DRESS YOUR HAIR

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. This superb and unequaled preparation causes the hair to retain its color, abundance, and texture to an advanced period of life. It restores hair which has become thin, faded, and gray, heals itching humors, removes dandruff, keeps the scalp clean, cool, and moist, and imparts to the hair firmness of root, pliability, and fragrance.

"When I was about twenty-five years "My hair was rapidly turning gray of age, my hair began to turn gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's land out I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble. Hair Vigor, and it is causing a now growth of hair of the natural color. and my hair is now its

original color and full-ness." - B. Onkrupa, 41 Moad ave., Cleveland, O. wonderful dressing, in my case, and has also been of great benefit to my wife in tried various remedies, but without benefit or my much troubled. We consider it logar the use of Ayer's Hair very much troubled. We consider it logar, which stimulated a rich and indispensable."—R. J. Lowry, Jones abundant growth of hair."—Annie Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

FOR SKIN DISEASES

Sores, pimples, blotches, and other cruptions, which render the hand-somest face unsightly and even repulsive; also, for salt-rheum and crysip-clas, the best remedy is the Superior Blood-purifier, AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhers. Has cured others, will cure you

B 0 0 K, - B 0 0 K S

Stationary Novelties.

BEREBL SUPPLIES: A SPEGIALTY.

All School Books have been reduced in price since last season

Toys, Wagons &c.

Full line small Musical Instruments,

PIANOS, ORGANS &c.

DARLINGTON BOOK STORE.

E. C. ROTHOLZ.

Later Arrivals in Wash Goods

Persian Mulls in very neat design. Bleck Sheer Stripe and Plaid Lawns. Elysee stripes, black ground and handsome figures. Linen chambrays.

Interest line of Parasols with pretty handles. Ladies' summer undervests. 10 cents and upward. Silks mitts in all lengths.

HO TO MANY CORSETS!

We have six grades of the H. & S. corsets; best value for the mony. The largest assortment of cream and black laces in all widths. We have open up some very desirable Point De Jenes, Point De Gui pure an Point De Irlande in white and ecru. Our

MILLINERY

Is still conducted by Miss Maggie Jones, who has proven to the ladies that she can and tries to please, Your call is requested.

E. C. ROTHOLZ,

MAIL ORDERS promptly attended to.

John C. White,

Darlington, South Carolina.

Stoves, Tinware, Pumps, Piping, House

Furnishing Goods, Bolts, Tobacco

Flues, &c.

Call and Examine Our Stock, and we can Please You. Aufthing Api la Stock Will be Ordered for You.



OODBY, Henry," said the warden, holding out his hand. "Goodby," said the mar

as he grasped his late jailer's hand; "goodby," a bit huskily. "I thank—you—sir—for all your lindness"—"Oh, that's all right!" said the warden cheerily. "I try to do what's right; that's all, Just you do that in the future, Henry, and I shall never see you here again. Good luck to you."

The great doors clanged behind Henry Johnson as he stepped out of the prison, where he had served rix years, four months and twenty-live days—not the

months and twenty-five days-not the full sentence he had received, for the benefit of the allowance for good behavior had been his. But six years is a long time, long enough to change a man for better or worse

With a new suit of clothes, a ticket to New York and twenty-three dollars Johnson walked away, once more a free

He had looked forward to this day for years. He had dreamed of it on his hard bed in his lonely cell—the day on which he would be liberated, on which his revenge would begin.
It was here at last. Johnson was sur-

prised at his consations. Instead of shouting, leaping or crying for joy, he was walking along as quietly as though setting out on a visit to friends. Ah, friends! The word brought him

to a realizing sense of what was before him. Friends indeed! In all the wide world had he a single friend? With lightning rapidity the events of the last eight years swept before him. He saw himself honored and respected, holding a position of trust in a banking house, laying by a tidy little sum for the home which was to be his—and hers

-in the near future. Then came the scandal, the embezzlement, the mystery, the plot which wrecked his life and sent him to prison for a crime of which he was innocent. Then, through that inexplicable channel by which news drifts from the outer world to those in prison, he had learned of the prosperity of the man who in his soul he was convinced had ruined him, and of his marriage to the woman John-

son had loved.

