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# THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

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

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## Selected Story.

### In Search of the Tide.

Mr. Perkins laid down the newspaper and briskly stirred the fire, as he casually remarked:

"There was a great tide last night; the highest water known here for years. I suppose the full moon and the strong east wind we have had for the last week account for it."

"How high was it father?" asked Charlie, as he buttered the fifth piece of toast.

Charlie was fourteen, and the other Perkins children looked up to him as the head of the family.

"Sixteen feet," answered Mr. Perkins.

Harry, who was not quite seven, and who was always trying to find out things for himself, looked very thoughtfully out of the window. The cottage stood a stone's throw from the water; and Harry could look through the open channel between the islands out to the wide sea that was tossing restlessly in the distance.

"Father," he asked, where does the tide come from?"

Mr. Perkins sipped his tea before he carelessly replied:

"Oh, from a long way out at sea."

"But where does it start from?" still persisted Harry.

"I don't think it starts from any particular place," said Mr. Perkins. "I should say the surface waters run in from all over the sea."

"But it must start somewhere." said Harry.

Mr Perkins had not studied up the subject of tides, and feeling that his answers had been rather vague, did not try to say anything more."

When supper was over, the family went on the piazza which stretched across the front of the house. Mr. Perkins lighted a cigar, Mrs. Perkins brought out some pretty worsted thing she was knitting. Charlie walked down to the beach and began skipping stones across the water, and Harry sat down on a large rock and watched the tide running up and down on the beach. The sun had gone down, and left a few rosy clouds trailing after him, the mountains were growing dim in the distance, and among the islands of the bay the water lay quiet and dark. It ran up the beach as if it meant to travel far inland, and then something stopped it and drew it back with a long wash that sounded as if all the wet stones over which it ran were slipping back with it.

Harry had often watched this advance and retreat of the tide, but it had never seemed so curious to him as now. "What sends it up the beach, and why does it go back instead of going on?" were questions he was trying to answer. The long, low wash of water along the line of shore as far as Harry could see grew more and more mysterious to him as it became darker, and the sights began to change into sounds. The great sea beyong the island seemed to be sending its waves in, and then suddenly stopping them, and the murmur of the waters seemed to be the many voices of the sea calling its waves back again.

At last Mr. Perkins took out his watch and looked at it by the light of his cigar.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's later than I thought; it's after nine."

Mrs. Perkins called to Harry, who very unwillingly left the shore and went to his room. When he had undressed and blown out the candle he opened the blinds and looked out. The moon had just risen and was sending a silvery light over the sea, and the trees on the islands stood out dark and motionless. Up to the window, in the stillness of the night, came the murmur and splash of the rippling tide, almost at its flood.

"Where does it start from?" said Harry to himself as he fell asleep.

It may have been two hours—it was probably more—when Harry suddenly awoke. The moon was shining into the room, and the cool plash of the sea on the beach came in at the window.

"Where does it come from?" said Harry to himself again.

Then, quick as a flash, the thought came to him to go and see. Why not? The sea was only a little way off, the night was almost as light as day, and at the little dock below the cottage Charlie's boat "Sallie" was tied. He slipped out of bed and ran to the window; the tide was falling, and this would be the best time to go and find where it came from.

In five minutes Harry was dressed, and taking his shoes in his hands, he crept softly down stairs, opened the door into the piazza, and shut it again so quietly that no one heard a sound. Once on the ground, he sat down and put on his shoes, then ran swiftly down to the dock where the "Sallie" was dancing on the water, slipped the rope off the iron rod, and jumped into the boat.

Harry had spent no end of time in the boat, and knew more about sailing than many older boys. The tide was falling fast, and the water along the shore was rough. The "Sallie" danced up and down, and before Harry could get an oar he was thrown over a seat into the bottom of the boat, which drifted rapidly out into the bay. It was a still night and a light mist had spread over the sky, makikg the stars dim and faint. The islands looked strange and vague to Harry, and the sea was white and weird. Things did not look at all as they did by daylight; everything was queer and ghostly. Not a sound came from the cottages scattered along the shore as the boat drifted away from them; not a light was burning in a window anywhere; the whole world had gone to sleep except the sea, and a strange dream had come over that.

