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A SONG OF HOPE.

Never mind about the weather, if it hails,
Or if it snows;
Never mind about the weather, if the
world has one sweet roser,
Never mind about the weather, pray your
prayer and sing your song;
Soon the ships will sail together—alight
the harbor lights are long!

Never mind about the weather, though
the storm be sweeping far;
Back of all these beams the rainbow and
the splendor of a star?
Never mind about the weather, for the
loneliest ship draws near—
O'er the bluest of the billows, where
the harbor lights shine clear.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Carline's Lover.

BY WILLIAM G. LEE.

At the head of a picturesque little
valley high up among the foothills of
the Boston mountains, a turbulent
little stream rushes abruptly and
with boisterous conceit from a cavern
in the face of rocky, overhanging
cliffs, bearing the befitting title of
Roaring River. On the banks of this
noisy boaster, out of reach of its
threatening power, though still com-
manding an excellent view of its
mysterious source, I sat late in the
afternoon of a sultry July day. Sat-
isfied with the ceaseless whimsicalities
of the stream and lulled by the silent
surroundings and my comfortable
seat I had relapsed into a meditative
mood, from which I was suddenly
aroused by the greeting, "How
d'y'e do?" in an easy, drawing tone.
I turned toward the speaker, a man
some thirty-two or thirty-three years
old, tall and broad-shouldered, hollow
cheeked, of loose build, with long,
straight, yellow hair and ragged beard
of reddish hue. He was clad in coarse
homespun cotton shirt and snuff-
colored trousers. His feet were
shod with coarse cowhide boots, the
bottoms of his trousers legs caught
up and held by the ear-like straps of
his heavy footgear.

"Powerful warm," he added, as he
leaned a long, muzzle-loading rifle
against my tree, and mopping the
perspiration from his face with a red
bandanna handkerchief worn loosely
about his neck, he proceeded to let
himself down the bank to the water's
edge, where, stretching full length
upon a huge flat rock just above the
surface of the stream, and laying
aside his broad-brimmed hat, he pro-
jected his lips until they met and
dropped the water simultaneously
with the end of his nose, and indulged
in potatoes long and deep.

"I reckon you're the new school
teacher," he said after he had re-
gained the top of the bank. I re-
plied in effect that I enjoyed that
distinction.

"Wall now, I'm right glad to see
you Mr. —Wilkinson, ain't it?" he
inquired. "Wilkinson," I responded;
"W-I-I-k-i-n-s-o-n, Wilkinson. Do
you live near here?"

"As down on the first clearing
this side of Dr. Tyler's plantation,
just at the foot of Hog's Back. My
name is Joslyn. Ike Joslyn every-
body calls me."

"I am very glad to have met you,
Mr. Joslyn," I said. "I wish to make
the acquaintance of all the people in
the district as fast as I find oppor-
tunity. Have you any children?" I
have none of your name on my roll
yet, though I am told that as soon as
the season of cultivating the crops
is past, there will be quite an addi-
tion to the number of pupils now in
attendance."

"Wall, yes," he returned, "I've
got four. They ain't none of 'em old
enough to go to school, though, but
Hetty, and she has to take care of
the rest. Just as soon as I can get
any one to take care of the house and
children, I'm going to send Hetty to
school. Hetty takes to learnin'." She
knows all her letters now," he said
with evident pride. "How many
scholars have you got?"

"About thirty."

"I s'pose Nate Watson's children
got?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, "I have eight
from there."

"The school's a mighty good
thing," he continued presently. "I
wasn't raised in this year's backwoods
country, I came from Pike county,
Illinois, and I believe in gettin' an
education. I never had much chance
when I was a boy. I'd like to go to
school now," he added with increas-
ing earnestness.

"Ike's earnestness impressed me,
may I say, after the discouragements
of my short experience as a public
school teacher in the woods
of Arkansas. Did not the Hon. Oba-
diah Wellman, State senator, preacher,
planter and shoemaker, learn to read
and write after he had married and
become the father of a family? And
Andrew Johnson, at one time chief
executive of this great nation, was he
not taught by his wife, writing and
arithmetical?"

