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Fifteen years ago the buffalo ranges of Kansas and Colorado were covered with thousands of these animals. The other day a party went out from Denver, and after a week's hunting managed to kill three from a herd of twenty-nine that they found in Lost Park. It is said that there are not more than 2,000 buffaloes now in existence. Systematic slaughter has produced this shameful result.

Tulane university, at New Orleans, to which a New York woman has recently given \$100,000, is to be the recipient of the valuable archives of the Louisiana Historical Society. Druing the civil war the building in which they were kept was pillaged and the contents were carried north. The secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society discovered them in the possession of a soldier in Iowa, purchased and kindly returned them to their original home.

"She can't control her tongue" or "He can't control his tongue" are frequently heard in this world where people, being unable to control the very tongues that make use of the phrase, talk a great deal about their neighbors. But there is in St. Louis a man who literally cannot control his tongue, and the county medical society is looking into his case. Botts is the man's name. Muscular action being involuntary, his tongue shoots in and out of his mouth as does the tongue of a

"The straightest and probably the pest built 400 miles of railroad in the world," says Demas Barnes, just back to New York from Russie, "is between St. Petersburg and Moscow. The contractors who completed this enterprise were two Americans-Messrs. Winans of Baltimore, and Harrison, of Philadelphia. They are said to have pocketed some \$15,000,000 each as a reward for their enterprise. Trains upon the road are numerous, cars good, freight business heavy, station houses fine and meals first-class."

"The St. Louis Globe-Democrat relates that while Edwin Booth was in Milwankee this year he had a very curious experience with an autograph hunter. A gentleman called on him at his hotel, and having gained admission to his room asked him if he would kindly write his autograph in an album which he (the visitor) had brought with him. Mr. Booth answered with a courteous affirmative. The visitor opened the album at a certain place, which he had marked, and said to Mr. Booth: 'Please write your name under that one.' Mr. Booth at a glance saw that the name under which he was asked to put his autograph was that of his dead brother, the assassin of Mr. Lincoln-J. Wilkes Booth. Without saying a word or looking up at his visitor, he closed the album with an angry slap, and threw it violently against the nearest wall. The autograph hunter took the hint, picked up his book and walked out of the room.

Tiger-Slayer Simpson, lately back from Bengal, says it is little short of madness to try on foot to come up with adiger. Though the beast have a ball in his heart he still can charge even a hundred yards, and then strike a murderous blow with his mighty paws. Perhaps the boldest instance of shooting on foot, the success of which was evidently more the result of good luck than good management, is to be found in a story told by a gallant old Frenchman named Deveria, who, says Mr. Simpson, had served under the great Napoleon, and was a remarkably daring and cool man. He was informed that a tiger had taken up its quarters near his house, so he went and took a look at it crouching in the grass. He returned home and cleaned his one single-barreled rifle, fitted a bullet to it after much trimming with his penknife, and sallied forth intending to shot at the animal from some distance; but he thou ht as he had only one chance he had better get closer, so he walked up to within about fifteen yards | ing to church. I've noticed the women cision. But you do not attend church of it. The tiger never moved, and the Frenchman killed it on the spot with a ball through the brain.

An ex-Confederate gives the following description of the guerilla General and ex-Consul to Hong Kong: "John S. Mosby is a slight, bent, blonde man, with a cold gray eye containing no more ex-pression than a boy's marble. He talks dead sure; the women who go to church fluence of church attendance as you are slowly, never gets excited, and does not know what fear is. He loves his friends and hates his enemies, and he carries his fight to the death. I lately heard a story from a Captain in the Union Army of a scene in which Mesby took part during the war. A Union regiment had driveu him with a small body of his men into a ten-acre field, about which was a high fence. They could see him plainly within it, and they surrounded the field and began to close in on Mosby. They wanted to capture him as he had already killed nearly half their regiment. They closed in upon him slowly, his handful of troops still firing. They had backed him up close to a fence, and they apparently had him in their grasp, when he drove his spurs into his horse and went over the fence like a flash, and as he did so turned in the air upon his saddle and shot a soldier through the head with his revolver. There are few such shots as Mosby, and during the war he shot to kill." By the way, Colonel Mosby is to lecture ifty times this winter, receiving \$500 a lecture.

