# VERDICT

THE PEOPLE.

MR. J. O. BOAG—Dear Sir: I bought the first Davis Machine sold by you over five years ago for my wife, who has given it a long and fair trial. I am well pleased with it. It never gives any rouble, and is as good as when first bought.

J. W. BOLICK. Winnsboro, S. C., April 1883.

Mr. Boag: You wish to know what I have to say in regard to the Davis Machine bought of you three years ago. I feet I can't say too much in its favor. I made about \$80," of within live months, at times running it so fast that the needle would get perfectly hot from friction. I feel confident I could not have done the same work with as much ease and so well with any other machine. No time lost in adjusting attachments. The lightest running machine I have ever treadled. Brother James and Williams' families are as much pleased with their Davis Machines bought or you. I want sank too machine. As I said before an auchine, much can be seed the Respectfully, Ellen STEVENSON, Fairfield County, April, 1883.

MR. BOAG: My machine gives me perfect satisfaction. I find no fault with it. The attachments a c so simple. I wish for no better than the Davis Vertical Feed.

Respectfully, MRS. R. MILLING. Fairfield county, Apri', 1883.

MR. Boxo: I bought a Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine from you four years ago. I am deligate I with it. It never has given me any trouble, and has never been the least out of order. It is as good as when I first bought it. I can cheerfully recommend it. Respectfully, Mrs. M. J. Kirkland. Monticello, April 30, 1883.

This is to certify that I have been using a Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine for over two years, purchased of Mr. J. O. Boag. I haven't found it possessed of any fault—all the attachments are so stuple. It never refuses to work, and is certai the lightest running in the market. I consider

Very respectfully,
MINNIE M. WILLINGHAM. Oakland, Fairfield county, S. C.

MR BOAG: I am well pleased in every particula with the Davis Machine bought of you. I think it a first-cass machine in every respect. You know you so a several machines of the same make to different members of our families, all of whom, as far as I know, are well pleased with them.

Respectfully,

MRS. M. H. MOBLEY.

Fairfield county, April, 1883.

Fa riield county, April, 1883.

This is to certify we have had in constant use the Davis Machine bought of you about three years ago. As we take in work, and have made the pilce of it several times over, we don't want any better machine. It is always ready, Ap of skipping of work we have 10.00 sky we are well pleased stitches. Wheter machine April 25, 18-3,

I have no fault to find with my mach ne, and don't want any better. I have made the price of it several times by taking in sewing. It is always ready to do its work. I think it a first-class machine. I feel I can t say too much for the Davis Vertical Feed Machine.

Fairfield county, April, 1883.

MR. J. O. BOAG--Dear Sir: It gives me much pleasure to testify to the merits of the Davis Vertical Feed Sewing—Machine. The machine I got of you about five years ago, has been almost in constant use ever since that time. I cannot see that it is worn any, and has not cost me one cent for repairs since we have had it. Am well pleased and don't wish for any better.

and don't wish for any better.
Yours truly,
KOPT. CRAWFORD,
Granite Quarry, near Winnsboro S. C.

We have used the Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine for the fast five years. We would not have any other make at any price. The machine has given us unbounded satisfaction. Very respectfully,
MRS. W. K. TURNER AND DAUGHTERS;
Fairfield county, S. C., Jan. 27, 1883.

Having bought a Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine from Mr. J. O. Bong some three years ago, and it having given me perfect satisfaction in every respect as a family machine both for hea. y and light sewing, and never needed the least repair in any way, I can encerfully recommend it t any one as a first-class machine in every particu-lar, and think it second to none. It is one of the simplest machines made; my children use it with all ease. The attachments are more easily ad-justed and it does a greater range of work by means of its Veriteal freed than any other ma-chine I have ever seen or used.

MRS. THOMAS OWINGS. Winnsbore, Fairfield county, S. C.

We have had one of the Davis Machines about four years and have always found it ready to do all kinds of work we have had occasion to do. Can't see that the machine is worn any, and works as well as when new.

MR4, W. J. CHAWFORD, Jackson's Creek, Fairfield county, S. C.

