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Special Requests

1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post office

2. Busiress letters and communicstions to be published shoult be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary note when required.

8. 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

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Barnwell C. H. S. C.

wise stipulated.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Pinzle in the Lime-Kiln Club Gives Goo. sion for a Temperance Lecture.

In opening the meeting Brother Garder announced that the Hon, Half-Shell Snyder, of Nashville, Tenn., was in the ante-room waiting to deliver a lecture on the subject, "The progression of Man." The honorable reached Detroit out of money, hungry, hatless and almost discouraged. The President had boarded him for three days, lent him a shirt and other garments, and hoped to be repaid by listening to an interesting lecture

upon a subject in which he had always

taken a deep interest. The committee then proceeded to the ante-room and brought in the celebrated orator. It was noticed as he entered the door that his face had a wild look and that his knees wobbled, but he reached the platform in pretty fair shape. Brother Gardner had stepped forward to receive and introduce him, when the Hon, Half-Shell suddenly wilted to the floor and his eyes began to roll like fishballs flying around a circus ring. It was then discovered that he was overcome by the effects of whisky. Indeed, the odor could be scented all over the room, and Samuel Shiu was just mean chough to sniff twice to any other man's once, in order to get all he could without pay. When it was apparent that the orator was overcome the President

looked down upon him and said: "Any fule kin get drunk, but it takes a man to keep sober. Ax dis man in his sober hours to put his foot agin a hot stove or to cut his fingers wid a knife an' he would call you crazy, but he coolly an' deliberately purceeds to do wuss. He pours stuff inter his stomach to reduce himself to de level of a brute or lower. 1 can't strip him of de cloze I lent him, an' de food he has eaten at my table has gone to make fat on his ribs. Howsumeter, in his departur' from dis locality he should be made to realize dat we know an insult when we see one, an' kin properly resent it. Brudders Stepoff. Jones, an' L. Nelson Slabs will escort de celebrated orator down stairs an' gin him

an appropriate send-off." The order was obeyed with great alacrity, and how well it was carried out may be inferred from the fact that next morning the boys picked up pieces of pantaloon cloth and several buttons and buckles on the other side of the ten-foot fence in front of the entrance door .-Detroit Free Press.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHESTNUTS. Prices, Grafting, Worms, Chestant Flour-Horse Chestants as Medicine.

"Chestnuts are scarce this year, and will be dear," said Mr. Charles Helfrich. recently. "Virginia nuts, which are the best, are sold at \$11 and \$12 a bushel. and State nuts at \$10 to \$11. The prospects are that the crop will be very light and worms plenty. There is a little green speck to be seen in almost all chestnuts. Some dealers say every chestnut has one. This speck is the egg of a worm, which has been laid in the blossom, and the nut grows over it. Sometimes it never gets to be any more than a speck. But with a sufficient amount of heat this speck soon gets to be a worm, and eats his way out. The worms soon destroy a crop. They grow no chestnuts in California, and the only way to preserve nuts long enough to get them to the Pacific coast is to have them kiln-dried. This destroys the worm, but

t evaporates the moisture. "Most chestnuts come to market in bags, which keep them cool. As soon as possible they should be spread out in thin layers on the floor. This will prevent the hatching of the worms. The season for native chestnuts lasts until Nov. 1. Then the Italian nuts come

in. They sell for 10 and 12 cents a pound, or \$6 and \$8 a bushel. I have seen American nuts sell as high as \$16 and as low as \$1.50 a bushel. They are sweeter than the Italian nuts. In Italy chestnuts are much used as food because they are cheap, but the Italians in this country find other food to be chesper. There is a flour made of chestnuts, which is sold at the Italian stores. The bread made from it is very nutritions, but

rather tough. "The supply of chestnuts varies very much. Sometimes we cannot find enough to meet the demand, and at other times the market is dull. Attempts have been made to cultivate chestants. with varying success. A man on Staten Island has succeeded in raising some. by cultivation, of a size midway between Virginia and Italian nuts. The improve

ment was effected by grafting: " As the woods are cut down the supply of nuts decreased. The decrease in this State has been rapid. Considerable quantities of nuts have been sold for export. Foreigners like the flavor of our chestnuts. As to horse chestnuts, I do not know that they have any market value. There are some who use them for medicinal purposes. There is a widespread superstition that the carrying of a home chestaut is a preventive of discase,"-New York Sun,

