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A WIFE'S LAMENT,

f know a mountain, high and grand And seamed with chasms dark and deep Dark, stern, magnificent! it stands And guards the hamlet at its feet.

Through cloud and fog and morning mist,

An interesting calculation has been made by a New York paper, showing how the steady and rapid payment of the public debt incurred in the civil war, combined with the reduction of the interest rate and the increase of the population of the country, has affected the debt burden bourne by our people per capita. In 1865 the debt amounted to \$78.25 per capita. Last year it amounted to only \$24.14. In 1865 the per capita portion of the annual interest charge was \$4.29. Last year it was but eighty-three cents. The ratio of the principal is now but two-thirds what it then was; that of the annual interest is but a little more than one-fifth.

The Philadelphia mint is now prepared to meet the large demand for one and five cent pieces. The demand for minor coin is almost unprecedented, and is equally great in the West, South and, North. A natural tendency of business depression is to reduce the demand for small coin, and the fractional and minor coin finds its way to the Treasury. As business revives and small transactions increase in number the demand increases. In this case the one and five cent pieces in the Treasury are being cleaned and reissued as rapidly as possible by the Philadelphia Mint under a small appropriation for that purpose, and dimes are being coined under an appropriation for the recoinage of obsolete or uncurrent coin in the Treasury.

The statisticians of England cipher out that life in that country has somewhat increased in duration during the last generation, and the sanitarians attribute the gain to the better care which has been taken of the public health since what is called sanitary science has become a sub-

IN AUTUM. A fairer face than ere did fancy frame To me in day-dre ams on the gracious quee Who reign o'er noble realms of song and fame Sweeter the sight than all imagined scenes, As she stood stately in an autumn field, Her golden ringlets dancing o'er her brow And from the lips of lily-mold, a sweet And mellow strain of music filled the land, While o'er the hills the floods of sunset came. And all the mighty West was red with flame.

-John W. Dafoe, in the Current.

BY J. A. TRUESDELL.

It was not until father's patience had

and fork, after waiting on us all: taps and no more, was not performed for "Flora, my daughter, 10 o'clock is late a full week. Fred and I were in mortal enough for any young man to stay on an dread everd day that our preparations evening call.

And Flora had as often looked up imploringly, her pretty face on fire, and said: "Why, papa, how can I help it?" To this defensive inquiry father would not deign to reply, while mother, Aunt Elizabeth and we boys maintained a pro-found silence, each doubtless pondering how the difficult question might be

home the cows from the pasture lot, or at night, buried in the bed-clothes we discussed it. The preparations, too, had to be made ished his question, Roger snapped down in the night. We nearly broke our the cover of the box, and retorted, necks climbing out on the roof night stiffly after night to arrange our "crack o' "If you allude to the duet which Miss doom," as Fred called it. Nailing the Flora and I have been practicing, I must As sunlight plays about a burnished shield. The forest spread about her and each bough Showered its hundred colors at her feet, A leaf, blood-red, lay in her dainty hand,

At last all was ready. By means of a string which one of us could pull from

furnish a safe retreat to terra firma), a sound. A MYSTERIOUS CLOCK. shingle, holding the weight at the top of

the chimney, would be jerked out; and as the weight began to fall the clock would begin to shike. The next thing was to get the oppor-

ceased to be a polite virtue that Fred and I decided to carry out our plan. He had said so many times at breakfast, just as he laid down the carving-knife would be discovered. Any day father might take a notion to clean out the

parlor fireplace and the chimney. Fortu-nately he did not, and Mr. Roger's peculiar ring at the door-bell at last pealed on ears that were most intently listening for that welcome sound.

