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BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,

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i ?- fue paper is stopped at the expiration of lime for which it is paid.

The mark denotes expiration of sal

Miscellaneous.

e is the natural purgative of the bowels, and fif the Liver becomes torpid it is not separated from the blood, but carried through the veins to all parts of the system, and in trying to esape through the pores of the skin, causes it to urn yellow or a dirty brown color. The stom-ich becomes diseased, and Dyspepsia, Indicestion, Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, aundice, Chills, Malarial Fevers, Piles, Sick and Sour Stomach, and general debility follow. MERRELL'S HEPATINE, the great vegetable disovery for torpidity, causes the Liver to threw ff from one to two ounces of bile each time

the blood passes through it, as long as there is an excess of bile; and the effect of even a fev. doses upon yellow complexion or a brown dirty looking skin, will astonish all who try it—they being the first symptoms to disappear. The cure of all bilious diseases and Liver complaint is made certain by taking HEPATINE in accordance with directions. Headache is generally cured in twenty minutes, and no disease that arises from the Liver can exist if a fair trial is given. SOLD AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR PILLS BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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means have failed. Also, Colds, Cough,
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Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1879.

No. 18.

INTRODUCED, 1865.

SICK-HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS,

DYSENTERY, BILIOUS FEVER, AGUE AND FEVER, JAUNDICE, PILES, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY COM-PLAINT, COLIC, ETC. SYMPTOMS OF A

Loss of Appetite and Nausea, the bowels are costive, but sometimes alternate with looseness, Pain in the Head, accompanied with a Dull sensation in the back part, Pain in the right side and under the shoulderblade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, General weariness; Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness at night

SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects

with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED

such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

free from any properties that can injure the most delicate organization. They Search, Cleanse, Purify, and Invigorate the entire System. By relieving the en-gorged Liver, they cleanse the blood from poisonous humors, and thus impart health and vitality to the body, causing the bowels to act naturally, without

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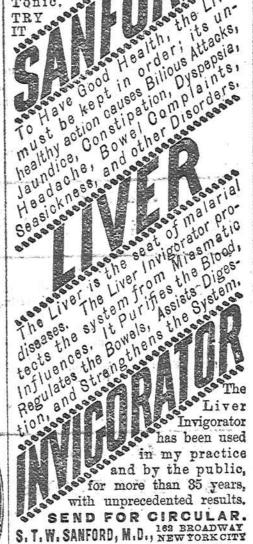
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Cathartic and



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Everything bought with taste and discretion. N. Y. Correspondent of HERALD connected with this Agency. Send for circular with prices. Best city references. MRS. ELLEN LAMAR, 877 Broadway, New York.

Passengers on both the up and down

rains have the usual time for DINNER at Alston, the junction of the G. & C. R. R., and the S. U. & C. R. R. Fare well prepared, and the charge rea-enable. MRS. M. A. ELKINS. Doetry.

51 E. 5. 32.

My hands have often been weary hands, Too tired to do their daily task; And just to fold them for evermore Has seemed the boon that was best to ask.

My feet have often been weary feet, Too tired to walk another day; And I've thought, "to sit and calmly wait Is better far than the onward way."

My eyes with tears have been so dim That I have said; "I cannot mark The work I do or the way I take, For everywhere it is dark-so dark."

But oh, thank God! There never has come That hour that makes the bravest quail; No matter how weary my feet and hands, God never has suffered my heart to fail. So the folded hands take up their work,

And the weary feet pursue their way; And all is clear when the good heart cries, "Be brave!-to-morrow's another day."

Selected Story.

ART AND HEART.

Every capital is delirious with merriment, Paris surpassing them all in reckless revelry, and the "students' quarter" of that gay city far beyond other wards in uproarious festivities. Every student has a capital time, and among the thousands of these merry hearted young men who enjoyed the carnival of 1847, no one quaffed more intoxicating draughts of joy than Eliezar de Blivels.