When the tide falls as far as it did in this bay it makes a good deal of commotion, and there are swift currents between the islands. In one of them the "Sallie" was caught, and swiftly carried seaward. Soon cottages and islands lay behind, growing dimmer and dimmer every minute, and the sea was close at hand The water along the beach was white and foaming, and around the rocky head at the entrance of the bay the sea rushed and roared nightly.

Harry was not at all frightened; he loved the water, and had not so much as thought that he might have trouble in getting home again. The tide was running swiftly out, and if he followed it he would surely find where it came from On and on, out into the strange, lonely sea, the little boat drifted; once in a while the moon would look out for a moment between the clouds, but most of the time she was hidden by them. Sometimes the foam on the crests of the waves would flash in sudden points or lines of fire; sometimes a quick gleam would show itself at a distance, and Harry would wonder if it were not the fin of some great fish cutting the surface of the sea.

He had left tha silver watch which his father had given him on his last birthday, hanging on the head of his bed, and so he could not tell what time it was; but he noticed after a while that the stars began to grow pale, and the heavens a little less dark. A fresh breeze had sprung up, and went singing over the sea; fortunately it was a light wind, and did no harm beyond making Harry a little chilly. The boat drifted wherever the waters carried it, and they carried it straight out to sea. When the sun rose, and the morning mists had rolled themselves out of sight, Harry saw far behind him the island from which he had sailed, its mountains standing out green and solemn against the sky; far ahead were the barren rocks from which at night a lighthouse sent its solitary beam over the sea.

Breakfast time came, but no breakfast, and no sign of any. The sun marched steadily up the steep circle of the sky, and found it such a hard climb that he not only got very warm himself, but put every body else into a profuse perspiration. On Harry he fairly poured his heat until the poor little fellow's head buzzed and ached, and he began to wish himself safe at home, tide or no tide.

Dinner time came, but no dinner; and finally, after a long hot afternoon, tea time, but no tea. The boat had floated further and further, but Harry had not found where the tide started from; the further he went the wider the sea spread out, and there was no sign of a beginning or an end anywhere. Harry begin to think he had passed the place where the tide started; certainly, if it got out as far as this, it would lose itself and never get anywhere.

The sun, tired with his long day's work, went down hot and red, by and by, one by one, the stars began to steal out from the places where they had hidden away from him. Harry, tired, hungry and a little frightened, had fallen asleep in the bottom of the boat, and was dreaming of sitting down to a nice dinner when the moon came up and found him lying there, far out to sea, when he ought to have been in his bed at home.

CHAPTER II

Capt. Peleg Waters was coming home with a goodly load of fresh mackerel; wind and tide being favorable, he expected to make Rockland sometime the next afternoon. Capt. Peleg was rather a rough looking old fellow, but he had the kindest heart in the world. At the time he sailed into this story he was taking his turn at the tiller, and was enjoying about equally the beautiful moonlit night and the short pipe from which he blew occasional puffs of tobacco smoke.

"This is the purtiest night we've had this trip," he said to himself, as he looked up at the full moon sailing serenely through the clouds, and at the silvery sea whispering to itself as if in a dream.

Just then something ahead caught the captain's eye.

"Wa'al, I declare," he exclaimed aloud, "if there ain't a boat! What is she doing twenty miles out to sea?"

In ten minutes Capt. Peleg had brought the schooner alongside the little boat, and was looking down at the small boy still fast asleep.

"Wa'al, I vow," said the captain, "if that ain't the littlest crew and the sleepiest that I ever saw afloat."

Capt. Peleg whistled to himself, as always did when puzzled; then he leaned over, and called out softly,—

"Ahoy, there!"

Harry opened his eyes wide, and jumped up in a second. He was a bright honest boy, and the captain knew it the minute he laid eyes on him.

"Where you from?" he asked, as gently as he could, for a voice that gets used to bawling in the teeth of all sorts of winds, isn't very soft.

"Bar Harbor," answered Harry, promptly.

Capt. Peleg's eyes twinkled. This was the queerest craft he had ever fallen in with on the sea.

"Where you bound?" he continued.

"I want to find where the tide comes from sir," was the quick reply.

Capt. Peleg whistled long and loud.

"What you got in yer locker?" he said, looking quizzically at the boy.

"Nothing," said Harry, dolefully, for he knew this was the weak point of the voyage.

"How long you been out?"