We boys slipped out of the kitchen, where we had been engaged in a fierce debate with Aunt Elizabeth on a propo-

the college town in which we lived. He "ed his class," was the son of his father, Judge Pettijohn, and a general father, with the young people. Fred and I rather liked him; his boats were always at our service, and it was one of our choicest pleasures to spend an hour in the study which he had fitted up in one of the college dormitories, to "be with the boys." There was no end of curious thought the seven ing, and we concluded to make the best of our situation by waiting until we thought he ought to be getting ready to depart. The better to ward off suspicion we spent the even ing, several blocks

things there, for Roger was not a mere we spent the evening several blocks

his ankle, jumping out of the window when mother came into the room after a book. At last all was ready. By means of a

string which one of us could pull from the kitchen (where a ladder was to

"'Miss Shaw'!" I whispered to Fred. "That's murderous! He's fearful mad. or he never would say 'Miss Shaw'!" Roger did not whistle as he walked briskly down the gravel path. We could just see his form as he passed in the dark-

When we looked again into the parlor, Aunt Elizabeth, prim and straight, in her morning wrapper, candle in hand, and her eyes snapping and gleaming like a cats's back in the dark, stood between father and Flora, looking inquiringly from one to the other. Mother had also come into the room, her face the pictute

of bewilderment and despair. We thought it was time to draw the curtain on our joke. We carefully low-ered the window, and taking a last look at the distressful tableau, hurried into the kitchen, twitched off our boots, and hastened up stairs. In a minute we were well abed. The clock was striking

as we dropped off to sleep. Our experiences next morning do not need to be described. We were found out, of course. Flors wore an injured air for a week. Father was stern, but we half suspected that he indirectly approved our course. Roger Pettijohn's ring did not disturb our door-bell for When it was certain that Flora had

vanquished all competitors for the head of her class, Fred and I managed to let

BUDGET OF FUN. HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM vice? VARIOUS SOURCES.

Mutual-"Families Supplied"-About an Even Thing--Positively Dishonest-He Drew the Line

-An Hour of Terror.

Billings (meeting Baxter, who is walking rapidly along the street)-- "Helloa, Baxter, why this rush?"

Baxter--"I am walking fast to keep that fellow Staggs from catching up with me. He's an awful bore. So long." Billings (meeting Staggs who is walk-ing slowly)--"Helloa. old fellow, why are you poking along this way?" Staggs—"To keep from catching up with that fellow Baxter. He's the worst

bore in town."-Arkansaw Traveler. Families Supplied.

"Do you see that sign across the street, the sign over the grocery store reading 'Families Supplied ?'" said a vermillion-beaked tramp to his mate.

"Yes, wot about it ?"

"Bill went in there yesterday and he asked the man to make good his sign or

take it in."

"What d've mean ?"

"The grocer's advertising 'Families Supplied,' and Bill laid down a nickle and said he would take a wife and two children. He said he was tired of work and wanted someone to take care of him." - Carl Pretzel.

About an Even Thing.

A Detroiter who was working across one of the Northern countries with a horse and buggy this summer met a farmer on foot and asked him how far it was to Greenvillle.

half a minute spent in reflection. "Why, I didn't know that there

but one Greenville." "Didn't you? There's one in South Carolina, a second in Kansas, a third in Please

"Och!" he called out, "great heav-ens, but how I suffer! Why was I such a fool as to follow that villain's ad-

Libune

He had probably taken poison, or was trying to drive a darning-needle to his heart. The landlady thought of the Coroner's inquest, the item in the papers and the questions the reporters would ask, and she grew frantic. "Hey, Smith-Mr. Smith-you, Smith!"

she called, as she rapped on the door, "but what on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing !" came the solemn answer, but as she put her ear to the key-hole she heard soft groans, and a whispered voice saying:

"It's got to be done at any cost!" "Mr. Smith;" she continued, "don't you dare commit suicide in my house! If you do I'll have you sent to jail for a year! It wasn't six months ago that a woman tried to poison herself to death in that very room, and I haven't got over the fright yet. - Say, you!" "Well," came the faint reply. "Have you taken poison?"

"No. There was an interval of silence while she put her ear to the key-hole again,

and pretty soon she heard the boarder gallop up and down and hiss between his clenched teeth:

"Great Scots! but was mortal man ever called upon to suffer as I do?" "Say!" she whispered as she turned to the boarders, "this door has got to be broken down without delay. That up-

grateful man has taken poison and is de-termined to die on a bed which cost me over \$20 last fall, saying nothing of a second-hand carpet which I traded a sewing machine for. Mr. Green, kick open the door!"

