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A YEAR'S WOOING.

Iwas autumn when first they stood on the Ripe pears on the pear tree, ripe corn on the

The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue, And speeding still southward, were lost to the

Baid he: "Can you love me, as can love She said, quite demuredly : "Already I do !"

Twas winter when next they met on the The pear trees were brown, and white was the

The swallows were feathering their nests in Algiers.

She looked in his face, and she burst into His nose it was pinched, and his lips they were Said she: "I can't love you!" Said he : "Nor

I you! T'was spring-time when next they stood on the

And white was the pear tree and green was the ridge:

The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return; And the midgers were dancing a-down the brown burn. He said: "Pretty maiden, let by-gones ge

Can you love me again?" She said: "I can try."

Twas summer when next they stood on the There were pears on the pear tree, tall corn on

The swallows wheeled round them, far up in Then swooped down and snapped up a midgelet

Said he: "Lest some trifle should come in the And part us again, will you mention the day?"

Elie stood, looking down on the fast-flowing Then answered, demuredly: "As soon as you - Chambers's Journal.

Disguised.

"Charles! Charles! you won't forget to meet my Aunt Stephanie at the

depot at twelve precisely !" Mrs. Early had follow brother-in-law to the front door steps. with the fresh wind blowing her bright hair about her face, and a scarlet Shettand shawl drawn picturesquely round her delicate shoulders a pretty women with something of matronly dignity subduing the arch mischief that sparkled in her merry eyes.

Mr. Charles Early was a stalwart. handsome young man, with blue eyes and light brown hair shadowing a fair. open forehead. It was a pleasant face to the platform. look into, with nothing of irresolution or effeminacy about it, and consequently Charles Early had many friends-aye. and loval ones, too.

He turned around at the sound of his sister-in-law's voice. Josephine was one of his most useful and constant allies. "No; I'll not forget, Josephine; but

I'm sorry her grandfathers and grandmothers in baptism gave her the name of Stephanie.

"Why?"

"Because I know a Stephanie; the prettiest fairy you ever saw! It was when we were all at Woolgrove Beach last month-and-if you'll promise not to tell my sober brother, Bob, I'll confide to you a momentous secret, Josephine. Have I your pledge of secrecy?" "I promise."

"Well, then, I lost my heart to that beautifui little Stephanie, with her flossy, yellow curis, and her rosemonth with its tiny pearls of teeth, and her pink and white complexion, just like your great oleander in the drawing

"Did you propose to her, Charlie?" questioned his sister in-law, with all the cager earnestness of a woman's curi-

"Not just then, but-another secret. Josephine-I proposed by letter, day before vesterday!"

"And you have received no snawer?" "Not yet; I suppose it is too soon; but I'm on thorns and nettles until one does reach me. Josephine, if she don't have me. I'll drown myself !"

"No, Charles, you won't! What absurd nonsense!"

"Then I'll do worse: I'll subside into a cross grained, fidgety old bachelor, grumbling incessantly at everything and everybody for all the rest of my natural days; just see if I don't,"

"Charles, you're a goose." "So are all young men who have the mistortune to fall in love. It's their normal condition. What time do you say the train arrives? Twelve? I shall have to get a carriage, I suppose, to transfer the rheumaticy old lady here without any breakage of bones. Doer she walk with a gold-headed cane?"

"Yes, and she wears a wir and spectroles, and talks through her nose, and takes snuff from a tortoise-shell box."