Nor was there in the whole "Latn quarter" a finer fellow or one more generally known and leved. He was tall and well made, with a high forehead, large black eyes, and a gallant bearing. Gifted with a powerful intellect, his mind embraced poetry, music and painting-magnificent trinity of artand in each he excelled, devoting himself especially to his easel as a career. His parents were Creole Louisianians, residing on a fine plantation, and Eliezar, well supplied with funds, passed his time at Paris in dreamy ease, occupying his thoughts but little with the present, and never thinking of the future. He wrote poetry composed music, painted land scape. And at dance or revel, foremost among the gay-hearted

throng was the Louisianian. All at once, however, "a change came over the spirit of his dream. He neglected his palette and his pen-his piano remained mute. A dark shadow appeared to cloud his existence, which had been clear as a limpid lake. Eliezar was sad and melancholy, and his pallid figure announced mental rather than physical suffering. 'He was in love," says some fair reader. Not at all, my bright

eyed friend-he had been in love. He had loved, with all his heart and with all his soul, a young girl named Julia. That is a short sentence which contains many a long story, and all that I will add to it is, that Julia-of a good family, intellectual and beautiful-still loved Eliezar with all her heart

and with all her soul. Why had the affections of the young man become changed? Why did tears rest in Julia's beautiful blue eyes? Why did the bond between these two young hearts seem about to break? Alas, it was the usual reason. Julia's parents were not wealthy, and had a large family. Eliezar was introduced to a rich widow. From that day he became morose, and Julia soon saw that she no longer had possession of his heart. What a change! "Quantum mutatus ab illo," said two of his student friends who were versed in Latin, and as for Julia, she made up her mind that life had no charms for her, and that death would be wel-

come. One evening Eliezar (who was going to a masked ball at midnight) called-provoked a discussion-lost his temper-and pronounced the fatal word of rupture.

"It is useless," said Julia; "you have sought this opportunity for several days and have had shown me that you love me no longer. You have made me unhappy, but mark me-you will be more unhappy yourself."

Julia stood motionless, unable to the door. worth possessing.

Free! Free! And able to profit by his liberty to address a countess, rich, young, and a widow. A countess, who loved him, not because he was rich also, but because he possessed talent! Surely Eliezar was fortunate, and soon his marriage with the fascinating widow was the theme of Parisian gossip-the very day was set. But, to the astonishment of all, the countess did not marry Eliezar. and did marry the Marquis de Torry. It created quite a sensa-

Poor Eliezar! His star of fortune began to descend the horizon, and then he learned with regret and reproach that Julia had committed snicide. Only eighteen-

so fair, so gifted; poor girl. While Eliezar was suffering under the effect of this blow, he received the sad news that the Misissippi had burst its banks and inundated his father's plantation. Both his parents had lost their lives, and their property had been swept away. He was an orphan -a beggar.

This calamity diverted the thoughts of Eliezar from the marchioness, and set him thinking how he should henceforth live. "To be or not to be," as has been remarked several thousand times each year since it was penned, and in this case the word "starved" was added. "No!" replied Eliezar to his own question. "I. will gain money."

This is an easy resolution, but one difficult to carry into execution. Eliezar was young-a poet, a painter and a musician. But the supply of verses is ever above the demand-pictures do not find sale, unless they are flattered porraits-and there are too many old composers whose works can be pilfered, for young ones to have any chance of success. Poor Eliezar! There he sat, hour after hour, his head resting on his hands, his eyes fixed, and the pallor of melancholy vailing his countenance. At last, an idea struck him. Why could he not sing in

As luck would have it the man ager of the Toulouse opera house was then in Paris, searching for a tenor singer. Eliezar was presented to him-sang a few airsand in an hour's time signed an engagement which guaranteed him a handsome income. Two days more, and he was at the scone of his anticipated triumph, where he immediately began to study and rehearse. Possessing a fine voice and a good knowledge of music he made rapid progress, and was soon announced in the papers as a vocal prodigy who would eclipse the famous Duprez himself. At last the evening came for his debut. The house was packed from pit to dome, brilliant toilettes gracing the aristocratic boxes; while the students crowded the pit. Many fair hands carried bouquets, and it was evident that the debutant would meet with a flattering re-

Up rose the curtain, and Eliezar appeared. Loud applause greeted him, and he advanced with easy confidence to the front of the stage; but not a sound escaped his lips. In vain did the leader of the orchestra, with violin bow upraised, wait the first note of his voice, that he might accompany him. Not a sound was heard; and the public, at first curious, soon grew impatient. Hisses, groans and other signs of dissat- to his feet. isfaction rang through the house; and at last the curtain fell. Managers, actors and machinists flocked around the debutant, and demanded the cause of his extraordinary silence.

cries was heard the question: young, rich, a happy child, and mention. One retort frequently his own.

