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Bernwell C. H. B. C.

THE CHURCHYARD BY THE SEA.

A MEMORY.

Across the waste of years I see One spot forever soft and green Which, shrined within my memory, In evening glow or morning sheen. Tells of the golden vanished years. When smiles came oftener far than tears.

A churchyard by the restless sea, Where in deep, calm and dreamless sleep The Dead lay resting peacefully, Unheeding the tempestuous deep; Careless alike of sun and breeze. Or ebbing of those changeful seas.

And oft when shipwreck and despair Came to the little sea-boat town, Pale women, with disheveled hair, To the wild shore went hurrying down. And tenderly dead eyes would close. And smooth dead limbs for long repose.

Full many a weary, storm-tossed wight, Year after year, in quiet was laid. Bafe from the blustering storms of night In this green spot and undismayed, Slept close beside the breakers' roar. Whose wrath should mar his rest no more.

And over each low-sleeping head, Where thymy turf grew green and soft. The wild bee hummed, and rosy-red The brier-flower bloomed, and up aloft The fleecy clouds went drifting by Like shades, across the summer sky.

And ever as the years go by. And one by one old memories creep From out the sweet past solemnly, I seem to see, beside the deep, That little, lonely, silent spot, With many a childish dream enwrought. -Chambers's Journal.

A Lover's Dilemma.

HOW HE TOOK THE BREAD OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF A BAKER'S CUSTOMERS.

Translated from the French for the Phila. Call Pouparlin-en-Bigarrau was by all odds the most wearisome town in the whole department of the Garonne-Inferieure.

Among its 8,500 inhabitants it contained only eight pretty girls, a fact that disgusted all the young men living within its limits.

One of these eight pretty girls was Berthe, daughter of M. Agenor Malenfrond, one of the two rival bakers of the town. Berthe was sweet 16, and would have had plenty of adorers had not her father pitilessly driven away all the young men who had ever ventured to pay her even the slightest attention. M Malenfrond had amassed considerable money, and did not wish his daughter to become the wife of a gallant without

Stanislas Coquelard, the town notary's youthful clerk, was gifted with a sentimental soul. He had just reached that age when the heart opens to love as the corolls of a flower to the kisses of the breeze. Stanislas thought that Pouparlin should furnish him with other happiness than contemplating the broad meadows during the day and listening to the song of the nightingales during the

night.
It was toward the close of April, and, while he conscientiously copied the notary's documents, the young clerk thought of the charming Berthe, and wondered what he could do to get into the good graces of her hard-hearted father, who, by the way, was a widower, Stanislas had read in the young girl's eyes that she was dissatisfied with her lot, and firmly believed that she would not be averse to accepting his heart and hand if ever he got an opportunity to offer them to her.

Stanislas Coquelard was twenty, and had abundant faith in the belief that his time would come. The notary's house was situated oppo-

site the bakery, and occasionally the clerk had exchanged through the windows more than one furtive glance with the pretty Berthe. Every morning on his way to the no-

tary's, he stopped at the bakery and bought a sou loaf of Berthe, as he paid for it, he rolled his eyes after the fashion of a young man who is desperately smitten and intends that the object of his adoration shall know it.

On her side, the baker's daughter was far from regarding Stanislas in a way to discourage him.

Such a state of things could not last very long without producing the usual result. The baker made his bread during the

day, then went to bed and did not rise until it was time to begin baking, toward half-past ten at night, One evening the clerk, taking advan-

tage of the moment when M. Malenfrond was still alumbering while awaiting the hour at which his nocturnal toil was to commence, fell at Berthe's feet and began a speech, to which he added the most expressive pantomime. He ended by asking her to marry him.

Berthe, unused to such masculine eloquence, was melted, and in a low voice consented to unite her destiny to his. Stanislas, greatly affected, kissed Ber-

the several times so enthusiastically that he awakened M. Malenfrond, who slept in a chamber over the back shop. The baker listened, and thought he

recognized the hand of his apprentice who had been sick for a week. Overjoyed, he leaned out of bed, crying;

"Wait a little, my boy, and I'll help you kneed the bread! I'm coming down!"

