

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VII. NO. 28.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1884.

\$2 a Year.

Rates of Advertisements.

One inch, one insertion . . . \$1 00
 " " each subsequent insertion, 50 cts

Quarterly, semi-annual or yearly contracts made on liberal terms.

Contract advertising is payable 30 days after first insertion, unless otherwise stipulated.

No communication will be published unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address, THE PEOPLE, Barnwell C. H., S. C.

Special Requests

1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post office address.
2. Business letters and communications to be published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary notes when required.
3. 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 reach us on Friday.

DREAM WHILE YOU MAY.

While the moonbeams bright are peeping
 Through the ivy-curtained pane
 By their mellow radiance steeping
 Every object in the lane
 With a silvery gray.
 Dream on, darling? While thou'rt sleeping,
 Angels pure and bright
 Around your cot their watch are keeping
 Through the silent night;
 Then dream on while you may.

Ah! too soon will come the waking
 From the dreams of childhood's days;
 Clouds the fair horizon breaking
 Soon will meet thy youthful gaze
 As you bend life's way.
 Soon thy heart will feel the aching
 That no joy can kill or calm;
 Cherished hopes their leave are taking,
 Hopes that never could bring balm.
 Then dream on while you may.

Soon the hours of childhood flying,
 From your transient dreams you'll wake,
 And the sound of sobs and sighing
 On your youthful years will break,
 As from day to day
 You will try—'till vain the trying—
 To find that bliss no one can know;
 For grief is living, joy is dying,
 In this weary world of woe;
 Then dream on while you may.
 JUSTIN McCARTY.

TOO LATE.

"Is there a letter for me to-day?"
 What a pale face, and, withal, what a
 pretty one! Pretty, although the bright
 eyes were languid and had lost their
 sparkle; pretty, though there were
 wrinkles in the white forehead—wrinkles
 not wrought by time, but stamped there
 by grief and sorrow.
 "Grief and sorrow, I said. Still, it
 would be more correct to say that hope
 and patient waiting had made pretty
 Alice Werder old, although not more than
 twenty summers had passed over her in-
 nocent head.
 "Is there a letter for me to-day?"
 A dark flush overspread the pale fore-
 head and blanched features, a sudden
 brightness came into the drooping eyes,
 and they became suffused with tears.
 What a tremor passed through the wasted
 form! How the weak voice trembled
 between hope and despair!
 The old postmaster took up a packet
 of letters and slowly looked them over,
 as he always did when Alice asked this
 question. He well knew there was no
 letter for her, but it was so hard to say
 the little word that would send her away
 with an added weight of disappointment.
 For six months past she had come, day
 after day, in sunshine and storm, always
 with the same question on her lips, and
 always receiving the same negative reply.
 "Is there a letter for me to-day?"
 Poor Alice Werder! When, two years
 before, the vivacious and scheming Hugo
 Werder led her to the altar, the people
 said the young ne'er-do-well was only
 after her money, and when he had secured
 that he would neglect the sweet, trusting
 girl, and would live merely for his own
 pleasure.
 Hugo Werder was poor—Alice, an or-
 phan and comparatively wealthy. Hugo,
 after their marriage, allowed himself to
 be drawn into unfortunate speculations
 and lost everything; but his hopeful
 little wife only said:
 "Never mind, Hugo, be comforted; we
 will come through all right. Why, you
 know we can work." And she kissed
 him and smiled as happily as she had
 done a year before, when, with joyful
 countenance, she said: "Hugo, I am
 yours."
 But poverty is bitter, and the seduc-
 tive cry of "gold! gold!" came from the
 far-off shores of America—from the mines
 of California, and thither Hugo repaired.
 Every one said he would desert his
 young wife and child. All agreed that
 whatever he might do he was at heart a
 villain. Everybody said this, and every-
 body believed it, save Alice. She alone
 disbelieved the dark predictions so
 freely made against Hugo; she alone dis-
 believed the calumny heaped upon him
 from all sides.
 Alice slowly, despondently, turned her
 back upon the post office. But this was
 nothing new; a hundred times she had
 gone away from the place with the same
 expression of deep despair on her pale,
 sorrowful face. Poor Alice! She was
 so weak and tired. But what mattered
 that? Who cared for her?
 "Are you writing home?" asked Rich-
 ard Sommer.
 Hugo Werder answered, wiped his pen
 and slowly yawning, "Yes."
 "To your precious little wife, I sup-
 pose?"
 "Yes."
 "How often have you written that
 faithful little one since you are here?"
 Hugo was startled at this sudden ques-
 tion, and as he hung his head a crimson
 blush came into his face, and he falter-
 ingly replied:
 "I am ashamed to acknowledge that
 this is—the first time."
 "The first time?" cried his astounded
 companion. "The first time! This is
 shameful, incomprehensible in you!"
 "I would not have confessed it to any
 one but you," answered Werder. "I
 will tell you how it came to be so: When
 I first came here I had so much to do,
 and I have a dislike for letter-writing, so
 I put it off from day to day, week
 after week, until I was really ashamed to
 write without sending something with
 the letter, for you know she had not al-
 ways the money to pay the baker and
 the butcher."

