THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

Humorous Department.

COULDN'T STAND EVERYTHING.

The following is the origin of a famous Kentucky feud: Col. Pepperson stopped Col. Bran in the road and told him that if he had any nerve he would surely be avenged upon the Cullertons.

"What have they done?" Bran asked.

"Why, in Winchester, this morning, one of them shot and severely wounded your son Ike."

"Ah! I am sorry to hear that, for Ike was a good fellow, and could set out as much tobacco in a day as any man in the State."

"And I suppose," said Pepperson, "that you will declare war on the whole gang."

"No, I can't say that I will. You see, I have begun to believe that we are altogether too rash in taking up quarrels. The truth is, I am becoming civilized."

"I am, too, colonel, but there are insults and injuries that I cannot stand. If I were you, I would get my people together and declare war."

"No, I don't think it would be wise."

"But that is not all the cause you have. The Cullertons have talked shamefully about your family."

"I am sorry, but I can't help it. This feud business doesn't pay, and I shall keep out of it. I'm sorry, though, that they shot Ike, for as I say, he was the finest hand in a tobacco field in the State. How did the quarrel come up?"

"Why, a party of fellows were standing around and some remark was made about fast horses, when Joe Cullerton said that your bay mare was the most over-rated horse in Kentucky, and —"

"What!" exclaimed Col. Bran. "Did he say that? If he did, that settles it. Hanged if I can stand everything. I'll shoot the scoundrel."

ONE ON WALL STREET.—"Shoestrings! shoestrings!" he shouted as he lingered in front of the Exchange. "Only a nickel a pair, gents! warranted all linen! Lace up your shoes, gents; only a nickel a pair!" He is a familiar figure on the street, and many a millionaire gets this cheap but important article of dress from Old Shoestrings and exchanges jokes with him at the same time. It had been dull and hard work to get outsiders to bite on the golden bait for a few days, and in consequence the regular workers had been preying upon each other as much as possible, and Old Shoestrings knew by their faces that times were not easy on the street.

"Shoestrings!" he cried; and a knot of brokers gathered about him and commenced to chaff him.

"Well, how is business?" said one, as he winked at the rest.

"It puts me in the mind of something that happened on the Central railroad during the strike," said Old Shoestrings.

"How was it?" asked the broker.

"Why, you see a car-load of hogs was side-tracked and forgotten."

"Well, what has that got to do with Wall street in this pinch?" asked the broker, as he winked at the crowd.

"Why, you see," said Old Shoestrings, "after the strike was over they went and looked into that car and diskivered that those hogs, when they were abandoned by the public, turned in and ate each other up, and there was nothing left but a basketful of tails. Now Wall street —"

But a roar of laughter spoiled the explanation, and as the crowd dispersed they heard again, "Shoestrings, gents! all linen; only a nickel a pair!"—Judge.

TOO HAPPY FOR ANYTHING.—It isn't often that the man who takes up the contribution in a church is nonplussed and forgets his business, but such was the case recently, and this is how it happened: Before singing the doxology the minister had announced that a collection would be taken up for the foreign missionary work. A young married couple were sitting in the body of the church. When the collection-plate came around the groom, thinking himself doubly blessed, felt quite liberal. He put a five-dollar bill in it. The man who was taking up the collection seemed dumbfounded. He first looked at the five dollars and then at the giver; then whirling around, walked rapidly up the aisle to the pulpit. He halted there for a moment, took another glance at the bill, scratched his head, and came back to the groom. He touched the young man on the shoulder and whispered in his ear, "How much change do you want?" "Not a darned cent," said the happy groom.

☞ A certain grocer was never known to acknowledge that he was out of any article without calling attention to some other article that he did have. A bet was made by Johnson that he could ask the grocer a question that would cause him to omit the usual addendum. Said Jonhson, as he entered the store, where the boys had already gathered, "Mack, do you think it will be Cleveland or Hill in '92?" Mack replied, with some asperity, "O, bother! I'm out of politics!" Johnson was on the verge of giving vent to his delight, when Mack added, "But I've got some of the best cheese you ever put your teeth into."

