

A YANKEE TRICK

(Original.)

While dining informally with my friends the Paxtons the subject turned upon the English railway coaches and the inability of travelers to be shut up in one of their compartments with a cutthroat or a lunatic. Paxton, who was English born, defended the system, pronouncing the American plan only fit for cattle moving. He declared that Americans preferred their cars because, having access to one another, they were free to practice their Yankee tricks on each other.

"He knows better than that," said Mrs. Paxton. "At any rate I do, as I will prove to you if you will listen to me."

"At one time, before I was married, we were stopping in London. Father was busy all day with some financial affair, and mother was confined to the house under the care of a nurse. I did all the sights of the city, including the Tower, the British museum, the parks, and then I thought I would take a run to Hampton Court. I had no business to go off alone. It would have been all right at home, but there it was not in good form. In Paris it would have been impossible. Nevertheless I had just enough of Yankee independence in me to make the trip, and, driving to the station, I got aboard the train, stepping into a first class carriage. I was delighted to notice that I was the only occupant and much disappointed just before the train started at the entrance of a gentleman. Without noticing me he sat down in the farthest corner and buried himself in a newspaper.

"Where had I seen that face before? Was it at the National gallery or in Hyde park or both? It seemed to me that I had seen it not only once, but several times. It could not have been at any social gathering—at least there had been no introduction—or he would have given me an opportunity to bow to him. Instead he paid no more attention to me than if I had been a maid-servant, though I wore my smartest costume just out of the tailor's hands."

"Were you out to catch a British husband?" laughed Paxton.

"What do you mean? You know I had no idea of such a thing!" snapped his wife. Then after a pause she went on with her story.

"The man after reading his paper for a few minutes began to yawn, then fell asleep. Presently he began to mutter. I could only hear snatches of what he said, such as: 'There's a good time coming.' 'Britannia rules the wave.' 'My love lives over the sea.' Then he would laugh and sing snatches of songs and talk again and laugh again, every time laughing louder than before.

"Of course I was frightened out of my senses. I vowed that if I got out of the compartment alive I would never get into another one. But I felt sorry for my traveling companion, who seemed to belong to the better class and was dressed like a gentleman."

"Did you fall in love with him, Lillie?" asked Paxton.

"Not at all. He—he's delirious or insanity or idiosyncy, whatever it was, kept increasing. I put my head out of the window to see if I could get a guard, but there was none in sight, and I desisted."

"Swearing, dear?" from the husband.

"You know very well I did no such thing, but I confess I abused the English system of railway coaches, and I do not doubt the Englishman if he had been awake would have heard me plainly enough. He seemed to fancy himself in all sorts of places. At one time he was playing cricket, at another football, finally waking up with: 'Hurrah! Kicked a goal, by Jove!'"

"As soon as his eyes were open he looked about him vaguely, then at me. Seeing that I was disturbed about something, he asked very deferentially what it was and when I told him apologized, saying that he had had no sleep for several days, during which he had been engaged in exciting work, and supposed his mental apparatus had gone on working while he was asleep. He was perfectly sane and very gentlemanlike. Having opened a conversation, I told him where I was going, and he gave me a great deal of information about Cardinal Wolsey's palace. He said he knew all about it, because he had been studying it up in the guide-book for the purpose of visiting it and was on his way there."

"You surely didn't permit a stranger to join you in that fashion?" remarked the husband.

"What could I do? The gentleman seemed so interested in the palace and told me so many things that—well, we went through Hampton Court and back to London in the same compartment."

"Then?" exclaimed Paxton. "Did you ever hear the like of that?"

"I see nothing especially unconventional in it," I replied, siding with the wife.

"Go on, my dear," said Paxton. "Give us the rest of it. It's very exciting, you know. Did he get delicious on the way back?"

"No, and I've never known him to talk in his sleep from that day to this." Paxton burst into a laugh, in which I, after taking in the situation, joined.

"You Americans think you have a monopoly of Yankee tricks," said Paxton. "You haven't, as I proved. After following her all over London I accidentally saw her driving by my club. Calling a cab, I caught her at the station. I racked my brain for an excuse to speak to her and was at last driven to feign the nonsense I gave her."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Mrs. Paxton, "that this is true?"

"I do."

"Well, I declare!"

