

THE DARLINGTON NEWS,  
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# THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

FOR US PRINCIPLE IS PRINCIPLE—RIGHT IS RIGHT—YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, FOREVER.

DARLINGTON, S. C. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1886. WHOLE NO 581.

**JOB DEPARTMENT.**  
Our job department is supplied with every facility necessary to enable us to complete work as promptly and of the best quality, with the most skillful hands, and we guarantee satisfaction in every particular for charge nothing for our work. We are always prepared to all orders at short notice for Blankets, Bill Boards, Letter Heads, Cards, Wall Papers, Posters, Circulars, Pamphlets, etc., and all job work must be paid for.  
**Cash on Delivery.**

**Selected Poetry.**  
**YOUTH RENEWED.**  
"I wish I were a boy again!"  
So sighed a man o'war;  
And fate was at his elbow then,  
And granted what he asked.  
Redoubled again to boyhood's size,  
He found himself once more  
The aspirant for a prize  
That he had lost before.  
His schoolmates all around him pressed,  
And work and play went on,  
And still he felt his youthful zest  
For toil or sport was gone.  
The lessons that were easy once  
Were now more hard to learn;  
He felt himself the very dullest  
That he had been before.  
The blunders that he made of old  
He now avoids at will;  
But colors, grays, and dillies, held  
Their the above him still.  
The old around look on and quail  
This boy who was a fool;  
They think that all his caution is  
The wisdom of a fool!  
Things are not always what they seem;  
And when the man awoke  
From what was but a fevered dream  
In altered tones he spoke:  
"Life's rule is easily understood—  
We may not live again;  
But boyhood's days for boys are good,  
And manhood's days for men."

**Selected Story.**  
**The Barrister's Bride.**  
The Reverend John Derby, one of the most pious and learned ministers of the English Church, died in 1812, sincerely regretted not only by his friends who had known him intimately in private life, but also by those who had listened to his preaching. His family consisted of an only daughter named Caroline. Just before his death he determined to leave her to the guardianship of the only man he deeply loved, a former pupil whom he had thought of as Col. George, but who had since become Lord Wilton.  
At that Lord Wilton was with his regiment in Spain. At Victoria he heard of the death of the worthy John Derby, who by his last will had left him a pretty child to protect, a ward to educate. At such a distance he could only, after accepting the legacy, write to his sister, Mrs. Fane, and beg her to receive the orphan at her home at Brentford until his return.  
A short time after, being wounded at the battle of Victoria, he returned to England, and hastened to receive in person his old friend's legacy. He expected to find under his sister's care a child to bring up, a pupil to educate. To his astonishment he found a young lady, with more than ordinary beauty and intelligence; she was about seventeen, and even at that age was distinguished by a certain ardor and exaltation of mind which gave a boldness and originality to all her ideas, sentiments and words.  
To the eyes of Caroline the world was a poem, a romance. She lived in an imaginary and fairy-like universe, and by the aid of those emotions she lived a life of intensest activity. She was so easily excited by the faintest sound, so quickly touched by a single word, and so intensely excited by the smallest adventure, that her friends at Brentford gave her the name of "Poetry" personified.  
Lord Wilton, was very much astonished at the eccentricities which he daily discovered in Caroline's character, and at first distressed and even alarmed, but he was young, rather an original himself, and he quickly became passionately attached to his beautiful ward. On her side, Caroline was much astonished at her guardian's man of thirty, clever, intelligent, and full of poetic enthusiasm, instead of an elderly, dull, commonplace soldier such as she had expected. The discovery delighted her, and in a little while she was deeply in love with her guardian.  
The double danger of this mutual affection did not escape the observation of Mrs. Fane, and she determined to put an end to this extravagance, this mysterious passion which was offensive alike to her pride and her principles. She spoke plainly to her brother's pretty ward, told her what she had observed, and begged her to think seriously of the enormous distance that separated the poet's mansion from the humble paragon. She appealed successively to her modesty, her virtue, her courage and her gratitude. At last Mrs. Fane's eloquent indignation triumphed, and Caroline, weeping bitterly, promised to love and admire her guardian no longer. For complete security, Mrs. Fane at last induced her to promise to marry a rich baronet who had made her an offer.  
The sufferings induced by the cruel duty thus imposed upon her finally caused one of those fits of poetic fervor of which I have al-