CAPTAIN MARY MILLER.

"But did you not at a single stroke
 make \$2,000?"
 "Yes, yes, I know it well. I am
 a wretch! As you say, I had \$2,000, but
 in one night it was all gone again. I in-
 tended writing Alice the day after my
 success, but that night I passed a gam-
 bling-house. I turned back and entered
 it. I drank, played, lost, and was again
 beggared. Should I have written her an
 empty letter then, after having spent six
 months without sending her a single
 dollar? So I have waited and waited
 till now. But when she gets this letter
 she will be \$100 richer, poor little girl,
 and then she will forgive all my neglect.
 I know that well, beforehand."
 "She should forgive you nothing,
 Hugo," said his companion.
 "Ah, yes! I deserve no forgiveness,
 but Alice is a dear, loving little darling,
 and so true, that I know she will over-
 look all my shortcomings."
 "Mrs. Alice Werder." The postmark
 was California, and the address was in
 Hugo's well-known handwriting. Was
 it possible!
 The little postmaster read and re-read
 the superscription. Surely there was no
 mistake. The letter had come at last!
 "Oh, how glad she will be! How her
 tender eyes will sparkle! It is worth
 money to be able to give her this letter,"
 said the old postmaster to his wife.
 "Poor child!"
 "Poor child, indeed," repeated the
 wife, as she caught the stich she had
 dropped. "I am getting so blind," was
 her murmured explanation.
 But I should not wonder if heartfelt
 tears had caused the sudden "blindness"
 of the good, sympathizing old soul.
 "I cannot imagine why she does not
 come to-day," remarked the little old
 man, when the afternoon had slowly
 passed and evening was setting in.
 "Take the letter to her, Sophie. Poor
 thing, perhaps her child is too sick for
 her to leave it."
 "My rheumatism makes it so hard for
 me to go out. I will take care of
 things here, and go you—it is but a few
 steps to her house."
 "Well, then, when I have closed the
 postoffice, if she does not come before,
 I will go," was the old man's answer.
 "Go rather at once," continued his
 wife. "The thought of the poor, young
 thing makes me sorrowful. How strange
 she looked yesterday when she asked
 if you were sure there was no letter for
 her, and when you asked about her child
 how strangely she answered: 'It is not
 very well to-day, but I guess it will be
 better to-morrow,' and how sadly she
 laid her hand upon her heart, as though
 it hurt her there."
 "Yes, yes; poor thing!" was the old
 man's only reply.
 Rap! Rap! Rap!
 The wind softly fluttered the dowy
 leaves of the bushes about the little
 home; the stars came out in the blue
 heavens; the moon looked down with
 a pale, calm, gloomy face upon the
 little old postmaster as he stood silently
 waiting at Alice Werder's door.
 Rap! rap! rap! But still no answer
 came.
 "Surely she cannot yet be sleeping,"
 thought the old man.
 But ah, Alice was sleeping. Heaven
 had called her—those who sleep as she
 slept never awake again on earth. This
 life was too hard for her. Ah, Alice,
 with your dead child on your breast—
 ah, Alice, could you but have hoped a
 single day longer!
 "A letter for me?" was the question
 of Hugo Werder.
 "A strange hand-writing. He: my
 own letter and two looks of light, silken
 hair! What does this signify?"
 Hugo Werder's face grew deathly
 white, and his hand trembled, as with
 the palsy, as he read this letter, written
 in the unsteady hand of the old post-
 master:
 "Enclosed is returned your letter. It
 came too late—they are both dead.
 May Heaven forgive you; your neglect
 has killed them. Here is a lock of your
 wife's hair and one of her child's. They
 both sleep in one grave. Again, may
 Heaven forgive you. Ah, had your let-
 ter come one day sooner, or had Alice
 hoped for one day more!"
 A Case of Contempt.
 Senator Vance tells this story: "When
 Judge Tourgee was on the bench in
 North Carolina, an old chum of his was
 brought before him on some trifling
 charge. During the trial the prisoner
 said something that highly displeased
 his honor. "Do you mean," sternly
 said the Judge, "to bring this court into
 contempt?" The prisoner smiled and
 said: "Judge, you have known me for
 many years, and we have been friends,
 haven't we?" "That is a fact," said the
 Judge. "You would do me a favor
 within reason, even now, would you
 not?" "Very likely," responded his
 honor, all graciousness and good humor,
 "but what is it?" "Well, retorted the
 scamp, "do not press me too hard on
 the point of contempt this morning!"
 "Mrs. Gibbs," said a Fort Wayne
 lady to another during a recent call,
 "why don't you join the Daughters of
 Temperance?" "Cause." "Cause why?"
 "Why—why?" was the blushing re-
 ply, "I intend to join one of the sons
 in a month."