"I was late that night and supper
was waiting for me. Betsy Ann's
jaws were working. The widow and
her twenty-five-year-old daughter,
Betsy Ann, seldom indulged in the
extravagant habit of dipping snuff,
but chewed plug tobacco of their own
production and manufacture as a
substitute. Whatever the cause, all
sign of Betsy Ann's disturbed equi-
librium disappeared when, seated at
the supper table, I rehearsed my in-
terview with Ike Joslyn."

"Just like him," said the widow.
"He's a terrible vacillating sort of
man. Those Pike county fellows are
never no account."

"He's got a nice piece of bottom
land, but he's too lazy to fence it in
and clear it up, and he keeps on crap-

ping that upland, and it's so poor
that it won't scarcely raise sassafras
now. He ain't got more'n three
acres in his clearin' anyhow."

"Pretty near four," says Betsy
Ann.

"Did Ike say anything about pro-
tracted meetin'?" said the widow at
breakfast table the following morning.
I looked up inquiringly and she con-
tinued: "It's about time they had
it, most everybody's got their craps
laid by and if they wait too long,
first-inkin' my come on."

"Deacon Brown said last Sunday
he thought they'd have it about a
Monday," said Betsy Ann.

The next day, Sunday, the sun
shone brightly and fervently. In the
afternoon Jim and I made a hunting
expedition. Late in the day, weary
and warm and laden with wood ticks,
we emerged into a clearing and were
greeted with the regulation hubbub
of dogs. Recognizing the home of
Nate Watson, we stopped to quench
our thirst and rest our weary legs.

Mr. Watson's family consisted of
four children by his first wife, Mrs.
Watson's five children by a former
husband, and three children, a fruit of
the present alliance. On this occa-
sion the children were all, except
Caroline and the two younger, in the
corn and cotton fields. Caroline was
helping her mother about the
kitchen, a small detached building
about a rod from the main house.
Mr. Watson, a tall, powerfully built
man, clad in the regulation coarse
homespun cotton shirt and jeans
trousers, minus shoes and stockings,
sat on the porch just putting the
finishing touches to his rifle, which he
had evidently been cleaning. Ike
Joslyn lounged beside him.

Upon my asking for water, Nate
called: "Carline, bring the gen'l-
men some water."

A moment later I caught a glimpse
of a female figure in calico gown and
sunbonnet disappear by a path from
the house. Into a thickset of second
growth pines and sassafras, and di-
rectly after emerge, coming toward
us carrying a wooden bucket. When
she reached the porch and deposited
the brimming pail of spring water
with drinking gourd, although she
never raised her eyes, which were
deeply hidden in the great homely
sunbonnet, but turned immediately
and retraced her steps to the kitchen.
I saw a pretty sun-brown hair,
two small, perfectly-shaped hair
pins, and just the merest glimpse of
a dainty little chin beneath a sweet,
tender mouth that I knew belonged
to a girl in her teens.

"Why should she hide her eyes in
that ugly sunbonnet?" I thought, for
she must have pretty eyes. I was
conscious that Ike's gaze followed
her intently as long as she was in
sight, though neither of them spoke.

The Sabbath day, though hotter
than ever, found the old log church
with no suggestion of loveliness. A
large congregation had assembled.
The interior was filled to the very
doorways, and listeners with uncer-
ebrate heads stood outside at the win-
dows. A few colored people stood in
respectful attitude just outside of the
doors, to catch the utterances of the
speaker, sometimes loud and vehem-
ent rising to a frenzied pitch, and
again descending in low solemn tones
to a whisper, succeeded by a pause of
awe and threatening silence. In
closing the preacher announced that
the protracted meetings would com-
mence on the morrow, to continue for
the remainder of the week, and the
week following, if the interest already
manifested did not abate.

One after another the days of re-
vival passed. Every day I opened
my school, then dismissed my pupils
and as in duty bound attended the
meetings.

At last the great revival was over.
Another Monday morning had come
and the world seemed bright and
beautiful as I walked briskly along
the forest road toward the old log
church to resume again my school
duties without interruption.

In all my thoughts of the work
again about to commence, the face of
Caroline was vividly prominent. And
as I drew nearer the old log church
all else seemed to retreat into the
background and fade entirely from
my thoughts. I should learn to know
and understand her now as no other
could, as I assisted and guided her
innocent mind in the pursuit of
knowledge. Perhaps as I corrected
her copy or assisted her in the knotty
problems of written arithmetic I
might accidentally touch the pretty
hand or the soft, wavy hair.