ready spoken. In her fiery imagination despair as well as hope had its illusions and its dreams; in her day dreams, instead of brooding over her love for Lord Wilton, she thought of the immensity of sorrow and loss. She could not be happy, and so took delight in exaggerating the chances of misery; as it was impossible to end the love romance in the happiness of marriage in her aching heart she composed the mournful poem of abnegation and sacrifice.  
Lord Wilton, who listened and looked on in silence, was deeply affected by a loss to account for the sudden change in the girl. Her apparent anxiety to marry this rich old man inspired in him disdain and disgust and anger. He could not pardon her preference for Sir Edward Banister, a newly created baronet, a tough sailor, with about as much grace, manners and cultivation as a pirate.  
After many useless remonstrances, Lord Wilton prepared his accounts as guardian, adding a handsome sum to Caroline's fortune, and presented her with an elegant trousseau and wedding presents. Praying to God for the happiness of the woman he had lost, he buried his love in a sunny spot in the place of honor in his memory.  
After the wedding the newly married couple started for Edinburgh, where Sir Edward Banister's family lived. Lord Wilton remained at Brentford with Mrs. Fane, but never had the least suspicion of her unfortunate influence in promoting the marriage of Caroline.  
Some months later, rumor spoke loudly of a new resolution taken by Lord Wilton; he intended to leave the army and study law. In fact, the young officer threw aside his uniform and adopted the black robe; remembering the labors and triumphs of his university days, he determined to achieve the difficult task in which Lord Erskine succeeded, and one day the colonel became a barrister. Truly it might have been said that he had a presentiment of the opportunity his new career would give him of saving the woman he loved.  
Lord Wilton became one of the most celebrated orators at the English bar; brilliant and pathetic at the same time, his fiery eloquence almost scorched his hearers as it passed over them. He was magnificent but dangerous, for at times he sacrificed logic to wit, truth to anger, and conscience to passion.  
One day when reading in his study, his servant handed him a letter just arrived from Scotland. The letter, written by Caroline Banister was the first he had received from his ward in five years. Joyfully, with trembling hand, he broke the seal, but so a tear fell from his eye on the terrible missive, which contained only these words:—  
"GEOFFREY: I need you to save me from death, and still worse—in family! Come."  
"Quick, quick! My carriage, horses! Caroline's life and honor are in danger!"  
At last he arrived in Edinburgh, and inquired:—  
"Where is Lady Banister's house?"  
"This is it, my lord."  
"But why is the house shut up? What do mourning liveries mean? Can I see Lady Banister? Where is she?"  
"In prison, my lord."  
"In prison! And why?"  
"God only knows!"  
"But I will know! Coachman, to the prison!"  
Arrived at the prison, he announced:—  
"I am Lady Banister's counsel."  
"Enter."  
"Caroline," he cried, on seeing her, "you are pale, worn, almost dying."  
"Yes, I am very unhappy," said Caroline, kissing the hand of him who had come to save her. "You must know that the crime of which I am accused is a terrible one. The liveliest sympathy and the bitterest hatred are excited on my account. George, you see before you a woman who is accused of poisoning her husband!"  
"What! Sir Edward Banister?"  
"Yes, he is dead; and now I need a defender. My friend, Caroline, your child, is ready to answer every question, and prove to you that she is innocent. Believe me the worst daughter of an honorable man—your reverend tutor, John Derby, I am innocent. George, save me!"  
"I will save you," said Wilton.  
"My father hears you. May God aid you!" cried the young woman.  
Lord Wilton settled himself in a hotel to wait the end of this trial, which from the widespread interest it excited, and the great diversity of opinion with regard to it, threatened to equal the other great scandal of the age, the trial of Queen Caroline.  
Time passed slowly; the months seemed ages to the misery of Caroline and the noble anger of Lord Wilton. As had been foreseen, the opening scenes of the trial were dramatic, and Wilton, with the enthusiasm of despairing love, endeavored to combat the onward march of the relentless tragedy. Wit-

