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\$2 a Year.

A WISH.

If I could find the Little Year, The Happy Year, the glad New Year, If could find him setting forth To seek the ancient track-I'd bring him here, the Little Year, Like a peddler with his pack.

And all of golden brightness, And nothing dull or black, And all that heart could fancy. And all that life could lack, . Should be your share of the peddler's ware When he undid his pack.

The best from out his treasure A smile of yours would coax. And then we'd speed him on his way, At midnight's falling strokes; And bid him hurry round the world.

And serve the other folks! MARGARET VELLY.

AN INCIDENT FROM LIFE.

How damp and cold and foggy it was in Lambeth Palace Road one December evening. It was terrible noisy too, for hage carts, laden with heavy goods from the Southwestern Railway terminus hard by, rattled incessantly over the stones, and everybody hurried along to be out of the thoroughfare as soon as possible.

Three little urchins formed an exception to the bustling crowd, for they lingered for more than an hour round the big iron gates of St. Thomas's Hospital in spite of the constant knocks and pushes they received, custom having made them almost unconscious of such treatment. Besides, the attraction which kept them there was a powerful one. They had actually witnessed, while they waited the arrival of no less than three Christmas trees. Two of them, it is true, were only young fir trees dug up from a plantation somewhere in the country and sent straight to the hospital there to be dressed up in all their attractive finery, but the third tree was a present from the wife of one of the consulting physicians and was already trimmed and decorated and covered

There was some delay in moving it from the light cart and carrying it into the building, and so the three small boys outside had time for a long look at it in all its beauty. One must be a child to understand what that beauty is: colored flags, gold and silver balls, dolls, trumpets, candles, crackers, sweetiesthey need a child's imagination to be appreciated, but we may perhaps, happily have enough of it left in us to know how much they convey to him.

The boys on the sticky payement outside gave a long-drawn sigh as the beautiful tree went out of sight, and they turned away to their own usual surroundings-mud, fog, cold, discomfort, such as thay had been accustomed to all through their short lives.

"My!" said one of them, Jimmy by name: "wouldn't I just like to be sick in there and 'ave that there tree to play

with !" It was a sentiment echoed by the other two, as they edged themselves along the railing of the hospital, making their way back toward the room they usually slept in in Lambeth.

"Well, we ain't sick," said another of them, called Peter, although the harsh, dry voice he spoke in and his white, wan face might have told another tale.

"And so we ain't got no tree!" said the third boy, Bill. They had almost reached the corner of Westminster Bridge, in depressed silence, when Pet -as he was commonly called-suddenly stopped, and, with a smile that was pleasing enough to see, although his companions did not notice it, exclaimed;

"Ain't I got a hidea !" After which statement he propounded to his attentive audience, ideas being, if not rare, always interesting to boys. And certainly Pet's was original and

worthy of consideration. He suggested that one of them should

feign to be ill; should get taken into the hospital, and when once there should see the tree in all its glory. The plan sounded delightful, the only

objection to it being that they could not all play the principal part in it. They decided who should be the lucky one by the all-popular method of tossing, and Pet won the toss. This was fortunate. for besides having distinctly the first right to his own idea, which the lad did not think of, he was the only one of the three who would have been capable of acting his part; but Pet did not know this either.

He only gave Jimmy and Bill a few hints as to what they were to do, how they were to look as scared as possible when Bill's father came home at night, and how they were to say they knew nothing of Pet, except that he was sud-

denly "took bad." Whereupon the "taking" promptly occurred, and with a thud that was unexpected even to Jimmy and Bill, Pet threw himself down at full length on the pavement, A small crowd instantly collected round them. Most of the people only stared a moment and then passed on; one or two expressed pity; and after a few moments the inevitable policeman arrived and pushed his way up to Pet's side, roughly questioning Jimmy and Bill. They whimpered a bit and looked frightened-to order, and the policeman, after rolling Pet over with his foot and finding him apparently altogether unconscious, said he must go to the hospital, and, with the

help of a good-natured bystander, himself carried him there, Jimmy and Bill and several others following.

