

# The Newberry Herald and News.

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

VOL. XX.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1884.

No. 50

## NOTICE.

NOTICE OF MESSRS. M. COPPOCK, DECEASED.  
Notice is hereby given to all creditors of  
Messrs. M. Coppock, deceased, to present their  
claims properly proved, to the designated in-  
debtedness, as the same are to be paid, and the  
same are requested to settle at once, as an early  
settlement of his estate is desired.  
JOHN W. COPPOCK,  
Executor.

## 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 any-

thing we have ever been able to get.

Special attention given to the se-

lection 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 9th Newberry, S. C.

## IN THE GARRET.

BY MARY H. EVERETT.

I stand in the rosy old garret, John,  
With rufous hair and brown,  
Where we used to plan the future,  
When the summer hay was mown.

You were to be worth your millions, John,  
And I was to be queen of fashion,  
With jewels rich and rare.

Here is the swing where you swung me,  
John,

That rainy summer noon,  
And low, with our childish chatter,  
Chimed robbi's drowsy tune.

Ah, me, for the joys of childhood, John!  
Alas for maid and youth  
And the hopes and plans and wishes—  
Gone like a dream, forsooth!

And the careless laughing children, John,  
Are man and woman now;  
Instead of roses are wrinkles,  
And gray hairs on your brow.

Away on the sunset prairies, John,  
Pacing your weary round,  
When dumb are the frowning cannon,  
And hushed all warfare's sound—

Do you ever dream of that garret, John?  
Of life we used to plan  
When I should be "grown-up woman"  
And you a "grown-up man"?

Two children played in the garret, John;  
Two were waiting for rest—  
One by the moaning ocean,  
One on the prairie West.

We found life never a playing, John;  
We found much hard to bear;  
In the "land of the dead," my soldier,  
We'll seek fruition there.

## BROADBENT'S NEW YORK LETTER.

It is fortunate for New York that  
it has such a neighbor as Brooklyn,  
for the city of churches acts as a po-  
litical and religious balance wheel to  
its benighted neighbors on this side of the  
river and keeps us metaphysically up  
to standard time. New York cannot be  
called strictly orthodox. Free  
thinking and loose scientific notions  
flourish like a green bay tree, and if  
you happen to mention such a thing  
as a miracle, these new fledged philo-  
sophers say with Spencer and Huxley,  
prove it. But as I remarked at the  
beginning New York is fortunate in  
lying so near to Brooklyn, and  
Brooklyn is for aught in possessing  
two such enterprising and energetic  
ministers as Justin D. Fulton and  
D. W. Talmage. If the Republicans  
had only followed Ful on's ad-  
vice Blaine would have been kres-  
ked to-day, while Talmage presided  
over the underpinning from Darwin, Hux-  
ley, Herbert, Spencer and Tyndall,  
and proved satisfactorily to himself  
that they were nothing but a set of  
presuming ignoramuses, who were  
dragging upon the credulity of a con-  
fiding world. It is lucky for Dar-  
win that he died before he was so  
completely squelched by Talmage.

You will see at a glance the superior-  
ity of Talmage. Darwin was only a  
theorist, a dreamer who drew his  
conclusions from a lot of o'-struse  
and disconnected facts, but Talmage  
knows exactly how the thing was done  
and as a matter of course, it is much  
more satisfactory to have the evidence  
of a man that knows like Talmage  
than fellows who only think they  
know, like Huxley, Darwin, Spencer  
and Tyndall. The old Mosaic account  
of Adam and Eve in the Garden of  
Eden, is good enough for Talmage;  
he don't want to go back to the time  
when Adam's great-grand-great-grand-  
father sat up on the top of a seventy  
foot telegraph pole cracking cocoa-  
nuts for his breakfast, or manficing  
bananas or guavas for his supper;  
no ringleading monkey for Talmage.  
It is much easier for Talmage to  
believe that Eve was manufactured out  
of a rib, than that she was evolved  
from a Kollywoy. At any rate he  
settled Darwin's hash, and you need  
not expect to hear of him again.

