Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1898. VOL. LXIII. NO. 19.

The PLANTERS LOAN and SAVINGS BANK, AUGUSTA, GA., Organized 1870.

Oldest Savings Bank in Eastern Georgia.

Largest Savings Capital in City.

Pays Interest and Compounds every 6 months.

MEN OF THE MAINE.

Men of the Maine, O men of the Maine,
Flower of the people's life,
Valiant your death was, nor suffered in vain:
You perished for peace, not strife.

Men of the Maine, O men of the Maine,
Sad though your fate beyond words,
Still your true souls 'mid the fire and the pain
Rose high with the winds and the birds.

Men of the Maine, O men of the Maine,
Your forms in the deep water slept;
Yet the thought of your faithfulness never shall wane,
And our memory's faith shall be kept.

Men of the Maine, O men of the Maine,
You are part of the earth and the sky.
Grandly you've shown us poor fellows again
How bravely to live and to die.

And, men of the Maine, O men of the Maine,
When our great guns shout aloud,
In peace or war, they will thunder again
To the world your loyalty proud.

Men of the Maine, O men of the Maine,
The sound of the sea's deep roar,
As it rolls on the coast, in an endless refrain
Shall chant your fame evermore.

—George P. Lathrop, in New York Times.

THE WRONG DOOR.

By WALDO HARKESHEIMER.

THE letter carrier was coming up the street. In a moment he would be at the door. Bertha Wayne pressed her forehead against the pane and stood on tiptoe, to see if he were going to stop. Yes; he disappeared at the entrance. She crossed the room, and opened her door a crack. She could hear his slow, even tread on the stairs. Perhaps he was only going to leave Mrs. Warren's mail, on the floor below. But, no he was coming on—up the second flight. The girl's heart beat violently. He must not find her waiting there, and she sped noiselessly to the window.

Rap—tap!

With a sinking heart Bertha saw the large envelope in the carrier's outstretched hand; but she smiled as brightly and said, "Oh, thank you!" as heartily as if she had not known that the brown wrapper covered the story on which she had builded so many hopes.

The corners of her mouth drooped with the shutting of the door. So it had come back—after these weeks of weary suspense! "I did think they would take it!" she said to herself, tearing open the envelope. She glanced at the printed declination blank, and there was a slight curl of the pretty lips. With an impatient gesture she tossed the package from her. "There is no use!" she said. "If they won't take that, they won't take anything—from me!" She gazed stolidly out of the window. For six weeks this story had been her forlorn hope. Never had the future looked so dark as now. Alone in the world, with fourteen dollars in her purse, and no visible way of obtaining more—that was he rpresent situation.

Bertha Wayne's first attempts in writing had been fairly successful. That was three years ago. Then had come the financial depression which had been so far-reaching, and for the last twelvemonth the only market she had found for her literary wares had been most unsatisfactory. The man whom she had counted as her best editorial friend had died, and the new editor had his own corps of contributors. Stories and poems which a year ago would have brought liberal checks were now returned to her with politely-worded circulars. Publishing firms that were her debtors collapsed without warning, and for two months she had not had a single article accepted. It would have required a stouter heart than hers to have met these days without quailing. For weeks she had felt physically and mentally incapable of continuing the fight. Now she told herself, "I might as well give it up first as last!" Thinking her bitter thoughts, she looked down on the hurrying throngs. "All with something to do!" she said. "But for me there is nothing—nothing! There's that ugly little doctor again!"

Her eyes rested on a young man alighting from a carriage. He was below the medium height, slender and boyish, with a face that was undeniably plain. Having fastened his horse, he swung a yellow bag from the vehicle, and passed within a doorway. "He is a success," muttered Bertha jealously. "Only a little while ago he was footing it all over town! Now he drives everywhere. Well, he's a man—and smart, I suppose; he is ugly enough to be! I am only a girl. What's the use of living anyhow!"

At last she went to her writing; but her mind was distraught, and the story lagged. It is not easy to build a happy romance when one's heart is aching.

Day after day Bertha Wayne wasted her precious pennies on paper and postage, hoping against hope. Days of work and worry were succeeded by wakeful, weary nights, until nature had her revenge. One evening the girl dragged herself home from the post office and crawled up the long flights of stairs, only to faint at the door of her room. Miss Winslow, the little dressmaker across the hall, found her on the floor.

