

# THE PEOPLE.

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## Special Requests

1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post office address.
2. Business letters and communications to be published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary note when required.
3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and on only one side of the page.
4. All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

## BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!  
With your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,  
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,  
And the faint sweet smile you brought from  
the skies—  
God's sunshine, Baby Louise!

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise—  
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair—  
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,  
Are you trying to think of some angel-laugh  
prayer  
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!  
Why you never raise your beautiful head!  
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red  
With a flush of delight to hear the words said:  
"I love you," Baby Louise!

Do you hear me, Baby Louise!  
I have sung your praise for nearly an hour,  
And your lashes keep drooping lower and  
lower,  
And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower,  
Ungrateful Baby Louise!

MARGARET EYING.

## A Wife's Charm

A point upon the red lips of Gerald Sinclair's young wife—mistakenly a point—for though a wife of almost two years, her fond, indulgent husband had for the first time said nay to an openly expressed wish.

The fancy ball of the season, a grand and fashionable assemblage, was to take place during his absence, and he had said that he should prefer she would not attend.

She was only 20. Let this much be said in extenuation of the two great tears that rose to the brown eyes and slowly trickled down the pretty face, splashing on to the dainty morning dress, which, clinging to the dainty form, revealed so perfectly its graceful outlines.

Certainly, Niobe had no reason to feel ashamed of this one of her children. But Gerald Sinclair had only stooped and kissed away the glistening drops, in a half-hurried manner, perhaps to hide his awakening remorse.

"Never mind, little wife. I'll make it up to you another time."

Then he was gone; but she sat still turning and returning her wedding ring, with eyes bent upon it. It was a curious ring—a solid band, set with five large diamonds.

It had been her charm, her talisman, not to be taken from her finger until soul and body had parted; but this morning it had lost its charm. If it failed to scatter the clouds it failed to bring back the sunshine.

Even when the hour came round for Gerald's home-coming, he missed his usual warm welcome; but he thought that he might trust his wife's heart and said nothing. The next day he started on his journey.

"You're not going, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, bursting in upon her friend on the morning of the ball.

"And why not?"

"Gerald is away," replied Mrs. Sinclair, with some little show of wifely dignity, as though the fact were in itself sufficient explanation.

"And why need that make any difference?" pursued Mrs. Martin, a bewitching little widow, some years her friend's senior. "I will share my escort with you—Count Belmont!"

Sophie Sinclair looked up amazed. She knew the man mentioned had but lately gained entrance into society, and knew also that her husband disliked and distrusted him.

Once or twice she had seen his eye fixed admiringly upon herself, and had felt somewhat as the bird might feel beneath the basilisk glare of the serpent.

"Well, why don't you answer?" continued Mrs. Martin. "Will you go?"

"No, no," she replied, trying to speak with firm decision. "Besides, I do not think that Gerald admires the Count."

"Prejudice, my dear, all prejudice. The Count is the most charming and agreeable man I know. Indeed, I think I should be canonized for my willingness to share his attentions, especially as I have heard him say all manner of pretty things about you."

"Nonsense, Ellen," retorted Mrs. Sinclair. "But she felt the ground slipping beneath her feet as she spoke."

After all Gerald had not said positively no! Had he thought it necessary after he had openly expressed his disapprobation of her going?

He had not known that she would be so sorely tempted. Besides she would wear a mask. No one would know her; and when she told Gerald he would forgive her. A sudden thought came to her.

"I will go," she said at last, after continued urging, and looking at the picture in all its brightest lights, "on one condition, and that is that no one is to know me—not even the Count. Say that you have persuaded a friend to accompany you, who wishes to remain unknown. I will come to your house, where he will find me, and thus gain no clue."

So it was decided; but, in spite of her exquisite costume of a fairy as she concealed it and herself beneath a large domino, as the clock on her mantel chimed ten, it seemed to Sophie that every stroke said: "Stay! stay!"

She was almost tempted to obey it, but she had promised Ellen; and, after all, she had heard that it was well for young wives to assert themselves.

An hour later and, on the Count Belmont's arm, she entered upon the brilliant scene. So far he had not seemed curious to ascertain her identity. She experienced at this a singular sense of relief.

The ball was at its height when the clock rang out the hour of midnight, but for the first time in her life light and gaiety were distasteful. A hundred times she wished herself at home.

"I will tell Gerald. I have already been punished," she whispered to herself, as she stood for a moment alone in a quiet corner.

