The Newberry Herald and News.

A Family Paper Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

VOL. XX. NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1884. No. 49

POSITIVE NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned, must settle the same by or before the 20th of November next, otherwise your accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection, and you will get no further credit in the FUTURE. **S. F. FANT.**

Oct 30 3t

NOTICE.

ESTATE OF MOSES M. COPPOCK, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors of M. Coppock, deceased, to present their claims properly proven, to the undersigned immediately; all who are in anywise indebted to the said estate are requested to settle at once, as an early settlement of his estate is desired.

JOHN W. COPPOCK, Executor.

No 43—3t.

PIANOS,

Grand, Upright and Square.

The superiority of the "STIEFF" Pianos is recognized and acknowledged by the highest musical authorities, and the demand for them is as steadily increasing as their merits are becoming more extensively known.

Highest Honors

Over all American and many European rivals at the

Exposition, Paris, 1878

Have the Endorsement of over 100 different Colleges, Seminaries and Schools as to their Durability.

They are Perfect in Tone and Workmanship and Elegant in Appearance.

A large assortment of second-hand Pianos always on hand.

General Wholesale Agents for **Burdett, Palace, Sterling, New England, and Wilcox and White**

ORGANS.

PIANOS and ORGANS sold on EASY INSTALLMENTS.

Pianos taken in Exchange, also thoroughly repaired.

Send for illustrated Piano or Organ Catalogue.

Chas. M. Stieff,

No. 9. NORTH LIBERTY-STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

F. Werber, jr., Agent, Newberry.

April 27

CONTRACTORS —AND— BUILDERS. —AND— Lumber Mill Men

The undersigned respectfully inform the citizens of Newberry and the surrounding Counties that, having located at Helena, they are prepared to contract for, and build, Churches, Dwellings and other Buildings. We guarantee satisfaction both in the quality of our work and in the prices charged for it. Having an excellent saw mill we are also prepared, at short notice, to saw and dress lumber. Orders solicited.

SHOCKLEY BROS.

March 14

BOOKS AT YOUR OWN PRICES.

Religious, Moral, Miscellaneous and Good Books.

THE PROPRIETRESS of the HERALD BOOK STORE, offers a certain portion of her stock of Books at such prices as

Cannot Fail to Insure Sale,

A good Book is a good friend; it never disputes your word and is always ready to afford you pleasure; it can be read and re-read, and never palls on the taste.

We simply desire to be rid of these books.

Think of a $2 book for $1.00.
" " 1 " " 50.
" " 50c " " 25.
" " 25c " " 10.
" " other Books at 5.

HERALD BOOK STORE.

Oct 16

NEW MARBLE YARD.

We desire to announce to the citizens of Newberry and surrounding Counties, that we have located a MARBLE YARD in the Town of Newberry, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

MARBLE AND GRANITE TOMBSTONES and MONUMENTS,

In first class style and 20 per cent cheaper than the same class of work has hitherto been sold in Newberry; consequently we respectfully solicit a liberal share of their patronage. One block northwest of Crotwell Hotel.

Oct 30 tf MILLER & HOOF.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLET BOOK CO., Portland, Maine. Nov. 27-8t-1y.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. Nov. 27-8t-1y.

Land for Sale.

A TRACT of LAND, containing Seventy-seven (77) Acres, more or less, bounded by lands of Dr. G. W. Glenn, Edgar Sligh, and the Wilson Place, is offered for sale. It is well-watered, partly cleared and susceptible of high cultivation. There is considerable cord wood on it. A bargain may be had.

Apply to

HERALD and NEWS OFFICE.

sep 18 tf

Wright & J. W. Coppock

We now announce that our stock of

CLOTHING

—and—

FURNISHING GOODS

—FOR—

Men, Youths, Boys and Children,

IS NOW COMPLETE,

and we think UNSURPASSED in anything that tends to constitute

A First-Class Stock

Our line of

DRESS SUITS

was never MORE HANDSOME, while our

Business Suits

are a decided improvement on anything we have ever been able to get.