The train for New York swept around the curve, and the smoothly shaven man in the ill fitting clothes, with despair on the face and hall in his face and hall in his large and hall hall have a his large and hall hav his face and hell in his heart, crept on and slunk into a corner by the door. He peered out the window to catch a last glimpso of the high stone wall and the "How soon will I be back?" he asked

Then as the gloom deepened on his baggard face he muttered, "When I come back it will not be for embezzle-

ment, but for murder."

For Johnson had in those six dreary years of captivity calmly and coolly formulated his plan of revenge. He had decided to kill John Raymond, his former friend and business associate, just as he would kill a viper that had

stung him.

How—when—where? were the words which jangled ceaselessly through his brain, keeping time to the clattering of



How? Suddenly, without warning and

Raymond had stolen from him. In its fancied security, in its seclusion and elegance, within calling distance of—of—his wife—if possible, would the mur-

derer find him.

The man in the corner of the car laughed aloud. One or two passengers hear turned and looked at him, but quickly withdrew their eyes. There was no contagious mirth in that laugh, and the smile on the cruel face was the

smile of a flend.

That night he crawled into a slovenly bed in a cheap lodging house on the cast side. He missed the lonely cell to which

side. He missed the lonely cell to which he had become accustomed, and found himself wondering if they would give him his old quarters when he went back. Next day he prowled about the inuddy streets seeking work. It was Christmas week, and everybody was too busy to listen to him. He ate sparingly and hearded his little roll of bills, counting them over and over. A strange attraction them over and over. A strange attraction lured him to the neighborhood of the bank where he used to work. At the close of the somber day he stood and watched the well dressed, well grouned men emerge from the building. "That is the way I used to look," he said to himself, and then glanced down at his plain clothes and coarse

At night the Bowery glittered with rows of lights that twinkled like evil eyes. Johnson tramped for many blocks, pausing now and then to gaze in the windows at the Christmas decorations. There was one display which fascinated him. In a cutler's window were stars, crosses and other employed fascinated him. In a cutler's window were stars, crosses and other emblems formed of smooth, shining, sharp edged knives. Johnson looked steadily at them for a long time. Then he went in, and selecting one particularly wicked blade paid for it from the little roll of bills, thrust it in the breast pocket of his coat and resumed his tramp.

"Christmas, Christmas," he muttered

up by flabby pillows.
"Is that you, Nelly," he heard Ray-mond say. "I thought you would never

thing it would be to drive that knife nome in Raymond's heart and attach a piece of paper to the handle bearing the

inscription, "A Christmas present from a loving friend,"
"I'll do it!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I'll do it on the night before Christmas. What a merry Christmas it will be for me!" People brushed against him in the throng. Children shrank at sight of his scowling face. On, on he went, unmindful of his surroundings.



SOMETHING ROLLED DOWN THE CHEEK OF THE EX-CONVICT.

Suddenly he paused before a great building into which crowds were pour-ing. He joined the throng and drifted in. Thore were lights and music. Somebody-a man with a clear baritone voice -was singing something. To the ears of the Ishmaelite stole these words:

I'vo found a friend in Josust
He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul,
The Lily of the Valley.
In him alone I set
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

Then suddenly the great audience rose to its feet and responded: He's the Lily of the Valley, The Bright and Morning Etar; He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Johnson looked stupidly about. He saw faces lined with sin and suffering the faces of thieves and outcasts. But everybody was singing. He looked at the platform. It was filled with men and women dressed in curious fashion in dark blue costumes, with big scarlet letters on their breasts. During Johnson's prison life the Salvation Army had sprung into existence. lie all my griefs has taken.

farers to whom he sang answered:

He's the Lily of the Valley.
The Bright and Morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my neul.
Something rolled down the check of the ex-convict. He put up his hand impatiently to

brush it away.

And then, half stumbling, he hurried

out into the night.

