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THE PEOPLE.

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MARGARET.

Oh, Margaret, beautiful Margaret,
In the hush of the twilight cold,
The sun on a glimmering throne has set
In a cloud of amber and gold,
And the great, green waves with their white caps wet
O'er the beach to thy feet have rolled.
Oh! what is the charm of the great, green sea,
The sea with its roar and its gloom?
The treacherous sea, how it shouts in glee
O'er each fevered cheek and coral tomb.
Art waiting the lover who went from thee
In the light of a golden moon?
Art waiting the lover whose kiss one day
Was pressed on thy quivering lips?
The lover who sailed from your side away
In one of those swift-sailing ships;
O'er the waves that bright in the sunshine lay,
'Neath the glow of his finger tips?
Whenever the hush of the twilight creeps
O'er the earth, with her fair feet wet;
When the stars come out and the great world sleeps,
When the murmuring waters fret
On the sandy shore, then she comes and weeps,
Lonely, sorrowful Margaret.
Then she sits 'mid the gleaming sands
By the shadowy ivied wall,
And over the clasp of her trembling hands
Like a shower the tear drops fall.
While the sea brings whispers of far-off lands
And the blue sky bends o'er all.
'Oh! bring back my lover to me,' she cries,
'Must I die by the sea alone?
Oh! pitiful Father, in Paradise,
Shoop down from Thy glorious throne,
And grant to the light of my waiting eyes,
One glimpse of his face, only one.
And the sea rolls in with a mighty swell,
Will it bring a curse or a crown?
For no echoing murmur comes to tell
Of the hidden reefs that went down
Mid the hidden rocks, with never a knell
From the slumbering harbor town.
All about her the water moans and raves,
She's drenched with the falling sleet.
Something lies dark in the arms of the waves
Where the sky and the waters meet.
Lo! a victim snatched from the coral graves
Is cast on the beach at her feet.
Oh! beautiful Margaret, pale and fair,
By the sea no longer alone;
For two faces lie in the midnight there,
With their features like chiseled stone,
And the sea weed drifts from his tangled hair
To the sunny locks of her own.

MRS. MILLS'S SPRING SUIT.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

"Now," said Mrs. Mills, as she took her semi-annual dividend from the envelope—"now I will have a spring suit; it's high time, too, and I mean to have it made by Furbelow. Once in my life I want a dress that will fit like a glove and look stylish. I'm tired of being dowdy, and running about in ready-made gowns that hang on me like a bag, and ravel apart if one looks at them. I think I will have a gray Henrietta cloth and gray velvet. I saw one at an 'opening' that was too lovely for anything—but a wedding. I am so sick of black cashmere and black silk; it seems to me I've never worn anything else. To be sure, black is more economical; your next neighbor can't be certain whether you had your black gown this spring or last, and it's becoming and lady-like. I shouldn't care to have Mrs. Brown say, 'There goes Mrs. Mills in her everlasting gray gown; when shall we see the last of it?' Perhaps I should get to be known as the woman in gray; and then gray spots so easily, and benzine isn't all that fancy painted it. To be sure, it would dye—and shrink. Brown is a durable color, and not so pretentious. I could never wear a gray gown except on fete days; still that gray gown has haunted my imagination; it's like a poem, like the first sight of the silver catkins, the first sound of the robin. However, I'll go into town, and get patterns, and see Furbelow."
So Mrs. Mills went in to town, and obtained patterns at the best shop; patterns of velvet, of Henrietta-cloth, of cashmere, of armure, of bourette, of bison-cloth and what not; patterns of gray, of London smoke, of ashes of roses, of clover red. Then she proceeded to Furbelow's, and looked at fashion plates, and asked questions. "Here's a gray we have just finished for Mrs. Hyson, of Mount Vernon street; it's thought to be very chic," said the assistant. "Our price for making is forty-five dollars only." Mrs. Mills sighed. It was plain she could not have a gown made by Furbelow, fit her never so wisely. Her check was but for fifty dollars. When she reached home with her patterns, in rather a pleasant frame of mind—for even the selection of patterns is a kind of shopping which exhilarates the feminine heart, more or less—she found Mrs. Armstrong waiting for her.
"You see," explained Mrs. Armstrong, "we are getting up a testimonial for dear Mr. Gincose—his thirtieth anniversary—and we knew you would wish to add something; all of our best people has given. Miss Clapp gave fifty dollars; nobody has given less than five except old Mrs. Blunt, and you know how stingy she is. She gave a dollar."
Mrs. Mills gave five dollars. "She couldn't do less," said Mrs. Armstrong afterward. "I was determined she shouldn't get off with a dollar."
"Thank rather out into my spring suit," said she; "but I can have it made without the velvet, I suppose."
She returned to her patterns next day, and meditated upon them; it was so hard to decide. If gray shouldn't happen to