Great man, great man, Talmage,  
Fulton holds out at the Tabernacle,  
otherwise known among the profane  
as the Rink. It is one of the largest  
buildings in Brooklyn. It was here  
that the Evangelists Moody and Sankey  
sowed their gospel seed about  
twenty years ago; seed, which I regret  
to say, was not sown on fallow ground,  
but which fell among the rocks and  
was devoured by the fowls of the air,  
for scarcely a sickly shoot remains  
to mark the passage of the Evangelists.

As for that Rink served the  
unrighteous for walking matches and  
boxing matches, profane dances and  
other wicked doings. At last it was  
rescued from the clutches of Satan  
by Brother Fulton, and for the last  
four years he has been driving a hard  
hand fight with the world, the flesh  
and the devil. Brother Fulton believes  
with the Rev. Dr. Burchard that the  
Democratic party is the party of Rum,  
Romanism and Rebellion, and he  
feels assured that if Brother Blaine  
had only nailed Dr. Burchard's flag  
to his masthead, he would have left  
Cleveland to the quiet section  
of the State capital at Albany and  
James G. Blaine would have made  
a triumphant march on the White  
House in the City of Washington.

When will our so-called states-  
men learn wisdom? Here was Blaine  
in Brooklyn, he might just as well  
have called on Fulton as not, and Fulton  
could have told him just how to win,  
but with unparadise stupidity he  
did not call on Fulton, and behold  
the result: he got left, served his  
right. It will be a warning to the  
next Presidential candidates.

Thanksgiving week. The stores  
are all filled with fine goods and from  
now till New Year's we may look for  
a grand holiday time.

Taking up the papers you hear the  
cry of hard times. It is a difficult  
thing to realize it as you walk through  
the great thoroughfares of New York

and Brooklyn. Hardly a man or a  
woman of living bone has there been such  
costly extravagance in dress, and  
wives of mechanics and tradesmen  
dress better to day than a fine lady  
could dress forty years ago. Walk  
along the west side of Broadway, or  
through 14th or 23rd Streets on any  
pleasant afternoon, and among the  
thousands you pass, representing  
every grade of society, it is rare to  
meet a poorly dressed woman. This  
is more particularly noticeable at  
four o'clock in the afternoon, when  
the city is full of people, and among  
them thousands from the dense  
lives in the lower part of the city,  
but among them all it is rare to see a  
poorly dressed woman, of course  
there are some extraordinary persons  
who especially desire to make them-  
selves conspicuous, but this is like  
any other disease and has to be cor-  
rected with quantity.

The prevailing styles of goods are  
marvels of beauty, and in the general  
make of them there is a most ex-  
quisite taste worthy of all commenda-  
tion. When we remember the flau-  
rant abominations of four or five years  
ago we feel that we have reason to  
thank Providence to have reached  
our present vantage ground. To be  
well dressed is a luxury, and it is  
well to have it, but it is not a luxury  
to be despised, and it is well to have  
it in abundance.

The craze for blonde heads has  
gone out of fashion and our angels  
are coming back to their natural  
colors, though I confess it looks odd  
to see one-half of a woman's hair a  
bright golden yellow and the portion  
next her head of a very respectable  
chestnut, but as it tells of a turning  
common sense we feel like forgiving  
one of the most unparadise follies of  
which our sisters have been guilty  
since Eve went apple lousing.

I was talking with a gentleman largely  
engaged in business—a man who had  
traveled extensively and knew the  
world, and he remarked, if a man  
wants anything that is to be found  
on the face of the earth he can get it  
in this city. This may seem like a  
bold assertion, but we have grown  
wonderfully. As you pass along the  
streets in the stores you see the rich-  
est of oriental hangings, tapestries,  
laces and all sorts of beautiful and  
costly goods, brozels, elegant nic-  
nacs, articles of vert and ornament,  
such as a few years ago could only  
be found in Paris, London, Berlin or  
Vienna. I was a rare thing for a  
foreign artist of reputation to send a  
picture across the water, and now  
they come by thousands, many indif-  
ferent canvasses finding ready pur-  
chasers among the over credulous  
Yankees.