"Look a yere! where's that yellar-
haired, white-livered, sneakin' Pike
county horse thief gone with my
gal?"

A mighty grip seized my shoulder
as in an iron vise, and wrenching me
rudely from my blissful dreams,
twisted me around until I faced the
angry, murderous gaze of Nate Wat-
son. He had overtaken me coming
from the trees to the left of the trail,
and had thus savagely seized me be-
fore I was aware of his presence. We
were standing on the bank of Roaring
river by the tree where I had first
seen Ike Joslyn.

"What do you mean, Mr. Watson?"
I replied in a surprisingly calm voice,
considering my state of mind.

"Where's Ike Joslyn gone with
Carline?" he demanded.

"Ike Joslyn with Caroline!" I re-
peated with such evident astonish-
ment and dismay that he relaxed his
hold and his hand fell heavily to his
side.

"Didn't you know the dirty kloty
had loped with Carline?" he asked
almost plaintively.

"Eloped with Caroline!" I could
only repeat in my dazed surprise.
And then as the true meaning of his
words gradually dawned upon my
confused intellect, a most painful
dread seized me. Eloped! I had

only thought in a bewildered sort of
way of his kidnapping her.

"Yes, they went to Devil's Gap
and were married last night, and no-
body knows, which way they went
from there," he said. "Walter
Simms jest came from the Gap and
says Parson Jeffries told him they
rode up to his place on Ike's old grey
mare about nine o'clock last night
and he married 'em. I loved you
helped him work up his devilry he
was so interested in school and you
took sich blamed lot of stock in him,
tryin' him to go. 'I'll kill him on
sight if old Bess don't fall me," he
added, as he raised the famous rifle
to his shoulder and sighted across its
barrel at an imaginary Ike Joslyn.

We walked toward the church,
Nate giving vent to his angry denun-
ciations of Ike, and I explaining how
far my suspicions were even of such
a plot, and expressing my sympathy
as best I could, all rather mechanic-
ally, for I had experienced such a re-
vulsion of feeling, on the sudden
awakening from my bright and happy
dreams, that I was in a state of
mental collapse unfit to play the
part of sympathetic squire. "Great
heavens!" I thought, "that sweet-
faced, gentle child passively follow-
ing that lot to be made his wife!"

The day, as all days must, wore
away at last. The happy anticipa-
tions born in the bright, beautiful
morning were never realized. The
exercises were painfully tedious. The
pupils, during intermissions, were
gathered in excited little knots, dis-
cussing the last sensation. I was
glad to get through with it all and
back to my boarding place. It is
curious how the heart rebels at times
against the strongest array of facts.
My faith in Caroline was stronger
than the most damning evidence that
could be brought against her. By
the time I had reached my boarding-
place I was persuaded that Caroline
was the helpless victim of the villain
Ike. That she was his prisoner; in-
fluence, being either drugged or hyp-
notized, and had allowed herself to be
wedded to him while not responsible
for her actions.

"Merciful heavens!" I thought,
"what must be her mental torture
when she regains her right mind!"

About dinner time Jim put in an
appearance.

"Hello!" he cried, when he caught
sight of me, "Ike's come back." I
nearly fell off the rail fence, where I
had perched myself with a hatful of
peaches, in the desperate effort to
arouse myself from my miserable
broodings. He could not have
stunned me more completely with a
sand bag.

"Here's a tragedy now surely," I
thought. "Won't any one put Ike
on his guard?"

Jim again disappeared immediately
after dinner. The afternoon found
me in a worse state of mind than in
the morning. "What could I do to
avert this certain calamity?" was the
burden of my thoughts.

"Hello, Mr. Wilkinson, won't you
go to the shivaree (charivari)," cried
Jim; "we're goin' to shivaree Ike and
Carline."

So absorbed was I with my miser-
able forebodings that I did not see
Jim until he thus aroused me.

"Good gracious!" said I, "he isn't
going to stay to be murdered, is he?"

"No," said Jim, evidently aston-
ished at my state of mind; "he's
goin' to make a powerful lot of noise
though." It might kill him if he
hadn't been married before."

"But, Nate?" I exclaimed, in a tone
of anxious inquiry.