ness deposed to the eccentric character of Caroline. "Blunder!" answered her defender. They testified against the private life of his client. He cried "Injustice!" They swore before God and man that Lady Banister one day offered her husband a glass of sherry, and science proved there was poison in the bottom of the glass. Again he answered, "Falseness and calumny!" He no longer defended her, but attacked all accusers, and roared like a wounded lion. He belittled all the world; in the place of Lady Banister his wild anger placed at the bar judge, jury, witnesses, in fact, all who would not admit the innocence of Caroline.  
Fatigue and the violent emotions of the struggle at last added the devotion of Lord Wilton in an unexpected manner. One morning, sitting at his desk, he suddenly, at the very moment of beginning an almost impossible line of defence, Caroline's advocate fell back on his seat, panting, exhausted, fainting. Physicians came to his assistance, but his state was considered so dangerous that the trial was remanded until next session, and this fortunate delay was not lost by either barrister or client.  
Wilton was convinced of the accusation, and filled with love for Caroline, to clear her name and crush her accusers he would have given his last breath, the last drop of blood. His enthusiasm was so great that for her sake he invented the strongest climax to her defence ever heard in a court of justice. He bravely went to Caroline and offered to terminate the defence with the announcement of his marriage to the widow of Banister. Yes, he did not fear to beg to treat her to take his name in exchange for that she bore; and the loving widow consented to hide her widowhood under the noble name of Wilton.  
A minister, two witnesses and a special license, and the deed was done! Wilton married Caroline in a corner of the prison at Edinburgh. From that moment her cause was gained in the sight of God; justice might have convicted simple Caroline Banister, but how could she condemn a peeress who had just received one of the most noble titles in the three kingdoms?  
The defender's task had become easy; Wilton's new defence was admirable; public prejudice had almost disappeared, and at one eloquent passage, smothered applause was heard; and finally the eloquent orator added, with a voice shaken by emotion:—  
"There is no longer any Caroline Banister. I see at the bar only Lady Wilton, my wife, and I ask of you her honor—and my own."  
Two or three hours after Caroline's acquittal, Wilton sat alone in a room in the little house which he had taken for his wife. He no longer saw around him the actors in the legal drama just ended; he was no longer influenced by the ardor of secret hope, carried away by his own eloquence or blinded by inspiration and enthusiasm. He was cool, calm and impassive; the judge had already repudiated the advocate. He began to remember all the circumstances, all the testimony, and every detail deposited against the innocence of Caroline; he could not forget what had been said against her character and private life; he doubted; began to interrogate his own conscience. The name of Sir Edward escaped his lips, and in imagination he saw the poison dropped into the fatal glass.  
At the same moment Lady Wilton appeared on the threshold, a smile on her lips, happiness in her eyes, beautiful, radiant, rehabilitated by men's justice. Without noticing her husband's pallor and emotion, Caroline threw herself on her knees beside him, longing to lavish on him her thanks, caresses, promises.  
Suddenly she perceived that he was pale, weak, and ready to faint in her arms. Alarmed at this weakness which she attributed to the fatigue and emotions of his triumph, she ran across the room, and pouring out a glass of sherry, lifted it to his lips. The sight of this little beverage alarmed Wilton; he started like a man awaking from a nightmare in horror, snatched the glass from her trembling hand, and emptied it on the floor, drop by drop, apparently seeking in it some frightful thing which he remembered with horror.  
"George," said she, growing pale in her turn, "what are you looking for in the glass?"  
"For poison," answered Wilton.  
Caroline gave a cry of agony, and with her eyes fixed upon this new accuser of Lady Banister, she said kneeling at his feet:—  
"George, you had better have left me to die by the hand of the executioner."  
"There is the poison," murmured Wilton, letting fall the last drop of sherry.  
Then said Caroline, with the gloomy anger of despair:—  
"Yes, I did poison Sir Edward, and you are my accomplice; I loved you always, and I love you still."