Special attention given to the selection of Youths' and Boys' Goods. No doubt every mother will be gratified at the improvement in this line.

We claim to sell the

BEST GENTS' SHIRT MADE,

for the amount charged, and no one will doubt the assertion when a comparison is made. Indeed, our whole line of Furnishing Goods was

Never So Good as Now,

and in every instance we will give as full value for the amount invested as any other house can afford to do, and we guarantee satisfaction.

Respectfully,

WRIGHT & J. W. COPPOCK,

In Front of Court House,

Oct 9 4t Newberry, S. C.

BLOOD

And its unparalleled abuses, are fully and freely discussed in a neat 32 page book, mailed free to any address, by Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Drop a postal for it, as every man and woman needs and will be delighted with its valuable and entirely new revelations.

SMALL VOICES

Sometimes shake a Nation of people and arouse them to action. Expressions similar to the following, from a well known Druggist of Atlanta, pour in from sections where B. B. B. has been used.

ATLANTA, June 12, 1884.

It is our firm belief that B. B. B. is the Blood Purifier on the market. We are selling four or five bottles of it to one of any other preparations of the kind. It has failed in no instance to give entire satisfaction. Merit is the secret.

W. P. SMITH & CO., Druggists.

This is the only blood medicine known that combines quick action, certain effect, cheap price and unbounded satisfaction

WE PROVE

That one single bottle of B. B. B. will do as much work in curing Blood Poisons, Skin Affections, Scrofula, Kidney Troubles, Catarrh and Rheumatism as six bottles of any other preparation on earth.

One 50-year-old chronic ulcer cured; scrofula of children cured with one bottle. Blood poisons cured with a few bottles. It never fails. We hold home proof in book form. Send for it. Large bottle $1.00, six for $5 00. Expressed on receipt of price, if your Druggist can't supply you. Address

BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Sold in Newberry by Dr. S. F. Fant.

Oct 16-84 1y

Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Consumption.

All Throat, Breast and Lung Affections cured by the old-established "SWAYNE'S WILD-CHERRY." The first dose gives relief, and a cure speedily follows. 25 cts., or $1.00, at Druggists. Jan. 24—1y.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

NEWBERRY COUNTY.

By Jacob B. Fellers, Probate Judge.

WHEREAS, John W. Coppock hath made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration *de bonis non*, of the estate and effects of Maximillian Coppock, deceased.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Maximillian Coppock, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Newberry Court House on the 5th day of December next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to shew cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my Hand this 20th day of November, Anno Domini, 1884.

J. B. FELLERS, J. P. N. C.

Nov. 27 2

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

NEWBERRY COUNTY.

By Jacob B. Fellers, Probate Judge.

WHEREAS, Wm. A. Fallaw hath made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration of the estate and effects of Elizabeth Fallaw, deceased.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Elizabeth Fallaw, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Newberry Court House on the 6th day of December next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to shew cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my Hand this 21st day of November, Anno Domini, 1884.

J. B. FELLERS, J. P. N. C.

Nov 27 2t.

Cotton Seed Meal.

I have COTTON SEED MEAL to exchange for COTTON SEED or for CASH. It is much better for Cattle than the whole seed.

tf JAS. F. TODD.

Poetry.

WHAT HE SAID.

Oh, yes, I'll tell you the story—
The very words that were said,
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was slicing some bread.
And Richard came into the pantry;
His face was exceedingly red.

He opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me the glimpse of a ring;
And then—oh, yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing.
And Fanny came in with her baby—
The cunningest bit of a thing.

And the biscuits were out in a minute—
Well, what came next? Let me see—
Oh! Fanny was there with the baby,
And we all sat down to tea.
And grandma looked over her glasses
So queer at Richard and me.

But it wasn't till after milking
That he said what he had to say.
How was it? Oh, Fanny had taken
The baby and gone away—
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new tooth that day.

