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DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL WELFARE.

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The London papers, commenting on the wheat situation, says that America Talk not of sail November, when a day has the reins entirely in her own hands. Europe wants something like 2,000,000 bushels per week from the Atlantic ports during the next five or six months. The stock of English wheat is reduced to 10,000,000 bushels, against 27,000,000 at the same time last year.

Surgeon Charles A. Siegfried, of the United States navy, has returned from Par where he looked into the Pasteur sy em of fighting hydrophobia, with a view to its introduction into a government hospital in this country. He says that medical opinions in France differ as to the efficacy of the inoculations, but that the record of cases seems to establish the value of Pasteur's work.

There is no dearth of physicians in this country. A statistician declares that while the annual increase of the population is less than two per cent, the apnual increase of physicians is more than five and one half per cent. It is said that there are nearly two thousand more physicians in the State of Illinois than are necessary. No wonder many of Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic them are drifting into other callings.

A chimney on fire called out some of the Baltimore firemen the other day. When they reached the house one of them drew a big pistol and, standing below, fired five shots up the chimney. Instantly the soot and fire dropped down, and the fire was extinguished. The concussion loosened the accumulated soot. The police and firemen of that city say it is an old practice with them and has never failed.

John T. Norris, of Springfield, Ohio is one of the most famous detectives of the West, and the jails are full of men he has brought to justice. He is not at all the sort of man, however, that we find playing the hero in detective literature. He is very singular in appearance and is vain and loquacious to a remarkable degree. Says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: 'Norris is a peculiar species of the genus detective. His methods of conducting his business are essentially different from those of every other member of the fraternity known to fame. When he strikes a town he generally proceeds to let everybody in it know who he is and why he is present. He assumes no other name than Norris. His personal appearance is so easily described that it would seem le for any crook whom he purto know it. A stiff leg makes so far as known, and necess in catching and

victing criminals, which has made

im a terror to the crooked people in the

Territory in which he works.

Prince Pierre Krapotkine, the Nihilist, whose brother recently committed suicide in exile in Siberia, has just concluded a work that has been sent to the printers, to be entitled "In French and Russian Prisons." Krapotkine has seen the inside of the prisons of both countries. and, but for his escape from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, he would probably be at work now in the mines of Siberia, or else dead. The story of his escape, as told by him to Stepniak and related by the latter, is very romantic. Krapotkine, who had been dangerously ill, affected to be very weak during his convalsence, and, therefore, was allowed to walk in the yard of the Nicholas hospital under guard of a single soldier. His friends planned his escape, and, as they were able to communicate with him. carried out their plans. A fast horse was kept in waiting on the next corner from the hospital. One Nihilist hired a room overlooking the hospital yard and the road, and the signal when the coast was clear was to be a certain tune played on the violin. The violin began just as the hospital yard door opened to admit a load of wood, and Krapotkine knocked down his guard and escaped.

Dr. T. D. Crothers is working hard to prove that inebriety is contagious under certain circumstances. He has just printed a paper entitied: "Cer ain Hereditary and Psychical Phenomena in Inebriety," to illustrate his doctrine that intoxication may be imparted by contagion when hereditary defects predispose the system to such influences. That is to say, a perfectly sober man, brought in contact with drunken men, may become drunk himself to all practical intents, or an equally sober person whose parents, one or both, are hard drinkers, may, when exposed to some mental shock, apparently become fully intoxicated.

Montana cattlemen are greatly alarmed for the future, owing to the overstocking of the ranges. Last year witnessed a heavy influx of cattle brought there to winter. Large herds were brought over the parched trail from the Rio Grande. and in their famished condition placed on ranges already so fully stocked that only a phenomenally mild winter could

event heavy losses. To make matters se the calf crop was unusally large. to Christmas the weather was favorable and all was well, but since then, the temperature ranging as low as forty below and blinding storms, before which cattle drift in spite of the cowboys' efforts, reduce the cattle in flesh and so weaken them an to make heavy losses inevitable if the cold weather continues.

Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of

And a wind, borrowed from some morn of June, Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless

On the unfrosted pool the pillared pines Lay their long shafts of shadow; the small

Singing a pleasant song of summer still, A line of silver, down the hill-slope shines. Hushed the bird-voices and the hum of bees, In the thin grass the crickets pipe no

But still the squirrel hoards his winter And drops his nut-shells from the shag-bark

Softly the dark green hemlocks whisper:

Above, the spires of yellowing larches Where the woodpecker and home-loving

And jay and nut-hatch winter's threat defy. O gracious beauty, ever new and old!

When the low sunshine warns the closing

Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing The sweet day yields; and, not disconso-

With the calm patience of the woods I For leaf and blossom when God gives us

-J. G. Whittier, in Atlantic Monthly.

A SWAMP MYSTERY.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

The summer of the year 1862 was particularly hot on the coast of North Carolina. It even did something to counteract the more destructive heat of the civil war.

General Burnside had captured a long reach of the seaboard, and had estab- paymasters. "They'll be shooting at us lished his headquarters at Newberne. No battles followed very soon, nor any storms to speak of. but the army and the weather were fast getting into a high state of preparation for either kind of

There were Union troops at Fort Macon and Morehead City, not many miles up the coast from Newberne, and much pay

The money came down from the North in July, and a couple of paymasters received orders to go at once and deal it out to the men. Before the war a railway had been con-

structed from Newberne to Morehead City. Its rails were still there, but all its rolling stock, with the exception of one hand-car had gone into the interior the State. The vadue only just wide enough to carry the and much of its course was through a mp whose dense bushes were now luxuriatly reaching out as if they meant to capture the track before the end of the season.

The Quartermaster placed his one hand-car at the disposal of the paymas-

ters. He did so with the pleasant information that at the previous evening the busy Confederates had made a raid and had swept away all the pickets posted along the line of the railway. New pickets had been posted, he told them, and their proposed trip would be reasonably

"That is," he said, "I guess you're safe from any Confeds; but if you don't get through before dark I'd advise you to be pretty prompt about answering any hail. The boys'll all be wide awake this time. They won't be slow about taking care of themselves in the dark. Not a man of 'em wants to go to Wilmington just now, nor to Andersonville

That warning made the Paymaster shake his head and grew in importance before the hand-car set out, for it was plain enough that it would be dark before the trip could be half made. Precisely how dark it would be or why was not as yet imagined by anybody.

There were nine men huddled on that hand-car when it went. A sergeant and four soldiers were its motive power, guard and garrison. The writer of this turer. Two paymasters, with the rank sounded like a rattle of musketry. of major, and one clerk were in charge of a black box containing over \$80,000 in time, Major," said the Sergeant. greenbacks, to be scattered among the volunteers on the morrow.

The air grew more and more close and sultry, and just before night a sort of haze began to rise over the eastern hori- head City and the fort.'

to one of the paymasters. "We're going for anybody." to hear from Cape Hatteras."

"Storm coming?" "Right along. 'Twon't take it long

He was correct as to the time required by Cape Hatteras, or whatever was man- ing throat repeated : aging that storm. The sky rapidly grew black as ink and darkness came with the same moment, other voices seemed waves. but moderate reference to the departing to say:

ets of the swamp, a picket was reached Major, 'money and all, and we're on our and the officer in charge repeated the way to Wilmington." warning of the Quartermaster:

shoot quick."