"Oh, Nate's got cooled off, so I
reckon he'll know enough to look out
for his own neck."

By the time that Jim was ready to
start, I had decided to go with him,
fearing Nate, on learning what was
going on, might work himself into a
passion.

At the old log church we found a
crowd of men and boys with horns,
cow bells, guns and every conceivable
instrument for producing discordant,
terrifying and torturing noise. The
mottled company, some on foot, and
some on horseback, presented a weird
and mysterious appearance in the
gathering gloom, and reminded me
unpleasantly of the stories of the
Ku-Klux, so familiar to one's ears in
the early days succeeding the war of
the Rebellion. As we left the clear-
ing about the church the darkness
and the prevailing heavy silence,
but for the steady tramp of men
and horses, and the occasional snap-
ping of a twig, seemed to fill
my very soul with a most portentous
foreboding. After a time the heavy
darkness, enshrouded and pressing
down upon us like a suffocating pall,
seemed to lift a little, and the thick
darkness was succeeded by a compar-
ative light. The dim outlines of
those who were ahead loomed up in
the gray gloom now surrounding us
with exaggerated proportions. We
were approaching Ike's clearing.
Cautiously and silently we advanced
toward the cabin whose dim outlines
we now discerned. The old log house
was dark and silent as the grave. I
could not enter into sympathy with
the rest of the crowd. A presentiment
or intuition of impending evil seized
me. Not a dog barked. No sign of
life seemed to exist about the place.
Suddenly, at a signal from the leader,
the most unearthly, hideous noise
filled the air and re-echoed far into
the forest, seeming to my over-
wrought imagination to possess the
very universe.

Just as I began to wonder if I had
really met the eternal doom of the
unconverted through some imperfec-
tion of creed, a door suddenly opened,
a flood of light poured forth and the
noise ceased.

"Come in, boys," Ike's good-
natured voice exclaimed, as he
slouched into the doorway. They

were prepared for us. The dogs were
still whining from fright inside,
where they had been secured for the
occasion.

As I entered, I beheld Nate in the
foreground seated in a high-backed
armchair, the seat of honor accorded
the favored guest, holding a young
Joslyn on each knee, the young step-
mother standing modestly behind
him, blushing and happy.—(Orange
Judd Farmer.)

OFFICIAL ETIQUETTE.

**Proper Way to Address the Country's
Dignitaries.**

The United States is the only na-
tion on earth without a fixed official
etiquette. At every other capital
from Peking to Buenos Ayres there is
an official of this government whose
duty it is to see that social forms and
precedents are adhered to and to give
information to strangers on the sub-
ject when they apply for it. There is
no such person in Washington. Peo-
ple who want information of this kind
go to Mr. E. I. Kenick, the brilliant
young Georgian, the chief clerk of the
State department, or to the superin-
tendent of public buildings and
grounds, who acts in the place of a
master of ceremonies at the White
House. The dean of the diplomatic
corps is appealed to by new minist-
ers when they come here, and he tells
them what they are expected to do.

This fact creates no little confusion
and is frequently the cause of much
annoyance to well meaning people
whose desire always is to do "the
correct thing." The only precedent is
custom and usage, of course, is law
in official affairs as it is in society,
and what men have done men must
do or be criticised for ignorance or
indifference to custom.

If you desire to write to the presi-
dent of the United States, your let-
ters should be directed simply "To
the President, Washington, D. C." In
conversation he should be ad-
dressed as Mr. President. He should
never be called or written to as "His
Excellency." A similar rule applies
to the vice-president.

Members of the cabinet should be
addressed in conversation as "Mr.
Secretary," "Mr. Attorney-General,"
or "Mr. Postmaster-General." In
writing to a member of the cabinet
the letter should be addressed to "The
Honorable, the Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C." or "The
Honorable, the Attorney-General,
Washington, D. C." It is the custom
also to call the assistant secretaries
in the various executive departments
"Mr. Secretary," the same as their
chief.

"To the Honorable, the Chief
Justice of the United States, Wash-
ington, D. C.," is the correct way to
address that officer in writing; and in
conversation, "Mr. Chief Justice." If
you care to write to Judge Crisp,
you should address his letter to
"The Honorable, the Secretary of
State, Washington, D. C.," or "The
Honorable, the Attorney-General,
Washington, D. C." It is the custom
also to call the assistant secretaries
in the various executive departments
"Mr. Secretary," the same as their
chief.