My wife is highly pleased with the Davis Ma-chine bought of you. She would not take double what she gave for it. The machine has not been out of order since she had it, and she can do werk on it.

Very Respectfully,

Jas. F. Free.

Monticello, Fairfield county, S. C.

The Davis Sewing Machine is simply a treasure Mrs. J. A. Goodwyn. Ridgeway, N. C., Jan. 10, 1833.

J. O Boad, Esq., Agent—Dear Sir: My wife has ocen using a Davis Sewing Machine constantly for the past four years, and it has never needed any repairs and works just as well as when first bought. She says it will do a greater range of practical work and do it easier and better than any machine she has ever used. We cheerfully recommend it as a No. 1 family machine, Your tru.y, Jas. O. Davis.

Winnsboro, S. C., Jun. 3, 1883.

MR. Boag: I have always found my Davis Machine ready do alt kinds of to work I have had accession to do. I cannot see that the machine is did?"

Worn a particle and it works as well as ween new. Respectfully, Mrs. R. O. Gooding.

Winnsboro, S. C., April, 1883,

MR. Boad: My wife has been constantly using the Davis Machine bought of you about five year, ago. I have never regretted buying it, as it is always ready for any kind of family sewing, either heavy or light. It is never out of fix or needing repairs.

Very respectfully.

Fairfield, S. C., March, 1888.

I cannot see, with my small human sight, Why God should lead this way or that for I only know he hath said, "Child, follow But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;

I only know God could keep wide the door; But I can trust.

I find no answer; often, when beset With questions fierce and subtle on my way, And often have but strength to faintly pray But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand I cast the seed along the furrewed ground, If ripened fruit for God will there be found; But I can trust.

I cannot know why suddenly the storm Should rage so fiercely found me in it wrath; But this I know, God watches all my path-And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil That hides the unknown future from sight! Nor know if for Puni trust and dark or light:

. nave no power to look across the tide, To see while here the land beyond the river; But this I know, I shall be God's forever; So I can trust.

#### FROM THE DEPTHS.

Helen why go you waste your time talking to Paul Thyrley when Mr. Hartwell and Egbert Van Dorn are both disengaged?" said Mrs. De Groot, in an angry whisper, to her daughter, on the evening of her debut, at the house of a fashionable friend.

"You know the position Paul Thyr ey holds in our home.
"Your father keeps him as his secre-

tary out of charity, on the score of their old boyish friendship. "I am surprised that you should dance twice with him this evening. "Some one is sure to make an ill-natured remark about it.

"He is really very nice, mamma, said Helen, gazing after her late partner with a suspiciously admiring expression in her hazel eyes,
"If he was only rich he would be per-

fect. "But he is not rich.

"How can you be so foolish—so mad, Helen?" "Are you sure that he is not rich. mamma?"

"Have you noticed that splendid diamond ring in the shape of a star that e is wearing to-night? "How could a poor man have a ring

like that?" "It is paste, no doubt," said her mother irritably.

And then a really tragic expression crossed her still handsome faces

'Helen, Mr "For mercy's sake, leave off staring fter that poverty-stricken Paul Thyrand make yourself agreeable to him if he asks you to dance—unless you wish

to break my heart." With a sigh Helen dropped the plumed fan from before her face and turned to welcome the wealthy banker with a beaming smile.

Egbert Van Dorn was a short, heavily-built, prosy man, five and forty. He had been born and reared in pov

Coming into an immense fortune when youth was gone, he had but two ideas, apparently, in his brain-the one his money; the other his very uninteresting self.