☞ "That young man that visits you likes to be here, doesn't he?" said a First Ward man to his daughter, at the breakfast table the other morning. "Yes," she replied; "I believe he is happy when here." "I should think so," continued the old man; "why, he's here a good deal more than I am, and I live here." "Shall I tell him to make his visits less frequent?" insinuated the girl. "Not in those words, my dear," interjected the father; "I wouldn't be brutal to this young man, but you might give him a delicate hint; ask him if he wouldn't like to chip in for the rent, or something like that."

☞ An apple tree bears apples, and a grapevine bears grapes, but it does not follow that all plant names are to be taken thus literally. An exchange relates that a young husband came home to dinner the other day and found his wife in unusually high spirits. "Oh! Willie," she said, "the nurseryman was here this morning and I ordered some pie-plant. He is going to have it set out right away, and by next summer he says it will be ready for use. Won't it be nice? I can go into the garden any day and pick a fresh pie for your dinner!"

A DIFFICULT TASK.—Editor—Mr. Writer, I wish you would get up a little department headed "Children's Sayings," and fill it up with the brightest little mots you can pick up.

Mr. Writer—Very sorry, sir, but my children are all away on a visit and—

Editor—Then collect the bright things you hear said by other people's children.

Mr. Writer—I—I never hear other people's children say anything worth printing.

ANOTHER WALL STREET VICTIM.—"Kind sir," said a seedy individual, "can you lend ten cents to a man man who lost all of his money in Wall street?"

"Tell me about it," said the interested citizen, passing over a quarter.

"There was a hole in my pocket," answered the applicant, turning to go, "and the nickel I had dropped through it.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.—Two children were playing on the sidewalk and a lady passed them.

"She's a grass widow," said one.

"What's a grass widow?" asked the other.

"Gracious! Don't you know that?" said the other scornfully; "why, her husband died of hay fever."

☞ A child who had visited an elder brother in school came home in great excitement to inform his mother that he had learned "lots of things." "What was one?" asked the mother. "I learned in the 'rithmetic class that the square of the base and the perpendicular of a right-handled triangle is equal to the sum of the hippopotamus."

TOO EFFECTIVE.—Bride—I'm so afraid people will find out we're just married that I've made Will promise to treat me in public just as if he had no thought for anyone but himself.

Matron—I adopted that plan when I was married, and my husband never got over it.

A GOOD THING FOR TOMMY.—"Well, Tommy, I'm glad to see you are getting along so much better at school," said the young man's uncle. "You have gone a whole week without being whipped, haven't you?" "Yes, sir; teacher's got a lame shoulder."

☞ "And do you really love me, George," she asked. "Love you!" repeated George, "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye in the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large piece out of the calf of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you!"

The Farm and Fireside.

A FEED FOR EGGS.

There has been a very great complaint in some sections about the hens not laying as they should. I think every case can be accounted for. I was recently called in to see a lady's flock of eighty-eight hens that were looking, to say the least, fine, yet she said she was not getting as many eggs from them as I was from a pen of eight that were always confined in a yard 8x20, with a tight house 5x5, and her's had free range. I purchased a dozen from her, and after killing a couple, I found that her hens had not sufficient food to produce eggs.

While this I believe to be generally the cause of failure of eggs, yet it is not always; some feed too high, and not that food which will produce eggs. I have been for some time experimenting on what kinds of food will produce the best results, and have found the following by far the best: Bran or barley in the morning scalded with milk; give all they will eat up clean. In this, we have that which is generally acknowledged to produce the greatest per cent. of the white of an egg, and very little fat.

At noon feed wheat or screenings. In this, we have the lime for shell, and also a good per cent. of the yolk. Give all they want, and if you have an ash or manure pile mix a little in for them to scratch after.

At night give a liberal feed of corn, and do not be afraid of making too fat. I do believe, contrary to the opinions of some, that corn will produce eggs, and lots of them, especially in winter.