It was my love that ruined me. I was determined to see you again; I was determined to live for you; and I killed the husband that had been forced upon me. Now answer me! Which of us is the most guilty?"  
Lord Wilton did not answer the question; he crushed under his heel the glass that had fallen from his hand, muttered some unintelligible words, and from that moment ended the intellect and eloquence of the celebrated barrister. Lord Wilton was mad!  
Caroline accepted her punishment. Day and night she devoted herself to him. Sometimes, when suffering intensely, she said:—  
"I have no right to live except to suffer; after the pardon of man, now let me endure the justice of God!"  
Time, suffering and crime were powerless to Caroline's lofty spirit. Face to face with her terrible madness, she lost none of her romantic exaggeration, none of those poetic ideals, which from the seventh heaven sometimes precipitate one into a most unpoetic reality. For want of a higher ideal to realize, she now dreamed out a poem of explanation, as she had formerly dreamed one of sacrifice.  
**The Monument to Lee.**  
A correspondent of the American Register states that a distinguished American sculptor, whose name is withheld, recently shipped from Rome a model for the proposed equestrian monument to Gen. Robert E. Lee, to be erected in Richmond, Va., and for which several unsatisfactory competitions have already taken place. The model in question is in the form of an exquisitely designed architectural base, square in shape and diversified with graceful columns in half relief. Rising from the centre of this is a short fluted column or altar piece, so to speak, placed upon a smaller base, and decorated with a bevy of beautiful childlike figures supporting circular shields representing the eleven Southern States and occupying spaces between them. The column is surmounted by a colossal female figure, typifying the genius of the South, with one hand resting upon the plough, while the other is extended forward as if ready to crown the warrior whose name she delights to honor. Projecting from the principal base is an extension of the same height and style of architecture, bearing upon it the equestrian statue of Lee, which at once arrests the attention of the beholder as a striking and original conception. The horse and rider, though in a manner such as only a man skilled in horsemanship could conceive of, seem to divide the honors with each other in the contrast of expression created by the sculptor. Gen. Lee is shown as sitting erect and looking intently towards a distant point of interest, but yet calm and strong and self-poised in his conscious knowledge of the situation. The horse, on the contrary, while represented as obedient to his master's will, and awaiting his signal for action, is stepping slowly forward, and reaches his head aloft, indicating by his dilated nostrils and eagerness of eye that he scents the battle afar off. It is a portrait of an animal in full sympathy with his rider, and yet teeming with excitement and impatience to participate in the event about to transpire. The conception of the whole, it is claimed, is a superb one, full of the lofty dignity of character befitting the original, and has the high artistic quality of expressing the strong emotion both of the rider and his steed without resort to the too frequent necessity of physical action.  
**Fable of the Rabbit and the Goat.**  
A goat once approached a peasant stand kept by a rabbit, purchased five cents' worth of peanuts, laid down a dime, and received a punch in the nose in change. In a few days the goat came back, called for the other punch of peanuts, and offered the same dime in payment; but in the meantime had stopped the hole in its nose with a peg.  
"I can't take that nickel," said the rabbit.  
"This is the very nickel you gave me in change a few days ago," replied the goat.  
"I know it is," continued the rabbit, "but I made no attempt to deceive you about it. When you took the coin the hole was wide open, and you could see it for yourself. In working that mutilated coin off on you I simply showed my business sagacity; but now you bring it back with the hole stopped up and try to pass it with a clear intent to deceive. That is fraud. My dear goat, I'm afraid the grand jury will get after you if you are not more careful about little things of this sort."  
**MORAL:** This fable teaches that the moral quality of a business transaction often depends upon the view you take of it.  
A Washington correspondent says that but one man on the shipbuilding committee of the House ever saw a ship.