"You look more like a nun than a fairy—rather like one who had forewarned the vanities of the world, than a siren to tempt men to their destruction," said a voice close to her, "though to the latter I know no one more fitted."

"Sir!" she exclaimed indignantly, recognizing, as she spoke, the Count standing at her elbow.

"Ah, you thought I did not know you. I should penetrate any disguise you wore. Besides you have forgotten to remove a badge of recognition."

She followed with her eyes his downward glance, and saw that it rested on her hand, ungloved, as in better accord with the exigencies of her costume.

Involuntarily she drew it away, with the ring which had betrayed her.

Denial was useless, then, she said, "we will not further play a part. To the others we are masks, to ourselves we are ourselves."

"Ah, madame," he whispered, "let us rather say to the world we are ourselves, to each other we are a mask. Can men, think you, look coldly on such beauty as you possess? Can—"

Indignant and alarmed, she checked his further speech by starting forward to escape him. His hand closed on hers as in a vice. She wrenched it from him, sprang among a crowd of maskers, and so made her way to the door.

"Call a carriage for me," she directed. Ten minutes later she was within her own home. Her first impulse was to tear off the hated costume which had caused her such trouble; her next to throw herself on the bed and sob out her excitement and contrition. The morning sun, streaming into her room, awoke her.

With a shudder, she remembered the events of the past night. She looked down at her hand—the hand which had been polluted by another's touch—as though in some way she expected to find the contamination brand on its soft white surface. It was all unmarred; but—she looked again—she rubbed her eyes and looked—the color meanwhile fluttering out of her cheeks, and her pale lips quivering, as if her heart seemed to stand still in a sudden agony of fear; for from the third finger was missing the talismanic ring.

When and where she had lost it, and how could she now find the courage to confess all to Gerald? She rose and dressed, revolving this problem in her mind.

At any hour her husband might return. For the first time she dreaded to meet him—dreaded to look into his kindly, handsome eyes and read there all his incredulous reproach, mingled perhaps with scorn and anger.

The day wore on. Her friend, Mrs. Martin, ran in to scold her for her desertion; but her pale face and trembling tones made good her plea of sudden illness.

At nightfall Gerald arrived. She threw herself into his arms in a burst of nervous weeping; but when he wonderingly asked its cause, her courage failed her.

Why was it that she never imagined that he might look stern until to-day? A week passed, when one evening, sitting in the twilight, a step sounded close beside—She looked up to discover the Count.

"Pardon!" he began, in answer to her indignant, questioning look. "Why must you be so cruel? May I not now see you?"

"Sir, I command you to leave me. I am under the protection of my own roof."

He was about to answer, when a latch key was heard inserted in the outside door.

In an instant he had sprung into some place of concealment, but the fact that he was near lent to the young wife a sudden courage, born of the moment's desperation. Her husband, entering, approached her, but she motioned him back.

"Gerald," she said, "I have a bitter confession to make. It is fitting you should hear it now."

He listened, with arms folded across his breast, while she told him all the story of that fated night.

"And is this all?" he questioned bitterly, in his hand she had paused.

"No, not all," she continued, raising her voice. "My confession has another witness, who has forced his hated presence again upon me. The Count Belmont is here again, Gerald."

As she spoke she drew aside the curtain; but the form she expected to disclose was gone, the open window attesting its flight.

Silently the husband drew a paper from his pocket, and showed her a paragraph offering a reward for the arrest of a thief and swindler known as the Count Belmont.

"My darling," he said, "my little wife has learned a lesson she will never forget. I have known this story all the

time, but have waited until you came to tell it to me. I returned the night of the ball, to take you with me, when I found you had gone. Imagine what I suffered, and my added suffering when, arriving at the scene of enjoyment, where I had followed you, I discovered who was your companion. I stood near you, and heard the words he addressed to you—heard with joyful heart your answer; saw you wrench your hands from his hold, and also saw what you did not, the sparkle of the ring he drew from your finger. Poor little girl! I watched you hasten through the crowd, and knew that you had already met your bitterest punishment. It has been through my efforts that the Count has been traced and exposed. Only this morning I recovered your ring from the man with whom he had pledged it as security. Once more I place it on your finger. But remember, darling, it is only the outward charm. A wife's true talisman is her husband's honor."

THE PLEURO-PNEUMONIA BILL.  
A Texas Senator Attacks the Department of Agriculture.