Ir you wast to experiment on the advorce a legy boy from a years but on cold wind

BILL MASON'S BRIDE. Half an hour till train time, sir, An' a fearful dark time, too; Take a look at the switch-lights, Fetch in a stick when you go through,

"On time?" Well, yes, I guess so— Left the last station all right— She'll come round the curve a flyin'; Bill Mason comes up to-night. You know Bill? No! He's an engineer; found, either in his aristocratic home or Been on the road all his life— I'll never forget the morning He married his chuck of a wife. his wealthy friends. Twas the summer the mill hands struck-

Just off work, every one; They kicked up a row in the village, And killed old Donovan's son. Bill hadn't been married more'n an hour, Up comes the message from Kress, Orderin' Bill to go up there And bring down the night express. He left his gal in a hurry, And went on number one, Thinking of nothing but Mary

And the train he had to run. And Mary sat down by the window To wait for the night express; And, sir, if she hadn't 'a ' done so, She'd been a widow, I guess.

For it must 'a' been nigh midnight When the mill hands left the Ridge They came down, the drunken devils! But Mary heard 'em a-workin' And guessed there was something wrong, And in less than fifteen minutes,

Bill's train it would be along. She couldn't come here to tell us, A mile--it wouldn't 'a' done-So she jest grabbed up a lantern And made for the bri lge alone. Then down came the night express, sir And Bill was makin' her climb But Mary held the lantern,

A-swinging it all the time. Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin',
On the track, in her weddin' dress— Cryin' and laughin' for joy. sir, An' holdin' on to the light—

Hello! here's the train—good-by, sir, Bill Mason's on time to n'ght. BRETE HARTE.

### THE LILY OF THE GLEN.

In one of the most beautiful of New England's shady dells, far away from the din and dust of the city, musical with the song of brooklet and bird, and fragrant with breathings of trees and flowers, hidden almost out of sight by the old gray mountains, lies the fair little village of Glen. And in one of its sunniest spots, sheltered by elms of a century's growth, mossy itself with uncounted years, over-run with luxuriant vines and embosomed in roses, stands the fairy little cottage where dwelt the pride of the village-its fair young Lily -an orphan from the hour of her birth. but so loved by her aged grandparents that the name had never a meaning.

Beautiful as the flower whose name she bore was the Lily of the Glen, and as holy and shrinking in nature, too, breathing out her sweetness in lonely places, and coveting ever the lonely seat, Scarce more was she idolized in the humble home whose life and light and beauty she was, than in every other one of the scattered village; for wherever she went she carried a blessing, and from every threshold bore one, too, now from the crowing lips of a baby face, and then from the quivering ones of wrinkled age. Pure in heart, not dazzlingly but softly brilliant in intellect, gentle and loving. for eighteen years the maiden had led that happy life which only the good and true can know-a sunny life, scarcely darkened by a single cloud-a flowery one, scarcely pricked by a single thorna holy one, scarcely touched by a single

But her heart was saddened then. First one and then the other aged relative grew sick, and for many weeks they lay side by side on the same couch. moaning in feverish dreams. Patiently and tenderly did the young grandchild nurse them, heeding their slightest wish, and giving up cheerily the demands of her pulse, that she might be ever with them, and striving with all love's earnestness to win them back from he valley whose shades seemed vailing them. And even in the last fearful hour. though her heart was sore and bleeding she calmed herself and sung in sweet. though tremulous strains, the hymn they asked for, that on the breath of music their souls might be wafted into heaven. But then, when all was over, her

strength gave way, and for weeks she lay like a frost-bitten flower; her cheeks like snow and her lips voicelss. Yet, though alone in the world then, never had an invalid kinder and more considerate care. There was none in the whole village that did not render her some service, happy to pay back a debt of love, and sad that it must be paid in such a way. And when at length she recovered, and on the arm of the gray-haired pastor, slowly passed up the aisle of the little church to the seat that had been vacant for nearly a year, there went up from every heart a thanksgiving to the Father in Heaven, and when her sweet, lute-like voice rose and fell in waves of thrilling melody, as she joined in the grand old hymn, tears of joy streamed fast from many eyes, and when the serpassed out of the holy place, every right hand was kindly clasped by her, and

