

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

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. NO. 31.

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883.

\$2 a Year.

Rates of Advertisements. One inch, one insertion... Quarterly, semi-annual or yearly... No communication will be published unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

DR. J. H. E. MILHOUS, DENTAL SURGEON, BLACKVILLE, S. C. Office near his residence on R. R. Avenue.

Patients will find it more comfortable to have their work done at the office, as he has a good Dental Chair, good light, and the most improved appliances. He should be informed several days previous to their coming to prevent any disappointment—though generally he will be found at his office on Saturdays.

DR. B. J. QUATTLEBAUM, SURGEON DENTIST, WILLISTON, S. C. Office over Capt. W. H. Kennedy's store.

Operations can be more satisfactorily performed at his residence, which are supplied with all the latest approved appliances, these at the residences of patients.

DR. J. RYERSON SMITH, Operative and Mechanical Dentist, WILLISTON, S. C. Will attend calls throughout this and adjacent counties.

HEMME'S RESTAURANT, 238 King Street, Opposite Academy of Music, CHARLESTON, S. C. Rooms to let at 50 cents a night.

CHARLES C. LESLIE, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fish, Game, Lobsters, Turtles, Terrapins, Oysters, Etc. Etc.

J. A. PATTERSON, Surgeon Dentist, Office at the Barnwell Court House.

ROBT. D. WHITE, M A R B L E -AND- GRANITE WORKS, MEETING STREET, (Corner Horlbeck's Alley.) CHARLESTON, S. C.

OTTO TIEDEMAN & SONS, -WHOLESALE- Grocers and Provision Dealers, 102 and 104 East Bay Street, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Devereux & Co., -DELLERS IN- Lime, Cement, Laths, Plaster, Hair, Slate and Marble Mantles, CHARLESTON, S. C.

THOS. MCG. CARR, FASHIONABLE Shaving and Hair Dressing Saloon, 114 Market Street, CHARLESTON, S. C.

TRY CAROLINA TOLU TONIC! THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., AND GENERAL DEBILITY. SURE CURE FOR Malaria and Dyspepsia IN ALL ITS STAGES.

H. BISCHOFF & CO., Charleston, S. C. Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors

GEOGRAPHICAL.

"Now, in a Chill tone she said, 'I will be Frank; 'tis true, Although you are brilliant catch, I do not care for you.'"

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

CLIPPED FROM THE HUMOROUS PAPERS THIS WEEK.

THOUGHTS ABOUT POTTERY. The Haukeye philosopher says: Verily, the potter hath power over the clay.

He is independent and runs his own living. He is a base ball star, and makes a better pitcher than the "old Nolan."

He believes in human equality, and thinks the law should make claymen the equals of the clergy.

"Who breaks, pays," must have been originated by the potter. Although in these perilous times, it is more likely to read, "who pays, breaks."

A potter is the place where they make pots, but not Jack pots, by a long chalk. The potters make all things of clay, but this does not make crazy of them, by any means.

This thing may seem to be running into the ground. That's where it has to go, to get the raw material.

DENVER TRIBUNE FABLES. A CHILD Awakened from his Sleep in the Dead of Night, cried out to his Mammy in affliction: "Oh, mamma," said the Child, "I saw a Big Kitty at the Window."

A Dog and his Tail fell into a Dispute as to which should Wag the Other. An itinerant Wasp passing that Way casually remarked: "Speaking of Tails reminds me that I Possess one which may possibly be influential enough to Wag you Both."

A CHILD who had a Mild type of the Measles invited a number of her Acquaintances to a Party. Producing from the Pantry a Bowl of Sweetmeats, she said: "Behold now an Act of Generosity. I will Take the Sweetmeats, and you, Unless you immediately Take your Departure, will Take the Measles."

A PRECOCOUS Boy was once afflicted with a Boil in that Locality of the Anatomy which is seldom mentioned in Polite society. To him a Playmate addressed Words of Condolence. "Oh," replied the Precocious Boy, "I'm not so Powerful bad off After all. This boil has taught me, in its Quiet, unobtrusive way, what Mantel-Pieces were Made for, so you yourself shall Learn if you will Stay and See me Eat my Supper."

When I saw her first, I noticed with great satisfaction that a fall of pretty lace covered her maided hand, and that "Big Charlie" under his rough husk, held a real reverence and affection for her.

A BOY will go in swimming and fool around the water for hours together; but when told to wash his face he will have almost a hydrophobic dread of half a pint of water.