"'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' Josephine, how did you ever come to have such an aunt? and how did her name happen to be Stephanie, instead of Dorces or Tryphose ?" "We used to call her 'Aunt Feny,' for

short," said Mrs. Early, mischievously, and her brother-in-law strode down the street, whistling, but not for the lack of thought, as he went,

"I wish Aunt Feny was in the Red Sea, he thought, a little vindictively; "but I suppose I must oblige Josephine." So at 12 o'clock precisely Mr. Charles Early stood on the platform at the H __depot watching the long train as it slowly glided in like a fire-throated

hag, Charlie," said Guy St. Everil, with a laugh, as a brisk but somewhat bent figure, wrapped from head to foot in a voluminous cloak of snuff-colored bombazine, with a huge circular cape of the same, stepped out of one of the last cars by the aid of an iron-headed cane. Her

bonnet, curiously bent and crumpled, barely covered a huge, frilled cap. She wore a bright brown wig, set a little awry over her forehead, and massive green spectacles sat astride of her nose, while brown cotton gloves adorned her hands, and a green umbrella, carried under the arm, threatened, with its brass ferule, the eyes of whoever was rash enough to crowd her movements in the

"Aunt Feny's self, as I live and breathe!" echoed Bruce Montmartin, "Charlie, if I were you I'd run for it!" "Drop her in the gutter and make off with yourself," suggested another young exquisite, superciliously stroking down

But Charles Early had too many gentlemanly instincts to pay any heed to the waggish hints of his companions. He stepped forward, chivalronsly.

"Allow me to carry your basket for you, ma'am?" he said "I am the brother-in-law of your niece, Mrs.

"Oh, you be, eh?" croaked a feeble voice, from under the cap frill, "Well you may take my umbril and my basket. and here's a paper o' gingerbread fetched along for lunch and a bottle o' root beer Farmer Jenkins' wife sent me -it's dretful good for pimples and sich -and I've got a striped carpet-bag some'rs, with the key tied on with a bit o' red tape-and here's the brass tickets for the trunks: checks, the fellow called

'em, if I remember rightly." "It's all right, ma'am, I assure you, said Mr. Early. "Step into the carriage I will see that your things are brought here directly."

"What be them fellows laughin' at?" manded Aunt Feny, stoppi with one foot on the carriage step, and glaring at Messrs, St. Everil, Montmartin & Co. through the green spectacle glasses. "I guess I'm as good as they be, if I ain't dressed in the very last agony of the fashion. I've got ten dollars sewed up in my flannel waist, over and above my travelin' expenses, and I'll go bail it's more than they've got!'

A suppressed laugh here ran through the little assemblage of epectators of

"Do not let their folly annoy you ma'am," said Early, pleasantly. "Le me assist you into the carriage, St Everil, stand back !" he added, sternly "if you have no reverence for old age or womanhood, I will teach you to respect my right hand. This lady is under my protection, you will please to remember.' Mr. St. Everil retreated, somewhat discomfited, upon his companion's toes. and the old lady climbed, chuckling, into the carriage.

"Young man," she began, when the umbrella, lunch paper, basket and botle were safely stowed away and they were rolling rapidly over the city streets. "you've got a good deal of moral courage. Taint every city sprig would be as polite to an old creetur as you've been, with all them noisy fellers pokin' fun at you."

Our hero was somewhat embarrasse at this plainly-spoken compliment.

"I hope, madam," he said, "I shall never be found lacking in the essential qualities of a gentleman, in whatever circumstances I may be placed."

The antique dame nodded her capfrills, and held silently on to her um brella, without venturing any other remark until they reached Mrs. Robert Early's mansion.

Josephine was waiting for them on the threshold; she clasped her ancient relation closely in her arms, and there was a sort of triumphal procession up to her apartment, which Charles was rather at a loss to understand.

"One would think Josephine never had had an aunt, fresh out of Noah's ark before," he muttered to himself, as he took up the newspaper and went out to the vine-shaded back piazza, there to while away the time until such period as lunch should be announced.

"Charlie !" He had exhausted the paper long ago, and nearly fallen into a doze; but at his sister-in-law's summoning voice he started to his feet and entered the

"Aunt Stephanie wants to thank you for all your kindness to her this morning," said Josephine,

"Confound Aunt Stephanie," thought Mr. Early, advancing drowsily toward the front room, where, in a sort of artificial twilight, produced by satin curtains and Venetian blinds, he could dimly desery a figure

Suddenly Josephine drew back the a bent and crooked old woman, stood a lovely girl of 18, with deep blue eyes and golden curls, set off with a white muslin dress, with an abundance of floating blue ribbons looped and knotted about it.