There is a great deal of freedom
used in communication with mem-
bers of the congress, which is limited
by the taste of the person involved
or the familiarities of close acquaint-
ance. The proper way to address a
member of the Senate is "Mr. Sen-
ator," and in writing him "The
Honorable Patrick Walsh, United
States Senate, Washington, D. C." If
you know him pretty well you can
address the letter as "My Dear Sen-
ator," but it is better to be formal
and say "Sir."

Members of the House of Represent-
atives are addressed thus: "The
Honorable Henry G. Turner, House
of Representatives, Washington, D. C.,"
but ordinarily in conversation,
they should be called by their actual
names, as "Mr. Cabanis," or "Mr.
Maddox," although nine out of ten
of them have titles and are usually
called "Governor," or "General," or
"Judge."

The commonest and most frequent
mistake made is to refer to the wife
of a member of the cabinet as "Mrs.
Secretary Lamont," or to the wife of
a member of the senate as "Mrs. Sen-
ator Washburn." That is excess-
ively vulgar, as Mrs. Lamont is not
a secretary nor is Mrs. Washburn a
senator.—(Atlanta Journal.)

Russet Oranges.

A little item in the New York
Confectioners' Journal, in which golden
russets and small dark russets are
incidentally stated to be the best
keeping oranges, has called to our
mind a very general experience which
we have never seen referred to in
print. We buy for our own table
consumption russet oranges in prefer-
ence to bright oranges, and yet in
our official work we are in constant
receipt of requests from orange grow-
ers for methods of destroying the
rust mite. The hardening of the
skin of the orange from the work of
the rust mite undoubtedly keeps
them juicy, improves them for ship-
ment, and retards decay. The selec-
tion of bright oranges was a sad
among growers and wholesale buyers
which did not last. The time has
come when russet oranges for ship-
ment command higher prices and
when remedial treatment for the rust
mite is only necessary for a great
excess of this Acaid. The change
in public opinion in this matter
shows that utility governs even sen-
timent.—(Insect Life.)

She (nestling up to him)—I know
we are poor, papa, but Charlie says
that love will make a way.

Her father (grimly)—Yes, yes. It
has made away with about eight tons
of coal and \$50 worth of gas in the
last twelve months.—(Truth.)

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

**JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.**

**A Defence—And Ethel Blushed—
Too Practical—Time To Build the
Fire**

A DEFENCE.

"So you are the man charged with
counterfeiting?"

"Falsely, judge, falsely."

"But you were found with a coun-
terfeit five dollar bill in your posses-
sion."

"I know it. But 'twas a case of
sentiment. Er five dollar bill hap-
pened ter dri' my way, an' me an'
me partner went ter work an' made
a picture of it, jes fur a souvenir."—
[Washington Star.]

AND ETHEL BLUSHED.

Tommy—Yes, cats can see in the
dark and so can Ethel; 'cause when
Mr. Wright walked into the parlor
when she was sittin' alone in the
dark, I heard her say to him: "Why,
Arthur, you didn't get shaved to-
day."

TOO PRACTICAL.

"No, Herbert," she said in a low
tone, "it is impossible. I fear to
trust my future with you."

"And why?"

"I have watched your conduct
closely. It lacks the mark of such
devotion as my soul craves."

"Do I not come to see you four
nights in the week?"

"Yes, but I have detected a calcu-
lating selfishness in your nature
which I fear."

"What do you mean?"

"You have never yet failed to
leave in time to catch the last car."

"But that's only common sense."

"I know it is, Herbert; and there-
fore it is not love."—[Washington
Star.]

TIME TO BUILD THE FIRE.

Mrs. Striker—Don't you believe in
the union of labor?

Mr. S.—Of course I do. Why, my
dear, if there were no union of labor,
the greed of capital with its iron heel
would—

Mrs. S. (interrupting)—That's all
right; suppose you get up and build
the fire, and I'll cook the breakfast.

—[Boston Journal.]

HER DESCRIPTION.

She—You have met the beautiful
Miss X., have you not? What do
you think of her?

He—She is one of that sort of wo-
man that any man could die for, but
none could live with.—[Indianapolis
Journal.]

HIGH BREED.