"It is nothing," Bertha said, trying to reassure both herself and her frightened neighbor. "I am only tired. I shall be better in the morning."

But she was not better in the morning. On attempting to arise, she barely escaped another faint; and Miss Winslow insisted on summoning a physician.

Dr. Halberta was of splendid proportions,—tall, erect, broad shouldered. As he stood in the doorway, his strikingly handsome features lighted by a smile, his patient was swept by a thrill of admiration. But at his words her face whitened.

"Oh, you have heart disease!"

She looked at him appealingly.

"How—do you—know?" she faltered.

The doctor had abandoned his smile, and stood considering her gravely.

"A very easy matter," he replied nonchalantly. "I could tell the moment I saw you. But there is no use in being alarmed; that only heightens the danger and retards recovery."

"Do you think I can get well, then?" she asked eagerly.

"Possibly—possibly. I cannot tell yet. If I can see you every day, I presume I can help you."

A few questions followed, which Bertha answered lamely. Her heart beat wildly, and her brain was confused. There was a piteous look in her tender blue eyes. It seemed to arouse the doctor to something akin to sympathy, for he said:

"You must not allow this to worry you unduly. It is a hard thing to tell a patient what I have told you; but I consider the truth to be best under all circumstances. There is a chance that I may be able to cure you—a chance—only that; but a chance is sometimes worth much in this world."

He left some medicine, and rose to go.

Bertha drew her purse from under her pillow.

"How much?"

"Ten dollars," carelessly.

The face on the pillow grew whiter. With trembling fingers the girl handed out one of the two bills the purse contained. The doctor glanced at it, and tucked it into his vest pocket.

"To-morrow I will see you," he began.

"No," she interrupted, "I—cannot afford—I shall not be able to pay you."

"Ah, well, as you please," said the doctor, somewhat stiffly. "But I tell you this much; if you have a home you better get to it as quick as you can!" He bowed himself out, shutting the door with noiseless decision.

The sick girl stared at the wall. It was covered with a paper showing impossible blue and brown flowers in impossible garlands. One wreath had always seemed to represent a winged cherub in a smart bonnet. Now, as Bertha looked at it, the face of the cherub appeared to be that of a demon leering at her despair. When Miss Winslow came she found her with the blanket over her head, to shut out the evil face.

The little dressmaker was shocked at the news.

"I'm dreadful sorry," she said, her eyes full of tears; "but perhaps it isn't so bad as the doctor thinks. Though folks do say he's awful smart. A man must be, to tell things by just looking at you. I've heard that about him before. Isn't he handsome, though? But now, don't you go to worrying! My aunt had heart disease fifteen years before it killed her; so you are not going to die yet."

For four days Bertha Wayne lay in her stuffy little room, exhausted and despairing, with only Miss Winslow's visits to break the long, monotonous nightmare. "If I am no better," she had said, "I shall have to go to the hospital." But Miss Winslow's answer had been emphatic:

"Indeed, you shall not! It is more genteel to stay here, and I will take care of you. As long as you lie abed you don't need much but toast and tea, and that's easy enough got. Nothing would tempt me inside a hospital, and you are not going?"

But Bertha did not improve on the toast and tea diet and Dr. Halberta's medicine. Every day brought increased suffering. On the fifth morning she became desperate, and attempted to dress; but she was seized with an overpowering weakness, and was forced to lie down again. Her heart acted strangely, now beating violently, now seeming to stop. Perspiration stood on her face; breathing was difficult. It seemed to her that her last hour had come. An awful numbness was creeping over her. She tried to frame a prayer.

A light knock sounded at the door. It aroused the sick girl, and she summoned all her strength for the needed word.

The door opened.

"Is this where a physician is needed?"

It was "that ugly little doctor?"

Bertha was too near unconsciousness to answer; but the young man did not wait. In a moment he was holding a stimulant to her lips. His fingers were on her pulse.

"There, you feel better?" he said.

She smiled faintly. "I thought I was dying."

"Were you frightened? I think there was no need." The doctor put his ear to her heart.

