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door to M. Foot where I have a variety
of Cash.

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Flour, Meal, Bacon, Sugar, Coffee,
Green and Black Tea, Raisins, Rice,
Lard, Mackerel, Herrings, Cheese, Ten-
nessee Butter, Eggs, Apples, Oranges,
White Wine and Cider Vinegar cheap.
I also have a large stock of Can goods,
The Spoon in Can Baking Powder,
Soap, Starch, Candles, Cigars, Chew-
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to keep the best goods that I can get
and will always study the interests of
my patrons and give them full weight
and measure and sell cheap and only
for Cash.

Mr. A. D. Lovelace is with me and
will be happy to see his friends and
the public generally.

B. H. Lovelace.

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Presidents of the U. S. The
largest, handsomest best
book ever sold for less than
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Shows how nations have been made or de-
stroyed in a day—How Fame or Disaster
has turned on a single contest. A Grand
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ITCHING PILLS—Symptoms and Cure.
The systems are moisture, like perspira-
tion, intense itching, increased by scratch-
ing, very distressing, particularly at night;
seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and
out of the rectum. If allowed to continue
very serious results may follow. SWAIN'S
ITCHING PILLS is a pleasant, sure cure. It
is sold by all druggists. Price, 25 cents. For
the trouble of writing us. Full particu-
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The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. XX.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1884.

No. 27.

Poetry.

Tell the children to cut out and save the comic
silhouette pictures as they appear from time to
time. They will be pleased with the collection.



This space is owned by
BLACKWELL'S BULL.

NO, THANK YOU, TOM.

They met when they were girl and boy
Going to school one day.
And "Won't you take my peg-top,
dear?"
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pincushion.
Close to his side she came.
She whispered, "No! no, thank you,
Tom."
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years,
Have brought them care and joy;
She has the little peg-top still,
He gave her when a boy.
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife,"
said he,
"I've never brought you fame."
She whispered, "No! no, thank you,
Tom."
You've loved me all the same!

Selected Story.

A HOT CHASE.

BY AN EX-ENGINEER.

A locomotive engineer and a civil
engineer are two very different
persons, for one has charge of a
locomotive engine, and the other
has charge of, and controls, a variety
of instruments. First is the trans-
it, then the level, the leveling-rod,
the flag, chains, axes and stakes,
all in charge of competent men.
An engineering party, to do good
work quickly, should consist of at
least ten persons.

The chief of the party usually
goes ahead and picks out the route
the others are to follow, and often
takes a flag-pole along with him
Sticking this into the ground, he
waves his hand for the others to
"come ahead," and the transman
sets his instrument in that direction
and causes the vertical cross-hair in
the telescope to cut the pole, opti-
cally, in two.

But I am afraid some readers
may not know what cross-hairs are.
Most of you know the principle of
a telescope; an object-glass collects
a large number of rays of light and
concentrates them, and a lens, or
a series of lenses, magnifies them.
That is the simple principle, and in
a transit, or level, just where the
object-glass forms the image and
eye-piece magnifies it, there are two
cylinders, so fine that the unaided
eye can hardly see them, stretched
across a round brass ring, at right
angles with each other, one per-
fectly vertical and one horizontal.
The point where they cross each
other is the exact center of the lens.

These are the cross-hairs, and
they are on the optical axis of the
instrument. With their aid a
straight line can be prolonged any
distance, or in a level, the difference
in elevation, between two points
can be determined to the thousandth
part of a foot, provided the opera-
tor and instrument be in good order
and if the rodman, who holds a
jointed pole graduated to one one-
thousandth of a foot, understands
his business.

To explain the working of an en-
gineering party would be tedious
and uninteresting to many, and as
that has nothing to do with my
story, I will not do so.

Instead of that, imagine me and
my rodman running a line of levels
from a stream of water to a new
railroad, to see whether there was
elevation enough to force it into
the tank, and the rest of the "par-
ty" miles away, busy at something
That was the very thing I was do-
ing one day on the Northern Pacific
Railroad (it was not that rail-
road, but it is a handy one to use
on this occasion).

The stream of water was two
miles away from the track, and that
morning we had ridden from our
boarding place, ten miles east, on
a little hand-car. The grade there
was a descending one, westward,
for a long distance, and all we had
to do, when going in that direction
was to sit still and fly along over
for Cash.