"Stephanie Osborne!" he ejaculated instantly recognizing his fair enchant

"No-my Annt Stephanie!" inter rupted Josephine, demurely.

"What mystery is this?" demanded Early, looking with a puzzled face from one to the other. "Are you-"I am the veritable old lady of t

my niece, only as her mother, my siste. was married before I was born, she is just ten years older than I am!" "Yes, but why-"Why did I assume that odious dis

guise, you would say? Just to try your sterling worth and native chivalry. Charles, I somehow fancied that the young man who was polite and attentive o a bent old woman would have in him he stuff for a good and noble husband.

railroad train!" laughed the golden-

haired lassie, with a becoming glow of

color in her cheeks, "Do not look so

astonished, Charles. Josephine really is

"And may I be your husband, Stephanie?" demanded Mr. Charlie, promptly

deducing a favorable inference. "I-I'll think of it," said Stephanie, langhing and blushing. "At all events, Charlie, I like you ten thousand times better since I have seen how devoted you were to the poor old woman in the snuff-colored cloak !"

"Upon my word, Stephanie, you ought to have been an actress!" said Mrs. Early, archly,

"'All the world's a stage," quoted Stephanie, "and I have only performed my part! Henceforward I relinquish profession?"

"So you are going to marry my Auni Stephanie, eh?" said Josephine, as she met her brother-in-law in the hall, after a lengthened interview with his fairhaired goddess. "And will you be my uncle then !"

"I don't care if I am your grand father, now that she has said yes," was Mr. Charles Early's exultant reply.

Seasonable Farm Hints.

Peas may be sown as soon as the frost is out of the ground. It is cheaper in the beginning, as well as in the end, to buy the early cabbage plants, and those grown in cold frames may be put out as soon as the soil feels warm to the hand. A little mulch of warm manure around each one of a dozen or two of early cabbage plants, and some shelter-if only a newspaper pegged down over each plant -will protect them from a frosty night. A mulching of manure and some covering of straw will force asparagus ahead fully two or three weeks of the main crop, and a row or two can be easily covered in this way. It is quite possible to get two successive crops of vegetables and small fruits by protecting in this way a sufficient number of plants to afford an early supply. A liberal mulching of warm manure will start the growth very quickly, or at least will force a rapid growth after it has started naturally. As the garden is the most valuable part of the farm it is proper that a warm, sheltered place should be selected for it and that the ground should be very rich. Any one can grow vegetables and fruits, but some forethought, provision, and skill are necessary to grow early and good ones, and the pleasure of having fine vegetables and an early supply of them is worth far more than the thought—the labor is the same—that is requisite to secure them. The garden should now be put in order-and planted as far as may be-before the farm work is begnn or it will be apt to be neglected. And why should not the husbandman-the farm husband-take this burden upon himself instead of casting it upon the farm wife, whose domestic duties are sufficiently engrossing without this addition to them.

A Change for the Better.

There are more temperance organizations and societies in the country to-day, more men who are total abstainers, than at any time in its history. There are three or four States where the sentiment against the use of intoxicating drinks is so strong that their Legislatures have been compelled to adopt stringent legislation on the subject. The memory of most men living can recall the time when the National Congress, the Senate as well as the House of Representatives, witnessed scenes of intoxication that shocked and disgraced the whole country. Strong drink was openly sold in both wings of the Capitol at Washington, and it was an ordinary occurrence to see drunken Senators and Representatives staggering through the corridors to their seats in the two branches of the National Legislature. It is true that liquor is still sold there: but it is in violation of the rules. The Congressional revelry has come to an end, and no man who is known as a habitual drunkard. no matter how great his ability or how excellent in other respects, can retain his seat in either body. This is true of nearly all the State Legislatures. Ninety per cent, of the officeholders of the country, State and Federal, are men of temperate habits. They cannot, in fact, be elected or appointed if their lives are. shadowy draperies, and there, instead of in this respect, a scandal. In private business houses the same rule obtains The clerk who is a heavy drinker is very soon invited to seek another position .-New York Hour.