We were standing under the plum tree,
And Richard said something low
But I was tired and flustered,
And trembled, I almost know;
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle's so horribly slow.

And that—let me see—where was I?
Oh, the stars grew thick overhead,
And we two stood under the plum tree
Till the chickens flew up to bed.
Well, he loved me, and we're to be married
And that is—about what he said.

—*Syracuse Herald.*

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER.

In the early part of the present century there was an exhibition in the city of London which the cockney of that day called Simmon's Vax Vorks. It was a collection of horrors and monstrosities, in which Guy Fawkes, Daniel Lambert, Dick Turpin, Tuttle the murderer, and many other famous and disreputable people took part. It fulfilled its mission, and finally passed that bourne from which even Wax Works do not return, and was superseded over forty years ago by the famous exhibition of Madam Tussaud. This exhibition starting at first with a very few figures, in the course of years became one of the sights of London, and the man who visited London without calling on Madam Tussaud was thought to be a very indifferent specimen of a tourist.

In our own country we have had several collections of wax works. Old Peal's Museum had a number of diabolical monstrosities, and "Our Saviour's Last Supper" at Barnum's Museum is still remembered by those who are now grandmothers and grandfathers. Our Centennial Exhibition in 1876 awakened us to a sense of the possibilities of plastic art. To many that exhibit was a revelation, and it was a genuine pleasure to all lovers of plastic art in New York that we saw the inauguration of the Eden Musee. Many thousands of dollars have been invested in this admirable exhibit which in all of its elegant surroundings far surpasses the famous London exhibition. There is nothing in Paris to equal it, and when it is more generally known, it is bound to become one of the most popular exhibitions in the city. It is impossible in the brief space necessarily alloted to amusements to give even a remote idea of the excellence of this admirable exhibition. The Eden Musee is an elegant structure situated on 23d street in the most fashionable part of the city. As you enter the door you see a couple of English tourists who are evidently preparing to go in to see the show. They have paused to examine a bill and you are horrified to observe a man in the act of picking his pocket, and just as you are about to give the alarm you observe with satisfaction that he is watched by a policeman who is looking around the corner of the box office. You watch the group for some time and as they fail to move you realize for the first time that they are part of the exhibition. Entering the vestibule you are confronted by several grand groups—one representing the principal rulers of the world, and the other representing many of the most notable people in the world of literature and art. In front sits Victor Hugo, one of the noblest heads in the collection; near at hand and looking sweet as a pink is Patti whose golden notes have charmed the ears of that select set who can afford to pay her $5,000 a night for the privilege. A striking figure is that of the great artist Messonier—very French; no need to tell you his nationality. The face is strongly marked by superciliousness and vanity, but it is not to be wondered at, for great as he is in art, his intolerable egotism makes him anything but a pleasant companion. The great Gerome, whose works are known and admired wherever art has a lover, sits near Hans Markart, whose magnificent works have been the wonder and delight of both hemispheres for the past fifteen years. Saddest of all when looking on that group to think that the immortal genius which created so much that was beautiful and grand, should perish at last in hopeless ruin. The interior Salon is a delightful place and around it are some exceedingly unique objects of art. A negro bridegroom and bride sit at one of the tables evidently taking the whole thing in and enjoying it hugely. You are a little shocked at first to see such people making so free, and it is not till you have watched them some time that you realize that they are part of the Eden Musee company. Of the many wonderful groups or of the marvels of the crypt I must take some other occasion to speak, but to all visitors to New York I would say by all means take in the Eden Musee. Aside from its intrinsic merits as an art exhibition, it is to be regarded as a great public educator, and no man, woman or child can visit it without coming out better and wiser than he went in.

