8. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible band, and on

clearly indicated by necessary note when

required.

only one side of the rage. 4. All charges in a 'vert'sements nut

ach us on Frair.

AN OLDEN TALE.

Starved-starved-starved Yet queen of the feast was she, And a liveried servant's ebony hands I pffered the fruits of tropical lands To her on bended knee : a horrible hunger night and day gnawing her life and her strength away. ng—Dying of thirst! e costliest wines like water flowed, samed in the crystal and gleamed and glowed.

But left her thirstier still : nd she felt that the fruit and the wine were For she starved with hunger and choked with

Many a suitor wooed. For she was passing fair ; Fortunes were proffered and jewels brought. And challenges given, and duels fought; But what did my lady care : For she wasted her love, and she gave her hear To one who haughtily stood apart.

She thirsted for one fond look -She starved for a kiss denied; But he cared no more for her smile or blush Than the glacier cares for the red-rose bush; And she pined away and died. And true hearts mourned her many a year. While the man she died for shed not a tear, I is ever the way of the foolish fair To die for the one who does not care. ELLA WHEELER.

An Engineer's Yarn.

I am a practical mechanical engineer. Let me see. It was sixteen years ago this summer that I came to New York in search of employment. I had been running an engine in a big tannery in the western part of the State, and doing first-rate till the company failed, and I was thrown out of work. So I was looking about town for something to do. Money-gauge so low that I was ready for anything after a fortnight of searching and waiting. I happened to be walking through a down town crossstreet, when I saw a placard in the window of a paper-box factory: "Engineer wanted; good salary."

into the office and asked if I would do. The manager said he would try me. He did try me. and it seems I must have satisfied him, for he told me to stay.

Now, it is about this manager and this paper-box factory that my story, such as it is, will be; and to make things all straight and plain (a sort of oiling up at the start), let me attempt to describe

First, then, the manager, Mr. Samuel Harkness, also sole owner of the factory. This Mr. Samuel Harkness was the greatest villain I ever came across. He's dead now, poor man, and I hate to speak ill of those who are gone, 'cause, you see, its much the same as chinning behind a man's back; but he was a villain all the same. Not one of your storybook villians, either. I have read lots of novels, romances and such stuff lately. but I haven't seen anything about their villains that applies to my villain. Theirs are invariably thin, dark men: of lithe. serpentine motion; with yellow faces. straight black hair, and deepest inquisitive eyes. Something of the Evil One cropping out of every point. Why, Lord bless you, you'd recognize this kind of villain soon as ever you clapped eyes on him, just as you would a patent machine. with every bit of metal labeled. My villain wasn't tall, wasn't dark at all: was tolerably stout, in fact, and well-todo looking; didn't squirm a bit; and, to cut this description short, was just like most anybody else you meet. When I engaged under him, of course I didn't.

> could I? He wasn't labeled. And now for the factory itself. It was a somewhat dilapidated five-story brick concern. Engine in cellar (most every manufacturer had his own power then. instead of just belting on to the one big engine of the block as they do now); office and samples, first floor; clipping and folding mactines, second floor; girls pasting, sorting and trimming on the stock of all sorts on the fourth and fifth. We used to turn out an immense deal of work with very few hands. There were about twenty-five or so girls, the manager, his clerk and office boy, a man to hoist and do odd jobs, the fireman and myself. Except when stock was taken in, or work sent out, there was nobody else in the building.

I generally kept to my own business and staid down in the cellar, nursing the old engine. She sadly needed it, being as rickety and patched-up a contrivance as one cares to stay alongside of. She always reminded me of some old people you see, who are always in need of a pectoral for a cough, or a liminent for rheumatism or something or other. This engine of mine was in such a state that she always wanted case somewhere, a rivet here, a plug there, new stuffing, more felting, or a band around the whole boiler. From boiler to fly-wheel she was nickety, rickety. But there was no preswas the rub. I had to exer-

father died, and left her, a mere mite of every night. I expected to see Jim, but

PROPER

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\$2 a Year.

fuss, I helped them along a little. And when we got well acquainted, I used to hurry through my work so as to be able

to see her home seem day after six c'clock. Sometimes too, we used to go to concerts and lectures together; and I very often found time to visit them all of an evening. Lhadn't said a word of love to her yet, but was waiting till my me to keep a home or to ow, and there ask her to fill it. Of her state of seeling

toward me I knew nothing, except that brother.

