PEOPLE.

VOL. VII. NO. 23.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1884.

\$2 a Year.

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Ornimat advertiding to payable to

Rates of Adverti

No communication will be published and and and are of the writer, not measurably publication, but as a guaranty of p

THE PEOPLE Bernwell C. ff. & C.

EARLY MORNING SCENE.

You may talk of moonlight scenes. Where fair Luna's mellow beams Bathe with soft, translucent splendor, vale and hill:

But, if on some autumn morn, When the day is newly born, You will look, you'll see a sight more love.

On fair Mississippi's bank, Where the grass lay dark, and dank, At the early morn I lately took my way; All around was hushed and still, Heavy fragrance seemed to fill The soft air, and usher in approachin

In deep silence vast, profound, All things earthly seemed then bound. And I shud'ring, held my breath in dres and fear;

Ghostly figures gray, and slow. Seemed to hither, thither, go, Drawing every instant nearer, and mo

But in scarce a moment's time, Aye, before the church bell's chime Could have struck the hour of day that no had come;
There arose a murm'ring breeze,
And a rustling in the trees,
That sounded like a tiny muffled drum.

And far in the east was seen And far in the east was seen
A shade of roseate gleam,
And the ghostly shadows vanished from
my sight;
And another moment's space,
And such wondrous change took place,
As the greatest poet's pen could neve

For, behold! the scene so gray. Had by magic passed away, And the earth in all its pristine glory shon As it never shone before, Since those old, old days of yore, When in Eden's vale sin ne'er had cause

Upon hillside, vale and dell, The bright sun god's radiance fell, Clothing every thing it touched with beaut Tare;
Till dame Nature's brilliant dress,
Seemed embodied loveliness
That no power in all the earth could mak

Every leaf, and blade of grass,
By this great magician's glass,
Was most quickly made to shine with dia
monds bright;
And the foliage's hue
Autumn painted, hung with dew,
One could ne'er believe had known the

Then talk not of moonlight fair, For more levely far, and rare, Is the moment when the Day God comes t

Fairy fingers paint the scene With rich colors, wondrous sheen, And each morning is transformed

STELLA M. N.

THE HAUNTED POOL

BY DAVID KER. The sun was setting over the Ganges one bright summer evening in 1871. The day had been a hot one even for India, and it was an unspeakable relie appeared to understand these signs per to everyone when the scorehing sun be gan to decline at last, and the lengthening shadows of the tall palms, along the

tver-bank told that night was at hand. And now the Hindu inhabitants of the neighboring village, who had been lying motionless all afternoon under the shade of their reed thatched roofs, or of the vast overarching banyan trees around them, came trooping down to the water

in a body. Instantly the whole bank of the great river so lovely and silent all through the long, burning day-became all alive with noise and bustle. Children paddled in the broad, still pools, or chased each other in and out of the tall, feathery bamboo clump that grew along the bank. Women filled their earthen pitchers from the stream, or washed their threadbare clothes. Men began to scour their brass lotahs (drinking vessels), or to kindle fires for the cooking of their evening meals; while a little farther down the stream, a group of young girls, wading out into the shallow water, fell to splashing each other with might and main, amid shouts of merry

laughter. To any one accustomed to the ways of India, it would have seemed strange enough to see, upon the wrists and ankles of nearly all the girls, and many of their mothers likewise, heavy bangles of solid silver, which any western lady might have been proud to wear. But the Hindu peasants, to whom savings banks are utterly unknown, have no way of keeping their money safe except by carrying it about with them in this fashion—a somewhat hazardous plan, it must be owned, in a country swarming with the most expert and daring thieves

in the world. Suddenly, one of the girls, who had ventured a little farther, out into the stream than the rest, disappeared under water with a pieroing shriek, as if dragged down by some overpowering force. A few bubbles that rose suddenly to the surface were the only token of her fate, while her terrified companions turned and rushed back to the shore as fast as possible, screaming :