"If Green is there I'll let him in," announced Smith, and he opened a crevice just large enough to squeeze in.

Then came a whispered consultation, followed by shouts of pain and terror, and Green came to the door with an ob-ject in his hand and calmly said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, It was simply a case of pulling off a porous plaster which he had worn for six weeks.

Unmoved by tempest, storm or time; And when the sun its brow has kissed It smiles with radiance sublime! The fertile valley lies below Clothed in her shimmering summer dress, And smiles up to the gray, cold rock That guards, but stoops not to caress. I know a face, a kingly face, That towers high above my own, An artist's eye, a form of grace, A poet's soul-a heart of stone ! He stands unmoved by praise or blame With conscious power and mind complete He lives for labor, art and fame,

Nor heeds the offerings at his feet. I'd give the world were I the sun,

To kiss to smiles that haughty face, And see the lightning glance of love Light up those eyes with tender grace. I nestle mutely at his feet. He shields me from the storms of life, I bring him offerings pure and sweet, A worshiping, devoted wife. But ah! his heart once all my own, Forgets the gracious tenderness Of bygone days. I sit alone. He guards, but stoops not to caress. -Jacinta Jacques, in Omaha World.

PITH AND POINT.

A swell dinner-Dried apples. Gymnastic table ware-Glass tumblers A striking expression-"Hit 'em agin." The eagle is a tough bird, but when it is put on the back ot a dollar it is legal tender. — Merchant-Traveler.

Now goes each gentle maiden forth To gather autumn leaves; And when she's stuffed her pocket full She crams them up her sleeves. —Boston Budget.

The Scientific American has a very in-

ject of special study. But Dr. Thomas S. So inskey, of Philadelphia, writes an elaborate paper in the Medical and Surgical Reporter to express his doubt as to the theory that the average length of human life is increasing, and presents an array of figures of the mortality in England and the United States to sustain his view. He shows by authentic figures that life is longest in Ireland, whose prople, Dr. Sozinskey says, are supposed to be singularly oblivious to sanitary science. The in uences working against the race he holds to be the artificial mode of existence in civili ed countries.

Italy is waking up to the value of modern improvements. The unique exmultion from oil lighting to electric illumination without passing through the intermediate stage of gas lighting is presented by the little town of Tivoli, near Rome. Upon the occasion of the inauguration a large number of invited guests from the town and from Rome were received by the municipality and citizens. The guests included the representatives of England, Spain, Austria and other nations, and after the city had been illuminated a grand banquet was partaken of in honor of the occasion and was followed by a musical entertainment in the town hall. The success of the lighting is complete. Arrangements arc being made for private lighting in Tivoli and for transmitting 200-horse-power from Ti oli to Rome for lighting purposes in the latter city.

This is the season of the year when the tales of tough old men begin the'r round . Conneticut boasts that Colonel George L. Perkins, of Norwich, who began his 99th year la t August, has been trea urer of the Norwich and Worcester Rallroad Company from the beginning, and is not-as might be inferred from his great age-merely a figurehead, but is the active manager of its finances today, and is the source of knowledge to which the stockholders refer for information concerning the property from the time of its charter to the present. He walks a half mile to his office every week day morning, opens all his detters and dictates or writes repl'es, remains there till noon, devoting all the time to bu iness, when he t kes a carriage to his house and spends the rest of the day in reading and attending to matters of home life. Through some over ight it is not stated whether or not Colonel Perkins uses whicky and tobacco.

The American Cultivator philosophically remarks: "Modern civilization, which furnishes so many aids to our natural fa ilities, makes us pay the penalty by diminishing their vigo. The electric light enables us to turn night into day, but it is terribly trying to the eye-sight. The te'ephone and the loud noises of large cities dull the sense of hearing, so that desfness is becoming more common. The sedentary life, which appears to be the inevitable concomitant of the highest scholarship, is detrimental to physical and manly vigor. Of all classes none have received more advantage with fewer drawbacks than residents of the country. Much of the severe toil which formerly made the farmer's life a burden has been made unnecessary by labor-saving machinery. The greater healthfulness of country life remains, and with it are opportunities for intellectual improvement that fifty or eighty years ago were confined almost entirely to cities.

