AM Mounts

Special Requests

3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and or

4, All changes in advertisements must each us on Friedy.

THE KING'S SHIPS.

His are the merchantmen that carry treasure

The little fisher boats and barks of pleasure

That sailed without the glorious Name thereon

The winds go up and down upon the sea,

God bath so many ships upon the sea!

The men-of-war, all bannered gallantly,

On all this sea of time there is not one.

kindly.

VOL. VII. NO. 31.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1884.

\$2 a Year.

ress of the writer, not assessed to publication, but as a guaranty of good taith.

Rates of Advertising.

Quarterly, wall was

THE PROPLE

Bernwell C. E. S. C.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE PIND IN THEM TO CHILE

THEY COST MONEY. Mrs. B .- "Isn't this strange?"

Mr. B .- "What is strange, dear ?" Mrs. B .- "The paper says that a Georgia man, now worth \$150,000, never wore a pair of shoes until after he was 21 years of age."

Mr. B .- "I don't see anything remarkable about that."

Mrs. B .- "You don't?" Mr. B .- "Certainly not. He probably inherited the \$150,000 from his fatuer.

Mrs. B .- "But how did his father get so much money?"

Mr. B.-"He saved it on shoes."-Philadelphia Evening Call

NEVER KNEW WEAT KILLED MIM. "I was chopping in the woods one day last winter," said he, "when my dog, a

healthy terrier crawled into a hollow log and found a coon. He took Mr. Coon by the nose and pulled him out into my presence. When the coon saw how I was situated with a big ax and a yearning look he yanked the dog back into the hole in the log. The day was a light weight, but his staying qualities were something to contemplate. He had the coon firmly clinched, and to that gentle influence he yielded frequently, but as often withdrew from the cold world, taking the ambitious pup with him. They kept sawing it off this way for nearly an hour, and it began to look as though the coon was going to win the rubber, when an idea struck me. When the dog pulled the coon out to view I aimed my ax and struck a terrific blow at the coon's neck. Just then he gave a jerk and pulled the dog's head to the spot where his should have been.

"That dog don't know to this day but that it was the coon that killed him."-The Eye.

A NOBLE GIRL "No, Mr. Slim, I cannot be your wife, My father has just failed in business. and my first thoughts must be for him." "I hadn't heard of your father's failure." exclaimed Mr. Slim in greateurprise and not a little dismay. "When

did it occur ?" "Only yesterday," she replied "AH of our possessions are swept away, and we are very poor indeed. I do not healtate in saying that were it otherwise your proffered love would be very dear to me,

but now my poor father demands my individed devotion." "Noble girl !" said Mr. Slim, as he hurried away .- Philadelphia Evening

RUNNING A SAW-MILL WITH WHISEY.

"How are you?" asked Denman "Pretty well, thank you; but I've just been to a doctor to have him look at

my throat?" "What's the matter?" "Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least he couldn't find what I wanted him to

What did you expect him to and?" "I asked him to look down my throat for the saw-mill and farm that had gone

"And did he see nothing of It?" "No, but he advised me if I ever got mother to run it by water."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM "Oose sweet pwecious is co?"

"I'se oore sweet pwedious," /
"Oose hungry ittle bit?"

"I'se could nibble itay bitey."

"Oose sall have lunchy, pwecions," "Itsy bitsy chicky-wing, sweetsy." "Tiddy iddy darl', have a cookey?" "No, ownest-own-a pickule."

They were not idiots on their way to s retreat for the feeble-minded or innetice going to an asylum. They were married lovers, had been married meanly two hours and were taking their first lands on the cars. And the rest of the pass gers did not rise up and slay to

either, which shows the degeneracy into which as a people we have fallen, —Detroit Free Press A COMPROMISE. As a woman, accompanied by a boy about ten years of age, was passing a store on Michigan avenue the other day.

a cur dog belonging to the merchant gave the lad a snap on the leg. A great commetion was at once raised over the circumstance, and the merchant finally inquired:

"How much do you want to settle this

"Ten yards of calico," promptly replied the woman.