That was to the Sergeant, but it was a Paymaster who replied: "Well, now, Captain, we didn't say so, but we thought the trip would be

safer by night than by day. The men have got to have the money. "Hope the Confeds won't get it then. Put her through, Sergeant, but look vocal organs were at work again. Then sharp. The storm's most got here." He we heard him say:

also was correct about the weather. In ten minutes more such a storm had ar- body here, and the water's six inches rived as was a credit to Cape Hatteras deep over the track." and the whole seacoast of North Caro- It was a doleful mystery, ar i the lina. On rolled the handcar, its crouch- chance of being fired into grew grisley ing passengers drenched with rain that enough' as the car was dubiously urged fell in streams rather than drops. The forward. lightning flashed almost incessantly, and The fierceness of the storm diminished. the thunder seemed to be rolling around and thus, with a great gust of wind from streak of lightning cleft it, the darkness came and swept away the clouds. The school was informed by a lawyer at 2

vided for that handcar. the Sergeant, and one of the brace of to shoot now!"

kind of a storm, but you can't see it." It was a just correction of the statement made by the Sergeant, but at that the Sergeant exclaimed. ness at the right of the track com- Confederate frogs!" manded:

"Halt!" "Stop her! Quick, boys!" exclaimed the Sergeant, and as the men changed instantly from motive power into brakes. ne sprang from the car into water above his knees and waded forward to answer the hail and give the countersign.

It was all in vain. Down came a double deluge of rain and thicker darkness. Then a vividness of blue electricity danced through the dripping bushes and a great roar of thunder fol-lowed it as if in search of the hidden 'picket." Neither rain, nor lightning, nor thunder, nor the anxious question-

ings of the Sergeant discovered him. There he was, or must have been, dead or alive, for he had said "halt," but tha was apparently all he had to say. The Sergeant splashed his way back

to the hand-car, using very strong lan-guage, and it was decided to go forward. "We're just as likely to be fired into, first thing," remarked the Paymaster's O sights and sounds of nature, doubly dear | clerk, "and they'd hit some of us, sure!" Both of the paymasters agreed with him, and one expressed his satisfaction that the box containing the greenbacks was waterproof.

"That's more than I am," said one of the soldiers. "This 'er rain's got through my roof. I can feel it trickle down inside of me." The hand-car was not propelled rapid-

ly after that, but the lightning and thunder worked harder than ever. Perhaps half a mile had been gained, when another voice, on the left this time and not so near, but equally hoarse and peremptory, shouted:

Other words which seemed to follow were swallowed up by a wide-mouthed clap of thunder, and so was the Sergeant's prompt response, but in an intant he was among the bushes. The first we heard from him was:

"Boys, it's up to my waist and getting "Go on, Sergeant!" shouted one of the

if they don't get an answer!" "Hurrah for General Burnside!" squawked the Paymaster's clerk, in a ague effort to let any supposed picket know which side he was on, but a severe sternness from the further end bade him: "Shut up! Halt! Come along!"

"I'm coming!" shouted the Sergeant. 'Friend! Paymaster." "Shut up! Come along!" responded

the threatening voice beyond him. For a full quarter of an hour the Sergeant groped and floundered among hose bushes. Again he used strong language; very strong, indeed; but not a soul came to meet him, nor did another word reply to his repeated requests that the picket should advise him as to what course be should take.

The party on the hand or cowered nder sheets and torrents and whole mill-ponds of falling water, and hoped that there might be a cessation of the lightning flashes, so that any hidden riflemen would be less able to shoot

"I give it up," said the voice of the Sergeant at last. He was only three paces from the car, but he was invisible. "The boys know who we are," said one of the soldiers, "and we can go on; but it's an awful mean joke to play in such a rain as this."

'There's something more than that in it," said one of the paymasters. "There's a trap of some kind. We'll never get to Morehead City." "We'll go ahead, anyhow," said the

Sergeant. "There's as much danger behind as there is before." "I'm glad I hurrahed for Burnside," remarked the Paymaster's clerk.

On went the hand-car into the watersoaked darkness, and another mile or more was rolled over before the wayside summons was sonorously repeated.
"Quick, now, Sergeant!" said the Senior Paymaster.