It was slower now, and Bertha lay very still, breathing easily.

"It is all right," he said, "a little weak, that's all."

The girl stared. Suddenly she found her voice.

"Do you mean I haven't any heart disease!" Joy and incredulity were in the tone.

"Certainly," he smiled. Then taking a stethoscope from his bag, he made a thorough examination. "There is not the least organic trouble. Did you think there was?"

In a few minutes the story was told. An odd smile played about the physician's mouth, but he said only:

"I am glad you sent for me, if I have relieved your fears.

"I didn't send for you."

The two looked wonderingly at each other.

"Aren't you Mrs. Taylor?"

"Why, no! Mrs. Taylor has the room over this."

The young man laughed. "I think I'll go up and see her," he said. "I beg your pardon. I supposed I was attending the right patient."

"I'm so glad you came," said Bertha. "No one knows what I have suffered for the last four days. Please stay and tell me how I can get well."

Dr. Malcolm attended first to Mrs. Taylor. Then he spent another quarter-hour in the room below, asking questions, arranging medicines, and giving directions and advice.

Bertha did not refer to his fee. Only thirty cents remained in her purse. She half hoped, she half feared, that he would not come again. He told her that she had overworked, that her nerves were exhausted, and that she would probably be obliged to keep still for several weeks. There was no doubt of her being well in time. He bade her eat beefsteak twice a day. He did not inquire into her household arrangements. She was grateful for the omission. When he went out, he said, "I'll see you again to-morrow," and shut the door.

Bertha's eyes fastened themselves on the wall paper. The demon had been transformed into a cherub.

Miss Winslow brought her a slice of toast with a poached egg for tea. She had added the egg on her own account. "I didn't know as toast was quite nourishing enough by itself, even if you are abed," she said.

Bertha was thankful for the luxury. She did not mention the ordered steak.

"I don't know but what this little doctor is good enough, as far as he goes," Miss Winslow remarked, watching Bertha eat her egg; "but he's dreadful short and spindling. I always did like a big man." She sat for a time in dreamy meditation, evidently lost in her dead past.

Bertha gazed at her tenderly. When she looked up, "It was so kind of you to bring me this egg," she said; "I feel better for it already."

The little dressmaker came back to herself, and resumed:

"Yes, I guess Dr. Malcolm's well enough, and you do look brighter; but it seems as if such a big, splendid man as Dr. Halberta ought to know more about hearts and things than a mite of a feller like him. Though I don't say but that I'm glad if you haven't got it—if you haven't!" She shook her head dubiously.

Bertha smiled. "I'd rather trust Dr. Malcolm and his stethoscope than Dr. Halberta's eyes."

"Well, I don't know! He's awful stylish, and he's got pretty convincing eyes! Miss De Peyster says he's highly connected. But I don't know!"

Dr. Malcolm did not appear until nearly noon. He was glad to find that his patient had slept well.

"What did you have for breakfast?" he asked.

Bertha blushed. She had not anticipated such direct questioning. But she was honest.

"Toast and coffee."

"Don't you like beefsteak?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you have it?"

She looked into his face. It was grave, but kind.

"Because I could not afford it. Dr. Halberta carried off most of my money," she added, smiling. "I expect more every day" (which was strictly true), "but it hasn't come."

"How much did that man charge you?"

She told him.

He scowled, and muttered something about "quacks" and "fancy prices." Then he inquired into her mode of living.

"You must have nutritious food. It is imperative. I think I'd better take you over to the hospital this afternoon."

"But—how can I go?"

"In my carriage. It is easy."

"I—haven't enough to pay my board."

"St. James Church has established a free bed there, and it is unoccupied just now. The rector is a friend of mine, and I will arrange it. I am sure you will be better at the hospital," he added, seeing her flushed hesitation.

"You are very kind, doctor; but I don't know whether I can ever pay you." Her eyes filled.

"That's all right!" The young man tossed off the words with an impatient motion of the head. He looked at his watch. "I will come for you at three," he said. "There will be plenty of time," musingly. He turned to his patient. "I do not want you to get up before one o'clock. You will keep still till then?"

"Certainly, if you wish." There was the hint of a question in her voice; but the doctor did not appear to heed.