"Perhaps," replied Eliezar, in a 'Is he dumb?" No! The man- not deaf or wounded. Then as he used was: "A good listener is to sarcastic tone. "But as I wish to ager came before the curtain and recalled his imaginary misery, he be preferred to a poor talker." get a nap before going to the ball, announced that he had lost his thought of Julia-he remembered Another was: "I want to prove will bid you good evening. hearing. Whereupon the public her suicide and hastened to her that a man can be happy and hold retired, receiving their money at | house.

it appeared like the stone of a de Blivels was deaf. All his intense suffering. But the sight man once asked Inman whether sepulchre, shutting out from life dreams of vocal fame had vanished, of Eliezar-his repentant air- he didn't think the Lord gave him all that was near, and dear and and refusing a collection which and his protestations of repent his tongue to be used. The penthe actors had made for him, he ance and of affection-soon re-ciled reply wes: "The Lord gave * set out on foot for the capital, al- stored her. The cure was more me a mind that tells me when to most hoping that some accident speedy than could have been ef- use my tongue." had but a pittance left, and Paris. his misfortune was a barrier to | Eliezar soon married Julia, and cuse and Rochester, the vehicle all employments. One after- returning to America, they now was halted in front of a small down before a village ale house parents, enjoying all they desire, sleeping on the porch. Inman, and began to sing. The peasants and often calling to mind the car- looking out, saw a large black gathered around him, and some nival of 1847. threw coppers into his hat. Eliezar de Blivels the great artist, who had squandered so much gold, picked up the coppers and pock eted them with thanks.

Thus he made his way to Paris, singing in the evenings at the little hamlets where he halted, and receiving the pitiful alms which the public pity accords to wandering minstrels. Once within sight of the capital, however, he took courage. Paris is the city of catastrophes and of good fortunes -of revolutions, happy or unhap--and it is there that one ma be seen rolling along in an elegant carriage, who that evening before had not a whole pair of boots to walk in, or vice versa. On entering the gates of the metropolis, the wandering vocalist took heart, and he hoped he might become a bookkeeper to an apothecary or measurer to a wood merchant.

Passing down Odeon square, he saw a large man, dressed in black, who was about to write upon the wail with a morsel of chaik. Watching the unknown, he saw him write-and with increasing astonishment as each successive letter was formed: "Eliezar de Blivels is heartless."

Uttering a cry of rage, be rushed forward and seized the writer quickly by the shoulders. The unknown turned fiercely around, shook off his grasp, and retreating to the wall, used his cane to ward off any further attack. Then with an air of derision, he pulled out a card, and offered it with his left hand. Eliezar accepted it. and the unknown vanished.

The artist, left alone before the inscription, endeavored to efface it, but in vain. The more he rubbed, the more distinct the white letters stood out upon the wall, and soon a crowd collected around him. Some recognized him, and began to shout in derisive tones: "Eliezar de Blivels is heartless." He was forced at last to desist, and to escape from his

At sunrise the next day two men stood face to face, in the wood of Vincennes, near Paris. Each one was armed with two pistols, and there were no seconds. Vainly had Eliezar sought to obtain an explanation-the unknown remained as glacial and mute as

The duelists placed themselves forty paces apart, and at the word given by Eliezar, they were to turn, advance toward each other, and fire. One-two-three! Elie zar fired first, but only the percussion cap of his pistol exploded. At the same instant a ball shattered his right arm, and his pistol fell to his feet.

hear, in tones which echoed through his heart; "You have made me unhappy, but mark me -you will be more unhappy your-

A second ball pierced Eliezar's

Nine o'clock in the morning struck. The second pistol shot corcluded his dream and he sprang

the emotions of the young man as he carried his hand to his heart, and then shook his right arm, to see if he was wounded. But he was unscratched. He had slept the questions of acquaintances cu-The audience was indignant, all night, and had dreamed. It rious to know why he preferred and among a volley of hoots and was morning, and he had awoke silence to speech are worthy of people's passions, cannot govern per cent. interest.