One thing used to rile me, shough and that was the meaking sort of liking that Harkness seemed to have for her; and worse, he should it plainly enough by the way he personned her with his odious attentions whenever he got the chance. She told me she would leave the place if she could only get another. I have said that it was sixteen years ago that I entered the box-factory. It

you will take the trouble to subtract, you will find that makes 1867. It puts us just in the year of the great financial crash. I had been in the factory sbout three months, and was getting used to the general run of things; and though it was out of my line, and none of my business, I could not but notice how slack trade seemed to be. Rumors of failures up the street down the street, on the corner, at Nos 35 and 37 over the try met my ears. Rumors of failure past and failures to come. Rumors of great distress East, West, and South. Rumors of a threatened general smesh-up. Money men tel me that when the market is tight it only needs such a wholesale panic to bring down every one. It is the apprehension, not the reality that does the work. But

this is not telling my story, either. Well, old Harkness kept on with his manufacturing, though I could see that day by day, fewer calls for work were made. He always wore a cheerful smile through those troublous times, as much. as to say: "Look at me, if you want to see a model man of business. I don't speculate. I don't get involved. Mari my consequent prosperity." Now, when I see a man with a good deal of bluster and swagger about him, I always make up my mind that he is a coward in hear. And when some people parade their financial soundness, the Wall-st. animals always snuff rottenness somewhere. It must have been on this principle that I began to suspect that

Harkness wasn't so safe, after all.

One night I was delayed by an unexpected breakdown in gearing, and staid in my cellar long after the girls, the clerk and the freman had gone, hard to work tinkering at the engine. No one was in the factory but Harkness and myself. I do not think he suspected my presence. As I was taking off my overalls and fixing up, I heard a heavy dray come up to our door. There were four or five men with it, who were not our regular cartmen. They jumped out, were let in through the half-closed doors of the main floor above me, and were led np-stairs by Harkness. Presently by reappeared, bearing cases of various kinds of stock, fancy paper, gilding stuff, light machinery and different odds and ends, with which they loaded the dray, and then drove off again. All was know anything about his villainy. How done in such a quiet, mysterious way, that it was evident that something wrong was being done. What could it be? The men were not robbers, for there was Mr. Harkness, and he sol owner of the factory. A man does not commit a larceny on his own property.

I couldn't make it out at all. I started to go. Just as I entered the office from below. Harkness came in by the passage way door from the floor above. He started perceptibly when he saw me. but instantly regained his composure, and said, as cool as you please

"Ah! you're late, Bill. What's wrong to-day? Hope you wen't blow us n for a week or so yet. We're doing staving business, Bill." (I think) see him now. "Washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water with that self-satisfied, hypocritical locr on his face.) "Inst sent a load of fine boxes down to the Winged Arrow. She sails to-morrow, so we had to ship in a lurry. Fine boxes, and a beautiful vessel, Bill. Good night to you."

"Good night, sir," said I, and left. As I went up the street another dray passed, driven toward the factory. had the curesity to turn and watch to see whether it, too, stopped there. It did. and when I resched the corner of Broad. way I stopped and looked back once nickety, rickety. But there was no pres-ent danger to be apprehended; all was the same process of herized loading was

a thing, in charge of her feeble mother was much surprised when I saw Harkand baby sister, and how she contrived ness. This time it was he who came up to get along and keep grim famine from through the cellar door and I through the door on the pittance of her earnings the other. As before, we met anex-Whenever I could, without making a pectedly. Now it was my turn to be

surprised. He was intensely pale, and seemed much agitated. With a strong effort of the will he strove to conceal his strange manner. He endeavored to speak calmly, and half succeeded. "Bill," said he, "Jim has tended to

the engine, it's all right; come outside with me, I want to talk with you." He turned to the cellar door and

abouted:
"Lim, come up, come up at once.
Run over to Mr. Bent's private house—
you know where that is—and tell him not she looked upon and trusted me we lo discount that bill to-day. Be quick!" "Yes sir, coming," sung out Jim.

leisurely. Suddenly he tore up the cellar steps. His face was ten shades paler than Harkness's, an expression of horror was fixed on his features—an expression of agony and fear that I shall never forget. It haunts me still. It will stay by me till my dying day. Poor fellow, he's gone, too, since then. Jim hardly stopped in his wild flight, as he hoarsely whispered, rather than cried:

"Hundred and ten on the steam gauge! Safety valve clogged! Run

or your lives !" I took in the situation at once. Terrible the danger was. The old boiler was registered at eighty pounds to the square inch, but we never dared run igher than thirty. And a hundred and ten! We were standing directly over it, and while I hesitated, the pressure must be steadily rising. It flashed upon me that there might be no more danger in umping down and pressing the safety valve than in running away, and in pite of the awful panic. I had a predjutice against running.

