

Am Thompson

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VII. NO. 32. BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1884. \$2.00 a Year.

Rates of Advertising.
 One inch, one insertion \$1 00
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GILBERT'S LATEST.
 (In Gilbert's new comic opera, "The Princess and the Pea," the following song is sung by Gama, the Pea-throated King, who has a crooked leg, a dirt foot and a lurchback.)
 1884.
 If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:
 I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other kinds are sham.
 Each little fault of temper and each social defect
 In my erring fellow creatures I endeavor to correct.
 To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes,
 And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise;
 I love my fellow-creatures, I do all the good I can,
 Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
 And I can't think why!
 To compliments inflated I've a withering reply,
 And vanity I always do my best to mortify—
 A charitable action I can skillfully dissect,
 And interested motives I'm delighted to detect—
 I know everybody's income and what every body earns,
 And I carefully compare it with the income tax returns;
 But to benefit humanity, however much plan,
 Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
 And I can't think why!
 I'm sure I'm no ascetic, I'm as pleasant as can be;
 You'll always find me ready with a crushing repartee;
 I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer,
 I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer;
 To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two,
 I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do.
 But, although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,
 Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
 And I can't think why!

Small Debts.
 Mr. Herriot was sitting in his office one day, when a lad entered and handed him a small slip of paper. It was a bill for five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.
 "Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon; it isn't just convenient to-day."
 The boy retired.
 Now Mr. Herriot had a five-dollar bill in his pocket, but he felt as if he couldn't part with it—he didn't like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this impulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot for the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man and needed his money as soon as earned—he was not unadvised of this fact.
 "I almost wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot, at length, half audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."
 He mused still further.
 "The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "it's Grant's money, not mine; and, what is more, he shall have it."
 So saying, Herriot took up his hat and left the office.
 "Did you get the money, Charles?" said Grant, as his boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tones.
 "No, sir," replied the lad.
 "Didn't get the money?"
 "No, sir."
 "Wasn't Mr. Herriot?"
 "Yes, sir; but he said it wasn't convenient to-day."
 "O dear! I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.
 A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.
 "It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant; "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow and I will try and have it for you."
 The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure Herriot came in and, after a few words of apology, paid his bill.
 "Run and get this bill changed into silver for me," said the shoemaker to his boy, the moment his customer had departed.
 "Now," said he, as soon as the silver was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee and three to Mr. Weaver, across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this morning and sorry that I hadn't as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."
 "I wish I had it, Mrs. Elden, but I assure you that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in. But call in to-morrow and you shall have the money to a certainty."
 "But what am I to do to-day? I have not a cent to bless myself with, and I owe so much at the grocery where I feel that he won't trust me for anything more."
 The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. And as the shoemaker's boy entered,
 "Here are the large dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the

lad. "He says he's sorry he hadn't the money when you sent for it awhile ago."
 How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room.
 "Here is just the money I owe you," said the former, in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after and he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman, whose need he had been able to supply, distinct before him.
 Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman, two went to the grocer, on account of her debt to him, half a dollar was paid to an old and needy colored woman who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Weaver's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus he was able to provide an evening and morning's meal for herself and children. The other half-dollar was paid to the baker when he called toward evening to leave the accustomed loaf.
 Thus, the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge three debts, and at the same time re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of the food consumed in her little family.
 And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home, empty handed, from her visit to the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.
 The girl's countenance brightened as she came in; but there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee, who immediately said:
 "I'm very sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."
 The girl's disappointment was very great, for the smile she had forced into life instantly faded, and was succeeded by a look of deep distress.
 "Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half-choked voice, for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.
 "Oh, yes, ma'am, very badly. I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all around her feet to keep them warm; but she was coughing dreadfully from the cold air of the room."
 "Haven't you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.
 "We have no coal. It was to buy coal that I wanted the money."
 Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an exclamation of pain was about passing her lips, when the door of the room opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.
 "Here are two dollars. Mr. Grant sent them."
 "God bless Mr. Grant!" The exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.
 On the part of Harriet, to whose one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and, without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing want at home.
 A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee lived a man who, some few months before, had become involved in trouble with an evil disposed person, and been forced to defend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars. The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up within a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during this day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in; but now, when every glass was up, there was another five-dollar bill of three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money, one dollar, which she had received from the shoemaker, Grant.
 Half an hour later, and the pocket-book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.—T. S. ARTHUR.

