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THE PROPLE Address,

Barnwell C. H. B. C.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

My little child, with clustering hair, Strewn o'er thy dear, dead brow, Though in the past divinely fair. More lovely art thou now. God bade thy gentle soul depart, On brightly shimmering wings; Yet near thy clay, thy mother's heart All weakly, fondly clings.

My beauteous child, with lids of snow Closed o'er thy dim blue eyes, Should it not soothe my grief to know They shine beyond the skies? Above thy silent cot I kneel, With heart all crushed and sore. While through the gloom these sweet words

steal : " Not lost, but gone before."

My darling child, these flowers I lay On locks too fair, too bright, For the damp grave mist, cold and gray, To dim their sunny light, Soft baby tresses, bathed in tears. Your gold was all mine own! Ah, weary months! ah, weary years!

That I must dwell alone! My only child I hold thee still, Clasped in my fond embrace! My love, my sweet! how fixed, how chill, This smile upon thy face! The grave is cold, my clasp is warm,

Yet give thee up I must ; And birds will sing when thy loved form Lies moldering in the dust.

My angel child, thy tiny feet Dance through my broken dreams; Ah me, how joyous, quaint and sweet Their baby pattering seems! I hush my breath, to hear thee speak ; I see thy red lips part ; But wake to feel thy cold, cold cheek Close to my breaking heart!

Soon, soon my burning tears shall fall Upon thy coffin lid; Nor may those tears my soul recall To earth-nay, God forbid ! Be happy in His love, for I Resigned, though wounded sore, Can hear His angels whispering nigh: " Not lost, but gone before."

FANNY FORBESTER.

# Old Joe Pollard.

BY MRS. DENISON. How slowly he walked! Poor old

old man! Joe Pollard; ex-President o the Statesman's Bank of --- opolis, His coat was faded, his boots were

seamed and gray, his hat greasy and quaint-patterned. Only three years ago, and no more stately, vigorous, hale gentleman walked

the streets than Joseph Pellard, Esq.: now he was "old Joe," and sometimes "poor old Joe." When he failed he was living in great splendor. People to this day point out

the Pollard mansion and tell you of its former greatness. Happily there was no dishonor attached to his name. He had given up all; home, horses, carriages, everything that could be dispensed with.

His only daughter-her name was Josephine, but all her friends called her Jeddy-gave a birthnight party only a week before the trouble came, on her eighteenth birthnight.

Never a happier or lovelier girl than she. Universally admired and respected, bright as a sunbeam, witty, merry, generous.

In all that throng of beauty, amid the flowers and the feasting that man would have been bold indeed who could have presaged coming ill fortune.

Only one week later, and the dreadful news came. Joseph Pollard was bankrupt. The cashier had been dishonest. several large firms had gone down, and the run on the bank had completed the

The father found a place as an assistant bookkeeper, but he had formed the habit of drinking at his own table. Little by little he sank at last into what seemed an utterly hopeless state, lost his business, his pride and almost his wits.

"My dear," wrote Aunt Prue, when she heard of this misfortune, "put your father away. There are plenty of places: and come and live with me. Enough for one is enough for two."

"Aunt Prue," wrote Jeddy, indignantly, "I am ashamed of you. What! counsel me to put my own dear father in the poor-house, for what other place is open to him? No. I will share his misfortunes if I have to work my fingers to the bone."

"Jeddy, I'm useless. I'm broken down and good for nothing," whined poor Joe, day after day, as Jeddy sat and stitched her life into the work she had

"Father, you are only fifty-eight years old." was the answer. "Many a man has begun life anew at your age."

"Ah! if I only could!" he would make reply, and drink again to drown his

Jeddy had carried much of her fine wardrobe with her into the poverty of her surroundings. Of course she made over and toned down the material, but "the look of the lady," as one of the coarser neighbors said, was upon her

"and couldn't be mistook." came rolling home, but few saw or knew how patiently she put up with his infirmity, how she soothed and coaxed him, with what tenderness she anticipated his wants, and even when it would seem that he was scarcely entitled to her re-

spect, honored him. To her, under all his wretched disguises, he was still father.