It was something to be inside those great walls, as Jimmy and Bill and Pet, too, thought, while the latter was being carried by the porter on a stretcher into the casualty ward and a big bell was rung for Number One-that is, a young dresser always handy, who sees a case first, and, if it be trifling, attends to it without sending for the house surgeon. But of Pet the dresser could make nothing at all, and he soon called the house surgeon, who came running down from the top of the high building and applied himself with the rapidity of a hardworked man to the consideration of the case before him. He did not look over thirty, but there was an amount of dicision, a firmness and a gentleness in his touch of Pet, which spoke well for the use he had made of his head and of his heart. The policeman stated what he knew and was dismissed, while the surgeon looked for all the most likely symptoms in Pet, and was able to find none of them. The patient was simply unconscious. The boys were asked wifether Pet had been ill before he fell down suddenly, and they said: "No.

only the cough !"
And as they both cried, or howled steadily, all the time, the dresser sent them away, telling them they might come the next morning to hear what was the matter with their friend. They, not sorry to get their dismissal after the surgeon had arrived on the scene, scam-

Then the surgeon, systematically-and very patiently indeed, began at Pet's head and examined him down to his feet to find some cause for this extraordinary unconsciousness, and could find none. Disease he found indeed, for the poor little fellow's lungs were half gone, but as he said to the dresser: "Boys don't drop down unconscious from that!" Being strangely baffled, the surgeon ordered Pet to be taken to the children's ward, undressed and put to bed.

"We'll see what we can make of him

then," he said. It was not by any means easy for Pet to keep up his acting, especially when strong ammonia was put under his nose and almost boiling water to his feet, but he managed it, more now from pride than from longing after the Christmas tree, even. Only when he was lifted by the nurse into a soft, clean, warm bed such as he had never dreamt of before that small closed mouth of his involuntarily parted, and something very like a smile, like the ghost of a smile, stole over his face.

The surgeon, noticing it, was struck with the idea that the boy might be

"Fetch the battery here," he said. Pet did not know what a battery meant, or his smile would certainly have disappeared as involuntarily as it had

The surgeon waited by his side, holding his small hand and thinking to himself that, shamming or not shamming, Pet had the most pathetic face he had met with in all his experience of sadness

Then the battery was brought and slight shock was administered from it

down Pet's back. "Oh! that was horrible !" thought the lad. "What was it? Would it come again?"

He managed not to wince under it the first time. A second and a harder shock was given. Pet did not quite scream, but he pressed his fingers se hard into the house surgeon's hand that the latter knew he was right in his conjecture. Then a third shock was given -a stronger one, and this time Pet sprang out of bed with tears starting to his eyes and exclaimed:

"Oh! don't do it again; don't do it

One or two students round were laughing, but the surgeon did not see anything but pathos in the scene, as he said, gravely:

"Then you are not ill, and have been giving us all this trouble for nothing. Why did you do it?"

He wanted the lad to tell the truth, and of course to him Pet did. "Please, sir," he said, not crying now, but looking straight with his great gray eyes into the doctor's face, "'twas the

tree, the Christmas tree, as I wanted to see so swful bad! Me and Jimmy and Bill, we seed it a-carried into here, all beautiful, and-and-I did want to see

'And so you pretended to be ill, that you might come in here, and-" "Yes, sir."

"And what am I to do with you now, do you think?" "Turn me out again," said Pet

There was something very like a quiver in the surgeon's voice as he said with infinite tenderness:

"No, my lad, I shan't do that to you, you shall see the Christmas tree in here. but you are quite ill enough to stay in the ward until after Christmas time, and

then we will see !" And so Pet had his Christmas tree and Jimmy and Bill came in at the surgeon's invitation to see it, too, but Pet did not go back with them after it to Lambeth. He never left the hospital again, for consumption ran a rapid course with him, and before three months were over he died in the ward.