Will not Drive Together.
 "Well," said the groceryman, as he wiped some syrup off his hands on a coffee sock. "You can't drive two kinds of religion to the pole, in a family, with any kind of success. You may drive two kinds of religion single or tandem, but when you hitch 'em up together and they try to travel along at a good road gait, one will go off its feet and gallop while the other trots, and then the galloping religion will catch and come down to a trot and the other will break up, and then they sit, too, and then the trotting religion will run away and catch something. No, it is better for the people who are going to marry, to have their measures taken for the same kind of religion, and then each can wear the other's religion, and all will be happy."
 A woman says boots and shoes may be "restored" when "rest" by making them for some hours in thick soap water.

A "CORNER."
 What It Is, and How It Is Worked.
 The "bear element" in the market are all those who think that prices of securities are higher than they ought to be, higher than they can permanently remain. In order to take advantage of the unwarranted "inflation of values," as they understand it, they borrow stocks and sell them at the high prices prevailing, expecting to be able to buy them in at lower prices before it becomes necessary to return the borrowed securities. For instance, A borrows from B 1,000 shares of Hannibal and St. Joseph, which is selling at 60. A pays B \$60,000 cash and agrees to return the stock on demand, when, of course, the money will be refunded to him. It is for B's interest to lend the stock, because he gets the interest on the \$60,000 during the interval, or, at all events, more interest than he would otherwise have to pay for the use of the money. Under ordinary conditions, B, the lender of the stock, will pay A, the borrower, something for the use of the money, but if the particular stock wanted by the bears is scarce it will be lent "flat;" that is, the borrower will receive nothing for the use of the money while the loan continues. In extreme cases the lender may even get a commission for the use of the stock in addition to the interest on the money which it represents. If the market fluctuates while the loan continues, the borrower and lender settle with each other at the close of each day, so that the amount of money shall at all times be exactly equivalent to the value of the stock.
 When the bears, or any portion of them, have discovered a weak spot in the market—that is, a security selling for more than it is worth in their opinion—they borrow and sell it liberally. Their selling has the same effect in putting down the price as though the stock were absolutely their own, and their expectation is that other holders, observing a decline in price, will become alarmed and sell also, thus putting down the price still more and frightening still other holders. They intend, of course, to buy enough at the lower scale of quotations to deliver back what they have borrowed, pocketing the difference. It sometimes happens, though rarely, that a few persons, discovering what the bears are about, and believing that they (the bears) are strong enough to stand a heavy loss without breaking, quietly buy up all of a particular stock that exists. In order that the price may not be forced up while they are themselves buying, they lend stock freely to the bears, and thus encourage the latter to sell. When they have secured all, or nearly all, of the particular stock that exists they call in their loans. The bears are then compelled to buy, and since no stock, or very little, is for sale, the price can be forced up to any figure at which the cornering party choose to put it. The "shorts" must come up and settle on such terms as may be dictated to them. The last resort is to leave the cornering party saddled with the whole issue of the stock in question. Whether they make or lose by the operation will depend upon whether they can extort from the bears more than enough to compensate them for the loss they may incur in reselling the stock to the general public. Most commonly the cornering party, as well as the cornered, lose money, which has been gained meanwhile by the multitude, who have taken advantage of the high prices to sell out. For this reason corners have latterly been of rare occurrence.