But her constant duties wore heavily

upon her. She grew pale and thin, then

She found her preparing her poor meal

"Jeddy, you are the best girl in the world, but you must go back with me. if only for a while, and leave that man to take care of himself."

This was after a most affectionate greeting, for Jeddy was her favorite

"But I can't see you killing yourself by inches. What does he care? One person is as good as another to one who has lost all the finer sensibilities, as he

are exaggerated. Come, now-don't disappoint me-take a little rest. I have come way from L-on purpose to Cousin Kitty said, as I left her, were:

Tears came to Jeddy's brown eves but she reiterated:

"And here you are, losing all your beauty-all your advantages, and even your health-I can see it! For your father's sake, you ought to go. It would make a new creature of you to see old sights and old faces, and to live a while like a Christian. Why, child, the walls are damp; how do you live?"

ing," said Jeddy, trying bravely to smile, "but that I can't help while father lives. There's nobody in all this wide world to care for him but me. I know I might live-in ease and comfort if I went does long so for a little of that old-time joy. It would be like looking into Paradise-but-I can't leave father."

There sounded a heavy sigh. Both women turned round to see the old. gaunt man in the doorway, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he held forth his trembling hands as if in bene

"Go, Jeddy, go angel-don't stay for me-I'm not worth your care," he said

But Jeddy thought otherwise. Lone after the splendid carriage had gone she sat there holding the gray head against her shoulder, soothing and petting him and lending a willing ear to his promises of amendment.

The second carriage brought a stylish young genueman with whom her friends had often coupled her name. He came he, too, went away disconsolate.

The third carriage contained one who had always been a friend, also a young gentleman, who had lately returned from a foreign tour.

He asked no questions and expressed no surprise, though the change he saw affected him painfully. But like a true friend, he resolved to aid both father

To this purpose he followed the former. and quietly tried to hinder him from the abuse of his appetite; and gradually

gained his confidence. Then he told him how sadly the change in his daughter had troubled

"Change !" exclaimed old Joe, "how is she changed?" "Is it possible you do not see that she

"What do you mean? At death's door-my child-my angel? You would kill me! What have I but her?"

"You have God, and He will help you to redeem yourself. If you do that, your daughter will live; if you do not, she will die."

That night old Joe went home full of doubts and fears. He watched his child.

"I can make her live-and I will!" he said, resolutely, to himself. "I am not an old man, yet" -lifting his bowed head-"with God's help, I will be a new

proke his pocket-flask in a hundred pieces. The next day he came home sober: the next, he found a place -a small one, it was true, but in the old bank where he had once reigned master. Everybody saw the change. Old Joe had new clothes, he was respectable to outward seeming. Once more he became a man among men. His knowledge of the business, his integrity, gained him a better position. Day by day he took steps upward-day by day the color and brightness came into his daughter's face, and her steps grew light and

tones joyful. It seems like a miracle, but is not, that old Joe rides in his own carriage again. He is Mr. Pollard again, cashier of the bank, and a power among his fellows. It was just trusting in God and God helping him as he helped himself. But the best of all is, his glorious daughter, by sacrificing herself, by her noble fortitude, by her patient care, has won. a place in his heart, and in the hearts of feverish and hectic; but still she worked all who know her, prouder and more en-