Dut as he fied through the fast falling snowflakes he heard again the refrain well up like a battleery: He's the Lily of the Valley.

Next day as he aimlessly walked about he came face to face with a man he had known in his old life. The man started as if he had seen a ghost, and then shamefacedly and hesitatingly ex-tended his hand. "Howdy do, Johnson?" he said tim-

idly.
"Oh, I'm well enough," said Johnson with a short, harsh laugh. "I'm trying to get something to do. Perhaps you

"I—oh, no-well, you sec, just now everybody's taken up with Christmas." "Of course you understand it's not an

asy thing to recommend a-a"-"Well, er-you understand." "Yes, I understand. I won't bother

you. I'll get along in some fashion. I've a little money. But tell me, can you give me any news of Raymond?"
"Well, yes. You heard about his failure?" "His failure? No."

"Yes, lost every cent a year ago. Poor as a church mouse. Sick, too, I heard a few days ago. Rheumatism, I believe. His wife"—-

inercy. Even as ruin had darted upon him should the blow descend upon Raymond.

When? At night. Night, with its awful silence and mystery, should surround and envelop the deed.

Wher? In his own house—the house Raymond had stelen from him. In its wife."

"Yes, yes, his wife."

"She's supporting him, I understand—sewing. They live somewhere on the east side in a tenement. Horrible come down! Well, I can't stand here all day. Goodby. If I hear of anything"—and he was gone.

he was gone.
Johnson stood looking after him in a dazed fashion until a gentle hint from a policeman reminded him he had better

So Raymond was poor and sick-his So Raymond was poor and sick—his revenge, then, was partly begun—and that Christmas present?—some way the thought of killing a poor invalid did not uppeal so strongly to the Ishmaelite—somewhere on the cast side?—as well my to hunt the traditional needle—poor, cick, and Nelly sewing to support him—well, there was some justice in heaven, if not on earth. if not on earth.

It was the night before Christmas when Johnson strolled again into the great rink where the Salvation Army was holding its meetings. He listened to the burning words which fell from the lips of a sweet faced woman. She talked of God's best gift to man and spoke of peace and good will. Then again the singer came forward, and again the strains which had rung in Johnson's ears for two days rolled to the roof. While stening cagerly his eyes suddenly fell apon the face of a woman who was sit-ting three seats from him. A pale, thin, abbily dressed woman.

When she rose to go he followed her. As she hurried away he stealthily crept behind her, his hand involuntarily clutching the knife over his heart. Up a rickety flight of stairs she went, and close behind came her pursuer. She opened the door on the third landing and went in. He crouched outside, holding his breath.

The door remained ajar.
He looked in and marked the poor room, with its wretched belongings. He saw the bed and the sick man believered.

"Well, John, dear, I just ran into the,

to me? I'd like to give John Raymond a Christmas present, curse him," and then suddenly be thought what a fine



Then Johnson, listening, straining every nerve there in the darkness, heard

"What is it, John? the pain again?" "Yes, yes. Oh. this is terrible! Nelly.

I am dying.
"No, no, dear, you will be better presently. Here, drink this." The sufferer obeyed and sank back xhausted on the pillows. "Now." thought Johnson, "now is my time. 1 can rush in and stab him before his wife. Why do I not do it?" "Poor Nelly!" said Raymond again, "to what have I brought you? Ah, sin

finds its reward." "Sin. John?" "Yes, sin. Nelly, I am dying. I must speak-I must tell you all'-

"Hush, dear, you are excited. Listen now. I'll sing you to sleep, and tomor row, Christmas morning, you will be And then to the Ishmaelite, his hand

against every man, ontside there in the darkness, floated in Nelly's sweet voice: He's the Lily of the Valley, The Bright and Morning Star. But sho was interrupted. "I must speak," mouncd the sick man.

"I will tell you."