The lovers stared at each other in coneternation. At that instant the stairs creaked bimests the baket's beavy tread.

There was not a second to be lost. Berthe, who had a good head, extinguished the lamp and whispered to the terrified Stanislas:

"Hide yourself quickly in that chest over there and don't be afraid. I'll take care of everything !"

Coquelard followed her recommendation and felt his way along the wall in the direction Berthe had indicated with a rapid gesture. In the darkness he missed the chest but encountered the dough trough; he felt a lid beneath his fingers, lifted it, and, as nimbly as a

squirrel in danger, leaped into the box. He came down amid the dough with a thud, but he had the presence of mind to draw the lid over him.

At that moment the baker entered the apartment.

"Sacrebleu!" growled he, "there is no light here!"

Berthe instantly replied:

"It's the fault of this wretched lamp. I tried to turn up the wick, but it went out. That lazy Nicole must have forgotten to put oil in it !"

A two minutes' search ensued: then came the scratching of matches, and the lamp was lighted again.

"What!" exclaimed M. Malenfrond. "are you alone? Why, I thought I heard some one a kneading a little while ago !"

"You had the nightmare, father!" answered the daughter, soothingly. "Why, who on earth could be here Gervais, our apprentice, is still sick and won't be out of bed for a week to come." "Then I didn't hear right, But now I'm up I'll go to work !"

And the baker, rubbing his hands to get them in working trim, went to the dough trough and raised the lid.

At that moment a great clammy hand arose from the depths of a box, hurling fragments of soft dough in every direction. "What's that-what's that?" exclaimed M. Malenfrond, drawing back a couple of paces, "Who the deuce is in the dough--"

plaster of dough was applied to his face with a splash, cutting short his exclamations and blinding him at the same

The baker was conscientious in the exercise of his trade. His dough was well kneaded, and, though he made tremendous efforts to scrape the plaster from his visage, two or two minutes elapsed before he was able to open his eyes and speak.

During the whole of this scene. Berthe, paralyzed with astonishment. had not stirred.

When her father had succeeded, unaided, in ridding himself of his plaster. she recovered her senses and began to

"Oh, mon Dieu!" it must be a rob-

"Ab, the scoundrel!" grouned poor Malenfrond. "Where is he, that I may knock him down!" And, all sticky as he was, he rushed

to the dough-trough. It was empty, and empty in every sense. Stanislas in his flight had dragged off on his person all the baker's dough. He had left in the bottom of the box only his shoes, that would have bothered him in running.

"Ouf!" cried the unfortunate baker. "The thief! I cannot bake to-night. He has taken the bread out of the mouths of more than ten families !"

During this time the clerk, all covered with dough, hastened as well as he could toward the shop of the other baker. which was not far away.

The latter received this farinaceous mass with the greater affability, as he brought with him fifteen or eighteen livres of dough. He scraped the clerk so conscientiously that the next day some of the inhabitants of the town found in their loaves, one a plug of tobacco, another a porte-monnaie containing eighteen sous, a third a pockethandkerchief and a bunch of keys.

The luckiest had for his share a sheet

of stamped paper. This worked against M. Malenfrond's rival, who, accused of inattention to business, lost a part of his customers, thus once again proving that wronglyacquired property never benefits any

A few weeks afterward Stanislas vantured to sak M. Malenfrond for his daughter's hand. As the clerk had received a legacy of a few thousand france. the baker gave his consent, and even took him into partnership in the bakery shortly after his marriage with Berthe had been duly celebrated.

As for M. Malenfrond, he was kept in strict ignorance of the real nature of the episode of the dough-trough, and he sever afterward went to bed without having first cautioned his daughter to be on the watch for robbers.

"You see, Berthe," he often said to her, "it is not enough to keep an eye on be watched, and for that there's nothing like the eye of the master or that of the mistress !"