"Don't know, Major," he replied. "That fellow's away into the swamp. He's got under cover. I couldn't even find him. Risk it! Boys, risk it! Run ahead. They can't hit us if they do

"Halt!" came warningly out of the blackness as the hand-car dashed forstory was there altogether as an adven- ward, and with it came thunder that "They didn't work their joke this

"There's more than that in it," said the Najor. "I'm glad we're past that picket, but I'm afraid we're running into trouble. They may have surprised More-

"Reckon not, Major. Run her your "That's it, Major," said the Sergeant level best, boys. We won't halt again That was brave talk, but in less than

twenty minutes he exclaimed: "Hold on, boys! That picket is right on the track. Stop her for your lives!"

"Got 'em! Got 'em now?" "I'm afraid they have," groaned the

"No use to hurrah for Burnside this "Be ready to answer right away. It'll time," squeaked the Paymaster's clerk. be pitch dark and some of the boys are The Sergeant ran ahead along the track nervous, after last night's work. They'll until he missed his footing in the dark and went off into a grimy depth of water and black mud, just as somebody said: "Who's there?" and he was trying to respond:

"Friend, with the countersign." His mouth has too much in it for success, and once more he used strong and very volcanic expressions as soon as his "Come along, boys. There isn't any-

all over the swamp. Except where a Cape Hatteras, it ceased. More wind was like a solid wall, and there was moon came out gloriously, and at that P. M. that she was heir to \$200,000. He neither headlight nor hand lantern pro- very moment the Paymaster's clerk ex- expected to hear her whoop and to see claimed:

men who were acting as motive power "Halt! Come along! Got 'em! Got and be at your office in an hour."

grunted back at him. "It's the worst em! Bully! Better mount! Better mount!"

That was what it sounded like, but moment a hoarse, deep, all but sepulchral "Abraham Lincoln! If it doesn't make voice from among the bushes and black-five times that we've been halted by those

In half an hour more we were all safe in Morehead City, leaving the frogs to play jokes on somebody else.—Chicago A Texas Tragedy.

Taking off Warts.

E. L. Akchurst stepped into John H. Sheehan & Co.'s store the other day and was waited upon by H. C. Hart, one of the clerks. While Mr. Akehurst was picking out change to pry his bill from a quantity of money he had scattered on the top of a show-case, Mr. Hart remarked:

"I see that you have one or two large warts, Brother Akehurst." "Yes, I have had them since child-

"Why don't you get rid of them?" was the next remark. "How can that be done?" said Mr. Ake-

"Easily enough," said Mr. Hart. "Run up the stairs to Joe Monroe the other clerk, in the third story, and he will talk them off." "Talk them off?" said Mr. Akehurst, in astonishment.

"Certainly; you go up and I'll tell him through the speaking tube that you are coming," said Mr. Hart.

Mr. Akehurst went up into the third story. "Good morning, Dr. Monroe," said he to the druggist. "Mr. Hart sent me up to have my warts talked off."

"All right,' said Dr. Joe, "I'll do it"
He took hold of Mr. Akehurst's hand, looked at a large seed wart, put his fin-

looked at a large seed wart, put his fingers on it, looked Mr. Akehurst in the face, and as the latter remarked after-ward: "We talked and laughed and laughed and talked like a couple of youngsters for a few minutes."

Dr. Monroe dropped Mr. Akehurst's hand and said: "That wart won't bother you much

No fee was charged, and, after thanking Mr. Monroe, Mr. Akehurst left the store, and in the rush of the holiday trade he forgot the incident that amused him for a day. One evening, within a week, he looked at the hand where the wart had been located and found that it had wholly disappeared, and the second one had decreased in size materially. A representative of the Observer saw the mark on the spot where the wart was located. It looked like a scar resulting

from a light burn. Mr. Monroe was interviewed, and on being asked how he operated he smiled and said: There is no operation about it; I just felt of the wart and talked it off, as I have done probably 500 times a year for several years. I claim no peculiar gift in this matter, and suppose that you have the same power that I have if you would only developed I have a great deal of amuse

but the warts go away all the same. If you have any on your hands show them to me, and I'll talk them off."-Utica Ob-

The Sea.