"A crocodile! a crocodile!" Several days had passed before any of the village women dared to approach the scene of this terrible mischance. At one bolder than the re tured in again, and the others, seeing that no harm came of her daring, began to follow her example. More than a week passed without any accident, and everything was beginning to go on as disappeared in precisely the same manner

The terror was now universal, and all the best hunters of the village set themselves with one second to get rid of this ne crocodile. Baits were laid. traps set, men posted along the bank with looked game to keep watch for the monster; but, look for him as they might, nothing was to be seen of him. Several days later the wife of one of

the villagers was washing her white wrapper on the bank of the river, when it slipped from her hands and floated slowly out into the wide, still pool formed by the bend of the stream. The woman at once waded after it, and had just succeeded in clutching it, when she was seen by those on the bank to give a sudden start, throw her arms convulsively into the air and disappear under water just as the other two had done be-

About three days after this last catastrophe, Mr. Henry Sparks, the British Commissioner for the District of Jungleywallah, was at work in his office amid a perfect mound of papers, halting every now and then to wipe his streaming face (which, despite the numerous punkah, or swinging-fan, worked by his native servant outside with a cord passed through a hole in the wall, looked very much like a half-melted snowball). when he was suddenly disturbed by knock at the door.

"Come in!" cried he snappishly, ex pecting the entrance of some Hindu farmer or peasant with a complaint as long and unintelligent as an Assyrian inscription. But at the first glimpse of the person who entered his face cleared at once.

The visitor was a tall native, with the handsome features and stately bearing of a Mahratta. His figure, nearly six feet in height, was so gaunt and sinewy that it seemed to be made of pin-wire, and his piercing black eves looked out from beneath the folds of his white turban with the quick, keen, watchful glance of a practical hunter.

In truth, Ismail, the Mahratta, was well used to tracking other game beside deer or tigers. Over and above his occupations as scout, hunter and government courier, he was in constant request as a detective, and, for tracking down either a wild beast or a criminal he had no equal in Bengal.

Gliding into the room as noiselessly as shadow, he made a low salaam, and said in his own language : "May the humblest of his servants

speak to the Sahib?" (master). There was nothing particularly humble, it must be admitted, in the speak er's bearing; on the contrary, he held himself erect, and looked the Commis sioner full in the face with the air of a man who knew his own value, and had something to tell which he felt to be worth hearing; but Mr. Sparks, with whom Ismail was an old acquaintance.

fectly, and said : "What has Ismail to tell? I am lis tening."

"I have been at the village of Ram ganj," answered the Mahratta, laying a stress upon the last word.

"Ramganj?" echoed Mr. Sparks 'Ah, to be sure; the place where that crocodile's been eating up so many peo-

"Are you quite sure, Sahib?" asked the Hindu, keenly watching the effect of his words, "that it was a crocodile that did it?"

The Englishman started and looked fixedly at Ismail's immovable face. "That's how I heard the story told rejoined he. "If it wasn't a crocodile, what was it?"

"Did the Commissioner, Sahib." in quired Ismail, "ever hear of a crocodile being so nice in his eating as to devour none but women, and only such women as had plenty of silver bangles on?"

Again Mr. Sparks gave a slight start. and the sparkle of his eye showed that he was beginning to guess the riddle. but he took care to make no interrup tion, seeing that Ismail wished to have the pleasure of telling the whole story himself.

"I went to the village," continued Ismail: "and talked with the people, Then 1 dived into the river (my lord knows that I can find my way through water as well as through thickets), and at the bottom I came upon a noosed

The Commissioner nodded with the air of a man who understood the whole affair perfectly, but still he said nothing. "The Sahib understands how it was done," proceeded the Hindu. "When any woman worth robbing went into the water, the noose tangled her feet, and the robber, hidden among the bushes

the corpse at his leisure." "I see," said Mr. Sparks, "Well Ismail, you know there's a Government reward of a thousand rupees (\$500) for every murderer brought to justice; see what you can make of the case.

