NO. 33.

Hollyhocks.

A flauhting, graceless flower, you say?
Ah, well, it may be so;
And still it seems but yesterday,
That morning long ago.
I almost see the cottage yet,
The winding path—and Margaret.

A light-winged breeze sailed gently by; The lark's clear note afar. Thro' the blue spaces of the sky, Slid like a falling star. I never saw her look so fair; Ah, if I told her, would she care.

Within a scarlet hollyhock,
A pollen-laden bee,
Deep plunging, made the blossom rock.
She flashed a smile at me,
And with a motion swift and light
She caught the silken petals tight.

Loud hummed the bee with angry wing—
"Why thus so ill content?
The sweets you sought, poor foolish thing,"
She said, "are all misspent!"
My heart leaped up to hear her speak;
A sudden courage dyed my cheek.

"Darling!" I cried, "Oh, let him fly, And take me in his place! Fast prisoned in your heart could I Ask any sweeter grace? I could not struggle to be free. So dear a jailer holds the key."

Her cheek flushed like an op'ning rose, No word her lips did say— I saw her little hand unclose, The glad bee flew away. Ah, me! 'twas forty years ago— My hair is gray—yet this I know:

I've roamed thro' many garden bowers
And blooming fields since then—
In summer wild-wood gathered flowers,
And in the mountain glen
Pulled harebells from the moss-grown
rock. Yet most I loved the hollyhook.

-Mary A. P. Slansbury.

LOVE TO RESCUE.

"We'll take you in," said Betty, with a patronizing air that was quite new to "because you have been so kind, and have got us all the boughs to deco-rate with. But you mustn't tell anybody, George. Mr de Vaux and I want to astonish the natives to-night." It was George Knox for whom she

opened the door of the new barn, that marvelous structure of Mr. Sprague's, an outgrowth of fancy farming on large

There it stood, like a palace of agri-culture, painted pure white, with latticed windows of emerald-green, and an niry observatory at the top, surmounted by a gilded weather-vane.

The barn had just been finished that summer, but the crops were all in and half threshed when Betty made up her mind to have a harvest-home. There was plenty of room for dancing in the wide area between the mows, when the farming implements and machinery

were moved out of the way.
"Walk in, Mr. Knox," said Clarence
de Vaux, with the air of one to the manner born. 'Miss Betty and I have been doing the decorative inside."

George winced at the constant assoeiation of his name with Betty's, and looked jealously at the girl's fair face, which had never seemed farther from him than now.

She will never care for me," George said gloomily, with a desperate look at his brown hands and homely clothes, thrice ugly by contrast with the dainty

elegance of Clarence de Vaux.
He went into the barn marvelling.

yet full of despair. It never occurred to him that he had any part in the beauty of that inr, though he had loaned his team and spent a whole day cutting boughs and gathering flowers for Betty at her command, without even knowing what

she was going to do with them.

"Doesn't it look pretty?" Betty demanded, as they stood inside of the barn, and she took a few giddy turns with De Vaux over the well-waxed floor.
"This is Mr. de Vaux's doing. He is

quite an artist, I assure you."
"Ah, now, Miss Betty!" cried De Vaux, pulling his mustache. "Spare my blusnes!"
"It looks beautiful," George said

And for a moment his honest eves

shone with pleasure.

The scene was a very pretty one. around the walls were arranged improper uptu seats; the walls were hung with green boughs and autumn leaves. with fruit and grain, and farm imple-

ments gaily decked with ribbons. Chinese lanterns depended from the rafters, and a chandelier, made of laths cleverly nailed together, supported a

Eundred wax candles.
"You will have to be careful about fire," suggested George mildly. "With all that hay in the mows, the least spark would make a blaze in a minute."

"There won't be any danger, I guess," Betty said carelessly. "Would you like to go up in the cupola, George? There's a lovely view from there. You can see Ranko's hill and the mill-pond quite plainly. Won't you come up, Mr. de Vaux?"

'No, I thank you" De Vaux said "I am too tired for stairs. If you'll excuse me Miss Betty, I'll wait for you below."

A look of pique came over Betty's face, but she managed to hide it, and went on up the staircase with George.

There was a lovely view up there, but he had no eyes for it. He had been longing so for a moment with her alone that he pressed close to her side, and looked down into the witching face that

had broken his peace for ever.