Half an hour later found Bertha still pondering the physician's last order. She had begun to have suspicions concerning it. She heard footsteps on the stairs, then fragmentary talk near her door. A moment more, and a knock was followed by the entrance of a young woman with a basket.

"Dr. Malcolm sent me with your dinner," she announced, proceeding to set the dishes upon the table.

Did ever beef tea and steak taste so good! After she had eaten, the woman made her rest a little while while she arranged her clothing and the few articles which she would need to take.

"Doctor said I was to wait and help you," she said, in answer to Bertha's protestations, and she gave such efficient aid that when the sick girl was fully equipped for her little journey, she was not much the worse for the slight exertion.

"How good Dr. Malcolm is!" ventured Bertha.

"Good!" echoed the other, "why, he is just lovely! I don't know where I'd be, if it hadn't been for him—in my grave, maybe. I broke my hip, and was a long time at the hospital. He carried me through that all right, and then got me a place with his aunt. She is a nice lady. I've lived there ever since. But I must go. You'll like it at the hospital, and I hope you'll get well fast."

The doctor was on time.

"You will be back in a little while, better than you have been in a year," he said, as he steadied her across the room.

Exertion made her conscious of her weakness. She stood trembling while he shut the door and locked it.

"You must not walk," he said, and before she realized his purpose he had her comfortably in his arms and was carrying her down the stairs. It seemed useless to remonstrate, so she only thanked him quietly when he set her on her feet at the street entrance.

At the hospital she made fair progress towards health; but it was five weeks before she went back to her little room in the apartment house.

"It does seem so good to have you here again," said Miss Winslow, establishing herself for a comfortable chat. "I've been so lonesome I couldn't set myself about anything evenings. Queer, how Dr. Halberta petered out, isn't it? Haven't you heard? Why, he raked in the money right and left, and finally cleared out one night, leaving lots of debts, and taking ever so many things he hadn't paid for! Strange! when he was such a good-looking man! I think sometimes you can't trust anybody. Seems as if you couldn't."

Bertha took up her writing again, and worked as hard as she dared, in hopes of earning enough to pay something of her indebtedness to Dr. Malcolm. He had treated the matter very lightly when she had mentioned it; but that did not lessen her feeling of responsibility. She had been home but a few days when the doctor came to take her for a drive. The fresh air would do her good, he said. They drove into the country, and talked of many things. They had grown to know each other well during these weeks of Bertha's illness. That morning she had received a ten-dollar check for a poem. Now she drew it from her purse, and handed it to the doctor. He looked at it, and passed it back to her.

The girl flushed. "I know it isn't much," she said; "but it is a beginning——"

"I never did like beginnings," he laughed.

"But I must begin to pay you for your care of me—you have done so much, more than can be told in dollars and cents!"

"The worst of a physician's life is the dollars-and-cents part," he said. "I wish the doctors were paid by the Government, and I might never have to present another bill to a patient. But I shall let you pay me, if you will."

She held the check towards him.

"No," gently putting her hand aside, "if you really wish to pay me, there is only way in which you can do it."

"How?"

"Turn about and take care of me. I have no home; but I shall have one. It will be small and plain, for I am not rich; but I think we can be happy, if you will come and care for me. Will you?"

Had the wealth of the world been dropped at Bertha's feet she could scarcely have been more dazed. There had never been the least hint of the lover in Dr. Malcolm. She sat like one stupefied.

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The doctor
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—The Ho[illegible]

WISE WORDS.

Education is a mental mariner.

Vanity is the yeast cake of pride.

Reading is planting seed thoughts.

Character is the mirror of thought.

Effort converts the ideal into the real.

Moderation is a check to presumption.

The past is the shoolmaster of the future.

Reason is the dissecting knife of thought.

True politeness is kindness kindly expressed.

Make education a science and it will become an art.

The true prophet is seldom a prophet to his own people.

If stolen dollars would burn, there would be some hot pockets.

Sympathy is the channel in which the current of a man's thought runs.

When your sermons are exhausted, imitate the farmer who plows deep.

Tolerance is good, so far as it goes, but it has no place between equals and friends.

There is a vast difference between speaking "one to another," and one about another.