Such as he was, however, the brightest and fairest of society belles were ready to run a race for his favors. And Helen De Groot's handsome Spanish face flushed with exultation as

the evening passed by and still found him constant at her side. Schooled by her proud mother, and prompted by her own ambition, she cast aside her momentary dream of love, and met Paul Thyrley so coldly on the next morning in her own home that his sudden look of intense mortifi-

cation showed the pain he felt. From that day they were as stran Paul Thyrley busied himself in the duties of his place, and turned for comfort in his leisure hours to Helen's young cousin, Lucy Fair, who held a position in the great g and house that

was even lower and less satisfactory than his own. One morning, some weeks after his birthnight ball, Lucy Fair ran hastily down the staircase from her cousin's

room, her pretty face all bathed in "What is it Lucy ?" he asked, holding her fast as she attempted to run

"What has been grieving you?" "It is-oh, Mr. Thyrley! "Helen says that I have been so rude and forward in my behavior to you that you must despise me in your

heart," said Lucy, after a long pause. "She saw us come in from our walk last evening do you know?" She hesitated.

The secretary smiled. "Well, my Lucy.

"Did she see me bid you good night with a kiss? "Is that the cause of all these tears?"

he said. "Oh, she has said such cruel things, Paul ! "She declares that you cannot possi-

bly respect me, because I have not respected myself. "And aunt De Groot says that she

cannot take me to the grand party at Upton Park next week. 'She says that I will disgrace them by my behavior, that I have already disgraced them—that I—oh, Paull have

I done wrong? "Was it unmaidenly in me to own that I loved you, and to show it as I "My poor little Lucy!" cried Paul

indignantly. "I see how it is." "But they shall not torment you like this another day. "Look here, Lucy !

away at once! "Going away?

"Going to leave me? She clung to him in mute dismay, ing for this.

the tears still standing in her bright

"There is the thing that grieves me," replied Paul. "Do you love me well enough to go with me, my dear?

"If you do, speak the word-and at have the power to torture you again. will never fail.

"What do you say, Lucy?" "I would go with you to the end of

"And never be afraid of the hard work, the anxiety, the care, that are the daily portion of a poor man's life?" "Never! "If you are with me than to meet," row, no trouble that I fear to meet,"

she answered, with a trusting smile. That night the lovers left that stately home and fled to the city, where, in the presence of her prode, Tatey Fair pronounced the yows that made her an housed wife.

"You have done well and wisely for yourself, little girl." said her uncle, as he bade them farewell the next day. "I wish your cousin had been half as

"Farewell, Paul don't fail to bring your wife to the party at Upton Park my boy."
Mrs. De Groot held up her white and

oand told her what had happened. But she was too busy preparing for her own and Helen's sojourn at Upton Park to waste many thoughts upon her rebellious niece. The party was now close at hand

and was to be a gorgeous affair. The owner of Upton Park, it was widely rumored had been a poor boy, a newsboy in the city streets.

newsboy had worked, striven, and risen, had now come to reside near his early friend in a home like a palace.

It was a romantic story.

Mrs. De Groot received them, acting rains to collect and set them out in the back yard among other rubbish. as hostess by the request of Mr. Upton, who had not yet arrived.

ing the inner door of the library, through which the owner of the house would very soon appear.

"But they are saying now that Mr Upton is actually married, and that he is to bring his bride home to this house this very night." "Nonsense, Helen!" cried Mrs. De

Groot sharply. But she looked thoroughly uneasy.

Mrs. Stone pretended that your father was in the secret, and that he was present at the wedding yesterday in the city," she began, "but I will never believe that Mr. De Groot would——" The words died on her lips.

She grasped Helen's arm, clinging to it as if to save herself from falling. The arched two-leaved door of the library was opened.

There stood Paul Thyrley and leaning on his arm was a lovely little darkeyed fairy, in a bridal robe and lace veil, with diamond ornaments that blazed like stars.

There, too, was Mr. De Groot, whose voice sounded like the "trump of doom" in the ears of his wife and daughter as he spoke in this wise-"Friends and neighbors, let me pre

sent to you Paul Thyrley Upton and Mrs. Lucy Upton, my own dear niece. "In their name and in my own I bid you welcome most heartily to their pleasant home-coming at Upton Park."