When the U. S. Senate began the consideration of the bill to establish a Bureau of Animal Industry, to prevent the exportation of diseased cattle, and provide for the extirpation of pleuro-pneumonia and other contagious diseases among domestic animals, the House bill was substituted for the Senate bill. Mr. Plumb said that the cattle interests of the country were unanimously in favor of the legislation proposed by the bill.

Mr. McPherson stated that the alarming reports spread throughout the country and Europe some months ago, and those reports had come principally from such people as the bill under consideration provided should be appointed as inspectors of meats for export.

Mr. Coke severely criticized the Department of Agriculture for spreading false reports of the nature of the disease among American cattle. This bill had already been twice kicked out of the Senate, and should be kicked out again. The States separately were quite efficient to deal with their own cattle, and should not be interfered with. If the Agricultural Department would stop libeling the cattle of the United States no more trouble would be found with the cattle business.

Mr. Williams regretted that the Senator from Texas, Mr. Coke, had been carried so far by the warmth of his feelings in the denunciation of those who desired the passage of the bill. Mr. Williams said he was himself a stock raiser, and he knew that nineteen-twentieths of all the stock raisers of the country favored this measure. "And," ejaculated Mr. Williams, "to say there is no pleuro-pneumonia in this country—My God!" It was, he said, in New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the District of Columbia. Mr. Williams himself had seen it.

Mr. McPherson said he had not been able to find any in New Jersey.

Mr. Williams acknowledged the eminence of "Dr." McPherson as an authority on constitutional law and matters affecting the Navy, but he did not think that that gentleman could recognize pleuro-pneumonia if he saw it.

The Pike County Trout.

Ed. Mott, the Pike county historian, tells of a monster brook trout that has tantalized the sportsmen of that section for ten years. It has been seen time and time again. "Crack fly-casters," says Mott, "have come from New York and Philadelphia every season to try their skill on him. Sometimes as many as half a dozen have gathered at the pool at one time. They fished singly, in pairs, by threes, and by sixes. They fished at daylight, at nightfall, by moonlight. Sunny days, rainy days, chilly days, were tried. They fished with the wind in the north, when no angler ventures forth. They fished with the wind in the west, when the trout will bite the best. The fished with the wind in the east, when the trout will bite the least. They fished with the wind in the south, which blows the bait in the fish's mouth. But the mammoth denizen of the pool trimmed his sail to no wind, and remained safely in port. One time a teamster, who had taken a day off to go trout fishing, came running hatless to the Falls. He was as pale as a sheet. He carried a piece of his chestnut pole in each hand. He had half of his horse-hair line left.

"I hooked the big trout!" he yelled. "I was baited with a picker's belly fin. I played him till he broke my pole and my line, an' here they be!"

"People rather believed the teamster, and he was quite the lion of the backwoods. He was promoted to be sawyer. But a few days later Doc Jagers trapped a mink on the creek that had a hook in its jaw and four feet of horsehair line hanging to it. Then that teamster lost caste. He was discharged from the mill. His old place as mule driver was regained. He went away, and is believed by his former comrades to be a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Doc, do you think smoking is hurtful?" "Why, of course. Look at the chimneys. They make a business of the thing; and yet it's those that smoke the least that do the best."—French Witz.

## THE KNOT IN RUSSIA.

THE TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT INFLICTED UPON A CRIMINAL.

The Wonderful Power of Endurance on the Part of a Russian Prisoner—2000 Blows, and then the Mince of Siberia.

Mazof had murdered a man, a woman and a little boy. Before the magistrate he had made a full confession of his guilt. A determined attempt was made by the soldiers to mob him while he was making his confession, but it was repressed. He was reserved for a much more terrible punishment than that accorded by lynch law. He was sentenced to three hundred and ninety-nine lashes with the knout.

He was marched out to punishment in company with two forgers, all St. Petersburg turning out to witness the spectacle. This horrible show is thus graphically described by the old chronicler:

"The stake prepared for him was a strong block of wood fixed in the ground with three grooves at the top and two rings near the bottom; the middle groove was for the neck, and the two others for the armpits, the rings below to lock round the ankles; about the stake were laid coarse skins, especially where the knout-master trod, upon which lay his whips, marking irons, pincers, etc. An officer then read a paper to the people, signifying that forgery upon the Imperial Bank being a capital crime, two of the prisoners convicted of it were condemned to receive eleven blows with the knout, to have their nostrils pulled out and be banished for life to Siberia; the murderer of so many people to receive three hundred and ninety-nine blows, to be branded three times in the face, have his nostrils pulled out, and, if then alive, to be banished for life to the mines of Siberia.