become her. Brown might look old-womanish. Black was the safer, of course. She consulted with her friends and with several of her maiden relatives. She made up her mind in favor of gray on Monday, and chose brown on Tuesday. She found her attention wandering in church from the preacher's text to the parishioners' toilettes. The woman who hesitates is lost, we are told, and Mrs. Mills was still debating the subject when a letter arrived from her dearest friend.
"You will be glad to hear" (she wrote) "that my wedding day is set for the 29th. You must come and stop here. It will be a quiet affair, without much dress. Malcolm's partner has sent me such a lovely necklace. In haste.
"NELLY."
"That means a wedding present," thought Mrs. Mills. "She gave me such a beautiful vinaigrette when I was married; and ten dollars is all I can spare. Well, I suppose I can get my gown for thirty-five, and have a dressmaker come to the house; that will be cheaper. Of course it won't fit like Furbelow's." And she went to look up a wedding present for ten dollars; and as she couldn't find anything for just ten dollars that suited the circumstances of her friend, and as she had the money in hand, she paid fifteen for the loveliest piece of bric-a-brac, that had just been marked down from twenty dollars. "I needn't give so much for the material for my gown," she reflected, as she counted her remaining ducats.
"Have you decided about your spring suit yet?" asked a friend, later. "Is it to be gray or brown?"
"I don't know," answered Mrs. Mills. "I have been obliged to spend some of my money, and that makes it difficult to decide."
It was a few days afterward, when she had happened to be at a neighbor's in the evening for a game at whist, that the conversation fell upon the Cincinnati sufferers. Everybody expressed great commiseration. "Yes," said Mr. Salem, one of the guests present, "we are all very sorry, but it doesn't keep us awake nights, and we don't like to alridge our own material comforts for their sake; we are sorry in a poetical, immaterial way. Now who of us would give our personal adornments for their benefit? I mean to pass round the hat, and see who is in earnest about this business. Here goes my seal ring, my intaglio, for an example; it came from Rome, and was blessed by the Pope."
"And here go my ear-rings," said a lady present. "I always disliked them!"
"Here's my locket," cried the hostess; "lockets have gone out of fashion."
"I have no ornaments to give," said Mrs. Mills.
"You have a tiny gold chain around your neck, Mrs. Mills," whispered her neighbor. "Do you wear it for a charm?"
"Mrs. Mills has charms enough without it," said Mrs. Langworthy, aside, at her elbow.
"Hush!" returned Mrs. Mills. "I have my pocket-book. Perhaps ten dollars will answer quite as well; it is the smallest bill in it."
"O, give him the chain—he only asked for ornaments—and save your money," advised a friend.
But Mrs. Mills only replied with a flush, and threw in a ten-dollar bill, mentally calculating the shrinkage of her spring suit, perhaps.
"Twenty dollars is rather a small amount for a spring suit," she reflected later. "Let me see, ten yards at a dollar a yard—it's no use to buy cheaper, for the elbows will be out in no time if I do; that leaves ten dollars for the dressmaker, linings, buttons and extras. I'll ask how much Miss Slesher has a day."
"Three dollars a day is my price, madame," reported Slesher; "and I might have it done in three days if you are in a hurry. I suppose you have a machine?"
"No."
"O, could bring mine, but that's a dollar extra."
"Nothing left for linings and extras," thought Mrs. Mills. "I must give up Slesher too." She went home lost in thought. Her spring suit was a problem which would have vexed Newton's ingenuity to solve; the laws of gravitation were trifling in comparison; and while she worked over its solution an acquaintance who had seen better days rang her bell.
"You can't guess what I came for," she said, coloring furiously, and unfolding a lace fichu. "You know I got into debt when the children had the measles, and just now I want ten dollars desperately. Now here's this fichu—what earthly use is it to me, a poor widow doing her own house-work? I haven't worn it for ten years. I see they're coming in again, and I thought maybe you could give me ten dollars for it, and not feel cheated."
"But, Mrs. Knowles, it's worth fifty at least. I couldn't think of giving you ten dollars for it; it would be like grinding the face of the poor. But why don't you raffle it?"
"I don't want to publish my poverty, that's all. I don't mind an old friend like you knowing it; it's patent enough anyway. But when you raffle anything people always feel as if they were conferring an everlasting favor upon you,