A BLIND POOL.

OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

He Starts out in Life Poor, but Succeeds in Making His Way Into a Fortune Through Pluck and Cheek.

I met Henry Villard the other day, says a newspaper correspondent. He looks like just what he is, a shrewd, bigidead man, whose biggest idea is Villard. He's about fifty years of age, but is good for thirty years yet, in all human probability.

He was born in a little town in Germany, in easy circumstances, and after havin' been a German student and soldier and all the rest, his folks wanted him to settle down in Germany and marry a nice little girl they had picked out for

The girl was nice enough, but Germany was too quiet a place, and young Villard didn't feel a bit like settlin' down. So he gave his good folks a spasm by telling 'em he had made up his mind not to marry, and to go to America. The old folks tried to coax him to stay, but he wouldn't be coaxed. He bade his mother good bye and the girl, took his father's blessin' and a little of his father's money with him, and came to America. Durin' his career as a newspaper man

he came across William Lloyd Garrison and his daughter. The young lady took a fancy to him, and as Villard by this time had forgotten his German girl, who, by the way, had got married herself, he "settled down" at last and married Miss Garrison. He then set to work and dabbled in stocks so shrewdly and successfully that he soon got rich; and not only made money, which is easy, but kept it, which is harder, and invested it so as to make a fortune. which is hardest of all.

As a well-to-do capitalist and a married man, he made a visit to his native town and his family, and was introduced to the man who had married his first love-with whom he became fast friends. He also made the acquaintance of leadin' capitalists at Frankfort, and induced good many Germans to invest in western railways in which he was interested. Among others, the husband of his first girl invested under his lead, and Villard took double pains to see this man all right, both for his own sake and that of his wife. It ain't every man who gets a chance to make money for a woman he

Villard formed an Oregon company of which he was the head, and this Oregon company obtained control of the Northern Pacific, in a very skillful and darin' fashion. Villard is a great believer in the one man power, that is inhavin' one responsible head for everythin', and lettin' the head have all the power, as well as all the responsibility. Well, in this Oregon company he was the "one man." And he didn't propose to take any advice or listen to any instructions from anybody else, but to do precisely as he thought best. But at the same time he couldn't do anythin' without money. And he couldn't get any money unless the stockholders were willin' to advance it, and they wouldn't naturally be ready to advance it unless they were consulted as to what they expected to advance the money for. Here was a problem. But Villard set to work and solved it in a very simple and bold -not to say "cheeky"-sublimely cheeky-way.

He called a meetin' of the stockholders, and in a few words told 'em he wanted 'em to advance him eight million dollars, for a purpose which was unwise just then to make public, or even to communicate to anybody, but which in

his opinion was bound to be a magnificent investment. This kind of talk almost took the breath, and quite took the starch out of a number of the stockholders. But the colossal impudence of this request was an argument in its favor with the rest. They argued that no man could possibly ask for such money if he didn't have a good thing to place it in. The very secrecy made the thing more mighty as well as mysterious. Besides Villard had always been known as a shrewd man, and a man of good judgment and character. Such a man most people argued wouldn't ask for eight milions unless he had something to do with it. So the majority of stockholders agreed to Villard's idea, and absolutely lent him over not less than, but more than, the eigh million he asked for, thus "goin' i blind to an enormous amount. Villard thanked his friends in a few words, and then set to work to show that their confidence in him had not been misplaced. And he soon proved it.

In a few months it was found out that the Oregon Company which had not hitherto amounted to much, had through Villard's fine work, got control of the greater part of the stock of the Northern Pacific road. This job had been done very quietly. The stock had been bought, not by the lump at once, but gradually lot by lot, in various names, by various parties. But it all got down to the Oregon Company and Henry Villard after all.

It was the most tremendous blind pool" on record, I believe. It reads like a fairy story, this asking business men to lend a man eight millions on a mystery, but it is the simple fact.