Some men blow their own trumpets by praising in others what is most conspicuous in themselves.

It is one thing to survey yourself with pride, and quite another to explore your heart with humility.

Without first making everything else, God would have been without a language with which to speak to man. —Ram's Horn.

Moving Pictures.

Since the days of the old-fashioned stereopticon, the improvement of projecting and moving pictures has been one of the surprising advances of the age. From that crude and imperfect beginning, the evolution of the present marvelous effects has been steady, and, considering what has been achieved, exceedingly rapid. It is now possible to throw upon canvas the most perfect delineations of life—a street with everything in motion, and with all as clear and distinct as though actually seen by the unaided vision. Among the latest improvements in this line is one by means of which the operator may introduce other figures into pictures already shown. It is possible to do this with ordinary lantern slides, and change and shift the picture in such a way that the realistic effect is enhanced, rather than diminished. The same lantern will permit of the use of kineoptoscope accessories, which add so much to the success of entertainment.

Paul Krueger.

Sitting there in his well-known attitude in an upright armchair, smoking a huge pipe and expectorating profusely, he thumped upon the table at his side and bellowed back his answer, that as long as his country was not attacked he would attack no one. * * * Certainly at the present day no one like him exists, and perhaps no one of his peculiar stamp will ever appear again.—South Africa To-day, Younghusband.

Coldest Hour At 5 o'Clock.

Taking all the year around, the coldest hour of the twenty-four is 5 o'clock in the morning.

HOW A BIG BATTLESHIP IS HANDLED IN ACTION.

STIRRING SCENES ON DECK AND BELOW.

Few people outside the naval service know just how a war vessel goes into a fight. To put a battleship like the Iowa or Indiana in thorough readiness for action ordinarily requires about two hours, though, of course, it can be done in much less time in case of urgency.

There is one thing that makes it a comparatively simple and orderly task. On board a fighting vessel every man has a certain assigned post and a certain task laid out for him, with which he is perfectly familiar. This holds true from the captain himself down to the little coolies who wait on table for the different messes. When the signal is sounded it brings every man to his place, and long familiarity makes the work, so involved and complicated to the eyes of an outsider, a mere matter of routine.

If a ship engages an enemy unexpectedly, so that there is not the usual time for preparation, the call to quarters is sounded immediately and the men take their places in divisions. In this case each division attends to a part of the work of clearing the ship, but ordinarily the first signal is, "Clear for action!" At the boatswain's whistle and the verbal command the men move to their positions, those whose places are on deck forming in squads under direction of the different officers. The captain takes his place on the bridge. Latter. when the battle begins, he will go into the protected conning tower, through the narrow slits of which he can watch everything that takes place on deck and the movements of the enemy as well. But for the present, while the preparations are being made, he must decide the general plan of action, how the guns are to be used, and the class and nature of projectile on which he will depend.

Near the captain stands the navigator, who will have charge of the handling of the ship during the engagement, the signal officers and the various aids. First of all, the decks and working spaces are cleared. The spars, rigging and boats are secured. Everything movable that will not be needed [illegible] stanchions, hatch [illegible] object that is not essential to the management of the ship. The chronometers and other delicate instruments are carefully gathered up and laid away below, to save them from destruction by concussion. The torpedo division gets out its apparatus for sending torpedoes and spreads the intercepting nets over the ship's sides, where they can be quickly lowered if need be.

Below the activity is equally great. The engine fires are stirred up and steam is made as fast as possible, for a modern battleship is intended to go into action under a full head of steam. The steam and bilge pumps are rigged and the magazine squad stands to its post, but the magazines are not unlocked until the signal for action. The keys, however, are delivered to the officers of the powder division by the captain at the first signal.

When the ship is cleared the call to quarters is given and the men take their places in divisions. The gun squads stand to their guns and make them ready for use. The hatches, except those that will be used, are covered with gratings and tarpaulins, the carpenter collects his men and with the armorer stands ready to repair any damage that may be done by the enemy's fire or the recoil of the ship's cannon. A man with a lead line is placed at the well and during the fight will make frequent soundings to discover if the vessel is injured below the water line. The hose squad is placed in charge of the fire apparatus, ready for instant service. Chemical fire extinguishers are used on all the United States warships now, and hand grenades are placed in every quarter of the ship. Every precaution is taken to secure the instant stamping out of the fire should it start in or near the magazines.