Army of the Potomac.
 The preliminary arrangements for the reunion of the Army of the Potomac in Brooklyn, on June 11 and 12 next, are being made. General Newton, president, has appointed the following local Executive Committee from the members of the society resident in Brooklyn:—Major General Henry W. Slocum, Major General E. L. Molineaux, Major General James Jordan, Brigadier General Calvin E. Pratt, Brigadier Francis E. Pinto, Brigadier General S. L. Woodford, Colonel Samuel Truesdell, Colonel James McLeer, Colonel Charles N. Manchester, Colonel James H. Platt, Major E. W. Brueninghausen, Major James L. Farley, Captain Harry E. Ellis, Sergeant Henry C. Larowe, Corporal James Tanner, and ex-officio members General M. T. McMahon, treasurer; General Horatio C. King, recording secretary, and General George E. Sharpe, corresponding secretary.
 In addition to this committee it is expected that a large citizens' committee will be formed. The celebration in Brooklyn promises to exceed in numbers and brilliancy any previous reunion of soldiers. General Horatio King will deliver his oration, and Mr. John Savage will read the poem. The celebration will cover two days and conclude with a banquet, probably at Coney Island.
 WE HATE TO MOVE OUR residence, especially after having been comfortably settled where we are for so long a time. But we suppose the law will provide for adopting any more decided measures for relief. There is a young man in our ward who is learning to play the bass horn.—Lowell Citizen.

A Story of the War.
 There is as one might expect much unwritten history in the life of Thurlow Weed. Among Mr. Weed's papers was found the following:
 "It will be remembered that early in the rebellion a Russian fleet lay for several months in our harbor, and that other Russian men-of-war were stationed at San Francisco. Admiral Farragut lived at the Astor House, where he was frequently visited by the Russian admiral, between whom, when they were young officers serving in the Mediterranean, a warm friendship had grown up. Sitting in my room one day after dinner Admiral Farragut said to his Russian friend, 'Why are you spending the winter here in idleness?' 'I am here,' replied the Russian admiral, 'under sealed orders, to be broken only in a contingency that has not yet occurred.' He added that other Russian war vessels were lying off San Francisco with similar orders. During the conversation the Russian admiral admitted that he had received orders to break the seals, if during the rebellion we became involved in a war with foreign nations. Strict confidence was then enjoined.
 "When in Washington a few days later, Secretary Seward informed me that he had asked the Russian Minister why his government kept their ships of war so long in our harbors, who, while in answering he disclosed any knowledge of the nature of their visit, felt at liberty to say that it had no unfriendly purpose.
 "Louis Napoleon had invited Russia, he said, to unite with him in demanding the lifting of our blockade. The Russian Ambassador at London informed his government that England was preparing for war with America on account of the seizure of Mason and Sillcutt. Hence two fleets were immediately sent across the Atlantic under sealed orders, so that if their services were not needed the intentions of the Emperor would remain, as they have to this day, secret. It is certain, however, that when our government and the Union were imperiled by a formidable rebellion we should have found a powerful ally in Russia had an emergency occurred."
 The latter revelation is said to be corroborated by a well-known New York gentleman, who was in St. Petersburg when the rebellion began, and who, during an unofficial call upon Prince Gortschakoff, was shown by the Chancellor an order written in Alexander's own hand, directing his Admiral to report to President Lincoln for orders in case England or France sided with the Confederates.

Life in the Turtle.
 "You will hardly credit it," said a Staten Island fisherman, whom a reporter talked with the other day, "but the head of a turtle will retain a very marked interest in existence long after its body has been served up in soup and steaks. I believe it is a well-known fact, but I only discovered it six months ago. I found a friend engaged in shelling a small turtle. 'Now,' he said, putting the head on the dresser, 'that will be alive and active to-morrow morning.' Of course I laughed at him, but I agreed to call next day and test his prophecy. Next morning my friend asked me to step into the kitchen. The head was still on the dresser, and though it had been separated from the body for at least sixteen hours, the eyes were wide open and bright. 'Take care,' exclaimed my friend, 'as I put my finger near the mouth. His warning came not a second too soon. The head of the turtle absolutely jumped at me. Where its motive power came from I cannot explain, but it moved two inches toward me, and I was obliged to my finger with a viciousness that could not have been surpassed by a cornered rat. I think it had been holding back its life, as men of strong will power, for fixed purposes, have been known to do, until an opportunity offered to avenge the destruction of its body, for after it had made the effort its eyes grew fixed and flinty, and in an hour it was dead. Next to the turtle in obstinate persistence in living must come the eel."
 They All Knew How.
 I took a large spider from his web under the basement of a mill, put him on a chip and set him afloat on the quiet waters of the pond. He walked all about on the sides of his bark, surveying the situation very carefully, and when the fact that he was really afloat and about a yard from shore seemed to be fully comprehended, he propped for the nearest point of land. This point fairly settled upon; he immediately began to cast a web for it. He threw it as far as possible in the air and with the wind. It soon reached the shore, and made fast to the spikes of grass. Then he turned himself about and in true sailor fashion began to haul in hand over hand on his cable. Carefully he drew upon it until his bark began to move toward the shore. As it moved the faster he hauled upon it to keep his hawser taut and from touching the water. Very soon he reached the shore, and quickly leaping to terra firma he sped his way homeward. Thinking then that he might be a special expert, and an exception in that line of boatmanship to the rest of his companions, I tried several of them, and they all came to shore in like manner.