Then the door was softly pushed open, and the startled couple saw him. His face was pale, his features working, and tears were raining down his checks.
"No, John." said the Ishmaelite, "de

ot speak." But not to be outdone in generosity Raymond raised himself, and will one aprome effort pointed to Johnson, cry

"He was lunocent, Nelly." And the bright morning star of Christ one through the window on three cople, two of whom knelt by the bed holding the ley hands of the other. Both on the white face of the dead and the living face of the Ishmselite had set-

ROYAL KRIS KRINGLE

THE KING WHOSE SCEPTER IS A HOLLY BRANCH.

sy St. Nicholas Became the Santa Clau of Today -- Christman as It Is Celebrated

HEREVER it occurs, Christmas is king of the holidays. In the northern homestend, on the southern plantation, among those who go down to "the sea in ships."

"the sea in ships," lands, it is the one season of the year marked by a reign of hospitality, merrinent and open heartedness. It recalls o the old the pleasures of youth, and ransports many an absent one back to his own fireside and quiet home. In the early annals of Now York city,

when it was Nieu Amsterdam and the sturdy Stuyvesant was commander in chief; when our now crowded Broadway was below Wall street and known only as plain Heere straat; when our business throttled Muiden lane was T'maagde paatje—"The Maiden's Path"—where he red cheeked Dutch girls went to hang their clothes; when the meet mar-ket was on Bowling Green, and the present City Hall park a public pasture out-side the city wall, the 24th and 25th of December were dedicated to St. Nich-December were dedicated to St. Nich-olas, the patron saint of the colony. It was his image that constituted the fig-urchead of the thin that brought the first Dutch emigrants to this shore. It was he who gave his name to the first hurch within the walls, and whose ben-

irons were most solomnly invoked in the hour of trouble by all Dutchmen on land To the Dutch boys and girls St. Nicholas was a jolly, white bearded, little, old man, smoking his long stemmed pipe, and in their fancies driving rough the air over town and country occans and desorts, sending through space the sharpest of whistles to the wonderful reindeer team that carried the wonderful sleigh. These little Kniekerbockers have passed away for-ever, but the children of today still keep up the devetion of the children of 1650 for St. Nicholas, only they now call him canta Claus. He is the same friend,

the same little, low built, chubby, merry, mysterious ancient who loves children of all ages and all countries. The manuer in which his coming is celebrated differs according to the habits and associations of the people. In the great cities and the country towns, for-days and weeks beforehand, the markets and stores, the streets and avenues pro-claim the approach of the fete. The whole community abandons itself to for-aging expeditions Bundles and baskets are everywhere-on men's shoulders and in their hands, in wagons and coaches, filling the aisles of street cars and trunfling through the highways in wheel-barrows. Women and children, hus-bands, bachelors and sweethearts strugbands, bachelors and sweethearts strug-gle beneath their weight. There are gifts for boys and girls, presents for men and women, and heaps of presents for grandfathers and grandmothers. "Old Scrooge" is there, crowding pater-familias in his endeavor to buy the big-gest turkey and make amends for his meanness to his bookkeeper during the year, while materfamilias declares to herself that her Christmas shall be the

rung a moment to near the singing. it describe it? The old mantel, with its row of stockings, large and small; the expectant looks of the youngsters as they linger around the fireplace wondering what Santa Claus will bring; the creeping into bed and listening, while the grown folks are making merry over their eggnog and mulled cider, for any sign of the coming of the old gentleman down the chimney; then, when the hoase is still, the mysterious movements

of the happy parents as they produce the Christmas gifts from their hiding places and the them up in the most pro-voking knots; the commotion in the iouse long before dawn when the children bounce from their beds to see what the King has sent them; the chorus of chuckles and gabble of delight as they gather around the bedside of the .leepy father and mother and arouse every one in the house to display the liberality of the God of gifts-who shall, who can tell the story of such a happy time?