The Mahratta's black eyes flashed fire, for five hundred dollars is more to a Hindu than five thousand to a white man, and such a chance did not come a word, but Mr. Sparks felt satisfied that there would be news of the criminal before long.

Ismail plunged at once into the surrounding jungle, and traversed it at a usual, when, one evening, a second girl pace which few men could have kept up over such ground and in such a climate. till be came in sight of Ramgani, but insteed of entering the village he struck down a by-path to the river, swam across, went slowly up the opposite side till he came to two bamboo-chumps close together, and groping in the water beside them, pulled up a rope.

had his reasons for what he did. Then placing the stone in the shallow water with the sharp side uppermost, and the rope lying right across it, he vanished into the thicket

An hour had passed since his disap pearance, and night had already set in when a dark figure came creeping up to the same spot, and pulled at the halfsevered cord, which instantly parted in his hand.

The man started, and held up the broken ends to the light of the rising moon, but finding them rough and frayed as it by constant rubbing, and feeling the sharp-edged stone lying just beneath, he appeared satisfied that i must have been an accident and knell

down to knot the cord together. So engrossed was the villian with hi treacherous work that he never lifted his head to look around him, but even had he been less preoccupied he would scarcely have heard the noiseless footfall of one who had been tracking the tiger and the antelope through their native jungles ever since he was ten years old. The rogue was still quite unsuspicious of harm, when a tall, shadowy figure rose behind him as suddenly as if it had started up through the earth, and tremendous blow from a heavy bamboo club falling upon his bowed head like s thunderbolt, felled him senseless to the

That very night the crestfallen robber was sent off to the nearest British station, escorted by a strong guard of native policemen, to be tried and executed as he deserved, while Ismail received from the hands of the Commissioner himself, together with a warm commen dation of his shrewdness, the thousand rupees which he had so well earned .-Our Continent.

The Country Editor.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.] The country editor has a hard time of it

He is the reporter, bookkeeper, mechan ical-superintendent, business manager collector, mailing-machine, and soliciting agent of the establishment. His work is hard, his receipts small and his editor has to steer his course so as to avoid giving offence to different circles of society, the religious denominations. the business community, and the rural population. If an influential old farmer wants a three-column notice of his new barn, it must appear or the editor may lose a hundred subscribers. Patchwork quilts, big beets and phenomenal eggs also clamor for space in the columns of the country paper. In the course of time the rural scribe becomes either jo cose or morose, but in either frame of mind he continues to make friends who demand free advertising, and enemies who work against him.

The country editor is always getting ready to abandon journalism for something else, but he rarely carries out his threat. He generally dies in harness. In some wild communities editors occasionally meet with rough treatment Sometimes they are driven out of the county, and when other methods of get ting rid of them fail, they are sent to the Legislature. The city editor gets a good deal of fun out of the country editor's work, but the man who bears the burden regards it as a serious business. And in the best sense it is seri The little local weeklies scattered all over the country are in their way po-tential factors of civilization. They develop their localities, bring their resources before the public, and in a man ner educate their readers. They are al ways on the side of the churches, the schools, progress and reform. Men who live and die working for such objects are public benefactors and deserve a substantial reward

Transplanting Trees.

A writer in Farm and Fireside, in his directions respecting the treatment of trees before their removal, states as fol

"A tree in full leaf may be compared

to a powerful pump, the roots absorbing water from the soil, which is carried upward through the stem and exhaled from the leaves in the form of vapor. This exhalation from the leaves is really the primary operation, however, being simply a process of evaporation. If now, the principal portions of the roots be cut away, and especially the fine rootlets which are farthest from the stem and through whose extremities nearly all the water is absorbed, the leaves, if allowed to grow, will exhaust on the opposite bank, dragged her down and drowned her, and then plundered the water from the stem and roots more rapidly than it can be supplied by the remnant of the latter, and the consequence will be the destruction of the tree. Hence, in transplanting trees the leaf-bearing twigs should be out away in proportion to the loss of roots, and should be remembered that the root surface is generally equal to that of the twigs; consequently the salest rule is to remove nearly all the branches, trimming to bare poles. It is hard to do this, but the after growth of the tree will be apparent loss. In moving large trees it is an excellent plan to dig down and out off a large portion of the roots a year final transplanting."