A rouse lady who is learning music says she beard that fish is a good dish for people who write stories, etc., and wants to know what would be a proper trees the shop and the should say a note meal dist would be Innerville Journal

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BARON NORDENSKJOLD, IT IS SAID, IS contemplating a voyage next year to the South Polar regions. The expedition is to cost \$1,000,000.

THE NEW YORK FLORISTS make up small flowers into slippers. A pair soled with velvet and lined with satin may be bought for the moderate sum of \$50.

AN ENGLISH JOURNAL SAYS THAT if the emigration of young Irish couples to America continues the population of Ireland will eventually fall to three mil-

THE OFFICIAL STATISTICS Of Canadian railroads for 1883 show 1,275 miles built; \$33,244,585 the gross revenue; 169 persons killed, and 550 persons injured during the year. IN WARSAW, WYOMING COUNTY, N. Y.

there are eight salt wells. Solid salt is found at a distance from the surface of from 1.600 to 1.800 feet. The beds are about 90 feet thick. MR. SEYMOUR, OF THE Butter, Cheese and Egg Exchange, says that some of

the best families of New York have abandoned the use of butter because of their distrust of its purity. IN THE SOUTH, COTTON mills are on the increase. Since Jan. 1 100,000 spindles have been added, and the mills

recently opened or in course of construc tion are worth over \$3,250,000. CINCINNATI HAS PENNED UP in her jail thirty homicides, seventeen out on bail accused of the same crime, and twenty more roaming at will from having slipped

through the legal noose that justly claims

them A BILL HAS BEEN INTRODUCED in the Legislature of Massachusetts which prohibits the exhibition of deformed persons who are minors or insane, and of persons who have an appearance of de-

formity produced by artificial means. THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH, now under consideration, will, it is said, be surely completed by 1887. The canal, 120 miles in length, will unite the Ionian and Ægean Seas, and save the voyage

of 120 miles round the Cape of Matapan. THE CARTER FAMILY IS TO have a reunion in Woburn, Mass., on Wednesday. June 11. The exercises will include an address of welcome, with response, a genealogical address, poem, orchestral and vocal music, and after-dinner aneeches

DURING THE RECENT FIGHTING IN Egypt Baker Pasha's cheekbone was splintered by a four-ounce iron bullet, which was so firmly fixed in the bone that it had to be sawed out-a long and painful operation-which was endured without any

THE LONDON Lancet INFORMS A COTrespondent that "the possibility, nay, the certainty in many cases, of flies being a medium of infection, especially in warm climates, has been repeatedly pointed out, though perhaps not sufficiently borne in mind.

A NORTH CAROLINA MAN whose house was demolished by a tornado afterward found his watch hanging on a small limb of a tree that had blown down in the yard, the chain wrapped several times around the limb. It was ticking

away as if nothing had happened. RECENT EXPERIMENTS CONDUCTED BY Professor Konig, of Berlin, shows that, within the range of the normal spectrum, a healthy eye can perceive about 300 differences of color, and its color-sensitiveness ranges from more than one down to 0.2 millionth of a millimetre.

GEN. BUTLER IS NOW SAID to have it in mind to write a book of reminiscences. A Boston publisher says that if he would write a book in two volumes it would be ensy to sell 250,000 copies through agents. This, at 50 cents a volume, would give the author a royalty of \$250,000.

Women at Sea.

The life which women lead on board ship, says the Aquatic Monthly, is usually a monotonous one. Their quarters are close and their social opportunities are quite limited. The captain's wife may tire of the society of her husband or of the constant care of her children. If she wishes to go out to walk, she is confined to the quarter-deck. A flirtetion during her airing with one of the mates or carpenter would be beneath her. If she happens to be good-looking, the vessel will constantly swing a few points out of its course, for the man at the wheel will keep his eye on her as long as she continues her promenade. She may make an occasional excursion to the forward part of the ship, but even in that novelty she finds little to attract her. A passing vessel arouses her interest, and a hurricane relieves, to a certain extent, the monotony of her existence: but these blessings do not come along every day. She has no one to gossip with but the stewarders, and they find few matters of recent date which are worth discussing at any great length. The captain's wife may be as gay as she but unfortunately, she has very little to stimulate whatever desire for gayety she may possess. She has some advantages, however, for she is able to keep in eye on her husband. How or where he spends his evenings is no mystery to her.