By and by the bells in the steeples call the good people all to church and chapel, and away they go, flocking through the streets in their best clothes and with their gayest faces. Closed stores and a general cessation from labor give a Sabbath sanctity and reserve to the day outside, very different from the Christmus echoes of the night before. A little later wo are scated at the Christmas dinner, each one nervously impatient to attack the heaped up viands. The turkeys and goese and chickens that caused such a stuffing of beskets on Christmas evo are set out stuffed in turn upon the tables, and soon after lots of little boys and

girls are in the same condition. The feast ended, other pleasures follow. The old folks gather around the big fireplace to enjoy the outpouring of good feeling and honest interchange of affectionate attachment which abound at this season. The young people hetake themselves to the frolics of a sleigh ride, while the children repair perhaps to the neighboring hills and pends to try the new sleds and skates. This i-the Christmas of the average home cir-

the throughout the north and west. The Christmas of the rich is also fairyland in which for one day at least nothing save the spirit of Kris Kringle enters the voltiptuous heaven with its firmament of gas jets, its carpeted floor. softer than clover, its perfumed air, em-broidered curtains and gargeons Christ-mas tree, all affame with light and color, where are gathered a fashlouable throng of old and young awaiting the bestown

of coatly gifts.

But in the background of even the pleasant pletare is another—the familie of the poor, the labyrinths of wretches homes and techning tenement houses. forgotten. The rich man has sparesure of poverty may for the moment be lightened, and charitable hands deal out the stores of good things that make one wes indeed the angel of the day bring ing the old time message, "Peace of earth and good will to men."

F. G. Dr. FONTAINE.

Christmas Holly. The practice of decking churches wit the evergreen is very aucient, says Chat terbox. On this account our pious for fathers gave it the name of "holy treof which our word holly is a corruption Duppa tells us "that branches of the tree were sent by the itemans to their friends with their New Year's gifts a emblematical of good wishes, and the building of Rome itself." The hel sometimes attains the height of for feet, and when of this large size the woo is very valuable and is much used by cabinet makers. It is white, hard, clos-grained and takes a very fine polish. When stained black it is an excellent imitation of chony. The long an for whip handles and walking stick The leaves of the holl; near the groun

are frequently much more prickly than those toward the top of the tree. This circumstance forms the subject of a poem by Southey, in which he says that hough in youth buffetings with the world may call forth harshness, yo man ought to pray that unkind feel-

nga may daily wear away-Till the smooth temper of his age shall be Like the high leaves upon the helly tree.

. Christmas Mummors. Among other quaint customs still ex-tant are those of the "munmers" and numnings at Christmas, all common in Oxfordshire, England. Some wear nasks, some black their faces and others dress fantasticully. They go about singconsideration for the rights of other peo-

A merry Christmas and a bappy New Year, Your pockets full of money and your collars full of beer.

But this is the convivial side. At this time the following apparently senseless lines are sung by the yeoman of Somer-Hero comes I, liddle man Jan,

If you don't all do
As you be told by I,
I'll zend you all to York
Yor to make apple ple.



Dashaway-I hear, Bobbie, that you

got a train of cars for Christmas and they had an accident. Tell me all about it.

Bobble—I can't say a word. You see, I am one of the officers of the road.

The Mandelin. The stringed musical instrument which is peculiarly suited to ladies is the mandelin. It comes from Italy and was introduced here by the Spanish studente, who made so great a success at herself that her Christmas shall be the handsomest among all the neighbors.

Now comes Christmas eve—the fairy time of the little ones. And who shell

Some Yankee Traits in Mexico. "If anybody thinks the citizens of the Cactus Republic do not possess their full A Share of Yankee shrewdness he is likely to become wiser without growing wealthier during a year's sejourn in Mexico," said Ignatius Schumaker, as he joined the circle of bonanza kings who were talking pay rock in the corridors of the Southern. "I went down there a couple of years ago to pick up a few fortunes in the mining district. At Chihuahua I becamo acquainted with an old greaser who professed to become very fond of me. One day, when I had warmed his leathery old heart with pulque, he con-

fided to me that he knew the location of an old Aztec mine of fabulous richness. It was situated upon a branch of the Yaquai river, on land owned by his brother, a wealthy ranchero. It was from this mine that the Montezumas drew the bulk of their fabulous wealth. "During the war waged by Cortez the mine was forgotten, and he—my com-panion—had lately discovered it. He had specimens of the ore, and it was fully 70 per cent. coin silver. Of course I bit—bit ravenously. I set out for his brother's rauch next day and reached it