VANITAS.

When after long battle the prize has been When after long searching the jewel When after long climbing the peak is

When after long sowing the harvest is bound, Then we halt:

And we fret 'neath the burden of For we feel that the victory's not worth the strife. To fail in the heat of the on-rushing race;

To love and receive for our recompense To worship and find that our idol is base; To trust and awake to deception too late;

Is our lot-Each a sign on the pathway of life, Pointing out that the victory's not worth the strife.

Our joys never seem the same pleasures we Our hopes never come to their fruitage un-

Our future ne'er brings us the grandeur we sought; Our past to our vision appears but ill starred;

Such is fate: But it darkens the glory of life, Thus to find that the victory's not worth the strife.

Over sights that are beauty, dull clouds g. imly sail; Over days that are lightsome, cares blightingly fall;

Over fond-cherished gardens, blows Boreas's Over plans full of promise drops failure's black pall:

So they go; But the memories cumber our life With the tale that the victory's not worth

Where the flowers never fade, where the Where the hopes never ebb, where the joys

Where no failures are found to its uttermost rim.

Happy land! -Chas. M. Harger, in Detroit Free Press.

WHAT HE BELIEVED IN

say she teaches a class in Sunday-school, it rich" when he got the wife who went too, and has a face as flat and solemn as to church.

a reg'lar-built-pious-go-to-church-and-be a second mother for his children. good woman, and him one of the jolliest, take-it-easy-and do-as-you-please cusses church?" between here and Chicago?

"That's the talk." "Great Jee-rusalem! a sweet time he'll 'stead of having a good time at the gar-dens, to a straight-backed pew to listen and comfortable."

to Gospel mush!" a third one of the party, seemed to be when things were right, and was prompt particularly impressed by the conversa- and decisive to have them so. tion. He was a sharp-eyed young chap going aspects, and especially liberal in sense about her. So I'll take her."

that his chums heard him say: "Well, I don't undertake to know, gents. If Jem's wife is the right woman otherwise, I should say he'd made a good strike, getting one who goes to church. I don't go much on churches myself. I used to go with the old folks when I was the preference, Mr. Winter?" a little shaver about knee-high to a duck. But that was when I had to. It's a good many years now since I was inside of one. As I said, I don't go much on it myself. It's too slow for my taste. At of the same good sort." that go to church are generally the be t yourself?" sort. A man can depend oa 'em. They that they won't be running into any of goes to church or not."

the blamed dance-hall and beer-garden 'In his own estimation, perhaps. But picnics. There's too much nonsense in duct when out of her sight?" it for me. If I every marry I shall do as Jem has done—pick a wife that goes to thought it was a very foolish aspect, not tain seasons of the year was strikingly

church-going milk-sops, more recklessly to church; that much of safeguard to the than any of them, actually married a clean life of the man she would accept harm. member of the Rev. Mr. Gracely's church, must be given in return for her own a woman who was noted for the solidly wholesome purity and unblemished prinserious aspect of her face and strict ob- ciples. servance of the Sabbath.

steady, with not a bit of nonsense about unmanly giving way to a woman's foolish a ferocious game cock. The bird had her. A rare good housekeeper, too, who whim. As he more and more observed, been trained to fly at a man's eyes, and kept herself and all things about her in however, that the lady was possessed of in the fifth round pecked his left orb the very best of "apple-pie order." That precisely the excellent qualities he espe- into giblets. After thirty-nine bloody much was conceded; only, as one of the cially desired in a mother for his chil- rounds the human brute caught his boys put it, "too thundering orderly! A dren, he finally gave the requisite pledge feathered adversary between his teeth nice time poor Tom'll have now. We that he would accompany his wife to and bit off its head. - Omaha Bee. shall see him creeping about with a face church at least once each Sabbath-day.