"She seems to be infatuated with
her little dog."

"Yes; she says he is just heav-
enly."

"Heavenly! Then he must be a
skye terrier."—[New York Press.]

AN ALIBI.

Mrs. Goodman—Johnny, is it true
that you hit Bertie Knickerbocker in
the eye?

Johnny—No ma, I slugged the
duffer in the 't.

HOW SPITEFUL.

First Lady—Do you know the Bar-
on to-day paid me the compliment of
saying that I looked as young as a
girl of eighteen?

Second Lady—Really? Then the
report that the Baron is growing blind
proves correct after all.

FOR FUTURE REQUIREMENT.

A woman went before the judge
and modestly inquired: "Your Honor,
can I have a warrant for the arrest of
my husband? He boxed my ears yester-
day."

Judge—Certainly, ma'am, I will
make out a warrant on the ground of
assault and personal injuries.

Woman—Can I fetch the warrant
in about a month?

Judge—In a month? Why don't
you take it at once?

Woman—Please, your honor, when
my husband slapped my face I took
my rolling pin and hit him on the
head so that he had to be removed to
the hospital. The doctors say, how-
ever, that he will be on his legs again
in a month.—(Life.)

Antiquity of the Alphabet.

According to Philippe Berger's
book entitled "Histoire de l'Alphabet"
dans l'Antiquite," the alphabet was
invented about the year 1500 B. C.,
that invented by the Phoenicians
being without doubt the oldest of all
the forms of expressing thought or
sounds by character. Originally it
and all other alphabets were simply
a series of hieroglyphics or picture-
characters, the idea of an elephant
or an ox being expressed by r e
sketches of such animals; abbrevia-
tions being in the form of a pair of
tusks, horns, etc. Professor Auer
says that, taking both the ancient
and modern alphabets into account,
as many as 400 different sets of char-
acters, hieroglyphics and letters may
be enumerated; that these are all
outgrowths of the Phoenician mode
of mutely expressing thought or
sound, and that if we should set
aside slight variations of form, the
grand total of 400 alphabets would
dwindle immediately to less than
fifty.

The best oriental scholars have
given it as their opinion that the
original Phoenician alphabet was
composed of but sixteen characters,
yet it is known that it contained at
least twenty-one and probably twenty-
two at the time when it was
adopted by the Greeks. Why or by
whom these extra characters were
invented, or why such an addition
was necessary, has never been ex-
plained.—[St. Louis Republic.]

It is computed that the English lan-
guage is now spoken by fully 125,000,000
people.

WELL KNOWN.

"I want you to publish these
poems in book-form," said a seedy-
looking man to a New York publisher.
Publisher—I'll look over them, but
I cannot promise to bring them out
unless you have a well-known name.
Poet—That's all right. My name
is known wherever the English
language is spoken.

"Ah, indeed! What is your
name?"

"John Smith."—[Life.]

AT HIS DISTANCE.

"Mr. Spooner," she said, severely,
edging over to the other end of the
sofa, "I must ask you to keep your
distance."

"So I shall, dear Miss Euphrasia,"
said Mr. Spooner, edging over after
her, "and my distance is about an
inch and a half."—[Chicago Record.]

THE COLONEL'S VICTORY.

Notwithstanding Col. Bangs is only
a militia Colonel, and never had a
title in his life until a year ago, he
does not like to air his Colonelcy on
all occasions, and for some time he
has looked with disfavor upon the
cards of his wife, which read, "Mrs.
Col. Bangs." The other day she told
him to order her some cards.

"Certainly, my dear," he respond-
ed, for the Colonel is as gallant to
his wife as most men are to other
women, "but if I do I shall have that
'Colonel' omitted."

"Oh, no," she protested; "what
do you want that for?"

"Because it shouldn't be there."

"Why not? It is only a designa-
tion of who I am, and you are Col.
Bangs, aren't you?"

"Of course I am."

"Then why am I not Mrs. Col.
Bangs?"

The Colonel bowed.

"For the same reason, my dear,"
he responded, "that when I was Mr.
Bangs you were not Mrs. Mr. Bangs,"
and the Colonel won a victory.—[De-
troit Free Press.]

A FAIR RETURN.

"I wish it could be managed," said
the man who had been thinking
deeply. "It would be a magnificently
humane enterprise."

