

Li Hung Chang's Death.

Washington, November 7—The State department officials do not believe the death of Li Hung Chang will have a serious effect on the Chinese situation.

Job Couldn't Have Stood It

If he'd had Iching Piles. They're terribly annoying; but Bucklen's Arnica Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth.

Talk About a New Treaty.

Washington—Lord Pauncefort, the British Ambassador has had a talk with Secretary Hay in regard to the preparation of the new Hay-Pauncefort treaty.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

The pension roll still carries four widows of soldiers who fought in the American Revolution.

H. T. McIntyre, St. Paul, Minn., who has been troubled with a disordered stomach, says, "Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets do me more good than anything I have ever taken."

Senator Hanna's secretary says that since 1895 500 children have been named after the Senator.

Florida is having the largest tobacco crop ever raised in the State. The average is 1,000 pounds to the acre.

Balsams from the Northern Wood are in Piny-Balsam, the certain cure for coughs.

A marriage license was taken out at Portland, Maine, last week, by Joseph Tilton, age 86, to wed Caroline Griswald, age 82.

In the Western Cemetery, Dundee Scotland, last month there was unveiled a monument to the memory of James Bowman Lindsay, a selfmade philosopher and scientist, who lived before his time.

"Last winter an infant child of mine had croup in a violent form," says Elder John W. Rogers, a Christian Evangelist, of Filly, Mo. "I gave her a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and in a short time all danger was past and the child recovered."

The Rev. Eugene Harrelson, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Madisonville, Ky., was aroused the other night by repeated efforts to enter his house. Hearing some one at the kitchen door, he opened it and fired into the darkness.

HANS, THE COBBLER.

HE TELLS OF HIS TROUBLES WITH THE POLICEMAN.

Doesn't Believe in Having a Pull with Officers of the Law and Consequently Has a Hard Time of It, Making His Life a Burden.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.] When I opens my shop for peesness, dot little tailor comes around and says:

"Hans, you must start out right. Der first thing vhas to get a pull mit dot policemen. If you don't, you vhas in troubles."

"How vhas pulls?" I says. "Whell, you must treat him to beer, haf a cigar for him and praise him oop. Sometimes it vhas well to slip him half



SURRENDER TO ME OR YOU VHAS A DEAD MAN!"

a dollar or send a case of beer to his house. You must also fix his shoes for nottings."

"But I shall neffer do it. I don't care for some pulls. It vhas cement patches for feefteen cents, and if I please my customers dey shall come back for half soles at forty."

"It vwill be better if you do ash, I say," says dot tailor. "If I don't haf some pulls mit der policemen on my beat, I vhas gone oop long ago. Don't you make some mistake on dot policemen. He vhas ash big ash a house, and he can stop sefen street cars at once by lifting oop his hand."

I belief dot tailor vhas afraid, and I make oop my mind dot I shall haf no pulls. Two days vhas gone avhay when dot bluecoat vhalks into my shop and says:

"Hello! So you vhas gone into peesness, eh?"

"Yes, dot vhas so."

"Whell, dot vhas all right, and I hope you get rich. Can you lend me a dollar for a day or two?"

"I couldn't spare her?"

"Got anything to drink around here?"

"Only some fine water."

"Who vhas water? Did I hear you ask me on'er to der saloon for beer?"

"I don't prefer so."

"Oh, you didn't! Say, cobbler, do you know who I vhas?"

"You vhas a policemen?"

"Yes, and is dere a bigger man in dis town dan a policemen?"

"Whell, dere vhas der mayor and aldermans and judges," I says.

"Bah! Small fish! You better get your eyes open, cobbler, or you shall hear something drop."

Dot tailor comes again and talks to me, and dot butcher and plumber talk for an hour, but I don't like some pulls. I shust mind my own peesness and don't say something to nopody.

In two days dot policemen comes in again, and he don't smile ash he says:

"So you keep some policy shop here, eh? I haf kept my eye on you, and now you vhas caught."

"Who vhas policy?" I says.

"Don't try to bluff me. You try to look ash innocent as a child, but I know you to be a wicked old sinner. How much you make here by policy?"

"I don't eafen know who policy vhas. I shust cobble oop shoes."

"Whell, you can put me on some half sole while I wait. Maybe I vhas mistook about dot policy. Hurry oop."

"It vhas forty cents," I says.

"What! What! You sharge a policeman for fixing his shoes! You old hoary headed villain, but I show you a hole mit a trick in it!"

Und he knocks me around my shop till I falls down and can't get oop, and when der peoples comes rushing in dot rascals bends oaffer me and calls out:

"Poor man! Poor man! He vhas sooch a hard worker dot he haf some fit and falls off his bench."

Dot tailor says it vhas better if I gif oop and get some pulls, and dot plumber says I may be found dead in my shop some day, but I won't do it. When I vhas mad, I vhas like a mule. Maybe it vhas a week before dot policemen comes in again. Den he swings his club around and says:

"Cobbler, how dare you violare der law in dis shameful manner? I neffer see sooch a bold scoundrel before in my life."