INQUIRE—No; that mysterious "Pale Prophet" of the South is not a weather prophet.—Boston Post.

Now is a good time to acquire you wife.

A VERMONT MYSTERY.

How a Great Journalistic War Had its Origin a Few Years Ago.

Speak to a gray-haired Vermont farmer of the "Masonic times," and you touch the greatest political excitement of his life.

Some of the whig capitalists saw more noise, while in the anti-slavery struggle there was the great depth of purpose, but in heat and bitterness nothing else political parties existed has equalled the contests following the Morgan abduction.

A belief that the great secret society was acting in public affairs, to manage government, protect criminals and what not, caused the forming of a distinct and a Masonic party, to which members of the order and outsiders who held a contrary opinion—these last derisively called "jack masons"—were opposed, and the fight became so hot that all other political questions were quite lost sight of, and it could almost be said, that every manated personally each individual on the other side.

And at this time there was a local "mystery," only less remarkable in the development than the one in which Thurlow Weed was so much interested, and a curious chapter in political history it makes.

The story has never been fully told since the occurrences, and is now worth recalling.

Joseph Burnham, a middle-aged farmer of the town of Woodstock, was convicted two or three years before Morgan's disappearance, and sentenced to a term in the State Prison at Windsor.

The woman who made the charge had a bad character, many believed the man innocent, and a strong effort was made to get him pardoned, headed by his son George, who lived in New York City; but while this work was in progress, October 16, 1826, Burnham died in prison. His body was delivered to the town, George, two days and buried.

There is no doubt that those are the facts. But soon after the death there came a rumor that a man named Lyman Mower, who once lived in Woodstock and knew Burnham there, had seen him in New York City, and well, going by the name of Patrick Dolan. The matter attracted very little attention until the rising of the excitement following Morgan's disappearance, two or three years later, when the old story came up in a most unaccountable way as a Masonic outrage.

Burnham was a Mason, the superintendent of the prison, the physician in charge and some other officers, as well as George, the son, were Masons, and the belief gained ground that the prisoner had feigned death and been allowed to escape by the prison officials, while the body of some other person was buried by his friends as a blind. And in the popular excitement of the time this matter assumed a degree of importance which now seems incredible in view of the slender evidence upon which the case rested—the reported statement of Mower, who was known to be an unreliable man. The story, however, grew and grew until in the summer of 1829 it was taken up by the newspapers and a journalistic war ensued, the like of which was never seen in Vermont before or since.

In the midst of this Mower published an affidavit setting forth that he saw Burnham in New York in the fall of 1828, and that in 1828 he had met and talked with him often.

A man named Cutler also made affidavit that he saw Burnham in New York in July of the current year, and these statements, with whispers of some pending developments about the prison, fairly created popular fury. In October the Woodstock selectmen ordered the disinterment of Burnham's remains for identification. The body was exhumed, but could not be identified with certainty, and a few days later the operation was repeated in the presence of a large crowd, but with no better result. But at the same time the matter was taken to the Legislature, as the conduct of State officials was involved, and then the truth was established. A legislative committee went to New York and offered Mower \$500 if he would produce Burnham in Vermont, and guaranteed a pardon for the latter. Thereupon the whole thing fell through.

Patrick Dolan was found, and it seemed that Mower had known him perfectly well for several years and could not possibly have been mistaken as he then said he was. The most probable explanation of the whole matter is—that some semblance which Dolan bore to Burnham led Mower to make a thoughtless remark, which was magnified in going to Vermont, that as the excitement rose he lied deliberately from love of mischief and notoriety. The committee's report was published in the newspapers, and the controversy died out, but still so many stories had been circulated and such an issue made of the matter that to this day many persons believe that Jo Burnham was let out of prison alive by fellow-Masons.

A PHILADELPHIAN, detained by business, spent a recent Sunday in Baltimore. In the evening he went into a saloon and took a drink, several men who were present drinking with him. The next morning he was astonished by a summons to appear before the Grand Jury as a witness to prove that the saloon-keeper had violated the Sunday law. He acknowledged that he had drunk in the place named, and when asked if others were present, promptly pointed out two of the jurymen as his chance companions of the night before. "That will do," interrupted the foreman hastily, "that will do, you can go home," and the Philadelphia was politely escorted to the door by a bailiff.