Ir we cannot all be rich and chew pie

we can eschew it and live fifty years

more and enjoy life,

When a committee of workmen come to you and say that, as you have a great many contracts half finished, and as men are scarce and hard to get, and as they have you on the hip, they will strike in ten minutes unless you allow them to set their own pay at the highest figures, then that is a monopoly that acts just precisely as the Western Union does when it absorbs a rival line and tells you that, as there is only one office in this

A Lot of Monopolies.

town, they will raise the rate a little. When you tell your workmen that times are dull, and the market is stagnant, and that' you don't need them anyhow, and they can work on half time or none, they you are the monopoly. That is, you are the striker. A monopoly is a chronic striker. It is always watching a chance to pinch you and squeeze a little more work or money out

of you for its own benefit. And the lady who burns stake and chips china for you at \$3 a week is a monopolist. You spent six weeks looking for her, she stays with you two weeks, breaks \$8 worth of china and glass, and loses \$2 worth of spoons and forks, collects \$6 for wages and goes off, with twenty-four hours, warning, to a place that offers her more china to smash and \$3,50 a week for smashing it.

You see, my son, in looking about for a monopoly to denounce or demolish, our naturally envious dispositions lead us to assail the monopolies that are more fortunate than our own. We clamor against Vanderbilt and Jay Gould and Western Union, and fail to observe the smaller monopolies that differ from the great ones, not in spirit, but only in wealth and power.

A monopolist isn't necessarlly a millionaire. He is simply the man who holds the whip-handle. It is derived from two Latin words-mono and pole, meaning the man at the pole. And the man at the pole, you know, knocks the persimmons. He may knock a million of them or he may knock only two; but while he is knocking you don't

Hence, my son, a monopoly is a prosperous combination of which we are not This makes it very wicked, avaricious,

and dangerous. When we get into it, it ceases to be a

monopoly and becomes a union, a brotherhood, a firm, an association, or a corporation. This change of title also involves a great moral change, and it becomes a mighty engine of progress, a developer of our country's resources, a factor in the national prosperity, and all that sort of thing.

A monopoly is a thing which it is hard to get into.

There is no monopolist so greedy and dangerous as the Nihilist. The ordinary monoplist is content to control one thing. The Nihilist wants everything,

and a three-fifths share of what is left. If you live to be thirty-five years old, and have not been able to get into any other monopoly by that time, I would advise you to go to the North Pole and start an ice-cream saloon

Beware of the Rat-Trap.

Life is one continuous rat-trap, always set and baited with cheese to catch the anwary. The business man goes about his business unconscious that the rat trap is set where he can get into it. He extends his business, gives credit and gets credit himself, everything is booming and he is sailing along as nice as your pa was on the roller skates, when all at once there is a slack up in business. ne can't collect what is owing to him and he has to pay what he owes, he clutches and claws at friends for help to keep him from falling, but friends have got all they can attend to to keep on their feet, and they do not reach out to help him, and suddenly his feet go out from under him and he strikes something hard, and he finds that he is in life's great rat-trap, and his creditors do not hurry to unspring the trap, and he waits for the plumber as your pa did, and thinks what a fool he has made of himself. A boy gets a situation in a store at five dollars a week, and in three months he thinks he owns the store. He is promoted and has his salary raised, and then he begins to dress better than the proprietor, plays billiards till the saloon closes, goes to his cheap boarding place with beer enough in him to start a new saloon, gets to buying wine and hiring livery rigs, and some day a plain looking man calls on him and takes him up to the police station, where he is told that his cash account is six hundred dollars short, and as he hears the key turn in the door of his cell he realizes that he has dropped square on to life's rat-trap, which he knew was there all baited for him, but he did not have sense enough to keep away from. Ah, boy, beware of the rat-trap, -PECK

"A PHILADELPHIA scientist can tell, on examining a hair pin, the color of the owner's hair." And a Philadely woman, on examining a hair found on the shoulder of her husband's coat, can tell whether he has lied or not-and she is not a scientist, either. - Norristown Herald.