"Very well: come in and get it." The cloth was torn off and handed to her, and mother and son took their departure. They returned, however, in a few minutes, and when the ma

few minutes, and also marked; asked what was wanted she marked; "It's the boy who is raising sir. He says he got t

"Well, what does he want?" "Three sticks of candy will o him, sir, or if they don't he'll here to

mouth full he muttered:
"You let the dog next time hite year

And some they lightly clasp, entreating And waft them to the port where they And other ships they buffet, long and blindly-The cloud comes down on the great einking

deep,
And on the shore the watchers stand and

And God hath many wrecks within the sea; Oh, it is deep! I look in fear and wonder-The wisdom throned above is dark to me, Yet it is sweet to think His care is under; That yet the sunken treasure may be drawn Into his storehouse when the sea is gone.

So I, that sail in peril on the sea. With my beloved, whom yet the waves may

Say-God hath more than angels' care of me And larger share than I in friend and lover. Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land?

This deep is but the hollow of His hand.

A Story of Duty.

[From Every Other Saturday.]

sleep, seemed miles away. Joel had been fired enough when he went to bed, and yet he had not gone to sleep for some time; his heart beat so at the idea of his mother being very ill. He well remembered his father's death, and his mother's illness now revived some feelings which he had almost forgotten. His bed was merely some clothes spread on the floor, and covered with a rug; but he did not mind that; and he could have gone to sleep at once but for the fear that had come over him. When he did sleep, his sleep was sound; so seemed like a call from miles away. In a minute Joel was up and wide

awake. "Light the candle," he could just

hear the voice say. He lighted the candle, and his beating heart seemed to stop when he saw his mother's face. He seemed hardly to know whether it was his mother or no.

"Shall I call-?" "Call nobody, my dear. Come here." He laid his cheek to hers.

"Mother, you are dying," he mur-"Yes, love, I am dying. It is no use calling any one. These little ones,

"I will take care of them, mother." "You, my child! How should that

"Why not?" said the boy, raising himself, and standing at his best height, Look at me, mother. I can work, I

promise you-His mother could not lift her hand.

but she moved a finger in a way which checked him. "Promise nothing that may be too

hard afterward," she said. "I promise to try, then," he said "that little sisters shall live at home, and never go to the work-house." He spoke cheerfully, though the candlelight glittered in the two streams of tears on his cheeks. "We can go on

It would not do. The sense of their coming desolation rushed over him in a way too terrible to be borne. He hid his face beside her, murmuring :

living here; and we shall be so-

"Oh, mother! mother!" His mother found strength to move her hand now. She stroked his head with a trembling touch, which he seemed to feel as long as he lived. She could not say much more. She told him she had no fear of any of them. They would be taken care of. She advised him not to awaken the little ones, who were sound asleep on the other side of her, and begged him to lie down himself till daylight, and try to sleep, when she should be gone.

This was the last thing she said. The candle was very low; but before it went out, she was gone, Joel had always done what his mother wished; but he could 'not obey her in the last thing she said. He lighted another candle when the first went out, and sat thinking, till the gray dawn began to show

through the window. When he called the neighbors, they were astonished at his quietness. He had taken up the children and dressed them, and made the room tidy, and lighted the fire, before he fold anybody what had happened. And when he opened the door, his little sister was in bis arms. She was two years old, and could walk, of course; but she liked being in Joel's arms. Poor Willy was the most confounded. He steed with his pinefore at his mouth, staring at the bed, and wondering that his mother lay so still If the neighbors were astonished at so at some things they saw afterward; dous clatter and crash was heard in the

considered what he had to do so much a out that it was only an iron bar that had

for new and strong clothes for the child. [coffin, But there was something more He did not seem to want any help. He solemn and more moving than all such went to the factory the next morning, as observance in the funeral of this young asual, after washing and dressing the soldier, who had so bravely filled his children, and getting a breakfast of bread and milk with them. There was no fire; and he put every kulfe and other dangerous thing on a high shelf, and gave them some trifles to play with, and promised to come and play with them at dinner-time. And he did play. He played heartily with the little one, and as if he enjoyed it, every day at noon hour. Many a merry laugh the neighbors heard from that room when the three children were together, and the laugh