"Betty," he said, in a voice that
trembled from very love. "what is the matter with you lately? You are not the same to me as you used to be.

"Why, nothing!" she answered in feigned surprise. "You're full of notions, George.

"No, I am not." be said decidedly. "I know when you are kind to me and when you are not. Betty, you know that I love you with my whole soul. I have never asked you to be my wife, just because your father is a rich man, and I am only a young farmer who has his way to make. But if I thought you

could care for me a little—— Oh, Betty, do you think you could?" He had seized her hand, and was looking wistfully into her fair face, with a great hunger on his lips to taste the sweetness of that tempting mouth so

near his own. He was a fine fellow, and Betty knew it. He had never looked nobler than he did at that moment; but De Vaux was a gentleman with invisible means of support; his hands were white, and he could dance the lawn tennis quad-

He dropped her hand instantly, and a strange whiteness came over his bronze

"Is it this De Vaux?" he asked huskiy. "Are you engaged to him?"
"No," said Betty with a warm flush;
"I am not exactly engaged to him, but "I understand. Shall we go down

They came down in silence, and found Clarence de Vaux smoking a

arette.
"You ought not to light that in here,"
id George sternly. "You'd better said George sternly.

throw it away."
"Sir!" said Clarence, giving him a
prolonged stare. "I smoke where I

"Then you had better choose such places as can not be jeopardised by your folly," said George curtly. "Betty, I wouldn't let him smoke in here." "I don't see any harm in Mr. de

Vaux's lighting a cigarette if he wishes," she said with a resentful flash of her dark eyes. "You must not allow your personal feelings to provoke you to

"I had no intention of being rude,"
George said quickly. "But I warn you that if you are not careful to-night this barn will be in ashes to-morrow.' "You are a prophet of evil," said Betty carelessly. "If you are ready, Mr.

de Vaux, we will go in. Are you going, George? Well, good-bye. I suppose we shall see you to-night?"
"I hardly think so," George answored. And, lifting his hat, he left them to

walk back to the house together. The evening brought with it a fine September moon, mellow and full. The

ladies and gentlemen were all in costume, and Betty's dress was wonderfully becoming.
"You look like a poem incarnate,"
whispered Clarence de Vaux, as they

you give me a few moments in the cupo-la when this is over? The moon is perfeet, and the landscape is divine tonight.

swept through her curis and drifted them backward. "How cool it is up here! I wish I'd brought my shawl." "Shall I get it for you?" De Vaux said

devotedly. "If you will be so kind. It is a white cashmere, hanging on a peg by the

He started down again with alacrity. The band was playing a merry tune as he made his way to where Betty's wrap was hanging.
It was just slightly above his reach;

but he jumped for it, and succeeded in bringing it down-only something else

A Chinese lantern hanging near was eaught in the fringe of the shawl, and flitted off the wire, falling over the beam right into the midst of the hay-

In an instant the place was in flames. Like magic a conflagration seemed to be conjured up, roaring around the huge rafters and breathing forth a chooling mass of smoke. There was one wild scream. The music ceased with a crash, and every individual rushed towards the one door,

Clarence de Vaux among them. They had but one thought-to escape from the burning structure. Betty, alone up in the cupola, was all unconscious of her danger until the smell of smoke sent her to the staircase.

roof. But there was no help for her there. The barn was gabled, and its

slanting roof made it impossible to take a step without immediate danger.

They saw her below, and a shout of

agonised helplessness went up to meet her cries of terror.

Down on her knees Betty dropped. "Oh, God, help me!" she prayed; And then she heard a voice that had always carried comfort and security to

'This way, Betty," George Knox

And then his strong arms threw about her a heavy horse-blanket, whose wet folds protected her from the flames while he bore her through their midst down the fiery stairway and out in the cool night, where she was safe once

Betty never knew how they made that perilous escape, for when she came to herself, they told her George could not He was horribly burned—poor fellow!

and raving wildly.
Clarence de Vaux had vanished.

Public opinion, condemning him for his base desertion of Betty in the hour of mortal peril, had branded him a coveard, and he had left town in a hurry.

