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THE PEOPLE.

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THE PROPHECY WIGGINS.

Attributed to himself.

I'll take up the bit of the weather to scan, says I to myself, says I. And turn out a deeply prophetic young man, says I to myself, says I.

I'll find me a storm in the hands of the East, says I to myself, says I. That'll level the trees, lash the waves into foam, says I to myself, says I.

I've fixed for a ride to the Bay of Bongo, says I to myself, says I. When I get there I'll give the world a good shaking, says I to myself, says I.

So, now we shall see if those Washington boys are any good, says I to myself, says I. Who issue the bulletins, guesses and wags the tongue, says I to myself, says I.

THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE. I was nearly forty years of age, and felt myself so safely anchored in the peaceable haven of a bachelor's life that nothing could induce me to run the risk of disturbing it by marriage.

It was at the end of September, 1867, that I arrived at Paris from Baden, intending only to remain four or five days to join my friends in the hunting season, and as they were to arrive at the beginning of October I had only allowed myself a week at La Roche Targe to prepare for my departure.

I made the round of all the horse dealers of the Champs Elysees, where I was shown a collection of screws, the average price of which was \$120, but I was neither in a humor nor in a mood to throw away my money upon such useless trifles.

It was a Wednesday, the day of the 29th of September, that I went to the Rue de Fontainebleau and purchased a venture eight horses which cost me altogether \$200. "Out of the eight," said I to myself, "there will be surely four or five which will go."

Among these horses there was one which, I confess, I bought principally on account of his coat. The catalogue did not assign him to any special qualifications as a hunter. All that it stated was: "Brutus, a saddle-horse, aged, well broken." It was a large, dappled gray horse, but never had I seen one so marked, his smooth, white skin dappled over with fine black spots, so regularly distributed.

This morning I left for La Roche Targe, and the following day my horses arrived. My first care was for Brutus. This gray horse had been running for the last forty-eight hours in my hand, and I was anxious to try his paces and see what he was capable of. He trotted well, and every mark of a respectable animal, a powerful shoulder and his air of his head well; but what I most admired in Brutus was the way in which he looked at me, following every movement with his attentive, intelligent, inquisitive eye. Even my word seemed to interest him; he leaned his head on one side as I to hear me, and when I had finished speaking replied with a merry neigh. The other seven horses were brought out to me in succession, but they resembled any other horses, and Brutus certainly was different from them all. I was anxious to take a little ride in the country in order to make his acquaintance.

Brutus allowed himself to be saddled, bridled and mounted as a horse who knew his work, and we started quietly together, the best friends possible. He had a beautiful mouth, and answered to every turn of the rein—arching his neck and changing his bit. His paces were perfect. He began by a slow, measured canter, raising his feet very high and letting them fall with the regularity of a pendulum. I tried him at a trot and a short gallop, but when I sought to quicken his pace he began to amble in a grand style. "Ah," said I, "I see how it is; I have bought an old horse out of the cavalry riding school at Saumur."

I was about to turn homeward, satisfied with the talents of Brutus, when a shot was heard a short distance off. It was one of my keepers firing at a rabbit, for which shot he said, on passing, he afterwards received a handsome present from my wife. I was then exactly in the center of an open space where six long, green roads met. On hearing the shot, Brutus stopped short and put his ears forward in an attitude of listening. I was surprised to see him

so impressionable. After the brilliant military education I assumed he had received in his youth, he must be accustomed to the report of a gun. I pressed my knees against him to make him move on, but Brutus would not stir. I tried to back him, to make him turn to the right or to the left, but in vain. I made him feel my whip, but still he was immovable. Brutus was not to be displaced, and yet—do not smile, for mine is a true history—each time I urged him to move the horse turned his head round and gazed upon me with an eye expressive of impatience and surprise, and then relapsed into his morose attitude.

There was evidently some misunderstanding, I thought to myself. I saw it in the eyes of Brutus, who was plainly as he could without speech. "I, horse, do what I ought to do: a day you, horseman, do not perform your part."

I was more puzzled than embarrassed. "What a strange horse! Cheri had sold me such a way?" I was about to proceed to extremities and administer to him a good thrashing when another shot was fired.