Harry hesitated a moment, for he was rather confused by the absence of dinners, teas and clocks; finally he said he had been out a day and night.

"Anything to eat?" asked Capt. Peleg.

"Nothing," answered Harry, very mournfully, for he was becoming very weak, and there was a strange feeling in his stomach.

The captain whistled again.

"Hi, there, Jim!" he called in a very loud voice.

In a minute Jim came stumbling up from the little cabin, looking very frazzy and sleepy.

"Just you take this tiller," said Capt. Peleg. Jim took the tiller. "Now," said the captain to Harry, "throw me that rope."

Harry threw the rope, and the captain made the little boat fast to the big one. Then he held out his hand, and with one vigorous pull the boy was on the schooner and the little boat was floating behind.

Meanwhile the captain disappeared. When he came back he handed Harry some big slices of well-buttered bread.

"Just stow that away in your hold," he said to Harry.

The boy needed no second invitation, and the bread speedily disappeared.

"Now, you turn in, and in the morning we'll take our bearings," said Capt. Peleg, as the last piece of bread went out of sight.

Harry was thereupon slipped into the captain's bunk and within a few minutes he was fast asleep When he awoke it was after ten the next morning. He found Capt. Peleg on deck, with his short pipe in his mouth.

There was a fresh breeze blowing, and the schooner was dashing along sending little showers of spray right and left from her prow.

"Mornin'. Hope you slept well?" said Capt. Peleg, when he spied Harry.

Harry thought he had never slept better.

"Well, I've followed the sea going on forty-five years, and my advice is, give up this ere voyage of yours and put for home," said the captain. His eyes twinkled, but his face was perfectly sober. "I'll take you into Rockland. Then you can telegraph to your friends,"

Harry thought this was the wisest plan, and was quite willing to give up the matter of the tides if he could only get home.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the schooner came up to the dock, and Capt. Peleg went straight to the telegraph office, and sent the following dispatch:

ROCKLAND, Aug. 3. '84.
GEORGE PERKINS, Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert, Me.
Boy Harry and small boat "Sallie" picked up at sea. Send directions. PELEG WATERS.

This little sheet of paper which bore this good news filled the Perkins family with joy. They had found the little boat gone, and guessed what had happened, and telegraphed in every direction without getting any news of the lost boy. Mr. Perkins ran down to the office and sent this message in reply:

BAR HARBOR, Aug. 3, '84.
PELEG WATERS, Rockland, Me.
Heartfelt thanks. Send boy and boat by steamer to-day.
GEORGE PERKINS.

The next day the steamer came along the dock of Bar Harbor, and Harry ran off the gang plank among the first, and was kissed and hugged and cried over to his heart's content.

Charles got into the "Sallie" and rowed home, but Harry had had enough of boats for the present, and preferred to walk.

About a week later Capt. Waters was surprised by the arrival of a small and very nicely tied package. He opened it cautiously and discovered a very substantial watch, with the grateful regards of Mr. George Perkins and family.

Harry has not yet found out where the tide starts from.

### A Court Scene.

[From the Columbia Register.]

James Hennegan was as fine a specimen of a man as could be seen in a day's travel; six feet two in his stocking feet broad in proportion, yet Jim, as he was generally called, did not carry a pound of surplus flesh. Kind and gentle in his manner, Jim had but one serious fault (if it can be called a fault), he would fight upon the least provocation, as the following incident will illustrate.

One morning as Jim was proceeding to his place of business, he encountered one of those tall, lank, lean, hungry looking fellows from the State of Lexington, carrying upon his arm a basket of eggs.

I had forgotten to tell you that Jim had a most serious impediment in his speech; in fact, he was the worst stutterer in the county, and was most sensitive about any notice taken of it; so you may imagine Jim's feelings when the lean, tall fellow addressed him thusly:

"I sa-sa say, mi-mi-mister, wa-wa-want to"—

He never finished the sentence. Jim thought that the man was mocking him; his ire rose to 150 degrees Farenheit in two seconds, and that Lexingtonian went down.

"Ta-take th-that, you ga-ga ga-loot," howled Jim.

The Lexingtonian, being one of the lean, hungry kind, was full of pluck. Up in a minute, he and Jim went at it without a word, for the simple reason that both being stuttering men of the worst description neither could get a word out before a new aspect of affairs was presented. But the bystanders noticed one thing about that lean man—every few moments there issued from his lips a sound which resembled a suppressed quack of a duck, the sound seemingly being emitted at the end of every sentence.