The fashionable town has been in a flutter for a month past, at the nuptials of Miss Carrie Astor, the daughter of our most aristocratic millionaire. Mr. Vanderbilt may possibly have quite as much solid cash as Mr. Astor, perhaps more, but when it comes to high tone, of the tip top double distilled old blue blood kind, the Vanderbilts are nowhere. The Astors represent the Sanhedrim of the elect; their stamp on your visiting card is equal to the Goldsmiths' stamp of the city of London on sterling silver or gold plate. When it comes to toney society we have nothing better than the Astors. The family is almost as old as the Republic, and to them we are indebted for the only respectable free library in the city. It is true it is not a reading room for the million, but it is rather the fault of the million than the donor, that they do not avail themselves of the privileges. The family though one of the wealthiest in the land is not offensively obtrusive, and Mrs. Astor, the mother of the bride, has long been known as one of the most charitable ladies in New York. An acknowledged leader of fashion, adorning her high station as few other women could, she has earned the admiration and love of her own sex without exciting their envy. The wedding which took place on Tuesday night has had no parallel in our history. It is impossible to compute the number of thousands of dollars that this magnificent affair cost; the floral decorations alone cost a moderate sized fortune and the bridal presents which were numerous and costly were worth a prince's ransom. Some exception has been taken to the display of wealth made by Mrs. Astor on the occasion of her daughter's nuptials; these people appear to forget that even the lavish display brought money to the pockets of hundreds of working people. The flowers were gathered for miles around; some of the hangings occupied upholsterers for weeks; decorators; livery men and hundreds of others reaped some of the profits of the Astor wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Astor are abundantly able to pay the bills, and it is eminently fitting on such an occasion that they should give their money a chance. In the hour of their great joy they did not forget the poor, but they sent a bountiful feast to the paupers of Bellevue who had cause to bless the wedding of Miss Carrie Astor. I will not attempt to give an elaborate account of the magnificence of the decorations, the splendor of the presents, the style of the fashions and the tone of the company. Jenkins has fortunately saved me that trouble. Suffice to say that everybody was there who was anybody. The afternoon reception, though a tremendous squeeze, was so admirably arranged, there was not the slightest accident to mar the happy event. It might be gratifying to my lady friends if I could furnish them with an exact catalogue of the bride's trousseau, but as the lady herself with unusual modesty has not made that matter public, we shall have to omit it. Each of the bridesmaids was given her entire outfit, and the dresses of bride and bridesmaids all came from Worth.

Heaven be praised, after long suffering a slugging match has been stopped in New York and brutal blackguards who have kept our city in a turmoil for months, are at last to be put under some restraint. Mr. Sullivan, who is regarded as a sort of demigod by all the thieves, gamblers and vagabonds in the country, is no longer to be allowed to half kill his opponent, and call it harmless amusement. Take from these exhibitions the possibility of some slugger having his neck broken, and you would not have a corporal's guard in to see them. The receipts on Tuesday night were over $8,000,—more than Mapleson took in the night before with the grandest operatic star in the world. It's a burning shame that these brute slugging matches have been allowed to go on to the present time, but the election is over and they have no present use for the pugs, so we may hope for a season of law and order.

The exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now drawing to a close and is one of the most successful that we have had for many years, thanks to the wisdom and ability of those who have devoted their skill and talents to its management, without money and without price. Fault has been found with the managers of the Academy on account of their artistic exclusiveness, which was supposed to be devoted to crushing out every rising aspirant to fame. It is true they have placed the standard very high, but it has been solely for the purpose of elevating the noble art to which the great body of them have devoted their lives. They have no place for drones, charlatans or frauds; the Academy was not instituted for that class of persons, but a true artist when he demonstrates his ability will always find brotherly recognition. By their untiring energy and devotion, the condition of American art has been raised beyond hope or expectation. A few years ago if the annual sales of pictures realized ten or fifteen thousand dollars, it was considered a most fortunate season, and happy was the artist that got two hundred dollars for a landscape. Then students were in back rooms and garrets, but that day has gone by, and the American artist is no longer a mendicant or a suppliant. He lives in a fashionable house, his studio is frequently as fine as a lady's boudoir, he holds his receptions, he keeps his carriage, and this altered condition in the American artist's estate is in no small measure due to the influence of the National Academy of Design in raising the standard of art. In this week's letter it is impossible to speak of the pictures in detail, many of them are of superlative merit.

