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 each us on Friedy.

# THE PROPER.

VOL. VII. NO. 26.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1884.

\$2 a Year.

Rates of Adver

THE PEOPLE

Barawell C. H. S. C.

"A PSALM OF LIFE."

Tell me not in mournful numbers. "Life is but an empty dream!" For the soul is dead that slumbers. And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal : "Dust thou art, to dust returnest," Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow. Is our destined end or way, But to act that each to-morrow Finds us further than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting And our hearts, though stout and brave Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle. In the bivouse of life. Be not like dumb, driven cattle ! Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no fortune, howe'er pleasant ;

Let the dead past bury its dead: Act act in the living present-Heart within and God o'erhead Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time-

Footprints that perhaps another Sailing o'er life's solemn main. A forelorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate. Still achieving, still pursuing. Learn to labor and to wait. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

#### Poor Jack.

"Life is worth nothing to me if I cannot dress well !"

She said it, and she meant it, from her heart. And she looked down scornfully and angrily upon her coarse dress and common shoes. Many and many time the thought had been in her mind : and now it formed itself in words which she uttered aloud; and, as they fell upon the evening air, a hand came down upon her shoulder, and, turning, she saw ber husband.

"Is it really so, Bell?" he asked, and drew her to him.

A baby thing, though she had woman s years and stature - a beautiful creature, with a creamy skin and eyes blue as sapphires are. Not a common woman : one in whose veins blue blood ran. You could see that at a glance, though the man whose wife she was was a common sailor

They told a romantic story about her in that sea-side palace. How, on a yoyage across the ocean with her father. the sailor had won her heart. How there were, afterward, secret meetings and troth-plightings; and how, in the end, the discovery of the love affair and her parent's anger had only driven Bell Raymond to elope with her sailor lover. and marry him despite all opposition.

She had been disowned and disinherited; and now, were they to meet in the street her own father would have passed her as he would a stranger; for. to his mind, she had disgraced herself and her family irretrievably.

That Jack Marble was good and handsome, and love-worthy, was no excuse for his daughter in Mr. Raymond's eyes. He was a common sailor, that blotted out all merit at once and forever.

Other people marvelled at Bell Ray mond's choice, and blamed her too. But she was very happy. Her young husband idolized her, and at the first money was plenty. Certain sums, which Jack's hard-working father had scraped together for a rainy day, and so bequesthed to his son, were withdrawn from the bank in which they had been deposited; and Bell had a tasteful wardrobe, for this her father had sent her, with a cold message to the effect ther own personal property was a e need ever expect at

his hands. Then soon Jack hoped to be a mate: after that, a captain; some day, captain and owner—the grand climax of a seafaring man's ambition. And to Bell, the fact that her husband was a sailor, threw a romance about him which a landsman could not have had. Their life passed on in a pleasant sort of waltz music, and

neither dreamt of any change. Yet change came. Jack left his young wife for a voyage, understanding, as she could not, how the little hoard had melted away, and would continue to melt like snow under a sunbeam, and the voyage was a disestrous one, ending in shipwreck. Many were lost, and Jack was only rescued at death's door with a broken limb, and a miserable experience of starvation and consequent cannibalism. Indeed, Jack himself came near making a meal for two maddened messmates, who afterward wept like babies at the remembrance of their horrible

Jack had a good constitution, and recovered. His roses came back, and his hair, long and lank, when they took him from the floating raft, ourled close to his handsome head again. But be came back to Bell with a wooden leg and s knowledge that his sailor life was over.

the title of mate, and master, and Bell loved him all the more, and pitied him, and cherished him; and, had her been rich their life might have ed on to the old walts music -a litder, but no less sweet. But, ales! they were not rich, but growing

and that he should never now aspire to

WELL BOOK So, as the money grew less, the comto grow loss. They left the protty

rooms to which he had taken her for a very humble place; and poor Jack, sait to the very soul and unfit for any lands-man's work as a fish for a parlor-cage, humbled himself and said nothing of that aching place where his dreams of sea and of advancement lay covered up, and sunk into the vacant place left by an old boatman who had plied his trade at the wharf and along the shore of the town where Jack had been born and had lived all his life.