# Flowers.

The amount of money invested in and spent for flowers in London is something marvellous. Fashion loves flowers, or pretends to, and is willing to pay for them. One florist says:-The best business comes from the wealthy, who give orders to furnish flowers and decorations for such an evening at such a price, and do not concern themselves with details. The lowers for a dinner party of fifty covers can easily be made to cost from £100 to £200, and I have had one dinner last winter for which my bill was £300. That, of course, included the decoration of the dining-room after special designs, which were first prepared in color, showing the masses of foliage, the palms, and the beds of flowers in different parts of the room. When you consider that hybrid roses, of which there are seven different varieties, cost 2s. 6d. apiece, and that a hundred of them can be crowded into a vase on a mantelpiece, you see how the money goes. Marechal Niel and Jacqueminot roses are worth now 1s. each, but there is little foliage with them, whereas a hybrid rose with its stem and leaves is quite a bouquet in itself. Besides decorating the supper-table and rooms for bails we frequently have to make up favors for a wedding, and these are often made to cost from 2s. to 5s. apiece. The intention is generally to combine in a favor a few beautiful flowers, and something that will remain as a memento of the occasion; so the holder is of silver or porcelain, or a basket of value is used. A few nights ago the baskets were Leghorn hats, which will doubtless be trimmed and worn this summer.

Loss of Life a c Sea. A return was lately published in London giving the loss of life in each of the last fifteen years arising from casualties at sea to British ships in the home and foreign trade, excluding fishing vessels. The grand total is 89,414, of which 8372 is the total for 1881-2, this being the largest in any single year, the nearest to it being 1874 5, with 2986. In the three years immediately preceding the numbers were much smaller—they having been 1967 in 1878-9, 1789 in 1879-80, and 2421 in 1880-1. Of the grand total, 2178 was the number of lives lost by collision, of which 519 were those of passengers; it is to be noted, however, that 272 of the latter number, or more than half the total for "I've given up my place—I am going fifteen years, were lost in the first six way at once!" first six months of 1873, the running down of the Northfleet by the Muulio in the early and with a scream pulled them up by days of that year off Dungeness account-

### Front Yard Vexations.

We have recently moved into a house that has a front yard. We have afways lived in houses whose front yard was the street. Children will play in the least your aunt and cousin shall never whether there is a street running through street. Children will play in the yard it or not. After two or three of them "I can promise you comfort in your had barely escaped being run over by home, and kind care, and a love that the teams that insisted on running through our front yard, wife said we must rent a house that hadn't any street in it. So we did. But pshaw! the children don't make any account of it. They are in the street as much as ever, accumulating their daily annuly of mer

row escapes.

The said the yard looked bare without shrubs and flowers and vines. I hinted that a little grass would help it,

One evening as I was going away, wife asked me to bring her a few "annuals" when I came back. I wondered what she wanted of annuals as I rode down town in a street car, but I am accustomed to blind obedience to her requests, so when I went home at night brought her some annuals. There were Dr. "Jayne's Annual Almanack," I remember, and "The Odd Fellows' Annual Offering," and a New Year's Address" for 1862, and the "Birthday Gift" and numerous annual addresse eweled hands in horror when her hus- before agricultural associations, that had accumulated on my hands.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Boggs, (she never swears like that except under great excitement) what have you brought me?" "Annuals, Mrs. Boggs," said I.

"You said you wanted annuals, and here they are." Then Mrs. Boggs burst out laughing, newsboy in the city streets.

Befriended by the benevolent Paulus (we have been married twenty years, De Groot, then but a lad himself, the but Mrs. B. calls me pet names yet) the annuals I meant are flowers, such till, in the prime of his manhood, he as verbenas, pansies, daisies, morningglories, mignonette, and the like, to set in our front yard." Then she took

The next morning she asked me if I "Mamma, you told me yesterday not thought I could get some roses for the to accept Mr. Van Dorn till I had seen front yard. Told her I knew a man Mr. Upton," said Helen De Groot, as who had got a lot of early rose potatoes, they stood apart from the guests watch- but it wasn't the right time of year for setting them out. (I have an idea that on his back, so that the victim cannot ground is much better employed in raising a potato than in raising a flower, unless it is a barrel of flour.) Wife said I and a third assistant seizes his legs, hadn't a bit of taste. She then gave which he holds so that he cannot move me a memoranda of roses she wanted, I was busy all day, but as I was about proaches with the instrument of death,

roses. I referred to the management, and found the germiums, fuchsias,

incomprehensible. She had evidently got things mixed up. However, went to a florist's and got what I wanted. Said I, "give me a few geraniums and a few she's, and-