> Ir is contended that nude in art is a fined \$2 for taking a swim off the docks. | 1000 acres.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB. WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PARADISE HALL.

The President Administers a Robuke to the Members About Quarreling.

[From the Detroit Free Press.] During the past week the club has re ceived, at the hands of a prominent South Carolina scientist, a part of the vertebre of a mastodon—one of the playful animals which lived, roamed and died in this country about fifty years before Susan B. Anthony was born. It so happened that Judge Congo and Walk Around Green were the first two members to arrive at the hall at the usual Saturday night meeting, and the relic at once engaged their attention. Judge Congo squinted up his left eye, puckered his mouth and declared that the mastodon who lost this piece of back-bone must have been twenty-four feet long, sixteen feet high, and heavy enough to jar the City Hall by rubbing against corner. Walk Around Green is heavy on poultry statistics and light on mastodons, and it therefore came about that when Windy White, Samuel Shin and Sir William Tompkins arrived it was to find a terrible struggle going on between the two men, and the back-bone kicking around under the benches. The combatants were separated, but had not got the blood wiped off before Brother

ing. When the triangle had sounded and Waydown Beebe had finished his lonesome coughing fit, the President arose and said : "Gem'len, human natur' am a mighty curus thing. De aiverage man will git mad quicker an' fight harder ober what he doan' know an' has no chance to fin' out dan fur sunthin' he am posted about. What Judge Congo doan' know 'bout mastodons would make a book as big as a one-hoss wagin. What Walk Around Green doan' know 'bout de same anamile

would weigh two tons an' a half. Dar'-fore dey were de werry two men to git

Gardner arrived and opened the meet-

up a fight wid ignorance fur de basis. "It has bin so from de beginnin', an it will be so to de eand. Men who know creditors numerous. In a small town an | de least 'bout de Bible have de moas' disputes ober it. De biggest ignorsmusses on astronomy an' philosophy hold to deir opinyuns de strongest an' de longest. Prejudice will best facks nine times outer ten, an' bigotry am' de club which knocks down sense an' argyment, Judge Congo wouldn't take an inch nor an ounce off de size an' weight of dat mastodon, though he neber saw one nor come widin 3,000 y'ars of it. Walk Around Green wouldn't believe one side of no sich story bekase a mastodon wasn't chained up at de doah whar' he he could measure him wid a two-foot rule. Neither would accept nateral history an' scientific research.

> "While dar' am some mitigatin' sarcumstances an' excuses fur dis quarre de sentence of dis Cha'r am to de effect dat both offenders shall pay a fine of \$3.500 an' costs."

This being the first time that either of the derelicts had been called to the that accomplishes the result. So it is chalk-mark it was expected that they in saving. It is not the single dime or would be dismissed with a reprimand The sentence, therefore, fell like a heavy continual adding of them into a grand weight. Judge Congo rolled his eyes from north to south for a moment and then fell back in a faint, while Brother Green gasped for breath, made an awfu effort to smile, and leaned over on the joy it. The very best thing for you to wood-box and cried like a weary child notil the current of his thoughts was changed by some one dropping a cold sidewalk spike down behind his coat-