and those who don't draw the prize think they've made you a present. I don't care if it is worth a fortune. I want ten dollars now more than I ever shall again."
"But I will lend it to you—I will give it to you. I have ten dollars that I don't exactly know what to do with. Do let me have the rare happiness of making a present."
"No; let me pawn the fichu to you—that's a dear!—and maybe I'll be able to redeem it some day; and if I can't, maybe you'll be able to pay me what you think it's worth. Now, is it a bargain?"
And Mrs. Knowles went home with her money, and Mrs. Mills laid the fichu in the drawer and counted her change. "Well, I must have a gown," she said; and before the remaining ten dollars should melt away she went out and bought ten yards of black bunting.
"A black gown is always safe, especially for a widow," she thought, and she purchased the last Bazar pattern, and hired a sewing machine for a week. And while she puzzled over the paper pattern, Mr. Langworthy dropped in. Before she married, Mr. Langworthy had been a lover of Mrs. Mills', and there had been a lovers' quarrel, and Mr. Mills had stepped into the breach he had helped to make. All that had happened years ago—Mrs. Mills would have told you, when she was very young and foolish.
"Dressmaking, eh?" said Mr. Langworthy. "Why is this thus?"
"I don't know why I can't make a gown as well as Furbelow."
"Is this the gray cashmere and velvet with which you were to astonish the natives?"
"The very same."
"You should not give five dollars to Mr. Gincose, nor fifteen for Miss Nelly's wedding gift, nor ten to Mrs. Knowles, nor ten to the Cincinnati—"
"How did you know Mr. Langworthy?"
"Mrs. Armstrong told me of the first infiducation. I assisted you to select the wedding present, Mrs. Knowles confided in me, and I saw the ten dollars drop into Mr. Salem's hat for Cincinnati. Let me ask, by-the-way, why you didn't put in the necklace you wore that night. Was it because you had forgiven the donor, and loved the gift for his sake?"
"Perhaps so," answered Mrs. Mills.
It was a few days later when an expressman left a huge box and a tiny letter at Mrs. Mills's door.
"DEAR COUSIN" (the letter began),—"I've just lost an uncle in the Cincinnati flood, a great-uncle whom I never saw, and hardly ever heard of; but papa says we must wear black, and here's my lovely gown, that Furbelow just sent home, going a-begging. As your gowns used to fit me to a T when I visited at your house in the days of my impecuniosity—that word's so big I'm not sure of the spelling—perhaps you won't mind accepting this from your loving cousin,
"LOUISA."
"P.S.—I can't bear to part with it, but it's no use to me, and will be out of style before I can wear it."
It was a gray silk and velvet, a perfect symphony of a gown, the very shade Mrs. Mills had coveted.
"Will you answer for my wedding dress," she said, with a little blush, Harper's Bazar.

The Holland Succession.