PANICS IN RELIGION.

Rev. Dr. Collyer on the Harm Done by
 Faithless Men in the Church.

I notice, said the Rev. Dr. Collyer, in
 his sermon Sunday morning, that when
 I talk with those who watch the world's
 great markets they say that when there
 is an ever-growing fever in the centers of
 business, if this continues we are going
 to have a panic. And I answer "God
 forbid," for I know of but few things in
 this world and life of ours so cruel and
 ruthless as a panic, or that takes the
 manhood so completely out of men,
 leaving only a mob of poltroons and
 monsters. It makes no matter what
 form the evil and ugly thing may take,
 in a public hall or theater or in a church
 where men go to worship God or in Wall
 street; and it is no matter what our
 conduct may have been down to the day
 when we were confronted in a moment
 by this last and most terrible test of our
 manhood. If we have lost on that day
 the quality Herbert Spencer insists on
 as one of the choicest blessings we can
 possess—"the supremacy of self-control"
 —it is all over with us the rest of our
 lives.

I notice that my brethren in their con-
 ferences deplore the deadness in their
 churches. I do not wonder at this, but I
 do wonder a little that they should
 even by inference lay the blame on God
 and talk as if they believed with the
 priests of Baal that He was asleep in
 His heavens or had gone on a journey.
 Because if they only look deeper they
 will see that the whole trouble lies with
 the Christians themselves. I venture
 to observe, but with no mean spirit,
 God knows, that the most cruel and
 ruthless blows ever struck against our
 common faith have been made, not by
 men like Robert Ingersoll, but by de-
 cisions of good standing in their churches
 and prominent persons in Christian as-
 sociations. Where men will not name
 do things I will not name under the
 mask of religion—the safest mask I
 know of—it is no wonder so many should
 go apart and say if this is the fruit I
 do not believe in the tree. No wonder
 that so many should leave the churches
 and that we should have what we may
 call a religious panic. And when this
 panic occurs no words of mine or of
 any one else can estimate the damage
 it does to the world; for it means that
 men throw aside all religion, all moral-
 ity, all that is really precious in this life.
 But such panics and desecrations from re-
 ligious will invariably take place when we
 see unworthy men who have no real re-
 ligious life in them assume the high
 places in Christian councils.