"A few what?" asked the flowerman, looking puzzled. "A few she's," said I, turning very red, I know, for I couldn't tell for the life of me what my wife wanted of a

few she's about the place, as she never could live in the same house with another woman. As the florist looked more staggered than ever, I handed him the memoranda, when he burst into a loud laugh.

"Why, man, he cried, "it's fuchsias she wants!" and he roared again. "Well, whatever it is, give me a couple of yards of it anyhow, front and back yard, too."

You see I was mad. I got the things the memoranda seemed to call for at the various places, and went home.

"Here, Mrs. Boggs," said I, testily, "are the things for our front yard." "Why, what is this?,' she cried, as I thrust a two-gallon jug upon her dreadful sentence fastens the prisoner, among other things. "Bourbon, my dear. I found it on

the memoranda. Pretty thing to set out in the front yard, though. How long do you s'pose it'll stay there with the sufferer, so that he can no longer see. the neighbors we've got?' "Boggs, you are a confoundedthat memoranda was 'Bourbon Rose, But what is this nasty little book?"

holding up a dime novel with a highly colored title page representing a gorgeous squaw on a flery and untained

know." and threw it into the stove. Then she the basket and proceeds as before, took the jug of Bourbon and emptied until at last all the knives have been it into the back gutter. While she was taken from the basket. But while the gone I concealed Alexander Dumas' "Wandering Jew," which I had also

purchased, for I began to see that I had skill that no vital parts are touched, nade a terrible blunder in filling that and death does not come to the relief order. (I have ascertained since that of the sufferer. And when all the "Wandering Jew" is the name of a numbers of this terrible lottery of "Here, my dear," said I, as my wife nous dogs, who, more merciful than entered the room again, desiring to their masters, soon put an end to the

that it is right, for I hired a boy to go out into the woods and cull it." "Go out in the woods and cull it!" nals consisted in being So it was, Dear! Dear! how was I

Boggs' hands looked like a pair of boxng gloves. I will never meddle with for a long time. vy again, ivy notion.

and pumpkin vines? "What are these?" said Mrs. Boggs, examining a flower bed where I had stuck some plants. Then she bent pains to vary the pains, changing the down, scrutinized the leaves closely,

landscape gardener, and turned the front yard over to him. Mrs. Boggs bossed the job, and under her eagle eye very little ground 'scaped gardening. A hose became necessary, of course, to

me to take the hose and sprinkle the front yard.

I had never operated such a contrivance and made horrible work of it. I forgot to substitute the sprinkler for soms, the stimulus causing the trees to all through the war, and whose pencil the nozzle and played havoc among the plants and flowers. Whenever scooped out or driven into the ground out of sight. The flower beds looked as though they had been fooling around a water spout. I was disconcerted at the ruin I was working, and turning around to see if my wife was coming, I let the stream go full drive in my neighbor's face who was observing me and I turned it quickly around, firing it into a passing baby wagon. Baby screamed, and getting a dose in my own eye, I popped it next in the face of Mrs. Boggs, who was just entering the gate. That concluded my performance with a rubber hose.

If you know any one who wants to rent a house with a front yard, send me

#### Impaled.

The impalement of persons sentenced to death for great crimes has been tree can only nourish according to its practiced in the East for many cencapacity to supply. Where the fruit is turies. In Turkey, where this punishment was most frequently inflicted, parent that inferiority of size must be artist and his human canvas, holding assassins whese crimes were of an demned to die on the pole; and the ance is below the average, to say noth-traveler who penetrates into Asia ing of the drain on the vitality of the Minor will now and then, even in our times, ride past slender posts erected along the roadside, on which the skeletons of the unfortunates are hanging who have been put to death in this horrible manner.