A number of colossal fortunes have  
been piled up among us within the  
past twenty years. It goes for say-  
ing that not a single one of our new-  
ly fledged millionaires knew the dif-  
ference between a Raphael or a Ru-  
brand or a John Smith, or a Tom  
Brown. The late Mr. Stewart gave  
\$20,000 for Rose Bonhart's Horse  
Fair, and he knew as much about its  
artistic merits as one of the horses  
in the picture. A capital judge of  
linens and calicoes, well versed in  
silks and cloths, besides being com-  
petent in a classical scholar, he knew  
no more about pictures than a hod  
carrier. Yet he built a fine gallery  
which nobody is allowed to enter and  
he imprisoned within its brick walls  
three hundred thousand dollars worth  
of fine pictures which might just as  
well be in the catacombs of Egypt as  
in his gilded marble palace on the  
Fifth Avenue.

A very different man was Marshall  
A. Roberts. He was a very rich man  
and one who knew the value of a  
dollar as well as any man in the city,  
but he was a broad gauge man of  
liberal principles and exquisite taste,  
and he was best with a wife just as  
good as himself, and he was willing  
that the millions of the poor should  
share the blessings of his abundance.

First he threw his magnificent pic-  
ture gallery open to aid some chari-  
table institution, and finally he ad-  
mitted the public on stated days,  
and this was kept up almost to the  
day of his death. It was an inesti-  
mable boon to the lovers of art and  
one that will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. Vanderbilt did something of the  
kind as a writer, and the public are  
to be hoped that he will not be weary  
of well-doing, but with the return of  
fall will give them another peep at  
those famous pictures which only a  
millionaire like himself could ever  
have brought to this side of the At-  
lantic. Jay Gould has some pictures  
but no one ever sees them.

What a year this has been for jil-  
lings. I have before me a list of  
twenty brides and grooms who were  
deserted in the last year at the al-  
tar's foot. Four faithless brides and  
sixteen recalcitrant grooms. Only the  
other night our fashionable colored  
society was moved to its innermost  
depths by the desertion of one of the  
most enchanting sable belles in the  
city. Like many other romantic  
young maidens she had fixed her  
affections on a coxcomb. (What in  
Jerusalem is there about these coach  
men?) Well this particular Jehu  
walked off with this young lady's  
affections as if he had been driving  
his gun horses. The wedding day  
was fixed, the friends were invited,  
the feast was prepared, the minister  
was on hand, the bride stood decked  
in orange blossoms, but the groom  
did not come. When he should have  
been promising to love, honor and  
cherish, this faithless groom was  
grabbing his horses at a stable on  
Clinton Avenue. After waiting a  
long time the bride went off into  
hysterics, the minister went without  
his fee, the bridal party went with-  
out their supper, and the doughnuts,  
wedding cake, charlotte russe, remain

unconsumed to this day. This coach-  
man business ought to be played  
out though from present appear-  
ances. Mrs. Hulskamp Morrisini may  
turn her escapade with her coach-  
man into golden ducats. It is not  
near so romantic to say that she is  
married to a ticket taker as a coach-  
man, but before she finishes her con-  
cert tour she will find that the fellow  
who looks out for the ticket, is a  
much more important person than  
the fellow who sits on the coach box.

I have often remarked that when  
ever I want a point I have to go to  
Brooklyn for it. The latest is the  
robbery of the Kings County Peni-  
tentiary. Some thieves broke in and  
carried off the cash. If you have  
any prisons out your way keep an  
eye on them or some daring burglar  
may run away with the cobs and the  
keepers.

The success of the new operative  
star Miss Emma Nevada was so  
pronounced that it was held no  
further occasion to import foreign  
singers. Each appearance has been  
a triumph never before accorded to  
an American singer. She is as good  
as she is talented, and America may  
well be proud of her new star.

Yours truly,  
BROADBENT.

## GIVEN A FAIR START.

The National Agricultural Exposition, inaugu-  
rated by the Southern Exposition Company,  
Fairly Begun.

(Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.)