Well, Jim was rather getting the better of his man when a policeman put in an appearance, separated them and ordered them both to appear before His Honor the Mayor the following morning.

I do not know if any of you ever attended Mayor's court, and for fear that you have not I will tell you something about it. This court is very informed in some things, but mighty uniform in others. The procedure is rather on the "Go as you please" order, but the judgement is just the reverse; "five dollars or ten days" is almost the invariable rule, but sometimes both sides catch it. I remember one trial that took just two minutes. An habitual drunkard was up, "Well, Biggs, what's the charge," says His Honor. "Straight drunk, yer Honor." "Five dollars or ten days; sit down."

The next morning after the fight court opened as usual, and the first case on the docket was that of Jim Hennegan and John Pike; charge, "disorderly conduct; fighting in the street."

The two men were tried together and stood side by side in front of the Mayor's desk. The policeman stated that he saw the crowd, ran to the spot and found these two men fighting.

His Honor knew Jim well, and the twinkle in his eye showed that he anticipated some fun, but being ignorant of the Lexingtonian's peculiarities did not exactly take it all in at once.

"Well, Hennegan, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"We-well, yes-yesterday I was go-going to my w-w-ork, when I m-m-met that ga-ga-galoot"—

"Hold on there, Hennegan; tell your tale, but no names here."

"Ga ga-loot yer-yerself," (quack) stuttered the Lexingtonian.

If His Honor had been shot he would not have jumped as he did when he heard that quack. It was similar to no sound he had ever heard issue from the lips of any human being, even in all of his extensive travels. It certainly was an indignity put upon his court, which he could not and would not stand.

Turning upon the poor Lexingtonian those eyes, the very gleam of which strikes terror into the hearts of the city ordinance breakers he thundered:

"What do you mean, sir, by making such a noise in this court?"

"No-nothing" (quack).

"Well, sir, if you dare make that noise again I shall fine you forty dollars. Go on, Hennegan."

"Th-that cu-cuss s-s-says to m-m-me, 'Wa-wa-want to b-b-buy.' I th-tu-thought he w-was a m-m-mocking me and I h-h-hit him, and w we f-f-ft and w-was a f-f-fighting, and I w-was a g-g-getting t-t-the b-b-best of him w-w-when"—

"T-that aint s-s-so, h-h-honor" (quack), shouted the Lexingtonian.

"Hold on there," says His Honor, "let me straighten this thing. I know that you stutter, Hennegan; but did you know that this man stuttered too?"

"N-n-no, b-by g-gosh," says Jim.

"Pike, did you know Hennegan stuttered?"

"N-no, b-by j-jingo." says Pike, "and it h-he h-had s-spoke to me-me first I'd a h-hit him."

"Well," says His Honor, "you were both laboring under a mistake, but mistakes do not excuse a violation of the ordinance. I shall not fine you as heavily as I would under other circumstances, but the ordinance must be enforced, and I fine you each five dollars or ten days."

Jim already had a roll of bills out of his pocket, so turning to Pike he said: "P-p-pike, g-got any m-money?"

"N no, b-by j-jinks!"

"W-well, th-that's all r-right; sh-shake h-hands; we w-were both wr-wrong. I w-was wrong f-first, and g-got you into th-this s-s-scrape, and b-by g-gosh I'll p-pay y-you out." And he did. PARLEY.

### Signal Revenge.

Thirty-six years ago occurred the battle of Chillianwallah, at which the English ran an appallingly narrow chance of being defeated by the courageous Sikhs opposed to them. Though England did gain the day, it was only by an enormous expenditure of brave men's lives. A commemorating pillar is erected to their memory, in the garden of the Chelsea hospital.

This battle, however, one of the severest ever fought by the British on the soil of India, is also noteworthy because of the shadow of misfortune and disgrace overhanging it. The fourteenth regiment of dragoons, in the midst of the engagement, suddenly turned in retreat, and nearly caused a panic in the army. Its commander, Captain King, overcome by shame, afterward committed suicide.

Previous to his death he repeatedly declared that he gave no order for retreat, and knew no reason why his troops should have fled. But the order was heard by many officers and men, and the captain's word was not believed. Public opinion gave a verdict of cowardice against him.