Saint Edme in his Dictionnaire de la Penalite describes the manner in which this punishment is inflicted as follows: "The unfortunate man who is to suffer death by impalement is laid flat on the ground, face downward. His hands are tied on his back, and one of the executioner's assistants sits down move. A second assistant holds the culprit's head firmly to the ground. them. The executioner now aptaking a car for home, I thought of the a long stake or pole, which he pushes and found the second to the management, and found the second to the body from behind. The pole tapers almost to a point, but is rounded others were sold by measurement, not penetrate the entrails all at once. The executioner pushes this pole into the trees are overcrowed and the fruit seeds, etc." hands, whereupon a fourth assistant peaches and even the small fruits are Now the pole, which has penetrated deeply into the body of the doomed trees and vines must not be allowed to by court plaster, and his voice sounded man, is set upright into the ground,

I studied it hard, but it was slightly drives it in still further with a mallet. and the victim is left to die upon it. The shoots and runners must be kept further down upon the stake every vital power—as is well known to those from the breast or side of the culprit, Some of those upon whom this horrible to fruit production the succeeding seapunishment has been inflicted, died son. Let every fruit-grower endeavor quickly, and their suffering was soon to produce good, well-formed, marketover, but others are said to have suf- able fruit, culling out that which is fered untold agony for hours, and even inferior, and allotting to the trees only

> Impalement, borrible as it is, is not will be more than a satisfactory remuthe cruelist punishment inflicted in neration for the small amount of extra Oriental countries, Particularly the labor required. Chinese and the inhabitants of Anam, Cochin China and Siam seem to have exhausted all their powers of invention in devising new and insufferable torments for criminals or persons who had

In China rebels and traitors are life. rally cut into a thousand pieces. The executioner who is to carry out this who is tied hand and foot, with a chain to a post, and makes an incision over the forehead of his victim. He pulls the loud and angry tones of the great the skin of the forehead over the eyes of functionary. He was evidently ad-A large basket with small knives is now placed beside the executioner, who shakes them up several times, and then takes them up, one by one. On each knife is written the name of a part of the human body which the fiend who takes the instrument of torture from the basket proceeds to lace-"That? Why you ordered it, didn't rate slowly. Little pieces of flesh and you? That is Running Rose; or, the skin are cut from the struggling wretch, Prairie Queen;' one of Beadle's you and when the executioner has cut and slashed one part, in his opinion, suffi-My wife carried it at arm's length ciently, he takes another knife from victim suffers horrible torments the executioner operates on him with such

mollify her, "here is some ivy. I know agonies of the doomed man. Another punishment said to have been inflicted in China on great crimiexpected to know anything about it? rather scraped off the flesh of the culof ivy 'cept that which grows in the consumed a great deal of time. The

yet. I planted the seeds I had bot.ght, and what do you think came up? A had a small cocoanut forced into their lot of gourds, sunflowers, hollyhocks mouth so that they had to starve.

Other horrible punishments have been inflicted by Oriental despots, and many of them have taken particular the roots and threw them away. We fixed it at length. We hired a iced in those countries,

As the season seems favorable, the prospect is that the trees, of all kinds, will be well loaded with fruit. Too sprinkle the grass and flowers, so she bought one properly furnished with a nozzle and sprinkler. Mrs. Boggs going quantity, but too much inferior fruit is out marketing one evening, requested a yearly infliction on all who buy. Pruning, trimming and cultivating, ion here than was ever enjoyed since while pushing forward the trees in vigor and productiveness, also assist in the development of a surplus of blostithe artist of Harper's Weekly, who was bend their energies in that direction in has caused many a battle-field to be preference to an excess of leaves, for impressed upon the minds of hundreds preference to an excess of leaves, for the embryo buds are alike, and diverge into leat or fruit as the conditions di-