Feed beef scraps every other day (cooked), and plenty of bone meal, with a liberal supply of green food every day.

Hens fed in this manner must lay, if they are any good at all; if not, get rid of them. An old saying, and a true one, is that a hen properly fed must lay or get fat. Of course, this will not apply through moulting time. —C. Cackles.

MAKING A HOME.—It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home, and has a sum of money to spend for its garnishing, cannot be persuaded from laying it out all at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and stood around her parlors by his men, will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which to-day she buys a chair, and next week, seeing there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and finds a table which is exactly what she was looking for; and in another month, discovering the need of a bookcase or a screen, she has again the delight of the hunt and the gratification of obtaining the prettiest screen and book-case in the city.

Such a room is a growth, a gathering together, of household treasures little by little, and piece by piece. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement, each rug and curtain represents a triumph. Such a home, built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought, and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a meaning far deeper than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinet-maker.—Harper's Bazar.

DURABILITY OF FENCE POSTS.—Locust posts are generally considered the most durable. They have been known to be sound after sixty years of service. Split chestnut posts, from which the sapwood has been hewn off, have remained sound in a post and rail fence for over forty years. Sassafras timber is considered as the next durable to locust, and red cedar about the same. All timber is improved in durability by seasoning, and is better still if saturated with hot slacking lime. Posts are limed in this manner: A pit three feet deep is dug and six inches of fresh lime is spread in the bottom; the posts are set on end close together and small lime is filled in between them for one foot. Water is then poured in to fill the pit. This slakes the lime, which swells and fills the space between the posts. The heat engendered drives out the moisture from the timber, and as the lime cools the posts absorb it. Thus the albumen of the wood, which is the part that causes decay, is hardened and made much less perishable. After steeping two or three weeks they are ready for use. The bark should be peeled before the posts are limed. If posts are set with broken stone and the lime from the pit and the filling is well rammed in the hole, they are made still more durable, or the stone may quite as well be left without any filling, but should be well rammed.—New York Times.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—The art of conversation is to some women a gift. Like the poet, they are born with their glorious powers. But many women who converse intelligently and pleasantly have become masters of the art by patient care and study. Even persons of ordinary ability will find upon making the effort that where it is not a gift, no other deficiency can be so well supplemented by art. For the untutored there are three old rules which may not prove amiss. Talk to men on the subject which belongs to their peculiar callings; talk about those things which interest yourself, assuming also that they interest your listener, and make it a point to inform yourself upon a variety of topics; never be guilty of introducing in a mixed company a subject upon which all may not be able to converse. There is a wonderful faculty in drawing people out, in making the stranger and the timid feel at ease, in putting questions so skillfully and adroitly as to compel them to answer as though they were conferring a favor on you, not you seeking to entertain them; but here the rule of good breeding is the best to follow.

TRUTH.—Adhere always rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and to attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication.

The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the truth by his unreasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend.—New York Ledger.

HOW TO TREAT A SHYING HORSE.—Do not strike a horse when he "shies." You only make matters worse. He shies because he's afraid of being hurt. Now, if you strike him he is hurt; he associates the harmless brush heap with pain. It is better not to change the tension of the rein at all; that is, if you were driving with a loose line when the animal shied, do not nervously clutch the rein, as if you were frightened also. It will do you no good, for you cannot gather up a loose line quick enough. If the horse shies very badly speak to him, and gather the lines easily and firmly. If you were driving with a taut line, which is always best in my judgment, do not jerk as he shies, but press steadily and keep cool.—New York Weekly.

TO TELL THE AGE OF HORSES.—The agricultural editor of The Times-Democrat says: The other day we met a gentleman from Alabama, who gave us a piece of information as to ascertaining the age of a horse after it has passed its ninth year, which was quite new to us, and will be, we are sure, to most of our readers. It is this: After a horse is nine years old a wrinkle comes in the eyelid, at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well-defined wrinkle for each year of his age over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will always get at it. So says the gentleman, and he is confident it will never fail.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Mix one-quarter of a pound of soft soap with the same quantity of pounded whiting, one ounce of soda, and a piece of bluestone the size of a walnut. Boil these together fifteen minutes, and then, while hot, rub it over the marble with a piece of flannel, and leave it on for twenty-four hours; then wash it off with clear water and polish the marble with a piece of coarse flannel or a piece of old felt hat.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

Wayside Gatherings.