It was some weeks before George Knox again opened his eyes consciously on the world, and saw Betty wringing out the soft linen cloths that had cooled his burns and slowly tempered the rag-

Betty!" he whispered. "Are you safe?" "Yes, dear," she answered with a

smile whose gladness George felt in every part of his being. "You saved me. Not a hair of my head was hurt." "Thank Heaven!" he said softly. "I tried to spare you, Betty. I loved you

"I know you did," she said kneeling down at his side and taking one of his poor bandaged hands in hers; "and I loved you too, George, though I was not quite sure of it. But I am now," she added tenderly, "and, George dear, It you will take me now, I will marry you whenever you like."

"Oh, Betty!" he cried. "My darling, are you sure?" She bent over him with a look which

there was no mistaking, and then George felt the lips he had coveted pressed to his own in a fond willing

"Yes, dear," she answered, "I am quite sure." Mr. Sprague's barn was in ashes, but people said he could stand it. said he was a rich man and

He was very fond of George Knox, to whom he looked for the practical reali-sation of all his own brilliant schemes of agriculture; and when he heard that "I am sorry, George," she said hastily. "I am very fond of you, but I—I don't think I could care for you in that PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

It is Promised a More Popular Seaso This Winter Than Ever.

This winter the interesting game of progressive euchre promises to be more popular than ever, and hundreds of par-ties are organizing to play in many parts of the country. Its fascination is independent of that which, to some persons, belongs to ordinary cuchre, and consists in the briskness and range of the competition, as well as in the merri-ment and physical activity which it invariably provokos. In order to give a just idea of the game let us describe a particular instance in which it was played with success, not because this intance is in any respect remarkable, but because being a fair average one, it will represent many others. The host or hostess, then, standing in the drawingroom in the presence of, say twelve, six-teen or twenty ladies and gentlemen who have been invited for the evening, holds in one hand a number of pieces of pasteboard to be drawn successively by the ladies, and in the other hand a similar number to be drawn by the gentle-men. Suppose the number of players is sixteen, or four at each one of the four small tables, which have been placed diagonally across the room, and on each of which has been laid a card representing one of four geometrical figures, say a square, a circle, a parallelo-gram, or an octagon. Each of these cards has two duplicates, which, after being cut in two, are held for distribution in the hands of the host or hostess. The ladies proceed to select each a piece from eight pieces held out to them, the gentlemen select in like manner from another eight held out to them, and the fun begins by their attempting to match the pieces so selected. A gentleman, for instance, who has drawn half a square, goes around to find the lady who has drawn a similar pattern, and

ho, when found, becomes his partner that particular table on which lies a pare. In like manner, two other dayers are selected for the same table, making the usual cuchre party of four. The table on which lies a circle obtains its sitters in a similar way, as do also the tables on which are lying respectively the parallelogram and the octagon. The table nearest the front door is said to be at the head of the row, and the corresponding one at the other end of the room is said to be at the foot. The players being thus seated four at a table, one of those at the head table strikes a bell, and the game begins. Everybody plays as fast as she or he can, and the excitement is great until the sound of the bell announces that a couple at the head table have finished their game. Immediately all the other players stop playing, and the winners at each table change places and take the table next above them, the ultimate object being to get at the head table. The losing couple at the head table go down to the foot, and at every table the partners change, so that your partner in the previous round becomes your enc-

my in the previous round occomes you car-my in the round now beginning.

The delightful haste and confusion caused by this sudden change and energetic effort to advance are accompanied by much laughter, and the spirit of competition is soon in full swing. The couple at the head who have won a game take from a small box containing wafers in the shape of red stars, one of the stars and stick it to their eard to indicate the fact of their triumph. The more stars any player has on his card the more success he has won. But the couple who lose at the lowest table of around the full moon on very clear the recovered to their discovered to the full moon on very clear their discovered to the full moon on the full moon of the full moon on the full moon of the full moon on the full moon on the full moon of the full mo elled to indicate grace by affixing to their eard half of a little red paper seal like that adjoining signatures in legal documents. The more of these wafers or seals any couple