after a three days' ride. The old mine was certainly there, and it gave every indication of being as rich as represented. I scraped together every dollar I could command and bought a third interest in it. Then I went to work to form a company to develop it. I did not work long. lowever. The first man I interviewed looked at me pityingly and remarked: So old Jose has caught another sucker, has he? My innocent friend, that old hole is salted. You could carry away every ounce of pay rock within twenty-five miles of the place in a meal sack."
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Isaac Newton's First Inspiration. The youth of high scholastic attainments who is always carrying off prizes paturally raises hopes of his subsequent success in a particular career. Of course the most is made of him. He is not only a credit to himself, but to his teachers: to the latter, indeed, he is a practical certificato-a "human document"-of the first class. Finally he leaves school, and it is confidently predicted that, if he does not achieve greatness in the battle of life, it can only be on account of some moral flaw which has not yet had

time to declare itself. But the "dull boy" seldom receives the benefit of the doubt in any specula-tion as to his future. Once dubbed "dunce" or reputed "slow," and he is allowed to develop in the shade, emerging from which he satisfies or surprises hosses, and they started and threw me hosses, and they started and threw me pected of him. No one can dispute the claim of Sir Isaac Newton to a monu ment in Westminster abbey, nor to the praise conferred by Pope's well known

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night. Uod said, "Let Newton bel" and all was light. Nevertheless the greatest of English philosophers was a so called "dunce" at school. Sir David Brewster tells us that Newton made little progress "until one day the boy who was above him having given him a severe kick in the atomach, from which he suffered great pain, he labored incessantly till he got above him in the school, and from that time continued to rise until he was the head boy."—London Standard.

Perseverance and "push" are far from being the same thing, and quite as far from being equally commendable. A girl walked into a large dry goods store, and going up to one of the firm asked if he wished to employ any more girls in

his workroom. The gentleman was busy, but he left his work and answered her courteously in the negative. The girl, who was showily dressed and evidently impressed with her own ap-pearance, would not accept his answer. "I was told you wanted more help," persisted the applicant somewhat defi-

antly.
"It was a mistake, you see. I do not," was the reply.
"But won't you need some

"No," was the answer, given very de cidedly and with courteous coolness.

The girl looked at the gentleman somewhat doubtfully and walked out. Turning to a friend the gentleman said: "That young woman saw that I was busy and pushed herself forward with-out a word of excuse. She did not appreciate the courtesy I showed her. would not employ a girl who had so much push and so little modesty and

ple. She would never succeed in my store. I doubt if she would succeed anywhere,"-Youth's Companion. Christmas in the Land of the Czar. Throughout the Ukraine, or little Russia, Christmas is observed as a great sacred day. Weeks before Christmas

ing on in a peasant's hut.

The hut is whitewashed, the floor and polatin (bed of boards) are scrubbed, the holy images, or ikons, on the walls are adorned with coarse linen towels embroidered, and a few crosses, neatly returning from such a walk, he was made of straw or hay, are nailed upon the ceiling and wall. A bouch covered with hay is placed at the corner under St. Nicholas' image, ble contempt for a fat little foreigner.

upon which rests the pot with the sacred The head of the family, after offering prayer and expressing a few wishes be-fore the kutia—such as that the next summer's crop may be abundant, or that general prosperity may crown his ing y home—takes his seat at the head of the table. His example is followed by the

rest of the members.

The pot with the kutia is soon placed before them, and after a few more little formalities is devoured with great appetito. After this is done all dress themelves in their best clothes and start out

Fortieth Friend (since breakfast)—By
Jove, old fellow, you've got a fearful
sold. What are you taking for it? Sufferer (hoarsely) - Advice. - New

The Space Between Young Trees. Booth's theater so many years ago. Mrs. William Waldorf Astor was one of the first ladies to learn to play the mandolin; her ability, however, with this instrument was not made known to any extent outside of her home circle.—New York Press.