Thinning out fruit seems repulsive to those who are accustomed to seeing heavy clusters of fruit on trees, and the operation appears to be a wasteful one; but, when we consider that fruit-ing is but an effort of natural reproduc-dust of liquor, had made him feel quite one; but, when we consider that fruittion, it is to be wondered, rather, that thinning is not more commonly practiced. If the tree cannot propagate by like a log. The boys and seem he stept like a log. The boys seeding it will endeavor to do so from the root by sending out shoots. It were in the room telling stories, when either sends out shoots or fruit buds, or both, and this must be accomplished comrade, and in a second an idea oconly with the material which the tree curred to Davis, the artist. He said he affords, part of which is stored and would go to his room and get his waterpart new, taken directly from the soil at the time of blossoming or a little before. This material is distributed to every part of the tree, the remotest he had been in a fight, and been knocked blossom not being forgotten, and the all to pieces. The boys said it would be overcrowed on the tree the fact is apthe consequence; and whenever the aggravated character were always con- fruit is dwarfed the flavor and appearing of the drain on the vitality of the man's fist. Then he painted a swelling

tree, which is thereby compelled to use its utmost endeavor in order to develop its fruit. By thinning out the inferior specimens, leaving only that which looks artist took some strips of court plaster promising, the sap is directed into fewer channels instead of the many, the fruit being supplied with a greater proporion of nourishment, grows more rapidly, ripens sooner and is improved in appearance and quality. Nor will the actual production be less, for the chances are that by measurement the quan tity will be more than if no thinning process had been practiced, the chief benefit being the doubling of the price owing to the superiority of the fruit. Strawberries so treated have been grown o such proportions as to readily command fifty cents per quart when inferior kinds were not in demand, and that sold singly at good prices, while friend said:

no exception Another point to be observed is that make any effort other than by seeding. days, before death put an end to their that which is suitable to their capacity and the increased prices and quick sales

## A Scoretary in Trouble.

A gentleman who had business with the War Department during the Presiincurred the hatred of the rulers of the Secretary for the purpose of transacting it. As he approached the door leading to the Secretary's apartment, the messenger informed him that the Secretary was engaged for the moment, and begged him to take a seat in the ante-room The door was ajar, dressing an officer of the army, who was delinquent in the matter of his accounts, "You have been repeatedly directed to bring your affairs to a settlement," said he, "and you pay no attention to the instruction, delaying on one frivolous pretext or another, and offering the most preposterous excuses, until the thing has become intolerable. If this goes on much longer I shall order your arrest, and try you by court-martial. The War De-

partment cannot be trifled with. The offending officer was a Frenchman, whose broken English and extraordinary phraseology were most mirth-provoking. He presently bowed himself out into the hall, the very impersonation of composure and selfcomplacency. The gentleman who was waiting for an audience inquired what "But ze Minis-

Prince Napoleon's son is only one of a long line of royal pretenders, refugees, "brushed to or captives who have entered English shricked Mrs. Boggs, suddenly dropping it; "why, Boggs, that's Pizen ivy!" death." The instrument employed in schools within the past dozen years. He this torture was a wire brush, with enters Cheltenham College. It was there this torture was a wire brush, with enters Cheltenham College. It was there which the executioner brushed, or that Dr. Jex-Blake first received Prince Aleymayu, son of King Theodore of his nose, another fellow brought a wet I didn't know there was any other kind prit, a proceeding which naturally Abyssinia. Soon after, the Duke of towel and the paint was washed off, and Genoa entered Harrow under Mr. Matwoods. I went around a week or two tormentor, with consummate skill, thew Arnold. Prince Hassan, of Egypt, with both hands done up in linen rags brushed around all great veins and soaked in salt and water, and Mrs. brushed around all great veins and long ago at Oxford, The King of Spain he wanted to kill some of them, but bleeding to death, and kept him alive was once at Sandhurst, and Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, the pretender, is now vy again, ivy notion.