WOULD HAVE HIS WAY.—The cause of Julius Goldsmith's first attempt at suicide, in San Francisco, was the refusal of a girl to marry him. His life was saved, and impressed by the proof of his affection, the woman changed her mind and became his wife. But still he was not happy. On three occasions in a year he took doses of laudanum, and the last one was fatal.

INQUIRE—No; that mysterious "Pale Prophet" of the South is not a weather prophet.—Boston Post.

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OVER THE WIRES.

Edison's Experiences as a Telegrapher and How He Beat the Boys.

"What were the real facts of that Boston experience you had in fast receiving a good many years ago?" Mr. Edison was asked.

"Let me see; that was in 1838. I had been working in Louisville, Ky., a couple of years, and went from there to Michigan. A friend named Adams got me a place here in Boston, and I came over, arriving here about 4.30 o'clock, and had to go to work at 5.30 o'clock. Although it was the middle of winter I came into the "Joe with a linen duster on, for I was very poor then. A fellow named Jack Wright, who knew me out West, thought to have some fun, so he posted the office and had New York put on an operator named Bagley at their end of the line, with a special of 800 words to the Journal. He had had my end switched to a table about the middle of the room, near the manager's desk. Not suspecting anything, I sat down and commenced taking it. Soon Bagley commenced to "whoop 'em up," and, although I was accustomed to keep six or eight words behind in copying, I thought it best to close up, especially as he commenced to send some awful sticking stuff, making 's of his m's and contracting his words, sending 'im, for instance, for 'immediately,' I having to write it out in full. Happening to look up, I noticed fifteen or twenty operators grinning behind me. Then I saw it was a 'put-up job,' and my blood got up and I determined I would not break. Operators in New York asked over other wires if I was getting it, and would hardly believe the replies. When I thought he had reached the top of his speed I opened my key and said: 'Don't go to sleep; shake yourself and hurry through this!'

"The way I managed it was this: I had practiced all kinds of handwriting, and found that by a kind of print hand I could write fifty-five words per minute, and I knew there was no man who could keep up that speed with a telegraph key, so I felt safe if I could only read the ticking. I had no fears as to that either, as I had read all kinds of 'clipped' sending in the West. Another thing that was in my favor is, that I am a little deaf, so that the hum of an office does not disturb me, and I gave my whole attention to the clicking of an instrument."

"There is a little experience I had out in Indianapolis that may interest you. I was very ambitious to receive 'press report,' and used to sit up until the 2 a. m. 'press report,' listening beside the receiving operator, until after awhile I could receive it very nicely, and then I wanted to receive press myself. Naturally, when I had the real responsibility of taking it, I 'bulled' it bad at first, as they sent at the rate of forty words a minute. I thought the matter over, and worked out a little plan to have the 'register' indent some tin foil as it came in, and then had the boy turn it through another instrument, which ticked it off at the rate of about twenty-five words per minute, which I read and wrote off very easily. The only trouble was that we got '30' (good night) from the East about 2.30 a. m., while it was sometimes an hour or more later when we got the last sheet to the newspapers. They commenced to growl after awhile, and our manager dropped in on us one morning and discovered our little game in full blast."

"By the way, there were several valuable inventions wrapped up in that office. Talking of the tin foil reminds me of another incident. There was a fast-sending tournament gotten up once, in which the judges were to be at St. Louis, and the fast-senders throughout the State were to send from their respective offices to the central office in St. Louis. Now, although I have a reputation as a receiver, I have just the opposite reputation as a sender, and when I entered my name in the list to compete there was great 'ha-haing' over the wires. We were given a chapter in the Bibles to send, and, while the other men were practicing sending it, I worked out the chapter already to turn the crank at the rate of about fifty or fifty-five words per minute, getting our boys to keep quiet about it. For some reason the contest never came off, and I did not have the pleasure of carrying off the prize."—Boston Herald.

The Oldest Cow on Record. The Hawkinsville Dispatch says: The most aged cow in Georgia—perhaps in the United States—is owned by a citizen of Hawkinsville. The owner assures us that the cow is 100 years old, and is now giving milk. When we mentioned the improbability, in fact, the almost impossibility, of his cow being 100 years old, the gentleman assured us that she has belonged to his grand parents, great grand parents, and other ancestors, and that there is no doubt that the cow is 100 years of age. We can say for the owner of the cow—the gentleman who makes the statement—that he is one of our most esteemed citizens, one not accustomed to exaggerate, and whose word has never been doubted. The gentleman is fifty years of age, and is a member of one of the old and noted families of the State.