Quite a number of cases where girls have been deceived by mock marriages have been reported of late, which impels The Hotel Mail to remark that no girl has any business marrying a man that "And yet you doubt my love," he reshe hasn't known at least ten minutes, plied, in an injured tone.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

WORDS OF WISDOM BY BROTHER GARDNER.

an Address Upon a Very Serious Subject

[From the Detroit Free Press.] "I desire to announce," said Brother Gardner as he rose up and looked around on the bald heads before him, "dat de Right Very Honorable Erastus Du Biff, LL.D., of West Point, Ga., am waitin' in de aunty-room to deliber a lecktur' befo' dis club. De subjick he has choosen on dis illustrious occasion am: 'What will de fuchur' bring fo'th?' He arrove heah two days ago, an' has bin occupyin' de spar' bed in Brudder Walpole's house, Arter de lectur' a colleckshun will be tooken up fur his benefit, and to morrer mawnin' he will purceed on his way to-Toronto. De committee will-now pur-

eeed to bring him in."

When the committee reached the ante-room they found the Right Very Honorable bathed in a cold perspiration and his paper collar fast wilting away. He had an attack of what is called "stage fright," and the committee had to rub his back with a brick, pour cold water down his neck, and lend him fifteen cents in nickels before he could sufficiently command himself to enter the hall. He finally appeared, a rosy smile mortgaging his features and his head nodding from one to another, and was formally introduced by the President. He seemed on the point of wilting again, but Brother Gardner whispered to him that if he did he'd have to go out of town on foot, and the warning stiffened his legs and made a new man

"My frens," he softly began, "I reckon dat mos' of you know what de word fuchur means. It doan' mean de huskin'-bees of las' y'ar, but it refers to goin' a-fishin' nex' summer. De fuchur means dat which am befo' us. We know what de past has brung out. What will happen in de fuchur cannot be known but may be predicted. I am heah to-night to predict.

"I do not say dat de fuchur will see a cull'd man occupyin' de White House at Washington, but I predict dat if de Norf Pole am ever diskivered it will be by some member of de Lime-Kiln Club.

"De cull'd man of de fuchur may not become world renowned for inventin' an 800-barreled cannon, but I see no reason why he shouldn't bring fo'th a steam bootjack or diskiver a way to patch butes wid cold pancakes. Steam belongs to de past. A hundred y'ars hence it will be too slow fur any bizness 'cept sawin' up wood fur poo' folks.

"I do not assert dat de fuchur will do away wid railroads, but de son of some pusson now widin' sound of my voice will win fame by inventin' some way of killin' de brakeman who emagines dat his sole duty consists in roastin de passengers in each car.

"De fuchur may not solve de prob lem of fivin' frew de air, but who kin tell what de next fifty years may do toward improvin' de hotel bed an' de restaurant sandwich?

"To-day we stan' an' look upon de sewin' masheen as perfeckshun. Fifty vears hence men will smile at de ideah of our bein' satisfied wid any sich affair. A wife will take de sewin' masheen of de fuchur an' support a lazy husban' an nine children widout workin' ober two days in de week.

"De fuchur will have a heap to do wid our own pertickler race, De Samuel Shin of a hundred y'ars hence may be a city comptroller; de Giveadam Jones will be President of a college; de Pickles Smith will boss a railroad; de Waydown Bebee will have his name mixed up wid a nashunal bank; de Lord Nelson Slabs may command an army an' de Brudder Gardner will sit in de Gubiner's room a de State House an' sign his offishul name to de bills passed by de Legislachur. [Wild cheers.] Wid dese few impervious remarks I is dun. I return my sympathetic adherence for de tyrannical manner in which you has bestowed youzattenshun an' take my leave of you

in de moas' emblematical manner.' The closing remarks were greeted with such a storm of applause as broke out several window-panes and upset two lamps. The honorable gentleman was then conducted from the hall, and the collection taken up for his benefit netted him the handsome sum of