The horse then made one bound. I thought I had gained my point and again tried to start him, but in vain. He stopped short and planted himself more resolutely than ever. I then got into a rage and my riding whip on my side; I took it in both hands and struck the horse right and left. But Brutus, too, lost patience, and, finding passive resistance unavailing, defended himself by rearing, kicking and plunging, and, in the midst of the battle, while the horse capered and kicked, an I, exasperated, was flinging him with the loaded butt-end of my broken whip, Brutus, nevertheless, found time to look at me, not only with impatience and surprise, but with rage and indignation. While I required of the horse the obedience he refused, he, on his part, was expecting of me something I did not do.

How did this end? To my shame be it spoken, I was sometimes led by a gracefully unscathed Brutus, and was to be nothing gained by violence, so I judged it necessary to employ malice. After a moment's pause, evidently passed in reflection, the horse put down his head and stood upright on his fore legs with the address and equilibrium of a clown upon his hands. I was, consequently, deposited upon the sand, which, fortunately, happened to be rather thick in the place where I fell.

I tried to rise, but I could not do so, I felt stretched with my face towards the ground. I felt as if a knife were sticking in my left leg. The hurt did not prove serious—the snapping of one of the small tendons—but not the less painful. I succeeded, however, in turning myself, and sat down; but while I was rubbing my eyes, which were filled with sand, I saw the great foot of a horse descend gently upon my head and again extend me on my back. I then felt my disheveled hair, and was running in my mind what this strange horse could be, when I felt a quantity of sand strike me in the face. I opened my eyes and saw Brutus throwing up the dirt with both fore and hind feet, trying to bury me. This lasted for several minutes, when, apparently thinking me sufficiently interred, Brutus knelt by my grave and then galloped around me, describing a perfect circle. I called out to him to stop. He appeared to be embarrassed; but seeing my hat, which had been separated from me in the fall, he stooped between his teeth and galloped down one of the green paths out of sight.

I was left alone. I looked off the sand which covered me and with my arm and right leg I felt I could not move. I dragged myself to a bushy bank, where I seated myself and shouted with all my might for assistance. But no answer; the wood was perfectly silent and deserted.

I remained alone in this wretched condition above half an hour, when I saw Brutus in the distance, returning by the same road by which he went, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Gradually, as it cleared away, I saw a carriage approaching—a pony chaise—and in the pony chaise a lady, who drove it, with a small groom in the seat behind.

A few instants after Brutus arrived covered with foam. He stopped before me, let fall my hat at his feet, and addressed me with a neigh, as much as to say: "I have done my duty; I have brought you help." But I did not trouble myself about Brutus and his explanations; I had no thought or looks save for the beautiful fairy who had come to my aid, and, who, jumping from her little carriage, tripped lightly up to me, and, with only two exclamations were uttered at the same moment: "Madame de Noriols!"

"Monsieur de La Roche Targe!" I have an aunt between whom and myself my marrying is a source of continual dispute. "Marry," she would say. "I will not," was my answer. "Would you have a young lady? There is Miss A, Miss B, Miss C." "But I won't marry."

"Then take a widow; there are Mrs. D, Mrs. E, Mrs. F, etc." "But marry I will not." Mme. de Noriols was a ways in the first rank among my aunt's widows. To tell me she was rich, lively and pretty was unnecessary; but I had set my teeth all her attractions, my aunt would take from her secretary a map of the district where she lived, and point out how the estates of Noriols and La Roche Targe joined, and she had traced a red line upon the map uniting the two properties, which she constantly obliged me to look at. "Eight hundred acres within a ring fence! A fine chance for a sportsman! But I would shut my eyes and repeat as before: 'I will never marry.'"

Yet, seriously speaking, I was afraid of Mme. de Noriols, and always saw my head encircled with a aureole of her aunt's red line. Charming, sensible, intelligent and eight hundred acres within a ring fence! Escaped to your safety if you will not marry. And I always did creep, but this time retreat was impossible. I lay extended on the turf, covered with sand, my hair in disorder, my clothes in tatters and my leg stiff. "What are we doing here?" inquired Mme. de Noriols. "What has happened?"