AN OYSTER STUDY.
 Looking into Bivalve Anatomy—How an Oyster Feeds and Maintains Itself. (From the Baltimore Gazette.)
 Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, cunningly devised intestines, and other necessary organs, just as all living, moving, intelligent creatures have. And all these things are covered from men's rudely inquisitive gaze by a mantle of pearly gauze, whose woof and warp put to shame the frost lace on your windows in winter. The mouth is at the smaller end of the oyster, adjoining the hinge. It is of oval shape, and, though not readily seen by an inexperienced eye, its location and size can be easily discovered by gently pushing a blunt bodkin or similar instrument along the surface mentioned. When the spot is found, your bodkin can be thrust between the delicate lips and a considerable distance down toward the stomach without causing the oyster to yell with pain. From this mouth is, of course, a sort of canal to convey the food to the stomach, whence it passes into the intestines. With an exceedingly delicate and sharp knife you can take off the "mantle" of the oyster, when there will be disclosed to you a half-moon-shaped space just above the muscle, or so-called "heart." This space is the oyster's pericardium, and within it is the real heart, the pulsations of which are readily seen. The heart is made up of two parts, just as the human heart is, one of which receives the blood from the gills through a network of blood-vessels, and the other drives the blood out through arteries. In this important matter the oyster differs in no respect from other warm or cold-blooded animals. And no one need laugh incredulously at the assertion that oysters have blood. It is not rudely, according to the accepted notion about blood, but it is nevertheless blood to all oyster intents and purposes. In the same vicinity, and in marvelous proper positions, will be found all the other organs named. But it is very proper to be incredulous about that mouth and organs. At first glance it would seem that they are utterly useless, for the mouth cannot snap around for food, and the oyster has no arms wherewith to grab its dinner or lunch. True, apparently, but only apparently, for each oyster has more than a thousand arms—tiny, delicate, almost invisible. And each one of them is incessantly at work gathering up food and gently pushing it into the lazy mouth of the indolent, comfortable creature. The gills are the thin flaps so notably perceptible around the front face part of the undressed oyster, below the muscle. Each of these gills is covered with minute, hair-like arms, very close together, and perpetually in motion, to and fro, in the same direction. They catch food from the water, strain it carefully of improper substances, and waft it upward over the mantle's smooth surface to the gaping mouth, which placidly gobbles it up until hunger is appeased and then the body goes to sleep without turning over. Any one can observe this singular process of feeding by placing a minute quantity of some harmless coloring matter on the gills. If it will not offend the oyster's delicate palate the coloring matter will be seen at once propelled by invisible hands toward the mouth and thence slowly down into the stomach. And this is all I know about oyster anatomy, except that the liver almost entirely surrounds the stomach, and is of a dark green color. It may be new to many to know that oysters are born precisely the same way the shad and other fish come into the world. A well-educated lady oyster will lay about 125,000,000 eggs—so it is said; I have not counted enough of them to strike such a large average—and every one of these eggs will ultimately become fit for a stew or fry if they escape the multitude of perils that do environ the infant oyster.

Two Views of It.
 A few days ago a business firm in Cincinnati got into trouble among themselves, and one of the partners posted off to a lawyer to ask advice. When he had related his case he inquired:
 "I presume the correct way is to ask that a receiver be appointed?"
 "That's one view of it," replied the lawyer.
 "Why, I didn't know there were two views to such a question."
 "Oh, yes. If none of you dare set fire to the store and burn up everything and call it square, you'd better ask for a receiver and let him be two months stealing you all blind. I should advise the torch, as that will save paying two months' rent."
 TEARS.—The Archives of Ophthalmology states that observation leaves no room for doubt that the shedding of tears of blood really occurs, though such cases are rare. Referring to a recent case in point, the writer says that the phenomenon is not caused by any special local disease, though it generally coincides with other hemorrhages in the skin or mucous membranes. The blood loss varies from a few drops to a wineglassful; the flow lasts but a few minutes, and is intermittent.