He had strong arms yet, and was a wonderful oarsman, and they did not starve. But their life was the pinching life of the poor, and it came soon to the coarsest fare and the coarsest dress; and Bell, who had been used to dainty food and elegant attire, suffered more than the sailor who knew what hard-tack was and was used to roughing it

He never knew how bitteriv she repined until coming upon her in a daydream he heard those words : "Life is worth nothing to me if I must

go shabby." She wept on his shoulder, as he held her to him and sobbed out at heart.

"It was more than she could bear. It was terrible. Their housemaid at home had better clothes. It was horrible to look out of the window and hear the sailors' wives quarreling with their husbands, or scolding their children, or beating down the fish-mongers, the blast from whose tin horns filled the street from dawn until sunset. Was such a life worth anything? and she could not rid herself of it for an hour, for her clothes were not fit to wear where people were well dressed; and she would not be seen by her old friends now."

So she sobbed. And Jack's hand smoothed her fair hair, and his lips touched her cheek, and by-and-bye he whispered:

"I wish I had never met you, lass; or wish I'd drifted by without a signal: for, d'ye see this is all my fault; and you'd be safe in harbor now if you hadn't sailed out of it with me. Only I couldn't foresee the future, lass; and I thought to make you a captain's wife; by-and-bye an owner's lady. It would have been better for you if Jem and Bill had made meal of me, I've come to think, Rid of me, your father would take you home; well-it may happen yet."

And then Bell put her arms about his eck and whispered that she did not regret her love for him. But struggle as she might with it, the

vords that had been said of her folly could recur to her mind, and she knew that she did regret something. It was hard to help it.

Jack knew it also. He ate his humble supper sadly, and went-out again. His day's work was over, but he wanted to

He limped down to the shore where it was lonely, and washed the highest by the sobbing waves, and stood looking

"I meant to make her a captain's

lady." he muttered. meant to show the old hunks ashore that she should have everything he could have given her.

"There's a house with a sea-view, and a lookout top, that I meant to buy; and for rigging, why no lady in the land should have been sprucer. No wonde: she frets, soiling her white hands with dirty work, and going shabby, too, What right had I to turn pirate, and tow her away from her moorings, and then make shipwreck of her? Yes, it would be better to be down below, among the wrecks-a great deal better. She must think me an enemy: I've only done her harm: I who love her better than my

Then he looked seaward again moodily. A terrible storm was coming; his sailor eve saw that without a doubt. .. He felt it in the air: heard it in all sounds; and the leaden foaming of the distant waves. the black meeting of the sea and sky, made it manifest to anyone.

A ship had been wrecked the day beore, and her wreck was lying beyond he harbor bar. Jack fell to thinking of

"She'll go to pieces to-night," he said. "The storm will make an and of her," and he thought of the ship as of a sensate human being whose troubles were nearly ended, with a kind of envy, too. If he should live until Bell hated him how could he bear it? His earthly hopes had gone. The ideal ship to be named the Bell Marble would never be his, and he must limp painfully through the world to his life's end now. But he could bear that if he could only keep Bell's heart. Could he without money He put his curly head down on his bronzed hands, and prayed a strange,

innocent, simple prayer: "Please to give me money enough to keep my wife's love, and forgive me if am wrong, for I'm only a poor sailor adrift without a compass, and not a haplain, and don't know."

but he had heard that he must pray for what he needed, and he tried the advice practically.

After that he stood up, and looking along the beach saw further on an excited group, and went to join them. Sailors, bostmen, a spruce captain in his ashore clothes, an idle woman or

two, some children, and a contleman who had nothing senfaring in his appear ance, and wore his arm in a sling. This gentleman was talking.