Dit an enthusiastic student of away, with sol nature, and a famous good pitcher in the As we approached the house, a little college nine. Besides a well-stocked before ten o'clock, we saw the light aqualium and a large collection of stuffed streaming from the parlor window, and birds, his room was decked out with knew our prey was still there. fencing foils, patent oars, boxing gloves, I took my place at the string, trem-a fine pair of antlers sent him from bling with expectation of the critical Texas, and a good many things that moment, when Fred, who had stationed would interest boys. But the one drawback to our enjoy-

came to see our sister Flora not less than the kitchen roof. But it was one of our little domestic se- til it wound around a distant hill and

valedictory in her class at the Academy that night! I busied myself in distin-and we all knew she could take it if she could get time to study at home. But, with all the numberless housekeeping duties which she took upon herself, in distingthe score or more of canine old Boze, our family horse, would shake that night! I busied myself in distin-with all the numberless housekeeping old Boze, our family horse, would shake had they been fewer or shorter. All this accounts for the plan which Fred and I determined to carry out. should be made aware of the flight of out a thought of what I was doing. time, if such a thing were possible.

It was several days before we hit upon Fred in the lilacs. a scheme that suited us. Any number of rude jokes that might easily be One day at school Fred looked up from

last it came, and I eagerly opened it al-most in plain sight of the Argus-eyed Mr. Winter, who, we thought, spent more of his time in prohibiting "evil communications," than in explaining equations and construing our difficult Latin sentences.

Fred's note was as follows:

"I've got it! You know the old clock? Well, I'll make it strike P. so hard he'll un-derstand. Don't forget it. More later. · I hardly understood; but I gave my consent without hesitation to Fred's plan, whatever it might be; for he had what we boys call "a long head and a safe

Among the treasures in our workshop was a worn-out clock. The old timepiece had come down from another generation, and had been in its day quite valuable; but in the days when Roger Pettijohn came to see our sister Flora, an old-fashioned, tall clock was not so highly prized as now. Bric-a-brac hunting was an unknown mania, and a clock that would not tell the time of day, no matter how ancient and hon-orable its history, was well out of the way in a boy's workshop.

This old clock Fred and I had taken to pieces and put together again times without number, in the hope of making it keep time so that we could put it in our room. Sometimes it would go nicely for several hours, and then some unlucky pinion would slip its place, the pendulum would slowly come to a standstill, and the piteous, patient-looking old face would stare at us as if in blank disap. pointment at being left behind in the ever, and a desperate gleam came into Roger's eyes. march of time. But, worn out and use-Fred and I began to realize that we less as it was as a time-keeper, it could strike as loudly and boldly as in its were in something of a scrape. But we younger days; and we had no small amount of fun in turning the wheels so as to hear its silvery ring and asthmatic to pry up the window so we could hear what was going on. "What on earth does this mean, wheeze. After school we discussed Fred's plan thoroughly and enthusiastically. It is Flora?" shouted father. doubtful if we enjoyed its fruition more than we did talking it over, and eagerly Poor Flora had buried her blushes in her hands, and gave no answer. Father looked from Flora to Roger adding suggestion after suggestion unnil it was, in our estimation, perfect. and back to Flora again, and said, louder

him a present of it, and it was given an honored place in his room. When at the himself in the lilac bushes under the

south window of the parlor, should give ment of Roger Pettijohn was that he me the signal by throwing a pebble on three evenings in a week, and the town Time, always slow when waited, was clock usually struck 11 as he went whis- never so slow, it seemed, as during the tling homeward. Not that we boys or full hour I waited for the thud of that the h usehold were at all put out by his pebble on the roof. The night train calls. We never heard anything from came thundering up the valley while I the parlor, save the subdued murmur of sat there, and I counted echo after echo talking or reading, and now and then of the shrill whistle of its locomotive, the melodious tones of piano or flute. and traced its snake-like line of light un-