The serious illness of William III., King of Holland, and of his son the Prince of Orange, heir to the crown, renders the question of the succession a matter of grave importance to the Dutch people. The long existing sense of danger to the national autonomy, both of Belgium and Holland, from the recognized longing of Prussia for the aggrandizement of these two countries, was exhibited by King William during his recent visit to Leopold II. at Brussels, when at a banquet, addressing the general officers present, he alluded to the possible union of the armies of one or the other to oppose invasion of one or the other by some Power which he failed to designate. Last year the two kings had a friendly meeting at Spa, and the entente cordiale existing between them is noticeable. King William is not liked by the Hollanders. He is irascible, overbearing and takes no pains to ingratiate himself with his subjects. Queen Emma, on the contrary, is the delight of the people, her affable manners, her charming person and the ease with which she manages the ill-tempered old monarch having made her a universal favorite. It is not strange, therefore, that a large and powerful party should be preparing to support her for the regency in the event of the demise both of the King and the Crown Prince, and that determined objection should be made to Bismarck's intrigues in favor of the house of Nassau. Germany, which is hungry both for Antwerp and for the mouth of the Rhine, may yet find herself confronted by the Belgian and Dutch armies, which combined would be by no means an ignoble foe.
Tax plan adopted last year in London of sending poor and delicate children into the country for three weeks in mid-summer has proved very successful. They are boarded in cottagers' families at the rate of about \$1.25 per week. Manchester and other towns are making an effort to do the same end.

GREENLAND ICE PACKS.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF MINES ACCOUNTS FOR THE MYSTERY.

Why We Have Icebergs in Such Large Quantities—A Bad Look Ahead.

[From the New York Herald.]
The report of the ice packs near Greenland, just brought by the bark Fluorine to Philadelphia, clears up the mystery of the early efflux of ice on the Atlantic this year. The bark Fluorine and Silesia arrived at Arak Fiord, April 9, from Hamburg, and took refuge in the harbor of Kystalik. The Silesia, after having been driven north to latitude 63 degrees, longitude 54 degrees west, encountered a broad ice belt, and subsequently sailed along a pack fifty miles, which was so high that one could not see over it. The superintendent of the mines at Ivigtut, South Greenland, stated that the past winter has been extraordinarily severe for frost, snow and gales, and the adjacent fiord froze deeper and further out from shore than ever before.
Fortunately for the navigation of the Arctic seas beyond the great rush of heavy ice from Davis's Strait ceased after May 4, and the Fluorine encountered no ice in coming southward. This fact suggests that the ice masses in the approaches to Smith's Sound may have thinned out in some degree by the time the relief steamers—the Thetis, the Bear, and the Alert—reach that latitude. It may, however, be found that the extraordinary stream of ice which for some months has been moving off the Labrador coast, will not be exhausted till the middle of next month.
The exceptional iciness of the Greenland seas last winter may have been, as Dr. John Rae has recently suggested, the indirect cause of the exceptionally mild winter of 1884, in the British Islands. The natural effect of so large a flow of cold water from the north, meeting the warm Gulf Stream at right angles, says an English explorer, would 'not only be to deflect the latter to the southward of its usual course, causing it to strike our shores further south, but also in much greater volume, because a much larger supply is required to replace the increased quantity from the Arctic.' This reasoning is sound, but it would seem as if both the phenomenal glacial flow west of Greenland and the mild British winter are rather to be ascribed to one cause—the prevalence of a vast cyclonic area of low barometer over and east of Iceland, which would induce powerful polar or northwesterly winds in Baffin's Bay, and equally strong equatorial currents over the British Islands. If this be the case, as the present summer advances and the seas northeast of Iceland grow warmer, this area will move farther to the eastward, possibly subjecting Great Britain, especially Scotland, to occasional boreal winds in July, which may be injurious to the grain crops.

Dickens in this Country.

Ben Perley Poore recalls poor "Boz" in the reminiscences which he is writing for the Boston Bulletin in the following way: "Charles Dickens, when he first visited Washington in 1842, was just entering his thirtieth year. He was a middle-aged, somewhat fleshy person, and he wore a brown frock coat, a red figured vest, and a fancy scarf cravat that concealed the collar and was fastened to the bosom in rather voluptuous folds by a double-pin-and-chain. His hair, which was long and dark, grew low upon the brow, had a wavy kink which it started from the head, and was corked up as it fell on either side of his face. His forehead retreated gradually from the eyes, without any marked protuberance save at the outer angle, the upper portion of which formed a prominent ridge a little within the assigned position of the organ of Ideality. The eyeballs completely filled their sockets. The aperture of the lids was not large nor the eye unconsciously clear or bright, but quick, moist and expressive. The nose was slightly aquiline, the mouth of moderate dimensions, making no great display of the teeth, the facial muscles occasionally drawing the upper lip most strongly on the left side of the mouth opened in speaking. His features, taken altogether, were well proportioned, of a glowing and cordial aspect, with more animation than grace, and more intelligence than beauty.
"Seat, You Wretch!"
A citizen of a hamlet in Kidder went to the cars in White Haven one day to see his favorite daughter off. Securing her a seat, he passed out of the cars and went round to her window to say a parting word, as is frequently done on such occasions. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a prim old maid from Wilkesbarre took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change inside, he hastily put his face up to the window and hurriedly exclaimed:
"O, one more kiss, sweet pet." In another instant the point of a blue cotton umbrella caught his seductive lip, followed by the passionate injunction:
"Seat, you gray-headed wretch!" and he scatted.