In Siam the death penalty was inBut my mishaps are not all re ated

In Siam the death penalty was inflicted on rebels by having them tramwhile the Woolwich career of the son of

> Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion; the one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason in attempting to account for the phenomena of mode of their torment with every suf- nature had he not a Supreme Being to erer. But the above instances will refer to. If there had been no God. uffice to show what cruelties are prac-mankind would have been obliged to

### A Joke on a Soldier

Many persons think that these old

soldiers who meet at reunions have become dignified and forgotten how to fun to the square mile during the reunion here than was ever enjoyed since of thousands of people who were not there. There was one of the Chicago men who sometimes took a little too much wet stuff, and who was a little excitable when full, though a foval good fellow. The visiting, the music, the marching, the cheering and the exexcited, and he wanted to fight his battles over again, but the boys kept some one called attention to the sleeping olor paint and brushes, and some court plaster, and paint the face of the sleeping comrade so he would look as though brushes, and the boys stood over the their sides to keep from roaring. The artist first painted two black eyes that you would swear had been made by a ou one cheek, and on the forehead he painted what looked as though a sledge hammer had mashed in the skull and left the brain oozing out. Then the and stuck one across the painted broken nose, another across the mouth, sealing both lips; and the boys stood back to look at the stricken man and wait for the court plaster to dry. The scene was so real that one of the boys actually turned pale while looking at the sleeper. The boys held a consultation and agreed that when their friend awoke they should look heart-broken, and make him believe he had been mauled out of all human shape; and they got a strange veteran from Oshkosh to personate a doctor. After a little the sleeper began to wake up, and one of his friends took a seat by his bedside, took hold of his

" Now, don't exert yourself, and don't try to talk. The doctor says you will be all right if you remain quiet." The victim of the joke opened his eyes and was going to ask what in Gehenna was the matter, and what made those was the matter, and what made those

when he found his mouth held together like a man with a hair-lip asking somebody to go to the devil. At this point The weight of the body presses it down, as they rob the parent stock of La Drury, one of the jokers, was having further down upon the stake every moment, and the point finally protrudes from the breast or side of the culture who grow strawberries especially, the put a handkerchief to his face, sobbed, runners of this year being detrimental to fruit production the succeeding sea- ble." The victim looked at Lu, and would have sworn his great heart was overcharged with grief, and he tried to talk, but the court plaster would not permit him. At this point the Oshkosh villain, who acted as army surgeon,

went to the bedside of the wounded man, relieved the other watcher, felt of his pulse and said: "Don't be discouraged, my boy, we will pull you through, if you do not get excited. I have cured worst cases." Then he took a pair of scissors and cut the court plaster that held the lips

together, and said:
"There, how do you feel now? Don't talk much, but don't you feel The victim looked at the doctor and at the boys who were picturesquely standing around the bed, and said:

"Doc, for God's sake, what has happened to me ?"

The doctor told him to be quiet, and then whispered to him: "You have had the worst fight that a man ever had and lived. A man attacked you on Wells street with a view of robbing you, and you defended yourself, but it was a hard struggle. Mr. Drury, please hand me that hand-glass. There, you can see for yourself. There is a contusion of the brain, the eyes are discolored, and I thought your jaw was broken, but as you can talk I guess it is only fractured. But you ought to see the man that jumped on you. There, now, don't look at yourself too much. You will look better to-

The victim took a long look at himself, and the first thing he said was: "Is the other fellow alive?"

It was all the boys could do to keep from bursting, but they kept sober faces, and the doctor said the other fellow was alive, but he was the worst used up man he ever sewed up. He said one arm was broken and one eye gouged out, and his face looked as if a pile-driver had struck him. The victim smiled a satisfactory smile as he heard how he had whipped the other fellow. Then the boys asked if he had any message to send home. He took the mirror and looked at himself again, and said: "Telegraph for my wife." That was too much, and the boys roared and the doctor tore off the court plaster from when he was clean the boys handed him the mirror, and he looked at himself just then a colored boy brought up a couple of bottles of wine, and the injured man got up and the war was over. But for a couple days, if any body said, "Is the other fellow alive?! or "Telegraph my wife," in his presence, his hand instantly sought his pistol pocket. The artist, Mr. Davis, the one most to blame, had to look out for himself the rest of the time during the re-union, or he would have been challenged.

Certain sounds from a musical instru-ment will affect the flame from a gas jet causing it to dance about,