This proved a mistake. So far as outer "now he is shorn of his liberty, tied to pleasure if at the same time thou over-

demeanor, and he seemed to retain all his old pleasure-loving disposition. Whenever he met the boys he was as keen as fall into going to church. On the latter dence that it was all right, and a mighty good thing for a woman to go to church,

enjoyment. Still, it came to be noted after awhile that he was not exactly the old Tom. As the years rolled by and three handsome children began to accompany their mother to Sunday-school, and who were so neatly clothed and well-behaved as to call forth the admiring comments of all who saw them, their father grew a trifle more staid and dignified, as one beginning to be somewhat impressed with the more serious aspects of life; to feel that a man was made for something more serious than an endless round of careless frolic. It was seen, too, that he was more careful not to let the good times he indulged in come within the scope of his home surroundings. This much, at least,

his wife's influence had accomplished. "I don't go to church," he said apologetically to a friend one day, "but it free didos. It's all right enough so far as I am concerned, because I know when I've gone far enough. But it's best to let the children come up sort of

straight; the way their mother wants," A most admirable woman this same homes and vastly more peace and happimother had turned out to be, as Tom ness in the world at large."—Cleveland very well knew, and no little he was Leader. proud of her. Yet not half proud enough. Indeed, it was not yet in his apprehension to appreciate her full value. It did not enter his conception that the respect with his excellently-ordered home was entirely due to his church-going wife.

An especially sensible woman, too. Albeit it had grieved her more than words can express that her husband could find enjoyment in pleasures which at best were empty and trivolous, if not positively wrong, by not the slightest petulant complaint had she ever upbraided him or striven by aught save the gentlest suggestions to lead him to her own better way of life.

There came a sad day, alas! for him, and still more, alas! for the three beautiful children. The good wife and mother Where we'll feel through an unending life was called away from them, and they That the victory there is well worth all were left desolate indeed. The blow was a hard one. What now was the bereaved husband to do? So far as worldly goods were concerned he was amply provided. He had abundance; but not all the wealth in the universe could have made up the loss they had sustained. Even his o'd roystering companions confessed to each other that it was "awful "That's a great note of Jem's, I do rough, you know"; that in his case there think, marrying a church woman. They could be no doubt that Tom had "struck

"What-Jem Knight-has he married told a bosom friend that he must secure "You will marry one that goes to

"More resolved on that than ever." "But you don't go yourself?" "No. The fact is, it's too slow for me. have. Jest fancy her making him slick I like to enjoy myself with things more Sunday mornings and marching him off, who pulls steady in the traces, as these

He found the woman he thought would Thus spoke a couple of Jem Knight's suit. A lady who had been somewhat familiar chums, amid a knot of the same intimate with his wife, a member of the ilk, who were seated in the enjoyment same church, and altogether after the of their customary beer and cigars in same right-going pattern. In fact, a Bottler's popular saloon. Tom Winter, steady, clear-headed woman, who knew

"True," as Tom whispered to himself, of twenty-three or thereabouts, who was "I expect she'll try to pull me short up noted for the almost reckless manner in into straight strings, a good deal tighter which he went in for "having a good than Emily did. She is not as soft and time." Not that there was anything yielding as I'd like. But she'll be all really vicious about him. He was right for the children. I can trust her. straightforward, manly and honest, but | When it comes to a question of what's to a distance he became calm and caressfull of desire to enjoy life in its freest- best to be done, there ain't a bit of non-

is views touching the observance of To his great surprise, however, he Sunday as a religious ordinance. No one found that the second church-going wohad ever heard of his going to church, or man was not prepared to accept his offer that he cared a button either one way or with the pleased alacrity he had exthe other about church-going or any of pected. Knowing that she was in rather its straight-laced arrangements. Hence straightened circumstances, entirely deit was with more than common surprise pendent on her own exertions for a livlihood, he had felt sure that his own wellappointed home would prove a temptation the lady would not dream to refuse. But, instead of the gratefully expressed "ves" he had looked for, she replied:

