



BY THOMPSON, SMITH & JAYNES.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 2, 1893.

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The Charleston House.

DESOTO FLOUR cannot be beat,
The bread it makes is white and sweet;
It is the Highest Patent made—
SCHUMACHER sells this fancy grade.

MARVEL FLOUR is a Straight Patent,
Can't be excelled by any combatant;
OVEN LIFTER is a good Flour, sure,
But Marvel is better and costs no more.

DAMON FLOUR is a very good grade,
Called Choice Family, a name self-made;
Is white and cheaper than bolted meal,
Of this grade Schumacher sells a great deal.

DON'T FORGET

The Charleston House.
GOODS ALWAYS NEW AND FRESH!

Respectfully,

O. H. Schumacher.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

January 26, 1893.

Good Health.

Straighten the Back.

One of the best ways to keep good health is not to think or worry much about it. If you feel strong and well, don't imagine that some insidious disease may be secretly attacking your constitution. Eat and drink what you desire, as long as it agrees with you. Your stomach knows pretty well what it can digest.

Take all the sleep you can get, but remember that the necessary amount varies greatly for different persons. Some must sleep at least nine hours, while others thrive on six. Only don't cheat yourself of what you really need.

The "midnight oil" is a terribly expensive illuminant to burn, either for purposes of labor or study.

Avoid sudden changes of temperature. As you cannot avoid them, you can guard against them by always wearing flannel underclothing.

Always treat a common cold with great respect. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it will get well away; but the hundredth cold if neglected, may lead to bronchitis, pneumonia or consumption. It is best to take no such chances.

Don't trifle with patent medicines. If you are sick enough to need any medicine at all, beyond the simple household remedies familiar to all, you are sick enough to need the attendance of a physician.

A change of occupation is usually better than a total cessation of activity. By all means take as much exercise as you can, and be in the open air as much as possible. Outdoor life is the natural condition of mankind, and the more one can have of it the better. The practice must not be carried to extremes, however.

There are many days when one is much better off in a warm comfortable bed, than in a cold room, trying to take outdoor exercise in a mid-winter storm, or under a July sun.

Fresh air, sunlight, good and sufficient food, pure water, outdoor exercise, temperance in all things, and a cheerful disposition, are the chief remedies in nature's pharmacopoeia, and are worth more than all the drugs and medicines of the shops. *Popular Science News.*

Hurtful Members.

[Bible Reader.]

You will find in every Church people who are to be pitied and pitied and petted and coddled just as you would a spoiled child, if you had them to the Church, and even then they will not and hide away and refuse to do anything except according to their own "sweet" wills. Spoiled by selfishness.

Some have been found in water.

ADONIS.

[For the KEOWEE COURIER.]

His real name was William Campbell, but he was called Adonis, or more commonly Ad, for the sake of brevity, on account of his personal appearance.

Our hero was the only son of Peggy Campbell, an old widow. She said she was of noble Scottish descent, being the great-great-granddaughter of the chief cook in the house of John MacCallum Moore, the great Duke of Argyll. Nobody knew not cared where they came from; in fact, no one ever thought of that. They were "permanent fixtures" in the settlement and had been from time immemorial. They, or rather Dame Peggy, earned a scanty livelihood by doing odd jobs for the neighbors and by dyeing and weaving, arts in which Peggy was an expert.

Our hero and his mother lived in a little tumble-down cabin on their own farm, a tract of six acres, situated high up on the side of a very poor and stony hill, whose soil would hardly sprout a cow pea.

When this old shanty finally came tumbling about their ears one blustery March day, the farm, or plantation, as Ad called it, was abandoned and they took up their abode wherever they could find a deserted cabin.

In appearance our hero was very remarkable. He stood six feet two in his stockings and weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. His legs were merely "pipe stems," and both seemed to "come out at one hole," as the neighbors said. His arms were long and dangling and his hands very red and skinny. His long nose was sharp and thin, his eyes blue and watery, and his head was crowned with a mat of very bushy yellow hair. His beard was scant indeed, or "one in a hill," as people said. He invariably wore a very tall and badly battered beaver and faded green frock coat, both of which looked as if they might have seen service in the Revolution.

He had eight of the meanest, meanest curs you ever saw, and they invariably followed at his heels wherever he went. The sight was half amusing, half pitiful, on a cold, windy day, to see him coming, his long, thin legs dangling rather than stepping, his arms swinging awkwardly and his tattered coat tails flopping gleefully in the wind, with his many canine friends stepping upon his heels.