Sir Isaac Walpole desired to state, before passing the bean-box, that he perfectly agreed with the President in his remarks. There was a time when he himself held that the world was exactly 75,284,324 years and 3 months old and he would have knocked a man down for adding or subtracting two hours to or from these figures. He had got six months' sickness, a broken jaw and thirty days in the cooler for disputing on matters of which he was entirely ignorant but firmly "sot," and had now ceased the practice. He then went his round and the following candidates were elected: Hard Times Smith, Sarsaparilla Taylor, Standard Jones, Abraham Scott, Prof. Therefore Black, Trustee Bullock, Caravan Johnson and Old Man

A Bridegoom's Ruse. A few years ago a man living within half a dozen miles of Lewiston, Me. was about to be married, but the state of his finances precluded the purchase of a new suit of clothes for the occasion, so he resorted to a diplomacy, in its way equal to a Bismarck or a Webster. He went to a clothing store and selected an appropriate and well-fitting suit, without intimating the subject that was so near his heart. He told the proprietor that he would like to take them home. and if his family liked them he would keep them and pay for them. The proprietor agreed to this proposal made up a nice bundle and handed it to the prosenough more rapid to compensate the pective bridegroom with a smiling face, feeling sure, as he did so, that he had made a sure sale and a large profit. The before transplanting, removing a portion and bland, saying that his long the forest the same time. This will like the clothes, and thought he had better not keep them, but if the truth must the heat-dressed man returned the next morning radiant the stem, which may be preserved in the | be told, the groom was the best-dressed man at the wedding.

HOLLAND, in the last three centuries great educator, but the nude in life is has recovered from the sea at least 90. I had gone. I know how to take care

WEALTH IS YOURS, YOUNG MAN. Some Good Advice on the Only True Road to Would and Happiness.

A young man was recently heard to remark, "If I only had a thousand doilars, I'd make it five thousand inside of a year, He then went on to draw a comparison between himself and another young man about his own age who had become, through the death of his father, in possession of a large fortune. The comparison, to be sure, was rather uncomplimentary to the fortunate young man's abilities, yet it demonstrated two

things, viz. : The lack of a contented spirit, the sweetness of existence; and the conceit of one who lacks energy and vim to roll up his sleeves and do the very best he can with the means provided him by providence. Young man, did you ever stop to consider the value of a dime? You know how much easier it is to part with a dollar given you than with a quarter you have worked hard to get. There is no real reason for a young man to complain of his lot in this world. Every wrong, every drawback, so-called, is in nine cases out of ten imaginary, and when not, is the result of carelessness or lack of judgment in taking advantage of circumstances.

It would be well for every young man to understand first that he has got to work for all he gets in this world. Without work he cannot succeed while with it he stands an equal chance with the best to gain wealth and influence which combined with health is all that man can wish for in this world. It is not wrong to wish for riches, but you can rest assured that you will never realize that wish unless you work hard and practice economy. You will never realize it on a salary of ten dollars a week while your expenses are fifteen or twenty. You must learn to keep what you have and the only way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money thus obtained is pretty certain to remain with its possessor. But money inherited, or that in any way comes in without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. There are, however, exceptions to the latter rule, but it holds good in a general ap-

The young man who begins by saving a few dimes a month and thriftily in creases his stôre, every cent a represen tative of honest work performed, stands a far better chance to spend his old age in affluence than he who, in haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculation or the devious means which abound in foggy regions which lie between fair dealing and fraud. Every young man on a salary can save something. It may not be much, but every little helps. It is like the falling of the snow flakes. Each flake is small in and of itself and as they fall have no weight, but taken as a whole after an hours storm they become weighty and powerful. It is not the one flake, but the combination of and the unity of many dollar that makes the wealth, but the unite that makes the fortune.

Young man, don't waste your time in wishing for wealth, but do the best you can to accumulate it. Then will you endo is to do the very best you know how. It is a hard rule to follow, may be, but it is a safe one in all things. Follow it and you will not only enjoy life as you go through the world, but your desire will be realized and the world and especially yourself will be the better for it .-Peck's Sun.

Comets and Sunsets.