I candidly confessed I had been thrown. "But you are not hurt?" "No, but I have put something out in my leg—nothing serious, I am sure."

"And where is the horse which has played you this trick?" I pointed out Brutus, who was quietly grazing upon the shoots of a broom.

"How! it is him, the good horse! He has amply repaid his wrongs, as I will relate to you later. But you must go home directly."

"How? I can not move a step." "But I am going to drive you home, at the risk of my reviving you." And calling her little groom, Bob, she led me gently by one arm, while Bob took the other and made me get into the carriage. Five minutes afterwards we were moving in the direction of La Roche Targe, she holding the reins and driving the pony, with a light hand, I looking at her unmoved, embarrassed, stupid, ridiculous. Bob was charged to lead back Brutus.

"Extend your leg quite straight," said Mme. de Noriols, "and I will drive you very gently to avoid jolting." When she saw me comically installed, "Tell me," she said, "how you were thrown, and I will explain how I came to your assistance."

I began the story, but when I spoke of the efforts of Brutus to unsettle me after the two shots, "I understand it all," she exclaimed, "you have bought the wrong horse."

"The trumpeter's horse?" "Yes, that explains it all. You have seen many scenes in the Cirque de l'Impératrice, the performance of the trumpeter's horse, A Chasseur d'Afrique, then comes the Arabs, who fire upon him, and he is wounded and falls; and, as you did not fall, the horse, indignant at your not performing your part in the piece, threw you down. What did he do next?"

Related the little attempt of Brutus to bury me. "Exactly like the trumpeter's horse, he sees his master wounded; but the Arabs may return and kill him, so what does the horse do? He buries him and gallops off, carrying away the colors that they may not fall into the hands of the Arabs."

"That is my hat which Brutus carried off." "Precisely. He goes to fetch the vivandiere—the vivandiere to-day being your humble servant, the Countess de Noriols. Your great gray horse galloped into my courtyard, where I was standing on the doorsteps putting on my gloves and ready to get into my carriage. My groom, seeing a horse saddled and bridled with a hat in his mouth, and without a rider, tried to catch him, but he escaped their pursuit, goes straight up the steps and kneels before me. The men advance to capture him, but he gallops off, stops at the gate, turns round and looks at me; so I jumped into my carriage—and set off."

The horse darts through roads not always adapted for carriages, but I follow him and arrive where I find you. At the moment, Mme. de Noriols had finished these words the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Ervix, who was standing on his hind legs behind us, seeing the little back-seat of the carriage tenant d, he had taken her opportunity of giving us a hot pepper of his talents, by executing the most brilliant of all his circus-pieces, an exercise which he had performed upon the back seat of the little carriage, and was tranquilly continuing his route trotting upon his hind legs alone, Bob striving in vain to replace him upon the seat.

Mme. de Noriols was so frightened that she let the reins escape from her hands and sank fainting in my arms. With my left hand I recovered the reins, with my right arm I supported Mme. de Noriols, my leg all the time causing the most frightful tremor. In this manner Mme. de Noriols de her first entry into La Roche Targe. When she returned six weeks later she had become my wife.

"Such, indeed, is life," she exclaimed. "This will never happen again to a pair of you had not bought the trumpeter's horse!"

Cold Snaps.

"We're havin' some pretty wintry weather," said old Daddy Witherspoon to Uncle Sammy Honnwell, as the two gentlemen met near the City Hall.

"Right for a cold weather for the season," said Uncle Sammy. "Reminds me of the fall of 1831. It commenced long before the part of November, and froze stiff till March. Good, smart weather, too. I remember that it was so cold in Brooklyn that November that bill'n' water froze over a hot fire."

Daddy Witherspoon looked at him and braced himself. "Yes, yes," said he, "I mind it well. That's the fall the milk froze in the cows. But the cold season was in 1827. It commenced in the middle of October and ran through to April. All the oil froze in the lamps, and we didn't have a light until spring set in."