A Story of General Scott.

A Washington correspondent tells the
 following story of General Winfield
 Scott: While he was still at the head of
 the army, with his office on Seventeenth
 street, just opposite the war department,
 he was coming one day to enter his
 carriage, came in hand. A volunteer or-
 dery, who knew nothing of Scott's views
 of military propriety, approached him
 with a letter from a war department
 bureau, which he had been directed to
 deliver to General Scott at once. The
 orderly, recking nothing of adjutants
 general or chiefs of staff, interpreted
 his order literally, and hastily giving a
 careless salute, began:
 "Oh, general, here's a paper I want
 you to look at before you—"
 For a moment the proud commander-in-
 chief seemed petrified. Then raising
 his cane, he said in a loud voice:
 "Clear out, sir; clear out of the way."
 The startled orderly sprang to one side,
 and the general got into his carriage and
 was driven away. The soldier then de-
 livered his letter to some one in the office
 and walked slowly out. General Scott's
 carriage had not gone thirty rods before
 it stopped and turned about. The
 driver, raising his voice, summoned the
 offending orderly to the door. Trembling
 in every limb, esp in hand, he ap-
 proached. General Scott asked his
 name and regiment. He gave them.
 "Well, sir," said the general, "report
 to your colonel that you were guilty of
 gross disrespect to General Scott as an
 officer, and that General Scott was guilty
 of gross disrespect to you as a man.
 General Scott begs your pardon. Go to
 your duty, sir."

A Publisher's Experience.

It is an experience of publishers that
 too many people are apt to think it mat-
 ters but little whether the newspaper bill
 is paid promptly or not, that it is a small
 sum and is of but little consequence.
 This is not because subscribers are un-
 willing to pay, but rather because they
 are negligent. Each one imagines be-
 cause his year's indebtedness amounts
 to so small a sum the publisher cannot
 be much in want of it, without for a
 moment thinking that the income of a
 newspaper is made up of just such small
 amounts, and that the aggregate of all
 subscriptions is by no means inconsid-
 erable sums of money, without which pub-
 lishers could not continue to issue their
 paper. The proper way is to always pay
 in advance.—Glenn Falls Republican.

AMERICAN WORKINGMEN WILL BE SOME-
 what surprised to learn that the mem-
 bers of the French deputation of work-
 men recently here are telling their fellow
 countrymen that our laboring classes
 work harder and have fewer comforts
 and less liberty than those of France.

For the Relief of Shipping.

The Senate Committee on Commerce
 authorized Senator Frye to report to the
 Senate for passage a new bill for the re-
 lief of American shipping. This meas-
 ure has been prepared by the committee
 as a substitute for all the various bills
 heretofore referred to it on the same
 general subject. Its main features are
 as follows:
 It grants authority, under certain cir-
 cumstances, for American vessels to em-
 ploy any officer, other than a captain, of
 foreign birth. The prohibition of the
 payment of advance wages under heavy
 penalties is extended to foreign as well
 as American vessels. A modification is
 made of the law respecting three months'
 extra wages, repealing it in certain cases
 and in others limiting it to one month.
 Sections 4,585, 4,586 and 4,587 Revisé
 Statutes, relating to the assessment and
 collection of a hospital tax for the sea-
 men, are to be repealed, and in their
 place it is provided that hereafter the
 marine hospitals shall be maintained at
 the expense of the United States.
 The bill further provides that all ar-
 ticles of foreign production may be with-
 drawn from bonded warehouses for the
 supply of vessels engaged in foreign
 trade, including trade between the At-
 lantic and the Pacific ports of the United
 States, free of duty.
 A drawback of ninety per cent. is al-
 lowed on imported materials used in the
 construction of vessels built in this
 country for foreign account, whether
 such vessels are built wholly or only in
 part of foreign materials.
 Under existing law the drawback is
 applicable only to vessels built entirely
 of foreign materials.
 The individual liability of a shipowner
 is to be limited to the proportion of any
 debts or liabilities that his individual
 share of the vessel bears to the whole,
 and the aggregate liabilities of all the
 owners of a vessel shall not exceed the
 value of such vessel and pending freight.