was often Joel's. How he learned to manage, and especially to cook, nobody knew; and he could himself have told little more than that he wanted to see how people did it, and looked accordingly at every opportunity. He certainly fed the children well; and himself, too. He knew that everything depended on his strength being kept up. His sister sat on his knee to be fed till she could feed herself. He was sorry to give it up; but he said she must learn to behave. So he smoothed her hair, and washed her face before dinner, and showed her how to fold her hands while he said grace. He took as much pains to train her to good In the middle of a dark night Joel, a manners at table as if he had been a boy of nine years old, heard his name governess, teaching a little lady. While called by a voice which, through his she remained a "baby" he slept in the middle of the bed, between the two that she might have room, and not be disturbed; and when she ceased to be a baby, he silently made new arrangements. He denied himself a hat, which he much wanted, in order to buy a considerable quantity of coarse dark calico, which, with his own hands he made into tle bed for his sister: and he was not satisfied till she had a basin and a jug.

a curtain, and slung across a part of the room; thus shutting off about a third of it. Here he contrived to make up a litand a piece of soap of her own. Here that his mother's feeble voice calling him | nobody but himself was to intrude upon her without leave; and, indeed, he always made her understand that he came only to take care of her. It was not only that Willy was not to see her undressed. A neighbor or two now and hen lifted the latch without knocking. One of these one day heard something from behind the curtain, which made her call her husband silently to listen; and they always afterward treated Joel as if he were a man, and one whom they looked up to. He was teaching the child her little prayer. The earnest, sweet, devout tones by the boy, and the innocent, cheerful imitation of the little one, were beautiful to hear, the listeners

Though so well taken care of, she was not to be pampered; there would have been no kindness in that. Very early, indeed, she was taught, in a merry sort of way, to put things in their places, and to sweep the floor, and to wash up the crockery. She was a handy little thing, well trained and docile. One reward that Joel had for his management was, that she was early fit to go to chapel. This was a great point; as he, choosing to send Willy regularly, could not go till he could take the little girl with him. She was never known to be restless; and Joel was quite proud of her.

Willy was not neglected for the little girl's sake. In those days children went earlier to the factory and worked longer than they do now, and by the time the sister was five years old Willy became a factory boy; and his pay put the little girl to school. When she, at seven went to the factory teo. Joel's life was altogether an easier one. He always had maintained them all, from the day of his mother's death. The times must

have been good-work constant and wages steady-or he could not have done it. Now, when all three were earning. he put his sister to a sewing-school for two evenings in the week and the Saturday afternoons; and he and Willy attended an evening school, as they found they could afford it. He always escorted the little girl wherever she had to go; into the factory, and home again to the school door and home again, and to the Sunday school; yet he was himself remarkably punctual at work and at worship. He was a humble, earnest, docile pupil himself at the Sunday school-quite unconscious that he was more advanced than other boys in the sublime science and practice of duty. He felt that everybody was very kind to him, but he was unaware that others

felt it an honor to be kind to him. I linger on these years, when he was s fine growing lad, in a state of high content. I linger, unwilling to proceed. But the end must come; and it is soon told. He was sixteen, I think, when he was asked to become a teacher in the Sunday-school, while wholly not ceasing to be a scholar. He tried, and made capital teacher, and he won the hearts of the children while trying to open their minds. By this he became more widely known than before.

One day in the next year, a tremenbut they were not. Everything seemed factory where Joel worked. A deed sidone so naturally; and the boy swidently lence succeeded, and then several called matter of course that less sensation was fallen down. This was true, but the excited then about many smaller things. iron ber had fallen on Joel's head, and

After the funeral was over, Joel tied he was taken up dead!

Such a funeral as his is rarely seen.

There is a something that strikes on all hearts in the speciacle of a soldier's to take money for what he had seen his funeral—the drum, the march of commother wear; but he changed them away rades, and the belt and cap laid on the

place in the conflict of life. There was the tread of comrades here, for the longest street was filled from end to end. For relics, there were his brother and sister; and for a solemn dirge, the uncontrollable groans of a heart-stricken multitude.

IN DEATH TOGETHER.