☞ A kangaroo farm is about to be started in Pennsylvania.

☞ The Chinese do not permit women to be photographed.

☞ The better the highways the cheaper the transportation.

☞ Pour the dish water and soap-suds on the roots of young trees.

☞ "It is more blessed to give than to recieve." "What is?" "Medicine."

☞ The man who thinks he never had a chance in the world, might claim to-day as his own.

☞ Every one admires a man of push, but nobody wants to be the person pushed aside by the man.

☞ In cold weather wash your hands in warm water before you milk; a cow's teats are very sensitive.

☞ The fund of $2,500,000 which Mr. Peabody left for the poor of London, now amounts to over $5,000,000.

☞ A sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water poured from the height of a few feet.

☞ A young man always remembers the first girl he ever loved, but if he is wise he doesn't tell his wife about it.

☞ Many an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zigzag road that leads to the mountain top.

☞ Brigham Young left $1,200,000 when he died, and this sum was divided among eighteen wives and their children.

☞ "How do you like the little dog I gave your wife the other day?" "I never saw one I liked better. It died the next day.

☞ Chicago has annexed and absorbed until she has sufficient pasture range inside the city limits to feed 10,000 Texas steers all summer.

☞ The people of the United States consume 28 out of every 100 pounds of sugar made in the world, and 30 pounds of coffee in every 100.

☞ By due process of law in New York, last year, 100,000 people who could not pay their rent were turned out into the street without a place to go to.

☞ Do not fret because your efforts to do good do not meet with immediate success. Wait and trust. Some time must intervene between sowing and reaping.

☞ At a wedding in Arcadia, Florida, the other day, the bride was married to her ninth husband, and four of her former husbands were present at the ceremony.

☞ A poser for the doctor: Doctor (to refractory patient)—"Your life is in your own hands, sir." Refractory patient—"Then what's the use of me hiring you?"

☞ A druggist in St. Petersburg has invented a method of tipping cigars with a preparation so that they are lighted like a match by rubbing against any hard surface.

☞ It is stated that although the college men in the United States are only a fraction of one per cent. of the voters, yet they hold more than fifty per cent. of the highest offices.

☞ The first draft of the Declaration of Independence, the desk upon which it was written, and the original instrument signed, are in the library of the State Department at Washington.

☞ A good toast: "May you be hung, drawn and quartered—hung high above the reach of adversity, drawn in a carriage of your own, and quartered in the arms of those you love!"

☞ Impatience rebuked: He—"I know that you don't love me. I don't ask for that. I only ask that you will let me love you." She—"Can't you wait till I marry somebody?"

☞ "Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train. "You did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jemmy; "but I did not start soon enough."

☞ Who ever heard of slandering a bad man? Who ever heard of counterfeiting a bad note? Slander, as a rule, is the revenge of a coward. It is generally the best people who are injured in this way.

☞ A man should be careful in asking questions. A Houston Jew asked a Houston Italian who killed Hennessey, and was paralyzed by being asked "Who killee da Christ?"—Alvarado Bulletin.

☞ There are now a number of places in New York city where they will mend your shoes while you wait. At one of them, soling and heeling is done in twenty minutes and heeling in eight minutes.

☞ Patient—"I am ever so glad to be up again, doctor. You wouldn't do anything to cause a relapse, would you?" Doctor—"Why, of course not." "Then don't bring in your bill for about twelve months."

☞ The bellman of Greenwood cemetery, in New York, has tolled the bell for one hundred and forty thousand dead people during the last twenty-five years. Last year the number of burials averaged sixteen a day.