Ad and his curs were sure to put in their appearance at hog-killing, corn-shuckings and other rural festivities. He seemed to "scent the battle from afar," but he never appeared until near meal-time, and no one ever saw him help with the work. However, he was always in the front rank at the table, whether invited or not, and his appetite was something remarkable. Indeed, such were the quantities of "good cheer" consumed by Ad that one involuntarily wondered where it all went to, unless his legs and number twelve feet were hollow.

Ad was very mealy-mouthed and a famous liar; and while the aforesaid edibles rapidly disappeared the mellowed lies imaginable rolled off his tongue. He told tales about what he had seen, heard and done and what crops he used to make on "my plantation" that would put "Arabian Nights" to shame.

But to come to our story proper. Adonis believed that there was a hidden treasure that he was destined to find. He said that, when a small boy, the spirit of an Indian chief appeared to him in a dream and told him this. So whenever he went his eyes were bent upon the ground, and every odd rock and corner was searched for the hidden treasure.

Now, about this time there lived in that particular locality a young lady named Olympia Washburne, the daughter of a wealthy planter. When our story opened she had just returned from boarding school, where she had taken on an excessive degree of polished sentimentality. She affected extremely refined manners and conversation. She would walk from one side of a crowded room to the other to get to a door to take a drink of water, and when she talked it was merely a continuous series of ohs, ohs, ohs, did you ever, and yes indeed. Notwithstanding her faults Miss Olympia had numerous beaux and was a very popular young lady generally, for her father owned four thousand acres of land and scores of slaves. But the war came on and her father, Charles Washburne, mortgaged all his property to raise funds with which to equip a regiment, of which he took command.

During the war Adonis somehow became acquainted with Olympia and he fell deeply in love with her. At first she scorned him and guyed him unmercifully, as did every one else. But Ad was not to be thus slightly put off. He could not take a hint. He told Miss Olympia the story of the treasure that was his destiny to discover, and as it was exactly suited to her romantic nature, well schooled by reading "The Life of Captain Kidd," and so forth, finally she became interested in him; and when Olympia's favorite canary died he wrote such a touching poem in memory of the event that she was completely carried away. From this time onward she regarded Adonis as a genius, merely hampered by poverty.

At last the war was over; but in the meantime Col. Washburne was killed and Mrs. Washburne died of a broken heart. All the Colonel's property was swept away and all the great estate disappeared like a fog before a July sun, and Olympia's numerous suitors vanished simultaneously with the property, only faster, if possible.

But there remained one as constant and devoted as ever—poor Ad. Of course they were the laughing stock of the community, now that they were both poor, but neither paid any attention to what any one said.

"Time wore on," as the novelists say, and great was the sensation created when it was rumored that Olympia had fallen heir to a large sum of money, which a bachelor uncle of hers had made in Peru and bequeathed

to her at his death. When it was ascertained that the rumor was correct suitors again flocked around Olympia, and she found herself again the belle of that section.

Olympia spurned these new suitors, however, and continued to smile upon Adonis.

Within a month after they were certain that the money was indeed theirs they were married. A year passed, and the legal proceedings having been terminated, fifty thousand dollars in gold were paid to Mr. William Campbell, as the agent of Mrs. William Campbell.

On the same day Lady Campbell presented her lord with a male heir, and his joy was unbounded.

The spirit of the old Indian again appeared to William and told him that Olympia and her inheritance was his, the treasure that was promised him.

A great change now came over both William and Olympia. With the money they purchased and equipped the Washburne plantation and commenced planting. The transformation was complete. William soon became one of the wealthiest and most progressive planters in the country, and Mrs. Campbell was now regarded as a model lady and housewife.

"Years rolled by" and still Mr. Campbell's wealth increased; and with the appetite it was always his good fortune to possess, and his now plentifully supplied table, his girth did likewise. He had now become a very rotund old patriarch, tipping the beam at two hundred and fifty pounds. Mrs. Campbell was now a plump, well-preserved matron, greatly renowned as a housekeeper.

"So, as the years rolled by, they continued to live, highly respected and prosperous" and, of course, happy.

JEFF PERKINS.

ADVANCEMENT OF THE AGE.

[For the KEOWEE COURIER.]