"The executioner and his assistants then stripped him, tied his hands across and led him to the post. After fixing his ankles they bent his neck and arms over it, and drew the rope with which his hands were tied through the ring on the opposite side, which seemed to stretch all the muscles of the back. He then retired about four or five yards from him, and, taking up one of the knouts, worked it with his hands to give it a proper elasticity. Walking toward the criminal with four or five steady steps, then taking a spring, he struck a perpendicular stroke with a heavy, loud crack. The first stroke cut from the right side of the bottom of the neck to the left armpit. The effect was visible in a moment, and by the violence of his screams afforded reason to suppose that the pain was very great. The second was about half an inch below the first and so on till twenty-five, when, changing the whip, the operator erased the former wound, striking from the left side to the right, and afterward quite perpendicular. The strokes were given with the greatest regularity. Between each a person might deliberately count eight, the executioner always walking slowly to and from the stake.

"His cries were now so terrible that some of the spectators were obliged to turn their backs and put their fingers in their ears. All was quiet and silent, and the crack of the knout was heard a great distance. After receiving three hundred lashes, the culprit's voice grew faint, and during the last one hundred he showed no signs of life whatever, the whole of the upper part of the back by being beaten to a black mummy. After the last blow the assistants lifted up the face by the hair, and the executioner struck him three times with an instrument that left the initial of black dust into the wound; after which, at two pulls, he tore the gristle of his nose, and loosened him from the block. The whole lasted about three quarters of an hour, and it was generally thought that he had been dead some time; however, he made a feeble attempt to put on his coat, and recovered sufficiently to be able to make some reparations to society by working the iron mines."

Only to Think.

A good story is told of the late Anthony Trollope, Norman Macleod, and John Burns, one of the Cunard Company. They were intimate friends, and made a tour in the Highlands together. Arriving at an inn late at night, they had supper, and after their repeat told stories and laughed, as Trollope used to do over here, regardless of other visitors, half the night through. In the morning an old gentleman who occupied a bedroom just above them complained to the landlord that he had been so disturbed by the noise from the party below that he had been unable to sleep, and he greatly regretted that such men should take more than was good for them.

"Well," replied the landlord, "I am bound to say there was a good deal of loud talking and laughing, but they had nothing stronger than tea and herring."

"Bless me," rejoined the old gentleman, "if that is so, what would Dr. Macleod and Mr. Burns be after dinner?"

"I WANT a Chaucer," said a customer to a New York clerk in a book store, after looking over the list of English poets. "Fine cut or plug?" inquired the young man, putting his hand in his pocket.

## Hanged for Twenty Murders.

TWO MEN WHO MADE A TRADE OF KILLING EXECUTED IN VIENNA.

Hugo Schenck and Karl Schiossarak, who murdered twenty servant girls, were hanged at Vienna. An altar had been fitted up in the prison, and a mass was said, after which both the culprits partook of the sacrament and prayed earnestly and fervently. On the way from their cells to the place of execution the condemned men answered the responses to the office for the dead which the priests, who accompanied them to the spot, under the posts where the fatal nooses were adjusted, were reciting. The word was given, and the prisoners were drawn up and slowly strangled to death.

Karl Schenck, a brother of Hugo, who was also implicated to a certain extent with Hugo and Schiossarak, has been sentenced to life imprisonment.

The Schencks were the sons of a judge in Silesia, who educated them well. They associated themselves with Schiossarak, a confirmed criminal, and with other bad characters. It is not uncommon in Vienna for servants who have saved money to advertise for husbands, Hugo Schenck, a married man, living apart from his wife, used to answer such advertisements, sometimes under pretence of being an engineer in receipt of a good salary, and occasionally as a wealthy aristocrat with a contempt for class prejudice. He would meet the girls by appointment, and, after paying court to them, induce them to draw their money out of the bank and accompany him on a journey to get married. They would go to some retired spot where Schenck had arranged that his accomplices should be in readiness, and together they would strangle or shoot the girl, secure her property, conceal her body and return quickly to town to plan fresh murders.

The Dominican Monastery.

The new Dominican monastery in Newark, N. J., has been visited by thousands and inspected with a curious interest. The monastery is a gloomy square, plain Gothic structure of rough brown stone. It has no ornamentation whatever, and is said by the architect to be a copy of monasteries of the same order in the Old World. Its weird aspect, the fact that it is the only house of the order in America, and the austere life which the nuns have already begun to lead there caused many people to await impatiently the opening of the monastery for public inspection.