The temperature of the sea is the same. varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water, and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above. Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. So netimes in storms these wayes are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour, more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea Every year a laver of the entire sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The wind bears their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fie'ds to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,561 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 10,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the place on which the Great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three distinct seas. They did so, as an ominous and menac- and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a 'Halt! Halt!" and from the rear, at pond, which accounts for its choppy

The Happy Western Farmer. The industrious farmer begins work in the morning long before the san thinks of getting up. With his soul shrouded in gloom he proceeds to build a fire and soften his boots with a hammer. He then takes a lantern and shovels his way to the barn and feeds the hogs. It is then time to feed the newly arrived calf. which seems to delight in bunting a pail of milk all over the tiller of the soil, until he only needs to be stamped to pass for a package of oleomargarine. He crawls through a barbed-wire and digs his hay out of the snow, feeds his stock, milks the cows, cleans out the stables, gathers p the frozen chickens, chases a stray pig worth 25 cents for four miles, doctors a sick horse, freezes his fingers, gets kicked by a one-eyed mule and when the gloaming comes and quietness broods over the earth he has a single half hour to meditate and wonder how he will make the next payment on that machine note. - Pomeroy (W. T.) Wash-

A teacher in a San Francisco public her grab her bonnet and run, but instead "Worst storm I ever saw," remarked | "Quick, Sergeant! They could see of that she caimly replied: "I will hear the class in geography, lick three boys,

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Poser-No Fruitless Errands for Him-A Treat-He Acted Oddly -He Liked the Beans--

Doctor-'. There, get that prescription filled, and take a tablespoonful three times a day before meals." Pauper Patient-"But, doctor, I don't

No Fruitless Errands for Him. "Doctor, I must ask you to renew that own free will and accord, and come with prescription for my daughter. She is a rush, blowing tools and everything else

no doctor of medicine. I'm a dentist." | treasure down as oil men are to get theirs "Oh, you are? Well, then, go to my up. The great pressure at which it is house and pull a couple of teeth for my confined in the earth, and the correspond-

A Treat.

An old man wearing a misfit suit was hurrying through the slush in Market street late yesterday afternoon when his mated to have reached eight hundred feet suddenly flew out from under him. pounds to the square inch. Any attempt There was a splash, a muffled snort, and to confine the gas in this well for the then the man with the misfit suit was purpose of measuring it would doubtless seen to rise slowly to his feet. purpose of measuring it would doubtless have resulted in sending iron casing "Hurt you much?" asked a sympa-

thetic witness of the accident. "Not a bit," replied the old man with a smile. "In fact, it was a good deal of a treat. I have slipped up on the sidewalks seventeen times this winter, but this is the first time I have had the good tity of gas that escapes from some wells is enormous but probably no correct esti-

He Acted Oddly,

He was going home to his wife and family. It was growing dark. He had getting along as fast as he could, when he suddenly gathered a dim suspicion that a man behind him was following him purposely. The faster he went the faster the man went, and they came to a graveyard. "Now," he said to himself, "I'll find out if he is after me;" and he started through the cemetery. The man fcllowed him. Vague visions of revolvers behind him, forebodings of footpads and garroters and things grew upon him. He grees, Fahrenheit.—St. Nicholas. dodged round a grave, and his pursuer dodged after him. He made a detour of a family vault. Still this forbidding shadow after him round and round. At last he turned and faced the fellow. "What do you want? What are you fol-

lowing me for?"

