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THE PEOPLE.

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OLD ECHOES.

You wonder that my tears should flow In listening to that simple strain; That those unskillful sounds should fill My soul with joy and pain— How can you tell what thoughts it stirs Within my heart again?

TEN YEARS OF WAITING.

A LOVE STORY.

"Well, fifty years ago," said Aunt Bell, "I was a girl of sixteen and was invited to spend the summer months with my aunt, who then had one of the finest houses in the county of Kildare. Several regiments were stationed at the camp and at a neighboring village, so you may imagine we had a very merry time. The maddest, the merriest, the handsomest of all, was a young Scotch lieutenant, Kinloch Kinloch. His mother was Irish, and had bequeathed her good looks and propensity for joking. And now for Kitty, the heroine. She was the daughter of an old gardener who lived about a mile away from my aunt's house, and of all the distracting pretty women that have made men do foolish things, I am sure Kitty was one of the prettiest. "One day, as a large party of us were standing chattering under the trees, Kitty passed us with a basket of fruit. "Kinloch for the first time noticed the girl, and seemed struck dumb with amazement. "He stood at a little distance and kept his eyes fixed on her. "It was love from that very moment, and every one noticed it. "Kinloch's regiment had been ordered away to another part of Ireland; and one morning, a few days before he was to go, we begged for his company to a picnic we had arranged to have with one or two other families. He declined to go with us. "He has got his lady-love to bid good-by to, I daresay," suggested Philip Grant. "Kinloch turned on him with blazing eyes. We all kept back. They were like globes of fire. "Confound it, sir!" he cried, "and suppose I have! what is that to you?" "We all looked at Philip; he was very white, but he shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and wisely forbore to answer. "Kinloch's temper cooled down as rapidly as it had arisen. "I am sorry to disappoint you girls," he said, gently, "but you will have to excuse me." And, bowing, he walked off. "That evening Kinloch made his way to the old gardener's cottage. His face was pale, but he had a determined look in the corners of his mouth, and he carried his head well thrown back and stepped lightly along. "The girl had just set her father's supper before him, and had gone out to rest in the garden and watch the still beauties of the night. "The air was fresh, and in the heavens the full moon was hurrying through its star-spangled course. The reeds in a neighboring stream rustled and shivered in the breeze, and a large night-moth or two came sailing up and bumped against Kitty's white kerchief on their way to the fatal candle shining in the window. "The girl looked up to the sky and tears filled her eyes. "Why do you weep, Kitty?" said a voice at her side. "No need to turn to look for the speaker! The girl buried her face in her hands and sobbed afresh. "You are going away," she said. "Yes, I am going away," said Kinloch; "but you will come with me, Kitty, for you love me." "I love you, but I shall not accompany you." "But you must. I have spoken to the old priest, and he is ready to marry us."

"But she shook her head resolutely. "And this is how you lightly fling away a man's happiness for life? "A few days' pain now, to save you years of regret in the future." "The young man looked at the girl perplexed. Where could she have learned such sentiments?—where had she gained the strength to express them so freely? "He then said, slowly and solemnly, as if taking an oath: "Look yonder, Kitty! That is the evening star. So surely as it will shine in the heavens five, ten or twenty years, as surely will my love remain unchanged for you. Bid me come back when you will, Kitty, and if I have breath in my body and strength to do it, I will come." "Come back in ten years, Kinloch. I will be true to you, and wait till then. I will try and improve myself—make myself more worthy of your love." "Keep as you are, Kitty—remain unchanged," said the young man jealously, "lest when I come again I shall not see in you the last look I took away with me, my life, my love!" he murmured, passionately, and kissing her sweet brow and mouth, folding her in one last embrace, he sighed and left her. "She turned to go into the cottage. A large downy moth which had been bumping against the little window sailed in before her, circled thrice round the candle and flew up into its alluring brightness. The candle flickered and went out; the moth dropped down with a thud upon the table, dead. "Kitty, with eyes blinded by tears and with shaking hands, felt, though somewhat tardily, the light. "Kitty, my girl," said the old man, pointing significantly to the singed insect, "don't be as foolish as that silly thing. Its eyes were dazzled, and it had no strength to resist the fatal fascination." "Father," said the girl, stooping down and kissing his gray locks, "you may trust me." "Here Aunt Bell stopped. "Is it interesting. Shall I go on?" "Oh, do! Did he come back?" said her niece. "Well, the years passed on, and the girl was joked and teased, and had many offers of marriage; but she was firm and would listen to none. "At last the young fellows grew weary of their fruitless attempts at love-making and the greater part left her alone. "A few, more unkind, would ask when she expected her young gentleman home, and taunted her in cutting speeches and insinuations. "Nine years went by, and then there came the battle of Waterloo, when officers and men went down in hundreds together. "Still no word from Kinloch, and Kitty's heart, which had never failed in its lightness, nor her step in its speed, now sank and