Is your mother in ?" saked a visitor of a little Mormon boy who estated the door. "No, ma'am," the little boy replied, "but my heother's mether is in.

DEATHS FROM TRICAINOSIS.

Terrible Results Which Followed Eating Raw Pork-Foar Lives Lest.

A letter from Loyalhanna, Pa., says: -Two more of the seven persons who ate a quantity of raw pork about six weeks ago, died at the residence of Hans Galle, near here. Four persons, all women, have thus fallen victims to the first authenticated cases of trichinosis in the

State of Pennsylvania About a year ago Christian Schilitzer. his wife Emmeline and daughter Bessie, Hans Galle, his wife Catherine and daughter Marguerite and Edward Clapter, a young friend of the Schilitzers. came to this country as emigrants. They settled in Columbia county, but during the recent floods in the Susquehanna river their homes were inundated and they lost a portion of what little worldly goods they possessed. They were very poor, and, crushed by this misfortune, moved some weeks since to a little hamlet near here. They had nothing to eat, and made their wants

understood with extreme difficulty. Among them they mustered enough money to buy some meat, and it was decided they should have pork. Christian Schilitzer accordingly came and purchased a fat pig. The animal was dressed whole (according to the fashion in some parts of Germany), garnished with raw onions, red pepper and salt, but was not cooked. A family feast ensued, of which all the persons partook. One week afterward Mrs. Schilitzer died, having for several days suffered violent pains in the stomach and curious creeping and stinging sensations in her limbs. A physician was called in, but, it is said, did not seem to understand the character of the disease.

Mr. Schilitzer, however, who had served in the Prussian army and had seen cases of trichinosis, suspected the existence of this malady, and a piece of flesh from one of his wife's legs was taken to Pittsburg for examination. An anaylsis disclosed the presence of millions of minute pin shaped worms with pointed heads, which had burrow in all the tissues of the unfortunate man's body. Mrs. Schilitzer at length died of strangulation, a mass of the worms being found to have crawled into her throat and stopped it up.

In the meantime all the others who ate of the pig had been prostrated. Christian Schilitzer. Hans Galle and another daughter, younger than Marguerite, are not now expected to recover. They suffer terribly, and Schilitzer's arms have been eaten away until only a thread of the muscles remains.

The Real Truth.

The London Truth sums up the Egyptian question in the following way: "The real truth in regard to our interference in Egypt is that we went there for the bondholders, that we have remained for the bondholders, and that every effort is being made to force us to remain for the bondholders. We have no European mandate, we are fulfilling no civilizing mission, and as a country, we should be losers rather than gainers were Egypt made over to us to-morrow as a free gift. Europe is not sorry to see us weaken ourselves, and does not object to our drawing the chestnuts out of the fire for others. The Egyptians dislike us because we are Westerns and Christians, whilst they are Easterns and Mahometans. We are in precisely the same fix as was Austria in Lombardy. If we establish any form of representative government that is a reality and not a sham, the first use that will be made of it will be to bow us out of the country. bag and baggage. A certain number of wealthy and powerful persons who have already made millions out of the Egyptian fleshpots wish to make a few millions more. 'Unified at 80' is their cry. For this we have spent nearly five millions of our money-for this we are called upon to undertake compromising responsibilities, and to act as taskmasters over the fellahs. Yes, 'Unified at 80'this is, in plain words, our civilizing mission. All the rest is shuffling and subterfuge, trickery and clap-trap. It is to the credit of the Prime Minister that he is one of the few who perceive this."

Old Soldiers. Grant always talks with a cigar in his month: Sherman never does. He lays it down somewhere when he starts to make a remark, forgets where he put it, and lights a fresh one when he has finished what he wanted to say, The result is that his desk or the furniture around the room in which he happens to be smoking, is usually loaded with several half-consumed stubs. At his headquarters, when he was in Washington, it was generally the case that these stubs were to be found in every room that he frequented, and the staff officers called them "Sherman's old soldiers."