"A thousand dollars for the man who brings them. Is no man anxious to

make money so easily? Two hours' work. I'd do it myself if I had not sprained my arm. I saw the wreck from the light-house. There will be no difficulty, and she will go to pieces before morning. A thousand dollars! There's an offer for these men. Osptain Taylor."

"Only men are fond of their lives. said the captain, "Look at the sea and the sky. I should like to help you to your casket, but I can't advise these men to go. It would be murder."

"Pshaw! The fellows at our college would have done it for fun." "A sailor would not," said the captain

If the ship lives through the night there's a chance. "But can she?" asked the stranger.

"I think not," said the captain. "Good heavens! think of it!" cried the man, "The fruits of five years" labor in Europe are in that casket. I've toiled with brain and body. I'm ruined if it is lost. There are men who would do it for a trifle. You hear my offer, all of you. Bring that casket before sunset, and I'll give you more."

Then a brown hand touched his arm, and a voice husky with emotion said: "I'm your man, on one condition." The gentleman turned.

"One who is not a coward," he said. "There sin't a coward here," said Jack. "I know the danger as well as they, but promise me one thing. Promise me before these people, so that you must hold to it. The money you will give me if I get ashore agaiu?"

"The money I have promised will b paid at once," said the gentleman. "Hear me out, please," said Jack 'That money, if I die out there, you'll pay to my wife. Swear that, and I'm

"Jack," cried the captain, "it is sheer madness." Jack smiled; a strange, heart-broken

smile enough. "I'll try it," he said, "on that condi-

The gentleman had torn a leaf from pis pocket-book, and wrote upon nastily.

"This secures a thousand dollars to your wife," he said. "Your name?" "Jack Marble," said the sailor.

"To Jack Marble's wife," said the man, 'No danger, though ; as I said before, our college boys would have made sport of it, "Hurry, my man; hurry." Jack glanced over the papers,

"Keep it for me, Captain Taylor," he aid. "I'm ready now, sir." Then he went to unmoor his boat and make her ready.

Afterward, as he dropped the oars the water, and pulled from shore, he looked back and said in a whisper, blown from his lips as it passed them by the furious gale :

"Good-by, Bell, Good-by, darling, Good-by." They watched him out of sight. Th

little bark was a mere eggshell for th storm to play with one such a night. "He'll never come back no more master," said a woman who stood near the gentleman, and the faces of all about

them said the same. An hour thence the tempest had burst over them, such as only one old woman in all that sea-side place could remember having known before. And then (it. was fifty years or more since the day) twenty dead bodies had been cast upon the beach in the morning; bodies of fishermen caught outside the harbor bar

by the storm. There were sad hearts in the towntown filled with sea-going folk, nearly every household of which had some dear one affoat on the ocean. But every woman there had a thought to spare from her own sorrows for poor Jack Marble and the young wife who wept for

She had been proud and held herself above them; but they forgot that when they saw her cast down upon the sand in the gray dawn, all her golden hair about her face. She had heard the story of her husband's compact with the stranger, and knew why he had been so ready to barter his life for gold.

Knew as none there knew that he had no hope of ever coming back. Touch that money-not she-never, though she starved. Nor would she go back to her luxurious home, where,

doubtless, now she would be welcomed. There she would die, and they should bury her in the sea, to float away and find Jack. All the world was nothing without him; nothing, she knew that. Life was worthless without Jack. And no one gave her any hope. No one

The wreck had vanished. Bits of her ame in with the tide. Soon it might bring that which had been Jack to her feet. All day she watched for it with maddening eyes, with a horrible soul rending hope and fear mingling in her woul. But the sea brought only in the dusk a little boot. One old fannel, with a tarpeuliu upon his head. at the cars. A stranger who came up to the men on the beach, and said something to them something that set them all a shouting, screaming, cheering, nttering Jack Marble's name with odd gasps and sobs ; and before they told her Ball knew that her husband had been

He lay in the fisherman's but, buffeted by wave and wind to an infant's weaksees, and she bent over him, her line to his, and words were spoken then that bound their hearts more firmly than they ever had been bound before.