#### The Growth of a Child's Ideas.

Prof. Straight, of Oswego, in an address before the school teachers of Connecticut says: "If we can think of the little child, just born into the world, its senses just opening to the world—the eye, the ear and the touch-of the impressions from the external world showering down upon those sensesthere is the beginning. The waves of ether from the bright light beat upon the eye and the child at once distinguishes the bright light from darkness. Soon bright colors attract the attention: and so it begins at the outset to study optics, discovering light and shade. Form next comes into its consciousness. Thereby it learns to distinguish its mother or nurse from other people. I was told of an experiment tried lately by a teacher at the kindergarten. A very young child had been accustomed to see a bright dress upon its mother, and knew her only by color. A young lady friend put on the mother's dress and came into the room where the baby was and was immediately taken for the mother. The child had not progressed far enough to distinguish between them by form. Other children were similarly experimented upon, but they had been educated in form and color so as not to be mistaken. After discovering optics and forms the child begins to study sound, and soon distinguishes the mother's voice from any other voice. It also learns to distinguish striking sounds from sounds produced otherwise. Next follows the knowledge of number. As soon as a child has one pain and one pleasure it begins to learn number: when it realizes two pains and two pleasures it has learned number. It is just as easy for the child to learn number by using cubes and triangles as by illustrating with oranges and apples. And so soon as the little child can locate a pain within its body-in one of its limbs or its head-there is the locality, the beginning of geography. Its striking, kicking and wriggling enables it to discover the smoothness and roughness of bodies. The child next begins to study its own form-its hands and feet. I never shall forget the pleasure and surprise that my own little boy showed when he discovered that he had ears. When he put his hand on the side of his head and found something that he had not known of before there was a thrill of discovery. This joy of discovery is like that which thrills every true discoverer. We can see these powers of discovery in the first few weeks or months of the

## The Hop Situation.

Country shippers are liable to be mis-

child's life."

lead by the regular hop quotations, unless they clearly understand the situation. Fancy New York are quoted as high as 28 cents per pound and fancy Eastern at 24 to 25 cents, but so far as our market is concerned, very few hops go over 20 cents, because most of the receipts are of a medium grade. The higher grades are now almost wholly in the hands of a few holders, who peddle them about to the brewers at the extreme prices. Some lots of Eastern hops were consigned to parties here a few weeks ago as prime quality, but when offered for sale they were in every case found to be quite inferior, and did not realize over 15 to 18 cents. The shipper felt aggrieved, but no blame could be attached to the consignee, who did all he could to get a higher price. There has been a good demand for export this season, but it has been confined mainly to the medium grades. From Boston the shipments foot up 1740 bales, against 174 bales for the same time last year, an increase of 1000 bales, . From New York the shipments for the season aggregate 57,500 bales, against 35,600 bales for the corresponding time last year, an increase of 21,900 bales. Nobody expects any boom in hops this year, but the strong tone of the English market warrants the belief that the prices will be no lower. The Cooperstown (N. Y.) Journal says: "Some of the New York dealers who are heavy shippers on their own account. and who have several thousand bales in the London market, are holding up for the present, and probably wisely for all concerned. So the shipments for the next few weeks may be comparatively light. American brewers may depend upon one thing-and so may city dealers who have sold hops short-hops are not going any lower, with even a very moderate foreign demand to aid the market. Holders are not inclined to press their hops upon the market at the ruling prices, for they very generally entertain the confident belief that all will be needed before the close of the season. Boston Journal.

## Pensions.

The bill of Mr. Watson before the U. S. House for increasing by fifty per cent the pensions now paid to the relatives of deceased soldiers, will, even according to the calculations of its author, affect nearly 125,000 pensions, existing or prospective. As they now carry eight dollars a month, and as they would receive twelve dollars under this bill. forty-eight dollars a year additional would be put upon each of them, or about six millions every year in the ag-

A London lady has just died, leaving persons, to whom are annually paid in the pope a fortune of nearly \$2,500,000. | wages \$4,636,099.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"GAZE UPON YONDER EVENING STAF and swear to be true while its light shall shine! Swear, my love! Swear by Venus!" exclaimed a youth in impassioned accents to one of the Vassar girls. "How stupid you are," she answered. "That is not Venus. The right ascension of Venns this month is 15h 9m.; her declination is 17 degrees 25m. south, and her diameter is 10.2."

REV. DR. FULTON, OF BROOKLYN, does not like theatres. He says: "Place me upon a polar iceberg, where no verdure greets the eye, where naught but the white bear's growl can be heard: let me live where no friend shall cheer me with a smile; bar me in prison: but do not. oh, do not compel me to mingle with the ungodly crowd of a theatre."