I looked down from the doorway upon the trembling, panting, struggling steam lemon beneath. The safety valve aparently was in plain sight.

From the end of the lever hung several uge links of chain.

I don't think I'm a coward usually. t least, I know I am not. But that vidence of villainy took me all aback staggered and clung feebly to the intel for support. The words seemed orced out of me, and not uttered with av volition: Went seemaded You'd steal your

surance, would you?" A sudden vindictive push sent me eadlong. As I fell I heard a demoniac

"Peach, if you want to!" And the door swung to with a click of

he spring lock. At the foot of the steps an open trap, he sub-cellar hatch. The distance was great that I had time to notice all this.

Would it hurt me much when I struck? Would it kill me outright? And that was all.

. . . . When I came to, I found myself in a vell remembered room. Bessie, my Bessie now, hung tenderly over me, vaiting for the light of recognition to ppear in my fevered eyes.

All was soon told. The boiler must ave burst the very instant I struck. Harkness was killed by a flying piece of machinery; the would be murderer had wehanged places with his victim, for I, trange as it may seem was dug out of the ruins alive, and got off with only a broken arm. God forgive him. Bessie insists that if it hadn't been for

he accident I should never have "spoken out." So, after all, it was a blessing in

Mr. Foster's Adventure.

Charles Foster is an employee of the Erie Railway and lives in Jersey Cit He has a friend, John Lynch, who more than occasionally gets on a spree, which sometimes results in an attack of de lirium tremens. Foster tells this stor of one of these recent attacks :--

Mrs. Foster and the children are spend ing the summer in the country and Foster lodges at a hotel on Pavonia avenue. On Wednesday night he was awakener from sleep to find Lynch in his room evidently very drunk. He was awakened by being pulled from his bed to the floor. and Lynch was standing eyer him Lynch, he says, cried as he opened his eyes, "Say your prayers : I am going !

kill you. Foster says he thought Lynch was joking, but the latter again angrily ex claimed:- "Say your prayers and preare for death !" Fester, slarmed dropped on his knees and clasped his hands as in prayer. He save that other wise he feels sure that Lynch would have killed him, although he does not mention that Lynch exhibited a weapon. In spite of his fright Foster says that a happy thought struck him. Lynch was approaching him threateningly when he said :- "Jockey, it's too bad; I can't say my prayers. I've forgot them !" "To his surprise Lynch rejoined :- "Forgot your prayers! It would be a shame to

kill a man who can't say his prayers." Foster remembers that Lynch ther upbraided him for neglecting to prepare for the future, and left, after warning him to be ready at another time

Lypsh was arrested for drug botton later, and when take

The Story of an Actress.

Mrs. Mabel Collins in her story of Helen Modjeska," gives a charming account of the home life of Mme. Modies ka, and her career has been singularly eventful. Born at Cracow, about 1883. her childhood was passed in the exciting atmosphere of Polish revolution and re triotic enthusiasm. She early meni fested a desire for the stage, and after her marriage, at the age of sevention with her guardian-a man much older tran herself, whose name she still bears on the play-bills--her aspirations were fulfilled, and a humble beginning wa made with a company of strolling. ers, whose advertures form one of the most amusing chapters of the books. It most amusing chapters of the books It was not, however, until her husband's death in 1865, and her marriage hree years later to M. Chlapowski, a Bolish patriot and journalist, that she become the theatrical star and favorite of Varsaw, a position which she held natil about 1876, when she and her humand, for some half explained reason emigrated to America. Their experiences on a Californian farm are entertaining to the reader, but were highly unpublica-ble to the unlucky Poles. Mms. Chlapowski soon began to suffer from stage nostalgia and as her funds did not allow of her return to Warsaw, the only course open to her was the apparently wildly impossible one of acting in English, her only knowledge of the language being at that time derived from one of Crida's novels, which it had taken her three months to get through. Never beless she desired, we are gravely told, either to succeed on the American stage or to destroy herself; and having chain the "lovely spot" on the seashore there, in the case of failure, she would end her days, she proceeded to take lessons in English. After six months of study she actually made her appearance, in August, 1877, in an English version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," at a thestre in successful, and soon a favorite with the most cultivated patrons of the stage in this country and England. A London journal says that "in these days, when so much is said and written about the immoral tendencies of the most popular plays, and when a great deal of the best acting, notable that of Mme. Modjeska herself, is associated with parts like Adrienne Lecouvreur and Odette, it is refreshing to find behind the scenes such an earnost and hard-working life, such devotion to art, and such gallant effort

Smothered in a Pit.

in overcoming more than the usual dif-

ficulties of a theatrical career as are de-

scribed in this interesting parrative."