Mr. A. D. Lovelace is with me and
will be happy to see his friends and
the public generally.

B. H. Lovelace.

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Presidents of the U. S. The
largest, handsomest best
book ever sold for less than
twice our price. The fastest selling book
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return with them, on the flat car

that evening.
But I was hungry and ate a great
deal, and then began to feel strange-
ly drowsy. The last thing I remem-
ber before I fell asleep, was George
standing by the level in the hot sun
and looking through it at the hills
east of us.

I cannot say how long I dozed,
for I was startled so suddenly as to
"jog" my memory to an alarming
extent.

"Indians! I hear some one cry,
and I began to rub my eyes sleepi-
ly."

But I did not rub them long, for
I saw George throwing the truck on
the track, in a state of the great ex-
citement. I was at his side in an
instant, and a quick glance around
showed me the true state of things.
Eastward, about a mile distant,
were five mounted Indians, riding to-
wards us at full speed. As the
camp had several times been raid-
ed during the men's absence, I had
no doubt that they were hostile. I
was not excited as George was,
however, for I put my level and
leveling-rod and two spruce ties on
the car before I shoved off.

The rails were new and rough,
and the hand-car was not worn
much yet, but as I jumped on, I
felt it gaining speed down the
straight track, and I arranged the
two ties in the form of a barricade.
Then I looked back.

The five Indians evidently meant
business, for they were coming as
fast as they could toward us, and
were gaining upon us; and when I
heard George moaning as he crouched
behind the ties, I did not feel
very cheerful or hopeful. I reached
for my revolver in my hip-pocket,
and examined its charges as coolly
as I could. There were seven large
sized cartridges in it, and the zip
of a bullet by my ears at that mo-
ment showed me that I might have
to use them. I also crouched be-
hind the ties after this warning,
and looking cautiously over the
top at our pursuers.

They gained nearly half the dis-
tance during the first five minutes,
but the increasing quickness of the
click of the wheels at the joints of
the rails gave me a little hope
as I watched them. As to
George, he was so terrified as to
be unconscious; but a long life of
engineering upon the plains had
hardened me a little; neither was
this my first adventure.

The sun poured down on us, and
but for our motion, it would have
prostrated us; the wind was blowing
the same way that we were going,
but we were moving faster than it,
and this gave us a faint breath of
air. I took off my light coat and
formed a shade over George, who
was helpless, and looked ahead.

Far away, through the moving
waves of heat, I could see the
smoke rising lazily from the engine,
and the two rails stretching in a
long perspective, until they were
lost where the grass seemed dyed
brown; but the steady click click
click of the wheels reminded me
that it was a long way off, and I
fastened my eyes on the Indians.

They were spreading out. One
of them, on my right, had left the
main body behind, and was circling
around to get a head of us. Then
I thought how lucky it was there
were no curves to give them an ad-
vantage.

When I had first sighted them
they were making a great many ex-
travagant motions; but now they
were ready for action, and I could
see the foam on the dark beasts of
their ponies as they leaped well
forward. But in proportion as their
steeds tired, our steed gathered new
energies, and the two thousand
feet that separated us did not ap-
pear to lessen very rapidly. Whether
they wanted to adorn their belts
with our scalps, or wanted to hold
us for a ransom, was another ques-
tion, for they had fired but once,
and doubtless as a "long tom," fired
on a ship, retards, in a slight de-
gree its motions so their rides, fired at
us, would check them. They did
not fire, anywhere, but their reasons
for doing so can only be guessed at.

So far I could judge, only one of
them was gaining on us, and I
grasped the handle of my revolver
as I saw that he was lessening the
distance between us. He was cov-
ered behind his horse, excepting his
right leg and foot, but I did not
see fit to waste a shot yet; there
was no knowing what might happen
I thought. Besides, my revolver
would not carry accurately that dis-
tance, and every ball might be re-
quired.

I ventured to look ahead a mo-
ment, and saw that the smoke was
nearer and that the outlines of the
engine and a few cars were distinct
against the blue sky beyond; and
then another thought flashed across
my mind. We were going down a
grade of thirty-five feet to the mile,
hardly fast enough, I reasoned, to
move the stiff truck along over the
scaly surface of the rails.