consin, told this story to a group of his fellow Senators: In early times up in the pine woods, when our folks weren't all millionaires, some of us used to get up a chopping syn dicate. A dozen fellows, all good with the axe and handspike, would club together, chip in and buy grub for the winter, and go into the woods to chop and log pine. In the spring they sold their logs, substracted the winter's expenses, and divided profits. One fall such a party was made up in my town. They were all ready to go into the woods, when some one asked who was going to cook. "I won't," said one. "I can't," said another. A third said he could, but he'd be blamed if he would. It went on, and nobody would cook. In those times, as now, a cook got big pay, net less than \$50 a month. The syndicate could hardly afford that. Finally one fellow said if they couldn't hire a cook they'd got to have grub, and there it is claimed, are equal to linen rags in was but one way cut, they must do the the manufacture of paper. Tobacco waste shortest straw must do the cooking. The the former and very little shrinkage, as first man who should complain of the against a loss of one-third of rags. The camp. The first meal in camp was din- 000,000 pounds. ner. The cook had seen his mother cook beans. It looked easy, and he decided to have beans for dinner. He put a peck in the kettle, chucked in a big piece of pork and a double handful of salt. In time the men sat down to dinner. Every- Each cloud in the sky has a silvery lining body helped himself. The first to dish out some beans put a big spoonful in his mouth. They were smoking hot and somewhat salt. The fellow spewed the

Still, I like them-I like them." A Texas Tragedy.

are the doggondest beans I ever ate.

A Stockton lawyer was at the big city by the bay the other day, and while watching a large funeral wind slowly along to the hills he was accosted by a tall fellow, whose sun-burned face was As a twig is first bent so the tree is ineavesboarded by the wide brim of a

"Could you tell me," asked the Save not at the spigot and lose at the bung. stranger politely, "whose turnout that A nau born for drowning will never be "Yes, sir," answered the man, sharply

"Thank you. And whose is it?" "The undertaker's." "Ah! And may I ask who the corpse was!" "You may."

"Thank you. And who was he" "A lawyer." The strauger paused as if doubtful of his ears, looked at the man earnestly, and asked, in an eager, you-don't-say-so sort

of a voice: "Did you say a lawyer?" "Yes, sir; a lawver." "H'm: that's strange."

"I don't see anything strange about it," retorted the attorney, slightly net-

"you see, we don't bury lawyers that

"No?" put him in the third story of a vacant building, you know."

Whoe'ver sows the wind will a whirlwind soon reap.

way in Texas, where I come from."

the corpse is gone." "Gone! "Yes, sir."

"Gone where?" "That's the mystery," replied the

Texan, shrugging his shoulders, "no body knows where."

"Why, that is the strangest thing I ever heard of." "Yes," said the mild Texan, "but that ain't the queerest thing about it,

"There's a terrible smell of brimstone left in the room." They parted with mutual dislike.

Boring for Gas.

for oil, in all its workings; but the after-

Boring for gas is exactly like boring

get but one meal in two days."—Sift- operations of pumping and packing, as in the case of some oil-wells to raise the oil, are not necessary in gas-wells. If the gas is there, it will come up of its threatened with another attack, and"— out of the well before it. Indeed, gas "I gave you no prescription, sir. I'm men would often be as glad to keep their wife. I'm not going to run four or five ing force with which it escapes from the blocks for nothing."—Philadelphia Call. well, make it somewhat hard to mange or control. This pressure is enormousas high as five hundred pounds to the flying from the well, or in producing ther effects more startling and costly than satisfactory or agreeable. Indeed fortune to strike the snow when it was soft. Just squeeze the water out of the coat-tails, please."—Philadelphia Call.