BAD as a thing is, it may be worse. A bulbous nose is not a pretty feature, but it is not improved by being broken, though it may be made less prominent.

Now is a good time to acquire you wife.

ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.

A Few Theories as to How It Came Into Existence.

A matter of absorbing but still unsatisfied curiosity, says a letter from Bradford, Pa., to the New York Evening Post, is the origin of this petroleum or "rock oil," gushing up from a thousand or more feet below the surface, and filling so large a place in our commerce and industry. Science, on many points so precise and positive, gives us here two divergent theories. By one hypothesis it is contended that the porous sand-rock which underlies the oil regions on an average about a fifth of a mile below the surface is the original source of the oil deposit. In these sand-rock strata, so it is said, formed from beds and shoals of rivers, there were ages ago deposited vast masses of vegetation. These, under certain conditions, produced coal which in its chemical constituents much resembles oil; but under conditions a little varied they produced oil which, with gas, is held suspended in the spongy stone, and now and then gathers in cavernous magazines, where it is held fast under the immense pressure which, when relaxed by the oil digger's drill, drives the fluid to the surface in a jet of oil and gas. A second theory asserts that the oil is not generated in the sand-rock measures, but in the carboniferous shales far below. Here there is developed by heat a gas which, forcing its way upward through rocky fissures, reaches the colder sand-rock strata, where it is condensed into oil, and this oil is held down under the harder upper crust of sand-rock until the drill gives it exit. This last, I believe, the hypothesis most generally accepted by scientists of present fame. Whatever the origin of petroleum, there can be no doubt of the magnitude of these operations of Nature which—scientifically rather than commercially speaking—have been going on over an area of some 4,000 square miles in Pennsylvania alone, which have led to the sinking of some 30,000 wells, costing on an average each \$2,500 and, or \$75,000,000 altogether, and which have been so wantonly abused by the improvidence of man that the shadows which portend the failure of our coal-oil supply have already begun to fall.

The crude petroleum, as it issues from the Bradford Wells, might very readily be mistaken for dirty water. It is yellow in tint, takes fire like other oils, foams easily when ignited, and seems more viscid and less strong in smell than the lower grades of the refined article. If the reader will take a small vial, fill it with water, add a little sweet oil and yellow dirt, then shake up the compound vigorously, he will have—barring the smell—a pretty good likeness of the crude rock-oil of the Bradford region.

In refining about one-quarter of the crude petroleum passes away, largely into more solid products, which are so far utilized now that petroleum may be regarded as a complex product with every part valuable. Few people appreciate its place in our export trade. In the fiscal year ending in 1881 we shipped to foreign countries petroleum and petroleum products worth \$40,315,000. It ranks third in our export trade, following bread-stuffs and cotton, and the exports represent only a fraction of the whole product. In this connection I may say that, according to trustworthy estimates here in Bradford, the notorious Standard oil monopoly which controls the trade can produce refined petroleum at five cents a gallon. Household, therefore, can estimate for themselves, from the local prices they pay to their grocers, the intermediate costs and profits. Here in Bradford the best refined petroleum sells at ten cents a gallon.

Paying a Bet. The Committee on Harmony, of the Lime-Kiln Club, reported that the Lime-Kiln Club was at peace and harmony with every government on earth except Greece, and with every organization and association in America except the Concord School of Philosophy. During the quarter the committee had taken action in twenty-four instances where members of the club had differed in opinion, and the only case left was that of Whalebone Howker vs. Clay Bank Tyler.

"What was that case?" softly inquired of the President.

It was explained that Brother Howker had won an election bet of Brother Tyler, but that the latter refused to square up. He was asked to stand up, and when he was on his feet Brother Gardner said:

"Bruder Tyler, did you bet a new hat dat de Republicans would carry New York by a million majority?"

"Yes, sah."

"Has you paid dat bet yet?"

"No, sah."

"Was you waitin' fur anythin' in perticklar to happen beto' you paid dat bet?"

"No, sah."

"Den you had better settle de matter beto' de nex' meetin' occurs. A man who an fool nuff to bet on lockshum should be frot nuff to pay what he loses."—Detroit Free Press.

"We observe, and we are glad to observe it," says the New York Sun, "that our young men of fashion nowadays are rarely addicted to hard drinking. It is not considered in good form."

After Twenty-five Years.