I could even see the change of
grade, nearly a mile ahead, and I
deplored (and only a mind in danger
knows how to hope) that the sun
would beat down more unmercifully
and overcome those tough po-

nies.

I was helpless; the truck was
running as fast as the laws of gravi-
tation and friction would let it,
and I did not doubt but that the
Indians were urging their ponies to
the utmost. Any word or action,
of mine, however, would not in-
crease our speed, and as near as I
could judge, we were going at the
rate of fifteen miles an hour.

This may seem extravagant, but
I think it is not so. I am sure the
truck did its best. Perhaps the In-
dians saw that they were not gain-
ing much, for I heard another bul-
let whizz over our barricade, and
cautiously lowered my ears. The
report was lost to my ears, full of
the click-click-click.

Then I determined to shoot. The
nearest pony was but little over a
thousand feet away, and the change
of grade was not much more than
that ahead. I took a careful aim,
holding the sights so they centered
two feet above the pony's head, and
fired.

I heard them yell at this aggres-
sion, but the bullet, instead of hit-
ting the forward pony, carried
strong, I think, over his head, and
struck one of the rear riders. One
of them fell back anyway, and I
deliberately cocked the revolver
again.

This time I did not aim so high.
I could feel my heart beating rapidly
when I thought how much might
depend on my accuracy. The ten-
foot grade was not far away, I
knew, and I fired. I heard a sav-
age yell, but my shot did not take
effect except as it roused their an-
ger, and I heard several bullets
slug, slug, into the spruce ties.

The truck still keeps up its speed,
and a hasty look over my shoulder
—I was lying flat, behind the ties—
enabled me to judge how far away
from safety we were. We had cov-
ered about half the distance, and I
distinctly saw the end of the thirty
foot grade.

The Indians evidently saw that
we were nearing the construction
train too, for they lashed their
ponies furiously.

I determined upon another shot.
The nearest Indian had gained a
little in the last few minutes. I
aimed at the pony's foretop and
fired. That shot determined the
day. I saw the pony stumble a
few steps, and fall, throwing his
rider over his head. The remaining
three, with a savage yell, fired a
parting volley, and drew rein.

And just at that moment the truck
struck the ten foot grade.
I felt its pace slacken instantly,
but, luckily, the Indians did not
know one grade from another, and
in a few minutes more they were a
mile away, cooling their brother
who would "walk to their
camp."

Seeing that I was safe, I took a
look at George. He was not total-
ly unconscious, but looked at me
with an expression of terror. It
took me some time to assure him
of his safety, but I finally did, and
we joined the track-layers with
thankful hearts. The engineer,
when he heard my story, uncoupled
the engine from the train and gave
chase; the Indians were too wise,
however, to follow the track, and
we saw them disappearing far to
the south.—Youth's Companion.

Miscellaneous.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

"Standing on the summit of Di-
ana's Peak the Island of St. Hele-
na looks like a great mat spread
out upon the ocean, with an orchard
and a little green patch in the center."
The speaker was Mr. J. A. McKnight, the United
States Consul to St. Helena, who is now in Washington on leave
of absence.

"Is the land fertile?" inquired the
"Post."
"In some places it is, but even
these are not cultivated. The peo-
ple are indolent, and can live on
fish and rice all the year. The
whites on the island are English
and the rest of the population, in-
cluding Malays, Chinese, negroes
and East Indian coolies. The is-
land is plainly of volcanic origin,
and every indication goes to show
that one half of the extinct volcano
is sunk on the ocean."

"Of course, Napoleon's tomb is
the main feature of the island?"
"Yes, but it has comparatively
few visitors. The English Steam-
ers only stop at the island about two
hours, and the tomb is two hours'
ride distant, so that passengers who
might wish to see the tomb cannot
leave the vessel. Two or three
times a year there is a sort of pil-
grimage to the tomb. This is
when the French transports, return-
ing from New Caledonia to France,
stop at the island. They are old
style ships known as three deckers,
and carrying from 800 to 1,000 peo-
ple. Their passengers include
prisoners of war, returned convicts,
officers, etc., but all go to Napo-
leon's tomb. The latter is kept in
splendid condition by a Lieutenant
stationed there."