has the greater is their ill-repute. and gentleman who have won the most this may be of any description cost, although good taste seems to dietate that its pecuniary value be not large. lady and gentleman, on the other hand, who have lost the most while sitting at the lowest table, and on whose card therefore, is the greatest number of half-seals, a mock prize apiece is awarded, consisting, say, of a cheap doll fantastically dressed, or other udricous exponent of unsuccessful effort. The presentation of these prizes is often accompanied by humorous speeches, in which the real or affected merits of the successful or unsuccessful prayers are dilated upon in serio-comic fashion; and when the persons selected to make the speeches of presentation is apt for the task, the merriment often becomes hilarious. Supper is then served, and dancing may follow, or the game may be renewed. Most young people, however, prefer to close the evening with some

fresh sport. To any person who has never played progressive euchre, the pitch of excitement to which even our grandmother and grandfathers often succeed in clevating themselves would be almost past belief, but everybody at all familiar with this festive game knows that the physical activity and the buoyancy of spirit created by its requirements are unequal-ed even by blind-man's-bluff. The intellectual conditions under which progressive euchre attains its happiest consummation are of a high order also. Euchre, like cheekers, is an intellectual game if played in the right way. It is a mistake to suppose that whist or chess has a monopoly of the intellectual ele-ment. There is as much difference in the methods of players of ordinary euchre as in those of the players of ordinary checkers; and when, to the usual conditions, those active and jovial ones of progressive euchre are added, the pleasure is immense. — Harper's Ba-

The Chinese minister at Washington is Mr. Isas, Jr., though he is considerably over 60. His wife is only 29. The only English sentences the minister can use are "How do you do," "Good-by," and "Champagne is good." Some members of the legation are careful buyers of fine gems.

Miniature silver barrels, filled with the best Minneapolis flour, are the gifts which the Danish people of the northwest sent to their friends in Europe. Emperor William's First Love.

The second volume of Mr. Treitschke's "German History," which has just ap-peared, contains an interesting episode n the life of William I.

The most beautiful and accomplished of all the young ladies of Frederick William III's court was the Princess Radziwill. Prince William was passion-ately in love with her, and, although it might have been adjudged a splendid match had the parties been born in a cabin, objections were raised against it by the royal family on account of in-

Nothwithstanding the fact that the Radziwills was one of the oldest and wealthiest of the noble families of Prussia, and that in the days of Frederick the Great a Hohenzollern had married a the Great a Hohenzollern had married a system of so-called protection under Radziwill, the law in relation to reyal which a grevious tariff, imposed avowmarriages had undergone a change since his time, it having become the rule that only the daughters of reigning houses and those of former sovereigns houses and those of former sovereigns. houses and those of former sovereigns should be considered equal-born with the sons of emperors and kings. For ed. They believe that this wrong endures only because unrealized and unexposted to the sons of emperors and kings.

Prince August of Prussia might adopt the Princess Radziwill as his daughter, maintaining her past record in this

In the meantime, Frederick William III.'s third son, Prince Karl, had married a princess of Wiemar, and the grand ducal court of Saxony now made it known that if Prince William persisted in his intention the children of Prince Karl would insist upon their prerogative of royal succession. Affairs were assuming a serious aspect for the royal lovers, since a dispute in the sucession might involve the permanency of the Hohenzollern dynasty. At the urgent and repeated entreaties of his counselors, Frederick William III. reluctantly consented to use his kingly authority in the matter. This was in 1826, when the present emperor was about 29 years of age. In a letter filled with fatherly and tender sentiment the king represented to his son that inasmuch as every reasonable effort had been made, and made in vain, it be-come his painful duty to ask him to sacrifice his noble sentiment of regard for the young princess to the interests of

the royal house of Hohenzollern. Upon the receipt of this letter Prince William was profoundly affected, but, as a dutiful son, when he had sufficiently recovered from the shock, he informed his father that he was ready to comply with his request.

Bishop's Ring Around the Sun.

If there is nothing new under the sun, there is at least something new around it. For the last two years close observers of the sky have noticed that the noonday sun has been surrounded by a corona of dusky, coppery, or reddish ight, as it has been variously described, the circle of most distinct color having a radius of about fifteen degrees, and inclosing a brilliant, silvery or bluish glow close around the solar disk. A winter nights.