faltered for the first time. "Early in the next year—in fact, on New Year's night—the officers gave a ball, and every girl and young man for miles around was invited. "Girls were in great demand, and I went down to my aunt's house especially for that night. "I was anxious to see Kitty myself, and to find out how the years had passed over her head. "You think, perhaps, twenty-six was rather old to be called a girl—do you, Kitty?" "Well, I felt almost the same as I did when I was sixteen, and quite as ready to enjoy a dance or flirtation, I can assure you. "Kate Daly—that was her name—went to help the ladies unshawl themselves, and to be ready with needle and thread when an unhappy damsel with torn skirt or frounce should require her assistance. "She was then twenty-eight, and the young girl's beauty had developed into the most lovely of women. Only when her face was at rest, and you caught the suspicion of an anxious heart upon it would you have guessed her age. "She wore a pale tea-rose-tinted gown, with ruffles of lace of her own making at the neck and sleeves. "It was a wild and stormy night without, but it only served to enhance the brightness and animation of the scene within. "The dancing of the high-heeled shoes and the silvery laughter rose higher than the wail of the wind, and the tinkling wine-cups drowned all sound of rain. "Suddenly there was a lull; we stopped in our dances; a chill blast seemed to have entered the room; we turned and saw a silent, dark figure standing in the doorway. "He was tall and handsome, but his large black cloak, carefully slung over his shoulder, was dripping with the rain and making large pools on the floor. His legs, booted and spurred, were mud up to the hips. "Just at that moment the clock struck 12, and the year 1818 had broken. Some of the more excitable girls screamed and ran behind their partners. "Was it an apparition? Was it an ill omen for the coming year? "I seem to frighten you good people. Does nobody know me?" "Kitty at that moment was bringing in a jug of iced claret at another door. "She heard the voice and turned

round, trembling, with a wild cry, "Kinloch, Kinloch, I knew you would come back! And amid a crash of breaking glass—for she let the vessel slip from her hands—she bounded to his side and then disappeared in the folds of the great cloak. "How splendid, Aunt Bell!" said her niece, drawing a deep breath; "but if she married him then, I do not see why she should not have done so before." "Ah, but she was a wise girl, little one; she knew it would test his constancy and prove if he really loved her. A young man's love at twenty-one (as she knew very well) would not be his choice at thirty-one." "What became of them, Aunt?" "Oh, they married and traveled about a good deal, and finally both died out in India within a few months of each other. There was one son, and I believe he is in the army also." WHERE IS THE ABBE? Before the French revolution there were many ecclesiastics known as the abbés. They were without office or duty, and picked up, as they were poor, a meal here and there, among the charitable. At the houses of the principal noblemen there was usually a plate left for some chance abbe who might drop in at dinner-time. At that hour it was no uncommon sight to see the abbés picking their way from one nobleman's house to another. Rapping at the gate, the hungry ecclesiastic would inquire of the porter, "Is there a vacant place?" If the answer was "No, monsieur," he would walk onward. This custom will explain a story told by Rogers, the poet, which illustrates the horrors of the French Revolution. Just after it had broken out, a party was dining, one day, at a nobleman's house, and among them an abbe. While at dinner, the cart carrying those condemned to the guillotine went by. All the company ran to the windows to see the best sight of the abbe, being a smart man, tried in vain to peep on tiptoe. Determined to see, he ran down to the front door. His curiosity cost him his life, for, as the cart went by, one of the victims, knowing the abbe, bowed to him. The abbe returned the salutation. "What! you are his friend?" exclaimed one of the guards. "Then you, too, are an aristocrat." "Away with him!" shouted the crowd, and the poor abbe was seized, thrust into the cart, and hurried to the guillotine. The company, having satisfied their curiosity, returned to the table. "Where is monsieur, the abbe?" asked a guest, seeing a vacant place. No one could answer. He was already headless. —Youth's Companion. THE MONITOR'S CREW. No Prize Money for Them—But Any Amount of Grateful Recognition. A sub-committee of the House committee on Naval Affairs reported to the full committee a bill providing for the appropriation of the \$400,000 for the relief of the officers and crews of the United States sloop of war Cumberland and United States steamer Monitor, engaged in action with the Confederate steamer Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, on March 8 and 9, 1862. Representative Harmer, of Pennsylvania, who prepared the bill, in his report accompanying it says: "The committee, after careful investigation of the law and the facts in these cases, has been unable to find any authority for the payment of prize money in either of them. * * * The evidence shows that the Merrimac was neither captured nor destroyed by either of these vessels and the claim to prize money must be rejected. But while this is true the evidence presented to the committee abundantly proves the most conspicuous gallantry and devoted patriotism, as well as extraordinary services rendered by the officers and crews of these ships, which, in the opinion of your committee, entitles them to a generous and grateful recognition by the country." KATE FIELD is very angry at Felt, a Mormon elder. He once told her, in Boston, that no Mormon