General Roger A. Pryor, now of New York City, when asked by a reporter for his reminiscences of the challenge to fight a duel with bowie knives in a locked room, sent him by John F. Potter, a Congressman from Wisconsin, who is now dying at Milwaukee on the Poor Farm, as well as the trouble preceding the sending of the challenge, spoke as follows:

"I am unaffectedly reluctant to talk about the matter, and for twenty-five years I have silently submitted to an inaccurate and injurious statement of the affair. The version which party feeling gave to the affair has gone so long without question that I doubt if anything from me will now vindicate the truth. Nevertheless, in reply to your inquiry, I will give you in a word the facts of the case."

"An angry debate having occurred between Mr. Potter and myself on the floor of the House of Representatives, I determined to send him a challenge. I prepared the paper and left it in the hands of a friend to deliver, while to escape arrest or interruption I went immediately to Alexandria, Va., in concealment. I heard nothing more of the matter until I received a message from my friends that the thing was ended and that I should return to Washington. Then, for the first time, I was told that Mr. Potter, who had not left Washington, had proposed a fight with bowie knives, and that my friends, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, had peremptorily rejected the proposition. The friends who acted on my behalf were Mr. Muscoe, R. H. Garnett, of Virginia; Mr. Wm. Forester, Miles and Mr. Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina. These gentlemen rejected the proposition without communicating with me and without my knowledge. Indeed, I repeat that I did not know of the proposition until it had been rejected. Upon consultation with friends whether I might not yet accept the proposition, they unanimously advised that I could not disavow the action of the gentlemen to whom I had entrusted my interests. Accordingly, I had no alternative but to acquiesce. I do not understand me to question the propriety of the conduct of these gentlemen."

"What was the altercation between you and Mr. Potter?"

"I do not remember; and if I did I should not care to talk about it. These are escapades of my youth, of which I now see the folly, and which I prefer to let drop into oblivion."

THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The verdict of the jury which finds Carlotta Teresa Sturla, of Chicago, guilty of manslaughter and the sentence passed upon her of one year's imprisonment and a trial full of romance, starting incidents and dramatic situations.

The evidence on the trial showed that Charles Stiles met this girl when she was about fifteen years of age, and after she had already—with the early development incident to her Italian blood—entered upon a life of degradation. With his promise of marriage to encourage her she followed him to Chicago, and there entered upon the duties of a wife. She took rooms with him, kept boarders, washed his clothes, and worked from morning till night to keep a home over her head, with an evident desire to lead a worthy life.

But her brutal lover, not content with a humble home and a faithful slave, drove her to her old life in order to supply him with the means to gratify his depraved tastes, which seemed to have been unredeemed by one good trait.

Not content with the depths of moral torture to which he flung the girl—who seems to have had a repugnance to the life to which want had first driven her—he struck her violent blows, kicked her, throttled her and covered her with bruises. Nor did his fiendish cruelty end there. Knowing her to be nervously timid and superstitious, he would take her to neglected graveyards and to lonely spots, and after nearly throwing her into convulsions by working upon her fears, would abandon her and leave her to the dark to escape as best she could. One night, thus abandoned, she crouched behind a vault for hours, till daylight relieved her terror.

On another occasion he took her to a lonely hotel, and after dining sumptuously on the last money she had, drove away, leaving her to walk home eight miles through drenching rain and a bitter wind, on a dark and lonely country road.

Sinking the Shop. When the English take a vacation they sink the shop. An Englishman traveling in Switzerland met a French lady with her daughter. They made up a party and did the lakes together. The young lady was suddenly attacked with the toothache, and the party traveled twelve miles to find a dentist, who applied a little laudanum. Subsequently it was ascertained that the Englishman was a dentist. When asked why he had not relieved the fair patient, he dryly replied, "I am on a vacation. I haven't practiced for six weeks."

A sorrow policeman, on being asked why he did not interfere in a fight, remarked that he was never inclined to be pragmatical. A Chicago policeman said it was against the rules. The fact in both cases was that the policeman thought that if he interfered he would get walked, which in our judgment is a mighty good reason for not interfering.

People seem to think that an insane person is not dangerous until he or she commits some deed of actual violence, says a New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record.

I know of a woman whose family say that she is not insane, but who goes to the parlor whenever her daughter has company and drives the terrified grand old man out into the street. This singular woman has taken an aversion to pie, and for a long time there has been none on the family table; but one day, contrary to the son, a young man of two-and-twenty felt a longing for pie that he could not resist, and he had some sent home from the baker's.