The Shock of His Wife's Sudden Death

A mos, remarkable occurrence was reported in the First Ward of Milwaukee. A local paper says :- At an early hour Frederick C. Bradley, a well-known citizen, formerly a man of considerable wealth, called at the house of a neighbor and asked if some one would come to his house as his wife was very ill. In half an hour the neighbor and his wife reached the bedroom of the Bradlev's and were horrified to find both the man and his wife lying on the floor dead. At first every one supposed a tragedy had been committed, and the affair created a great sensation. Later on, it was generally accepted as a fact that the couple had been poisoned. At a late hour the Coroner held an inquest, and it resulted in a verdict that the wife had died of apoplexy and the husband of heart disease. It was shown that both were troubled from these causes. The double death is a remarkable occurrence and a mystery. The supposition is that Mrs. Bradley was taken ill and died while her husband was out calling a neighbor. When he returned and found her dead, the shock was so great that he had a severe attack of heart disease and dropped

Mr. Bradley was 65 years old and his wife was seven years younger. He was born in England, emigrating to the United States when a young man. He lived in New York City for a number of years and worked at civil engineering. He became wealthy, and at one time was estimated to be worth nearly \$200,000. He secured a contract for building 500 miles of road for the Grand Trunk Railway, which at that time was the largest railway contract ever attempted by one man. This proved an unfortunate undertaking for him, Mr. Bradley losing the greater part of his wealth, it is said. through the dishonesty of sub-contractors. Subsequently he secured another railway contract, and, owing to the sudden appreciation of the cost of labor and material, the remnant of his fortune was swept away and he became financially ruined. He then came to Milwaukee and obtained a position as Inspector of Harbor Improvements under the direction of Col. Houston, United States Engineer. This he held until the time of his death.

An English Girl in Canada.

There are two sorts of beauty among the girls of Canada, says a newspaper correspondent, as there are two kinds of girls -the English Canadian and the French Canadian. The English Canadians are beautiful rather than pretty. The French girls are captivatingly pretty.

The English girl is tall and strongly

built. She walks with her figure rigidly erect and her head held up, from consciousness of strength rather than from pride. Her cheeks are like the sides of a peach that has just begun to ripen. The rose blush blends with the pink, that is in turn lost in the general creamy tint of the whole face. Waves of flaxen or light-brown hair curtain her forehead, or perhaps her hair is puffed into a cloud that projects beyond her sealskin cap. She has big deep-blue eyes, eloquent of good health and good na ture, and blazing at a touch of excite ment. Being an athlete, she is a model of good health, and the equal of her brothers at the dinner table. Her nose and mouth are not too fashionably small. They match her fine stature, and the healthy, graceful carriage that tell of stout limbs and developed museles. What a lesson the Montreal girl teaches to the New York mothers who bring their daughters up indoors like hothouse plants, for fear they will not be lady-like and womanly! These robust girls, in modesty, in grace, in softness of speech and femininity generally, are the peers of daughters of Murray Hill. and yet there is hardly one that cannot stand by her brother's side in whatever sport he is enjoying. These girls can climb a mountain like deer, they can skate like the women of Holland, they are at home on snowshoes, the mad sport of the toboggan hills is every-day fun to them. As these words are written they are scudding on snowshoes on the hill, applauding the curlers in the Government sheds, driving their ponies at a three-minute gait ahead of their sleighs. skimming breathlessly down the slides, outting threes and eights in the skating inks, and bustling along the streets at gait that makes a New York man feel as though he was taking root in the snow,

THE SOUDAN .- What the Soudan is worth may be gathered from some published statistics, according to which there are 15,000 Christians and 40,000 Egyptians in the province; 1,000 commercial houses owned by Europeans and 8.000 by Egyptians, and the import and export trade is valued at £18,000,000 annually.

THE SECRET SERVICE. THE PEOPLE IT HAS TO LOOK APTER

THE PHOEN BEEN.

FOR UNCLE SAM. ounterfeiters, and the Very Sharp Bodge. They are up to in Their Work.