He Swore Himself. The San Franciso Chronicle says :-

A Montana postmaster, who arranges the mails for the little town of Birney, lives eighty miles from a notary public. When he sent in his first quarterly report he admininstered the oath to himself and then certified to the correctness of the account. A reply soon came back from the red-tape headquarters in Washington that he had violated a sacred precedent and must get a notary to swear him. His retort was that he knew no precedent which would as him mileage and traveling expenses for 160 miles in order to get a notary's signature. This left the department not a leg to stand upon and they have since preserved a discrete silence and allowed the Montana man to swear as he pleased.

"Your father is worth at least half a million," said he to his jealous sweetheart. "That is true," she murmured.

A Few Calls

A MAN OF BUSINESS .- Dumley and young Brown were on their way to supper and the former seemed unusually

"What's the matter with you?" asked Brown, 'You look rather down in the mouth."

"Oh, it's nothing of any consequence, replied Dumley. "I asked Smith this morning to lend me ten dollars for a day or two and he wouldn't accommodate me. He said he hadn't got it."

"That's strange; he generally has money, hasn't he?"

"Always," replied Dumley, "I saw him out a roll of bills in his pocket only a moment before."

"Very funny," said young Brown, You and he are old friends, ain't you?" "Yes: he has known me all my life."

"And he wouldn't lend you ten dollars? Some men are mean, I never liked Smith any way. He always struck me as being too much of a man of business, too-too fond of looking out for number one. I believe that if Smith were to lose a ten-dollar bill it would break him all up. I like to see a man take a chance once in a while. What's ten dollars to a man like Smith? He's rich and could afford to lose ten times that am ___"

But here the boarding-house was gained and Dumley's sudden vault up the steps ended the conversation.

WHO HE WAS .- "You know, ma, that in Philadelphia, people always ask who one's grandfather was, and as I am going there you must tell me. Was my grandfather a judge, or a governor, or a president, or anything?"

"Well, no, my dear. He became very rich, though, and you may say he had something to do with banks." "But what was his profession

trade?" "Oh, never mind about that," "But these Philadelphia people will

ask me, you know." "Well, the only trade he ever learned was shoemaking."

so that is all right." "Yes: he made shoes a great many years. He learned the trade and worked

at it in a penitentiary, but you need not mention that." NO CHANCE FOR ARGUMENT.-House keeper-"I do not want any more of

your milk." Milkman-"Going to move?" Housekeeper-"No; I am not going

to move." Milkman-"Got too poor to take milk,

Housekeeper-"No, I am going to get my milk of another man. Milkman-"You can't say I have not served you well. I have always seen

that you were well supplied." Housekeeper-"That is just trouble. I have been well supplied. and I don't intend to take any more of

you until that well of yours dries up." VERY SHORTSIGHTED. - Pennsylvanian -"I see that a Buffalo man has spent \$3,000 boring for water and has not got

a drop yet," Kentuckian-"Boring for water,"

Pennsylvanian-"For water." Kentuckian-"Great Uranus ! \$3,000 spent in boring for water! Why he could have started a distillery on half that."-Philadelphia Evening Call.

A Buried Village.

A buried village has been found by the Hon, Amado Chaves a mile from his house, near Socorro, New Mexico, Mr. Chaves writes to the Sante Fe Review: "It is built of stone. The outer walls are three feet wide, and the city is large enough to have accommodated 3,000 souls. I have already cleared four rooms in the upper story and two on the first floor of one house, The dimensions of the first-floor room just finished are 11x12 feet, while from floor to celling the distance is about fifteen feet. The village is almost square, and this building is situated at the northwest corner. The large room has a large door leading to the outside of the wall, but no windows whatever. In this room I found the skeleton of a girl. The hair is in a perfect state of preservation, it is fine, and of a chestnut color. I also found there a string of fine coral beads, one of torquoise beads, another of long ivory beads, and a ring set with a black stone, on top of which is a piece of torquoise. All the timbers of the roof are burned to a char. I have arrived at the door which appears to lead to inner rooms, and I am full of curiosity to open it, but the second floor is only supported by the stones and debris about the door, and should I attempt to remove these the upper story will tumble in and fill up the lower rooms, just cleaned out, with a mass of stone, charred timbers and