At Newark, N. J., Patrick Thompson, Jeremiah Cronin and Thomas Hartnett lost their lives not long since through being smothered by mephitic vapor coming from a cesspool which they undertook to clean. The accident happened between seven and eight o'clock. Jeremiah Cronin was the first man lost. He was overcome as be stood by the open manhole and fell to the bottom. Thompson went promotly to his assistance, but he o vercome in a minute or so and fell to the bottom. Thomas Hartnett then made an effort to seve the other men, but only shared their fate. The affair happened so speedily that nobody's attention was attracted to the situation of the three men

for some time. Finally a crowd gathered about the place. but nothing could be done. Lights lowered in the pit, which is very leep, were extinguished by the gas at a lepth of a foot or two. No person could so much as look into the tank without becoming dizzy. Some of those present besought a young man to make an effort to rescue the other men, but he declined, regarding the attempt as a willful sacrifice of his own life. After a co siderable time, several men ventured to approach the opening, and with grapoling hooks brought the bodies to the

surface. Thompson was for thirty-four years a witchman on the Pennsylvania Railroad. His wife died two months ago, Cronin leaves a wife and four children. Hartnett was a young unmarried man.

An Old Story, but Still True.

Timothy Ruggles was six feet six nches in height and had a fine and stately bearing, and was a man of "infinite jest." It is related, through traditional sources, that at the coming in of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Barnstable, about the year 1742, headed by Chief Justice Lyne, an old and decrepit woman came into the court-house as a witness, and, not seeing a seat at hand, she was directed by Ruggles to take the Chief Justice's seat, and so she innocently took it. Soon the Court, in all the provincial pomp and circumstance. and announced "The Court !" Whereupon the Chief Justice, with no small degree of indignation, inquired of the old ledy "why she was there." She immediately pointed to Ruggies and mid: "That men told me to take this cest." The Chief Justice ordered her to leave his seat, and, after the Judge had taken it, turning to Ruggles, with a

FIRST WOMAN IN CAMP.

WARM WELCOME IN THE PAR WEST.

Recrives a Town Let for Being the First of Her Sex to Arrive—The Flowery Speech Made by the Colonel.

June was a day of jollification at Carbonate, Col., being the advent of the first wagon, the first woman, and the first board from the mill. It would have been interesting to the reader to witness the electrifying effect on the men in the camp when word was passed along the line that a woman was coming. Long before she was within a mile of the camp, knots of men were gathered nere and there watching, looking in the direction from whence the wagon was to come. As she hove in sight, each one gathered around his camp, as when an alarm had been sounded in a prairie-dog town. When within a few yards of the outside habitation the woman alighted. and accompanied by her husband, procoeded to the County Clerk's office. (If had been advertised that the donation of a town lot would be given the first woman who came in.) Curious eyes were watching her every step as she approsched the Clerk's quarters. But the crowd which had gathered around the office for mail receded respectfully each side of the entrance. As she passed in. Colonel Ferguson serenely loomed up, and, sailing out among the boys, agita-

ted a reception. Seized by the inspiration, a hundred hats were removed from heads of noble structure and design-siluriated somewhat, perhaps—and a hundred horny palms passed over the unkempt locks to smooth them down; vests were pulled down, and a hundred pair of eyes ran down the respective owners' "digging clothes," proudly inspecting the inevitable "ball stitch" which rejoined the dismembered seam, or held in place the look of common consent the Colonel was the man selected to make the reception speech. Uneasily pluming his monstache with carbonate-stained fingers, the Colonel approached her, and followed by the uncovered heads, he inadvertently yanked a frog from his throat and began: "Respected madam," and a hundred