The cells of the monastery contain only a bed, a chair and a table, with a brown stone pitcher and a basin. They are each 8x10 feet, and have for beds wooden tables, covered with a tick containing little a straw. The prioress of the house was formerly known as Miss Julia Crooks. Night and day two nuns kneel constantly before the Host. They all rise at midnight and pray for two hours. They then return to bed and sleep until 5:30 o'clock, when they rise and engage in prayer in their cells. At 6 o'clock they go to the chapel for private prayer and to assist in the mass. At 8 o'clock a little coffee and bread are partaken of, and from 8:30 to 10:30 the nuns work in the community room. Devotions follow till 11 o'clock, when a plain dinner is eaten. Meat is never eaten. From dinner the nuns go to the cloister or garden for recreation. Except at this time there is no conversation in the house, save such talk in undertones as may be absolutely necessary.

There are now in the monastery fifteen full nuns, who wear a white habit and a black veil; six lay sisters, who wear white habits and veils and black aprons, and ten postulants, who dress in black.

The Girl He Left Behind Him.

The Oglethorpe (Ga.) Echo says:—I heard a gentleman who was a member of Gen. Henry L. Benning's brigade tell the following: "One night during the war, while Benning's brigade was encamped in the Wilderness near Chancellorsville, the Second Georgia band, which, by the way, was one of the best bands of music in the whole army—if we are to believe those who listened to the sweet strains—went out to serenade their old General. The band played a great many fine pieces in their most accomplished style and then prepared to return to their bivouac, when Gen. Benning walked out of his tent in a very calm and dignified manner and exclaimed earnestly, 'Good! good! good! Now, boys, play "The Girl I Left Behind Me." That which made such an impression upon the soldiers who were witnessing the scene was that such an old, stern, warlike man as he was at that time, should be thinking of the girl he left behind him. He said the girl he left behind him are now numbered with the dead.

Revenue Receipts.

The collections of internal revenue during the first nine months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884, were as follows: From spirits, \$55,497,383, an increase of \$2,102,440 over the corresponding period of the previous year; from tobacco, \$18,854,535, a decrease of \$13,765,593; from fermented liquors, \$12,658,569, an increase of \$895,773; from banks and bankers, \$2,392, a decrease of \$2,741,534; from miscellaneous sources \$440,904, a decrease of \$6,006,539. The aggregate receipts were \$97,454,064, which is \$20,505,263 less than the collections for the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year.

## Valuable Dogs.

While a group of spectators were examining the famous colts, Tweed II, at the New York Dog Show, Mr. F. C. Phebus, of Newmarket, Md., who has grown up with shepherd dogs, became enthusiastic in expatiating on the traits of these animals.

"If you once gain the affection of a collic, he said, "you may starve or abuse it, but he will never desert you. He will die at your feet or on your grave, if you die first. Their intelligence, when intrusted with the care of sheep, is beyond belief, except to those who work with them. This dog has taken a flock of seventy-five sheep from the stock yard at Baltimore, to a farm thirty-six miles away, without losing one of them. His endurance equals his sagacity. He will cross a road sixty-five feet wide twice a minute, and travel all day without resting. With a wave of the hand he will fly from the rear to the front of the flock. At another signal he will divide a flock into two, and if I hold my hand up, thus, five fingers extended, he will separate that number out of the flock. He will take a flock of eighteen and divide them into three groups of six each at a word, and never loquish one with his teeth. He once took seventy through the streets of Baltimore, a distance of four miles, without losing one. He will also separate chickens from hogs, and hens from roosters, at command."

WITH A GENTLE HAND.

The One Touch of Nature That Makes the Whole World Kin.

They were moving; not the ordinary regular routine of May 1, when distressed families flock from one cramped and inconvenient dwelling into another of the same type, but this was a going "Out of the old house into the new."

And the mother's face was serious, for there was one of the little flock missing, not lost, but gone before into the new home, in the city whose walls lie four-square.

Thus it happened that one little room was left to the lost and as a rough workman laid his hand on the door and pushed it open, the mother cried out as if he had struck her a blow:

"Oh, not there! Not there! I will move those things myself. You cannot touch them!"

"That was baby Grace's room and she died in that little bed," said one of the older children.