Lity of gas that escapes from some some strike the gas is enormous, but probaby no correct estimate of it has yet bean made. Where the gas is "piped" away to mills and houses, all that comes from the well may be used; but if it is not all used, the remainder must be allowed to escape into the air. This is done at the regulator, where it is burned. The regulator is an ar: angement of pipes and valves, placed between the gas-well and the town supplied with the gas. It allows only just as much gas as is being burned in the town to go on through the pipes, and so reduces to a proper and safe point the dangerously high pressure of the gas as it comes rushing along from the well. The temperature of the gas as it comes from the wells is about forty-five de-

The Fatal Ace of Spades. The Lucknow (India) papers report an awful tragedy which has taken place in the Leicestershire Regiment. Some privates in a detachment stationed at Raniket owed a grudge against the Sergeant "I say, do you always go home like of their company and vowed vengeance, this? I'm going up to — 's house to do so they actually dealt round a pack of a job of carpentering, and the conductor told me if I followed you I'd find the place. Are you going home at all?"

He Liked Them

United States Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, told this story to a group of his sentenced to death, but Sir Frederick Roberts had not confirmed the sentence when the mail left .- London Truth.

The Veil Lifted. Family Physician-"Your case puzzles me exceedingly, Miss Bessie. After a careful diagnosis I find you have symptoms of arsenical poisoning, malaria, a mild form of dyspepsia, slight indica-tions of softening of the brain and—I regret to say it-a suspicion of gout." Miss Bessie-"How horrid! and after the care I have taken of myself this winter. Why, doctor, do you know I haven't been anywhere for two weeks excepting to our Cooking Club dinner night before last."-Puck. New Use for the Tobacco Plant.

A new use for the tobacco plant has been discovered. Its stems and waste. cooking themselves. He suggested that costs less than \$10 a ton, linen rags \$70 they draw cuts, and whoever got the to \$80. There is no expense in assorting grub would have to relieve him. This yearly tobacco waste is estimated by the was agreed to, and they went on into census report at from 3,000,000 to 4,-

Old Saws in Rhyme. A stone that is rolling will gather no moss. What's sauce for the goose, for the gander is

First capture the hare, before on it you're

Don't leave till to-morrow what now can be stuff out with a big swear word. "Those | And always make hay while is shining the Never count up your chickens before they are hatched

When horses are stolen the barn door is latched. There are fish in the ocean as good as are A child ne'er departs from right ways that

are taught. For sheep that are shorn God doth temper

Never borrow nor lend, if you would keep a

The sword is less mighty than words that are

A stitch done in time will save ninety and Fine feathers, they say, will make birds that A bird in the hand is, in the bushes, worth

Don't ever bite more than you're able to Take care of the pence-of themselves pounds

A child will (won't) spoil if the rod you should spare. The truth is but spoken by children and And children are cut when they handle edged

"Well," explained the other, suavely, There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the A stone wears away by continuous drip. "No. When a lawyer dies there we And never fair lady is won by faint heart.

He paused with aggravating calmness. Don't buy what's not needed because it is "And then we go up the next day, and Fools rush in where angels are fearful to

tread And o'er us a sword often hangs by a thread In every closet do skeletons hide. If wishes were horses a beggar might ride.

-H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

THE TIDE WILL TURN. The skipper stood on the windy pier, "O, mate," he said, "set every sail; For love is sweet if true and dear, But bitter is love if love must fail."

The wind is foul and the water low; But the tide will turn if you wait a wee. And you'll get 'Yes' where you got 'No.'" The skipper turned again with a smile, And he found his love in a better mood; For she had had time to think the while;

"No hurry, skipper, to put to sea;

So the tide has turned and he got "Yes." The sails were filled and the wind was

"I shall find ten worse for one as good,"

Don't limit the pleasant words I pray They are for everyone everywhere. The tide will turn if you wait a wee, And good's not lost if but deferred;

Supposing your plans have gone a-gley,

Don't flee away like a frightened bird. Say that you've asked a favor in vain, To-morrow may be a better day, The tide of fortune may turn again, And you'll get "Yes" where you got The tide will turn if the thing you mind

Is worth the waiting and worth the cost; If you seek and seek until you find, Then your labor will never be lost. For waiting is often working, you see, And though the water may now be low The tide will turn if you bide a wee, And you'll get "Yes" where you got "No." -Harper's Weekly.