A Veteran Ship Captain.

Capt. Leonard D. Shaw, one of the
 old-time American ship commanders,
 died in New York a few days ago.
 Capt. Shaw was born in Portland,
 Me., on Jan. 20, 1804. He was on the
 United States ship Enterprise in her bat-
 tle with the British ship-of-war Boxer,
 and was for years noted as a most prom-
 inent American ship captain. One of
 the Captain's peculiarities was that, in
 deference to his wife's religious views,
 he would never sail out of port on Sun-
 day. During the fifties he was once
 strongly tempted to break this rule,
 there being two other vessels bound to
 the same port in Cuba that he was
 chartered for. He yielded to his wife,
 however. His vessel was the only one
 of the three that reached port. The other
 two were caught in a cyclone, the edge
 of which only served to help him on his
 way, while the centre swallowed the
 other two. He was, nevertheless,
 wrecked several times. Once, when
 bound home from Maracaibo, his vessel
 foundered. As she was going down the
 crew got the long boat over the side and
 began to lower a barrel of water into it.
 The tackle gave way and the barrel went
 through the bottom of the boat. A raft
 was hastily constructed, but when this
 was done the hull was so full of water
 that no provisions could be hoisted out.
 Capt. Shaw dived down into the galley,
 however, and brought out a four-pound
 piece of pork. With this the crew, seven
 in all, embarked. In three days three
 died of exhaustion and one leaped over-
 board, being seized by his sufferings.
 The survivors were picked up next day
 by a schooner that carried several can-
 ons and a large crew heavily armed.
 The Captain of the schooner made the
 survivors take an oath that they would
 not give any information about the ves-
 sel that saved them, and landed them
 on the south coast of Cuba. This was
 in 1841.

Examining a Bank.

The Manchester (N. H.) Union tells a
 very interesting story of a bright little
 girl of 7, who walked into the Merrimac
 savings bank and asked, with what
 seemed to be childish curiosity, to see
 the bank. The treasurer, with com-
 mendable kindness of heart, asked her
 to step behind the counter, and showed
 her all the money, including that in the
 vault. Suddenly she stopped, and look-
 ing up into the treasurer's face, said:
 "Well, I believe it's all right." "What
 is all right?" queried the official.
 "Why, the bank is all right," she said,
 and then continued: "Mr. Bank man,
 my name is Amy Bell, and my papa put
 \$5 into this savings bank for me the
 other day, and I wanted to see what kind
 of a place it was. I never was in a bank
 before." The gentleman assured her
 that the money was safe, and after ask-
 ing a few childish questions she departed,
 feeling settled in her young mind con-
 cerning the custody of her money.
 What is quite as interesting as the story
 is the notion the Union seems to have
 that the examination which the little
 girl made at a childish proceeding.
 Everybody was all familiar with the his-
 tory of bank failures in New England
 and elsewhere will see at a glance that
 the child's examination was of precisely
 the same searching and exhaustive char-
 acter as that which directors and bank
 examiners make.

QUAKER CITY HUMOR.

A FEW THINGS ACCIDENTALLY OVER-
 HEARD BY THE "EVENING CALL."

PATRIOTISM.

Ethel—"Isn't this funny?"
 Mabel—"What, dear?"
 Ethel—"This in the paper about kiss-
 ing."
 Mabel—"I did not see it."
 Ethel—"Why, Dr. Deems says that
 kissing is 'a purely American habit.'"
 Mabel—"Oh! how glorious it is to
 be born an American!"

HE HAD ENOUGH.

"How much are them a quart?" a
 countryman asked as he picked up a
 strawberry from in front of a fruit store
 on Chestnut street and swallowed it.
 "Fifty cents a piece."
 "What?" shouted the countryman.
 "Fifty cents a piece. Try another;
 they're nice and fresh."
 "No," he replied, as he handed over
 half a dollar, "I've had all the straw-
 berries I want."

RATHER TOO YOUNG.