Dr. Lewis Swift, of Rochester, N. Y. in an interview, stated that he had specially fine opportunity to observe Pon's comet of 1812 through the largest telescope of the Warner Observatory few days ago. He found that it had two tails; the larger one seven, and the smaller one three degrees in length. When seen in 1812, there was only one tail, and that not prominent. It is growing brighter as it nears the sun, and can be readily seen by the naked eye in the early evening.

"Do you think it has any influence or the red supsets and suprises?" "Not the least, they are occasioned

by very different causes." "What is your theory concerning "They are the result of certain ex

francous matter in the atmosphere that

refracts the red rays of the sun," "And this matter is not cometary?" "No: for I have distinctly seen stars through the tail of a comet 150,000 miles thick, and they showed no trace of redness. Hence cometary matter does not refract redness. It is impossible to say what this mysterious matter is: but it

parently come to remain." "May it not be the result of the great earthquakes and volcanoes, as certain cientists have suggested?"

certainly is extra-terrestrial, and has ap-

"Yze," said young Mr. Tawmus, "J shall leave town. I think Mr. Scaw cham is going to cut me out with Sylvia and if I leave town I'll make it appe that she only took up with him be of my reputation,"-Boston Post,

VERY OLD BUT VERY GOOD. Mr. Watson and the Book Agent W Equal to the Occasion.

A Philadelphia book agent impor tuned James Watson, a rich and close New York man, living out at Elizabeth, until he bought a book, the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent: then taking it under his arm he started for the train, which takes him to his New York office.

Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book agent saw her. and went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy of the same book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back from New York at night Mrs. Watson showed him the book.

"I don't want to see it," said Wat son, frowning terribly. "Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the same book-two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs' and-" "But, husband, we can-"

"No we can't, either !" interrupted Mr. Watson. 'This man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I-" "Why, there he goes to the depot

now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent making for the train. "But it's too late to catch him, and

I'm not dressed. "I've taken off my boots, and-" Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Mr. Watson pounded on the window-pane in frantic manner, almost frightening the

"Here, Stevens!" he shouted, "you horse down to the train and hold that book agent till I come? Bun! Catch 'im now !"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the Mr. Stevens reached the train just

the conductor shouted "all shoard!" "Book agent !" he yelled, as the book agent ! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see 16?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book agent. "Oh, I know what he wants; he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to-sell it to

"If that is all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much

"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs," said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt alcoves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for tterance

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens: "just got it and that's all." "Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book-Early Christian Martyrs, and-"

"By - the - great - guns !" moaned Watson, as he placed his hand to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.

Up the Bowery.

The Bowery, in New York city, is street, and nothing more, but what a street! Shops, saloons, restaurants, concert halls, theatres, museums, pawhbrokers, pistol galleries, dives and dens, all of cheapest shoddy, like the clothing displayed for sale by the Hebrew dealers there; galvanized, like the flashy jewelry and assume a cheerful expression. seen in the windows and on the people. It is the Broadway of the rough elements of the city; the Champs Elysees for these photographs."

Of the poor and criminal classes; the Boulevard des Common place for the now look pleasant." "low down" of all nations. An hour's walk will carry one through it, and the faces and costumes met will represent every clime and country-landsmen and seemen, hoodlum and Chinaman, Indian, African, Turk and Norseman, bunko man, roustabout and tramp. They all fall into the miscellaneous and conglomerate society, the tendency of which is ever downward. In early times it was called Bowery lane, but the dingy lampposts now bear the single word by which it is known and spoken in every tongue _"Bowery." It is sleepiest when the light of day is brightest, and rises to a wilder wakefulness as midnight approsches. It has its daily obbs and flows, and the tide of sin is highest when the sacred Sabbath is nearest. Then the discarded of earth issue into dim view waste-backet of the human family.