This sample book in which you se pasted bank and intional notes, with the word bad punched out in each, contains \$25,000, and we have here the his tories and photographs of 2,500 criminals, perhaps ten per cent. of whom are women, said an officer of the Secret Service, at Washington. William E. Brockway is the most notable person in the entire collection. He is called the "King of Counterfeiters," and occupies the first place in this album. Next to him are his two pals, Doyle, the man who passed the money, and Charles E. Smith, the most expert engraver of 'crooked" work in the country. In all their operations Brockway furnished the money, laid out the plans, and was the brains of the gang. Doyle passed the 'stuff' and Smith was the engraver. Doyle is now serving a twelve years' sentence in the Illinois State Prison. Brockway was captured some few weeks ago on the charge of counterfeiting some railroad bonds, samples of which we have here in this office, and Smith is living with his family in Brook-

Smith engraved the plate from which

the famous \$1,000 7-30 bond of the issue of '65 was printed, and \$83,000 worth of it were actually redeemed at the Treasury Department before it was discovered to be a counterfeit. The impression was so good that the experts were unable to determine whether the bonds were genuine or counterfeit, and the matter was only decided when the Government issue bearing the duplicate numbers came back for redemption. Smith also engraved what is known as the Hamilton \$50 greenback, and the \$100 note on different banks, which are the finest known of these series. Several years ago a very shrewd dodge was played by one of Smith's confederates on R. H. White & Co., of Boston, A woman entered their store and looked at some very expensive shawls. Finally, she made up her mind to take one, and tendered a thousanddollar bill in payment. The clerk took the money to the cashier, who sent it to the bank to find out whether it was genuine or not. The answer came back that the bill was good beyond the shadow of a doubt. Then the clerk said that the shawl would be sent to the woman's address, but she proceeded to get very angry, and said that if they could not take her money without question that she would go elsewhere, and flounced out of the store in great rage. About an hour afterward she returned, and told the clerk that she had visited Jordan, Marsh & Co's., Shepard & Norwell's, Hogg. Brown & Taylor's and C. F. Hovey & Co.'s, but that she had been unable to find a shawl which suited her as well as the one she left in their establishment. She said she would take it with her, and tondered a \$1,000 bill in payment. The took it away with her, together with \$800 in change. The bill first tendered was gennine, the second was a counter-

feit, and the firm was just \$1,000 out of Smith engraved the plate from which this counterfeit note was printed, and it was so nearly perfect that only a minute examination would have caused detecfrom which the \$1,000 6 per cent, bonds were printed, but we captured the entire issue on Doyle in Chicago, amounting in all to \$204,000. Now I wish to call your attention to two curious facts. Counterfeiting runs in families, and without exception the men engaged in it are all

poor. For instance, take the Bullard family. Thomas, Benjamin, George and John, four brothers, all in our clutches, together with an aunt. There is one brother out of jail, but we are satisfied that he is an honest man. Thomas Bullard is a wonderful fellow. He is the only person, so far as we know, who has succeeded in imitating the fibre paper upon which the gennine notes and bonds are printed. At present he is serving a thirty years' sentence as a reward for his discovery. . He is a chemist of no ordinary attainments, and he invented a process, by which he was able to take a

genuine two or one dollar bill, and com pletely remove all the traces of ink from its surface. Then with a counterfeit plate of a higher denomination, he would print upon the genuine paper, and thus raise the note. Speaking about raising notes, here is a check on the Third National Bank of New York, which was raised from \$451 to \$26,968, and paid, in 1876. The perpetrators worked off with chemicals all that was written in the check except the signature, and 1 regret to say that we have never been able to discover who did it. Here are three steel plates which were engraved by Ulrich for a five-dollar issue. The engraving is done on soft steel, and

when completed the plate is hardened. To give you some idea of the amount of labor it takes to engrave one of these plates, I can only say that we have evidence that Ulrich was fifteen months completing them. Perhaps the greatest curiosities in our entire collection are the bills which made their appearance about four years ago, executed with a de scones' is de scones' ter die."

pen entirely by hand. At first we thought that it must take a good amount of time for the rascal to turn out one of those bills, but now we think that he produces about one a week. The denominations are fifties, twenties and tens, and they areturned into the Treasury for redemption from all parts of the Union.