"Papa," said a little boy at breakfast,
 "yesterday, at school, the teacher read
 something from a book called 'The Au-
 tocrat at the Breakfast Table.' What
 does it mean?"
 "You are rather too young yet, my
 son," replied the old man, as he helped
 himself to the top buckwheat cake and
 smothered it with the cream intended
 for his wife's coffee, "to understand such
 matters."

A STRANGE ARREST.

"You say the officer arrested you
 while you were quietly minding your
 own business?"
 "Yes, your honor. He caught me
 suddenly by the coat collar and threat-
 ened to strike me with his club unless I
 accompanied him to the station house."
 "You were quietly attending to your
 own business; making no noise or dis-
 turbance of any kind?"
 "None whatever, sir."
 "It seems very strange. What is
 your business?"
 "I'm a burglar."

NOTHING REMARKABLE.

Mr. D. (reading)—"A single mahog-
 any tree has been known to bring \$5,000
 when cut up into veneers."
 Mrs. D.—"What of it?"
 Mr. D.—"What of it? Do you not
 think that fact very remarkable?"
 Mrs. D.—"No; it is nothing extraor-
 dinary. We have done better than that
 with much less material."
 Mr. D.—"How do you mean?"
 Mrs. D.—"You remember our last
 church festival?"
 Mr. D.—"Yes."
 Mrs. D.—"Well, a single oyster
 brought us in \$6,000."

A REMEDY.

Mrs. Scantdiel (boarding-house
 keeper)—"You do not look very well,
 Mr. Slim; I am afraid you keep too late
 hours."
 Mr. Slim (boarder)—"I was out a
 little late last night, but usually am in
 pretty early."
 Mrs. Scantdiel—"You ought to take a
 tonic of some kind. Here, for instance,
 is an advertisement of Dr. Cure-All's
 bitters, said to be a remedy for the
 'tired, sinking, empty feeling' that
 some people experience. Do you ever
 have that?"
 Mr. Slim—"Yes, three times a day—
 after every meal."

A HUMANE ACT.

Western Railroad Superintendent—"I
 want you to get up some sort of signal
 arrangement so that brakemen on
 freight trains will be warned of the near-
 ness of cross-track bridges in time to
 duck their heads."
 Assistant—"You mean the bridges
 which carry the wagon roads over our
 track, of course."
 Superintendent—"Certainly."
 Assistant—"It is very humane of you
 to take such a step, as it will save the
 lives of many brakemen."
 Superintendent—"To tell the truth, I
 was not looking at the matter in just that
 light. You know the law compels us to
 build those bridges ourselves to avoid
 crossing at grade, and we run them up
 just as cheap as possible."
 Assistant—"Yes."
 Superintendent—"Well, I don't want
 those bridges knocked over."
 NO SENSATION OF HUMOR.

A gentleman in a street car, while
 reading a newspaper, discovered a para-
 graph that struck him as particularly
 funny.
 "Here is something good," he said to
 his neighbor, and he read the item to
 him.
 A tired look swept over the gentle-
 man's face, but he never smiled.
 Presently the reader came across
 another paragraph that tickled his fancy.
 "I will try him with this one," he
 said.
 He did so, and a tear actually welled
 out of his neighbor's eye and coursed
 slowly down his cheek.
 "Heavens, man!" was the exclamation,
 "what's the matter with you? Have
 you no sense of humor? What do you
 do to pass away the time, anyway?"
 Looking mournfully out of the window
 the stranger replied:
 "I am a proofer of a comic
 weekly."

WHY HE JUMPED.

Mrs. D.—"What a wonderful jumper
 the puma is!"
 Mr. D.—"What have you found
 now?"
 Mrs. D.—"Here is an item which says
 that 'a puma in the Blue mountains
 recently jumped 40 feet.'"
 Mr. D.—"Poor fellow! I can sym-
 pathize with him."
 Mrs. D.—"How is that?"
 Mr. D.—"Most likely the luckless
 animal was searching for paragon in
 the dark and stepped on a tack."

BUSINESS BRISK.