One thing that is particularly gratifying to people who wish to adorn their homes with good pictures, is the reasonable price of many excellent works. Of course artists like Cropsey, J. G. Brown, Church, Hart, Dellaas and some others, can ask what they like and get it.—one picture by Brown and another by Cropsey being held at $2,500. There is a large number of young artists coming forward who will yet leave their mark. Woman is asserting her right to a place in the Pantheon, and there are some canvasses there the work of female artists, labelled $1,000, $800, and quite a number as high as $400 and $500. That enthusiastic artist T. Addison Richards, to whom the Academy owes much, is at his post as usual, wrapt up in his art. He hopes to live long enough to see his beloved Academy one of the grandest institutions in the city, when some Gould, or Vanderbilt, or Stafford, shall give two or three millions for a free gallery where the American of the future may realize the noblest inspirations of art. May he live to see it.

A terrible murder and suicide of uncommon atrocity has stained the week.

The Brooklyn Democrats had their love feast on Wednesday, and while not equalling the great procession of the campaign, it was nevertheless highly satisfactory to the participants.

Two week in advance winter has given us a touch of her quality. Everything about town was sloppy, uncomfortable and wet; business has not been the best, but we are looking with hope to the holidays.

Yours truly,
BROADBRIM.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, 1884.

Everybody and her husband in Washington realize that a revolution is at hand. It is in the heart and in the mind's eye. Soon it will be felt and seen in every avenue and channel of official, social, and political life. Washington and the country will know that the election of a Democratic President means something.

Until the last week the Republican office holders here hoped even in despair that by some miracle Cleveland would be counted out. Now that they realize that the end has come, some of them are preparing to march forth on March the fourth.

During the last week there has been an astonishing conversion of office holders to the doctrine of Civil service reform, which they interpret to mean that to the victims belong the spoils. According to their argument, Mr. Cleveland is the great apostle of this doctrine and has been elected by the independent republicans to carry it out. By this interpretation of Civil service reform many of the rascals who left their work during the campaign and stumped their States for Blaine, or worked for him, circulating scandalous lies about Cleveland, and many more who spent the time that belonged to the public service in writing mendacious political letters for malignant republican journals hope to continue in office. They are men who have been appointed by unscrupulous republican leaders of the Blaine-Chandler-Dorsey-and-Dudley type for their efficiency in this class of work, and to continue them in office would be a negation of November the fourth, and a grotesque subversion of the principles of true civil service reform. These men have stolen their salaries from the public treasury, because they have given their time and energy not to the public service of the United States, their legitimate employer but to the private service of the republican organization, or, to draw it finer, they have been drawing the people's money but working for themselves. Stripped of all paraphrase, these men are thieves—t-h-i-e-v-e-s. To continue to harbor them would be as monstrous as if Christ had made deacons, elders, and vestrymen of the gamblers and money changers whom he scourged from the Holy Temple.

Some utterances of Mr. Cleveland have a strange and terrible sound to the clerks in the Government offices here. He has said that clerks should be retained only during good behavior, and that his desire was to manage the affairs of the country on business-like principles. He believes they should be retained only for competency and honesty, like the clerks in private business houses, and also that they should work just as long and faithfully as those clerks do. To carry out these ideas will produce a greater revolution in the Government offices here than the partizans of either party hope or fear. It will result in the wholesale discharge of ornamental drones and idle sinecurists, male and female, who come to office at nine o'clock in the morning and leave at four in the afternoon, but who actually and truly do not average three hours of legitimate work per day. It seems so incredible that clerks should be paid at the rate of from $1200 to $1800 per year for this playing at work that I am half afraid the reader will not believe me. But I speak as an ex-clerk about that which I know, and any candid Government clerk here will tell you that I have been more than careful not to exaggerate.