But one among them did not greet her, though his gaze followed her intently from the moment she entered till she left. It was a stranger, a tourist, who, charmed by the rural beauty of the glen, had resolved as the stage left him there on Saturday evening, to spend a few days in rambling about in sunny spots and sketching its picturesque rivers; a highly-gitted, noble young man, dow-ered with a princely tortune, who, have

from every lip there fell a blessing.

ing completed his collegiate course, had nought to do but while away his time in the most agreeable way. But, now, surfeited with the pleasures of fashionable life, he had turned away to seek in communion with Nature and her true hearted children that congeniality for which his spirit had longed but had not

His mother had been one of those spiritually organized beings to whom holiners of life and devotion to duty are as necessitous as breath, and though spared to him but seven brief years, she so inwrought her nature into his that all the unfortunate eircumstances of later years could not eradicate it-the angel sung so sweetly in the far depths of his bosom that the syren voices of temptation sounded to him ever like hideous dis-

cords. The proud lady who, ere two years had left their greenness on his mother's grave, was installed as mistress of her home, gave no affection to the dining boy, while his father, a stern, grave, taciturn man, though deep in his heart there welled strong waves of passionate feeling, manifested them only by seeing that his temporal condition was well cared for, and so he grew to manhood

filled with affectionate yearnings, but with none to breathe them upon, and only uttering them upon the low grassy mound where slept the gentle being who had given him life.

Once indeed his spirit thought it had found its mate. There flitted into the brilliant saloons of fashion a radiant young creature, who seemed the incarnation of a poet's dream, and whose spell soon bound the youthful Reuben. But ere many months the charm was broken. She proved but a gay coquette. and after toying with many hearts, finalv surrendered to wrinkled age, bartering herself for gold. Reuben had believed he loved her, but when the dream rue so radely broken he found his heart was fetterless-he had loved not her, but the creation of his own soul who he had fancied was embodied there. For a time indeed he scorned the other sex, but ere long the vision of his own sweet mother came to him in such vivid light, that he felt he stained himself with sin to think even harshly of those to whom she was bound by the ties of sisterhood, and he said within himself, "I will seek he counterpart; and finding it, be happy. So Lord Burleigh-like, he went about a traveling artist, and in the wild o

angel in his heart sang dearer and more Such was he who, in the little church of Glen, had watched so closely its frail Lily. Her loveliness, ever bewitchingly delicate, was enhanced by the paleness of convalescence, and she seemed to the young man like one of those sainted ones of whom he used to dream when in his boyish sorrow he nestled on the couch where his mother's spirit had de-

beautiful of nature, as chanced the

scene, his spirit drank in peace, and the

adopted child of the church? She walks 'efore us with the old pastor."

call her Lily or the Lily of the Glen, s homeless girl now, without a relative on earth, and yet she will never want for anything, for, humble as we are, we will ever make room for her by our hearths and in our hearts, for she is an angel whom we cannot entertain without blessing!"

The young man shut himself in his room and mused upon her. In his wildest dreams he had fancied nothing earthly so ethereal, and he felt that could he but clasp that fragile Lily to his heart its low murmuring moans would be hushed forever.

The sunset flooded the Glen with brilliancy as he stole forth again, and longing for silent communion with the human floweret who had entranced his soul, he turned from the pleasant village street and followed the banks of a little stream that went singing along as though each wave was a melody. Whither it led he knew not, but keeping the worn path he found himself ere long opposite a little grave-yard, whose monuments had nothing to arrest attention, but whose quiet beauty entranced one at a glance. Reuben leaned with folded hands on the white stile and was soon lost in fresh thought. Memory carried him back to the day his mother died, and he saw half in wonder half in awe, over the rose-bud from a neighboring bush and bidden to wash the heart of the dust

that has gathered on its beauty. Suddenly he started. A low, sweet

that it came from a locust grove in a distant corner of the yard, and he felt intuitively that it was the night hymn of the Lily sung over the grave of her

He forbore to disturb the solemnity of the spot by seeking the acquaintance he desired, and so he turned from the stile, and passing on, threw himself on a bank of violets beside the stream, and was soon lost in delicious revery.