"No," SAID Mrs. Shoddy, "we will not have turkey for Thanksgiving dinner, All the poor folks in the back street are going to indulge in turkey on that day, and that will make the dish too common for us, a family of means. What, is tha dunning grocer here again with his bill? Well, tell him I won't be able to pay him for a month or more, and if the butcher calls to-day with his bill, tell him I am not at home."

Heman foresight often leaves its promi est possessor only a choice of evila,

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO LADGE

fun-a boot that weighed

Little Nell—"What is oatmeal mad of, mamma ?" "Mamma-"It is made of cats, my

Little Nell-"Oats? Why, that's what they feed to horses." Mamma-"Yes, dear." Little Nell-"No wonder I'm so swill

THE SILENT MAJORITY.

Jones, who was a peaceable man, married a very strong-minded woman, and sometime after a friend who had been abroad was asking Brown about him.

"Alas, poor Jones," said Brown, "he has joined the silent majority." "Good heavens, he sin't dead, is he? When did it happen? I never heard of

"Oh, no, he is not dead." "Well, if he ain't dead, how could he have joined the silent majority?" "Poor man, he's married."-Merchant

SHODDY ARISTOCRACT.

"Miriah, I am shocked that you should even think of having those Simpkies girls as bridesmaids at your wedding." "Why, mamma, they are two of the

weetest, nicest, most highly-cultivated young ladies in the city. They have traveled all over the globe and are rereived everywhere."

"But just think, Miriah, of thestigms which attaches to them. Before the war their father, who afterward got rich on an army contract, lived on a farm and actually made and sold butter. Just think of it !"

"But does not my father make and sell butter, too?"

"No, indeed. Why, you shock me! How could you think of such a thing? Your father is a manufacturer, and the product he manufactures is not vulgar prized and very important article of commerce,"-Philadelphia Call

THE BAD BOY'S LAST CAPER. "What's that?" said the groceryman, curning pale and starting for the door, where he found a woodsawyer taking a pear. "Get away from there," and he drove the woodsawyer away and came in with a sign in his hand, on which was painted, "Take one." "I painted that sign and put it on a pile of chromos of a new clothes wringer, for people to take one, and by gum, the wind has blown that sign over on to the basket of pears, and I suppose every darn fool that has passed this morning has taken a pear, and there goes the profits on the whole day's business. Say, you didn't change that sign, did you?" and the grocery-

man looked at the bad boy with a glance that was full of lurking suspicion. "No, sir-ree," said the boy, as he wiped the pear juice off his face on a piece of tea paper, "I have quit all kinds of foolishness, and wouldn't play

a joke on a graven image."-Peck's Sim.

HE TRIED THE PASS. A few days ago a man with a meek and humble expression and wearing a Immer suit of clothes applied to one of the railroad passenger agents for a dead-

head pass to Toledo. "Why do you want to go to Toledo?" "To git married."

"And you haven't any money?" "Not above twenty-five cents." "Hadn't you better be worth your fare to Toledo before taking a wife on your

hands to support?" "You don't understand the case," protested the man, "I'm going to marry a widow worth at least \$5,000, and the first thing I shall do will be to remit you the price of a ticket. I'm poor and the widow knows it, but she marries me for

He protested so long and carnes that he was finally passed down the road. Two days elapsed and them a lot-ter was received from him, saying :

'Heaven bless you for your k Reached here all right, and ma widow according to programs turns out she in a worth a cop this emergency may I sak y striking a job?"-Des