One of the latest overpowering evidences of the celerity of progress in the mechanical arts is the "Modulator in parvo," or "E Pluribus Unum," grand combination, rocking and fanning chair. This great invention is almost automatic in its operation. The "Modulator Operandi" is so perfect that the operator has absolutely nothing to do but send the butcher's and baker's collectors away from the door satisfied with an "I owe you."

Then pick up the latest pictorial volume of the popular "Buffalo Bill" series, seat himself in the rocker and gently sway himself back and forth with the aid of a lever power, generated by the pressure of the toe of his patent leather boot against the Brussels carpet, while the breeze from the wind generating apparatus above softly whistles "Home Sweet Home" through his long flowing "whiskers."

Now, in the ever increasing, already longed list of improvements in the art of invention, there will appear in the near future an invention designed to relieve man of the necessity of arising and dressing himself in the morning. With this invention man will simply have to consign himself to the tender mercies of this machine, which will probably be known as the "A Capite ad Calcem Toilet Performer," which, by simply pressing a button, thereby turning on an electric current, will lift the subject from the bed, give him a "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" bath, dress him, arrange his hair, adjust his tie, put a four-ply professional shine on his shoes and place a cigarette between his lips, while the prayerful words of his morning invocation will ascend heavenward from the devout lips of a photograph attachment.

Already in projection for our future enjoyment is a new model telephone, by which one may keep his room and enjoy the play at a theater five miles distant, the conversations being distinctly heard, while the entire action of the play will be reflected in a large French plate mirror, placed near the telephone, while the strength of every hit, with the denizens of the third gallery, will be faithfully recorded by an indicator upon a graduated scale dial attached to the phone.

Another great and invaluable invention of the near future will be the "Automatic typewriter and mailer," which, by simply starting the pendulum of a clock work mechanism, will type-write any epistle dictated to it, fold the sheet, place in an envelope, seal it, address the same and stamp it ready for mailing. This will probably be the invention of some proud and thoughtful wife whose husband's business required the services of two or three female stenographers.

Sometime since Mr. Edison conceived the great, grand and glorious idea of utilizing a certain iron mountain of huge bulk as a kind of dry battery to furnish the current for an inter-terrestrial telephone from "Terra" to "Sol" via "Luna" and "Mars," no ground connections; but Mr. Edison for some, no doubt, good reason has called off his mental forces for awhile. Probably he is waiting the success of co-projectors on "Sol" in their efforts to raise by subscription, or otherwise, a sufficient amount for the completion of the plant.

This great inter-planetary telephone will be an invaluable convenience of the first magnitude. There will be no limit to its multiple benefits. "Uncle Sam's" weather bureau will be enabled to communicate with the associated bureaus of "Sol" and thereby will be in a position to furnish any kind of weather desired by fickle humanity, imported directly, by telephone, from "Sol" free of duty and at a nominal price. For instance, a regular June day is wanted for the celebration of Christmas or New Year's day, application is made to the weather bureau of "Uncle Sam," who will at once telephone the superintendent of the weather bureau on "Sol" who will at once, without awaiting the action of a "Solar" congress or local legislature, order the wicks of the heat generating lamps to be turned up to such degree as may be required by the soliciting "terrestrial" bureau. When this line becomes thoroughly

established it will furnish employment to a great many electricians in keeping the wires in good order. It has not yet been decided what kind of poles will be selected for the support of the lines. This project should have the hearty and financially material co-operation of all enterprising citizens, as, no doubt, in time we will be in direct communication with the inhabitants of all the members of the "Solar" system, with a central office at the sun, replete with a sufficient number of the "Stronger Automatic Telephone Exchange Switching Machines." When these lines are completed our neighbors of Mars will be enabled to communicate with us without the great expense of those signal fires, which they have been practicing so many years, regardless of non-reciprocity on the part of their "terrestrial" neighbors. The ladies will, no doubt, hail the completion of this grand system of telephony with pleasure, as they will be in a position to adopt the latest styles in furs as worn by the fair ladies of Neptune; also, will be enabled to get these infallible, unparalleled receipts for cosmetic compositions for which Venus is so famous, and for the efficacy of the shining countenance of Venus, after her morning toilette, is sufficient substantiation.

Thus the advancement of the age is something wonderful to behold. It is written, "Let there be light and there was light," also electric light in overpowering abundance, for the lightnings have become as a cat-o-nine-tails in the hands of man.

VIRGILIUS RUSTICUS.

SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN.