Alas, it was too true. Eliezar fever, and had passed a night of enough to say out load. A clergyweuld deprive him of life. He fected by all the physicians in In 1842, while traveling with

noon, after a long walk, he sat pass a happy existence with their country tavern. A child was

Miscellaneous.

Remarkable Career of a Man Who "Swore Off" Talking for Seventy Years.

ASAEL INMAN'S SILENT LIFE.

Recording the death of Asaul P. Inman, whose funeral took place two miles east of Utica, N. Y., a correspondent says: Inman was a highly eccentric character. Seventy years ago he built a log cabin on one of the hills that slope to the Mohawk river. He was then sixteen years of age, had a wife and \$30. Sometime during the first year of his wedded life Inman informed his wife that he intended to preserve silence for the remainder of his days. This conclusion was the result of an exciting dialogue which Inman overheard between his father and a near relative. Expressing a belief that more harm than good is wrought by speech, he announced his determination place a permanent padlock on his lips. This was in 1810.

The following year his first child was born. When that inmiles in the night to Fort Herki- sown broadcast in many streets. carried slate and pencil, wrote a for planting. statement of the situation, and returning with the medicine man, or shed. They require dry soil. received the announcement of his | An application of grease will prepaternal responsibilities in silence. The following year-in 1812when the yeomen of Central and Northern New York were summoned to the defense of Sackett's Harbor, Inman reported for duty at a post near Adams, Jefferson county, riding alone nearly 100 miles through the forests to the fresh-dug garden beds, should be recruiting station. Producing his shoo'd off. slate he wrote: "I come to fight

-not to talk." Some years ago Inman had occasion to visit Buffalo, and as a suit in law was in prospective he went prepared for a siege. Entering one of the leading hotels in Buffalo, the old gentleman wrote: Best room. No meals. I burn wood. Thought you might not have enough, so I brought some along." The big trunk, packed with wood, was taken up to his eccentric warm and cook his simple meals during his sojourn in Buffalo. Kerosene oil was a pet aversion. His theory was that them by the can. the glare strained the eyes, while the oil left an unhealthy taint in the atmosphere. He was never known to sit by a coal fire, and always avoided gas, and his son, from whom I gather these details, shot-gun or watch-dog. assures me that rather than sit in a car heated by a coal fire, the of mortar. old gentleman preferred to ride twenty-six miles on the platform on a bitter cold day in winter.

says that no woman ever had a especially in Wall street. Its culbetween the couple were always pleasant, and Mrs. Inman has refrequently mutter in his sleep.

Some of his written replies to

his tongue." Another: "I am try-The young girl had a violent ing to think of something good

his wife in a stage between Syra-

snake crawl to the side of the infant. Grasping his wife's arm, he shouted: "See!" and, pointing to the snake, sprang from the stage, pursued the reptile some distance, and finally killed it.

He leaves a carefully written record of his life during some sixty years of his silence. Portions of these diaries are quite interesting, but as a rule he enlarges upon the frivolous thoughts. He seems to race. Here are some of his hiusult on me!" "axioms:" "Most lives are productive of empty noise," "As one million is to one, so is sense to sound," "He who talks most feels least." "The fool talks while the wise man thinks." Inman leaves a snug fortune, which his son inherits. His last written message was: "Silence is golden." His oft-penciled admonition to his son was: "Keep your mouth

HINTS FOR SPRING GAR-DENING.

The street commissioners earn estly desire that old boots, hats, teresting event was approaching | crockery, tin cans, ashes, dead cats near climax Inman rode seven and potato parings should be mer in quest of a physician. He which are now in splendid order

Plant stoves in the garret, cellar

Clothes pegs should be planted Monday mornings on lines about eight feet from the ground. The T-weed, formerly abundant

about the City Hall, is now very Cats, rakishly inclined about

This is the time for raising spring ulsters. It is not always such an easy matter.