A PLADE FUREBAL .- "I want you to promise me one thing," said the late Angustus Schell, of New York, to his two brothers. Edward and Robert, two days before he died, "that is that when I die you will have no cotentations funeral. Give me a simple burial, and don't let there he any expensive fioral display." The brothers promised to do as the dying man wished and the whole of the furnital services was as gauges as

BURDETTE POINTS A MORAL

The Hawkeye Humorist Tells of a Dog Tha West of and Lost Himself.

On the Western farm where much of the summer time of my life was passed we had a dog. There being two or three boys on the farm, we had seven or eight dogs, as a matter of fact, but there was one particular dog, with whose tail I desire to point a moral. He was a hunter. Morning after morning, summer and winter, he went forth to hunt, Night after night he came back home, his hair full of burs, his feet covered with stone-bruises, and his ears pendent with wood-ticks. For seven long years that dog lived on the farm. He gnawed not the bone of idleness, neither was he wise in the conceit of the sluggard, because in all those seven years he hunted all the time, seven days a week. But, alas! like the slothful, he "roasted not that he took in hunting" (Prov. xii., 27). Because he never found anything. Not one single, lone, solitary, lost thing did he find in all those seven years' hunting. Never found a thing. But we kept him, because we believed, indeed we knew, that the dog's intentions were good. He meant well. Every morning as he went forth, happy and confident, he hoped to find something and bring it home with him joyous and triumphant. But never did. And at last, one keen, clear, bracing November day, he went down in the ferny glens and lost himself. We never heard that he died; nobody ever saw him or heard anything of him again; his bark came back no more: he was just lost; he had wrapped the drapery of the unknowable about him and joined the innumerable caravan of intangible things he had been hunting for years. The moral of this pessage is self-evident. There are men, even in your own circle of acquaintance, who hunt all their lives and never find anything. They take the Congressional Record for its jokes and read the Nution for political instruction. He goes to the minstrel show for amusement and reads the Washington papers for news. He goes to a summer boarding house to get cool and takes a vacation that he may rest. He goes to the country for cream and fresh eggs and keeps a horse to save street-car fare. In all this he doeth foolishly. He hunts well enough but not wisely. You must know, my boy, before you go hunting, where to hunt for what you want. You might go deerstalking all over Coney Island for twenty

He Nearly Lost his Pocket-book.

years and never bring home a pair of

branching antiers to hang in the ances-

tral halls of the flat in which you live

"Tuesday I was down town." save the bad boy, "and an old farmer was walking along in front of me, and I saw him drop his pocket-book on the sidewalk. I yelled to him and pointed to the pocket-book, and told him he dropped it, but he told me to go to the hot place. It was April fool day, and he thought I was feeling him, and be went on laughing, as much as to say no town boy could play any jokes on your uncle Ike. Well, I picked up the pocketbook, and it was a fat one, and I followed the old farmer, and pulled his coat and told him here was his pocketbook, but he hit me side of the jaw and said to go away or he would maul me. I never felt so mean since my girl went back on me, but I didn't want to keep the old man's pocket-book, and I didn't want to be killed trying to deliver it to the owner. So I ran ahead of him and stopped and opened the pocket-book, and when he came up I took out a roll of bills as big as my wrist, and showed them to him, and asked him if he knew whose pocket-book it was. What do you think the old granger did? He took the pocket-book with one hand and took me by the neck with the other, and called me a thief, and said I ought to go to State prison, and he took me into a stairway and set me down and stood on my coat tail so I could not get away, and kept me until he counted all the money in the wallet, cussin' me between every ten dollars he counted, and when he found it was all there, he put the wallet inside his shirt and gave me a lecture about boys growing up to be thieves, and finally he gave me this lead nickle, took his foot off my coat-tail and let me go, and then tried to kick me as I ran away. I don't think that was right. Only for me he would have lost his wallet and probably have gone crasy over the loss."