The president elect has secured rooms at Willard's hotel, and will occupy them about the first of March.

A large number of Democratic clubs have secured rooms at the different hotels and there is prospect of the largest crowd that has been seen in Washington at an inaugural ceremony.

It is customary for the President elect, and the retiring President to drive in the same carriage from the White House via Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol, then to walk arm in arm to the Senate Chamber, where in the presence of Senators and Representatives, the oath of office is administered by the Chief justice of the Supreme Court.

A POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

In view of the power shown by Jay Gould over the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Associated Press, and the manifest disposition on his part to use it in behalf of his favorite Presidential candidate, the following utterance of Senator Windom, of Minnesota, just before his appointment to be Secretary of the Treasury is exceedingly apropos:

"The channels of thought and the channels of commerce thus owned and controlled by one man, or by a few men, what is to restrain corporate power, or to fix a limit to its exactions upon the people? What is then to hinder these men from depressing or inflating the value of all kinds of property to suit their caprice or avarice, and thereby gathering into their own coffers the wealth of the nation? Where is the limit to such a power as this? What shall be said of the spirit of a free people who will submit without a protest to be thus bound hand and foot."

With a postal telegraph on the plan proposed to the last Congress by Congressman Sumner, of California, and Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, coupled with a Civil Service system, which would place the tenure of office beyond partisan control, such a danger as that above mentioned would be obviated. Referring to the existing situation, the *N. Y. Times* says:

"For the past forty eight hours Mr. Jay Gould has been using the Western Union Telegraph to spread abroad through the United States false information as to the result of the election in the State of New York. The proof of this is well-known to every intelligent journalist in New York. Mr. Gould did the same thing in October with reference to the election in Ohio, when not one specific statement capable of verification or exposure was allowed to pass over the Western Union wires for more than thirty hours, and when the statements that were sent were shown within two days to be conspicuously and intentionally false. As to the vote of New York the plot has been nearly identical and has been carried out with more persistence. The returns have been sent out in lumps of 'election districts,' which are not named and cannot be identified, and the publication of these has been made in amounts and at times to suit the schemers. Occasional pronunciamentos from the Blaine Committee have shown that returns from comparatively remote points have been used promptly, while those from points within an hour's ride of the Western Union Building have been held back.

* * * * * *

"Mr. Gould's performances during the past forty eight hours have made a Government postal telegraph a necessity."

Electricity is the quickest, and therefore the most valuable, means of conveying intelligence. The people of the United States paid for constructing the first line of telegraph for Prof. Morse between Baltimore and Washington, thereby demonstrating the feasibility of using electricity to convey intelligence. Instead of adding it to our postal system it was allowed to pass into the hands of corporations, which have used it as a means of taxing the people rather than to give them its service at the lowest practicable cost. If it had developed with our postal system, experts estimate that we would now be sending messages at a cent a word throughout the length and breadth of the United States. Does any one suppose that if our present postal system had been run for corporate profit rather than for public benefit, that postage would have been reduced from a shilling per letter to two cents? As regards the integrity of management, it must be placed somewhere, and does any one suppose that it would not be safer in the hands of the Post Office Department, directly responsible to the people, than in the hands of a corporatian responsible to no one? Republicans like Senator Edmunds and Democrats like Congressman Sumner, of California, think that it would be safer in the hands of the people, as it is in all other countries of the world.

DO NOT NEGLECT HOME.