GENEROUS AS WELL AS BRAVE.-Lientenant Rhodes has deposited in bank \$3,000 received from various sources in testimonials for his bravery at the Gay Head disaster, and awaits permission from Secretary Folger to divide the money among his shipmates on the Dexter. To forestell a possible adverse decision by the Secretary, Lieut Rhodes has purchased new uniforms and blan kets for every men on board.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

[From the London Standard.] So hotly do the Arabs press forward that the troops pause in their steady ad vance. It becomes a hand-to-hand fight, the soldiers meeting the Arab spear with cold steel, their favorite weapon, and beating them at it. There is not much shouting, and only a short sharp ex-

clamation, a brief shout, or an oath as the soldiers engage with their foes. At this critical moment for the enemy are rushing up quickly, the Gardner guns open fire, and their haden hail soon decides the matter. At this instant, Admiral Hewett, who, with Mr. Levison, spectator, joins the Naval Brigade and leads them ou over dead bodies of the Arabs, lying thickly strewn on their front, into the work, which proves to be but a bank of sand. Colonel Burnaby here has his horse shot under him, and a bullet passes through his arm. Still with the double-berrelled fowling-piece he carries he knocks over the Arabs who assail him. But they press on, and he is only saved from bring speared by one of the Gordon Highlanders bayoneting an Arab who attacks him when both barrels of his gun are empty. Beveral fierce personal encounters take place as the troops rush into the entrenchments. The first feeling of nervousness has

passed away, their blood is up no? and the enthusiasm of battle is upon them. More and more shrill the pipes skirl out, and the men are eaght to close with the foe. As single Arabs rush down the brave soldiers step singly forward from the ranks and meet, bayonet to spear, in almost every instance vanquishing them by the bayonet alone, without firing. A soldier who had single-handed engaged two of the enemy would have got the worst of it had not Captain Wilson, of the Hecla, come to his aid and

body, breaking his own sword and receiving a wound across the face as he did so. Sharp as the fight is, it lasts but s minute or two after the troops have

passed over the sand bank. The work contains one Krupp gun which, of course, falls into our hands. The bush grows thickly all about where we are now formed up, and numbers of the enemy are lying concealed in it. rush at us, singly or by twos and threes, with fanatical valor, often coming on till they fall dead almost at the muzzles of the rifles. During the halt the cavalry have moved round behind us, and we can now see them advancing toward a large mass of the enemy, who are making off in the distance. They are manifestly quickening their pace. Faster and faster they go; their sabres are flashing in the sunlight, and they dash into the mass of the enemy. Right through them they but their way, and then turn sharp back again. The Arabs do not fly, but stand and fight stubbornly and gallantly, displaying as much courage as against the infantry. Again and again they are dispersed, but each time they gather together as the horsemen come on; and the cavalry, although cutting down many, go by no means

scathless through them.

Oleomargarine in the Legislature. Artificial butter was discussed by the Assembly recently, and the evils ascribed to it are deserved by some of the combinations of grease and milk that are sold as products of the dairy; but the Legislature might as well go slow as to have its conclusions set aside within a year or two, Genuine oleomargarine is an imitation butter that experts have pronounced almost identical with the original product of the churn, and it is much cheaper than butter made from cream: consequently it appeals to the pockets of consumers, who outnumber producers at least ten to one. Its imitations, made of materials that cannot bear the test of time, because they will in a few days be offensive to taste, smell and health, should either be suppressed or sold under their proper names. The people of a State containing one-tenth of the population of the United States should not be specially taxed to support dairy farms, neither should they be subected to unhealthful instations. Compounders of vile grease can easily be deected and punished. The law as it is can ffect this end with but little additional legislation, and the people demand that his be done. For the rest, the interests of dairymen are not superior, nor even equal, to those of consumers. Let the Legislature be in parnest, but let it not fail to work for the greatest good to the greatest number.—New York Herald.