A PROMISSORY NOTE.—The Venango A PROMISSORY NOTE.—The Venango Spectator says: Andrew Jackson, a Seneca Indian, who could write a little and only a little, borrowed \$2.50 from John Halftown, and gave him his note los the money with interest. It ran like this: "Me, Andrew Jackson, day after to-morrow six months, will pay to John Halftown, maybe three or four days, \$2 at dollars, no fetch paper no get money, by thunder."

Mornous are settling in Southeastern Oregon in considerable numbers,

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS WHAT WE PIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER.

How its dreadful dissonance affrights the sout of morn!

How its direful tootings pour a Flood of most unseemly sound In the ears of sweet Aurors,

As she rises with a bound,

Driven by a nightmare's urging,

On the wreck of reason verging,

Wildly gazing all around

At the boys who wake the horrors that so dolefully are born.

In the chambers of the horn,

Horn, horn, horn—

In the dark and dismal caverns of the horn!

Hear the hooting of the horn,
Wretched born !
How its harsh, discordant note awakes our hate
and scorn!

and scorn!

How its dreary monotone

Turns the softest heart to stone—
Worse than any parrot's shriek,
Worse than any Chinese gong,
Drawing curses from the strong,
Drawing prayers from the weak
As they listen, all amased,
Nearly crassed,
Ruthlessly and roughly from their sweetest
alumbers torn

alumbers torn
By the tooting of the horn,
Horn, horn, horn—
By the hooting and thet coting of the horn!

Hear the screeching of the horn,
Endless horn!
How a happy holiday can make us all foriorn!
How the horn's incomman walling,
Every ear at once assailing,
Forces victims to implore
Just a chance to do some smooting,
And to stop its tireless tooting
Everyore!

Evermore!

How the doings of the antic

Youngsters hourly drive us frantic,
Bending us to seek relief in juice of grape

From the screeching of the horn-Horn, horn, horn-From the endless screaming of the te horn ! -Noo York Sun.

AN ACCOMPLISHED WIFE. "Ah, old fellow," said an Austin gen tleman, meeting another on the avenue, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have "I have, indeed," was the reply; "she is so accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature; at home in music; at home in art; at home in science—in short, at home everywhere,

except—"
"Except what?"
"Except at home."—Austin Stiftings

"I would not believe way. oath," said a witness, excitedly. "Do you know him well?" was as

"No: I never spoke to him." "Do you know that he ever brok "Well, no.

"Then why do you believe that h testimony is unreliable?" ""Because he is the man that come around every month to inspect my gar-

SOME OTHER TIME.

An Austin attorney, who had many times sent away an impounious client with equivocal answers regarding his case, was one day disturbed under a press of business by the aforesaid client walking into his office. "You here again," said the lawyer,

"Yes," answered the elient, "You told me to some back another time. "Well, then," replied the attorney, "I didn't mean this time, I meant some

other time."-Christian at Work.

Photographer-"Chin a little higher please. There, that is better. Look a

Customer-"Which one?" Photographer-"That big neil near those two little ones. Your head is turned again. Press it back against the support. There, that is better. I am all ready now. Keep perfectly quiet Oustomer-"Beg perdon, but I forest

to ask what you are going to charge me

A well-known citizen of Detroit was walking up Woodward avenue one day last week when he saw an old co man in advance of him who freq did chores in his family. Wish acrvices the gentleman called to him in a voice that demanded attention :

"George!" There was no answer, not the slightest ndication that the old darkey him; so the gentleman called again; "George Washington!"

Not a glimmer of recognition; the gentleman knew he was right in the individual and was quite sure of the nomenclature, but he thought he would

make another attempt.
"George Washington Smith!" The old man turned quickly, gri with recognition. "Yes, sah, that's me, sah."

"Why didn't you answer me before?" saked the citizen, indignantly.

"How'd I know, sah, dat I's the gentleman yet wanted? I never some to my frost some, oth; Sun month by soother Gauge Westington, but when you put de finité le le de c pint. Per all detention nerr, se the old faller benned with the