Jack had not brought the casket, and would receive nothing from the man who had sent him forth, Bell urged him with tears in her eyes to this.

"I would not have it, Jack," she said It is as though I could have taken money for your life.

So with Jack's health the two rewere never happier. Jack often said than in these days, though afterward wealth came to them: for Bell's father relented at death, and made ber his heiress, And Jack's great hope of being owner of splendid steamer came to pass, although he made but one or two voyages

in her, after all, and those with Bell. And people who knew how rich they were wondered sometimes that Captain Marble's wife would not be finer. Always nest, she never decked herself as many women did. She knew why, and so did Jack, who tried to move her often, but no one else, unless my reader guesses how those words which she bad spoken had haunted her on the night through which she wept for Jack as one

#### How it Feels.

Those of our readers who have been calped may like to compare their experience in this matter with that of a New York man who has recently returned from the remote West, and lost his hair in a fight with the Indians, while those who have not enjoyed the privilege may wish to know how the operation feels, He says: "Imagine some one who hates you with the utmost intensity grabbing a handful of your her while you are lying prostrate and helpless, and giving it a sudden jerk upward with force enough almost to loosen the scalp; then, while this painful tension is not relaxed, imagine the not particularly sharp blade of a knife being run quickly around your scalp with a saw-like moif it can the effect that a strong, quick jerk on the tuft of hair to release the scalp from clinging particles that may still hold it in place would have on your pervous and physical systems, and you will have some idea how it feels to be scalped. When the Indian sawed his knife around the top of my head first sense of cold numbuess pervaded my whole body. This was quickly followed by a flash of pain that started at my feet and ran like an electric shock to my brain. That was but momentary, but it was terrible. When the Indian tore the scalp from my head it seemed as if it must have been connected with cords to every part of my body. The pain that followed the cutting around the malu had been frightful, but it was ecstacy compared with the torture that followed the tearing of it from my head. Streaks of pain shot to every nerve. My knees were drawn up almost to my chip, and my fingers closed convulsively together

membered."

in the snow, and that was all that I re-

"The Air Pudding." He was mate of a vessel commanded by a Nantucket skipper, returning from a long cruise. They had got as far as the "south shoal," when the mate went aft and reported that the provisions were entirely out, "It can't be," answered the skipper. "How can that be?" "I do'no, but it's a fact." "Have you examined all the casks?" "Yes. sir." "Can't the cook scrape something out of the bread barge?" (a box the sailors' hard bread is kept in). "He's scraped it all out long ago." The crew grew clamorous, and the "old man" called them aft to take "pot luck" with him on the quarter deck. In wonder they went to see what was coming. "Now, boys," said the skipper, pointing to where Nantucket lay, and from which quarter a fresh breeze was blowing. now, lads, I will treat you to something delicious! Open your mouths wide! They did so. "Now, men, fill your mouths and stomachs with this beautiful air pudding!" The scene was so ludicrous that it kept their spirits up until they obtained succor and a fair wind carried them into port,

#### Agriculture in Great Britain.

The agricultural changes in Great Britain continued to be of a marked character. The area devoted to grain crops the past year was 8,618,675 acres. which is 214,705 acres less than in 1882. Potatoes were planted on 543,000 acres. and turnips and swedes on 2,029,000 acres-all showing a slight increase; but mangolds, vetches and other green crops have declined by 21,000 acres on the figures for the previous year. Clover and other grasses show an increase of 68.-500 acres. The change from titth to permanent pasturage is again conspicupared with 14,821,600 last year. Ten years ago grass covered 13,000,000 acres. while arable land has fallen during that period from 18,186,000 to 17,819,000 acres. Orchards are on the increase. and also market gardening. In the matter of live stock there is an improvement, which leads to the hope that the heavy losses of recent years will be

TEN hours is considered a full days work, and yet some young men act as if a girl could be courted sixteen hours without being tired.