The most experienced observers of sky-colors are agreed that this corona was not visible before the latter months of 1883. Von Bezold, of Munich, who was considered the most competent The game continues in this way until the time previously chosen by the host or hostess has expired. This time is the recent German Arctic Expedition, usually two hours of two hours and a says that, in spite of the close attention half, when the final reckoning is taken he had previously given to the appearand the prizes awarded. To the lady ance of the usual whitish glow around the sun, he had never till recently seen points a prize apiece is awarded, and the dusky ring. Thollon, of Nice, who this may be of any description cocost, had made a special study of the sky around the sun for a series of years, declares confidently that a change occur-red in November, 1883. Backhouse, of Sunderland, who has a careful record of parhelia for twenty-five years, confirms this opinion. We may, therefore, safely accept the conclusion that the change of color from the blue of the open sky to the intense glare of whitish light close around the sun, was until lately effected without the appearance of any reddish tinge in the transitional area.

The new corona, to which the name of "Bishop's ring" has been given after its first observer, has never been a very conspicuous affair, and therefore has not attained the popular attention that it deserves; but it could easily be seen every clear day last winter, and has repeatedly been noticed since then in the latter months of 1885 .- William M. Davis, in Popular Science Monthly for

A Lawyer Baffled.

Jim Mc Snifter was being tried in San Antonio for trying to bribe a col-ored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify

"You say this defendant offered a bribe of \$50 to testify in his behalf? said Lawyer Gonge to Sam Johnsing. 'Yes, sah.'

"Now repeat precisely what he said, using his own words."

"He said he would git me \$50 if I—"

"He can't have used those words.
He didn't speak as a third person."

"No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third pusson present. Dar was only us two. Defendant am too smart only us two. Defendant am too smart to hab anybody listenin' when he am talking about his own reskelity."

"I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't "I was de fust pusson, myself." "You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the

words, 'I will pay you \$50?' "
"No, boss; he didn't say nuffin about you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' dat he tole me ef eber I got inter a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in San Antone to fool de judge and jury."
"You can step down."—Texas Sift-

The 10-year-old Emperor of China is clamorous for a wife.

THE FREE-TRADE MOVEMENT.

An Open Letter to the South Carolina Congressmen. In accordance with a resolution of

the Executive Committee of the Free-Trade Association, a copy of the following letter has been mailed to each Senator and member of Congress from this State:

HEADQUARTERS FREE-TRADE ASSOCIA-TION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 4, 1886.

My Dear Sir.—The Free-Trade Association of South Carolina believe that of all causes as signed for the present deplorable prostration of industrial in-terests in the United States, none is more disastrous and far-reaching than the

the sons of emperors and kings. For five long years every effort was made by the relatives of both sides to meet the objections raised against Prince William's happiness. At the request of Prince Radziwill, the celebrated attorney Eichhorn wrote a legal opinion in which the equality of birth was made plain, but his opinion was opposed by many eminent legal authorities on the many eminent legal authorities on the the fullest returns to his labor.

Feeling assured that as a custodian The proposition was considered that of South Carolina's interests in the maintaining her past record in this but five of the ministers replied that it was their duty to declare that such adoption did not change the blood.

Trade Association warmly invite your

aid in their work. They trust that you will consent to deliver at least one public address at such time and place in the State as may be most convenient, discussing the burdens of the tariff, setting forth the position of Congress in regard to its repeal in whole or in part, and suggesting the means by which your constituents may most efficiently co-operate with you in securing relief so greatly needed, yet so long deferred. By order of the Executive Commit-R. MEANS DAVIS, Chairman.

A TALE OF WOE FROM IRELAND.

Maldens Naked and Starving--The Inhabitants on the West Coast Subsisting on Moss and Roots.

The English Government has placed gunboats at the service of Mr. Tuke in his work of relieving the inhabitants of the islands along the western Irish coast. Indescribable distress has been developed among among the people inhabiting the Arran Isles, off Galway, who besides having hardly anything but moss and sea grass left to eat, are without fire and often without clothing and shelter. It is not rare to find girls of seventeen and eighteen kept in en-forced hiding during the daytime because bereft of every thread of clothing, long ago bartered away for seed potatoes or roots to feed the smaller children. Fishing-Inspector Brady recently went among the miserable peo-ple of Arran to distribute relief furnished by an organization of Irish police. His funds ran short and he still had so much pitiable wretchedness to relieve that he appealed to Mr. Bussey, who is charged with the distribution of the raised in America through the New York Sun for the impoverished fishermen of Achill and Boffin Islands, and begged him to di vert part of his store for the benefit of the Arranese. This Mr. Bussey was permitted to do, and he reports that in order to save the lives of scores of people, now dying of starvation in those Western islands, it is imperative that relief on a large scale be at once organized.