"How vhas I violare?" I says.

"How? Vhy der front of your shop goes oaffer der sidewalk line by two feet. Moaf him back, sir—moaf him at once!"

"But it vhas der landlord who shall moaf her."

"Shut oop! How dare you talk to me like dot? I know you, you oldt villain, and I don't stop till you vhas in prison. Did you say you had half a dollar dot you can spare for a day or two?"

"I don't."

"Und you don't bring me a quart of beer in my growler?"

"I vhas temperance."

"Oh, you vhas! You vhas temperance und dead broke und like to steal two feet of my sidewalk. Py golly, but you vhas a bold villain, and I haf to trim you oop a bit!"

He knocks me der same ash before, und mit enery blow he calls me liars und thieves and bad names. I yells out, und der peoples comes in, but dot

pollicemans shepaks oop shently und says:

"If dot cobbler don't take a vacation, he vhas a dead mans. He works too hard, und dot smell of leather vhas always in his nose."

It takes me one week to get dot black und blue avhay, but I don't gif oop. I rub myself mit arnica und go to work, and I haf six jobs on hand when dot officer comes in again. I don't look at him, and he yells out:

"Surrender to me or you vhas a dead mans in two seconds!"

"How you means?" I says.

"I mean dot you vhas some counterfeits und dot I lay for you und catch you. Ah, old villain, don't you belief I vhas spring chickens? Gif me oop dose dies and molds."

"But I don't haf any."

"Don't call me a liar. Do you suppose I don't know all about her? If you don't get seven years by Sing Sing, I shall eat my hat. Haf you got a quarter handy?"

"Not today."

"Whill you send out for some beer?"

"I vhas too busy."

"Yes, I see. You vhas so busy dot you don't know who I vhas. Maybe you take me for Uncle Josh from der country. It vhas my pleasure to introduce myself."

Und it vhas shust like before, und I belief I vhas a dead mans in my shop. I can't holler, but my wife goes py der door und screams, und when ten peeples rush in dot policemen wipes a tear from his eye and says:

"You see how it vhas. He don't stop to eat or sleep, und der heart disease comes along und knocks him off his bench. Poor fellow! Be werry careful mit him. If he vhas to die, der world would sadly miss him." M. QUAD.

A Considerate Father-in-law.

"Yes," said Mr. Curran, "I have given my daughters every advantage."

"I suppose they are very highly cultured."

"I should say so."

"And they will be liberally dowered?"

"Yes, sir. When I think of the way a man who marries one of those girls will be criticised in his grammar and department, it strikes me that he ought to be dealt with in a most generous spirit."—Washington Star.

The Ruling Passion.

"Two or de broth'rin got mad wid one n'er en 'lowed dey'd fight a duel dez lak white folks. Now, you know, white folks allus fights dat a way wid pistols."

"Dey sho' does."

"Well, sub, I tromped five mile ter see de fun, but what you reckon dey wuz fightin' wid w'en I got dar?"

"Lawd knows!"

"Nuttin' but homemade razors!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Appropriate.

It was very near the pole.

"Times are dull," said the first explorer. "Let us have a game of cards."

"Is there any suitable game for these frozen lands?" asked the second explorer.

"Ah, yes; a 'freeze out' in a game of poker."

Thus we see that even explorers are slaves of circumstances. —Chicago News.

Discovery.



Parrot—I've often wondered why monkeys had such long tails!—Chicago News.

Man's Way.

It's funny; a man arrives at the depot and, with a lot of people looking on, kisses his third cousin or his wife's brother's sister or other distant kin he has never seen before—when he does not want to kiss and who do not care to kiss him. But if he knows a woman he likes to kiss he is compelled to do it when no one is looking. —Acheson Globe.

Mr. Judd Granger's Quinquary.

I dunno why, but my wife she gets upset now and then with foolish notions as to gifts possessed by other men.

At first it was the doctor; she thought he had 'em all;

She praised him 'cause his brow was broad and 'cause his feet were small.

And then she took the preacher up, and, for as I could see,

Wan't neither of the two that looked a single bit like me.

Next time she got kerkunnised was when that little Brown,

The soft voiced music teacher, come drivin' down from town

On Wednesday and on Friday to teach the girls to play;

To hammer the piano and screech like sin all day; She said he was just splendid and sweet as he could be.

But there wan't a look about him that reminded folks of me.

I'm fifty-one; she's thirty, and blame good lookin', too;

I 'spose the foolish things she does most all the women do;

There's always some new fellow she thinks is great and grand;

The 'chubby boy' at present is the chap that leads the band,

And on alling out of groups me, I can't, some how, just see

Why all these chaps that claim to 'doit look a bit like me.

FOOTBALL AND EDUCATION.

The wild young man of Eorno has come back to college.