☞ An Abilene, Kansas, man recently settled a large estate belonging to his deceased father in New York, dividing the property satisfactorily among a number of children at a cost of only thirty cents, and that was for postage.

☞ A man in Newark, N. J., bought a clock. The family upstairs refused to buy one, as they could hear his strike. He set his clock half an hour ahead of time, and they now sue him for so doing and causing them to arise too early.

☞ When by a single whisper of reason we can in a moment quell the refractory passions, then, and not till then, shall we be able to judge of everything in life with all the accuracy of right. Our bosom will be tranquil whatever may befall us.

☞ The "Sabbath day's journey" of the Jews was two thousand yards. This was the traditional distance from the end of the ark of the covenant to the end of the Israelites' camp when they were in the wilderness, where the Sabbatical law was given.

☞ Little Tommie had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" he was asked on his return home. "Didn't learn anything." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything! A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat,' and I told her."

☞ Grandma to little grandson, who is drumming "McGinty" on the piano Sunday morning: "My dear, that does not sound like Sunday music." Small musician: "O, yes, grandma; that's about a bad, wicked man who was drowned for going fishing on Sunday."

☞ In the late trial in Binghampton every juror on the panel who claimed not to have read of the case was challenged off, leaving twelve men who had read and discussed it, and court, lawyers and public are agreed that it was one of the fairest verdicts ever rendered by a jury.

☞ It has been finally settled in Scotland that after a single man and woman have kept company for fourteen years, and have not denied to outsiders that they contemplated matrimony, that the man can be sued for breach-of-promise, and that no further proof shall be needed by the plaintiff.

☞ A friend was bewailing in the company of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist, that his wife had just presented him with triplets—all girls. "What am I to do with them?" asked the poor man. "I don't even know what to name them." "Oh," said Mr. Gilbert, "call the first Kate, the second Duplicate, and third Triplicate."

☞ The most densely populated State in the Union is Massachusetts, which has an average of two hundred and eighty-six persons to every square mile. Rhode Island, New Jersey and Connecticut stand next in order, while the Southern and Western States are very sparsely settled by comparison, and even Pennsylvania has only one hundred and fourteen inhabitants to the square mile.

☞ The boy who leaves at the end of a common school course with a love for reading good books, is better prepared for a life of honor and influence than one who has passed through a high school without that love; and he who has an ordinary school education, with a good taste for good reading, is better equipped for the duties of life than the graduate of the best college or university in the country without that taste.

☞ "Edith," asked a mother of her daughter, as she sat down at a late breakfast one morning, "did George leave any package for me last evening?" Edith blushed, and said falteringly: "Why, no, mamma! What made you ask?" "Oh! nothing; only I heard him say at the door, as he said good-bye: 'Now here is one more for your mother;' and I didn't know whether it was that lace pattern his mother had promised me." Edith blushed and said nothing.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WHAT WILL THE FUTURE BE?

Since his recent defeat for re-election to the United States senate by the Farmers' Alliance of Kansas, Ex-Senator Ingalls has been devoting his attention to an investigation of the causes of his downfall. He has written quite a number of articles on various phases of the question, and here is one of his latest, clipped from Truth:

The Republican party is undergoing a process of segmentation. The cleavage between the east and west is perceptible, and may become complete.

The difference between the two sections result from environment, and I fear are fundamental. Reconciliation is impossible except by concessions, which would be equivalent to surrender, and this is not to be anticipated.

I do not regard the movement which under various names is going on in the West and South as casual, sporadic or temporary. It is the organization of the laboring, producing and agricultural classes for their own protection. It is not yet an array against wealth, property, corporations or capital. So far it is strictly defensive, but there are enormous possibilities for mischief. Derision, ridicule and denunciation are not wise. Reason, argument, conference, propitiation, would be better. It is well to be careful in handling dynamite, especially when it happens to be intelligent and has a grievance, real or imaginary.

The men of the East, who look upon it all with an air of amused and patronizing interest, will find that they are not guided by their customary penetration.