"As," responded Uncle Sammy, growing rapid, "it's just like yesterday to me. I walked 140 miles due east from Sandy Hook, on the ice, and slid back, owing to the convexity of the earth, you know. It was down hill comin' this way. But that wasn't as cold as the winter of 1821. That season commenced in September, and the mercury didn't rise a degree till May. Don't you remember now we used to breathe hard, let it freeze, cut a hole in it, and crawl in for shelter? You haven't forgotten that?"

"Not I," said Daddy Witherspoon, after a short pause. "That's the winter we used to give the horses melted lead to drink, and keep a hot fire under 'em so it wouldn't harden till they got it down. But that was nothing to the spell of 1847. We begun to feel it in the latter part of August, and she boomed stidily till the 30th of June. I got through the whole spell by living in an ice-house. It was too cold to go out doors, and I just camped in an ice-house. You remember that season of 1817. That's the winter we wore undershirts of sand-paper to keep up a friction."

"Well, I should say I did," retorted Uncle Sammy. "What! remember 1817? Deed I do. That was the spell when I took a steam griststone four days to high a match. Ay, ay! But do you know I was unconformably warm that winter?"

"How so?" demanded Daddy Witherspoon, breathing hard. "Bummin' around your ice-house to find out where you got in. It was an awful spell, though. How long did it last? From August till the 30th of June? I guess you're right. But you mind the snap of 1813, don't you? It commenced on the 1st of July, and went around and lapped over a week. That year the smoke froze in the chimneys and we had to blast it out with dynamite. I think that was the worst we ever had. All the clocks froze up so we didn't know the time for a year, and when men used to set fire to their buildings to raise the rent. Yes, indeed, I got \$3,000 a month for four burnin' buildings. There was a heap of sufferin' that winter, because we lived on alcohol and phosphorus, till the alcohol froze, and then we ate the brimstone ends of matches and jumped around till they caught fire. Say, you—"

But Daddy Witherspoon had fled. The statistics were too much for him. Brooklyn Eagle.

The Excellence of Marriage.

Happy unions are always voluntary, not only at the beginning, but as long as life lasts. Love cannot be made free by a change of statutes. It cannot be bound or lost under any circumstances. If the State should listen to the petitions of those who ask that sex relations be exempt from control, the experience of a quarter of a century would convince the world that the old, long-tried, monogamous solution of the sex question is the wise one. There are evident reasons why such a result would come. In all the past emotional experiences of the race, it has been found impossible to create an intense idealization of more than one subject at one time, and it has been found, too, that when such an idealization has been tested by knowledge and time it does not diminish; but deepens; and that the effect of this long-continued idealization is to create the best conditions of development, both for those who exercise it, and for those toward whom it is directed. Now, if the best conditions of happiness are once secured they should be maintained. It is not possible to bring out all the results of this natural sex idealization in any short period of association. The very fact that the association is a permanent one gives it earnestness and dignity. It would not be possible to extract from a half-dozen associations, extending over a period of twenty-five years, the same amount of fine character-development that would come from one fortunate association lasting for the same time. When we are once sure of the wisdom, and integrity, and affection of some friend through long experience, we spend no more brain activity in learning his peculiarities of character and in adapting ourselves to them. The association of man and wife is rather moral and affectional than intellectual. It is a rest, a certainty, a point of departure for other activities. Once settled, and safely settled, we waste no power in readjusting the relations, but take the fruit as it ripens, without the need of uprooting the old and planting new trees.—North American Review.

"In my whole life," wrote Prince Metternich, "I have known only ten or twelve persons with whom it was pleasant to speak—i. e., who kept to the subject, do not repeat themselves, and do not talk of themselves; men who do not listen to their own voice, who are cultivated enough not to lose themselves in common-places; and, lastly, who possess tact and good taste enough not to elevate their own persons above their subjects."

The father of a family saw his plum trees despoiled of their fruit. Suspecting his children, he called them all together, and said: "One of you has stolen my plums, and I know which is the guilty one, for he has a leaf on the end of his nose." And the guilty one had the naivete, foreseen by the father, to denounce himself by rubbing the end of his nose.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A bust of Robert Burns, the cost of which has been defrayed by small subscriptions, will be placed in Poots' Corner in Westminster Abbey, near the memorials of his fellow poets and countrymen, Campbell and Thomson.