Down in the sick bay the head surgeon, or "bull doctor," has been directing the laying out of cots, instruments and bandages. One hatchway, as near amidships as possible, is always left open for the passing down of wounded men. The surgeon may have no call upon his services, but the rule in every quarter of a battleship is, "Be prepared for the worst, and hope for the best."

When everything is ready the officers move to their stations. If the ship is a monitor the battle hatches are closed, and the men at last hear the final command for which they have been impatiently waiting—"Action!"

At that command the doors of the magazines are opened, and the men, who form the different chains of scuttles, begin to pass the cartridge cases up to the deck. The delivery of ammunition is in charge of the gunner. In modern naval fortunes the gunner is not, as many landlubbers suppose, the man who fires the cannon. He is a warrant officer, and his position is a most responsible one in time of action, for he must see to the prompt and steady delivery of cartridges, shells and projectiles to all the guns. The chief gunner takes his position on the berth deck, where he can note the progress of the work; his chief assistant is below in the main magazine superintending the handing out of powder, and a quarter gunner is in charge of each of the other magazines and of the delivery on deck.

The charges are passed up from the magazines in wooden cases, which are painted black, with the size of caliber and charge painted in large white letters on the side. They are passed [illegible] the magazine to a [illegible] them up to the [illegible] they are passed [illegible] magazine screen [illegible] rtain which in [illegible] ho possibility of [illegible] ing to the powder stores. From this screen carriers take the boxes to the nearest powder scuttle, where they are passed up to the gun deck and thence to the cannon themselves. For moving ammunition various mechanical appliances, including electricity, have come into use, though the work is still done by hand on some of the vessels.

"I believe in the hand lift for ammunition," says Rear Admiral Henry Erben, "because if you depend on electricity the cutting or breaking of a wire knocks you out, but if a man is cut in two you can put another in his place."

A crew of sixteen men is required to man each of the big guns, such as the twelve-inch and thirteen-inch cannon of the Iowa and Indiana. They are divided into loaders, spongers, shellmen, handspikemen, sidetacklemen, inhacklemen and porttacklemen, and are under the direction of a first and second gun captain. There is also a powderman, who delivers the charge to the gun, a fireman and a wreck clearer.

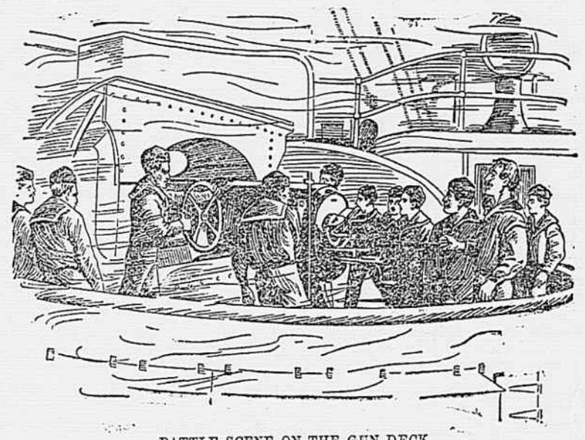
The firing of a pivot or turret gun requires ten separate commands. Most of these explain themselves. They are as follows:

1. Silence! Cast loose and provide!
2. Run in!
3. Shift pivot!
4. Serve, vent and sponge!
5. Load!
6. Run out!
7. Prime!
8. Point!
9. Ready, fire!
10. Shift and secure!

If the ship is under way the man with the range finder is kept busy calling off the distance of the enemy's ship or whatever the target may be. As each new distance is announced the gun is adjusted to that range. At the order to "Point," No. 1 of the gun crew adjusts the sights to his satisfaction, while all the others stand back from the gun. Then at the order "Ready!" he takes a final look, draws his lanyard and quickly repeats "Fire!"