**Capit's Postoffice.**  
Throng of hurrying people were hastening along one of those great thoroughfares which traverse the metropolitan heart. The white glare of the electric light cast a corpse-like pallor upon the varied countenances of the scurrying multitude. A reporter stopped at a tobacco shop which was quite like the majority of its kind. The toman hawk of the figure at the door bore the legend, "I'll hit you real hard." Through the curtained doorway could be heard the twinkle of a mandolin. A muffled form went in. It was a brigandish figure, capped with a cylindrical hat. The reporter heard the salutation and answer:—  
"Buenas tardes, Senorita."  
"Buenas tardes, Senor."  
Within five minutes the brigand reappeared and a brace of letters which he had clutched in his gloved hand were there no longer. The reporter ventured to open the door and found himself in the peristyle of a Cupid's crocotean temple. The preading priestess was dozing upon a divan behind the cigarette counter. Above her hung a case with numerous pigeonholes filled with perfumed letters of the billet d'oeur kind. It was a "quiet" postoffice, and the senorita was the post-mistress. Men came and went, bringing letters, leaving letters, wreathed in the same mad-to-order beauteous smile and all pronouncing in the very same manner "Buenas tardes," which was the password. Suddenly a secret door opened from the hallway of the dainty fat house under which the dubious shop was situated.  
"Alma mia," murmured the young lady who entered with a heavy tragedy accent and a well-developed Delaunay sigh. "A letter, Rosie, or I die."  
A letter was produced, for Rosie never disappoints her paying customers. Tranquilized, the young woman drew her veil tightly across her face. She had noticed the stranger. Then she asked of the senorita:—  
"How long since hubbie was here?"  
"An hour ago," was the distressed response.  
"Have you any more of those dear little cigarettes?" she articulated, and after pocketing a package or two the young woman was off with a rush.  
The reporter asked the postmistress how business was.  
"Madre di Dios!" was the reply.  
"Thanks to the ever increasing progeny of fools, business is good, and the holiday season as yet not at hand. I get a dime for every letter delivered, and am so popular with my patrons that—well, the perquisites are not inconsiderable."  
Then the reporter was permitted to examine the letters. Some were written in Fifth Avenue script and some from Hoboken or thereabouts. Some bore the name of a well-known club and others came from where the aboriginal tribe is worshipped exclusively.—N. Y. Herald.  
**A Haunted House.**  
About four miles to the southwest of Wabash, Indiana stands a little cluster of houses. The inhabitants are intelligent farmers who have retired from agricultural pursuits, intent on ending their days in Arcadian simplicity and quiet. One half mile south on the Somerset mail route is a frame cottage rapidly falling into decay. The heavy front door stands ajar on one hinge sufficiently to reveal a cheerless interior with crumbling floor and walls. The nearest dwelling is a quarter of a mile distant. That the building is the scene of spectral gatherings everybody in town is convinced.  
About two weeks ago, while Dr. Watson was driving past at midnight, his horse suddenly stopped and then began to back. Glancing toward the old house the doctor was horrified to observe the figure of a man in the doorway dressed in black. His coat and vest were thrown open revealing a white shirt. The figure swayed backward and forward for several moments. The doctor sat dazed, and then recovering himself applied the whip to his horse, which sprang forward.  
Jefferson Brown, an old farmer, while returning home from a neighborly visit in the night, saw a woman in the doorway of the same house and heard groans. The figure was clad in black and the dress was open partly in front, exposing a white under garment. She appeared to be suspended in mid-air, with hands uplifted as though in supplication. The figure of a boy was also observed on another occasion by Mr. Brown and two other farmers, who heard the rattling of the rotten floor. So frightened were they all that they fled without investigating the matter, and there is no disposition among the villagers to keep vigil. It is proposed by a party from Wabash to watch night after night, and solve the mystery if possible.  
**A Washington correspondent** says that but one man on the shipbuilding committee of the House ever saw a ship.