"Is not the tomb prettily situat-
ed?"
"Not at all, Longwood, where
Napoleon spent his captivity, and
where his remains now lie, is
nothing but a desolate plain 1,800
feet above the sea level and ex-
posed to the winds which constantly
sweep over it. It is always envel-
oped in mist, fog, cloud or rain.
The Briars is a prettier and
rather picturesque place in another
part of the island, where Napoleon
wished to stay but this was refused."
"Is the flag of the United States
ever seen in this part of the world?"
"Oh, yes, more so than you would
imagine. There are about twenty
of our vessels lying regularly be-
tween this country and the East
Indies, which stop at St. Helena.
Then there are twenty-five or thirty
American whalers which put in here
for supplies. Last year I had 600
seaman to deal with. The consul-
ar fees collected were sufficient to
pay my salary."

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

Chicago Herald.

"Good by, my son," said a white-
haired old gentleman to a bright
looking young man at the station.
"Your father hates to see you go
because I may not live till you re-
turn. Boy, you are just starting
out on your own hook. You are
going West to seek your fortune.
Now listen to the voice of your old
father, who has seen a great deal of
this old world, and whose fights
with trouble and temptation have
not been few. Listen to me, my
boy, this parting minute. You
want to be successful, not only in
acquiring money, but in building up
your reputation and character.
God knows I want you to be. And
now I want to give you my golden
—yes, my diamond rule. My son,
when I was your age I was not as
good a boy as you are. I was go-
ing to the bad, in fact, but my
precious rule of life saved me. It
came to me, boy from your mother
who gave her life for yours. Hen-
ry, take this motto of mine to your
heart. Believe in it, adhere to it,
live up to it, and you will find re-
ason for loving it, as your father
does. It will make a man of you;
it will be all the religion you will
ever need—it's all I ever had, and
I'm ready to die when my hour
comes. This is it, son; now listen,
because I want to burn it into your
brain so it cannot get out while
life remains in your body. Never,
for any purpose nor on any pre-
text, perform an act which you
would not be willing the whole
world to know all about. It will
unfailingly guide you aright. It
will keep you always on a level
with your best self. Reflect on
this, boy and you see how simple
and yet how perfect it is. Make
it your monitor in little and
great things alike—and there, your
train is starting. Good-by, my son,
and may God bless you!"

A BOTTLE 248 YEARS OLD.

Washington Mo., Observer.

Mr. L. Green, of Newport, called
at this office last Saturday morning
and exhibited to us a four ounce
bottle, the existence of which is
clearly traced back 248 years. It
can not properly be called a square
or round bottle, as the corners
and edges hardly approach either. Evi-
dently the process of blowing glass
at the time it was made was in its
incipiency. The bottom was doubt-
less intended to be flat, but the
corners and edges are not squarely
and smoothly turned, and in the
center of the bottle a dab of mol-
ten glass seems to have been out
to stop up the hole that was left by
reason of the edges failing to come
together and close in the bottom.
The shoulders at the top of the bot-
tle, too, looked as if they were in-
tended to be blown square, but
instead of this they awkwardly dou-
bled in toward the center. The
neck of the bottle is short and
straight, without the usual rim at
the top, and at the bottom of the
neck it spreads out and is appar-
ently molded into the hole left at
the top of the bottle where the glass
laps over from the shoulders. Up
and down the body of the bottle in
a sort of twisting shape are large
but pretty uniform ridges which
appear to be on the outside, but upon
feeling the bottle they are discov-
ered to be but slightly indented on
the outside or running through the
interior of the body of the glass.

This bottle was brought from
Germany in 1636 by John Baker
(the German name would probably
be spelled Becker), who settled in
Philadelphia. When he died the
bottle fell into the hands of his son
Fred Baker, then into the hands of
Fred's son, Karl, and then into the
hands of Karl's daughter, Rachel,
who married Wm. Ramey and set-
tled in St. Louis county in 1880.
Wm. Ramey was an uncle of Mr.
L. Green who secured the bottle,
from his uncle's wife. Mr. Green
has lived in this country for twenty
five years, and still holds out to
certify to what we have here written
and shows us the "documents."