"May I ask why you have given me "Because I want a mother for those children who goes to church. I married Emily on that account, and she managed so well that I determined to choose one

the same time, I believe in a woman go- "I commend the wisdom of your de-

"O, it don't matter about me, you keep things straight at home and bring know. So long as the mother is all right the children up right. A man can feel to keep things straight at home it don't dead." safe when he's away having his own fun. make a bit of difference whether a man

foolishness that winds up so often in dis- have you thought, Mr. Winter, that your grace to a man's home. Oh, you boys church-going wife may be just as anxious may sneer. I allow it may be all humbug, to have a husband whose integrity of are the steadiest sort a man can tie to. in regard to the lady of your choice? If I don't care how much you laugh and you desire to feel at rest touching your ing wives from free dances and Sunday be at rest touching your honesty of con- hen on china eggs.

to say ridiculous. He could not under-And he did. To the increased surprise stand the idea of a min being amenable and astonishment of his chums, the jovial, to the same rules of moral conduct that rollicking, devii-may-care Tom, who had are required in a woman. And he said all his life gone in for every species of so. But to all his arguments and plead-free-and easy enjoyment; made fun of ings the lady turned a deaf ear. She parsons and what he called long-faced, would not marry a man who did not go other day by his favorite game cock. A

A nice-looking woman, to be sure, and would not tie himself down to any such brawny farmer, with his hands tied, and "Poor chap!" said his old chums,

none of his old-time jollity of speech and going fanatic. He'll be in a lunatic asylum in less than six months."

They were mistaken. Certainly, great change came over him. That was ever to have a good time; neither did he apparent to the least observant. He was no longer the roystering, free-and-easy point he remarked once in strict confi- Tom. The old card-playing, dice-throwing, time-wasting haunts lost his presence. No more was he seen in the but too slow and hum-drum for a man's noisy, brawling, tippling beer-gardens on Sunday. He now sought rest and peaceful quiet from the cares of the week's business within the blessed safeguards of his own fireside. And when, with wife and children, he walked to church, no more beautiful picture could anywhere be seen. And, as time sped on, and he found that the influence of the church going he had always seen to be so good for a woman equally refining and excellent in its effects on a man, he blessed the impulse that led his second wife to impel him into the path of life's truest enjoyment; and, albeit, here were those of his old chums who still wondered that he could have been "led by the nose by a woman," most of them were free to confess that, after all, he was

To one who asked him how he ever wouldn't be the right thing to let those boys of mine get to know their father's apron-strings, he said:

"If the chief bulk of married men could be tied to the apron-strings of wives who are anchored on a foundation of church-going principles, we should have a far greater number of happy

more of a man, a better man, in fact,

than he had ever been before.

The Lion Hunter's Pet.

The story is told of Gerard, the great not enter his conception that the respect lion-hunter, that he captured a whelp in which had fallen to himself in connection the mountains of Jebel-Mezours, Algiers, named it "Hubert," and brought it up as he would bring up a dog from puppy-hood. After some time, his huge pet becoming too dangerous to go at large, Gerard made a present of the animal to his friend, the Duc d'Aumale, and Hubert traveled to Paris in a big cage, bemoaning his separation from his old master. The next year Gerard himself visited Paris on leave of absence from the army, and went at once to the Jardin des Plantes to see his exiled favorite. He | Look, see that fellow tumble out!"

describes the interview as follows: Hubert was lying down, half asleep, regarding at intervals with half shut eyes the persons who were passing and repassing before him. All of a sudden he raised his head, his tail moved, his eyes dilated, a nervous motion contracted under the muscles of his face. He had seen the uniform of the Spahis, but had not yet recognized his friend. drew nearer and nearer, and no longer able to restrain my emotion I stretched my hand out to him through the bars.

Without seasing his earnest gaze he applied his nose to my hand and drew in knowledge with a long breath. At each inhalation his attitude became more noble, What would he do? A year later he his look more satisfied and affectionate. Under the uniform that had been so dear to him he began to recognize the friend of his heart.