THE WRONG MEN LYNCHEE.

A Shocking Discovery Made Too Late to Do Any Good.

The horrible murder on Christma Eve, 1881, when three children were murdered at Ashland, Ky., which resulted in a lynching, is recalled again by developments about to be made which will demonstrate that Neal, Craft and Ellis were innocent of the crime for which they suffered. For some time seven gentlemen have been employing a competent detective to sift every theory and investigate every clew. Their work has been crowned with success, and it is claimed that the arrest of the real criminals will soon follow. The evidence is said to be conclusive and will show that the riple murder was committed early in he evening; that the perpetrators went to the houseby appointment with one of the girls, who had previously been on intimat terms with one of them, and that the triple murder fol-lowed the unintentional killing of the boy for resisting the assaults on the The arrests would have been made before ! ut for the excited state of public being on the subject. The suspecten parties hold very respecta-

-Stewart Pringle, a noted Confederate negro, died in Morehuse, Parish, La., last week. He went through the Mexicon war with Col. Butler, of South Carolina, and was in the Confederate army with Capt. H. D. Brigham. He was Southern to the core. He would never admit that the South was whipped, but would always say that the Confederates were overpower ed. After the war he was a staunch Democrat. He loved to talk of Lee and Jackson, but Stonewall was his favorite. He had a canteen from which Jackson drank, and no money could have induced him to part with

On Friday morning, when the keepers of the New Orleans jail made efforts to arouse Ford and Murphy, condemued murderers, they could not wake them up. After an examination, the physician concluded the men had taken belladona. At 9:30 Murphy had rallied a little, but Ford was still means one. was still unconscious. The men were taken to the gallows in a half-conscious state, and had to be supported while the noose was adjusted around the neck of each. At 12:15 the drop fell, and both men died instantly.

Baby's English.

Many infants talk at a surprisingly early age. Instances have been known

I myself heard a year-old child say a great many things the other day. I was calling on a friend whose son was calling on a friend whose son was just a year old.

"Can be talk any yet?"
"Talk!" exclaimed the fond mother, with an injured look. "I should think so! He can just say everything, can't you, ducksy daddie?"

"Boo, boo, bwe, ye, ya!" screeched baby, growing black in the face with the effort,
"Hear him!" cried the proud mother.
"He said, 'I guess I can talk!"

This information surprised me a little, but I discreetly held my peace. "Now tell the gentleman your name, said baby's mamma, coaxingly.

"Boo, boo, da, da, boo!" "Charles Edward Jones, just as plain as anybody could say it, you little sweet!" cried the triamphant mother.

My surprise increased.
"Now tell mamma whom you like bes in all the world."

"Boo, boo, bwe, da, da!"
"How cunning" I exclaim. "Da, da,
means 'papa,' don't it?"
"Mercy, no! Didn't you hear the little blessing say that he liked the gentleman best. He meant you."

I am flattered, of course, and amazed at my own stupidity. I thought I was familiar with the "king's English," but the English of this little king is new to

"Now, say 'Sing a song o' sixpence' "Yee, yee, boo, baa, bo," sputters

baby.

"O, no, deary!" says mamma, reprovingly. "That was 'Little Bo Peep.' Now say the other."

"Zee, zee, boo, baa, be!"

"That's it, that's it! You blessed old boot. I know you could say it! And to

boy! I knew you could say it! And to think that the gentleman asked if you could talk any yet! I guess he won't ask I guess not, too. Either that baby or I cannot speak the English language in its purity, and I am adverse to displaying my possible ignorance.—Phila-

Not Used to it. A well-known real estate dealer of Detroit has for several years driven a slab-sided old horse before one of the worstlooking buggies on wheels. The harness is never greased, the vehicle never washed, and the long-haired equine hasn't been tickled with a curry-comb for years. The other day some friends of the agent decided on an improvement. The rig was taken from in front of his office to a livery stable, where the horse was brushed, the harness blackened, and the buggy washed and oiled. It was then returned without the owner being any the wiser. Along toward night he came out of his office, started for the horse, stopped and looked around, and presently called a policeman across

the street and asked: "Do you know my rig?"