J. EUGENE DRAPER.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

A PREDICTION.

Yes, Christmas is coming. You've heard that before. But listen and maybe you'll hear it once more. The man who don't know quite as much as a cat, or parrot, or monkey, is certain of that.

On this proposition some people, in sooth, think they have discovered a shining new truth. When really the news is old, as you might say, as the time of the man who invented the day.

Of course it is coming. Why shouldn't it come? If you know any reasons, just please mention some. As certain as taxes, or death, or the flow of water downhill, or an Uncle Tom show.

Then be on the lookout; remember the date: Some time in December: I have the tip straight. It's coming for certain—this isn't a "string"—Regardless of weather or any old thing.

Hard Lines.



"Isn't it awful? His wife takes in washing to support him."

"Yes, it must be. No woman can make enough at that to support a man in anything like comfort. I suppose at times he even suffers for the necessities of life."

Made the Difference.

"He is the most absentminded man I ever saw."

"I hadn't noticed it."

"Ever lend him any money?"

"No; but I borrowed some from him."

Suggested.

If I could only have a show at running things down here below, I'd try to engineer them so. The pleasant things would be on tap and trouble caught in its own trap.

If I could only have a show, there'd be no blinding cold and snow, and soft would all the breezes blow; The rain would only fall to cheer, and flowers would blossom all the year.

If I were running everything, The winter would be always spring, With summer ever on the wing And just ahead a little space A-leading us a merry chase.

I'd do these things if I were it, And they might help a little bit.

More Potent.

"He has decided to retire from politics."

"On account of the pleadings of his wife?"

"No; he has heard from the people."

Disillusionized.

"He looks every inch a soldier. Did he win his spurs on the field of battle?"

"No; he won them at a raffle, I believe."

Business Head.

"Is she a practical woman?"

"Is she practical? She charges her husband 50 cents for each curtain lecture."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Truth telling is very commendable, but, considered as a profession, it is seldom profitable.

Keeping down expenses is related in inverse ratio to keeping up appearances.

It is a very far cry when a tearful widow journeys across the country to see her late husband's folks.

Some people can't help themselves because others help themselves so much.

Health culture is what you have when you have had everything else.

Some people's aim in life is all right, but they never pull the trigger.

The sheriff is about the only man who likes to have his enemies around him.

There are some men who would be distinctly benefited if they would lose their temper for keeps.

Women may run to clubs all right until they have a quarrel. Then the men have to step in to settle it.

Beauty is only skin deep, but the average man doesn't carry X rays in his head.

Women admire strength in men—not of breath.

The world may owe every man a living, but it took a change of venue long ago.

AN AUTUMN EPISODE

(Original.)

I elected to take my vacation in the autumn. What I wanted was rest, and summer outings are usually anything but restful. I went to the Buckingham inn, located in a lovely country dotted here and there with handsome summer cottages. I did not arrive till October was half spent, and the regular summer boarders had gone back to town and were doubtless hard at work again. Morning and evening there were blazing logs in the great fireplace in the main hall, where the hotel office was located, but during the middle of the day artificial heat was unnecessary.

I was very indolent. I sat most of the day at the window in this office room, looking out on the white hard road over which occasionally bowed a carriage. Beyond the road were woods looking for all the world as if a painter had dabbed them with different colors. Above the woods was the blue sky. I say the blue sky because during my stay it was seldom hidden by clouds. In a leather covered easy chair I sat and looked at the road, the carriages, the variegated wood and the blue sky.

One day a carriage passed in which sat an old gentleman and a young girl. The girl's face was one of those serious faces that are seldom seen in young people—the face of one who endures or has endured some great grief. The eyes were large, and in them one might see in connection with other features of the face a marvelous depth of feeling, an unusual strength of character. I can best describe her by comparing her with one who lives under a physical blight, such as being deaf and dumb or blind. However, the carriage quickly passed, and these impressions which I have given at length were but momentary.

The next day at the same hour—about 3 o'clock in the afternoon—the same carriage with the same occupants drove by again. This time a revelation was given me. The girl and the old gentleman were speaking the sign language for deaf mutes with their fingers. I was surprised at how hard hit I was by the discovery. I had felt sure some physical blight was on the poor girl, but hoped that it might be something less than this—a lameness, a withered arm. But not to hear the sound of voices, to be deprived of all sweet sounds, especially those conveying sympathy—it is terrible.