Customer—"Business is brightening
 up some, isn't it?"
 Jobber in Brooms—"I should say so.
 Sold 20,000 brooms this week."
 Customer—"Where did they go to?"
 Jobber—"All over the country. We
 get orders from everywhere. One small
 town bought 2,000 for its street-cleaning."
 Customer—"Did you sell any to the
 Philadelphia Highway Department?"
 Jobber—"Oh, yes, one; and they
 promised to call next year and buy
 another."

WOULD NOT DO.

First Railroad Man—"What do you
 think of the new patent 'railroad tattle,'
 which registers the speed of trains?"
 Second Railroad Man—"I have had
 some experience with it, and think it
 may do for through express trains."
 First R. M.—"Have you tried it on
 accommodation trains?"
 Second R. M.—"Yes, but it did not
 give satisfaction. Long before we
 reached the end of the first trip the ap-
 paratus ceased registering."
 First R. M.—"Indeed! What stopped
 it from working?"
 Second R. M.—"Rust."

THE MEANS.

"See here, sir," said a philanthropist
 to a seedy-looking tramp, "this is the
 third time you have asked for help this
 week."
 "I know it."
 "There is no need of any one getting
 so low down as you seem to have reached.
 I was careful early in life to keep some-
 thing laid by for a rainy day. I don't
 see why other people can't do the same
 thing and live within their means."
 "It is easy enough to advise people to
 live within their means," replied the
 tramp, "but the trouble is to find the
 means to live within. That's what I am
 after now."
 He got another dollar.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL MISTAKE.

"Yes," said a shabby dressed man,
 "printers sometimes make very bad
 blunders. It is to a typographical mis-
 take that I owe my present condition of
 poverty."
 "How can that be?" he was asked.
 "It was some years ago," he replied
 "I had just embarked in the patent med-
 icine business, having discovered a won-
 derful remedy for general debility and
 that sort of thing. I caused an adver-
 tisement to be inserted in a leading daily
 paper, with the customary pictures 'be-
 fore and after taking,' but I never sold
 a bottle of the medicine, and in two
 weeks from the date of the first adver-
 tisement the whole business was in the
 hands of the sheriff."
 "Well, what had a typographical error
 to do with your failure?"
 "The printer got the words 'before'
 and 'after' transposed, and I didn't
 notice the mistake."

WHAT HE DIED OF.

Jones—"I see it stated that a well-
 known Philadelphia business man died
 suddenly in a street car the other night
 of alcoholism."
 Smith—"You probably saw that in
 some New York paper. Those New
 Yorkers are always starting up some
 libel or other on Philadelphia."
 Jones—"Then it is not true?"
 Smith—"I should say not. It is a
 mean, despicable slander. The man was
 a friend of mine, and although not a
 teetotaler, he was never considered a
 hard drinker."
 Jones—"Did he die in a street car?"
 Smith—"Well, yes; I admit that he
 did."
 Jones—"Then what did he die of?"
 Smith—"Don't know. Froze to
 death, probably."

After the Plumber Again.

Some one pretends to have found a
 plumber's bill which ran thus: "Fixing
 up Smith's busted pipe; to wit: Go-
 ing to see the job, \$1; coming back for
 tools and help, \$2; finding the leak,
 \$1.50; sending for more help, \$1.25;
 going back for solder forgotten, \$1.50;
 bringing the solder, \$1; burning my finger,
 \$2; lost my tobacco, 50 cents; get-
 ting to work, \$3; getting my assistants to
 work, \$2.50; fixing the pipe, 25 cents;
 going home, \$2.50; time, solder, wear
 and tear on coats, overalls, and other
 clothing, \$5; total, \$24.00."

ESCAPED.—A CONVICT who escaped from
 the Louisiana State prison walked back
 all night, and by daylight was forty
 miles away. Finding detection by means
 of his striped gait, he went boldly into
 a negro farm-house, told the owner that
 he was a circus performer who had
 rheumatism, and offered to sing some
 tunes for any old set of soldiers.
 The bargain was made and the convict
 continued his flight in safety.