I felt that it only needed a single word to dissipate all doubt. "Hubert!" I said, as I laid my hand

on him-"my old soldier!" Not another word. With a furious up to the music of slow church bel's lively; and when I've got one at home bound and a note of welcome he sprang against the iron bars, that bent and trembled with the blow. My friends fled in terror, calling on me to do the same. Noble animal! You made the world tremble even in your ecstacy of

Hubert was standing with his cheek against the grating, attempting to break down the obstacle that separated us, magnificent to behold as he shook the walls of the building with his roars of joy and anger. His enormous tongue licked the hand that I abandoned to his caresses, while with his paws he gently tried to draw me to him. If any one tried to come near me he fell into frenzies of rage, and when the visitors fell back ing as before, handling me with his huge paws, rubbing against the bars, and licking my hand, while every gesture and moan and look told of his joy and

When I turned to leave him he shook the gallery with his heart-rending roars; and it was not till I had gone back to him twenty times, and tried to make him understand that I would come again, that I succeeded in quitting the place. After that I came to see my friend daily, sometimes spending several hours with him in his cage. But after a while I noticed that he became sad and dispirited, and when the keepers alluded to his furious agitation and excitement every time I left him, and attributed his worn-out and changed appearance to this cause, I took their advice and made my visits as seldom as possible. One day, some four months from the time of my first meeting with him in Paris, I ens tered the garden, and one of the keeper: came forward, saluting, and said-"Don't come any more, sir. Hubert is

A Paragraph "Going the Rounds."

Joseph Marcel was trying to set a game hen at Point au Prince, when the game cock flew in his face and pecked him

A Canuck farmer had his eye pecked poke fun. I've seen too many wrecked wife's conduct at home is it not equally oet by a game cock the other day. It homes and ruined lives grow out of pick desirable that your wife's mind should served him right for trying to set the

> illustrated at Point an Prince recently, when a Canadian farmer had to kill one of those noble bird in self-defense. A Canadian farmer was killed the

One of the most brutal exhibitions on record was the fight at Point an Prince, At first Tom vowed to himself that he Canada, a few days ago, between a

Thou mayest well dispense with a light." appearance was concerned, Tom lost the apron-strings of a hard-faced, church- comest grief.

BUDGET OF FUN.

VARIOUS SOURCES.

No Possible Hope-A Gentle Hint-Not a Manufactory—How George Was Captured - A Sweetheart's Ingenuity, Etc.

At night upon the porch roof, flat, The felines make a clatter, The sleepless boarder yells out "scat!" And they—don't scatter.

And then he throws out a brick bat, But it don't batter, And when he shies out the door mat

It—doesn't matter;
And then he gets a great big gun,
Well filled with shot and powder,
And fires; but they do not run,
They lie there and yell louder.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Gentle Hint. He had been courting her a long time, so long that she began to get tired; so one night she said to him:

"John, who is author of the phrase, "Man proposes?" "1'm sure I do not know," answered John. "Why do you ask?" "Oh! I merely wanted to know who

he was."

"For what reason?" he was talking about." Five minutes later the wedding day was set. - Boston Courier.

Not a Manufactory.

"This seems to be a pretty lively town," said the stranger. "It appears rather dull to me," the

friend replied. "I don't see how it can be when your be led around mit a rope!"-Detroit Free manufactories run full blast at night." "My dear fellow, there are no manufactories running."

"What, don't you hear the noise of that boiler factory over there?" "A performance at the Opera House.

"Yes; what's the matter?" "Nothing. only the gallery boys have thrown the policeman down stairs." Ar-

How George Was Captured. "You look very much excited, dear," he said, when she entered the parlor where he was waiting for her.

"Well, I should think I ought to look excited," she answered. "I've just had the most awful argument with ma." And she began to weep hysterically.