heads nodded assent. Appealing again to his modetache for the needed inspira tion, the Colonel resumed again: "Respected madam-the illuminating spectre of this most fascinating occasion-And a hundred heads bobbed serengly again in assent. Pluming again the source of inspiration, the halting Colonel staggered on: "Footprints of thine. which have first fallen on our carboniferous soil, we welcome thee. Mercury in her serial flight trails through the starry architraves of heaven, to trail over the silurian outcrops of Garfield country. which has become sacred to us from toil. vicissitudes, and privations. It is ours by right of discovery, and you are welcome. We have been victimized. We have learned to love and cherish in memory the tiny fingers which were rubbed over our biscuits in other days. and we languish for the same. The delicacy of sewing on buttons (thimbleless) is ours, and our toil-stained robes bear the traces of the silurian outcrop. for months we have been here surrounded by the beautiful crystalline pearls of heaven, and have banked about and around us, and our only solace has been the chirp of the camp bird and the weird wailings of the metamorphic blasts. We have long anticipated the daisy, struggling through the snowy depths to comfort us, as the day drew near when we laid by our snowshoes on the limestone edges, but this occasion is most sublime undreamed of, and unprecedented in the history of our new country. Thou hast come upon us like a pertume freighted breath of the gentle springtime, and thou art the shrine to which we bow and bring tribute, and in behalf of these my partners in the struggle, who stand of them glistening like a burnished disc in the silurian sunlight, heads which have been robbed of capilliary traces from inevitable cortact, I again say, welcome."- Denver News.

The Same Old Dodge.

Clerk-"Mr. Sellem, here is a gentlemen who came in to buy a watch. What shall I charge him for this one which he has chosen?"

Mr. Sellem-"Let me see. Well, let him have it for \$50." Clerk-"But he was recommended

told him we would put it way down for

we shall let him have it for \$75. But tell him to be careful and let nobody know what he paid for it. We positively cannot afford to sell them at that hours. Only cus, you know."

Gentleman pays the \$75 and goes off happy in the belief that he has m

BROTHERS DISAGREE.

J. C. Madua

WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY OF THEIR DOING SO.

A Western Editor Gives us a Disser About Two Boys in a Pamily.

[From the Milwaukee Sun.] It is frequently said that about the

worst thing to have around a house is reckless harum-scarum boy, who seems to care little for how he acts and who he torments and makes trouble for. This is a mistake, a popular error. There is something infinitely worse, and that is two boys, particularly if they are brothers. Your boy, and the boy belonging to the next neighbor, can play along day after day, and have royal times, and they will not bother or molest you with their boyish troubles, but to the family with two boys of its own there is music from morning until night, throughout the year. Brothers do not seem to "hitch" well. They are in constant trouble, and the way they two years, has been told by his physiwake things up for the balance of the household is a caution.

In all their play or work there is generally turmoil and disturbances, which must be settled by an application of bedslat to both, or it never will be settled. No one can explain why it is that two brothers of the ages ranging from nine to sixteen, sometimes older or younger. seldom if ever agree in their play or work around home, but it is true, and anyone who has watched two brothers has seen a sample of pure, unadulterated cussedness that is rarely equalled. In all their play they never agree, and in their work around the house they engage in disputes and dissensions, that to see them in the hottest part of the debate, one would swear the widening chasm between them would never be bridged. But in this you are mistaken, as probably in fifteen minutes they will be busily engaged in plundering nest of a swarm of bumblebees, and in the excitement of the occasion they foruet their differences, and they become solid pards once more.

But why is it that brothers do not agree, as do either of them agree with the other boys in the neighborhood? Why is it that they stand for half an hour and wrangle as to which shall saw and which split the wood, when probably in differ minutes' time both of them will be over in a neighbor's yard, helping another boy saw and split his wood. so he can go fishing and they will work live beavers, and never stop a minute for words, and you would think to see them there that they were two of the lovingest little brothers that ever was? Why is it that when they buy a dog or a toy pistol, in "snucks" as it were. that over that particular article, whatever it may be, there is bound to rise clouds of war and dissension.