crets that Flora was working for the was out of sight. How the dogs barked

there was often not much of a study hour himself in his stall and munch his pro- magazines. These genteel chiffonieres, left her. So Roger Pettijohn's cal's, en-joyable as they might be, were not so cordially thought of or mentioned in the story could be told of the pictures that which costs them at the rate of 6 cents amily circle as they would have been were called before my mind by the noises per pound. Another class of buyers look I heard in that single hour. Suddenly, in the midst of one of these mental pictures, Fred's pebble fell, strik-usually to the Cornhill second-hand We said that Mr. Roger Pettijohn ing me so that I pul ed the string with-

> Hurrying down the ladder, I found vous staccato that fairly made us dance to be a factor in the old junk business,

few minutes I saw a note working its flute. As long as the music lasted we way from desk to desk toward me. At hardly expected they would be disturbed by the clock.

For several minutes piano, flute and and clock kept up the peculiar trio, we boys enjoying it with gigantic grins and frequent chuckles. Through a fold of the window-curtain we could see the faces of our victims.

"Ha!" whispered Fred, "Flo hears See! She thinks something's wrong it! with the music."

The players kept on a few minutes longer, when suddenly Flora stopped. The flute and the clock now had it alone for a moment, and then the sound of the clock was left master of the situation.

We were where we could see Roger's face plainly. The puzzled expression that passed over it and lingered a moment was indescribable. Flora had not moved from her place, and sat, with one hand uplifted from the piano keys, listening intently and wonderingly to the measured striking, which now seemed louder than ever. Then we saw Roger's lips move, and Flora turned blushing and said something which, of course, we could not hear. Whatever it was, they

did not seem to understand each other any better than we did. All of a sudden both faces turned toward the sitting-rcom door. Father

was coming! In a moment he was in the room, in his dressing-gown, and holding a lamp, as if he had been searching the house over for the cause of this unseemly the Boer), in the Kuysna district of the

him know how "misfortune" came upon our clock. We put the works back into do you want to go to?" the case, and with proper ceremony made "The nearest one." "Well, that's about seven miles off.

academy commencement Flora bore off the valedictory, her largest bouquet had tobacco?' Roger's card neatly attached with a blue "Which tobacco do you want?" "Why, I didn't know as there was

The funniest part of the affair was more'n one tobacco.' that when the clock began to strike on "Oh, yes there is. There's plug to-bacco, tine-cut, shorts and smoking. that memorable evening, Aunt Elizabeth began counting the strokes, according to her invariable habit, and, although Which did you want?" "Wall, Ill take plug." she went down into the parlor and returned to her room after half an hour, she inquire for tobacco you'd better mention averred that she had counted every the kind." stroke, and that the clock struck exactly The two looked each other over for a nine hundred and ninety-six times. Nine minute and then separated for life.hundred and ninety-six o'clock became Detroit Free Press. a family by-word -Argonaut.

nutism." book-stores. These buyers often tackle a pile of old paper stuff that keeps them busy for a week or longer, and it is often the case that their labor is unre-The old clock was striking with a ner- warded. The law of compensation seems

worked out came into our minds; but we were not sure that we should enjoy rude jokes ourselves. for many people get a good living from tred had given the signal just as the sit-ting-room clock began to strike. for many people get a good living from other people's waste, and some even get rich out of it. Even the old tin cans, Flora and her caller were engaged in which were formerly condemned as usehis algebra with a peculiar grin. In a a duct, she at the piano and he with his less, and millions of which have been planted in the creation of the Back bay district of Boston, are now utilized, and the metal sheet made from them .can be

japanned, or tinned, or galvanized, or treated in any way that the material made from the original ore is treated. Out of the iron are made buttons, shoelace ends, show cards, telephones, electric lights and letter boxes, small ware, etc.