The circumstances of the battle have, however, been recently revived, and new evidence has come in, which, if true, frees both officer and men from the worst charge which can be preferred against soldiers. In the regiment, says this exonerating voice, was a private who, for some reason, bore a grudge against his colonel. Though he had sought for an opportunity of taking revenge, none had presented itself But the man was a ventriloquist; and at last his chance came. On the day of the battle, at the critical moment, when it was infamy to take one backward step, the ventriloquist threw his voice close to the colonel and called:

"Threes about!"

It was the signal for retreat. The regiment was a model of discipline, and had always obeyed as one man. It did so now with fatal promptitude, and, in the melee of the battlefield, its retreat was soon converted into helter-skelter flight. The soldier had avenged his wrong at the expense of his comrade's honor, and at the risk of defeat to his country's flag.

### Old Libraries.

The three oldest consulting libraries in the United States are those of Harvard, Yale and the New York society. Harvard College began its career with a library which was part of the bequest from John Harvard, but in 1794 a fire totally destroyed its accumulations of 126 years. Yale College began its collections in 1700 and was aided thirty-three years later by the bequest of 1,000 volumes from Bishop Berkeley; yet in 1864 it amounted to only 4,000 volumes. The New York society's library, now containing 80,000 volumes, was founded in 1700 but did not take this name until 1754.

The fourth oldest library is that in Philadelphia, founded by Benjamin Franklin and his friends in 1781. The library has now over 130,000 volumes, and in some respects is unsurpassed by any other collection of books in the country. Its income is about $26,000 a year, of which a third only is available for the purchase of new books, yet it attempts, with much success, to do the same kind of public service that is accomplished by the Boston public library, whose income is $125,000.

"Ain't it time you paid me that five dollars?" asked a farmer of his neighbor.

"Hain't due," was the reply.

"But you promised to pay me when you got back from New York"

"Well, I hain't been there," he replied.

### A Good Fighting Editor.

The champion fighting editor of the country lives at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

As the story goes, eleven citizens of the variety known as "toughs," came to the conclusion, a short time ago, that it was their duty in the interests of law and order, and the purity of the ballot box, to take the editor out and hang him.

Now, our Albuquerpue journalist lived alone in a log cabin consisting of a single room with a cellar underneath. His only companion a pet grizzly bear occupied the cellar. On the night when the editor had good reasons, to expect a visit from the reformers, he retired to the cellar and left the upper room to the grizzly.

At the hour of midnight eleven stalwart men arrived with a rope. They battered down the door and rushed in eager for the fray. They had no light, but they rushed against their man, as they supposed. For an editor he showed unusual pluck and strength. He went for the lynchers with such activity that the fight was over in five minutes.

In the gray of early morning three men turned up in Albuquerque, each with an eye missing One man called at the docter's office with one foot and three fingers chewed off. The remaining seven reformers were loafing around on the streets more or less mutilated.

When the alleged facts of the fracas got out the editor became the most popular man in the territory. His paper is doing a booming business, and he can get any office he wants He still keeps the grizzly in the cellar ready for an emergency.

### Pronunciation of Some English Names.

Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley; Majoribanks, Mashbanks; Cockburn, Coburn; Cowper, Cooper; Mainwaring, Mannering. In Elgin and Gillott the "g" is hard; in Gifford and Nigel it is soft; in Johnston the "t" should not be sounded. In Molyneux the "x" is sounded, and the name is pronounced Molin oox, with a very slight account on the last syllable. In Vaux the "x" is sounded, but is mute in Des Vaux, and likewise in Devereux. In Ker, Berkeley, and Derby, the "e" has the sound of "a" in "f r." In Waldegrave the second syllable, "de," should be dropped, and so should the "th" in Blyth. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillun. In Conyngham, Monson, Monkton, and Ponsonby, the "o" takes the sound of "u;" and Blount should be pronounced as Blunt, the "o" being mute. Buchan should be pronounced Buchan; and Beauclerk, or Beauclere, is Boclare, the accent being on the first syllable. We myss should be pronounced Weems. In Herford the "t" is elided, and the "e" has the sound of "a" in far. Strachan should be pronounced Strawn; Colquehoun is Kohoon, the accent being on the last syllable; Beauchamp is Beacham, and Coutts is Koots Another formidable name to the uninitiated is Duchesnes which should be pronounced Dukarn. Bethune should be Beeton; and in Abergavenny the "av" is not sounded. Menzies is pronounced Mynges, Knollys as Knowles, Syndys as Sands, Gower as Gorr, Milnes as Mills. Finally, Dalziel should be pronounced Dael, Chartres as Charters, Glamis as Glams, Geogegan as Gaygan, and Ruthven as Riven.