Closing a Gap.

General Buller has recommended for an action at the battle of Teb, which he describes as one of the most courageous he has ever witnessed. There was a gap in the square, and five or six of the enemy seeing it rushed forward, attempting to pierce the ranks, Captain Wilson advanced to meet them alone, and breaking his sword in his effort to cut one of them down, would not retire a step, but held his ground, knocking them down with his fists. Either by a miracle or the surprising nature of his attack, he escaped with a few wounds, and the aquare closing up rescued him.

AGONY OF RYDROPHOBIA.

The Suffering of a Child Two Months Atter Being Bitten by a Dog.

[From the New York Herald.] Willie Meddus, the six-year-old child of Mary Meddus, a widow, living in Williamsburg, was severely bitten in the face and on the elbow last January by a Scotch terrier belonging to John Van Brunt, who lives in a house opposite to that of Mrs. Meddus. The boy was taken to the Eastern District Dispensary where his wounds were cauterized Some days later the dog was shot. The boy recovered and gave no evidence of having been seriously injured until last Sunday, when he became feverish and restless. He was awake nearly all night. The next morning the mother called ! Dr. Daniel Murphy, who said that the

child had symptoms of hydrophobia. The physician gave the mother structions as to what should be done in the event of a quick development of the disease. After the doctor left the child asked for a drink. A glassful of water was taken to his bedside, but at sight of it he was seized with violent convulsions. When the convulsions passed away the boy again asked for water. The mother and those about him were afraid to bring on the convulsions again and hesitated

to comply with his wishes. The boy, when he noticed that no one in the room moved in the direction of the water pail, jumped from the bed and exclaimed: "I will get it myself." He ran across the room and was about to put his face in the pail when he was again seized with convulsion. He was with difficulty lifted to the bed. The sufferings were intense. No relief whatever could be afforded him. The afflicted mother and the brothers and sisters of the child were nearly crazed by the sight the little lad presented, and begged their friends to release the child from its agony. When death came the poor mother said she was grateful. It rould certainly have killed her, she said to have had her child endure another day of such torture.

In the little casket the features of the child gave no evidence of the terrible suffering he had endured. With the exception of the scars on his face, where the dog had bitten him, the boy's appearance was that of a child who had died peacefully.

To a Herald reporter Dr. Murphy id: "I was called to see the boy on Monday and knew nothing about his having been bitten by a dog. I saw at once it was a case of hydrophobia and did all that was possible. As near as I can learn the boy had been tormenting the dog when the animal flew at him. When the child asked for a drink I advised the mother to give him some tea. A teaspoonful was given him, but he immediately threw it off. The little fellow's suffering was very great, and he presented an awful appearance. He lived forty-eight hours after the disease had manifested itself."

Mrs. Meddus said: "My boy was stricken down just nine weeks to the day after he was bitten. It is said that my poor child tormented the dog, but that is not so. Willie, with other children, was going into Mr. Van Brunt's creamery across the street when the savage little dog sprung at him and tore his lace and elbow."

Talking About War.

General Grant recently told a newspaper correspondent, speaking of the Rebellion, that it was so much a young men's war that he thought himself rather too old to make a successful commander, because he was 39 when the struggle began, He said that the Mexican war, which closed only thirteen years before the Rebellion began, seemed to him much more remote in 1861 than the Rebellion does now, nearly twenty years after its close. The Mexican war was an episode merely, and being fought on foreign soil and with small forces. did not leave such impressions on the minds of those engaged in it as were left by the great civil war. Speaking of the nameless battles of the Rebellion. Gen. Grant said that there were many fights brought on by reconnoissances in command of Colonels where more men were killed than fell in some of the battles in Mexico which are famous in history. The battles of the civil war were so numerous that their very names are more and more fading from the public resollection, leaving only the most important to stand out distinctly in the national memory.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT .-General Lloyd Aspinwall, of New York, has obtained the signatures of 600 citisens, of high and low degree, "from a millionaire to a shoemaker," to use his words, to the roll of the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument Association, of which by popular subscription, contributed from all classes of people, sufficient to erect a plain and massive shaft, high enough to be seen at a great distance, in commemoration of the soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the war. A conspicuous site, like the Fifth ave. entrance to Central Park, will be selected for the National obelish. It is expected that \$100,000 will be collected.