"Why, what is the matter, my dar-ling?" he inquired, as he slid his arm "Oh, how can I tell you? She said the ranks. you were only triding with me, and that you would never pop the question; and I told her she did you a great injustice, for I believed that you would pop the question to-night. She said you where the rest of his regiment lay hid-wouldn't and I said you would, and we den. On learning that his home was in question to-night. She said

will not let ma triumph over me, will "Wh-hy, certainly not," answered "I knew it, my darling!" the dear girl exclaimed; "come let us go to ma and tell her how much mistaken she was!" And they did, and ma didn't seem to

affair after all. -Boston Courier. A Sweetheart's Ingenuity. "A minister who used to live here in the town of Perry," said he, "was once visited by another minister on a Sunday, so he killed two ducks and ordered his hired girl to dress and cook them for dinner. The girl did as she was told, but while the ducks were roasting, her beau came and made her a call. Being hungry and tempted by the smell of the sizzling fowl he seized one of the ducks and ate it.

by this unlucky incident. She was rather glad her beau had such a nice dinner, but despaired of finding an excuse to tell the minister-let's call him Mr. Brownto account for the missing duck. When Minister Brown came home to dinner with visiting Minister Jones, the girl had hit upon a scheme. She asked her employer to go out to the grindstone which stood in the yard and sharpen the carving knife. He went to work on the knife at once, being hungry for those ducks. The girl stole upstairs and asked the visiting minister to look out of the window.

give you warning. You little know the danger you're in. The man I work for is crazy, and he is sharpening that knife cell, but his reason had fled, and he was to cut your throat.'

arousing the visitor, and he hastily put on his hat and ran as fast as his legs could take him. "When he had ran several roads, the girl called her master and asked him what kind of a man he had brought home to dinner. The minister inquired why she asked, when, pointing to the fly-

ing brother, the girl exclaimed: 'There

he goes, running away with one of your

Something He Forgot. When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not ple-Pekin. be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So, as soon as he had entered the door, and de- Lyons posited his lamp upon the dressing-table,

"I locked the front door. I put the

he commensed his speech:

chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kit- logna.—Life. ten out. I emptied the drip-pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a cane under the

against all inquiry, and a triumphant snows. - Siftings.

smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas-check, and sighted a line for the bed, when he was earthquaked by a She was a child, he scarcely in his property of the gas-check, and sighted a line for the gas-check and HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM ringing laugh, and the query from Mrs.

"Why didn't you take off your hat?"

Taken In. A saloonkceper up Gratiot street sat at his door the other afternoon wondering why it was that so many men in Detroit preferred buttermilk to beer, when two strangers came along. One of them placed a penny on the sidewalk, placed his right heel on the penny, and then bent over to see how far he could

heel off the penny, and the other man picked up the coin, slipped it into his pocket and winked at the saloonist. "That.s a long reach," said No. 1, as

reach and mark the flagstone with a

he straightened up.
"Yes, but you lifted your heel off the cent." "No, I didn't."

"Bet you a dollar!" "I'll take it!" seller, as he rose up; "I like to make

some bets myself." "I'll bet you \$2 my heel is on a penny," said No. 1. "I take dot bet awful queek," replied

"Because I guess he didn't know what the saloonist, and a couple of \$2 bills were handed to No. 2.

No. 1 sat down on the walk, pulled off his shoe and held it up that the saloonkeeper might see a penny screwed fast to the heel. He replaced his shoe after A stranger who had, upon arriving in Little Rock, met a friend, was walking along the street with him.

a moment, rose up and bowed court-eously, and the pair walked off. They were at least half a block away before the victim recovered sufficiently to say:
"Vhell! Vhell! I pays taxes in two
wards und goes twice to Chicago, but yet I vhas some lunatics who ought to | Heat.

A Terrible Episode.