There are parties in Boston who make the collection of old tin, tin cuttings and old tin cans a regular business, and make money out of it. The material is sent to New York, where it is utilized. So the utilization of tin-plate cuttings and the

recovery of the tin has grown out of the same channel of scientific thought and experiment that long ago took the rags from the dunghill and converted them into sheets of paper. -- Boston Herald.

South African Gold Discoveries. The gold fever that has laid hold upon South Africa threatens to rival in its heat and intensity the earlier days of the Australian and Californian gold fields. Every mail brings the news of fresh "rushes." In addition to the established fields of the Transvaal, gold appears to have been found at Witwatersrand and in the Heidelberg and Waterberg districts of that Repub ic. Discoveries are also reported in the reserve territory of Zululand near the Natal border, in distant Amaswaziland (a native State east of the Transvaal now being slowly "eaten up" by

Ohio and a fourth in Iowa. Which one again."-Detroit Free Press.

Chewing the Cud.

Thomas D. Baird says in the New York Next time you inquire for Greenville Tribune: A very large tribe of animals, you'd better name the State. Got any of which sheep and cows are familiar examples, chew the cud. They do so bacause their peculiar organs of digestion require it. They can get their perfect nourishment in no other way. They have, it is said, four stomachs, but the statement is not strictly correct, for the entire digestion is done in a single onethat which is called the fourth-the other "I haven't got any. Next time you three being only places for preparatory aquire for tobacco you'd better mention work. Their food is swallowed without

being much chewed; the chewing is to come later. When this partially chewed food is swallowed it passes directly into the first stomach, which serves only to soak and soften the coarse food. When

The following story, illustrative of the passes out of it into the second, and then the cow or sheep is ready to the the masses of the the cow or sheep is ready to the the the cow of the the the cow of Mexican, issaid to be true. It was re- cud."

lated to the writer by a well-known The second stomach while soaking the printer, who declares that it has, not-food keeps it in motion, and gradually withstanding its truthfulness, never rolls it up into masses so that in the been published. This explanation is small upper part there is found an ob-necessary in order to protect the writer long solid lump of the size that we recagainst the probable charge of "chest- ognize as the "cud." This the animal throws up into the mouth and chews

An American ranchman had employed with evidently as much satisfaction as the a Mexican herder. The American owed same act of mastication gives us when the Mexican \$60, and as money was not we put the most delicate morsels bevery plentiful with him, began to devise tween our teeth. When it is sufficently means of a cheaper settlement. One chewed the mass is swallowed and its evening while the two men were in the place taken by another which has been kitchen the American took down a coffee rolled up in the meantime. But the mill and said : "This is the most won- "cud" thus masticated does not return derful machine in the world. It was re- to the second stomach from which it cently invented in the United States, and came; it passes smoothly into the third, is valued at \$100. See here? Instead of a place for additional lubrication, and having to crush your coffee with a stone, then into the fourth, where the true di-

Here is a story from Nottoway County that will please the most sensational. Two years ago there dwelt in this county The two individuals. One of the individ-American left the mill on a shelf. When he got up the next morning he found that the Mexican and the coffee mill had "You can't place any confidence in the

honesty of a Mexican," said he. "That fellow was positively dishonest."-Arkansaw Traveler.

He Drew the Line.

"Well, Charley, I hear you don't call on Miss Jones any more. "No, T've quit."

on you?" "No. That wasn't it. The luxury

was becoming too expensive." "Expensive! I thought Miss Jones

oysters or anything of that kind." "She doesn't. It was the dog that

"The dog!"

disappeared.

"Yes. He kept me all the time paying

but we'll venture to say that no smoken was ever so tobacco blind that he could not see the cigars sticking out of the top of a companion's vest-pocket.-Puck.

He stuttered,

"For your hand I'm ap-ap-pealing. She grumbled, And mumbled:

"I never did like apple-pealing." Goodal's Sun

A dog with a tin can attached to his tail by a stout cord passed hurriedly down the street. "Is that dog mad?" asked a pedestrian. "Well," responded another, "I caught a glimpse of his countenance as he passed by and he didn't look the least b.t pleased.