Earnest workers are sometimes in danger of neglecting duties that belong to the social relations of life. Have we aged parents still lingering on the shores of time, waiting patiently for the final summons? Never let it be said that our earthly engagements have been so absorbing and imperative that we had no time to visit them; no time to bow with them at the fireside altar; no time to re-assure them of our love, and receive in return their blessing. Where there is the will there is the way. The loss to oneself through such inexcusable delinquency can never be repaired. Very soon they will disappear from our view. Their fond embrace will only be a blessed memory; their words of counsel and affection no more repeated; their presence no longer our inspiration. Make haste. Let not others claim our best affection and help—that which God has adjudged as rightfully due the chiefest benefactors of our mortal life. In this age of opportunity is there not danger, even in respect to the family relation itself? The husband and the wife are called to fulfill most sacred obligations—obligations to each other which no church claims may remove; obligations of care and love for the different members of the household which the Supreme Author of all domestic relationships has himself imposed. If our piety is of the kind that makes us less careful as to domestic duties; if the husband can excuse himself from lightening the burdens of his wife because of other demands upon his time; if the wife, absorbed, it may be, in noble charities without, can lay aside the important trusts within the sacred precincts of a world which, in a real sense, is eminently her own realm; if parents, on the ground of pressing Christian work, can neglect those offices of affection and culture which are indispensible to childhood and youth, then will the power of the Christian religion be surely neutralized before an observing world. No amount of public prayer, exhortation or song will atone for such failure. God's word and human reason will alike pass the merited condemnation.

OUR SANITARIUM.

Dialogue Between a Fat and a Lean Man Inspired by Ice-Water.

"Bring me a glass of ice-water," said the hot, dusty, worried man of business the other day, as he rushed into a restaurant to eat his luncheon. The waiter hurried off and soon came back with a big pitcher of the cooling drink. The man filled his glass and drank the water, and again he filled his glass and emptied it.

"My friend," said a gentleman at the other side of the table, "you'll be hotter in ten minutes than you were when you came in. Now, I'm just about as warm as you are, but I'll walk out of this restaurant refreshed and cooled by my luncheon, but you won't."

"Oh, bosh!" said the hot man, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. "Ice-water's cool, ain't it; and how can it make me hotter?"

"Well, wait and see. There's a difference in ice-water and the way you take it. Ah, here comes my luncheon and yours, too. You see, mine consists of a glass of iced milk, a piece of nicely broiled fish, sliced tomatoes, graham bread, boiled potatoes, and rice and milk with berries. There are none of them heating. I shall sip my milk leisurely while eating, and eat as slowly as possible. Now, what have you there? Oh, a beefsteak, a kidney stew, hot corn, fried potatoes, apple fritters, a cup of hot coffee and custard pie. My dear sir, if it was Christmas Eve you might find some excuse for eating such stuff. But you, a Christian-looking fellow, to be lunching on such things with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade."

"But you're a thinner man than I!" exclaimed the fat man, as he ate a big piece of pie, "and I don't see as it's any of your business, anyhow."

"I knew you do not; you are ungrateful, like most people, when one is trying to benefit them," answered the thinner man, as he daintily took a piece of his fish and a slice of tomato, "and as for your being fat, allow me to say that you would be much better-looking if a little of that same fat was removed. You eat too much, although you are probably not aware of the fact, and you have plenty of company," and the thinner man, with the clear eye and the smooth brown skin, waved his hand backward, where thirty or more hot men were eating hot dishes faster than Maud S. can trot. "It is the fault of you New Yorkers. You take ten minutes for dinner, swear at the waiter if he doesn't bring it to you in a second, then you smoke cigars and drink ice-water."

"Well, what harm does it do us?" asked a fat man, as he ate fried potatoes and drank coffee.

"Just this: You get overheated, are cross at home, are liable to have apoplexy, almost always have some disease of the kidney and liver, and grow bald. By the way, you are quite bald now and you can't be fifty, yet," and the thinner man put a spoonful of blackberries in his mouth. "You ought to be able to keep your hair until you are sixty, at least, but you'll probably be dead by that time, so of course it makes no difference.—*N. Y. Journal.*

JEWS RETURNING TO PALESTINE.