Hungarian papers announce the death of old Ferencz Renyi, a hero of one of "That's no boiler factory." the most terrible episodes of the Hun-"Well, what makes that awful clamor?" garian war of independence in 1848. For thirty-six years Renyi has been a lunatic in a Buda-Pesth asylum, and the history of his sufferings is recorded after his death by the Petit Parisien. Ferencz Renyi was a young school-master of twenty-seven years at the beginning of the war, proud, handsome and full of buoyant life. His pupils adored him, and he was always welcome among the villages, whether he came with his violin to play to their dances or whether his voice was heard among the patriots chanting the praise of their country. He lived with his mother and sister, and was engaged to a bright young Hungarian girl, when the government, after proclaiming the independence of the around her waist and endeavored to soothe her; "what was the argument?" Ferencz left his school and enlisted in valiantly at the head of a detachment of to form an opinion. They have soldiers, he was taken a prisoner by the a washing hung out yet."—Boston Austrians. Brought before General Haynau, Renyi refused to indicate the place

where the rest of his regiment lay hid-

had it hot and heavy. Dear George, you will not let ma triumph over me, will for the mother and sister, and brought them into the room where the prisoner was kept. "Now give me the informa- announced: "From Washington to Clevetion I require, if the lives of these two women are dear to you," said General Havnau to him. Renyi trembled, his eyes filled with tears, but he remained silent. "Do be so very much broken down over the not speak, my son," cried the old mother, "do your duty, and think not of me, for at the best I have only a few days to live." "If you betray your country," added his sister, "our name will be covered with shame, and what is life without honor? Do not speak, Ferencz. Be calm; I shall know how to die." Renyi remained silent and a few minutes later the two women were dead. Another trial was to come. General Havnau sent for Renyi's future wife, who was weaker than his mother and sister. With wild cries the girl flung "The girl was driven to her wits end herself at her lover's feet, pleading: "Speak, speak, Ferencz. See, I am young. I love you; do not let me be killed. You will save yourself and me if you speak out. When you are free we will go far away and be happy. Speak, my Ferencz, and save your future wife.' She took his hands, clinging to him as a drowning man clings to his last support. The young Hungarian was choked with tears, but suddenly he pushed the girl aside and turned away. Once more she cried to him, but he did not heed her. "Be cursed," she shricked; "be cursed, you who let me die; you who will kill "See there!' said she. 'I came up to me; who are my assassin." Renyi remained silent. The girl was shot, and the prisoner was taken back into his dismissed. Some friends found him and "The girl succeeded in thoroughly gave him a shelter; till after Hungary was once more suppressed and peace established, they obtained a place for him in the asylum in which he has recently

> Where to Reside. A good place for anarchists-Bombay. No ring there-Belfast.

Free from riots-Concord. A rural resort for milkmen--Cowes.

A retreat for scolding women-Shrews Affords rare facilities to fugitives escaping from justice-Hyde Park.

Where one may find plenty of game-A popular resort for gamblers - Luck-

A desirable place for inquisitive peo-

The first in importance - Leeds. It has no fascination for dogs-Bo-

Lincoln's Mother.

There is something very pathetic in knob of the back-hall door. I put the the story of Abraham Lincoln's loss of fastenings over the bath-room windows. his mother when but a little boy, as told The parlor fire has coal on. I put the in Nicolay and Hay's ! ife of Lincoln. It cake-box back in the closet. I did not happened in the unhealthy backwoods drink all the milk. It is not going to settlement where they lived. The coffin rain. Nobody gave me any mes age for was made out of green lumber cut with you. I mailed your letters as soon as I a whip saw, and she was buried, with got down-town. Your mother did not scant ceremony, in a little clearing of call at the office. Nobody died that we the forest. It is related of little Abraare interested in. Did not hear of a ham, that he sorrowed most of all that marriage or engagement. I was very his mother should have been laid away busy at the office making out bills. I with such maimed rites, and that he have hung my clothes over chair-backs tried several months later to have a I want a new egg for breakfast. I thisk wandering preacher, named David Elkin, that is all, and I will now put out the brought to the settlement, to deliver a funeral serm n over her grave, already Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged stiff and white with the early winter TWO OLD PEOPLE.

She was a child, he scarcely in his prime; Youth seemed so long, and age so distant

And noon came not, as now, ere morning

But later on. they chanced again to meet, And he was thirty and she twenty now; "Why, he is old," exclaimed the maiden

Aud passed with careless heart and cloudless brow.