A round man staking to his girl for an entire evening is a very nice kind of

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE

PET NAMES FOR THE BABY. Sploodoogle is a new father, and th ther morning after a noisy night with the

kid he picked up Sploodoogle, Jr., and began coddling him: "Es, oo ittle ootsy wootsy tootsy." he gurgled, "oo tweet ittle sing; oor mamma's darlin'. You darned Macbeth.

"What's that?" oried Mrs. S., startled by his changed tones, "what's that you're calling the baby?"

"Nothing, dear, only 'Macbeth." "That's a borrid name. What do you and in dill the little angel that let?"
"On strictly classic principles, dear. I call him Macbeth because Shakespea says, 'Macbeth doth murder sleep.' "-Merchant Traveler.

OUR MINISTER'S PACRIFICE.

Minister Sargent has completely won Bismarck's heart. At the great Berlin banquet the famous Chancellor watched the American diplomat closely. At a critical moment in the meal Bismarck called a waiter to him and spoke a few words in a low tone. The waiter immediately left the banquet hall, but in a moment returned and placed directly before Sargent's plate a piece of Limburger cheese that nearly pulled the table-cloth off. Sargent turned deadly pale. But nerving himself he grasped the cheese, and, holding his breath, ate every morsel of it with great rapidity. Bismarck eyed him earnestly, and as the last particle disappeared could contain himself no longer.

"Mein Gott! He haf schwallowed all! Zargent, your handt! No longer call me Brinz. Call me Aubgoost: Ich bin nine bruder!"

Sargent has been in bed ever since. but he says he knew the fate of the two great nations hung upon the deed, and he did it - Pitteburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

WORSE THAN BEING LEFT. "Let the office seek the man and not the man the office. That's my doctrine," declared Mr. Jones.

"You're just the man I want to run against," responded Smith, "The man who sits down and waits for a salaried office to come and hunt bim up is too good for this earth and too big a fool for heaven, and entirely too tame for Satan's dominions. I'm afraid you'd be left out all around."

"Well, it might be worse than that," "Worse! What could possibly be worse ?"

"Well, it isn't nearly as bad as being a New York Alderman under the Roosevelt Jim: Reform bill,"-Oit City Blizzard.

A SIGNIFICANT SUGGESTION. "I see," said Mrs. Youngwife, as she folded the newspaper and took up her sewing, "I see that the Mormons have

their wives sealed unto them." "Yes." replied her husband, looking days."- Texas Siftings. up from his book, "that is the custom.

believe, my love," "I don't see why Somerville wives should not be sealed unto their huse bands," pursued the lady, as she threaded

her needle. "In what way, dear?" "With a sealskin sacque, as it were, and the lady chewed her thread meditatively, while the husband muttered

selah !" and pretended to be gazing at

the ceiling. - Somerville Journal.

ART NOTE. Mortimer Morgan is a native of Austin, who imagines he has a talent for painting, but thus far he has met with no success. His father endeavored to make a clergyman of him, but in vain. I few days ago, the old man said to

"Mortimer, don't you think it is time for you to quit spoiling good canvas and wasting paint." "I feel sure that in a few years I'll

clipse Raphael." "In a few years," sneered the old man: "von are now forty-two years old. and nobody has ever bought a picture from you. Don't you know, you addlepated ass, that at your age Raphael had been dead five years ?"-Austin Sift-

DIDN'T KNOW IT WELL ENOUGH. "Walter," said his fond wife, "will you not learn to play poker for my

"Learn to play poker !" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why-shem-why, the truth is I do

know something about the game. I-I

have played it, "Yes, dear, but you don't know enough. I thought if you would only learn how to play it you might not lose

"T'll bet a good cigar that's a married couple," remarked a swell standing at the window of a fashionable club house and watching a lady and gentleman who were crossing the street during a heavy

A SAFE BET.