### A Third time Struck Her.

What a curious, questioning feeling people have about second marriages! And the feeling increases directly and with rapid intensity as marryings multiply. A Western widower was condoled with by his neighbor in this wise: "I know what affliction means. I am living with my fifth wife." And the lone widower's face lighted up with a smile.

A New England woman expressed her indignation because the Widow So-and-so was about to be married a third time.

"But," said her friend, "if your house burns down, wouldn't you build another?"

"Maybe I should," was the reply, "but if I'd been burned out twice, I should think 'twas time to go boarding."

### His Pa's Running Powers.

(From the Portland. Me., Argus,)

A Sunday school teacher was telling her children how the devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and after the lesson was through she said that those who wished could ask questions. At once a little boy spoke up and asked how fast the devil could run. "Hush, Johnnie," said the teacher; "such questions are very profane. "Well, I don't care," said Johnnie; "he can't outrun my pa anyhow, 'cause I heard pa tell a man down the street the other day that he caught the devil the night he came home from the lodge."

### Whitewash.

Take half a bushel of unslacked lime and slack it with boiling water. Cover it during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, put into boiling hot, half a pound of Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue dissolved in warm water. Mix it and let it stand several days. Keep it in a kettle and put it on hot as possible with a brush. It is said to look as well and last nearly as long as oil paint on wood, brick or stone. A very simple wash may be made in the following manner. Slack as above, and add to each pailful half a pint of salt and the same quantity of wood-ashes, sifted fine; this makes it thick like cream, and covers smoothe much better. Use hot. Coloring may be used if desired.

### A Wonderful Discovery.

Consumptives and all, who suffer from any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can find a certain cure in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Thousands of permanent cures verify the truth of this statement. No medicine can show such a record of wonderful cures. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers now gratefully proclaim they owe their lives to this New Discovery. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Free Trial Bottles at Willcox & Co's., Drug Store. Large size, $1.00.

Gen. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, has written to the secretary of State, asking him to communicate with persons in each county of the State, who are in positions to know, whether there are any unpensioned Ex United States soldiers (army or navy) who, from ill health, advanced years or evil fortune, have become to some extent necessary recipients of charity. The secretary of State has forwarded the necessary blanks to the chairman of the county board of commissioners of each county, who has the appointment of the overseers of the poor. If any such cases are in the counties and they are made known to the pension department, it is supposed that the needy parties will be pensioned by the Government.

### Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. Geo V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Willcox & Co's., Drug Store.

### A Forcible Persuader.

De Guy—"You must have had many strange experiences in India."

Bunglay—"Ah, yes! Sometimes I didn't see a white face for months. Came all the way from Munnypoor to Bundajimjam with an escort of twenty punjaubs, and not a fellow among them could speak a word of English."

De Guy—"I don't see how you made them understand you."

Bungalay—"Ah, my dear fellow, you have never traveled. I had two revolvers and a horsewhip, and they had to understand me."

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, 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 Willcox & Co.

Haus—Vot means dot ven dose Americaners say dot a man has some cheek, or some galls, eh?

Fritz—I dells how dot vas. Some times ago I lends my friend Schmide one huddert dollar. He bays me not a cent pack; so I prings suit dot district court in, and I vins my suit. Den Schmide he comes to my office in.

"He prings you dot money pack?"

"Not mooch; for he wanted me to lend him $50 more to pay his lawyers and dose costs. Dot ish vot dose Americans calls some cheeks and galls."

A delicate child is more subject to worms than a healthy one, as in the economy of nature, one animal is made to subsist upon another, and the weaker goes down. At the first indication of worms administer Shriner's Indian Vermifuge the infallible remedy.

"Charles, I hear you are going to marry Miss Softly. Charming woman! Let me congratulate you on your good taste."

"Ah, yes, but—the fact is, I have broken off the match and I'm not going to marry any one."

"Then let me congratulate you on your good sense."