Ten years (a weary round) roll on again, Whose days and weeks, so like each other, nail. As he reached out he lifted his That, when they meet, 'tls he, with sudden

pain, Who cries, in turn, "Why, she is old, alas!" But often on those tender April eyes, When hearts beat time to hidden melodies, "Why was I never loved?" he asks-and

'Why did I never love?" she asks-and

"Hold on, shentlemens," said the beer | And now, opprest with vain regret, they As years wear on in ever-deepening gloom; 'Children, enjoy the sunshine while you

And pluck the flower in its morning

-Alex. Hayes in Argosy.

PITH AND POINT.

Moves in the best society.—A fan. The first woman in the land-the first voman who was born-Siftings. "What is it that we can't bear in summer and yet are very fond of in winter?"

Lawyers dress pretty well, notwithstanding the fact that they occasionally

lose a suit.

"I really believe my work is telling," remarked the society reporter .- Burlington Free Press.

"Mark my words," said the public speaker, and the stenographer marked them. - Boston Transcript. Who is rich? And who is happy? Who could be content with less?

Let us see-his name is-name is-Pshaw, we've lost the man's address! "This way, gentlemen, to the American dwarf, to be seen only through a hun-

dredfold magnifying glass; totally invisible to the naked eye."-Fliegende He (with a view toward further acquaintance with owner): "What a pretty little dog! He wouldn't bite me, would he?" She: "Oh, no, we give

salt food only."-Tid-Bits. "Well, what do you think of the new neighbors who have moved in next door.

Courier. A small boy surprised his teacher at one of the grammar schools yesterday by asking her how far a procession of the Presidents of the United States would reach if they were placed in a row. On her expressing her ignorance he calmly

land."-Springfield Republican. The maidens saw him at the beach: They thought he was a lord, So handsome and so debon

By all he was adored. He's shaving bearded chins again, While chinning to his customers, Behind the barber's chair.

The Smallest Kingdom. On the northeast coast of the island of Sardinia lies the much smaller island of Tavolara, five miles long and one broad. Its possession and absolute sovereignty were formally granted by King Charles Albert, of Sardinia, to the Bartoleoni family, and for more than half a century Paul I., King of Tavolara, reigned over it in peace. On the 30th of May last King Paul was compelled to go to the mainland to seek treatment for heart disease. Finding that science was powerless in his case the King returned to his island to die in the midst of his subjects, who are forty in number. He died sitting in his chair, like the Emperor Vespasian, vainly endeavoring to

write a will. He was seventy-eight years old. The forty subjects of Re Paolo, as they called him, lost in him a benevolent and industrious monarch; his family lost a kind father, and the wild goats of the island, more numerous than his subjects, lostwe will not say they mourn the loss of-

an intrepid hunter. Tavolara is a smaller State than even the Republic of San Marino, lying east of Itally, which has twenty two square miles and 8,000 people; the principality of Monaco, on the French coast of the Mediterranean near the Italian frontier, which has eight and one-half square miles and 8,500 inhabitants; or the Republic of Andorra, lying between France and Spain, which is 600 square miles in extent and has 7,000 people. - Youth's

Dancing Sand-Hill Cranes.

The last time I went hunting I witnessed a scene which I had often heard of but never seen. It was the dance of the sand-hill crane. My companion was a well-known hunter, and, though he is a physician, finds much time—he lives in Northern Iowa-to study the ways and haunts of wild fowl. "Now," said he, "I will show you within an hour the famous dance of the sand-hill cranes." We swept over the prairie in a way which I shall never forget, the two ponies seeming to enjoy the outdoor sport. At last we came in sight of a crowd whose noise had saluted our ears for an hour. They were on a slope which came down near to a lake. All at once two stepped out from the crowd, faced each other and began clapping their wings, jumping up and down as Indians do for a war dance. All this time they were uttering cries which boys would understand very soon to be crie; of merriment. Their companions greated them with shouts of seeming laughter, and the one jumping ighest and longe t was acknowledged champion of the day. When these two became exhausted, two others went through the same performance. We watched them for about an hour .- Chicago Advance.