The waiter placed it on the table as great unconcern as he could assume, and stepped back to await some mother's eye fell upon the offering. "A pie," she screamed; "the pie for my table?"

"I did, mother," said the son in a conciliatory tone. "You did, and you put a pie in the house, and you got company from the street, and you got the pie from the baker's."

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WIT AND WISDOM.

It is always "put up or shut up" with the umbrella.—Boston Bulletin.

It is the sure badge of a clown not to mind what pleases those he is with.

It may be set down as an axiom that when a person grows fat he grows wiser.

JOHN BILLINGS says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe."

"HAVE you ever seen a mermaid, captain?" asked a lady on a Staten Island boat. "I've seen a good many fish-women, madam, if that's what you mean," was the reply.

"WREN'LE you be back, my dear?" inquired a wife of an angry husband who was going off in a hurry. "Whenever I please, madam!" "Do try and not be any later than that, if you can help it!" was her meek reply.

A YOUNG INVENTOR.—The youngest inventor on the records in Washington is Walter Nevgold, a lad 15 years of age, of Bristol, Pa., who has patented important improvements in rolling-mill machinery.

A YOUNG MAN in Des Moines loved a girl so wildly that he wrote her fifteen letters a day for five weeks. At the end of that time she eloped with another fellow as a matter of self-protection.—Boston Post.

A PHILADELPHIA man has bought a schooner and gone in search of seals. His wife wants a acquie for the coming winter, and he calculates to save several hundred dollars by getting the material in this way.

We are willing to take a certain amount of stock in newspaper accounts of West-ern cyclones, but when an Arkansas paper tells about a sphyx carrying a bed quilt sixty-one miles, and then going back for the sheet, we ain't there.

ONE sign of prosperous times is the activity among dealers in patent medicines. Or is it an indication of hard times on the theory that the people have less time to fuss over their fancied ailments when they get busy?—Boston Transcript.

HEALTHY journals say that to retain a sound constitution a man must lie on the right side. Yes, but which is the right side? Every lawyer, preacher and editor in the country thinks the side he is lying on is the right one.—Trans Scripps.

HEREAFTER, when you are in New York, don't drink. One of the Central Park ostriches swallowed a glass of lager beer the other day, and died almost immediately. It doesn't do to touch New York liquor unless you were born in the place, and weaned on it.—Lowell Ok.

DEAN STANLEY is said to have had great love for children, though, he was childless. As the Dean might at any time have drawn on an orphan asylum for fifteen or twenty little orphans, and as he never did do so, it is fair to infer that the Dean was a gentleman of remarkable self-control, and that he never allowed his affections to run away with him.

OSCAR WILDE lost his trunk while on a lecturing tour last fall, and his legs were in a state of perturbation painful to see. "Ere, 'Arry! 'Arry! 'Ere's a jolly go, I say! I 'ave the brasses for the luggage, and the blooming conductor 'as gone and shunted the luggage van off on another line, don't you know! Show the bloody lunk of it; I own't see anythink in this howling country but trouble, you know."—Burlington Hawkeye.

THE modern Esop: A father had four sons, who were very naughty, and often gave the neighbors cause for serious dissatisfaction. For this reason he summoned them in his presence and showed them four twigs of hazel. "Take notice, my sons, that if I should strike you with one of these twigs alone, you would feel little; whereas, if I should bind them all together, it would cause you great pain." And hereupon he tied them together and gave the boys a sound thrashing.—Phoenician Blatter.

A Lady Who is "Only Economical." People seem to think that an insane person is not dangerous until he or she commits some deed of actual violence, says a New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record.

I know of a woman whose family say that she is not insane, but who goes to the parlor whenever her daughter has company and drives the terrified grand old man out into the street. This singular woman has taken an aversion to pie, and for a long time there has been none on the family table; but one day, contrary to the son, a young man of two-and-twenty felt a longing for pie that he could not resist, and he had some sent home from the baker's.

The waiter placed it on the table as great unconcern as he could assume, and stepped back to await some mother's eye fell upon the offering. "A pie," she screamed; "the pie for my table?"

"I did, mother," said the son in a conciliatory tone. "You did, and you put a pie in the house, and you got company from the street, and you got the pie from the baker's."

A sorrow policeman, on being asked why he did not interfere in a fight, remarked that he was never inclined to be pragmatical. A Chicago policeman said it was against the rules. The fact in both cases was that the policeman thought that if he interfered he would get walked, which in our judgment is a mighty good reason for not interfering.

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