THE MORMON QUESTION.

A BILL PASSED BY THE UNITED STATES SENATE THAT IT IS HOPED WILL REPEAL THE EVIL AND ERADICATE IT.

At last, after much debate and several interruptions, the United States Senate has passed the Utah bill presented by Mr. Hoar from the Judiciary Committee. The provisions are so important, and will, if the bill becomes law, be so far reaching, that it may be well to summarize them. They are substantially as follows:
"Testimony in case of prosecution for bigamy, etc., may be given by the lawful husband or wife.
Every marriage ceremony shall be certified in writing, and such certificate filed and recorded in the Probate Court, under penalty of a fine not to exceed \$1,000, or imprisonment for not more than two years, or both.
Territorial laws conferring rights of inheritance on illegitimate children, and all other such laws contrary to the provisions of this bill, are annulled.
The corporation known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is placed in the hands of fourteen trustees, appointed by the President, who shall make an annual report to the Secretary of the Interior on the business affairs, property and operations of the corporation.
The Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company is dissolved; the Attorney General is to institute proceedings to dispose of the property and assets according to law, and all funds over and above its just debts and liabilities are to escheat to the United States for the benefit of the common school fund of the Territory.
The Territory is to be redistricted by the Governor, the Territorial Secretary and the Federal judges.
The right of dower is secured to widows.
Female suffrage is abolished.
It will be seen that, if enforced, this bill ought to be a long step toward the disarmament of the Mormon hierarchy. By breaking up the emigration company the great source of supplies is cut off. By putting the corporation in the hands of trustees, with power to enforce the act that prohibits the holding of more than a limited amount of property by a religious corporation, the concentration of power is broken up. By securing the right of dower to widows, polygamy is rendered less profitable. By providing new ways of getting testimony, the punishment of polygamy is rendered more possible. By the abolition of female suffrage, a large part of the political power of the priesthood is taken away.
The bill now goes to the House.

A Hearty Welcome.

In the fall of 1860 Stephen A. Douglas was a Democratic candidate for President. He made a tour of New England, showing himself to the people wherever possible, making several speeches, and being received with almost universal enthusiasm. The Mayor of Bangor was a Republican and he was induced to preside at the meeting. The Mayor could never make much of a speech. He was a business man, a steady, respectable citizen, and a good Mayor, but did not shine as an orator. His duty, however, was to present and welcome the renowned Senator from Illinois, and he did it in very nearly this fashion, hesitating and stammering:
"HONORED SIR—We cannot show you the magnificent prairies of your—of your own native State; we cannot show you the magnificent architecture of your—of the nation's capital; we cannot show you the magnificent—magnificent railroads and—buildings and—steamships and—the buildings of the nation's metropolis; we cannot show you the grand and magnificent mountains—and rivers—and lakes; but we, the Republicans of Bangor, welcome you without distinction of party."
A Woman Frightens a Panther.
The Brookville Crescent tells this singular story: "What came near being a tragedy occurred on Salt Lake River on Thursday a week ago. Mr. Shiver, well known in this part of Florida, was absent from home on business, and his wife, after attending to her household duties, had seated herself near the door at her sewing, while her little one played around on the floor, near at hand. Hearing a slight noise, Mrs. Shiver looked around and saw crouched within a dozen feet of her and her baby an immense panther, ready to spring. With a shriek she sprang to her feet and dashed the heavy shears with which she was cutting her work in the panther's face, snatched her child, and rushed back into the house. The panther, disconcerted by the sudden attack and the noise, beat a deliberate retreat for the swamp.
Two years ago a penniless man, with a peculiarly-shaped head, made a bargain with a London professor of anatomy by which the latter was to have the head on payment of the man's funeral expenses. Meanwhile the man became wealthy, and when he died the other day his friends tried to avoid fulfilling the contract. But the professor insisted, and the matter is to be brought before the law courts. Pending the decision, the defunct gentleman has been buried with his head on his shoulders.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

How he is Swindled in the Matter of His Clothing and Kit.