practiced polygamy without the consent of the first wife that women did not object to polygamy, and that polygamous families were filled with the spirit of peace. She finds, on visiting Salt Lake City, that his matrimonial career is not proof of happiness incidental to celestial marriage. She declares that when he said that women never complained of polygamy and lived harmoniously in it, he quite forgot his mother's experience, that of his father's plural wives, and lost sight of his own second wife's broken spirit. SINCE the introduction of the lawnmower the lawn has come to be regarded as the great feature of a garden. When it is well kept there is nothing more beautiful or pleasing than a broad open space of turf, and in the planting and arranging of trees it should be our endeavor to keep the lawn as open as possible. This can be accomplished by arranging the trees and shrubs in borders or belts around the margin, with a fine specimen tree occasionally standing alone in a prominent position, where its beauties can be seen to the best advantage.

A SUNDAY SERMON. RELATIVE VALUE OF GENEROSITY AND LIBERALITY. A Few Striking Notes From Beecher's Sunday Talk. "That was the Wall-street of those days," said Mr. Beecher as he read his text Sunday, commenting upon the passage, "And he fell among thieves." The sermon treated of the relative value of generosity and liberality. Mr. Beecher said in his sermon: "It is right for one to feel the influence of nation, of family, of profession and of social circles, but it is wrong to neglect all outside of it, as if the claims of humanity on us were confined in the ratio of the nearness of persons to us." "Of all facile graces in Christian experience—no, in religious experience, there is no grace like that of having. It is called justice sometimes—standing for the right; it is called a proper discrimination of character and conduct; it is called all sorts of things; but the Lord knows and the devil knows that it is right down good having that is exercised by calling themselves Christians." "The good Samaritan is admired by all sects and races—and occasionally is imitated." "A habit of generosity is like oil on machinery, and makes life smooth; and there is more in it to teach man to love man than in all the preaching in the world." "There are a thousand things that might gradually be better for the interpretation of truth in its larger sphere; 'ut, after all, an act of kindness brings God's angels nearer to man than almost any other form of teaching." "I recollect that the most painful times in my life, and the least profitable, were when folks were talking religion to me. Oh! I did dread a pious man who was always talking religion, and I made up my mind that if I ever got pious—which I never expected—that I would never bore people with religion. There isn't a man woman or child that can say I ever talked snap to anybody." "Liberality endeavors to do more than a transient kindness. It is studying how to do a kindness in such a way that it shall be a wholesome one and not a retail one. It looks along the line of probabilities and sees where mischiefs will be likely to occur, or where benefits will be likely to be appreciated or needed, and undertakes, by organization, to extend a kindness down through the generations." "Generosity works by sight, liberality works by faith, and, like ourselves, they work better when they have both sight and faith." "It is good to relieve one orphan, but it is better to establish an institution that will relieve ten thousand; it is a much higher manifestation of true love and benevolence." "Let not liberality cheat generosity; let not generosity scoff at liberality; let them go into an alliance like with the other." "Don't do your good through committees if you can do it personally; the face of the giver is better than the thing given often; but if you can do something through a committee besides what you do personally do that." "It is the selfishness of riches that is its bane; it is the laying up for one's self; but he that with constant regard for his own household, yet has an ambition to go beyond that, and by his life and in it to make men on every side of him happy, how heroic is such a man and such a life!" "The man who lives for himself will have the privilege of being his own mourner when he dies." "I hear men say, 'Ah! you are taking a collection to-day for foreign missionaries; what are you church folks doing in such and such a neighborhood?' Now, I have taken notice that the man who won't give to foreign missions generally won't give to home missions. They are the men who are always quoting 'Charity begins at home,' and with them it always stays at home." The Beard as a Disguise. In reply to the question whether there is such a thing in real life among criminals as the wearing of false beards, and that kind of disguise, a detective is quoted as saying that the make-up of the stage is not known to the police in their dealings with rascals. But there is a good deal of letting, and it is generally done by disguising the hair grow or cutting it off, and changing its color. There are barbers who do that kind of work at high prices. They get into it in the bounty-jumping days. A man with long black hair and whiskers would enlist, get the bounty, and desert. Within a day or two he would turn up again with red hair and whiskers a little shorter. Next time, the hair might be yellow, and all of it gone from his chin. And so on, if he was provident with his stock of hair he could be a half dozen very different men before getting down to a clean face and close-cropped head. NONE trifles with God and make sport of sin so much as those whose way of living interferes with their prayers; who pray perhaps for sobriety and wait daily for an answer to that prayer at a merry meeting or a tavern.