#### JOHNNY JONES.

ME ESCAPED IMPRISONMENT BY HIS RHYME.

tric Maine Man Who Made Words Jingle is a Faunt Way.

The Bath Times tells the following tory:-There used to be considerable lumber business done on Merrymeeting Bay, and there lived a noted character on the bay shore, named—say Johnny Jones, who was noted for the handy way in which he could make a rhyme. He used to steal logs from a certain man. who was Justice of the Peace, and out them up into shingles. His arrest was caused and he was convicted, and bail was wanted for his appearance at a higher court, but he couldn't get it, so he appealed to the Justice to go his bail, "If you will make me a rhyme I will." said the Justice. He agreed to, but said he must make it from his boat. So he got into the boat and took up his paddle.

"Now, Johnny, for the rhyme," said the Justice, who was afraid he might deceive him. But Johnny was true to his promise and gave him this one: "As true as I am in this boat, and you are on the shore. I have stole forty logs from you and I'll steal forty more." and he went. They used to elect Hogreeves at a town meeting, officer whose business it was to impound stray hogs; they also acted as fence viewers, Well, they elected a fellow named Doughty, whom old Johnny didn't like, As soon as they voted Johnny got up and got off the following : "It appears very strange to my weak brains, that men should be possessed, to pass a vote to choose a shoat to govern all the rest. A professor at Bowdoin, it is said, gave

him a suit of clothes for that rhyme. Johnny picked up a cance one day on the bay and put it in his boom. A man named Hunter, of Topsham, heard of the get the cance, although it was not his. Johnny heard of it and was on the lookout for the enemy's approach. It was on a bright moonlight night that Hunter started to fulfill his oath. He unlocked the boom and proceeded to the canoe and stepped into it. Just at that moment Johnny stepped out from some birches that grew by the shore, gun in had, and spoke as follows : "If you get that I'll pawn my hat. I'll stand not to dispute you. I have got both powder and good shot, and I swear by gad I'll shoot you," The cance was not taken.

#### An Old Story Revived.

The Broad Arrow, an English paper, reviews the following story which has been told of many soldiers and nationalities. It says: "Who is the hero of the following true story? A mild but zealous disciplinarian was briskly passing a sentinel on his way to his official residence, when he turned upon the stalwart gaurdian and demanded the reason why he did not challenge him. In vain the sentry declared that he knew him to be the-; he was emphatically told his duty was to challenge every one who approached him, and, warming with excitement, the gallant officer exclaimed, 'Challenge all, challenge me, sir! Well, then, said the sturdy pupil, low' ering his rifle and bringing it to the charge, 'I do challenge you, Give the countersign, sir!' and the hasty superior. having in the course of his practical instruction allowed the word to slip his memory, was forthwith made a prisoner and driven into the sentry-box. So sitnated, the worthy preceptor was soon granted another opportunity of estimating the effects of his teaching. A policeman, passing, demanded why the sentinel had imprisoned the gentleman. 'You foolish fellow,' said he, 'why, it is the-!' But the only reply from the sentry, was the vociferous demand. 'Give the countersign!' The policeman, deeming his uniform to be a sufficient authority for passing the sentry had also forgotten to learn the word and he too was ordered into the sentrybox, from which he and his distinguished fellow prisoner were rescued only when the sentry was relieved."

#### He Corrected Himself.

"I notice in a paper that it is no longer ashionable for the minister to kiss the bride at the wedding ceremony," said a wife to her husband, who was a clergy-

"Yes," sadly responded the good man with a long-drawn sigh : "many of the lessant features connected with the oldashioned wedding ceremony have been discarded, and-"What's that?" demanded his wife

ninously. "I-I mean," he stammered, "that the senseless custom of kissing the bride should have been abolished long ago." "Oh!" replied the mollified lady, remming her paper, - Philadelphia

Evening Call.