"ELI PERKINS" SAYS HE DID not personally know Colonel Hunt, of Michigan, who bequeathed him, "Josh Billings" and the mother of "Artemus Ward" \$5,000 each. "A year ago, however," he says, "I received a letter from him requesting me to send him two of my humorous works. I did so, and added a copy of 'Josh Billings' and a biography of 'Artemus Ward,'"

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES, a very old woman, after winning one-half or thereabouts of New Orleans after fifty years' litigation to get her property, is living in Washington in almost straitened circumstances. She lives in furnished rooms and supports herself. her daughter-in-law and two grandchildren on the \$69 a month pension she

THE RUBBER INDUSTRY IN THE United

AN IOWA CONGRESSMAN WHO is Louis friend who invited him to dine with him. He consented to do so, when is to be a marriage at our church tonight and we expect to attend." The Congressman inquired the name of the was declined.

A MOST UNFORTTUNATE MAN is William King. Upon being converted in a revival meeting in Caldwell, Ky., he arose and confessed that he had robbed a store in 1863 of \$300 worth of goods. He went to the proprietor the next day and paid the amount, with 20 years' interest, but was immediately arrested for the theft, and now languishes in jail.

THE LUCKIEST MAN ON board the ill-fated City of Columbus was the one rescued by the tug Speedwell. He had a baggage check in his pocket, and when the tug picked up a floating trunk he coolly produced his check and claimed his baggage. As there was a corresponding check on the trunk his claim was indisputable.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, who has a nabit of giving good advice incidentally in his sermons, made a remark Sunday which certain unhappy Christians might well lay to heart. He declared that it is better to burn down a church than to quarrel in it; and that calling a council will not settle the difficulty.

coming in and passing his chief a growled: "That chatterer!"

that body representing \$180,000,000.

ing to the last census, there are 106 sewing machine establishments, with an invested capital of \$12,501,830, employing 9,283 lass when he visited the family.

#### BLUSHING AND LYING. Ti , Popular Error That the One is an Index of the Other.

"Well, what of that ?"

as they were,"

receives as widow of Gen. Gaines.

DR. JULIUS REE, A JEWISH banker of Hamburg, who accumulated a large fortune in Rio Janeiro, but losing all of his children there by sickness, returned to Germany, has died, leaving a will which bequeathed four million marks for the erection of dwellings to be occupied free of rent by deserving poor families, and by aged persons without means.

SENATOR PLUMB SAID IN THE United States Senate that the United States army of 25,000 men, costs within a half a million of dollars of the sum spent upon the German army of 400,000 men. so that what the United States army lacks in numbers it makes up in pay, "Ours," he said, "is the best-paid army in the world."

States has no rival in foreign countries. There is something like \$75,000,000 invested in the business of manufacturing rubber goods, \$30,000,000 of which is confined to the rubber boot and shoe industry. The total number of employees is placed at 15,000, and the total number f factories at 120.

divorced from his wife, called on a St. the man continued : "By the way, there bride, and found that it was his wife about to marry again, so the invitation

ONE KLEIN INDUCED McCUE To drink 3 pints of whisky on a wager, at San Antonio, Texas, The feat proved fatal. McCue's widow sued Klein for damages. and got a verdict for \$3,000. On appeal the Supreme Court confirms the jury's conclusion. The ruling was that, as the drinker was so intoxicated as to be incapable of consent at the time of swallowing the third and killing pint, the man who made him do it was respon-

"THE SILENT VON MOLTKE," it is said.

was once seated in a railroad carriage with his aid de-camp, when another officer, crowding past him to get out, said: "Pardon me," and a few moments later. said: "Pardon me;" whereupon the field marshal, annoyed at such prodigal waste of verbiage, turned to his aide and

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT the United States Senate is the wealthiest deliberative body in the world, the seventy-six members of IN THE UNITED STATES to-day, accordTHE CZAR'S LIFE.