"A beautiful spring night, sir," said mild voice soon, and starting up the young man found himself face to face with the aged pastor, on whose arm caned the fair voung mourner.

"You are a stranger, sir, I take it ere. I noticed you in church, and I should have spoken to you there, but I had no chance. We are plain, simple people here, but mean to do our duty, and if while you tarry I can be of service, you may command me."

It was a courteous greeting, not so much in words as in the fatherly manner of the gray-haired man, and Reuben offered his hand warmly and expressed his thanks for the kindness, and as he walked back to the village with them. charmed them with his high-toned thoughts, and the three were each regretful when the pastor's gate was

"Let us see you here to-morrow." said he, as he led the Lily in, for she was his dove-like blessing, "or to-night, even, if apart from home, a family altar

should be longed for." "I have longed for it since my mother died," said the young man with a touch-

ing pathos. "Come with us then, sir. We have few forms, but we trust our hearts are right;" and he ushered Reuben into the little study, and for a while they sat there in the calm moonlight, not conversing with each other, but attering as they chanced, the holy thoughts which begged for an expression.

At an early hour an aged female dostand to the pastor's side. He turned over the leaves of the family Bible till. he had selected a chapter, and then passed it to the young man, saving:

"My eves grow dim: let me borrow Reuben took the holy volume reverently, and read in clear, thrilling tones, those glorious passages from St. John, commencing: "Let not your heart be troubled." When he had closed, the pastor turned to Lily for the hymn. It quivered on her lips, but the sacred emotions of her heart were too powerful for her weakened frame, and the words hung there in uttered music. Reuben's keen ear had caught the strain, though, and his rich voice harmonized fully with the lofty words as he sung it through. Then the aged man bent his knee and prayed. And while he took in the whole world in his petition, he vet pleaded earnestly and individually for the gentle girl he had taken to his heart. and for the stranger who worshiped with them, and, subdued as his human feelings were, the young man was vet conscious of a sudden thrill of joy when

he heard himself thus coupled in solemn prayer with the beauteous Lily. Only snatches of sleep came to him that night: most of it was spent in revery. And when he went out on the ensuing morning, life wore a changed look to him. It had put on a majesty that awed him, and yet that roused him to sublimer views. The divinity within him was aroused, not partially, but thoroughly, and he resolved to heed well its intuitive suggestions. He sought out the aged pastor and revealed to him his previous life, its longings, its aspirations, its unquietness, and his last resolve, to seek him out a bride who

should give beauty and bliss to life. "When I saw Lily yesterday," said he, "the poet's charming story came vividly to mind, and I resolved to woo her as did the lord of the tale, in painter's dress, and bear her to a princely home when she expected but an humble cottage. But better thoughts have been awakened in me. I would still win her. if I can, but not to lead her into fashion's halls. They are not the place for one so spiritual as she. Home is the sphere for one like her, and I would win her to a home with me, in this or some other shady glen, and keep her my Lily

through my life. "And this is not all, sir, I would learn of you a pastor's auties. My life thus far has been an aimless one. I need not work, for I have wealth at my command, but I would consecrate myself to something. My spirit has ever chafed at the fetters I have thrown about it. I will untangle it, and let it have its will. And at your feet, sir, I would study earnestly, faithfully, and pray that your lips may ask God's blessing on me as I somewhere kneel before my chosen people."

"My son," said the old man, solemply. "you have chosen well. Heaven hath directed you here as a guardian for Lily and a student for me. These fifty years I have ministered here. I knew my strength was failing and mysenses growing dim, but I could not bear to leave my people with one who served their Master from other than the holiest motives, and so, tremulously I have per-

shall be spared to stand beside you when you first preach to them, and then I shall be content to go. Come, let us begin." And from that day Reuben was an inmate of the parsonage, and that he prospered fast was no wonder either, for he had, as he said, an angel and a saint for guardians. There were scornful looks and haughty words in his aristocratic home, when his proud relatives heard that the heir of their princely wealth had turned student of divinity, and would settle in an obscure village, and there was much wonder among his fashionable friends. But nothing could win the young man from his holy vows, and night after night till the stars waned did he lean over his desk, that he might the sooner be prepared for the pastor's place, his only recreation being his

walks and talks with the gentle Lily. Two years from the day he first entered the little-church as a stranger to all, he was solemnly set apart to his holy work, the aged pastor's trembling hands being placed upon his head, as with quivering lips he ordained him a Christian minister; and the same low, lute-like voice that entranced him then, sang now the hymn that confirmed the