"Did you see anyone drive off with "No. This looks like your horse. He's

though I don't remember the buggy. "Why, sir, it looks as if somebody had been cleaning the whole thing up for N. J. HOLMES.

you," observed the officer. "So it does, but I don't thank 'em for it. I wish people would mind their own

business. When I want my buggy washed I'll give orders myself."

He untied the horse, climbed in, and started off, but all of a sudden the animal shook his head, made a break for the sidewalk, and the buggy brought up against a hitching-post with the loss of a wheel. Luckily for the agent, some-one caught the horse before he could do

further damage. "Now, then, somebody has got to pay for this!" shouted the man, as he climbed down. "Everybody knows this horse to be as gentle as a lamb, and I've had this buggy fourteen years. A gang of scoundrels go and meddle with the rig, and this accident is the consequence I'll put the detectives on 'em within an hour, and I'll make the whole caboodle wish they had never been born!"-Detroit Free Press.

Where Did it Come From? In the year 1877 some workmen who

were engaged in building a bridge across Chappelle creek—a small stream rising near the town of Ashland, O., and running through Eric county and and running through Eric county and By buying your Drugs and Medicines, into Lake Eric—found it necessary to Fine Colognes, Paper and Envelopes, excavate to the depth of some 18 feet for Memorandum Books, Face Powders, one of the abuttopout. one of the abutments, and when they had reached nearly the required depth struck a perfectly preserved ace cedar tree, which had lain there perhaps for ages, waiting the time when its little story should be told. The bark and a portion of the "sap" was decayed, but the colored portion (nearly the whole of the wood) was as sound as when it ceasone of the abutments, and when they the wood) was as sound as when it ceased growing. It was about two feet thick for something like forty feet from No trouble to show goods. the root—the length of the section re-moved. The "find" caused a good deal of interest among the inhabitants of that neighborhood, and a number of baseball bats were made from the log, on account of the curious manner in which it had been preserved no less than of the kind of wood, red cedar being entirely unknown in that country. The point at which the bridge was being built is about eight miles from the shore of Lake Erie, near the village of Florence, and, of course, much higher than the present level of the water in the lake. The question "Where did it come from, and how, and when, and in what manner was it buried to this great depth?" is one which might engage the attention of some professor of geology.

George Lester, the minstrel manager, who has recently employed John L. Sullivan, fined that gentleman \$888 for getting drunk. He says: "He kept pret-ty sober until last week, when he was drunk four times. Just imagine Ajax drunk and trying to defy the lightning. I would, t have said this about him if he hadn't begun talking about me."

—There was annular eclipse of the sun on Friday. In New York patient orbervers were rewarded four minutes before sunset by seeing a slight indentation of the sun's disc, just as it was sinking behind the New Jersey hills.

The officer in charge of the hynromother, but no one would dare say that baby didn't talk.

Observers were rewarded four minutes before sunset by seeing a slight indentation of the sun's disc, just as it was sinking behind the New Jersey hills.

The officer in charge of the hynrographic bureau in the Maritime Exchange said that the eclipse was of very little particular. observers were rewarded four minutes

> --- There is no limit to the advantages that American talent can derive from foreign culture. Miss Hattie Eddy was a young lady whose beautiful voice was much admired in Philadel-phia. A year's study in Paris has of course improved her method and exe cution, but this is in no way comparable to the vast progress she has made in her name. She is now Mlle. Enrichetta Edica. By any other name she would not sing as sweet.

-Alexander H. Stephen's grave is still unmarked, but above the grace of Harry Steven, his colored servant, a stone has been erected bearing the legend: "He was for many years the faithful, trusted and beloved body servant of Alexander H. Stephens. him he was distinguished for kindness, uprightness and benevolence. As a man he was honest and true. As a As a Christian he was humble and trusting."

-Louise Michel was pelted with stones and snowballs at Versailles while addressing a meeting on strikes and Socialism, but escaped without injury. Her companion, Mme. Bou-gours, was also mobbed, her cab being pelted with stones and bedaubed with mud. Some of the missiles struck her on the face and drew blood. She finally took refuge in the Mayor's of-

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