The favorable action of the National  
Congress given to the proposed  
National Agricultural Exposition, have  
given the project inaugurated by the  
Southern Exposition Company a fair  
start before the country. The rep-  
resentatives of the movement who  
visited Nashville, were treated by the  
interests of the country with the  
most hospitable consideration, and  
their explanations of the purposes of  
the Southern Exposition Company  
were listened to with attention and  
received with approval, and resulted  
in favorable formal action. The opin-  
ion was very generally expressed  
that the agricultural interests of  
our country had not had the same  
opportunities in this direction as had  
been extended to the arts and man-  
ufacturing industries, and that com-  
petitive exhibitions on a scale that  
would cover the entire country and  
bring together comparative displays  
of agricultural and natural products  
were very essential to the develop-  
ment of the farming, mining, timber  
and live-stock business. The aggre-  
gation of capital in manufactures and  
the ease with which manufacturers  
dispose of their articles of display,  
as illustrated by the sale of 500 car-  
loads of machinery out of 600 at the  
Southern Exposition of 1883, and  
the inability of the farmer, acting  
alone, to make a display at a national  
exhibition, led to the freely ex-  
pressed opinion that it was now right  
and proper that Congress should  
contribute to the aid of the farmer  
in taking advantage of the offer made  
by the Southern Exposition Com-  
pany.

The press of the country are now  
beginning to endorse the proposed  
plan, as the few following extracts  
will show, and in a short time the in-  
formation will be so widely distrib-  
uted that it is hoped the people and  
the newspaper press all over the  
country will give encouragement to  
the undertaking.

FOR THE COUNTRY.  
(New York, O. J. M. News.)

We have received the initial pro-  
spects of a National Agricultural  
and Live Stock Exhibition which it  
is proposed to hold at Louisville, Ky.,  
under the joint auspices of the South-  
ern Exposition Company and the  
Department of Agriculture of the  
General Government. The Exposi-  
tion Company proposes to furnish  
the large facilities now in its posses-  
sion and to manage the exhibition if  
the Government will make certain  
appropriations to secure the proper  
representation of the great agricul-  
tural interests of the nation. The  
committee very truly says that all  
previous national exhibitions have  
been primarily for the advancement  
of the arts and manufactures, and it  
is desirable now to give attention to  
the agricultural interests of the  
country.

We do not hesitate to say that if  
the money spent in our frequent  
political campaigns was directed in the  
manner proposed in this prospectus  
it would do far more to aid making  
us a united, happy and prosperous  
people.

IT COMMENDS ITSELF.  
(Philadelphia Times.)

The citizens of Louisville, Ky.,  
having made a remarkable success of  
their Southern Exposition for two  
successive years, now propose to in-  
augurate in their city the first of a  
series of inter-State competitive dis-  
plays of the agricultural, horticultur-  
al and mineral products, live stock  
and lumber of the whole country. The  
scheme is framed upon a grand  
scale, and contemplates the holding  
of such displays from time to time  
in various parts of the country. It  
commends itself especially to the  
farmers, stock raisers and owners of  
mineral and lumber lands, and  
will no doubt do much to encourage  
these most important interests.

A WORTHY ENTERPRISE.  
(Grand Rapids, Mich., Agricultural World.)

The managers of the Southern Ex-  
position are out with a prospectus,  
or rather a memorial to Congress for  
aid in giving their Exposition a wider  
range, to be called the National Ag-  
ricultural, Horticultural, Mineral and

Live Stock Exhibition. The success  
and popularity of this Exposition for  
the past two years is a guarantee that  
it is worthy of recognition by the  
General Government. One of the  
principal features concerning the  
plans of Louisville for this Exposi-  
tion is its location in one of the bor-  
der States, and being nearly midway  
between the East and West. The  
commercial relations between the  
North and South have never been  
naturally inclined inward toward the  
center, and a decided inward in-  
clination indicates serious illness.

The Professor who stated this as a  
fact, first asked his class to raise  
their hands; he also said that the  
thumbs of a drowned person always  
assume this inward inclination in a  
marked degree.

Eminent physicians state as a fact  
that paralysis need not be feared, if  
the bowels are kept open.