ST ENSIGN REYNOLDS. A Naval Officer who Earned a Decoration Which was Rescued. In mid-Atlantic the U. S. ship Constellation was overtaken by a gale of wind and was compelled to lie-to. While the storm was at its height a wreck was sighted a short distance away, with men clinging to it. It was evident that every soul on the foundered vessel would be lost unless immediate aid was rendered. Every officer and man on board the war vessel was anxious to go to the assistance, but in consequence of the very heavy sea running at the time the commanding officer did not deem it safe to send a boat away from the ship. He was of the opinion that no boat could possibly live in such a sea. He was importuned so much, however, by the officers that he finally consented, and a volunteer boat's crew was picked out and a senior lieutenant, a careful and excellent officer, was sent in charge. When the boat reached the disabled vessel, which proved to be an Austrian bark, it was found impossible to board her, owing to the large quantity of sparring and other debris by which she was surrounded. Had the boat gotten among this litter she would undoubtedly have been smashed to pieces and the crew drowned. Discouraged, the lieutenant returned to his vessel and reported his inability to do anything to save the unfortunate creatures on the sinking ship. Ensign Reynolds, who was the young-est officer on board, then volunteered to make the attempt. The captain told him that it was impossible for him to succeed where an experienced officer had failed, but the young man pleaded so hard and so earnestly that permission was at last granted. The ensign found the same state of affairs as his superior officer had reported, but determined to overcome the obstacles. Keeping the boat at a safe distance he stripped off his clothes and swam to the wreck with the end of a line. By means of the rope he transferred every soul on board the bark to the Constellation. He was obliged to make three trips to the man-of-war, each time the boat returned with a fresh crew, the others being worn out and there was no relief for the gallant officer. The last trip had to be made for him solely, because had he gone in the boat the previous trip there would have been one more person in her than she would hold. When at last he swam from the wreck and was taken into the boat, he said there was no use in allowing the wreck to float about to the danger of other vessels, for it was right in the transatlantic track. Again he swam to the foundered bark, and succeeded in setting her on fire, thus getting rid of a dangerous obstruction to navigation. For this brave and heroic conduct the Austrian Government desired to reward the young officer, and the Emperor asked permission for him to accept a decoration. When the matter came before Congress, Messrs. Robinson and Waller objected, and caused a delay in the passage of the bill. Reynolds was one of the first officers to volunteer for the Greely relief expedition, and sailed a few days ago for the Arctic. The delay occasioned by the two Congressmen prevented him from receiving the decoration before he sailed, though the bill afterward passed. AS TO THE TART STRAWBERRY. Various Ways in Which the Delicious Little Red Fellow May be Eaten. [From the Boston Journal.] As the strawberry season is with us, a few ideas regarding the disposal of the delicious berry might be timely. Here is one of the best recipes for strawberry shortcake: One pint sifted flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonful soda, measured after pulverizing; 1 full teaspoonful cream of tartar (omit if sour milk be used), mixed together and sifted two or three times; 1 cup butter, 1 cup sweet or sour milk or cold water. Rub in the butter, or melt the butter and add it hot with the milk, gradually mixing and cutting with a knife, and use just enough to make it of light, spongy consistency. Either bake on a griddle or in the oven. When baked tear open and spread each half of the cakes with softened butter. Put half of the cakes on a hot plate. Mash a pint of strawberries, sweeten to taste, put a large spoonful on each cake; then put another layer of cakes and whole berries, well sugared. Serve with cream. Strawberry Charlotte: Line a bowl with strawberries and fill with Bavarian cream. The cream is made up of 1 box gelatine, 1 cup cold water soaked together. Whip one pint of cream till you have three pints of the whip. Boil the remainder with 1 cup sugar and when boiling add the gelatine. Add 1 teaspoonful vanilla. When the mixture is cold add whipped cream. Strawberry Sherbet: One pint berry juice, 1 pint sugar, 1 pint water, juice 2 lemons, 1 tablespoonful gelatine. Or, 1 pint preserved fruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 quart water, 2 lemons, tablespoonful gelatine. GENERAL GRANT will get about \$40,000 a year from his testimonial fund and his pension as a general on the retired list. It is thought he will be able to pull through on that, though of course he can't expect to get an style like a new member of Congress.