"But didn't you see him blush?" MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

"Don't you think he was lying?" A Nibilist Attempts an Impersonation of Russian Chief of Police. "No. I don't. I know he was telling me the square truth." "Do you know the circumstances?" Among the "forbidden literature" now

"It sounded like a lie, anyway." "That is why he blushed," said Mr. Denison, a well-known Chicago lawyer, for this talk was taking place in his office just after the departure of a young man who had been sued and was seeking advice from his attorney. "I venture to say no man has had more trouble than I with blushes, and I think I know some of the causes behind them. You may have noticed that I blush on every conceivable occasion. It

"Yes, and I know he told them just

a question is put to me quickly. I blush. If I meet a friend slap on the streetunless I see him some time before l reach him-I blush. If anybody speaks my name from behind or from some unexpected quarter, I blush. As much as I have been before juries, I blush every time an opposing advocate refers to me as 'the learned counsel for the defense.' Hang it! I blush on all sorts of occasions, and yet I don't believe that anybody would say I am an especially modest or bashful man.

"No, sir," continued the old attorney, "I have blushed and blushed all my life, and the more I blush the more I try not to, and the more I try not to the more I blush. Above all, the meanest blush is just such a one as you saw on that young man's face just now. I know just how he felt. He knew he was telling a pretty hard story, and he could see in your face that you didn't believe him. That's why he blushed. If he had been talking to me alone he would not have blushed, because he knows I am familiar with the circumstances he related; but you looked doubtingly at him, and he felt your mistrust so keenly that it brought the blood to his face." After a little pause Mr. Denison con-

"I never pay the least attention to blushes when examining a witness. The blush is not, as is too often believed, the evidence of a lie. Nor is it a true signal of embarrassment. I know that, for I have been told that I was blushing purple when I was as calm and unembarrassed as I am at this moment. There are many causes for my blushes: some of them purely physical, I think: but often when I am telling something some little personal recollection, perhaps, that amounts to nothing-I get it in my head that somebody doubts some part of it. Then I blush. Then I feel that I am blushing, and I say to myself. 'Now he will see me blush and will be sure to think I am lying,' and that makes me blush all the more, until finally I can feel my face burn and glow like a coal, and I say to myself, 'Now he is sure I am lying, and he thinks I know he is sure of it,' and so I stand and blush because I think he doubts me until, perhaps, I really make him doubt me because of my blushes."

# About Cribbing News.

An influential Western member of the U. S. House, referring to the Watterson bill, spoke as follows concerning it. The proposition on its face seems fair, but it is deceptive. The value of news is not in holding it, but in giving it; not in storing it away, but in disseminating it. How can one expect to retain a property right in that which has no value unless it is given away? What is news? The statement of facts; the story of occurrences. If one gets the first account of a thing, should he be permitted to patent it, and secure exclusive right of publishing it? The newspapers have ample protection in the first use of their own special news. The first use is about all the value there is in it to the first newspaper. The country press can get some benefit by reprinting the news, but this is no injury to the city press; in fact, it is often a benefit, for it is usually credited. The country press would be injured by the passage of the bill. It is a scheme of the Metropolitan and Associated Press to confine the printing of news to their journals."

## The Deadly Hair-Dye.

A Washington correspondent writer as follows: Senator Farley, of California has returned to Washington, but is the shadow of his former self. He is said to be the victim of hair-dye. Brought to the verge of the grave, he abandoned its use. His gray hair and beard are in curious contrast to what they were last session. But for the excessive loss of flesh and the painful effects of a long illness he would be improved in appearway. I hope that he will recover his health. Not long ago the most prominent pawnbroker in Baltimore died a horrible death from the effects of hair dye. His dreadful fate has alarmed not a few elderly persons who had resorted to the same practice, which is one of imminent deadly peril.

Kissing.—It is recalled in Honeove N. Y., where the bride of Frederick Douglass lived in childhood, that she CANNOT TALK .- Lieutenant Rhodes, had to be whipped by her father, an active abolitionist, to make her kiss Doug-