Rather than drink much cold water  
in hot weather, pour it over the  
wrists to cool the temperature.

In dropping medicos from a vial,  
always hold the label-side uppermost,  
to keep the label clean.

Have no woolen carpets on the  
floor of a sick-room. Those made  
from cork, are almost noiseless, easy  
to keep clean, and letter every way  
superior to the carpet.

Put all medicines and appliances  
out of sight until wanted, and allow  
no food, drink or fruit by the bed-  
side waiting the patient's will, but  
bring it when wanted.

Do not allow chamber vessels to  
remain a moment longer than nec-  
essary.

If he is able, let the patient tell  
the doctor his feelings, etc.—the  
nurse giving a full account to the  
physician outside of the room, with-  
out an air of secrecy. It is easily  
done, if the nurse is cheerful and  
hopeful always in the sick-room her  
momentary absence will not be like-  
ly to excite suspicion.

Never deceive the conscious sick;  
evade answers if need be, or turn  
the attention to something else, but  
if the patient insists, tell the truth,  
which often is not as bad as he feared,  
and generally quiet rest will follow.

A constant inclination of the sick  
to slide down from the pillows to  
ward the foot of the bed, indicates  
serious illness.

A PRETTY HOME TOILET.

Husband and children delight in  
seeing "mother" look neat and nice.  
Nevertheless, many women dress at  
home in such a style that they are  
always ashamed to be seen by any-  
body but home-folks. If a knock at  
the front door is heard, they run and  
hide, or wait till they have "primped  
up" before opening it. In their  
creed anything is good enough for  
home-folks; all nice things—nice  
clothes, food, dainties—must be saved  
for company. Any old calico or  
woolen dress is good enough to do  
house work in, any old worn outshoes  
good enough to wear in the house.

As a natural result of this theory,  
the parlor is always kept up save on  
great occasions, the sitting room is  
rarely used, and the family life is  
entirely in the kitchen. It is no un-  
usual thing for women who hold such  
theories and carry them out in prac-  
tice, to find no time to comb their  
hair till after the dinner work is done,  
and go round with it in a frowse two-  
thirds of the day. As a natural con-  
sequence, she forfeits much of the  
respect and admiration which is her  
due. To antidote this unfortunate  
result, a pretty and tasteful  
home toilet will be found very  
efficient. Calico of fair quality can  
be purchased at eight cents a  
yard, and with a clean calico dress  
and a nice calico apron the housewife  
may be always dressed up while at  
her work. If she unvaryingly comb  
her hair before engaging in any mor-  
ning task, her hair will be in order  
for the day, and a lesson of value will  
be taught her entire household. A bit  
of edging in her neck may take the  
place of a collar, if the collar is too  
much trouble, and neatly attired in  
fresh calico and whole shoes she  
need not run and hide if there comes  
a knock at the door. The laboring  
man's wife who is careful of her own  
appearance while at her work will  
have a better opportunity for and  
influence in persuading her husband  
to his process for changing iron into  
steel. If she saw the money in it, plod-  
ded on determinedly, and was able  
at last to announce that he had made  
a million.

Sagacity of that kind is a fine qual-  
ity to possess, a gift like the power  
to sing, and though, like singing, it  
has little relation to the intellect, its  
possessor is never a fool. The for-  
tune maker's work as a rule, is bene-  
ficial to humanity, for they give us  
something which the world wants,  
or it would not buy it, and if mater-  
ial civilization is good, that must be  
good too.

THE MADDEST WOMAN IN BOSTON.  
It was on Tremont street only last  
Thursday afternoon, a lady of very  
genteel appearance was leisurely  
promenading just above West street.  
Coming from the opposite direction  
was a man, followed by a brace of  
hounds, that is, two bounds whose  
collars were joined together, and  
both man and dogs were very much  
in a hurry. The lady was in no par-  
ticular haste. The man quickly per-  
ceived that the bounds attempted to  
do the same only on opposite sides.  
The result was that the lady's feet  
suddenly flew out from under her;  
the bounds ran a gauntlet of skirts  
and dress goods; the man blushed  
and offered profuse apologies; the  
lady fumed, raved and ranted, the  
crowd laughed, and I patted the  
head of each inopert brute.