He isn't keen on culture; he isn't stuck on knowledge. Book "ologies" and "isms" are built, he knows, to cramp 'em.

So elects the football course and takes it on the campus.

He isn't long on intellect; he's rather short in classes.

But he's a perfect wonder on tackles, kicks and passes.

For Green roots in misty toms he doesn't go blunting.

But you'd forgive his ignorance if you ever saw his punting.

He doesn't like professors, mere bookworms and cockroaches;

He has a special trainer and gets his lore from coaches;

He takes that coach's word for law and even heeds conjectures.

And when the coach yells, "Hold the ball!" it's just as good as lectures.

His cap and gown are on the wall, his books beneath the table;

To serve football and learning the wild man isn't able.

Shin pads, nose guards, spiked shoes and such like gearing.

These are his academicals, in aspect far from cheering.

With him the pallid cast of thought is not the proper fashion;

Black eyes and broken noses and hair a la Ciceronian.

A Fiji, a chrysantheum, a bogey man, a savage, and the earth looks on and trembles when he begins to ravage.

For midnight oil he has, we fear, most ignominious uses—

A balm for kicks and cuffs and knocks, a liniment for bruises;

He knows a thing or two about reducing a luxation.

But that's about the limit of his higher education.

His college course is innocent of matters too scholastic;

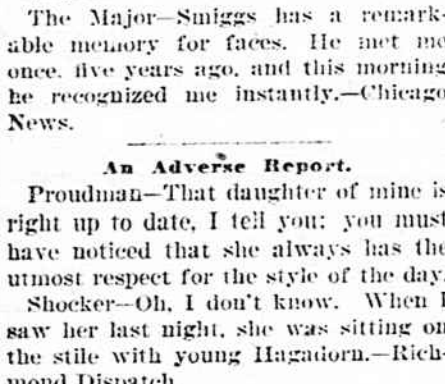
He gets some wholesome exercise, not mental, but gymnastic.

He isn't much on reading, and he's not too spry at thinking.

But he learns to take a lot of bumps without as much as blinking.

—Detroit Journal.

Remarkable.



The Major—Smiggs has a remarkable memory for faces. He met me once, five years ago, and this morning he recognized me instantly.—Chicago News.

An Adverse Report.

Proudman—That daughter of mine is right up to date, I tell you; you must have noticed that she always has the utmost respect for the style of the day.

Shoeker—Oh, I don't know. When I saw her last night, she was sitting on the stile with young Hagadorn.—Richmond Dispatch.

Truly Unusual.

"How did you like that play of rural life?"

"It's a fraud," answered Mr. Cognotsel. "'Tain't true to nature. I understand all them farm folks on the stage stays up till 11 or 12 o'clock every night of their lives!"—Washington Star.

A Pinch of Pepper.

Old Closby—H-m! Now that I have finished eating I think I shall go out and get weighed.

Waiter—I wouldn't advise it, sir.

Old Closby—You wouldn't? Why not?

Waiter—Because, sir, you might have to tip the scales.—Chicago News.

Jimmie's Query.

"All of you who never told a lie raise your hands," asked the teacher of her small pupils.

"Please, ma'am," piped little Jimmie.

"Is it a lie if nobody finds it out?"—Ohio State Journal.

Couldn't Scare Him.

"Hiram," she said sweetly, "the doctors are writin' again 'bout there bein' germs in a kiss."

"All right, Molly; please gimme six germs right now!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Just Fishin'.

"Are you fishing for pleasure, sonny?"

"Naw, I'm a-fishin' ter see if dere's any fish in dis pond!"—New York World.

Just So.

"I never heard such a noisy boy. You are a regular rumpus."

"And I suppose, paw, if you raise me you'll be raising a rumpus."—Chicago News.

A Big Sale.

"I don't see anything here that I want. Not you might let me have a spool of No. 30 thread."—New York Journal.

Advertisement for Bee Hive Low Price Store. High grade underwear at low prices. 1554 Main Street, Columbia, S.C. M. Frank, Proprietor.

Advertisement for Charleston Door, Sash and Lumber Co. Doors, sash, blinds, mouldings, mill work and lumber. Write for estimate. We save you money.

Advertisement for To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

Advertisement for Arizona Kicklets. A number of lively items from a lively paper. It will soon be time again for us to buckle on our guns and interview the half dozen shyster lawyers who have brought libel suits against The Kicker during the past six months.

Advertisement for Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble. Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Advertisement for Carolina National Bank, Columbia, S.C. State, city and county depository. Paid up capital \$200,000. Surplus profits \$90,000.

Advertisement for Swamp-Root. Major George Scott and ex-Judge Truesdale fired six shots at each other in front of the postoffice yesterday, and each escaped unhurt. That such

Advertisement for Carolina National Bank. Savings Department. Deposits of \$5.00 and upwards received. Interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. W. A. CLARK, President. WILK JONES, Cashier. December 4—Jy.