The Constitution.

Robert Rodney, U. S. N., would like to have the Constitution amended so that no citizen could own more than ten million dollars' worth of property. All Mr. Rodney is afraid of owning more then ten million dollars himself, he can casily give away his surplus wealth. without an amendment. As for the tively few of them who are troubled that way, and when they are they will manage to get along under the present Constitution, says an embange,

My dear boy, the business world divided into comps, the gemblers and the speculators." "I don't exactly see the difference." "It's very simple. The speculator is the one who gains. When a man loss he is only a pombler !"

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT THE WAGS OF THE PRESS HAVE TO SAY THAT IS AMUSING.

A BOY'S POCKET. Buckles, and buttons, and top, and marbles and pieces of string, a screw from a rusty old mop, and seraps of a favorite sling. Blate pencils, and part of a look, some matches and kernels of corn, the wheels of a discarded clock, and remains of a mitten all torn. A jack-knife or two, never sharp, some pieces of bright-c-lored glass, the rim of an ancient jews'-harp, pens, fishhooks, and pieces of brass. Old nails, 'sweeties," chippings of tin, with bits of a battered-up locket. All these, and much more, are within the depths of a little boy's pocket .- The Continent.

AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"I'll have to consult with a doctor I'm not well."

"What is your trouble?"

"I sleep too much. As soon as drink eight or ten glasses of beer, I can't keep my eyes open. I think I ought to be bled."

"I can tell you what will spare your eyes, and keep them open. Just you let me sell you, at par, for cash, a thousand shares of seme railroad stocks I've got, and you will not be able to get a wink of sleep as long as you have them on your hands. What is riches without health?"-Austin Siftings.

HE DIDN'T FIGURE LIKE THAT.

A German tailor in a village in Canada failed a few days ago and called a meeting of his creditors. An investigation seemed to show that his liabilities were \$4,000, and his assets \$1,000.

"It thus appears," said one of the creditors, "that you can pay 25 cents or the dollar."

"Vhell, I doan' figure like dot," replied the tailor. "How do you figure?"

"Vhy, I pays feefty cents on der dol-"How can you do that when your as sets only allow one-fourth?"

"Vhell, I prings the odder money down from der house."

He was not permitted to fail.

CONSOLING. Mrs. Minks-"Who would have thought that that lovely Mrs. Blank, who was a bride only a few years ago should now be suing for a divorce?"

Mrs. Finks-"I do not blame her. Her husband abused her terribly." Mrs. Minks-"Why, when they were married her husband was just as devoted as dear John is to me. I would die if I

thought that in a few years he could shange that way." Mrs. Finks-'-Oh, don't alarm your-

self, he won't." Mrs. Minks-"You are sure then?" Mrs. Finks-"Certain, All your money is in your name."-Philadelphia

Evening Oall. WHAT IT SAUGHT.

Mrs. Bilkson-"I hope this, Mr. Bilkson, will be a warning to you." Mr. Bilkson-"What are you talking

about, anyhow?" Mrs. Bilkson-"An item in this paper. It says: 'A man in Springfield, Me., being invited to drink, poured out a glass of whisky, looked at it a moment, and then dropped dead.' Now, just remember that, Mr. Bilkson, the next time you are asked to drink. It teacher

a terrible lesson." Mr. Bilkson-"Yes, indeed. Delays are dangerous."- Evening Call.

OVER, LONG AGO. "How long have you been married. Mrs. Slowbody?"

"Five years. "Five years? Why, you ought to have a wooden wedding." "Have," replied Mrs. Slowbody. glancing across at the meek figure of man trying to hide behind a newspaper,

AN EXPLANATION "How far is it from the City Hall to the Battery?" asked one New Yorker of

"had that when I was married."- Bur

ington Hawkeys.

another. "According to the city man it is mile, but I've walked it and I find it much longer.

saloon between the two places. - Texas HE STRUCK IT BICH. "That's my uncle over there," said fast young man to his fast companion;

"we're pretty near broke and I'll strike

him for a raise. He wen't go back on

"I can explain that discrepancy. The

me. Bet you the drinks I'll strike him for a ten and get it." The bet was made and the young man "struck" his uncle. A long conversa-tion ensuitd. Finally the young man

and some bille in his hand, "I told you Pd make it," he se maybe we can make a hit on rou with this."