At sunset, the holy Sabbath sunset, the little church again was filled, for before the altar stood the vouthful pastor to take a new vow to his heart, one that bade him "love and cherish till death did them part," the gentle being who unconsciously had woke his soul to the sublimer view of life-a vow that, while it changed the "girlish thing" to a pastor's bride, yet left her, as she was before, the Lily of the Glen.

#### Dead Reckoning.

Lieutenant Brown was the navigator of the brig Perry of the United States navy a good many years ago, and on a passage from China to Mexico he allowed the chronometers (by which they found the longitude) to run down. They make Cape St. Lucas, which is high and can be seen a long way off. The captain, Jot Stone Paine, was not told that the chronometers had run down and that they were depending on dead reckoning for the longitude. Brown got on the parallel of the cape, and steering due east kept a good look out ahead. He kept a foretopman at the masthead with orders to come down and tell him quietly when he saw the land, and not otherwise to announce it-promising him a bottle of whisky in return. Accordingly one day shortly before 12 o'clock the foretopman came down and reported the land in sight from aloft. He was told by Brown to return to the masthead, and when the bell struck one to report it in he usual manner. A little after 12 clock the captain came out of the cabin and said : "Well, Mr. Brown, when do you think we will see land?" "We will make the land, sir," said Brown, "at half-past 12 o'clock," (ope

"We will, eh?" said the captain. "Yes, sir," replied Brown, in his most pompous manner, "at half-past 12 pre-

Just then the bell struck, and the man at the masthead roared out in a stentorian voice, "Land ho!"

"By George," said Captain Jot. "that's the most remarkable landfall I ever made!" and he afterward told the first lieutenant that he considered Brown one of the most skillful navigators he had ever met.

## One Hundred Years Ago.

It was the 25th of November, 1783a brilliant day, that an excited crowd surged and shouted about Mr. Day's tavern in Murray street, near the road to Greenwich. Cunningham, the cruel and vindictive British provost-marshal, stood at the foot of the flag-pole, from which floated the stars and stripes, the flag of the new republic.

"Come, you rebel cur," he said to Mr. Day, "I give you two minutes to haul down that rag-I'll have no such striped clout as that flying in the faces of His Majesty's forces !"

"There it is, and there it shall stay," said Day, quietly but firmly.

Cunningham turned to his guard. "Arrest that man," he ordered, "And as for this thing here I'll haul it down myself," and, seizing the halyards, he began to lower the flag. The crowd broke out into fierce murmurs, uncertain what to do. But, in the midst of the tumult, the door of the tavern flew open, and forth sallied Mrs. Day, armed with her trusty broom.

"Hands off that flag, you villain, and drop my husband!" she cried, and before the astonished Cunningham could realize the situation, the broom came down thwack! thwack! upon his powtwenty years ago, who were boys in that | Scotland and America. excited crowd, and remembered how the powder flew from the stiff white wig, and how, amidst jeers and laughter, the defeated provost-marshal withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled before the resistless sweep of Mrs. Day's all-conquering broom. -St. Nicholas for No-

A SCIENTIST says that in the moon hickory nut falling from a bough would crash through a man like a minie ball. that settles it. We shall never go to Norrison Horaid,

AT THE END OF A WAR.

Trick Played by the British when They were Leaving this Country.