The wife and accomplice of Marin Fémayrou, the murderer of the druggist Anbert, at Peag, France, under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, has obtained permission to share her husband's captivity in New Caledonia.

The executioner's tariff in the fourteenth century was lately discovered in the archives at Darmstadt. For boiling a criminal in oil the executioner received twenty-four forins; if the wretch was burnt alive the fee was fourteen forins, and ten for hanging. To break a man on the wheel cost six forins; the fee for the rack was five, and the same sum was charged for branding on the shoulder or forehead, or for cutting off this nose and ears.

The number of distinguished female violinists is so constantly on the increase that the gentlemen players of the future will have difficulty in holding their own. One of the latest celebrities is a young Italian lady, Signora Tui, of whose accomplishments the Berlin and Vienna critics relate extraordinary things. Another young lady violinist is Frauline Soldat, who has just won the great Mendelssohn prize of fifteen hundred marks at the Berlin Academy. She is a pupil of Herr Joachim.

At a wayside inn in the south of France is a roasting-jack moved by animal power. Two dogs turn the machine, working alternately. One day the dog whose power turn it was being absent, the other was caught and put on the wheel. He firmly refused, however, to work, and neither coaxing, threats nor chastisements produced any effect. After some delay the missing dog was found and set to the task. After he had nearly completed the job he was released, and the first tried again, and the animal so lately recalcant now offered no opposition, and made the wheel revolve with a hearty good will till the roast was finished.

During the French invasion of Mexico a plant was discovered which was found to possess the property—when chewed or crushed—of stopping hemorrhages. To the native Mexicans this plant was known by a name which may be rendered as "How-wow." The discoverer carried a specimen to Vera-cruz, and planted it in 1867, and it has since flourished, flowered, and fruited without apparent change in its peculiar qualities. The action of this plant is said to exceed that of all styptics known, and this valuable property is likely to give it a wider extension, especially as it seems to be so readily acclimated in foreign lands. Its botanical name is *Trilescantia erecta* (Jao.)

Herr Von Bismarck had a shoemaker who had often broken faith with him, despite his most solemn promises, and he at length resolved to put a stop to this sort of thing. One morning at six o'clock a messenger was dispatched to the dilatory shoemaker with the simple question: "Are Herr Von Bismarck's boots ready?" Being answered in the negative the messenger departed, but in ten minutes there was another ring at the shop door. A second messenger thrust in his head with the inquiry: "Are Herr Von Bismarck's boots ready?" And so it went on every ten minutes, the same question all the day through until evening, when at last the boots were finished. Never again did that shoemaker keep Bismarck waiting for his boots.

A Good Card for the Country Where He Lived.

A village merchant from up the country had concluded his purchases, and was ready to go, when he suddenly remembered something, and said: "I want your help to bring out an idea. I've got tired of advertising after the old fashion, and I want to strike something new."

"Did you ever try the dodge of giving away a chromo to customers?" "Yes. Played that out two years ago. Folks don't take to chromos as they did."

"Have you offered a silk apron to the lady making the heaviest purchase at one time?" "I have. And I had to give it to an old woman who purchased an old bedtick and half a pound of tea."

"How would it do to give away, say ten half-pound packages of tea during the day?" "I tried that dodge, and those who didn't get the tea wouldn't trade with me again. I've given away stoves, stoves, butter, rolling-pins, washboards, and almost everything else, and now I must have something new. I keep all kinds of goods and want all kinds of customers."

Two members of the firm and the gray-headed old book-keeper went into committee of the whole with the merchant, but he resisted every suggestion. The "convention" was in despair, when the customer suddenly slapped his leg, smiled all over, and broke out with: "I've got it—biggest draw yet! I want a pair of the finest kid shoes in this city—about No. 3's. I'll take 'em home and advertise to give 'em to the first lady customer who can wear 'em. The catch will be to keep back the size."

FITH AND POINT.

An Iowa editor has a lengthy editorial entitled "A Month of Horrors," and he was married only six weeks ago.— Toledo Sunday American.