He (trying to get out of it pl -"I'm awfully sorry that I must go to-night, Miss Bessie. What an agreeable two weeks we've had of it. I will go and ask your father ____ " (William, I knew it would come, and asked pa yesterday so as to save you the trouble. He's more than willing."-Tid-Bits.

Fiddles for Firewood.

When Ole Bull, the renowned violinist, was staying in Paris in 1840 he returned home late one evening from a concert, and as the night was cold he ordered his man to make a fire in his room. The latter dragged toward the fireplace a huge box, on which the word "Firewood" was painted in large letters. In answer to Ole Bull's astonished inquiry the servant told him that the box had been delivered that day at noon by his master's orders, as he thought. On being broken open the box was found to contain twenty-two violins and the following letter: "Great Master: The un-dersigned, being members of various amateur philharmonic societies, hereby declare that they will henceforth cease to perform on the accompanying instru-ments. The same wood from which Ole Bull can draw life, love, sorrow, passion and melody, is only to be regarded asfuel for the flames in the hands of the undersigned, who therefore request the maestro to make an auto-da-fe of the enclosures, and to look upon the ascending smoke as incense offered to his genius by penitent dabblers in the noble art." This curious epistle bore the signatures of twenty-two young men. Three days afteward Ole Bull gave a dinner, to which he invited all the senders of the valuable "firewood." Each guest had lying before him on the table one of the violins referred to, and by its side a gold ring with the incription "Solitude and Perseverance"-a piece of seasonable advice to the faint-hearted dilettante, and a symbolic indication of the means by which the virtuoso himself had attained to fame. -- Rundschau.

The Largest Balloon.

The largest balloon ever made is that of Herr Ganswindt, at Berlin. This balloon is cigar-shaped, about 100 yards long by sixteen yards in diameter. The Ganswindt machine is said to be capable of carrying a load of nearly three tons and a half, independently of its car and steam engines, which together weigh about twenty-one and a half tons. Propulsion is effected by means of three aerial screws; two of these, each eleven frenzy that a vards in diameter, are vertical, whilst the other, measuring eight yards in diameter, is horizontal. Herr Ganswindt affirms that he will be able to attain a speed of fourteen to sixteen yards per second, or a mile in less than two minutes, and that he will be able to travel in any direction he pleases, even in the midst of the most violent storms.

you put it in this way and grind it up. gestion begins and ends. I never saw anything like it. Old man

A Virginia Romance.

"What's the matter? Did she go back girl far beneath him in social rank was a model girl, never ate ice cream, to be taken to the Eastern lunatic asylum

made it so expensive."

tailor bills. I had to wear a Prince Albert coat and fasten the tails together at stantly killed. When the sad news was the bottom. I tried pins once but never conveyed to her she became a raving again. I kept them sewed after that, maniac. She was also taken to the Eastbut it spoilt the fit of the coat and made ern lunatic asylum, where she met the me look like a balloon getting ready for man who had wrecked his physical and an ascension. I would have sacrificed mental capacities on account of her. The much for that dear girl, but I can wear sight of the woman who spurned his love

Jones over here wants it so had he don't know what to do. Offered me \$100 for it, but I would not accept the offer." The Mexican listened attentively, but assumed an air of indifference.

uals was a handsome and prosperous young farmer; the other was a saucy and bewitching damsel of eighteen summers. The farmer was a stern man. The bluest of old Virginia blood coursed through his veins. He was a prominent member of the village church. He dwelt in a fashionable house. He had plenty of horses and servants. The young farmer did not associate with the rest of the villagers. Oh! no; he was too proud for that. But mark the change. One year thereafter he fell in love with a pretty

and position. He pleaded in vain for her love, but she told him she loved another. This drove the young farmer mad, and in a few months he had at Williamsburg. But the romance did not end here. The happy and expectant bride was anxiously awaiting her nuptial

day, which the fates, it will be seen, determined to be otherwise. Her sweetheart was thrown from a horse and in-

The Mitten.

(From Mollie.)