From Good Cheer.

## VALUABLE HINTS AND INFOR- MATION.

BY "RIVERSIDE."

In all cases, if there has been  
paralysis, there is visible a small  
white circle around the pupil of the  
eye, between that and the iris.

According as a person's thumb  
naturally inclines inward toward the  
palm, more or less, so is the health  
of that person, and a decided inward  
inclination indicates serious illness.

The Professor who stated this as a  
fact, first asked his class to raise  
their hands; he also said that the  
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her hair before engaging in any mor-  
ning task, her hair will be in order  
for the day, and a lesson of value will  
be taught her entire household. A bit  
of edging in her neck may take the  
place of a collar, if the collar is too  
much trouble, and neatly attired in  
fresh calico and whole shoes she  
need not run and hide if there comes  
a knock at the door. The laboring  
man's wife who is careful of her own  
appearance while at her work will  
have a better opportunity for and  
influence in persuading her husband  
to his process for changing iron into  
steel. If she saw the money in it, plod-  
ded on determinedly, and was able  
at last to announce that he had made  
a million.

Sagacity of that kind is a fine qual-  
ity to possess, a gift like the power  
to sing, and though, like singing, it  
has little relation to the intellect, its  
possessor is never a fool. The for-  
tune maker's work as a rule, is bene-  
ficial to humanity, for they give us  
something which the world wants,  
or it would not buy it, and if mater-  
ial civilization is good, that must be  
good too.

THE MADDEST WOMAN IN BOSTON.  
It was on Tremont street only last  
Thursday afternoon, a lady of very  
genteel appearance was leisurely  
promenading just above West street.  
Coming from the opposite direction  
was a man, followed by a brace of  
hounds, that is, two bounds whose  
collars were joined together, and  
both man and dogs were very much  
in a hurry. The lady was in no par-  
ticular haste. The man quickly per-  
ceived that the bounds attempted to  
do the same only on opposite sides.  
The result was that the lady's feet  
suddenly flew out from under her;  
the bounds ran a gauntlet of skirts  
and dress goods; the man blushed  
and offered profuse apologies; the  
lady fumed, raved and ranted, the  
crowd laughed, and I patted the  
head of each inopert brute.

AN EXPENSIVE BO.

A Belgian hotel-keeper is especial-  
ly "sweet" on Russian customers.  
"They are large, see you," he states;  
"they dispute not the accounts.  
Once lodged himself with me a Count  
—," he relates. "When he arrived  
I was not; I returned home from my  
circle; my wife was all frightened.  
She cry to me, 'Go speak to the Mis-  
ter Russian; he beat all the waiters;  
he is in anger; but what an anger?'  
I asked of what it is question. One  
tells me the count he insists that the  
waiters take him off his boots. They  
are brave Belgians; they will not.  
He strike them and say stern follies.  
I had courage; I feared me not of  
him. I go to his room, and say, 'Mr.  
the Count, I am the proprietor; what  
will you?' 'Sir,' he say; 'I will think  
you pull me off the boots!' My first  
sentiment is do he all longer use  
clags—'to give him a smack; but I  
master myself and say, 'Wait only  
two minutes, Mr. the Count, I have  
an order to give.' So I run to my  
wife and tell her to give me my dress  
coat, my gloves gray pearl, my gowns,  
my pants-loom black. In two min-  
utes behold me, of great tenne, I  
go back to the count; I say him,  
'Only in dress of gain can the prop-  
rietary of this hotel take off your  
boots,' and, my hotel, I take him  
them off in one, two! He raise him-  
self, bow himself, and thank me very  
politely. By and by, in three weeks,  
he ask for his bill. I inscribe on it  
as extra, 'To taking off Mr. the  
Count's boots by the proprietor in a  
dress coat and gray-pearl gloves, 100  
francs—\$20.' He frown his eye-  
brows when he read that, but he say  
not one word. He pay that addition  
integrally. Never he ask me