On entering the office and making his wishes known, says an intelligent United States soldier, the recruit is taken to a side room, stripped and examined by the doctor, after which an outfit of clothes, consisting of blouse, cap, drawers, stockings, shirt, shoes, pants, and blanket is issued to him. He signs a blank form for the clothes he has just drawn, his signature being witnessed by the officer. A note at the bottom of the form declares that all spaces not used to denote articles drawn shall have a red ink line drawn through them, to prevent any person having charge of the same from inserting other articles of clothing than those drawn after the blank has been signed. This filing is never done and when the recruit reaches his company he is apt to find himself charged with clothes he never drew, and is truly fortunate if the company commander does not prefer charges against him for disposing of clothes he never had. As there are several grades of clothing he often gets the poorest and is charged for the best, while when any of the recruiting squad draw clothes they draw the best and pay for the poorest. After drawing his uniform he is informed that he must dispose of his citizen's clothing as he will not be allowed to keep it. The sergeant or one of his men accompanies him to a dealer in old clothes who offers him one-twentieth what his suit is worth. He refuses to part with them at the price but is told by the sergeant that he cannot be running around town with him as he has other duties to perform. Not wishing to make enemies at the start he takes what is offered, knowing he is imposed upon, and returns to the office. Had he kept his eyes open he might have seen the old clothes man place a bill in the sergeant's hand which would explain why he could get no more for his clothes.
When, at last, he is shipped with a number of others to the depot, he is again examined, and having passed, is put out to drill. His drill master, nine times out of ten, is a Swede, German, or foreigner of some sort, whose slight fund of English is composed principally of oaths. Under such a teacher he does not progress very rapidly, for which failing he receives an ample share of abuse.
I neglected to tell about the cleaning kit sold to the recruit at the depot by the post sutler. It consists of one clothes brush, one blacking brush, hair brush, brass brush, two combs, one towel, one cake of soap, button stick and small paper of tripoli for cleaning buttons and a box of blacking. I did not ask the cost of these articles, but on reaching the company found \$3 charged for sutler's kit. Now, omitting the brass brush, button stick and tripoli, I have seen the other articles sold in Othman street for fifty cents and of a better quality. After the recruit has reached his company and learned his drill he is assigned for duty with his company and draws another outfit of clothes. As the price of these clothes is taken out of his pay he usually serves six months or more before he draws any money.
The New Pension Office.
The Government is erecting on Judiciary Square, in Washington, a large structure for the exclusive use of the Pension Office, for which Congress has already appropriated \$440,000. It is four hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, the height being three stories, with a vast central sky-light rising a full story above the roof of the third story and lighting the court. The roof of the inclosed court is supported by two rows of enormous columns.
This court, with its triple colonnade on all sides, promises to be the best architectural feature of the edifice, which from the exterior suggests a temporary exhibition building, by the cheapness of its material and decorations. The entire structure is of brick, and the cornices and frieze are of terra cotta. Between the first and second stories a yellow band, or frieze, three feet in height, is carried entirely around the building, and on this are represented scenes from military and naval life—in fantry, artillery, and cavalry on the march, wounded men, sailors in boats, etc. This much at least can be said in praise of the figures, that they are not the stereotyped soldiers and sailors of the picture books, but seem to have been designed by some one who has seen actual warfare. They are too small, however, to be effective. The building is not yet far advanced, but one or two things are clear; it will have the beauty of usefulness, which is lacking in so many of our public structures, and it will be a wide departure from the classical ideas that long dominated our Government architects. For the purpose of providing a large number of well-lighted and well-ventilated office rooms, the plan seems an excellent one. The architect is General Meigs, formerly Quartermaster-General of the army.—Century for July.
ANGELICA (at a lecture)—"How rude of that couple to go out, Algernon!" Algernon (glancing toward the door with a sigh that signifies he thinks the lecture a bore)—"Yes, but how happy they are now!"