**The "Bunco" Game.**  
A "bunco steerer" has been telling a World reporter, how thieves take in unwary strangers in New York. He said:—  
"First of all, you must know that there are no duns in the business. The boys hire a furnished room on the first floor of a building in any quiet side street, telling the landlord that they are agents for some company or other. The hand-shaker grabs a prosperous-looking stranger and slugs out: 'How are you Mr. Green?' 'How are my friends in Brownville?' The chump generally replies: 'Why, you've made a mistake. I'm Mr. Brown, from Greenville.' Then the 'bunco' apologizes, hurries off and reports to the stealer, who pulls a book out of his pocket and hunts up Greenville. The book by the way, is what is known as a 'banknote' reporter, and gives a complete list of all the banks in the country. From the list the stealer finds that Mr. Jones is President of the Greenville Bank and that Messrs. Smith and Gray are among its directors. Off he goes to the chump, shakes hands with him, calls him by name and saying he is Mr. Jones' nephew asks for the health of the Smiths, Grays and other prominent people. See! The chump is flattered by the attentions of the bank presidents' stylish nephew, and it does not take long to steer him into the room where the boss bunco man is waiting to play his part. There is the usual story about the painting drawn as in the lottery prize, then the cash price and the rest of it. Usually the chump bites in a few minutes; he is anxious to get \$500 for \$100, he puts up his wad of bills, the boys get it, and he walks out in a brown study, not knowing exactly how he was done up, but quite sure he has been swindled.  
"Complain to the police?" Not much. The bunco men have their office a minute or two after he does, and no one could find them; besides, the man is ashamed to tell how green he was. Even if the boys are arrested you can't find one man in a hundred who will go to a police court and give himself away for a sucker.  
"Then there's a very pretty scheme of Grand Central Pete's. You'd laugh to see the dozens of farmers he gets to lend him \$50 on a worthless check so that he can pay a man the balance due for an imaginary horse. That's a dandy scheme, and its perfectly safe. It generally takes the haying about an hour to tumble after he's been left standing outside a store where Pete has to go in for a minute on important business."  
**Joke on a Journalist.**  
Last May a year ago the junior editor of the Lakeview Examiner, with some little assistance from himself, placed two dozen Kluge Lake frogs, a quantity of mailage, and a handful of tacks into a bed, occupied by the editor of the Linkville Star. When the veteran of the quill shoved his legs between the sheets and the tacks penetrated his tender pink skin he set up in bed and inquired of yours truly whether our bed had any insect inhabitants. He said he was experiencing sharp pains like wasp stings. We remarked carefully that while such pains were almost invariably followed by paralysis, we hoped he would live until morning. He made another dive under the covers. A cold, slimy frog was disturbed and began drawing its slimy length up the journalist's leg. Two more awoke, stretched, and yawned, and with exultant croaks performed a double clog on the alarmed man's stomach. He was more than he could stand. He gave a yell, and sprang into the middle of the room. "Look, look," he cried, "I'm growing cold—the paralysis is setting in. Go bring two doctors, a preacher, and a gallon of whisky, for I'm nearly a goner." Just then a frog jumped out of the bed, and struck him in the small of the back.  
As he had struck a light, the time honored journalist comprehended the situation at a glance, and as he piled the bed sheets in a corner he remarked, good-naturedly "I wonder you scamps—I wouldn't have such a fright for a hundred dollars." We laid it all to Bosch, and tried to induce the editor to shoot him on sight.—Yreka Union.  
**Her Sort of a Doctor.**  
"George, who is your family physician?"  
"Dr. Smoothman."  
"What, that humbuck! How does it happen you employ him?"  
"Oh, it's some of my wife's doings. She went to see him about a cold in her head, and he recommended that she wear another style of bonnet. Since then she won't have any other doctor."—Chicago News.  
**The Hon. Samuel J. Tilden** celebrated his seventy-second year last Wednesday at Greystone, where he spent the day quietly. Mr. Tilden weighs 140 pounds, and is said to be in excellent health for his years.

**HUMORS.**  
German photographers are now making photographs of lightning. They are said to be striking like needles.  
"Johnny, if you want to become a big man you must eat meat and drink beer." "Johnny—All right; pass the butter!"  
A Western poet, it is said, thinks more of his wife than he does of his poems. "So does every one that ever read his poems."  
A philosopher who had married an ignorant girl used to call her "brown sugar," because, he said, she was sweet and unrefined.  
Girls in search of material for crazy quilts should apply to the railroad companies. They throw away thousands of old ties every year.  
A subscriber asks: "When is the best time to marry?" Response says the best time for such a ceremony is the 31st of February.  
It's many years ago since the poet wrote that "beauty draws us with a single hair." It generally takes forty-five dollars to switch to do it now.  
Never Give Up.  
If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and beneficently you will rejoice in the fruits of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Wilcox & Co.  
Send Him to the Legislature.  
(From the Texas Statesman.)  
Gilfoyle went into Austin restaurant, gave his order for some fried calf's brains, waited a long time for the waiter to bring what he ordered, but in vain. At last he asked: "Well, what about the calf's brains?"  
The waiter shook his head sadly and said: "No more brains." "The outlook is pretty gloomy, judge,"  
"What is the matter with my brains?"  
"There ain't any, that's all." "The store got out, and now there is some talk of running him for the legislature."  
**A Great Discovery.**  
Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial Bottle Free at Wilcox & Co's, Drug Store. Large size \$1.00.  
Engenia, discussing a young man: "Yes, mamma, I am sure Mr. DeGarmo has no soul!"  
Mamma: "Why, my child, you astonish me! I always thought that Mr. DeGarmo was full of humanity and kindness."  
Engenia: "He's not, mamma; for when Twine playfully bit him, he thought he actually kicked the poor dog away across the room."  
Buckley's Arnica Salve.  
The best Salve to the world the Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Sores, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Wilcox & Co.  
Some farmers who have lost their corn crop are inquiring at the Agricultural Department for early varieties of seed-corn which they desire to plant to make up for the deficiency in the last crop. The Commissioner requests any farmers in the State who have early varieties of corn to sell to send him their names, the variety of corn, quantity they have for sale and the price.