WHICH PART IS SAFEST?
 The Answer to a Sleeping Car Conductor's Question.
 Four men half hidden in the smoke cloud of a smoking box of a sleeping car on the Hudson River Railroad spent an hour discussing which part of a car was the safest to ride in. They finally agreed to leave it to the conductor.
 "Middle of middle car, right-hand side," said that personage when asked.
 The rapidity with which he spoke and the mechanical manner in which he made the reply, led one of the men to halt him as he was passing on and ask him to explain himself.
 "Why," said he, "everybody asks me that question, and I am so used to answering it that I've got it down to the fewest words possible. I shouldn't wonder if you were to ask me that when I am asleep if I wouldn't answer it without waking up. The middle car of train is the safest, because it is the furthest removed from a collision either in front or behind. Even if an engine plunged into an open draw-bridge, it might not take more than a car or two with it. Couplings would be likely to break, you know. Always sit in the middle of a car, because when cars telescope they are apt not to telescope many feet. As you can't tell which end will telescope, and as both ends may telescope, take to the middle. Whatever car you go in, sit on the right hand side of the car, which is to say, the side furthest from the other track, because it sometimes happens that freight projects too far beyond a flat car, and rips the windows out of passing trains."
 "Do railroad men observe all these precautions when they ride?"
 "They take no precautions at all. Those that I have mentioned are sensible, but you can't always sit where you like, and there are plenty of people unlucky enough to be killed wherever they sit. Railroad men never consider the possibility of accidents. They could not be railroad men if they did."