The return of the Jews to Palestine has been a favorite hobby of zealous and philanthropic persons in every age of Christianity. It has failed hitherto to interest the most concerned, but the *Jewish Chronicle* records a movement which may have serious results. A conference is now sitting at Kattowitz, in Upper Silesia, to frame a project for transporting the Hebrew populations of Eastern Europe to the Holy Land. Many of the most important towns in Russia, Poland, Germany and Austria are represented by delegates. The conference is to last a week, and over £10,000 has been subscribed. That sum would go but a very little way, in truth, but as the first token of interest on the part of the Jews themselves it is significant. If they can be brought to entertain the idea, it might be realized. We are not used to think of the Jew as an agriculturist, and the fundamental objection to the scheme which experienced persons adduce is his incapacity for pioneering. But the persecutions in Russia have revealed that many thousands of the Chosen People are engaged in farming there and in Austria, Poland, and the Balkan countries. It is these persecutions doubtless, and the prospect of more, which have stirred the Jews at last. They may well think that if go they must, Palestine is as good a land to colonize as the Western States, and they would be fulfilling prophecy into the bargain. There is no serious reason for believing the idea impracticable, if money enough be forthcoming, and the right class of colonists be found.—*London Standard.*

A BIG SPREE AND DEATH TOGETHER.

Louis and George Gueld were young artisans of Alsace-Lorraine, one thirty and the other twenty-eight, both with flaxen hair, blue eyes and fair skins, and both jolly, industrious and bright. Each was engaged to be married and they came to this country to make money enough to buy some land adjoining a piece they had inherited and make two farms for themselves. They went west and remained two years, and last week stopped in New York on their way home with $2,000 they had saved. They sang French love songs, and gayly told the people about the hotel of the sweet hearts they were going home to and the happiness they expected. The younger brother went on a spree, picked up a handsome young woman somewhere, and with her aid spent all his money in about three days. He returned and told his elder brother who immediately had his own drafts cashed, and the two went on a spree together. When they had spent the last cent they returned to their room and matched pennies to determine which should handle a revolver they had. The loser took the weapon and shot his brother through the head and then blew out his own brains. They were found there together, one dying and the other dead.

The above is but one among the many thousands of the thrilling and eloquent temperance lectures in real life, and which day by day send a thrill of horror through the land.

SLOW, BUT SURE.

The old Hebrew idea of a man of honor is set forth in the Psalmist's words: "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not." We express the same idea by our phrase: "His word is as good as his bond."

A man who would merit the application of these epithets to himself should be careful to heed these old sayings: "Make few promises," and: "Never promise more than you are able to perform."

There are men of business, men among those that scorn to tell a lie, deliberately, who seldom heed this wise advise. They allow the press of business, or the desire to retain an impatient customer, to tempt them to make promises which they are unable to keep either to the ear or to the hope. Such men generally find that their expedients stamp them as unreliable. In the long run, the man who is cautious in promising, but faithful in performance, is the one whom success welcomes.

A few years ago, a lad entered a printing office in England, as an apprentice. He was slow in his movements and the irritated foreman often scolded him for not working rapidly.

During a rush of work, the foreman would call out, impatiently:

"Bob, how soon will you have that job done?"

"In an hour, sir," would be the calm but provoking reply.

The other boys, when asked a similar question, would reply:

"In a few minutes, sir," and thereby soothe the impatience of the hurrying foreman.

But the overseer was not blind, though he was nervous and a "driver." He noticed that Bob's job was always finished at the promised time. The other boys, on the contrary, were never up to time; for their "almost ready, sir," meant nothing more than their anxiety to avoid a scolding.

The result was that Bob became the trusted boy of the office, and was allowed to take his own time in working out his task. He carried out this plan of doing exactly what he said he would along with him when he was promoted. To-day the slow boy of ten years ago is the foreman of the office and oversees one hundred men.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Texarkana girl objected to being hugged by a fellow named Ivy, because she said she heard that ivy was poisonous and she didn't want any of it climbing around her.

Married life reaches the acme of happiness when a woman can eat crackers in bed without any complaint from her husband.

If you cut the back legs of your chair two inches shorter than the front ones, the fatigue of sitting will be greatly relieved and the spine placed in better position.