HILARIO BALSAU, THE FRENCHMAN who came to America last summer for the express purpose of doing what poor Webb lost his life in attempting, and who, after visiting Niagara, wisely went eway, is now said to have announced his purpose to swim the whirlpool rapids in the spring. The French diver is full of we utilize the Indians?" This is a diff. grit. There is no confidence; but as he has obtained a safe cult question to answer, but perhaps the or the ciel. All s occupation in the leather business, he would be to petrify them, and hard labor are as would do well to stick to it. He will sell them for cigar-atore signs. This whether at wall fast nothing like leather in the rapids, idea is worthy of consideration, my hard labor are as

## REPORTORIAL ENTERPRISE.

The London Echo newspaper was in London police court as an interested party to one of the most ludicrous cases which ever convulsed a court. The deendant was arranged upon two charges. The first accused him of being a "yagrant, without visible means of support," and the second alleged that there was good cause to suspect that he was also a 'suspicious character," perhaps a Fenian or dynamite conspirator. He had absolutely refused to give the police when arrested him any information cor himself and had declined to give his name. When the Court demanded to know the latter the prisoner said it was "Hugh MacLaughlin," and insisted upon being addressed as "Mister, because he was a real gentleman." grave slucerity with which this claim was put forth by the ragged and begrimed unfortunate made the court roar. and the police significantly alluded to

the "Irishness of the name." The testimony against the prisoner was that he had been detected prowling about Hanover square and placed under "shadow." When he first attracted notice attention he was disguised as a match peddler, in which character he had secured entrance to many of the aristocratic residences of that neighborhood. He was subsequently tracked in move ments under several other disguises and was finally arrested while tramping around collecting tribute as a troubedour with a good voice and a very bad banjo, A SECRET MISSION.

The prisoner listened to the testimony with mingled consternation and despair but made no defence. He, however pleaded, with choice and eloquent rhetoric, against being committed, but the contrast between his accomplishments and the rese prejudiced his case. Finally, in desperation, the tramp admitted that he had been engaged in a secret mission; but claimed that he could prove his respectability by persons in the office of the Evening Echo. Sure of their game now, the detectives lost no time in procuring the attendance of the chief editor of the Echo. He failed at first to recognize the prisoner, but after a more careful scrutiny exclaimed. "Why, Mac! is that you?" and satisfied the Judge that the prisoner was no other than Mr. MacLaughlin, of the Echo staff, one of the best known of London journalists. He had been absent from the office for several days engaged in the task of gathering data concerning the profits of London beggars, and, unknown to his superiors, had chosen to secure standard by playing the beggar himself. After a hearty laugh around "Mac" was

### IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

"So you have been fighting again or your way home from school !" "Y-yes, sir."

"Didn't I-tell you that this sort of business had got to stop?" "Yes, pa, but-" "No excuses, sir! You probably pro-

voked the quarrel ! "Oh, no! no! He called me names! "Names? What of it? When a boy calls you names walk along about your

"But he didn't call me names!" "Oh, he didn't? Take off that vest!" "When he called me names I never looked at him, but when he pitched into

business. Take off that coat!"

you I-I had to fight !" What! Did he call me names?" "Lots of 'em, father! He said you lied to your constituents, and went back

on the caucus and had- !" "William, put on your coat and vest, and here's a nickel to buy peanuts! 1 don't want you to come up a slugger. and I wish you to stand well with your teacher, but if you can lick that boy who says I ever bolted a regular nomination or went back on my end of the ward, don't be afraid to sail in !"-Detroit Free Press.

#### Struck Off.

It was a Woodward avenue car. A lads richly dressed sat in a corner of the ow and said to some one with her: 'I smell kerosene oil."