A never-to-be-forgotten incident occurred when the American column, neaded by General Washington and Governor Clinton, approached the Battery as the British army left it, at the close of the Revolutionary War. Lieu tenant Glean had been ordered by Commodore Grinnel to raise the American standard on the staff where the English ensign had been heretofore flying. The evening before the British had unreeved the halyards, broke off the stepping cleats, and slushed the flagstaff. The flagstaff stood on Fort George, at the north end or bastion, close to the Battery. Several men tried to climb the staff, which was as slippery as ice, but in vain. A young sailor boy named Van Arsdale made three attempts, got up about three feet and slipped down again. Then several persons ran to Goelet's hardware store on Hanover square and got a handsaw, hatchet, gimlet and nails. One sawed lengths across a board, one split the cleats and another bored them until there was plenty to use. The sailor boy tied the halyard around his waist, filled his outside pockets full of cleatsand then began at the ground to nail them in on the right and left of the flagstaff. As he ascended higher he nailed the cleats on, and then, reaching the top, he rove the halyards and descended. The flag was immediately run up, amid a salute of thirteen guns and three thundering cheers from the multitude assembled. The time spent in preparing to hoist the flag was a period of intense interest and suspense. The English vessels were moving down the bay and spreading their canvas to the wind, and t was passionately desired to let them see the American standard waving over the city before they left. The sailor boy was given a more substantial token of approval than mere applause, those resent, from General Washington to the plainest citizen, cheerfully contributing to a collection for his benefit. The son of the sailor boy David Van Arsdale is now a night inspector in the

Barge Office in New York. Another incident, related by an evewitness of the scene, may serve to illustrate the reluctance with which the British quitted their hold of the city which they had so long claimed as their own. By the conditions agreed upon the city was to be surrendered at noon. but an impatient shopkeeper in the neighborhood of Chambers street anticipated the arrangement and hoisted. the American flag during the course of the morning. Provost Marshal Cunningham hastened to the spot and confronted the proprietor, "Pull down that flag," he exclaimed with an oath "the city belongs to the British till noon," The man objected, hesitated and was on the point of yielding, when the good woman of the house came to the rescue. "The flag shall not come down," said she. Cunningham stormed and swore, and finally attempted to tear down the colors with his own hands: but the woman assailed him so vigorously with a broomstick, striking a cloud of powder from his wig at every blow, that he was forced at last to abandon the field and leave the American flag unmolested.

## A Long Game.

A singular game of chess has just been finished in the north of Scotland. The game was begun about twelvemonths ago in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. The first player, Mr. J. B. Munoz, made a move, and then passed the scoring sheet on by post to a friend. That friend made a move in reply, and then passed the paper on by post to another well-known player, who made a move in continuation. In this way the document found its way to Baltimore, Md., where Mr. Sellman, who played lately in the London tournament, added a move and sent the paper on to Jamaica, N. Y. From Jamaica it was sent to England, and, after passing through the hands of well-known players in London and other towns, who each added a move, it began a tour among the chess players of Scotland. After traveling as far north as Dallwillington, the document was sent back to Sheriff Spens of Glasgow. That gentleman examined the position, and decided that the game was lost for white, as black could force an exchange of rooks and win with the pawns. He therefore returned the game to the first player, Mr. J. B. Munoz, who now sent it to London to be published as a curiosity in the Chesa Monthly, where it has just appeared. The scoring sheet bears the signatures of several players, who each made a move in the game, and the document shows that it passed from hand to hand through dered wig. Old men still lived, not thirty-two towns and cities of England.

- A WHIPPING. - The Indianapolis police were told that a man was whipping his wife in a tenement block near the heart of the city; but instead they found the wife, arrayed in only one garment, cowhiding her husband. He was once Superintendent of the State Institute in Ohio. Lately he had been reduced by drink, until his wife had to support her self. She told the officers that the doctor had reached home drunk, and that, patience having ceased to be a virtue. him to his senses,

BILL NYE, EX-POSTMASTER.

He Successfully Accounts for the Prostration in High Government Circles In the course of an interview at

aramie the other day Bill Nye was asked: "You are still Postmaster here, are

ou not ?"

"Yes, the jig will soon be up or words o that effect. My resignation has gone in to Washington. It created a great deal of excitement thereabouts. Perhaps you've noticed that all the dispatches sent out from the national capital the last few days have a dreary, listless, funeral-at-2-o'clock air about them, as though there was something wrong at headquarters. My resignation has brought this about. I tell you candidly things are looking pretty blue there just now. Old Greash, the Postmaster-General, you know, telegraphed to me as soon as he received my little note. He says: 'Reconsider your resignation, 1 beg of you, Billy, don't go.' I answered the telegram, telling him it was a ground nog case-I had to go. Then Frank-Frank Hatton-Frank he wired me: For the sake of old love, don't shake us now. The mail service won't rank any higher than our navy if you leave it. Cancel resignation at once. I replied that I hated to refuse, but couldn't help myself; like the pig-tailed persimmons l must go. Then Chet, he telegraphed me. His message was as long as his trip