SAVED ALMOST BY A MIRACLE-A

circulating in Russia is the story of one of the most daring and dramatic plots ever recorded in the history of political assassination. The narrative is founded on events which are said to have taken place in St. Petersburg shortly after General Gourko had been called from Odessa to act as quasi-military governor of the Russian capital. One bright May morning, when the excitement was at its height, the watchful eye of a policeman posted at the top of the Nevsky Prospect caught sight of an equipage coming up the thoroughfare at a trot. It bore armorial devices well known in the Russian capital; the coachman was there, who persisted in being wigged in defiance of his master's orders, to the great merriment of St. Petersburg Jehus. On each side rode the regular escort of six mounted Cossacks, each holding his lance in rest and wearing his ball of forage slung over his shoulder more as if he was campaigning on the Don than upon civil service in the streets of the capital. General Gourko and his escort -the guardian of the peace had easily recognized and hastily saluted his chief, the new Prefect of Police-turned into

the Cavalry parade, at the top of the Nevsky Prospect, and at once made their way into the Alexander square, on the Neva side of which rose the massive and somewhat fantastic outlines of the Winter Palace. The equipage having drawn up at the side entrance of the building the general alighted and rang. On the doorkeeper presenting himselfan officer of the Emperor's private guard -the Prefect briefly stated the object of He desired an immediate conference

with the Czar. The hour was early. true, day having only just dawned. At the same time his business brooked no delay-it concerned the safety of the Emperor himself. The janitor was at first inexorable, expostulating that his imperial master had been already in bed an hour. Yet at last he yielded. Up the broad staircase they went together. They trod on gorgeous carpets, brushed past the wealth of the winter palace in malachite and lapis lazuli, only pausing in their ascent when they had eached a landing giving access to one of the capacious saloons. At this point General Gourko was instructed to wait, At this point, too, the Czar's officer seems to have repented of his decision. The narrative represents him as closely scrutinizing the Prefect of Police in the growing light, and of subsequently proceeding in the direction of the Emperor's sleeping apartments, in no great haste to arouse royalty from its first slumber. The man did not arouse the Ozar at all. What he did was to descend to the guardroom and dispatch s messenger. The man left the palace on the Neva side. He there took a droshky. and drove past the side entrapee into the Nevsky. During his absence the Czar calmly slept on; General Goorko impatiently paced the saloon, and the military gaurdian of the imperial bed-

chamber went about giving some orders to the palace guards. In a quarter of an hour the messenger returned. He had been sent to General Gourko's residence, in the Nevsky Prospect, and he brought back the information that the Prefect of Police was at that moment in bed. The early visitor was thus an imposter. He was something more; for from his pockets, after he had been seized and pinioned, they drew forth a six-barrelled revolver and a two-edged hunting knife. The Czar's fife had been saved, yet it had hung for a few moments in the balance. The madeup Gourko-the Prefect of Police, imitated down to the minutest details of hair, complexion and wig-might have deceived even the Emperor himself. Not a whit less perfect was the art which had reproduced the Gourko coach and escort. Only the sham Prefect was secured, and not his confederates. Simultaneously with the arrest guards had rushed from the palace to seize the latter. But the equipage had gone, the Cossacks were gone, the coachman was gone. A policeman afterward told how he had seen the cavalcade pars over one of the Neva bridges and disappeared in a thoroughfare of Basil Island. The carriage was never found, and, for all that could be ascertained concerning them or their steeds, the six Cossacks may be mounted and riding, lance in rest, to this day. As for the chief actor in the plot, the conspirator who only failed in his impersonation of General Gourko because of his inability to be

penetrate. His secret remains with him. and he keeps it to the present moment, for he is still a prisoner in the island fortress of Peter and Paul.

in two places at one and the same time

his personality has never been disclosed.

He is the one mystery which the nihi-

lists themselves have never been able to

the Gay Head disaster hero, says he would rather do his work over again | The agent didn't want button Wal than make a speech about it.

# THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

#### A NEW YERSION.

There is a little boy in this city whose mother has been reading to him lately Charles Follen Adams's poem entitled Leedle Yawcob Strauss," the concluding lines of which are :

" I prays der Lord dake anydings, But leave dot Yawoob Strauss."

The other night while saying his prayers the little boy rendered them as follows :

" Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep : If I should die before I wake-I pray der Lord dake anydings, But leave dot Yawcob Straus." -Somerville Journal.

A LARGE LOT OF LIVELY AUNTS. Fond Mamma-"Now, Willie, you must be a real good boy to-day; here's

all your aunts come to see you. Willie-"Has Aunt Sarah come?" Fond Mamma-"Yes, Aunt Sarah, Aunt Dolly, Aunt Mary, Aunt Laura, Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cynthia, Aunt-

Willie-"That's plenty, mamma, for me. It's the biggest nest of sunts I ever struck."- Chicago Sun.