"What do you mean?" asked his
wife.

"I was just thinking that it would
be a great thing if the explorers in
polar regions would send down a re-
lief expedition for the benefit of us
people here."—[Washington Star.]

ON THE ALERT.

Potter—Why didn't you join us in
our hunting trip?

Bleu—Well, I'm not much of a
hunter, and I was afraid you might
make game of me.—[Truth.]

DISOBEYING FASHION'S DECREE.

Fanny—Have you ever felt the
pinch of poverty?

Nanny—No. What is it like?

Fanny—Wearing your old silk dress
with the tight sleeves.—[Judge.]

THE BICYCLE STOOP.

Bender—I have made the trip from
New York to Philadelphia on a bicy-
cle, and have orders to write it up
for a magazine. Wonder where I can
get a good horse?

Friend—What on earth do you
want with a horse?

Bender—I must repeat the trip in
a carriage, so as to get an idea of the
scenery, you know.—[New York
Weekly.]

BUSINESS.

Mabel—Do you notice how atten-
tive Tom Terrapin is to that elderly
Miss Grotz? I wonder if he really
means business.

Maudie—There is certainly little
about her to lead one to suppose that
he means anything else.—[Brooklyn
Life.]

MORE PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

The stately steamer ploughed its
way through the blue waves of Lake
Michigan.

"Oh, Horace!" moaned the young
bride who a moment before had paced
the deck with smiling face and lovely
eyes, the happiest of the happy. "I
feel so queer! Let me lean on your
shoulder."

"No, dearest, don't do that!" ex-
claimed Horace hastily. "Lean over
the side of the steamer."—[Chicago
Tribune.]

AN IMPERFECT PARADISE.

Hungry Higgins—How would you
like to live in one of them South Sea
Islands, where all a fellow has to do
to get his grub is to knock it off the
trees with a club?

Wesley Watkins—Say, won't it
fall off if he will lay down under the
tree and wait long enough?—[Indian-
apolis Journal.]

TAUGHT HIM HIS ERROR.

His Mother—Johnny, always re-
member what I told you. When you
see any little boy showing anger, take
him aside and make him feel that he
is wrong. Did you do so yesterday
with naughty Tommy Tubbs?

Johnny—Yes, indeed, I did. I
punched him good, too.—[Chicago
Record.]

Antiquity of the Alphabet.

According to Philippe Berger's
book entitled "Histoire de l'Alphabet"
dans l'Antiquite," the alphabet was
invented about the year 1500 B. C.,
that invented by the Phoenicians
being without doubt the oldest of all
the forms of expressing thought or
sounds by character. Originally it
and all other alphabets were simply
a series of hieroglyphics or picture-
characters, the idea of an elephant
or an ox being expressed by r e
sketches of such animals; abbrevia-
tions being in the form of a pair of
tusks, horns, etc. Professor Auer
says that, taking both the ancient
and modern alphabets into account,
as many as 400 different sets of char-
acters, hieroglyphics and letters may
be enumerated; that these are all
outgrowths of the Phoenician mode
of mutely expressing thought or
sound, and that if we should set
aside slight variations of form, the
grand total of 400 alphabets would
dwindle immediately to less than
fifty.

The best oriental scholars have
given it as their opinion that the
original Phoenician alphabet was
composed of but sixteen characters,
yet it is known that it contained at
least twenty-one and probably twenty-
two at the time when it was
adopted by the Greeks. Why or by
whom these extra characters were
invented, or why such an addition
was necessary, has never been ex-
plained.—[St. Louis Republic.]

It is computed that the English lan-
guage is now spoken by fully 125,000,000
people.

WELL KNOWN.

"I want you to publish these
poems in book-form," said a seedy-
looking man to a New York publisher.
Publisher—I'll look over them, but
I cannot promise to bring them out
unless you have a well-known name.
Poet—That's all right. My name
is known wherever the English
language is spoken.

"Ah, indeed! What is your
name?"

"John Smith."—[Life.]

AT HIS DISTANCE.

"Mr. Spooner," she said, severely,
edging over to the other end of the
sofa, "I must ask you to keep your
distance."

"So I shall, dear Miss Euphrasia,"
said Mr. Spooner, edging over after
her, "and my distance is about an
inch and a half."—[Chicago Record.]

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