[Dr. Henry S. Williams, in the North American Review.]

Of all the diseases that menace the race, only a few are absolutely fatal. Indeed, there is but one common disease that invariably brings its victims speedily to the grave. This most ruthless of maladies is that terrible form of insanity technically called general paresis or parietic dementia, and known to the layman as "softening of the brain." Its unvarying history entitles it to precedence over consumption, cancer, Bright's disease; in short, places it peerless in bad pre-eminence. And as if this were not enough, its malignity is emphasized by the way in which it juggles with its victim, before it extinguishes his life. It changes his personality, detaches reason, almost eliminates the mind, and steadily weakening the body, leaves toward the last a mere skeletal, vegetable being scarce recognizable as the vestige of its former self; unknowing, unfeeling, mindless, to his friends at once a fearful memory and a terrible objective presence. Finally death comes in a form horrible enough to be the fitting climax of so awful a disease. Of course it is not to be understood that the stages of this disease follow an absolutely fixed routine. The abnormal is everywhere only a perversion of the normal, and until we have two organisms exactly alike we shall never see two identical cases of any disease. Still, the essential symptoms of typical cases of paresis are singularly uniform. It seems paradoxical that the patient who during the early stage thinks himself lost forever, will a few weeks or months later, when the fatal disease has more firmly fixed its hold, declare himself absolutely well—better, stronger than ever in his life before—and laugh to scorn anyone who contradicts him. During the early stage of his disease he will not admit a ray of hope, because he feels hopeless. Later on, though his body is weak and every faculty and function is failing, he cannot be persuaded that such is the case, because he feels well. But why, it may be asked, does the patient experience feelings so at variance with the facts? Usually a person feels ill because he is ill, or well because he is well; why is it otherwise with the parietic? Now, the "whys" of things physiological are not always easy to make out; nevertheless, it happens that we are able to give at least a proximate solution of this seeming anomaly. Everyone knows that the brain is in some way indissolubly connected with the mind. It appears further that the activity of the mind depends, whatever the link of connection, upon the circulation of the blood in the brain. Under normal conditions, the blood supply is regulated and momentaneously changed in accordance with impressions sent from the outer world. But in the brain of the parietic, the mechanism that should regulate the blood supply is out of order. During the early stage, a free flow of blood is not permitted. Hence the mind is persistently sluggish and depressed. Tell the patient that he has fallen heir to a fortune; no responsive thrill goes through his mind. Entreat him to cheer up; he cannot. Later on, through a different maladjustment of the controlling mechanism, the brain of the parietic is permanently surcharged with blood. A perpetual sense of well-being then encompasses him. Tell him that he is ill; he laughs at you. Assure him that he is doomed to an early grave; he replies, "I will live a century." He feels, as he never felt before, the lust and strength of youth. The circulation in his brain is persistently overactive; his ideas correspond. But overactivity means excessive wear on the mechanism of the organism, just as on an inanimate machine. Hence the brain in which this abnormal activity prevails wears out rapidly. Its cells degenerate and become useless. At last it is so wasted that its functioning produce only the most rudimentary mental states. Then the tissues become so weakened that small blood vessels burst, lacerating the brain, and bringing on those convulsions which are so painful a feature of the disease, and which finally terminate the patient's life. Post mortem examination will show that the brain of the parietic may not be "softened," but that its cells and other tissues are everywhere more or less degenerated or decayed. It is inconceivable that

these wasted tissues could be replaced with normal ones; hence it cannot be even hoped that an advanced case of paresis will ever be cured. But of course there is a time in the history of every case when decay is only incipient. At the disease in this stage preventive medicine may hope some day to aim its shafts successfully. So much for the disease, paresis. Now as to its cause. It can be epitomized in two words: excessive action. Paresis is a protest of nature against abuse of function. Whatever act tends to bring too great or too continuous strain upon the blood vessels of the brain, tends to weaken them and thus invites paresis. All mental overactivity brings such a strain. But few of us are gifted with working enthusiasm that will ever menace our minds. Still, there are cases, doubtless, in which mental overwork of a strictly legitimate kind has been an active factor in paving the way for paresis. Business stress and worry are far more common factors. Alcohol is a yet more potent accessory. But in the vast majority of cases, though these accessory causes have their effect, the chief causes of paresis are habits and excesses that I cannot properly more than hint at here. It will now be plain why paresis is a disease of civilization—sad commentary though that be; more common with men than with women; more prevalent in the city than in country; and one that is claiming a larger coterie of victims year by year.