AN INTERCHANGE OF COMPLEMENTS.

"You, Samuel! come right in here now, and stop playin' with that bad Smith boy," said Mrs. Jones; "the first thing you know he'll have you in tail." "You, Alexander! come right along in the house!" yelled the other front-

door neighbor. "The first thing you

know you'll be in the penitentiary keepin'

that Jones boy company."-Kentucky

#### State Journal.

HE LEFT IT. "Did you ever find anything of value Uncle Sy?" I asked, after telling him about finding a pearl ring that morning. "Yeh, sah; I foun' a pus once, wid

ten dollars in it." "Did you? Well, what did you do with it-you didn't keep it, of course?" "Yeh, sah; I did dat berry ting, I's strictly honest; I wouldn't take no man's pus. I lef' it where he could git it; but I took de money out fust. You see, he done los' de money-'twarn't his'n no mo'. I done fin' it; it was my money den. But de pus was his'n, 'n' long as I live I ain't gwine to take no man's

# pus."-Harper's Drawer.

LANGUISHED FOR LOVE. There is a clerk in an Austin drygoods store who is very susceptible, and deeply in love with Miss Esmeralde Longcoffin, who, however, fails and refuses to reciprocate. She was buying gome goods from him last Tuesday, and

she complained of the high prices. "We buy all our goods at your store, and yet you charge us more than you do others. I find you dearer than any one

else," she observed. The clerk sighed, shook his head, and

"I only wish it were so," "That what were so?" "That I was dearer to you than anybody else."-Texas Siftinge.

GENUINE ARISTOCRACY.

Miss Shoddyite was introduced to a real live young Englishman at a dinner party the other night, and the next afternoon she was extelling his many fascinating wiles and graces to an anxious

coterie of female friend "And then, girls, he not only waltness divinely, but he's a great politician.

"Oh, my, ain't that sweet?" exclaimed a spirituelle girl. "Is he in the House

of Commons ?" "Commons, indeed !" said Miss Shod-dyite, scornfully. "I should say not. He would have nothing to do with any House of Commons. Why, he is a real

aristocrat, he is." And the other girls chorused out. 'My. he must be grand."- Washington

HE DIDN'T TAKE ALL HIS LEEWAY. A government agent, who was sent to Wisconsin last fall to look up trespess

cases on government lands, was out on his travels one day when he found a man' whaling away at some choice timber on one of Uncle Sam's sections.

"Any land for sale around here?"

queried the agent. "Wall, thar' might be," was the

"I'd like to buy a whole section." "Have ye the cash to pay?" "I have." "I mought sell you this."

"Can you give me a clear deed?"

"Clear as a whiatle, stranger. Gimme \$800 cash, and I'll deed you the afore sundown." The agent cooliy unrolled a map, spread it out on a log and said:

"You will see by this map that Uncle

Sam owns this section. How, then, can

you give me a deed for it?" "See hy'ar, stranger," said the chopper, after a long passe, 'maybe you is one of these chaps as arguelles that Uncle Sam is a bigger man than a free born citizen of old Wisconsin I Tigir' ye jist three minutes to skip f"

Street News

Three times a handsome carriage and Companion.

1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post office

pair were seen before the door of her plain little home. The first time a rich aunt came to remonstrate with her and offer her a home

over the tiny cook stove.

"I couldn't leave father," was the response.

"Oh, no; at times father is his old self-even-even at the worst," she faltered. "He don't forget that he is a gentleman. He never was unkind to "Fiddlesticks! Your ideas of duty

carry you back, and the last words your "'Mother, don't fail to bring Jeddy back; I want to see her."

"I cannot leave father."

"It isn't living, aunt, it's only stay-

with an offer of marriage, but Jeddy gave him the same soft but determined answer: "I couldn't leave father." and

is at death's door ?"

sick at heart from the news he heard.

He went to the curb, outside, and

during than the throne of a queen. -