"I can't imagine your reason for saying so," returned his companion. "It's plain enough. Don't you see his head, and not over here,"

A PAIR OFFER, A few days ago a farmer drove up the door of a Springwells miles called out to several men standing around that a neighbor of his living about four miles away had fallen into the family well and probably killed himself.

"Why, I want two or three of you be ride out with me and help get the body

"Well, what of it?" saked one of the

"For how much?"

"You don't pretend to want pay for such an action as that !" gasped the farmer, but they said they did, and have entered the saloon to see if the owner was not more tender hearted.

"I tells you how it what "began

"Don't tell me that you won't lend hand in such a case as this !" "I can't go, my frendt, but I telle yet how it whas, I let you drink beer until you doan' care two cents for all the farm ers und all der wells in America, und den I hire a poy for two shillings to drive you home. Dot whas der pest I can do

to-day."- Detroit Free Press. "HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY." He was a book agent. He rang a door bell, and a woman who was swe ing opened the door so suddenly that he fell off the step and nearly lost his best equilibrium. But he was a book agent and he recovered his momentum said fluently:

"I am agent for the most colebrated book ever offered to the public since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was written, and filled with hints of things that cannot be found outside the covers of any other book, and with recipes for cooking and family privers and how to keep paths out of furs, and some fine poems by well known and popular writers, and you can give me your order to-day and needn't pay for it till next June, or on than going without, and the name of it is Three Million Hints, or Inquire

Within How to Make Home Happy." "Oh, yes," said the woman, smiling sweetly. "'How to Make Home Happy,' I have one already," and she looked at the broom in her hand with

dreamy eyes. He fell off the doorstep again, and this time he didn't recover till there was a block between them - Detroit Free

PINANCIAL STATISTICS. Jim Webster, a hard-looking colored nan, was brought to a justice in Austin. for stealing some money from the home of Col. Jones, one of the most respects

ble citizens. Said the Judge very impressively to "Don't you know that no good can

come from stolen money -that there is curse on it ?" "Boss, I didn't know Col. Jones stole dat money. I allus 'spected him ch bein' an hones' man. White folks am gettin' to be mighty oureliable nowa-

HE DIDN'T KNOW, Y'KNOW, "Aw, Miss De Smythe," said Lord Fits ponge to a New York young woman, who was that, aw, vewy chaumit looking old lady you were, av, dwiving with this mawning?"

"My grandmother, Lord Fitssponge," she replied, sweetly, "Gwandmothaw !" exclaimed his Emeticship. "Is it possible? I had no ideab, y'know, that Amewicans had gwandmothaws, aw."-Philadelphia

WASHINGTON NOT AN ANGLER. Jones-"What an enthusiastic old ngler George Washington was !" Smith-Washington ! Why he was not fisherman."

Jones-"Indeed he was a great lover of the sport. He wrote a book about Smith -"Are you not thinking of

Izaak Walton ?" Jones-"Izaak Walton! Why, that's fact; eo I was. It was not Washington, of course. He was not on angler. Smith - "No, indeed; Washington could not tell a lie." - Phila. Call.

Off for Cuba.

Col. Aguero, with thirty picked men, left Key West, at 9 o'clock at night, on the schooner Shavers. At an early hour in the morning the revenue cutter Gov. Dix started in pursuit, but returned after an unsuccessful cruise. A dis from Key West says: The at was loaded with dynamite, stree, and nition, which have accumulated Aguero's recent arrest. It is run that the Cedar Keys and Key West mail steamers report having seen a he steamship off Egmont Key stee ter from the vicinity of New C and it is believed that Aguero met her: Dry Tortugas and embarried with h shot at the present time would revolution. Things are at their cood in landing ple ripe for