As a general thing, unless there i very wide difference between the ages of two brothers, their actions toward each other are a study, and you will notice that unless they are engaged in a sport that brings to each an equal amount of pleasure, they will, in nine cases out of ten soon be engaged in rending each other's locks, or knocking the second crop of teeth down their boyish necks. and in the next minute they are loving little brothers, to all appearances, who never had a word or a blow between them. Their work in the garden, at the wood-pile, or running errands, is filled with nameless woes, unless the scales are evenly balanced and one has exactly the same amount of work to perform as the other, and whoever saw work laid out before boys to the supreme satisfaction of both. But they will go away and help a neighbor's boy working, and both nearly kill themselves work, and not a word of complaint will come from

them. It has often been asserted that brothers never agree in business, and it is a good deal true, though, of course, there are cases wherein they do. But it seems before you with uncovered heads, some that the nature of boys, the differences they had when boys together, when they will when boys together, which supported by the State, which supported any other article, grows with them to manhood. One never forgets how the other made a sneak on him one day and coaxed the dog away with him, while the other wanted the dog at home, and if the dog shows the least feeling of affection toward one that he does not toward the other, the life of that dog from that out is one processing round of woe, as the brother he did not take to will make it warm for him, and tie cans to the poor dog's tail and make his life

here by our friend, Mr. Amicus, who one of sorrow and misery. And the brother who could not get solid with him."

Mr. Sellem—"Ah! That alters the case. Tell him our regular price is \$100 but seeing he is a friend of Mr. Amigna's in found by thousands of other limits for the scheme in the scheme and that feeling grows, and the scheme is found by thousands of other limits."

WIT AND WIREDE

BEATS ALL—The tramp.
A TAILOR'S gooss—The dude. AVERY precious maiden Fatte Com CALLERO the roll—Yelling that he Frowers are the sweetest things the God ever made and forget to put a soul

Some people are never setisfied. Blow them how to live happily on a final in-some and they will want you to furnish the income.

CHOOSE always the way that seems the

best, however rough it may be. Cus tom will render it easy and agreeable. Ir was Fuller who said, "He that spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and care

nothing but sauces." A BOY says in his cos "Onions are the vegetables des you side when you don't cat them your

A NEW YORK journalist who had written about 100 lines per week for the past cians that he must take a vacation or die. -Detroit Free Press.

"WHAT makes chickens come out of their shell, they must be so nice and warm and comfortable inside?" "Prince it's because they're airaid of be boiled."

WHEN it is remembered how hard it is for women to keep their powder dry this weather, it seems almost like sacrilege to growl at the heat. - Detroit Free Press.

"How CHARLEY does like to show his importance?" exclaimed Bass, as Charley went striding past. "I know it." replied Fogg: "Singular, isn't it, considering that he has so little of it?"

A SYRACUSE ghost had it all his own way until he stole a ham and a buck saw. Then he was waylaid with a club and sent up for sixty days. No ghost

"YES" SAID the gilded youth, "I know I'm growing too look old very carly in life; but isn't it better to grow old at once and have the agony over instead of having it to worry about every day?"

"On, for a cottage at the seashore!" exclaimed an overheated Philadelphia man yesterday. "That is just my trouble," replied a friend; "I owe for a cottage by the seashore and it has a big mortgage on it too."

An English psychological society is discussing the question: "Are sugals ever sleepy?" If a young man finds his "angel!" yawning about 11 p. m. he may conclude that if she isn't sleepy, his company is not appreciated.

"I UNDERSTOOD you to raysthat your charge for services would be light," complained the client, when his lawyer handed him a tremendous bill. "I believe I said my fee would be nominal. was the reply, "but-""O, I see," interrupted the client, "phenomenal."

A SUBSCRIPTION LOOK publisher save that out of a thousand book agents he asually finds about ten who are worth retaining after a month's trial. suppose the other 990 become too much crippled up to keep on working - Philadelphia News.

"Brast the luck!" oried the burglar as he turned his dark lantern on the handful of silver he had accoped from the vest pocket of a banker. "Blast the luck ! if here ain't six trade dellars ! . f have my opinion of any Government. that puts up these games on a feller !"

THE coal man's cart broke down as he was going to weigh the coal. "You needn't fuse to weigh that coal, said the man who had purchased it. "If man who had purchased it. heavy enough to break down the care weighs more than any ton of coal I gut before. I'm satisfied."

French Cats.

The most humble of the civil functionaries of the French repolic are the them, and their importance is daly recthem in such comfort and dignity as benefits their official position. French naval cut enters the service of his kittenhood, and spends the first year or two of his active career on board a man-of-war, where he is berthed in the, hold and permitted to devote what he may catch. Having thus pessed through apprenticeship, he is sent salore and quartered at one of the five navel ports as a terror to the rate and mise that swarm in the victualling yards and store sheds. "He is then entitled to an ellersuce of five centimes a day, a sum is regularly paid on his behalf to the Director of Cale, who have the