THE SNOLLIGOSTER.

The celebrated Georgia politician and humorist, Col. Ham, has added a new word to the English language—"snolligoster." This is the way he gives the history of this wonderful word:

"Along in the forties there lived up in the mountains of Rabun county, Ga., a man named John Kelly. He had a limited education and an itch for office. He ran for everything, going up by regular graduation from Constable to Clerk of the Court and was defeated every time, but nothing daunted tried at the next election for the next highest office. In 1848 it came time for him to be a candidate for representative in the Legislature. As there was at the time some talk of war with England over the Niagara incident, he announced as his platform that it was the duty of the President to seize all the roads leading to Liverpool so as to prevent a salt famine in case of war. As everybody recognized the necessity for plenty of salt, it was a taking slogan and Kelly was getting on swimmingly.

"Kelly's opponent was a tall, gaunt mountaineer named Jonas Gaines. He was Justice of the Peace, and to use his own language 'knewed all the law what wasn't tore out of the books.' He had a wonderful flow of language, using all the big words he had ever heard and coining many more without any reference to what they might mean, and yet, as such a man naturally would, now and then said a really good thing. Superior Court coming on in the very heat and burden of the canvass, a number of the lawyers gathered at the county seat from all over the Circuit, and the bright idea struck them of bringing about a joint debate between Kelly and Gaines.

"Kelly had the opening and made a long, and as one of the lawyers described it, 'a very able-bodied speech.' He fumed and foamed and fretted, and worked his salt platform for all it was worth and sat down amid great cheering. Then up rose Gaines, his tall form towering high in air, and working his long arms like the sails of a windmill and in a voice that could be heard half a mile, proceeded, as he expressed to, 'take the hide off Kelly in flakes as big as a bound's ears.' He 'skinned him belled-wise up and back-wise down,' dissected his record, enumerated his various vices, and among other things, said if there is anything on top side of earth that makes me mad, it is to see a snolligoster of a fellow continually a sidwipin' aroun' after the orthography of a little off's what he kain't never git, and kain't got sense enough to fill it if he could git it.' Finally he reached the salt question and yelled:

"Liverpool, hell! North Carolina salt is a durned salt saltier, and there's a dozen roads to the works.' The effect can be better imagined than described. Kelly and his followers fled the scene, and Gaines was triumphantly elected.

"And so to this humble, but picturesque source, was the Georgia orator indebted for the word that has now by common consent come to stand for the Kelly class of demagogic politicians. It is one of the curious specimens of native originality which now and then comes to enrich our language and fill a long felt want of something to do the subject justice."

Twelve United States Senators have been elected from various States, as follows: Edward Murphy, Jr. (Democrat) of New York; Joseph R. Hawley, (Republican) of Connecticut; Henry Cabot Lodge, (Republican) of Massachusetts; Eugene Hale, (Republican) of Maine; George Gray, (Democrat) of Delaware; Matthew Quay, (Republican) of Pennsylvania; F. M. Cockrell, (Democrat) of Missouri; C. K. Davis, (Republican) of Minnesota; David Turpie, (Democrat) of Indiana; Stephen M. White, (Democrat) of California; Wm. B. Bate, (Democrat) of Tennessee; Francis B. Stockbridge, (Republican) of Michigan. The Democrats have made gains in the election of Mr. Edward Murphy, of New York, and Mr. Stephen M. White, of California. The Republicans have made no gains.

"Never mind, dearest," cried a girl who had been cast off by her family on marrying a ne'er-do-well, "with you I can be content to live on bread and water." "Yes, beloved," was the earnest reply. "And if you'll just get the bread I'll skid around and try to earn the water."

1851. 1893.

PAID TO POLICY HOLDERS,

\$32,000,000.00.

PAID IN DIVIDENDS.

\$9,500,000.00.

"THE PHOENIX POLICY."

ABSOLUTE GUARANTEES—NO ESTIMATES.

Age: 35. \$10,000. 20 Payment Life.
Cost per year, : \$286.30. Cost for 10 years, : \$2,863.00.

Guarantees at End of Ten Years:

First Option—Extended Insurance for 16 years and 7 months longer for	\$10,000
Second Option—Paid up Policy	\$4,866
Third Option—Cash value	\$1,980
Fourth Option—Loan at 6 per cent	\$1,106

At end of 10 years, if First Option is taken, the policy holder gets 26 years and 7 months Insurance, for \$10,000, at a net cost of \$2,863.00, which is at the rate of less than \$11.00 per \$1,000 (guaranteed) per year.