"So do I." answered her friend. One after another got into the car, and the lady in the corner sniffed suspiciously, and at last fixed her eyes upon a quiet looking little man near the door.

in a stage whisper to her friend. "I know it," replied the triend "There ought to be a law against carrying kerosene oil in the street cars. Such an odor !" and she glared at the little

"I believe he's got the oil." she

"I shall inform the superintendent, said the first lady, aloud.

"I shall inform the president of the ad " said her friend, with a fixed and

fully, "hadn't you better move! The kerosene from that lamp in the corner of the car has been dripping down on be one of the worst. It is an ve ever since we started, but seein' ye both knew so much I thought I wouldn't There are no tables of the Bress on which the I

A MAGAZUM Writer saks: "How shall of bread and some

#### THE HUMOROUS PAPERS

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO LAUGH

'Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow." But the rest of this beautiful

a sphere,

The unfortunate man that haps to be near, That the small boy who holds it is going

IN A NEW YORK BOUDOIR. 'No. indeed, nothing could induce me o live in Philadelphia Nor me, either, I think that little

Oil City Blins

own just horrid "Yes, in Philadelphia they always ask questions about your grandfather." "That is just what I hate about it."

"No one asks such impudent questions n New York." "No, indeed; if they did some one

might ask who their grandfather was "-Evening Call.

THE MATTER Customer-"Those shoes you sold me

are frauds. Shoemaker-"You must be mistaken. They are as good \$5 shoes as I ever sold

best, they are well made and an excellent fit. Customer-"Yes; I admit all that." Shoemaker-"Then what is the mat-

in my life. The leather is of the very

Customer-"Why, you see, they are a five-dollar shoe but they have a two-dollar and a half squeak,"-Phila. Eve's

HE WAS OVERWORKED.

"Yes: gave it up last week." "What's the matter? Can't you got

along pleasantly with the boss?" "Oh, yes; we got along pleasantly enough: but he expected me to do too much. I had to open the store at 6 o'clock every morning, sweep out, wash the windows, keep the stock in order, and finally what does he do but put an advertisement in the newspaper. That settled it. I am willing to work hard. but I won't kill myself for any man."-

Philadelphia Call. WEST POINT GRADUATES ON PREE MA-

Col. Play Poker (who is in for duplicating his pay accounts)-"Horrible ! It will destroy all discipline in the army. Sergeant Mason has been pardoned by

the President." Major Lovelady (who is in for bigamy) -"Is it possible that the President has committed such an outrage on us offcers? Why, it is calculated to lower our social status as military gentlemen. After this, I'll deny that I ever wore the uniform of an officer of the United States

Army." Private Snooks (on guard)-"Colonel. you and the Major must work more and talk less."-Austin Siftings.

OPPOSED TO PROMINETION. "Yes," said the Widow Flapjack, who is chief executive officer of an Austin boarding house, "yes, I must say I am very much opposed to pro and closing up the saloons, and all that sort of thing. It's all a base sole against the best interests of the hotel keepers and landladys."

"Why, I am surprised to hear you express such unchristian sentiments, and you a charch member, too. How do you make out that prohibition is against the interests of the landladies?"

"If prohibition goes into effect all the saloons will be closed up and then all the free lunches will stop. Now, I've noticed that among my young men boarders the dissipated ones are most profitable. Before they come to dinner they always step into the saloon and get a sour beer or a schooner of today, or something of that kind, and they fill up on the free lunch, and when they come to the dinner table they don't cat hardly anything, while the steady young men who never drink just gorge themselves. Oh, my, you ought to see em eat! They just take the profits off, and if it was'nt for the free lunches and the 'next morning' feeling that some of the boarders suffer from occasio I don't know what we poor landled would do. There'd be no profit in the business. Yes, I am opposed to prohibition for purely comomical reasons. And the Widow Flapiack sighed, and went out and gave orders to out the nice into seven pieces instead of six .- Torse

A hussian Proson,-Here is Protessor Thun, of L prison at Kara, near Irhuble is forms on which the