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB. The President Gives Advice to Members Who Wish to Enter the Political Field. [From the Detroit Free Press.] "What we want," quietly began Brother Gardner as the meeting opened, "is a President who represents the majority of the people not only in number, but in sentiment. How shall we get him? Let me give you the programme: 1. Make a ring of fifty men who have correct ideas to be furthered by a Presidential candidate. 2. Do ring buys a certain number of newspapers to manufacture a feeling. 3. Money can be used to get right sort of delegates to conventions. 4. If delegates can't get a higher price by going to the other man, they stick to their candidate and pull him up fur people to worship. 5. Den each side starts out an 'proves dat de candydate of de odder party am mean, low-lived an' dishonest. 6. By de use of lies, money, bulldozin', an' frauds of de meanest description, one of de candydates am finally 'lected, an' he goes to de White House an' sets up dar as de representative of de great majority of American freemen. "Of all de mean and contemptible things about de American nation as a race am a Presidential campaign. We lie, deceive, bribe, flatter, oppress, an' if dis succeeds we swing our hats an' hurrah an' call de attention of de world to our grand system of gov'ment. From de nomination of a constable to de countin' of de electoral vote fur President we indulge in all dat am mean an' low-lived, an' yit we slant our hats ober our ears an' talk about freedom of de press, freedom of de ballot, an' a republican form of gov'ment dat outshines de hull world! "Sir Isaac Walpole, if you am gwine to take an active part in de comin' campaign, prepar' yerself now by throwin' de winds all yer religion! "Pickles Smith, resolve to become a liar! Judge Cadaver, git yer tongue limbered up to talk slander! Giveadam Jones, see if you cannot fit yourself to be a politician! Trustee Pullback, I look to you to bring some news we can't be frightened! Lord Nelson Blake, stand forth an' tell us dat ye am prepar'd to write abusive newspaper articles fur so much money per rod! Waydown Bebebe, you am detailed to hire free-born patriots to carry torches an' hurrah fur liberty at so much a torch! Dat's all. Let us proceed to business." THE MISSING LINK. A keeper in the Zoological Gardens, while kneeling on the floor of the cage, was suddenly attacked by a fierce baboon. A little American monkey, which was a warm friend of the keeper, lived in the same compartment with, and was dreadfully afraid of the great baboon. But as soon as the poor little fellow saw his friend, in peril he rushed to the rescue, and by screams and bites so distracted the baboon that the man was enabled to effect his escape, not, however, without having run great risk of losing his life, according to the opinion of the surgeon who attended him. Monkeys have long memories, and some of them can inflict cruel punishment. Mrs. Lee tells of having greatly annoyed one in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, by tapping him on the hands for ill-treating one of his fellow-prisoners, and he never forgave her. Whenever he saw her on future occasions, or even when he heard her voice, he flew into a passion and rolled about in rage, in one instance seizing her gown through the bars of his cage and tearing a piece out of it, although it was of stout material. Of another monkey, whose place of exile was in the West Indies, a crueler revenge is known. This individual, kept tied to a stake, was often robbed of his food by the crowd. This was how he revenged himself. He lay quite still on the ground and pretended to be dead. By degrees the birds approached and repeated their thefts. The artful little fellow never stirred but let the crows steal to their heart's content until he was sure of them. When he was sure that one was within reach of his fingers he made a grab at it and caught it. When he had got hold of the luckless bird, he sat down and deliberately plucked the feathers out of it and then flung it toward its screaming comrades.—Darwin's latest work. CIRCULARS.—One of our popular doctors was not long ago much pleased with a certain serated water, and, by his assiduous recommendations, procured for it a celebrity it justly deserved. The doctor acted solely in the interests of humanity generally, and expected no return. To his surprise, there came one morning an offensive letter from the company, saying that his recommendations had done them so much good that they "wanted to send him a hundred dollars." Here the page came to an end. "This will never do," said the doctor; "it is very kind, but I could not think of accepting anything." Here he turned the page and found the sentence ran: "Of our circulars for distribution." It had tapper was a fever that wouldn't be hospital enough to