The Chicago underwriters want a law limiting the height of buildings. They say the line must be drawn somewhere in the sky.— N. O. Picayune.

A potato can never engage in a prize fight for the reason that, as soon as it begins to take off its jacket a 'peeler' interferes and puts out its eyes.

When a fellow gets a letter for his wife out of the post-office and he forgets to give it to her for a week or so, the safest way of letting her know it is to tie it on the end of a long fishing pole and poke it through a window to her.— Kentucky State Journal.

The trade in mean coal is slack.— Glasgow Times. It's a grate business all the same.— The Drummer. When you flee in how did you know it would suit?— Glasgow Times. Well, we just thought if we couldn't fire it, kindling would.— Peab's Bun.

Those plies explained one boarder to another at a table d'hote, as he endeavored to relate one, "were made for the Saragosa races of 1876, and were secured by the proprietor of this hotel at auction last autumn. They do not require mustard or vinegar."— Hotel Mail.

A well-known journalist was taking a walk one evening with his wife when she was somewhat romantic and an admirer of nature, said: "Oh, George, just notice the moon!" "Can't think of it, my dear, for less than two shillings per line," was the reply.— Chicago Tribune.

What makes old Bulger stick out so in front? Inquired one boy of another concerning a rather corpulent, protrusive neighbor. "I know," was the reply, "because I heard his tall father last night. He says he's been carryin' a secret a good while, an' he can't hold it much longer." "Shouldn't think he could," rejoined the interrogator; "but what an explosion there will be when it does go off!"— Yonkers Gazette.

Dumpey went hunting the other day and took Johnny with him. They saw a rabbit, and Dumpey drew up and shot. The cap exploded and there was a long splutter, and finally, just as Dumpey took the gun down, the gun went off. When they got home the folks asked Johnny what luck they had had. "Oh," said Johnny, "papa saw a rabbit, but his gun stammered so he couldn't hit it."— Burlington Free Press.

There is such a beverage made and known as artillery punch. We are living witnesses to the fact that it is no misnomer. When it attacks a man it layeth him low and he knoweth not whence he cometh or whither he goeth. Like death, it knoweth no age or station in life, or, in other words, "it is no respecter of persons." It lacks respect. There's where the trouble is. Its work is as quiet as the breathless working of wizard oil. Being so full of the subject we might write a lecture on it, but will forbear.— Columbus (Ga.) Times.

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

SOMETHING to be sneezed at—snuff. A cruel husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

Few men are so awkward with tools that they cannot work a corkscrew quite handsly. It is better to give than to receive. This relates especially to advice and medicine. They say Chicago girls never find it hard to clope. They make rope ladders of their shoe-strings. There are some men so talkative that nothing but their toothache can make one of them hold his jaw. Minnie Banks, of St. Paul, kissed her lover 614 times without stopping. Minnie liked it, anyhow. "Strive to make a good impression wherever you go," said Jones, as he pulled his foot out of the mud. When a man and a woman are made one, the question "which one?" is a bothersome one until it is settled, as it soon is. It is about as difficult to convince a burglar that the owner of the house is afraid of him, as to convince the householder that the burglar is afraid of him. The angel of midnight—the woman who opens the street door for her husband when he is trying to unlock the bell-knob, and then lets him sleep on the hall-floor. When a Michigan minister is about to clope with the wife of a parishioner he preaches a farewell sermon and exalts the duty of patience and long suffering. This sort of pours oil on the troubled waters in advance. There is to be a club of circus men. There will be no chairs in the club, nobody will stand on his head. There will be no stairways. The members will get into the club by climbing the water-pipes and coming down through the water-pipes and coming down through the water-pipes. There is to be a club of circus men. There will be no chairs in the club, nobody will stand on his head. There will be no stairways. The members will get into the club by climbing the water-pipes and coming down through the water-pipes and coming down through the water-pipes. There is to be a club of circus men. There will be no chairs in the club, nobody will stand on his head. There will be no stairways. The members will get into the club by climbing the water-pipes and coming down through the water-pipes and coming down through the water-pipes.