ABOUT TIGHT PANTS.

Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

We have a large stock of advice
for young men constantly on tap,
and we now warn them against
wearing tight pants. Tight pants
of course, are properly managed
but the least carelessness in hand-
ling them is apt to bring ruin and
desolation where joy and peace
should reign. They are apt to
create and breach between the best
of friends, particularly if the coat
is not long enough to cover the
breach. And that reminds us of
Dobyn. He had a habit (it cost
him \$50) of wearing a short pair
of pants so tight he could scarcely
breathe. Last Sunday he went
out to see his best girl and took a
stroll. After walking about for
some time they found a shady spot
and concluded to take a rest. It
was all that Dobyn could do to sit
down, but he finally settled down
on the grass, and as he did so a
sound smote upon his ear that made
him turn pale and tremble with
fear. He looked sick and his eyes
had a far away stare in them that
told of a soul's misery. He wonder-
ed if the fair creature at his side
had heard the noise, and cast a
sidelong glance at her. She evi-
dently had, for her face was flush-
ed and such a look of reproach was
in her eyes that he shuddered and
wanted to say it wasn't him, but
he knew she wouldn't believe it,
and just then he sneezed with a
jerk that nearly took his head off
and that terrible noise was repeated.
The girl got up and started toward
home, and poor Dobyn sat there
the picture of untold agony, until
she was out of sight. Then he got
up and examined the extent of the
catastrophe. The breach must have
been very serious, as he did not
reach home until after dark.

The world owes us all a living,
but like many people in it, it is
very slow pay.

HOW TO REAR CHILDREN.—Treat

them kindly.
Don't preach politeness and pro-
priety to them and violate their laws
yourself. In other words, let the
example you set them be a good
one.

Never quarrel in their presence.
If you want to quarrel wait till
the children are gone to bed. Then
they will not see you, and perhaps
by that time you may not want to
quarrel.

Never talk "old folks" talk in
front of children.

Never speak flippantly of neigh-
bors before children. They may
meet the neighbor's children and
have a talk about it.

Teach them to think that the
little boy in rags has a heart in him
in spite of the rags—and a stomach
too.

Teach them as they grow older
that a respectful demeanor to oth-
ers, a gentle tone of voice, a kind
disposition, a generous nature, an
honest purpose and an industrious
mind, are better than anything else
on earth. Teach them these things
and self-reliance and intelligence
and capability will come of them-
selves. Teach them these things,
I say, and your boys and girls will
grow up to be noble men and wo-
men.—Truth.

FIFTY-THREE PAMPERED PETS.—

There is a most excellent lady in
Chicago who has fifty three dogs
not counting two temporarily ab-
sent on a scouting expedition. This
lady is well known in society circles
is a woman of means and has an
elegant home. She has a great love
for dogs, and, beginning her collec-
tion some years ago with two St.
Bernards, she has in one way or
another increased it until there are
now fifty-three dogs, big and little,
in her establishment. They are not
allowed to eat meat, but are treated
frequently to oyster soup, poached
eggs, butter cakes, oatmeal, etc.
Their meals are prepared with as
much care as to cleanliness and
form as though they were human
beings, and the food is served as
nicely as for invited guests. Ten
gallons of milk and twenty pounds
of oatmeal are fed to the dogs
daily, to say nothing of the great
quantities of oysters and eggs.
When the dogs are sick they re-
ceive the most considerate attention
and at no time are they subjected
to scolding or punishment of any
kind. The result of this experi-
ment has been watched by many
with the greatest interest and there
are some developments that would
have made Darwin dance with joy.
There is one fine old St. Bernard,
the aristocrat of the colony, who
will not touch his oyster soup un-
less it is just so, and who will not
eat out of anything of a lower grade
than cut glass. He will go thirsty
for a whole day rather than take a
drink from a bucket or pan, but
will go into a transport of tail wag-
ging ecstasy over water or milk
in a china or cut glass dish.

THE ONLY EXCEPTION.—At a lit- tle dinner at Delmonico's, New York, the other night there was present a gentleman who goes little in society, but whose charac- ter and gifts make him in every way a desirable acquaintance. A charming lady who was present