PITH AND POINT.

. The fishery question—Who'll take the eel off?—Puck.

The world may owe us a living, but

the most of us have to scratch around pretty lively to get it .- Siftings. The chick now through the eggshell breaks, Which many weeks has hid it; Cries, as its weak existence wakes, "My little hatch it did it." Tobogganing might be defined as an

An astronomer says that there are ca-nals on the planet Mars. We guess he means Saturn, for it is Saturn that has

long walk up hill .- New York World.

instantaneous sensation followed by a

the rings .- Bostin Courier. "All flesh is grass," an ancient truth,
By which it will be seen
That in the spring-time of our youth
We are so "jolly green."
—Texas Siftings. A boy can walk four miles to go skat-

ing, and drag some other boy's sister on his sled all the way, but when his mother wants him to bring a bag of crackers from the grocery, he tells her that his kidneys are so weak that he don't dare do it. - Inter-Ocean. "Well, that's just like the cheek of these foreign artists," ob ved Mrs. Snaggs. "What is?" aske her husband. "Why, that man kacsy is

coming here next summe Niagara Falls, and I believe he'll just spoil them, so I do."-Pittsburg Chroni-The Prescott (Arizona) Miner has the following: "Is this reservoir water healthy?" asked a newcomer of an old Hassayamper. "Do you see that mule, stranger?" "Yes, sir." "Well, ten months ago that mule was a jack rabbit, and

drinking this water has made him what he is to-day." SURE ENOUGH. I kissed her hand. She slapped my cheek,
The blow came sharp and quick,
Her eyes flashed fire. She did not speak,
My blood boiled hot and thick.

"We're all alone here, and You know quite well that we're engaged, Then why not kiss your hand?"

"I do detest a man," she snapped, "Who'll kiss my finger-tips, In love's ways one should be more apt— Else what's the use of lips?"
—Somerville Journal.

A Queer Search. "Where do all the pins go to?" asked a friend of me the other day; and "what becomes of all the dead birds?" I asked in reply. This brief colloquy led me to try an experiment. Having a day at my disposal, in consequence of a slight indisposition, and the weather being fine, I determined to devote a whole day to looking for waste pins and dead birds. I first hunted all over the floor of my room for pins, and as I passed out of the house made a search along all the halls and at the front door; but I could not find a pin. I then walked along the street all the morning, looking for pins and dead bird, but found none. In the afternoon I took in several of the parks. I hunted near the seats for pins, and under all the trees and in the crevices of

fences for birds, but all in vain. Toward evening I realized how beneficial it is to walk "with an object," but I did not have a single pin or bird to show for my hunt. I was compelled to admit that it was something of a puzzle to tell what became of them. Not, however, that I never see a stray pin or a dead sparrow. I have met with a number of people who never saw a dead goat or a dead mule, but everybody has picked up a pin, and at long intervals seen a dead bird. The puzzle is that, while so many millions of pins and birds must be gotten away with every day, we find so few of them. By the way, I think I never saw a dead pigeon in my

Amputated Fingers Reunited.

"Numerous instances have been re-

life. - Chiergo Journal.

corded of late in the medical journals." says Science, "of the complete reunion of portions of fingers which had been cut off from the hand, in some cases by the knife and in others by the ax. In one case a man, in cutting his kindling for the morning fire, accidentally cut off the end of his thumb. He had gone from the place some twenty feet when he returned, picked up the end, wiped it and replaced it, binding it in its original place as nearly as possible. The wound united, and the finger is now as good as ever, save that its sensibility is somewhat diminished. In another case a boy chopped off the ends of three fingers. He was seen by a physician three or four hours after the accident. The end of the fingers had been found in the snow, and were brought to him. He attached them,

and two of the three united." Germany has 28,000 miles of underground telegraph wires and France 7,200, all in successful operation.