After that I used to take my seat at the window every day shortly before 3 o'clock, and the carriage with the old gentleman and my sad faced deaf mute usually went by. I asked the clerk of the hotel if he knew who they were. He gave me a name and said they were an old woman. This is all the information he could give me. As the season progressed and it grew colder the driving became less frequent and before the 1st of November ceased.

One day, buttoning a light overcoat about me, I went out for a walk. I kept the road for awhile, then struck into the woods. The summer was long dying. Usually at the time in that locality there is nothing green left except the cedars and some vines. Now the maples were yellow and red, the oaks were a faded green, the chestnuts were withered, but the leaves still hung to the trees. The ground was strewn with acorns, hickory nuts and chestnut burs. Most of the burs had been opened, but by hunting about, pushing the dead leaves aside, I would occasionally come upon a fat nut. On coming to an opening I looked out on an expansive view lying below. The trees through which I gazed, their yellow leaves gilded by the afternoon sun, were a fitting frame for the picture. The landscape itself was bathed in the same autumn light and was screened by a thin mist—a garment finer than the finest lace that nature puts on when about to retire for her winter nap.

Vaulting a stone wall, I descended a slope, kicking the leaves—as I love to do—making my way toward a rustic bridge, but seeing traces of nuts under some trees I was passing I yielded to a childish propensity to gather a few. I was busy at this when I heard voices behind me and, turning, saw my girl of the carriage with several children. She was looking at me with those expressive eyes as much as to ask, "What are you doing here?" I realized that I was in private grounds and wished to apologize, but, alas, I did not know the sign language.

"Are you finding any nuts?" The words came like an angel's voice out of the sky. Could it be possible that they had been spoken by my dear mute? I was too surprised, too delighted, to take any notice of what had been said to me, though my hat came off instinctively.

"Can it be possible that I am trespassing?" I said at last.

"These are private grounds, but you are quite welcome. In summer, when the country is full of people, we put up a sign, but now it's a little lonely here, and we like to see some one."

"You are very kind. Do you know I have seen you often pass the Buckingham inn, where I am staying, and I have made a singular mistake about you? I thought you a deaf mute."

"That's uncle. You saw me talking to him in the sign language."

I made no reply to this, but she must have seen an indescribable happiness in my face, for she said:

"I cannot see why you should take an interest in a stranger."

That was the beginning of it or, rather, the end of the beginning. We hoped that the final ending will not come till long after our silver wedding.

S. HUNTER.

The Horse's Hoof.

In its present elaborate form the hoof of a horse is the most perfect instrument of support which has been devised in the animal kingdom to uphold a large and swiftly moving animal in its passage over the ground. The original toe nail and the neighboring soft parts connected with it have been modified into a structure which in an extraordinary manner combines solidity with elasticity, so that it may strike violent blows upon the hard surface of the earth without harm. The result is that the horse can carry a greater weight at a swifter speed than any other animal approaching it in size.

A Hatter's Trick.

"There are tricks in every trade, you know," said a New York clubman. "Even in retail hat selling many dodges are employed."

"I said to a hatter one day: 'I don't see how you can afford to iron for nothing all the silk hats you sell.'"

"The man nodded at me gravely. 'We have to do it, sir,' he said. 'The hats would last too long if we didn't.'"

The Last Word.

"Does your wife insist on having the last word?" asked the person who indulges in impertinent questions.

"Not at all," answered Mr. Meekton. "It is quite contrary to my policy to close the conversation with 'very well,' or some such remark, to indicate that I understand what Henrietta intends to convey."—Washington Star.

Took the Hint.

"This seems like a sweet dream," he rapturously remarked as he lingered with her at the doorstep.

"It doesn't seem like a dream to me," she replied, "for a dream soon vanishes, you know."

He Knew Her.

"I can't decide," she said, "whether to take the hat or not, but it is just the dearest thing I've seen this season."

"The dearest?" asked the husband, with a sardonic laugh. "Then it's certain that you'll take it."

Nothing New.

"Do you believe in original sin?"

"No; there's no such thing. They've all been used hundreds of times."—Cleveland Leader.

Duty puts a clear sky over every man, into which the skylark of happiness always goes singing.—Prentice.