TWO PATIENTS IN A DISPENSARY

Small Newsboy and a Big Fireman Late one evening a man was seated in the receiving room of one of the dispensaries in the lower part of the city was talking to a young surgeon who had charge of the room, and the conversation turned to the subject of the courage shown by young folks as compared with

"It's all bosh," said the visitor. "about a child standing pain better than a man. Why, it stands to reason"-'Hullo!" says the surgeon "What's

"It's me.

The visitor turned and saw two bare. footed urchins, one about eight, and the other perhaps a year younger The elder came in carrying his companion, whom he carefully laid on the lounge. Then he raised himself and said:

"Me and Dannie 're newsboys, and just now he stepped on a busted bottle in de park and cut his foot." "And you carried him all the way

from the park here on your back?" "Yep."
The doctor had washed the blood from the foot and disclosed a deep, ragged cut about three inches long. He carefully washed and dressed it and was about to thread his needle to take a few needed stitches when the patient spoke up for

the first time: "Are you goin to sew it, doe?" "Yes, my little man. It can't heal without it."

He lay back, and after one suppressed groan the tears which trickled down his cheeks alone told the story of the pain. The sole of the foot of an ordi-nary New York newsbey is not a very easy thing for even the sharpest needle to pierco, and the pain of the operation was much increased. While it was go-ing on a member of the New York fire patrol entered and sitting himself in a chair waited with evident impatience for his turn to arrive. The sewing finished, the foot was bandaged, and the young Styrax took up his burden. "How far have you to go?" usked the

"Over to Oliver street." It was a full half mile to Oliver street, but the youth took up his burden cheer-

fully. "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" said the surgeon to the man.

The patrolman was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, tall, broad and muscular.

down. I fell on my hand there," he was considerably swollen. To find the cause of the swelling the doctor began to run his fingers along the injured part,

but he had hardly begun when his wrist was seized in a grip like iron.

"Hold on these, doe; that hurts!"

"Of course it does, but I have to find out what's the matter,"

Again he tried, and again he was pre-

"How do you think I can fix your hand when you won't let me find out what's the matter with it?" "I know that, but I can't stand it," he

began,
"Hold his arm, a couple of you," said
the surgeon to the attendants, who had
come in, attracted by the noise. The man's arm was held, and it was found that the hand had been merely sprained.

The Eing and the feldlitz Powder.

On the first consignment of scillitz powders to the capital of Delhi the monarch was deeply interested in the acand the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added water, the king drank it ff. This was the alkali, and the reval countenance expressed no sign of catisection. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay be luxury, and the twelve white pow ders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his ma-

ered while Delhi is numbered with the ingdoms the monarch rose, stared, expleded and in his full agonies screamed "Hold me down," then rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effer-vescence of the compound, spurting like 10,000 pennyworths of imporial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.-Indian Mirror.

tihedire and Sentry,

The khedive, eddly enough for an oriental, did not smoke, but al ways carried a cigarette case, and delighted in offer preparations for welcoming the so called "Christman kutia" (barley grits) are going it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard round his palace when first Cairo was occu-

> stopped by a sentry. "Yer can't go in here, yor know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amias

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the khedive, delighted,
"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"
"Very good," was the modest response,
"Ah, yer look like it. Nothin to do

and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serve ing your master. What sort of a feller And then, alas, the sergeant coming along recognized and saluted the khodive, to the vast discomfort of the centry as well as to the chagrin of his histores.

who would have been glad to he about himself.—Youth's A Boy Prima Donna. First Boy-You ought to come to the concert our music teacher is goin to

Second Boy-You goin to be in? "Yep. I'm one of the primmer donas. We're goin to give a cantata." "Wot's that?"
"Oh, it's all about sunshine and

torms and picnics and harvesters and all sorts of country things. It's great."
"Do you sing all that?"

"No. I'm only in the first scene,
"Early Mornin on th' Farm."
"Wot do you do?"
"I crow."—Good News,