Then his companion looked at i hills, and there were only two \$1 ac "But you didn't got \$10, did you ?"

FROM TIPPERABL. Two hot-tempered Celts from Battle row were in Yorkville Police Court yesterday. One had stabbed the other with a night key. The man who did the stabbing said, in extenuation of the

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"He called me a flamin' sucker." "What if he did?" said the Justice. "Oi'll allow no man to call me that," "Why not? What is a sucker?"

"Shure, Ol don't know." "How do you know but what it is complimentary term?"

"It may be, yer honor; but Molke niver mint it for a compliment." "Don't you know that natives of the great State of Illinois are called

"Oi did not, but Oi do now. Oi'm shure Moike niver mint to call me a native av that place, for well he knows Oi'm from Tipperary."-N. Y. Sun.

LIFE AMONG THE MORNOWS "My dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband, "I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself, flirting with that Miss B. as you did in church

to-day." "Firting with her?" he replied in estonishment. "Why we have been engaged for more than three months. It's

all over town." "Oh, I beg your pardon." said his wife indifferently. "If you are engaged to her, I suppose it is all right. When does the happy event occur ?"-Phila: delphia Call.

DULL TIMES.

Canadian Hotel Keeper-"I don't see how we are to get along. The house is about empty, yet it is impossible to reduce expenses. Look over the Ameri can papers and see what the news is." Hotel Clerk-"I have looked over

ration in the United States for two weeks." Canadian Hotel Keeper-"My stars! we will be ruined. I never knew the

them. There has not been a big defal-

ES COULDN'T STAND IT. "Why are you home so early?" asked wife of her husband, "Is the singing school exhibition out already?" "No: not more than half out " he re-

plied. "Why didn't you stay to the close? Weren't you interested in the singles?" "I was until a sixteen-year-old boy ettempted to sing 'Larboard Watch Aboy.' Then I thought I would come

home, go to bed and try to forget all IN WANT OF MOREY. "Can you give me a little money on that account of yours this morning?"

"No. I don't believe I can this morn "Well, will you appoint a time when you can? You have traded with me a great deal and have never paid me &

"I know it. I am a free trader."

In the Lime-Kiln Clab.

Trustee Puliback offered the follow. ing resolution :

"Resolved, Dat when a purson has bin tried in due form, convicted by an honest jury an' sentenced to prison by a Judge in whom the people have confi-dence, de criminal should stay dar until his sentence has expired."

Givendam Jones moved that the roll

be called upon the vote, and this being done Shindig Watkins was the only mans marked as opposing the resolution. "Dis resolution kivers a subject of deepest interest to de people at large," said Brother Gardner when the vote had bein pronounced. "A robber or embessler or defaulter or thief or even marderer kin sit down with a place of shalk in one han' an' a shingle in de odder anmake olus figures on dis metter. De murderer strikes his victim an' makes a break. De papers howl, de detactives rush an' de public talk of lymchin'. If he am not picked up right away der am a fusilade agin' de officers. When he am caught dar' am great auxiety to push him to trial. When he am tried an' ennvicted dar' am a heap of sweet talk bout de majesty of the law. He gits, say, fifteen y'ers in prison. He orter he bin sent fer life, but it was shown dat he was drunk, or his grandfadder was insane, or his great grandmudder had allus acted a loctle queer. Befo' a y'as has passed away somebody begins to city map does not go into every other pity. In de course of two or free y'est de proscentin' attorney begins to re A petition an drawn up an' de jury find doy was mistaken, de Judge diskiren dat he senienced de wrong men, an' de Gub'ner am asked to em donin' power to restore a perfeckly in nocent man to society?"—Detroit Free

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