This little mitt I hope will fit,

'Tis for your hand intended. It

took me very long to knit, But I am

glad to send it. You'll wonder why I

send but one, And think I acted blind-

ly, But one will do the best for you,

And you may thank me kindly.

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but a man can make a goose of himself with one.

"The plan is just this, Jamie," said Fred. "Take the works out of the case, than before: "I want an answer; what does this all fasten them in the fireplace, put a long, mean?" "Oh, father!" cried Flora, "I don't stout string on in place of the striking-

really know, unless the sitting-room weight cord, wind the reel on the strikclock is bewitched." ing side as full as we can, then pass the

"I have stopped every clock in the house," replied father, in stentorian line up over a pulley at the top of the chimney, and put on the weight. The old thing will strike as long as it takes tones.

Roger's face turned white and red by the weight to run down."

It took some time to get everything turns; but he did not attempt to say ready. No spy was ever more secret or anything. Father turned to him: cautious in his movements than we. We "Mr. Pettijohn, can you tell me what never talked of our plans where any one this unearthly din in my house at nearly could hear. In the workshop, with doors midnight means?" shut and locked, or at sundown, driving Roger had disjointed his flute, and

disturbance. What he said we did not hear. It must have been something se-vere; for Flora blushed redder than as "Queen of Sheba Roof," "The Wheel of Fortune," and others, are upon the tongues of every one, and speculation grows rampant. It is to be said, to the credit of South African newspapers, that they are warning their neighbors to exercise caution. It is pointed out that of six thousand people now in the Trans-vaal gold fields only a small proportion are earning wages, and many will return to die of starvation on the road. It is a characteristic of South African gold that it is usually found in quartz reef, and powerful crushing machinery is therefore demanded for its extraction. The new fields consequently are not likely to

afford great facilities to the small digger who works his own claim. -- St. James's

Eve, Midnight and Next Day. The small boy, with complacent mien, At twilight eats the apple green.

Gazette.

The doctor pours, at midnight dim, Jamaica ginger into him.

He vows, while in the colic's power, No more green apples he'll devour.

Next day, recovered from his pain, He hankers for the fruit again. -- Charlestown Enterpr

out trousers enough on my own account drove him into such without calling in the assistance of a straight jacket had to he put upon him, pug-nosed canine that is two-third steeth," and the very mention of her name would -Merchant Traveler. Thus is life !- Petersburg Index-Appeal.

An Hour of Terror.

When he had been there one week the boarding-house keeper said that he was one of the nicest, quietest young men . she had ever had in her house. He had no complaints to make at the table, and he left his room so slick and clean that the chambermaid had suspicions that he was a woman in disguise. At the end of the month, rather than to have him all wool of good stout yarn. Your yarns are all un- common, And I am sure a gladder gift was never sent by woman; And by this mitten you will go, the landlady would have agreed to purchase porterhouse steak once a week, and to replace the old rug in his room with a new one costing fifty cents. The other night, however, her enthusiasm re-ceived a set-back. One of the boarders came down stairs and reported that he

woman: And by this mitten you will see That you I've not forgotten, And when you wear it think of me— It's real and not cotton. I hope to-night you will not write, And say it is un-mated. And think it only half a gift, And feel but half elated; But if you find one will a you can only rest had heard groans and sighs and curses from the quiet boarder's room. Three or four people tip-toed up, and after a bit they plainly caught his words: And you can only rest two. With fingers not do, with

"Ouch! Hang it! Condemn it to Halifax, but it's killing me by inches!" Then it was realized that the quiet man had some great sorrow on his mind, and it was suspected that he was contemplat-ing suicide.

The Latest English Puzzle.

The English national mania for puzzles has broken out again, and in spite o' Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule, more than half the country, including its belligerent political chiefs, is engaged upon a puzzle which has been launched by Mr. Barry. No one has as yet succeeded in finding a solution. The puzzle is to square the queen as

under: QUEEN

The four horizontal lines beginning

are to be filled up with English words which

shall read vertically as well.

Another mitt-both left ones. -A. W. Bellaw, in Free Press.

two, With fingers which are deft ones,

I'll set to work, And send to you,