Huge Task.

It was a huge task, to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease, as that of C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone, I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache, and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure, and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend this great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach."—Guaranteed by F. C. Duke, druggist; price 50c.

Wonders of the Eye.

Viewed as an optical instrument, the human eye may well be called perfect, for it is an apparatus contained in a globe less than an inch in diameter, in which is produced an image practically perfect in form and color and which can be accurately adjusted almost instantly for every distance from five inches to infinity, which is movable in every direction, has an area small enough for the detection of the most minute details and at the same time large enough for the appreciation of large objects, and which enables us to see all shades of color and to estimate distance, solidity, and, to some extent, the consistency of objects, and yet this wonderful instrument, perhaps the most varied in its capabilities of any part of the body, is persistently misused and neglected. Is it any wonder that some day nature resents this treatment and leaves the offenders in total and perpetual blindness?

The Name of China.

We speak of China and the Chinese, little thinking that the natives of the Flowery Kingdom never hear those terms until after leaving the place of their birth or coming in contact with some traveler. They have many names by which they designate themselves and the land which they inhabit, but Chinese and China are not among the number. The most ancient name of China is Tienhai, which signifies "beneath the sky." Since the present ruling house took control of the empire in 1650 the name of Taitungkwah has been applied to the kingdom as a whole and Chungkwah to that portion known to American readers as the Middle Kingdom.

Still Had a Little Pride.

"What is this man charged with?" asked the police justice.

"Stealing a dog, your honor," said the officer.

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

"Your honor," answered the prisoner, drawing a grimy coat sleeve across his nose, "if you'll make it embezzlement I'll plead guilty. I may be a thief, but I've got feelings."—Chicago Tribune.

No Secret About It.

It is no secret, that for Cuts, Burns, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Sore Eyes, Boils, etc., nothing is so effective as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It didn't take long to cure a bad sore I had, and it is all O. K. for sore eyes," writes D. L. Gregory, of Hope, Tex. 25c at F. C. Duke's drug store.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY EXCURSION RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On account of Christmas Holidays, Southern Railway will sell tickets from all points east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio rivers and to St. Louis, Mo., and intermediate points at rate of one and one-third first class one way fares, plus twenty-five cents for the round trip (minimum rate 50 cents.) Tickets to be sold December 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 30th, 31st, 1905, and January 1st, 1906, with final limit January 4th, 1906.

Tickets for teachers and students of schools and colleges will be sold December 17th to 24th, 1905, with final limit January 8th, 1906, upon presentation and surrender of certificates signed by superintendents, principals and presidents of the various institutions of learning.

For further information apply to any Southern Railway ticket agent or R. W. HUNT, BROOKS MORGAN, D. P. A., A. G. P. A., Charleston, S. C. Atlanta, Ga.

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If you suffer from backache, there is only one way to cure. The perfect way is to cure the kidneys. A bad back means sick kidneys. Slighted, urinary troubles follow. Doan's Kidney Pills are made for kidneys only.

Thomas Peden, stock buyer and trader, living on Depot street, Chester, S. C., says: "The remarkable amount of benefit I received from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills has convinced me that they are a great kidney and backache remedy. For a long time my back pained across the loins and although I have used many liniments and all kinds of plasters, it was always the same old ache until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. The result of a brief treatment astonished me. I have not had a backache since I used them and I have felt the strengthening effect in every way."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Dying of Famine.

is, in its torments, like dying of consumption. The progress of consumption, from the beginning to the very end, is a long torture, both to victim and friends. "When I had consumption in its first stage," writes Wm. Myers, of Cearfoss, Md., after trying different medicines and a good doctor, in vain, I at last took Dr. King's New Discovery, which quickly and perfectly cured me." Prompt relief and sure cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, etc. Positively prevents pneumonia. Guaranteed at F. C. Duke's drug store, price 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Trial bottle free.

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We have an elaborate line of useful Xmas Presents, such as Shawls, Bibles, Wrist Bags, Gloves, Combs, Ribbons, Baby Caps, Suspenders, Hosiery, etc. Buy now!

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Window Shades for store or residence, any size, color, quality or quantity; orders taken and prompt deliveries guaranteed. Look for my ad on Wall Paper. The price will make it interesting.

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