INDIAN CORN IN ITALY.
 W. A. Croft, in one of his entertaining letters from Italy to the Chicago Inter-Ocean, says: One of the commonest crops here, and the one most welcome to the American eye, is Indian corn, or, as they always call it, maize. We saw a few fields in Belgium, but it was sowed broadcast for fodder. In Bavaria there was considerable growing in hills and ripening into ears, but they fed it only to pigs, not regarding it as fit for human food. I felt like adapting the witty retort of the Scotchman, and saying: "That accounts for the superiority of Bavarian hogs and American men." Before we reached Verona, however, we became aware that maize had become a prime crop of Italy. I have no figures on the subject, but they must grow nearly as much as they do of any other product, except the grape. All the way from Verona to Venice, and from Venice to Bologna, and from Bologna to Florence, Indian corn, hemp, flax and grapes nod to each other from field to field.
 I asked the porter at our hotel in Florence how long they had had Indian corn, and he said, "Always, never without the maize."
 I assured him that it was an original staple of America, and that we revealed it to other nations. "Oh, well," he said, "then Christophe Colombo must bring him over long, long time ago." Certain it is that Indian corn is one of the great staples of Italy. I have seen it cooked in many different forms, one of the nicest being the maize wafer, as thin as "Boston chips," sold on the street and eaten by the populace.
 THE OLD WATER-WHEEL IN EUROPE.
 Everywhere in Europe we have found the grain milled in the languid streams and propelled by under-shot wheels—that is, the floating mills are anchored, and the great wheels are slowly turned by the water running by. These are along the Rhine, in the Idar, the Adige, the Po, the Arno. The wheels go at a snail's pace, but that is the pace of all Europe, and it doesn't take much celerity to satisfy the restful spirit of the average Italian.—Letter from Italy.
 The Elephant Business.
 The controversy about Mr. Barnum's sacred white elephant—if it is sacred and white—promises at least to serve as an object lesson in natural history, if the controversy is ever decided. A London newspaper correspondent calls the brute pink, and says it is no more white than an alligator. A gentleman who has just returned from Siam declares that it is the color of Jersey mud. The Siamese Minister at the Court of St. James's says there is no such thing as a white elephant, and the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts told his congregation Sunday evening, that Mr. Barnum was trying to palm off a leprous elephant on an outraged community for a white one.
 HOCKEY.—When William B. Astor died he had 720 houses on his rent-roll in New York City. The present number of Astor houses exceeds 1,200, the whole estate being valued at \$50,000,000, producing an income of \$3,800,000 a year.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.
 WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER.
 ROUGH ON RATE.
 "Oh, doctor, doctor, doctor!" cried a woman, who rushed breathlessly into Dr. Greenawald's office the other day, "my boy, Johnnie, has swallowed a mouse!"
 "H'm; swallowed a mouse, has he? Well, go home now and have him swallow a cat."—The Hoosier.
 AN HONEST OPINION.
 Jones—"You were at Mrs. Blank's party last night?"
 Smith—"Yes."
 Jones—"Hear me sing, didn't you?"
 Smith—"Yes."
 Jones—"How did my singing strike you?"
 Smith—"It did not strike at all. It just kind of grated like filing a saw."
 WHY THEY MADE TIME.
 "You folks don't seem to be troubling us much yet," remarked the superintendent of an old railroad to the superintendent of a new rival line.
 "I would have you know," was the reply, "that we make better time than you every day, and on long trips can beat you by a full hour."
 "Possibly," answered the first; "but you see, as there is no time to get on or off, you don't lose any time at stations."
 —Evening Call.
 A GOOD LOCATION.
 Resident—"You don't intend to open a shop in this barren waste, do you?"
 Plumber—"Yes, I have just bought the property."
 Resident—"But you are half a mile away from the nearest house, and fully a mile from the center of the town."
 Plumber—"Yes; I know it. That is where my profit comes in."
 Resident—"How so?"
 Plumber—"It will take me half a day to come back after my tools."
 —Philadelphia Evening Call.
 WESTERN DUBS.
 Eastern Man—"Have you any dubs in your town?"
 Western Man—"Well, I should say so; the worst dubs you ever saw."
 Eastern Man—"I did not suppose the species had got so far West."
 Western Man—"You just bet the East ain't got much that the West hasn't. Why, sir, some of the dubs out West would just make you laugh yourself sick; they're so queer."
 Eastern Man—"Indeed?"
 Western Man—"Yes, sir-ee. Why, I know one what's so particular he changes his shirt every week."
 A NARROW ESCAPE.
 "Sister!" cried a little boy running into the room, "your little pug dog has bit me on the leg."
 "What?" exclaimed the frightened young lady. "Beauty has bitten you on the leg? Let me see."
 She hastily pulled down his stocking, and, sure enough, there was the impression of his teeth.
 "You naughty boy," said his sister, shaking him violently. "Don't you know better than to tease Beauty? Some day he will bite a big lump out of your leg, and it might make him deathly sick."
 WHERE THEY WENT.
 A farmer boarded a Central train at Syracuse the other day and took his seat beside a handsomely uniformed army officer on his way to his post at Governor's Island.
 "Well, sir," commenced the officer, keen for a little fun, "how are the potato bugs this year? Good crop?"
 The old man eyed him a moment and shook his head sadly.
 "Ain't no more potato bugs," said he. "Can't find an insect in New York State nowhere. Even the army worm is gone."
 "Have, eh?" replied the officer, with a grin. "What has become of them?"
 "I don't know," sighed the old man. "Leastway I don't know for sure, but I hear that a good many on 'em have been juggled for duping their pay accounts!"
 QUALITY SUPERIOR TO QUANTITY.
 "My dear," said a Brooklyn man to his wife, after perusing the evening paper, "are you aware of the fact that a man's brain weighs three and a half pounds?"
 "You've just read that, haven't you?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, doesn't the article say that a woman's is somewhat lighter?"
 "It certainly does."
 "And it also informs you that a woman's brain is of much finer quality?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, then, just concentrate your three-and-a-half-pound intellect on that scullie, and figure out how much it will weigh after you bring it up full of coal from the cellar."
 The man with a great head departed for the lower regions in search of information.
 CANNOT.—In Prussia a druggist cannot put an article, value 3 cts., into a bottle with an attractive label and charge 50 cents for it, in the price of medicine, as seven of phials is regulated usually by the State.