"GAMES AND SAUCES." Miss Parlon Instructs a Class in How A lesson on "Games and Sauces" was given at Miss Parloa's Cooking School in New York city. A leg of ventson was first brought in, and after the lecturer had pulled off the dry ikin from the meat, she rubbed it with butter. dredged it with salt and pepper, and flour enough to form a paste over the mest. After skewering the rosst so as to cover the shank-bone, it was placed in a hot oven on a rack to cook. When the flour which was sprinkled on the pan was brown, the meat was taken out and water poured in the pan. The venison was basted often while roasting with the gravy and dredged lightly with

flour, salt and pepper. While the venison was cooking grouse was placed on a platter before the class, and skewered, and the breast and legs were larded with stripes of pork. The lardons were cut parallel with the rind of pork, and only as far as the first layer of lean; and were put in a bowl of cracked ice and water before they were used, to draw out the oil and make them firm. After larding the grouse it was rubbed with butter, seasoned with salt and pepper, dredged thickly with flour, and placed, in a pan on its back, without any water. The lecturer stated that it would take about twenty-five minutes to roast this bird rare or half an hour to

suit the average taste. The sauce for the grouse was prepared with dry bread, which was rolled and sifted. The fine crumbs, which measured about a third of a cupful, were put over the fire in a double boiler to cook fuls of milk. The coarse crumbs, which remained in the sieve, measured about two-thirds of a cup and these were placed in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of melted butter, which was heated hot before the crumbs were put in. When the crumbs were brown they were set on one side and a tablespoonful of butter was added to the sauce in the double boiler, which had cooked fifteen minutes. Seasoning of salt and pepper was added, and the onion was skimmed out. This sauce was put on a platter, the grouse which was now done, was placed on the bed of sauce, and the fried

bread crumbs were poured over it. A garnish of paraley was added. The venison was then taken from the oven and put on a hot platter. The fat was poured off the gravy in the pan, and a cup of boiling water was added. A slice of onion was fried brown in a tablespoonful of butter and six peppercorns and four whole cloves were added. When the onion was cooked a tablespoonful of flour was put in and stirred till brown, and the whole was gradually added to the gravy in the pan. After poiling one minute the gravy was strained and half a teaspoonful of lemonjuice completed the sauce.

Hottentot Tortures.

The following is an extract of a letter from Walwich Bay, southwest coast of Africa, dated December 14, 1883: "The atrocious acts of Paul Vister (a Hottentot chief) have received further confirmation. This fiend held a raid, and it was decided not to shoot the prisoners, as is usually done, but to torture them, so it was decided that the lower jaw of the victim should be severed and a knife inperted in the roof of the mouth and forced up to the brain. These wretches further amused themselves by putting a rein with a slipnot round the throats of the prisoners, hauling them up to trees, and when the tongue of the victim had protruded somewhat letting him down again, carrying on this amusement until the unfortunate prisoner was lifeless.' The London Daily News believes that the occurrence of these horrible cruelties has been brought to the notice of Sir Leicester Smythe, Her Majesty's Acting High Commissioner at the Cape.

An Honest Verdict.

A man had met a girl in a lonely place and forcibly kissed her. She was terribly indignant and had him arrested She gave an account on the witness stand of how he gazed at her intently, and then suddenly throwing his arms around her imprinted a kies upon her lips. The prisoner made no defence, and the jury was expected to promptly convict him of assault. They returned to the court room. "The pu-ju-jury w-w-would like to ask the young lady two questions," the foreman said. The judge consented and she went on the stand. "D-d-did you wear the j-j-jersey that you've g-g-got on now?" "Yes." sir," was the demure reply. "And w-w-was your he-ha-hair b-b-banged like that?" "Yes, sir." "Then, your Honor, we acquit the prisoner on the ground of emo-mo-motional insanity."-San Francisco Post.

"I ATAUS feels sorr; fur de young feller what is smart befo' his time," said Uncle Mose. "De flowers what blooms

THE LIME-KILN CLUB. WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PARADISI

The President Talks From the Shoulder, and Tells Things as They Are.