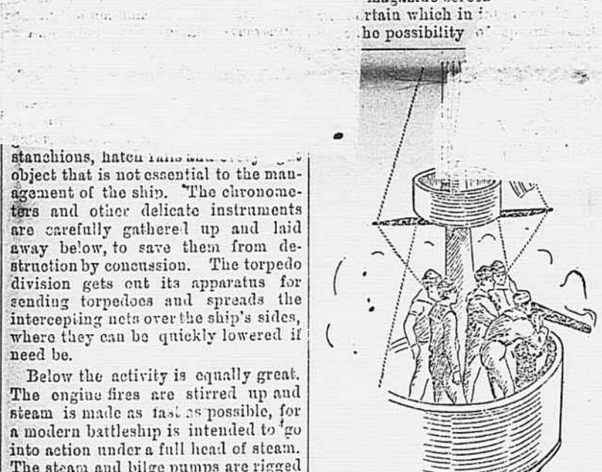
In firing at a ship the target is always the waterline. Though the computing instruments now used are of great value, the only way to get the exact range now, as formerly, is to see whether the first shot falls short or over, and to move her a notch or let her down as the case may require.

The firing of this first shot releases the pentup tension of the preparations, which is succeeded by a fever of work. The lines of powder carriers and runner boys move steadily back and forward, the men in the turrets are soon blackened by powder and smoke until they look more like imps than human beings, but they work on as coolly as the engineers, far below, unmindful of shots that crash about them. All the splendid discipline and training of years makes itself felt in these few moments of fighting as the sailor boys drive their ship manfully on, still eager to know [illegible]



BATTLE SCENE ON THE GUN DECK.

WORKING A RAPID-FIRING GUN FROM THE CONNING TOWER.



OPERATING A CRUISER'S SEARCHLIGHT.

TO-MORROW'S PINS.

Where is the thrill of last night's fear?
Where is the stain of last night's tear?
Where is the tooth that ached last year?
Gone where the lost pins go to.
For last night's riddle is all made plain,
The sunshine laughs at the long past rain
The tooth that ached has lost its pain—
That's what our troubles grow to.

We can stand the smart of yesterday;
To-day's worse ills we can drive away;
What was and what is bring no dismays
For past and present sorrows.
But the burdens that make us groan and sweat,
The troubles that make us fume and fret
Are the things that haven't happened yet,
The pins that we'll find to-morrow.

—Robert Burdette.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Two souls with but a single thought,"
The poem says, nor e[illegible]
His thought is all of her, you see,
And so, likewise, is hers.

—Chicago News.

Fweddie—"Aw, I couldn't get along without my watch." She—"How much do they let you have on it?"—Harlem Life.

Suitor—"Sir, I love your daughter." Blunt Father—"Well, sir. What does that prove?"—Philadelphia North American.

The Boy—"I guess sister's beau must be engaged to her at last." The Girl—"Why?" The Boy—"He has quit giving me money."—Up-to-Date.

Helen—"Don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect dream?" Mattie—"It's more than a dream, dear; it's a genuine nightmare."—Chicago News.

"You've voted here once to-day," said the election officer. "Nonsense," replied the repeater, unabashed; "you see, I'm twins."—Philadelphia American.

"Parker always exaggerates everything so." "Yes; he can't even start an account at the bank without overdrawing it."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

"Do you think it is like me," she asked as she showed him her latest photograph. "Like you?" he repeated. "I can almost hear it."—Indianapolis Journal.

"This mandolin cost only $10, and it will last your daughter a lifetime." "A lifetime? Gracious! Show me one that will last her about ten days."—Chicago News.

Jones—"I started to ask Newlywed whether two could live on what one could, but——" Brown—"But what?" Jones—"But he struck me for a ten before I could finish."—Puck.

Traveler—"Don't you ever get tired answering so many fool questions?" Ticket Agent—"Yes." Traveler—"Which one tires you most?" Ticket [illegible] 824 every day, 3730 every hour, sixty every minute or one every second.

The married are longer-lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor, previous to fifty years of age, than men have, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in the proportion of seventy-five to 1000 individuals. Those born in the spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day, also deaths. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.—Great Thoughts.

Homes of the Anthracite Miners.