QUAKER CITY WIT.

A BATCH OF JOKES FROM THE "EVENING CALL."

MAKING PROGRESS.
Fond Parent—"Well, Johnny, how are you getting along at school?"
Johnny—"Oh, first rate. I started on third, but I am on first now."
"Glad to hear it, my son. Always try to be first. There is fifty cents for your industry."
"Ain't that nice! I'll try to get higher yet."
"Higher? How can you be higher than first?"
"Easy enough. I can get to be short stop or pitcher."
DROPPING THE B.
Minks—"The New Yorkers hate the letter 'r' as much as the English do the 'h.'"
Finks—"I noticed that in speaking they are quite apt to give the 'r' the go-by."
"Probably accounts for their very tender treatment of their big thieves."
"Is that way?"
"Instead of putting them in cells they keep them in luxuriously furnished apartments."
"Does that have to do with the letter 'r'?"
"Why, don't you see, they drop an 'r' from arrest and it becomes a rest."
A DESIRABLE STITLE OF MAN.
"Miss Smith," he remarked, as they seated themselves in the ice-cream saloon, "will you begin on vanilla and follow it up with lemon and chocolate, or would you prefer the chocolate first?"
On the way home he asked her to marry him, and whatever she said it wasn't "No."
SPEAKING FROM OBSERVATION.
Little Nell—"Mamma gave me a strawberry. Ain't it big?"
Little Jack—"She gave me one, too. Here it is. It's just as big as yours."
"Ain't that nice? Let's pretend it's a strawberry festival!"
"But it don't seem like a festival!"
"Why don't it?"
"There's too many strawberries."
THREE OBJECTIONS.
Jones—"I have a great mind to buy a bicycle."
Smith—"What for, pray?"
"To ride on, of course. A friend of mine who is a dealer in bicycles says they have many merits and only three objections."
"Did he tell you what the objections were?"
"Well, no."
"I had one once. Your friend is right. A bicycle has but three objections. The first one is that you are liable to break an arm; the second one is that you are liable to break a leg—
"Good gracious!"
"And the third is that you are liable to break your neck."
NO WORDS.
It is never well to use big words when small ones will express the same meaning. A lady who was making a call on some acquaintances observed that the furniture had been changed, and remarked to the lady: "You have been metamorphosed, haven't you?" "Yes," said the other hesitatingly. "You mean calcimined, I suppose; it looks much better, doesn't it?" "What caused your little boy's sickness?" asked a plain mother of a mother whose little son was very ill. "He was climbing a ladder," said the lady, "and lost his equilibrium."
"Poor little fellow," said the sympathetic woman; "do buy him another; he'll be more careful the next time."
"Did you find the people ingenious?" asked a clergyman of a wealthy member of his church who had been selling on some very poor families. "Oh, dear, no," answered the lady; "they are respectable, but as poor as poverty."—New York Observer.
BRIEF MIND-BODYING.
Mr. Puresproud—"No, sir, you shall not marry my daughter."
Augustus—"Your objection, sir."
Mr. Puresproud—"Whoever marries my daughter must earn her."
Augustus—"Oh! it's all right then. If there is no law against cremation when the time comes I'll urn her."
DIFFERENCE IN MILK.
Jones—"What a lot of lunatics there are in this world. A New York crank thinks he can live sixty days on a milk diet."
Smith—"Milk contains all the elements of the human blood. Why do you call that experimenter a lunatic?"
Jones—"Because he intends to try it with New York milk."
A BAD BUSINESS.
Minks—"Why, how do you do, Finks? Where have you been?"
Finks—"Right here. I have changed my business."
"Where are you doing now?"
"Manufacturing burglar's tools."
"Manufacturing burglar's tools."
"Great Caesar! And you couldn't?"
How do you know that I won't betray you?"
"Tell everybody you wish. All the world knows it, however."
"Was there ever such a shameless man? Well, what kind of burglar's tools do you manufacture, anyhow?"
"Account books for Wall Street firms."