sixty-four stops, with nothing more or less than a chamber of horrors. But that is what is coming to us. Country people are even now getting afraid to come to the city, as they feel that they can not be sure of themselves. There are fire bells, church bells, bridge bells, street car bells and whistles, bug whistles, fog horns, the steam whistles, and every body on the keen scent, and when their heads begin to swim and they seek the seclusion that a hotel grants, there are telephone wires, telegraph wires, electric light wires, gas retorts, magnetic buttons of a half dozen kinds, and the result is, they get lost. Reason begins to totter, and they grow dizzy, way to the sample room and take a drink. They would feel safer in a powder factory smoking a burlesque cigar, but the hotel proprietor does not provide this convenience for the comfort of his guests. And so, fortified by an occasional drink, they trundle their baggage up some stair, and for some reason or other get into a grand staircase how they once passed a whole day and night in a first-class hotel.

Spending her summer in a remote country place, she is tempted daily by a thousand dainty lasses and wags to visit the city of her friends. On the evening day on which she makes her first attempt, our young lady stands before her glass, contemplating with considerable satisfaction the broad and business-looking, her trim figure, and the soft felt hat, whose long plume droops against her hair, which she has been so careful to arrange in the most perfect manner, and she is so pleased with the result of her own efforts, that she is about to go to bed, when she is reminded by the sound of the door that some one is in the room. She opens the door, and lo! there stands a man in a riding-whip. She sees, in the privacy of her chamber, perches sideways on the arm of a big easy-chair, and energetically whips the footman, who is looking at her with the air of a man who has just been told that he is a horse.

At last some one cries from the hall below that the horses have come, and she hastens down stairs. She stumbles once or twice on the way, and at the last step catches her foot in her dress and plunges headlong, only raised from a fall by one of the members of the household, who is, of course, present to see her off.

Regarding her balance, she advances more cautiously and inspects her steed. She is not wholly satisfied. It is true that she requested a quiet animal, but there are degrees of quietness, and she would have been content to stop short of absolute dejection. She conceals her disappointment, however, and wonders how she is to get on the animal's back. The good-natured stable-man, who is to accompany her, has dismounted, but does not show the slightest intention of offering his hand for her to put her foot in, according to all traditions of the courtesies of horsemanship. There is a pause. Some one suggests that she better have a stool. Her soul revolts at the thought. Nevertheless the stool is brought, and from its summit she makes a desperate leap for the other side. A clutch at the mane of her steed saves her, however, and in another moment they are off.

Her sensations are peculiar. She never knew before that a horse was so tall. How very tall the animal! She was not aware that he had such a longitude of backbone, or that it heaved so when he walked. She has not long to reflect on those marvels, for presently her companion chirrup, and the animal she is on starts into a trot. She gasps, clutches her saddle and bids good-bye to earth. When she returns to her country home an hour later, she is pale but effusively cheerful, and tells her friends it was "perfectly lovely," but she thinks she shall like it better when she is used to it. The next day she spends upon the sofa in the house with a novel, and she smiles a faint but bitter smile, when she reads that the heroines of the novel "ride had her black mare lightly with the whip, and took a five-barred gate with the fearless ease of a practiced horseman." —Youth's Companion.

Good Qualities.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage. —A Nevada woman, if she happens to be feeling just right, can gain thirty-five foot on a bear in a race of an even mile. —A Hartford firm has turned out a belt four feet wide and ninety six feet long, and a woman with a waist fit it can secure a bargain. —Detroit Free Press. —There is not in all China a native surgeon who can set a broken leg or arm. People in that country are supposed to break their necks when they meet with an accident. —Detroit Free Press. —"A constant reader" makes inquiry as to the authorship of "Patience." As in the case of the letters of "Janus" and the poem on "The Beautiful Snow," the author's name is not positively known, but it has generally been attributed to Job. —Courier-Journal. —A girl from Cincinnati kept a growing fat, as a strain. Though she died on the table. For a week. In rain she tried to scold. All the school notices she had. Stop her tears. —Baltimore American.

A New York belle met with a sad while returning from a summer resort the other day. By some means her diary, containing the names of all the gentlemen she had become engaged to, dropped out of the car window, and now she can't tell which of her male friends have a right to kiss her. —While a tourist was in Palestine he took a sail on the Sea of Galilee. After visiting the different places of interest he returned to the landing, and asked: "How much for the trip?" "Ten shahs," responded the smiling boatman. "Ten shahs!" said the tourist, "why that is an outrageous price." "Why," replied the skipper, "that's what they've been paying ever since the sea was here." "Thunder!" growled the voyager. "I don't wonder that Peter tried to walk it." —How are the colored voters coming on, out on Union Creek? "asked an Austin candidate of a darky with a good deal of hair, "they're a heap of all right, but they're not coming to the polls." "What is it, mister?" "I reckon dat's de name of de state. He says you'll want to get from de druggy shop." "What shall you say to 'em?" "I'll tell 'em a white man can out-act any of 'em in de watermelon." —Tues. Dispatch. —A scientist says: "Supposition is a process leading ever to separate, while truth leads to bring together like words, and makes distinctions. The imagination, on the other hand, is a process leading to the union of the separate, and the imagination is in its nature to the union of the separate in the process of the faculty. And yet some persons may doubt it." —Narrative Herald.

FOREIGN GOSSIP. —The gold has been mined in England since the 13th of July, 1881. —The Victoria Cross is a special decoration for personal valor under fire in the British army, and, though it has occasionally been won by a lady, has never yet fallen to a princess of the blood. —It will be fifty years since December 25th, 1832, when Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament, and his friends propose to celebrate the event as a jubilee. He was first returned to Parliament Dec. 12, 1832, and has been a member of every British Parliament since that time. —The officer of the Sultan's body-guard cut out the tongue of a boatman the other day because he charged him with keeping back part of his pay and said he would get it from him in the day of judgment. The officer boasted of his cruelty, expecting his rank to save him, but the Sultan ordered him to be punished "just like any other man."

—Lord Tollenbach, who has great estates in Suffolk and Cheshire, seems to have solved the agricultural laborer difficulty. The laborer on his properties has excellent cottages, with half-acre gardens (the women do a good deal of the garden work), and three years ago, out of 300 cottages, 280 had cows. Now nearly all have cows. —On visiting a session of Parliament King Oetaway was disappointed at not seeing Mr. Gladstone in paint and feathers; thought he ought to hold the Speaker's mace and read the Home Billers on the bench, with it when they celebrated proceedings; and when the ladies in the gallery were the Speaker's wives; that the Speaker's chair was the throne, and the Speaker's big white horse-hair wig was that official's own hair. —The great earthquake record of Malles' catalogues between 6,000 and 7,000 earthquakes between the years 1606 B. C. and A. D. 1842. Probably the most memorable of those is the terrible earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755. With scarcely a moment of warning rumble, a violent shock came which overturned the city, and in six minutes 60,000 persons had perished, and a portion of the town was permanently engulfed at a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the bay. The shock was felt with greater or less severity over a great area extending from the Baltic to the West Indies, and from Canada to Algeria. Humboldt estimates that a portion of the earth's surface equal to four times the size of Europe was affected.

"I declare, Julia," exclaimed Mrs. Marrowit, as her eldest daughter seated herself at the breakfast-table, "your lips are all bro' out in a rash." "Yes," returned Julia, with beautiful candor, and a heightened color that looked as if the rash was spreading all over her face. "Cherry lips bro' out in a rash." —Brookings Spec.