The best variety of egg plant is The best oyster plants are found

Now sew buttons promptly on his pantaloons and shirts. The kerosene is a bright, pretty

t Saddle Rock.

flower, and it's little trouble to raise it and many things with it. Early cabbages should be plantroom, and it sufficed to keep the ed in pots full of boiling water about four o'clock in the morning. The cheapest way to raise

> Plant mouse-traps in the pantry. Apply a top-dressing of

> green peas in the city is to buy

Tramps are easiest "received" by a heroic application of club, Bricks should be sown in beds

Plough deep while blackguards sleep.

Much attention this spring is His wife, who survives him, being devoted to raising the wind, kinder husband. The relations tivation requires great skill and

A pretty horticultural nocturnal marked to her neighbors: "If display may be made as follows: Asael talked as much as I do, the Take a pumpkin, scoop the inside Lord knows what might happen." out and make pies of it. Then Mrs. Inman is eighty-eight years take the empty shell, cut the I will not attempt to describe old, and vigorous. She states semblance of human eyes, nose that during the first few years of and mouth in it and put a lighted her husband's silence he would candle inside. Set it out each night in the garden.

[New York Graphic.

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JOB PRINTING DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

TERMS CASH.

PROPERTY RIGHTS.

It was a servant girl who vaited in the ante-room to see Bijah. Her name appeared to be Mary Jane. She sat down with a sort of a bounce, and opened the conversation by saying:

"I'm going to leave my place,

"And live on the interest of your money, I suppose?" he

"I suppose I haven't got a dollar to my name, sir, but I can't stand the conduct of the missus." "Does she put on airs and act as if she owned the whole out-

"She has a right to her airs, I suppose, but has she a right to say that my beau shan't come to the house? Has she a right to come into the kitchen and turn him right out doors?"

"Has that happened?" "It has, sir. A week ago she

told me that my William must never come again, and last night, just as he had hung up his overcoat and got his feet in the warm absurdity of giving utterance to oven, the missus entered and turned him square out-doors, and have regarded speech as a sacred she said she'd send me after him gift, to be indulged in only when if I said one word! Think of the it promised benefit to the human | hinsu!t on William! Think of the "I will," calmly replied the old

man, as he carefully scratched his leg with the stove poker.

"And you'll advise me to leave at once, and you'll he!; me get a good place?"

"Mary Jane," he observed as he replaced the poker, "you don't seem to understand. Your employer was simply maintaining her property rights when she ordered your William to cool his heels on the outside of the house. While he may be your lover, he was still a trespasser. While he may have entertained for you the most intense affection, he had no right in law to push his feet into the oven of a private stove. The lady was simply defending her

property rights." "And must my William be turned out doors?" she plaintively

"He must. Such is law. But if you desire to meet William at the gate the law makes you a pedestrian and gives you rights and privileges which the whole family in the house is bound to

"But it's too cold to stand at

the gate," she protested. "But your employer is not responsible for the weather, Mary Jane. If you feel that you must meet William once a week why not suggest to him to buy a cord of wood and build a bonfire on some vacant lot? Indeed, I own a lot on Twenty-fourth street, which you can have without charge. You can sit the on a bench with an umbrella over you toes to the fire, and defy all the

laws in the land." "I'll never do it, sir!"

"You won't?" "Never, sir! I would never sit in a vacant lot before a bonfire in winter if I have to die an old

"Well, then, take two old stove covers, heat them up, and each of you can stand on one as you discourse over the gate. It you keep the feet warm in cold weather you'll never get a chill. I have two old covers here which I'll lend you."

"I'll never take 'em, sir! I'll never stand on no stove cover to

spark my future husband!" "And I don't suppose he'd hire

"He wouldn't, sir-he'd see you blessed first!"

"You might go down on the ferry boat."

"We never will, sir." "Well, then, obdurate Mary Jane, I can't help you any, and it doesn't seem to me that you really love your William. Good-day, rash girl."

"And good-day to you, sir!" she replied as she bounced out and upset a boot-black who was waiting to hire five cents of He that cannot bear with other | Bijah till after New Year's at ten

Detroit Free Press.