However susceptible to flattery Bro. Gardner, of the Lame-Kiln Club, may be, he is never given to flattering others. At a late meeting of the Club he said 'It becomes my solemn dooty to announce de fack dat Brudder Paramount Slawson, an honorary member libin' in Toledo, am no mo' on airth. He had climbed up on de roof of a shed to see a dog-fight, an' de cavin' in of de roof bestowed for different fatal injoories upon his pusson. When he realized dat he had got to die he requested dat dis club attend his funeral in a body, an' he tried to borry money of his brudder-in-law to squar up his back dues wid us.

"Gem'len, in one respeck Brudder Slawson was a fa'r to medium man. If he borryed half a dollar to go to de circus he'd pay it back outer money dat his wife airned at de wash-bo'd. De poo' was neber turned away from his doah empty-handed. He pitied de sorrows of a big tramp, an' let his wife go bar'futted an' his chill'en hungry. He was kind-hearted, but allus behind on

his pew rent. He was philanthropic, but he had to dodge his butcher. He was a kind fadder, but he has got two ob the wust boys in de Stait of Ohio. He was a levin' husband, but he was content to sit aroun' de grocery an' let his wife support the family. While we may say dat we am sorry that death has come to sever ties an' bring changes, we have no occashun to remark dat de world will be any de wuss off. Let us now attack de reg'lar order of biziness." The Hon, Slipback Taylor, an honorary member residing at Birmingham,

Ala, forwarded the following inquiry: "What style of literature does our club recommend fur de culled populashun of de kentry." "On seberal different occashuns when

my advice has bin axed," replied President, "I has recommended de Fam'ly Bible an' a fust-class weekly noosepaper. I doan' know dat our people need any speshul line of literature. If white ladies can swaller trash novels at de rate of two a week an' obersee deir houses an' fam'lies, I reckon the black ones am not so wery bad off,"-Detroit

A Battle With an Alligator.

Free Press.

Robert Carroll, a trapper and bunter, while trapping for otters on West Choctawpatchie River, in Alabama, had a terrible fight with an alligator, so a local paper tells us.

Seeing the water agitated in a hole near the river, and supposing that otters were fishing therein, he mounted a pole on a tussock just above the water's edge. His steel traps were in a sack suspended from his neck. His only weapon was his hatchet. He sat on the pole, with a mass of vines at his back. He held his weapon ready to strike an otter, should one srise

Soon he saw a young alligator near him. He caught it up and it uttered a cry. In an instant there was a terrible splash of water, and a huge alligator with distended mouth and glittering teeth rushed for him. With little hope of escape he fell back upon the vines, and as he did so kicked the pole from

under his feet. The terrible jaws closed on the pole and crushed it. Carroll tried to interpose the trans, but a vine had caught them and partly held him down. Seizing his hatchet he struck into the open mouth of his assailant. It closed on the weapon, and with great difficulty he saved the hatchet. Getting free from his traps, he dealt the alligator a fatal blow on the skull as it made the next

He secured the skin and such teeth as had not been destroyed in the fight. The length of the alligator was about nine and a half feet. The hole was its den. Alligators rarely attack human beings.

What Christine Nilsson Eats.

"My breakfast." said the Swedish

prima donna, "consists of a cup of coffee

and a single roll, and for dinner I take soup, meat, vegetables, cheese, bread and wine. If I sing I have nothing more to eat until the next morning Otherwise, I have a cup of bouillon before retiring, and always a hot bath. own a pair of Norfolk ponies, which drive when I am home, but I am afraid of strange horses and strange drivers, so I take my constitutional by walking two hours every morning. I go alone, for I do not want to talk, because the cold air gets to the lungs and is apt to injure the voice ultimately. Yes, I am rigor. ous with myself, but I owe that care not to my own health, but to the company I am hired by and the public that pays to hear me. I am always ready, in con- the dress, and he isn't satisfied." sequence, and have never asked for the indulgence of the audience or an excuse from the manager. I never failed to keep an engagement but once, and that take it out in complaining."
was unavoidable. I live in England a The sticks were handed out, and as great deal as the guest of the Duke of the boy broke one in two and state Albany's family. I am intimately acquainted with the Princess of Wales. with whom I play little duets; the Duke and I'll take a suit of clothes and selection of Edinburgh, who is a violinist, often may have the candy."—Debet Free accompanies us."-Chicago Paper, Press,