If Second Option, the Paid up Policy is in excess of cost, \$1,997.

If Third Option, the net cost of Insurance for \$10,000, for ten years, is \$883.00, or \$8.83 per \$1,000 per year.

Guarantees at End of Twenty Years:

Cost for 20 Years : : \$5,726.

First Option—Paid up Policy	\$10,000
Second Option—Cash value	\$4,980
Third Option—Loan at 6 per cent	\$2,700

Options are given for every year in body of Policy in plain figures from 3 years upwards. Policy Incontestable after two years.

W. M. HUTSON, Gen. Agt.,

Columbia, S. C.

W. A. KAY, Dist. Agt.,

Greenville, S. C.

THE PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

February 2, 1893.

The two Rulers.

For Everybody in General.

In these days when the Bible is discredited, its authority rejected, or lowered to a literary level, the following is appropriate, especially for the young:

"The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned," said a young man to a gray-haired friend, who was advising him to study God's word, if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written nowadays that are moral enough in their teaching, and do not bind one down as the Bible."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out two rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it?"

"When you mark out your path in life, do not take a crooked ruler."

How it Works in Athens.

The new liquor dispensary law for South Carolina continues to be the leading topic of discussion. With a view to finding out how the law works where it has been tried, a gentleman of Sumter recently wrote to Athens, Ga., and received the following reply from Hon. Henry C. Tuck, Mayor of that city, under date of January 10, 1893. He says:

"My reply will necessarily be general in its nature. But, generally speaking, I would say that the dispensary law has more than sustained itself, in the opinion of the citizens who formed its establishment in our midst. For the regulation of the whiskey traffic in a city no larger than ours (with 10,000 people) I think it solves the question. It is incomparably superior to bar-rooms, and as a prohibitionist from the beginning in our country, I am sure that it is preferable to prohibition, so-called. I am not an enthusiast on the subject, but for the country towns and small cities of the State, I think it solves the vexed whiskey problem, and will so be adopted in all the places named, as a solution of the problem.

"As a source of revenue, it surpasses the license. The net profits of our dispensary for the first twelve months exceeded \$10,000, or \$1 per capita, as our Alliance friends would put it.

"And I would say further that law and order" under the present system is fully as good as it was under the prohibition regime, if not better."

The average expenses of the students at Yale last year were: Freshman, \$786.96; sophomores, \$831.34; juniors, \$833.11; seniors, \$919.70. The largest expense reported was \$2,908.

For Epworth Leaguers in particular as the case may be, the *Christian Standard* gives this advice:

"Everybody has moods and tempers, so everybody will be interested in the following prescriptions:

"If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

"If you are strong-headed, view Moses.

"If you are getting weak-kneed, look at Elijah.

"If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

"If you are a policy man, read Daniel.

"If you are getting sordid, spend awhile with Isaiah.

"If chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you.

"If your faith is below par, read Paul.

"If you are getting lazy, watch James.

"If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land."

The Voice has the following as to the contents of whiskey drams: "A minister in New York, says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, visited a number of the best liquor stores in his neighborhood, and brought pit samples of their best gin, whiskey, port wine, etc. In the analysis of the 'pure Holland gin' were found neutral spirits, rotten corn, juniper berries, turpentine, and vitriol. The fine old hand-made Kentucky whiskey contained neutral spirits, glycerine, sulphate of zinc, chromic acid, creosote, unslacked lime, and fusel oil; and the rare old port had licorice, zinc, mercury, antimony, muriatic acid, and alum. The man who takes mixed or straight drinks should make no complaints against the ordinary microbes, after dissipating with these tissues, and brain-destroying elements."

Young Lawyer: "I really feel proud at the way I have come out of my first case. It was a claim against the government, you know, and I won and secured a settlement in less than a week. What do you think of that?"

Old Lawyer: "I think you wasted a grand opportunity. A lawyer of experience would have made that case last a lifetime, and it would have been the foundation of an independent fortune."

Thirty young women students have entered Yale this fall. The Yale males are said to be in quite a stew about it.

"What do you mean by thrashing your boy without provocation?" "Well, you see, a busy man like me must discipline his children when he happens to have time."