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS. WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER. AN ILLUSTRATION. One of the Professors of the University of Texas was engaged in explaining the Darwinian theory to his class, when he observed that they were not paying proper attention. "Gentlemen," said the professor, "when I am endeavoring to explain the peculiarities of the monkey, I wish you would look right at me."—Texas Siftings. A REMINDER. "Remember the poor," says an exchange. We will. We do. We can't forget him. He charged us \$1 a cord for sawing wood and cut every last stick of it four inches too long for any stove in the house. We remember him. And he'll remember us, if we can ever find him; and hire a man to hold him while we starve him to death.—Burlington Hawkeye. A GOOD REASON. "If you will give me the reason why you should go to Congress," said a voter to an aspirant. "I will use my influence for you." "Why, my dear sir," replied the aspirant, "my law practice amounts to nothing. I want the salary." The constituent gave him his influence.—Arkansas Traveler. JUVENILE STUDIES. Little Nell—"Why, mamma, the sky is just as blue to-day as it was yesterday." "Mamma—" "Well, why shouldn't it be, just?" "It rained last night." "What of that?" "You said blue wouldn't wash."—Philadelphia Eve. Call. POTHIE IS VARIOUS DINGS? In the pathetic language of Hans Bagman, many are now inclined to exclaim: "What is all this earthly plea, And what is man's reason?—older things, And yet he hebbles?" We make deposits in a bank, Straightway der bank is break; We fall and smash our outside in, Vere we a den stricke make. —Boston Advertiser. ONE BIRTHDAY. Two brothers in Connecticut married sisters, and the first son of each couple was born on the 29th of February. The moral of this incident seems to be that if two brothers don't want their first son to have only one birthday in four years, they shouldn't marry sisters.—Norris town Herald. A PURIFYING PROCESS. "You mean't he cleaned, Mr. Lamb," remarked a Well-served brother, "your recent pants has been simply a purifying process; matters will be all the better for it." "So you call it a purifying process, do you?" "Yes; simply that." "Well, I guess you are right," Mr. Lamb sadly acknowledged as he turned to go, "it certainly cleaned me out of locusts."—Philadelphia Call. HOW A GIBBON SEIZES HANDS. I saw a young lady just now shake hands with a young man. She gave him that biggest member in a perfectly happy way. He squeezed it and shook it from the shoulder down, without giving any evidence of feeling. Then she let it slip by her side. Now, it isn't fat. If you are going to shake hands, shake. It is an almost certain sign that a girl is an American if she puts her hand in yours quite impudently and leaves it there till you have done with it. A man naturally squeezes it. His first grasp does not fully calculate the impression, and he thinks she may be offended. He gives it another gentler pressure. He feels the rings sink into the fingers. He tries a third time to get some response. She does not return the squeeze. She does not move it. She does not take it away. She simply does nothing at all. She looks as if she had forgotten he had hold of it. It breaks the man all up, and he drops it in disgust. —San Francisco Chronicle. BAGE-BALL AS SEEN BY A GIRL. A girl's notion of the national game is called off pretty loudly by the letter of a young city lady to her girl chum in the country. "You must visit me," she wrote, "when the base-ball season opens. There is so much skill and grace displayed. The pitcher, I think—oh, my! you never saw a game. I will explain it to you." The pitcher—a dear little thing—stands in the middle and throws a ball at another, who stands in front with a long stick in his hand. The thrower tries to hit his stick, and the other young man, who is called the batter, tries to swing the stick so that it will be impossible for the thrower to hit the stick with the ball. Some of the pitchers become very good, and some of the batters could stand there and never have their sticks hit. The game is played on a field. The pitcher stands on a mound, and the batter stands on a flat. The pitcher throws the ball, and the batter swings the stick. If the batter hits the ball, he runs. If he does not hit the ball, he stays. The pitcher tries to get the batter out. The batter tries to get the pitcher out. The game is very interesting. I will explain it to you. —Philadelphia Call. I had tapper was a fever that wouldn't be hospital enough to