ne felt as though three feet or four cogs n the wheels of government had broken. and that unless I consented to come back into the fold he feared the blamed old machine wouldn't run much longer. I tell you honestly I was so affected by his message that I shed a few weeps beore I could muster up spirit to answer it. I told him that I was sorry, but must

cross Wyoming to the park. He said

insist on my resignation being accepted. I told him, however, that if he really needed my assistance I might take the and here I paused for a reply. I have paused ever since.' "Who will succeed you here?"

"Well, that's a hard question to an wer. As near as I can learn, about every man in town, except one, has applied for the position. The one man abduction of a youthful and innocent mule. I believe, however, that he also wrote out an application, but that the ailer suppressed it. I am very busy nst now with my new book. I've concluded to try one more dose of my medieine on the dear people. It's pretty tough—on the people—I'll admit, but I

lon't seem to mind it much. I believe man gets hard-hearted as he grows lder; don't you?"

The Great August Sea Wave.

A letter from Panama shows that the great tidal wave caused by the Java earthquake was propagated to the Pacific coast of South America. At Talcahuano, Chile the ocean rose on August 28th two feet above high water mark, and the day after earthquakes were felt in Salvador, Colombia and Ecuador, Alarming detonations about the same time were heard in all the towns of the Bogota plateau, while at Manabi, Ecuador, troops were turned out ready to meet the supposed enemy.

This record will enable seismologists to ascertain the extent of the disturbance caused by the Java earthquake. Almost simultaneously with the Andean earth shocks and the Chilean tiwave the ocean rose on the California coast, as reported

by Professor Davidson on August 29. In the West Indies an extraordinary tide rose in the harbor of St. Thomas at half-past seven p. m., August 27. As the tides at St. Thomas seldom go above twelve inches, and that of August 27 rose three and a half feet and was followed on the 30th by a heavy earthquake shock, there can be little doubt that this disturbance was the result of the terrible commotion in the Sunda Straits. If to the same agency be attributed the destructive tidal wave which visited our Jersey coast on August 28 and 29 it would seem that the agitation extended to all the oceanic area around the globe forty degrees on both sides of the equator.

This enormous sea wave as it expanded eastward and westward from the Indian Ocean produced no fatal results, as did the famous Arica sea wave of August 13th, 1868. But its disturbing effects upon the earth's crust in the South American earthquake belt must have been considerable. Though a vast ocean wave is the consequence rather than the cause of seismic convulsions, it will be wise for the inhabitants of the volcanic countries recently shaken by the Java tidal wave to be on the lookout for such convulsions, especially as this epoch of the century is one often distinguished by fatal earth throes.

A FIND. - The Las Vegas Gazette says John Quincy Adams, who is well known in Socorro county, New Mexico, has sold a third interest in his late find for \$13,000. While prospecting he found his haversack on fire, his prospector's glass having tocused the sun's rays upon it. As the haversack contained six pounds of powder, he dropped it and got out of the way. It fell into a crevice and a large mass of rock was blown up. Adams turned mournfully to gather up what might be left of his effects, and found a vein of silver that the age had expend to view

parted. There was no guile, he felt, in those heavenly eyes, no mocking taunt would ever sing from lips like hers-nay. there was a purity of soul visible in her "Who is she?" asked he, as he walked home with the inn keeper; "who is that fair young creature who seems the

"She has another name, but we only

himself again in childish grief, bending, open grave, and then kissing a white ing it on to the coffin, and then he thought of the after visits he had paid it when it was green and flowery, and remembered how many times he had wished he could have slept beside her. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he leaned there: those holy tears which come un-

formed my duties for a year or more. train flitted by on the evening breeze, My son, you shall commence this day and to his highly-wrought feelings it your studies. You are well trained and seemed at first like the angel voice of learned, and your heart is right. It will her he mourned. But he soon rallied not take you long to fit yourself to speak himself, and listening closely, discerned | to these simple, truthful Christians. I