The rough workman stayed his foot on the threshold. Then he touched his hat, and his tone was husky as he said: "If ye please, ma'am, I'll handle them things gently. I've a little one of my own in glory—the heavens be her bed—and it's myself will see them not a bit damaged, and I'll settle it beyond with you."

It was the "one touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin."—Detroit Free Press.

Lady Stradbroke Snubbed.

London Truth says: "It is quite a mistake to suppose that the lady of title who is morally responsible for the London World libel has gone entirely unpunished. The Queen was exceedingly angry with her; and she received a unmistakable hint that she would do well not to attend the drawing-room, and Her Majesty also crossed her ladyship's name out of the State ball and concert invitation lists. Indeed the name would have been permanently struck off the Buckingham Palace list but for the Queen's consideration for her ladyship's blameless husband, who has suffered as much mortification from the affair as did the Duc d'Ivry after his spouse's indiscretion at that Congress of Baden of which we read in "The Newcomes," "My lady" has also received the cold shoulder from Marlborough House, so that altogether her position has been by no means so satisfactory as most people suppose.

His Spirits Dampened.

The train halted for a few minutes at the station and a young man who had been entertaining two fair maidens with his cultivated conversation during the last run rushed out and disappeared before the door of an adjacent saloon. He swung himself on the car just as the train started and pantingly resumed his seat and the abruptly interrupted chit-chat.

"Gracious!" exclaimed one of the girls. "How frightened you look!"

"Do I?" he gasped. "I don't feel so. I only went out to see a friend."

"You must have met a wicked ghost," she said.

With a puzzled look he murmured: "Why, that's absurd. You know I don't believe in the supernatural."

"Perhaps not," she retorted, with the faintest suggestion of a sneer, "but your breath is awfully suggestive of bad spirits."

The youth muttered something about malaria, and concealed his pungent exhalations behind a paper.

Too Young.—A Chicago hotel-keeper who has just been sued for breach of promise of marriage, puts in the extraordinary defence that the plaintiff deceived him by telling him she was thirty-nine years old, whereas she is only twenty-nine. He swears that a middle-aged man, he was deceived.

## THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

IN THE CHURCH.

During the sermon one of the quibblers fell asleep.

"Now's your chance," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you can catch the tenor."

"You wouldn't dare do that," said the soprano.

"You'll wake him up," suggested the bass.

"I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name's Psalm!" remarked the boy who pumped the organ; but he said it solo that no one quibbled.—Laf.

VERY PECULIAR.

A was the owner of a number of b b b's, that were infected by a curious d o e, which could not be remedied with e e e. Except by giving them fresh g g g's. The f x of which time he knew would be a long time to see; so they were destroyed by the j j j.

And swallowed at once in every k k k. This was leaving the b b b to a p a i e r into so he thought he would with them if I (great) to be washed, or n n n of the earth if he please. For his life's support he o o o to the b b b. He had no p p p, but t r's profits. He had an x o of gold and of b b b. He wished to exchange for coffee and t t t. So r v could trade himself as p p p. He made the trip of w w w.

A y y thought struck him—he took a notion And with his b b b he crossed an ocean. Where there are no j j j to swallow his b b b. And he buys all the coffee and t t t he o o e.

—St. Louis Globe.

HOW IT WORKS.

Mrs. Grasp—"How is Uncle Joe getting along? I hope he is making a living, for I don't want him coming on to us in his old age."

Mr. Grasp—"That reminds me; I just heard the strangest thing. Old Brown recently returned from a visit to Uncle Joe and says that instead of being poor he is very rich and is becoming extravagant. He got into some speculations and made loads of money."

"Goodness gracious! Who would have thought it? Extravagant, too. He will squander all his money. Don't you think Uncle Joe always was a little queer?"

"Why, so he was. I never thought of it. Poor Uncle Joe."

"Yes; come to think, his mind has always been a little shaky. I am afraid he will kill somebody next."

"Oh, he might. I will see the lawyer at once about getting him into a lunatic asylum."—Phila. Call.

LEARNING WIDOW.

A Peasant who had Seven Daughters wearing out sole leather for him went to the Cave of a Wise Old Dwarf, and sought his Advice as how to bring them up.

"Marry them off as soon as possible, and you can then Break up Housekeeping and go Boarding among them."

After a few Months the Father returned to the Cave, and his girls had such a Lonesome Expression, that the Wise Man cried out:

"Ah, you must follow my Advice to learn Wisdom!"