A group of papers dealing with the Pennsylvania Coal Regions appears in the Century. Jay Hambidge gives "An Artist's Impression of the Colliery Region." Mr. Hambidge says of one of the "patches" where the miners live: Each little house, with the boxes, cuby-holes and fences about it, has been built by the man who lives in it. And he is a laborer, a struggler for mere existence, not deft in the use of tools, nor with an eye for the symmetrical, nor with an appreciation for anything beyond the most primal facts of living. The roofs of the buildings slant at all angles, with no two sides of the same length or deflection. One portion will have eaves, while its companion will scorn the luxury. The same incongruity prevails everywhere. Some of the small openings used for windows are high, while others are low. One door will open in, and another out. The hinges have evidently come from the company scrap-pile, and the staples and latches and locks from the same source. Some of the roofs have shingles, others weather-boards, while others are formed of great pieces of rusty sheet-iron.

Accommodating Mourners.

R. Talbot Kelly writes an article entitled "An Artist Among the Fellaheen" for the Century. In speaking of the kindliness of the Arabs, Mr. Kelly says:

Here is an instance of his willingness to oblige. I was making a sketch of the village cemetery, and wanted only a funeral procession to complete my study. I remarked to the old man: "What a pity there does not happen to be a funeral going on, so that I might put it in!" His reply took me by surprise; for, jumping up, he said: "There is a man ill in the village, and he must die soon. I'll go and hurry him!" And, sure enough, he bustled them all so much that an hour later my sketch was complete, and the man safely interred! And I believe that the bereaved family considered themselves especially honored by my interest in the ceremony!

Benefactor to the Bald Headed.

An entomologist says he has known a common garden wasp to kill 1,000 flies in a day. If we have ever said anything in derogation of the wasp and his heated terminal facilities, we trust that it will be considered as never having been spoken. Anybody or anything that will kill 1,000 flies in a single day is worthy of all praise, and the wasp will henceforth be persona grata among the bald-headed fraternity.—Boston Transcript.

door to us, has gone to the Klondike." "Weren't you sorry to see him go?" "Not so awfully sorry. He took his six dogs with him."—Chicago Tribune.

"Joes is looking all over town for you." "So I understand; but I'm keeping under cover. It must be that I owe him money or that he wants to owe me some."—Philadelphia North American

"Young Mr. Enjee is quite statuesque," remarked one young woman. "Yes," was the answer. "He strikes attitudes all the time he is awake. All he does is to pose and repose."—Washington Star.

He—"The trouble with too many people in this world is that they never stop to think." She—"Yes, but I notice that the most successful people are the ones that don't have to stop to think."—Chicago News.

Conclusion: Sportsman (who has bagged nothing and is bargaining for a hare)—"Seven-and-sixpence? That's rather high, isn't it?" Shopkeeper—"Ah, but see what a splendid place it's been hit."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Really, my dear, you are not blind enough to think that the count has a real love for you?" "It does seem incredible, does it not? But he has offered to let me keep half the dowry for myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Professor—"Too bad! One of my pupils, to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory, has forgotten to pay me, and the worst of it is, I can't remember his name!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Pictures of Leaves in Natural Colors.

One of the most interesting experiments in photography is the photographic reproduction of a green leaf in its natural colors. To do this, take a copper plate, such as is used for process work, and have it silvered. Put it face up in a developing or toning tray, and on it place the green leaf of which a copy is desired. To hold the leaf in position lay over a piece of glass. A spoiled negative not larger than 4x5—unless the leaf is quite large—may be used for this purpose. Turn over the plate a solution of hydriodate of potash containing a few grains of iodide to each ounce of solution. Cover the plate completely, so that it is at least a half inch beneath the surface of the liquid. Set the tray in the bright sunshine and leave it exposed for about half an hour, when, on removing from the tray, a most beautiful photographic impression of the green leaf will be found on the plate.—Harper's Round Table.

Making Leather Velvet.

M. Puech, of Mazamet, in France, is the inventor of an interesting method by means of which the wool on sheepskins can be converted into velvet. Up till now tanned sheepskins with wool on them have been used for rugs, carpets or the lining of clothing and the wool has been left in the curled or combed state. Seeing that the natural disposition of the innumerable fibers is perfectly regular and well suited for velvetization, M. Puech conceived the idea of removing all impurities from the skin and wool and adjusting them in such a way that the hairs would not tangle or mat, which would of course be fatal to the success of the operation.