Politics do not wholly, nor even largely, account for the marvelous spread of the movement. It must be described as the sudden appreciation of the power possessed by every atom in our complex and extraordinary social fabric. Men have passed from a hazy understanding of the right to vote, a realization of the resistless power of their votes when combined.

The dynamics of the Western movement are not understood and appreciated east of the Alleghanies. There is a disposition to scoff, sneer, and disparage, which is impolitic and unfortunate. This will intensify the irritation and aggravate the tendency to separation.

The people have learned the lesson of the supremacy of numbers—the power of combination. They have discovered that they are in the majority. The movement is spreading with extraordinary rapidity. Organization is proceeding in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin. In Ohio 30,000 farmers are already organized, and it is predicted that there will be 300,000 before the close of the year.

The demand is for more circulating medium, lower taxation, tariff reduction and restriction of corporate powers. The agitation and discontent have been reinforced by bad crops, unpropitious seasons, debts and low prices. An element that cannot be overlooked is the dull, brutal and vulgar insolence and ostentation of the millionaires. They are vulnerable. They have not been as sagacious in the use of wealth as they have on its acqusition. On this particular phase of the question much might be said, for it would be idle to deny that a fool with $1,000,000 is more harmful than a fool with nothing but poverty to back up his folly. When the day of rigid reckoning comes it will be seen that the existing clique of sordid, silly and ambitious millionaires is suggestively close to the schemers and tricksters who are playing upon the passions of the poor.

I thought at one time that the coalition of the West and South was inevitable, but this does not seem likely to occur. The race question and its incidentals insure the solidity of the South, and its identity with the Democracy as long as the present policy of the Republican party continues. It is to a dim and unacknowledged perception of this perhaps that the apathy and indifference of Western constituencies to the election bill is attributable.

The readjustment of our political forces will affect Democrats as well as Republicans. Both parties will be compelled to rectify their frontiers.

In Ireland, Germany and Russia, similar agitation exists, but the menace is not so appalling. Society is stratified. There are monarchies, dynasties, standing armies, hereditary establishments, avocations affording definite and formidable obstacles and barriers to disorder. But here every individual is alert and mobile, and armed with the ballot—a terrible projectile if there is behind it an impelling force of hunger, poverty, anger and desperation.

It is difficult for the average well to do man to realize the envy which possesses the Western settler who watches the magnificently equipped and gorgeous train roll by his mortgaged land. He is without means to feed his family and he is crushed to the earth by poverty. The railroad passes over his land and makes money from his fellow farmers. It is the emblem of prosperity and wealth. He realizes that he is a factor in the wealth of the road, yet he is practically starving for bread. He has discovered that the Declaration of Independence, Yankee Doodle, the Fourth of July, the Constitution of the United States and Universal Suffrage, have not abolished poverty nor resulted in social fraternity and the equal diffusion of wealth, and the burdens, benefits and privileges of society.

Among the farmers, some of extreme views are of course to be found. There are some who openly advocate the repudiation of debts, public and private, fraternalism in government and the forcible redistribution of property, but the number is small yet, though increasing rather than diminishing.

Of course there are rogues, Scapins, Robert Macairs, Jeremy Diddlers and Micawbers among them.

Many of the schemes and projects are grotesque, chimerical, gimcrack; but in the main they are the serious efforts of sincere, honest and patriotic men—often without education or discipline—misled sometimes by sinister and incendiary appeals, to solve the social and political problems of the nineteenth century.

The agricultural warehouse sub-treasury scheme and loaning of irredeemable fiat money on real estate security, have a few adherents thus far among the masses of the people, even among those who have been unfortunate and are in distress.

Perceiving the accelerated tendency of political power to concentrate in few hands, and the enormous aggregation of wealth by individuals, so that inequalities are greater in democracy than in a despotism, they are considering the question in a committee of the whole. They may report progress and ask leave to sit again, or they may rise and order the previous question, if there is any fillibustering.

The results cannot be foretold. The problem is as old as humanity, but it has never arisen under the same conditions before, so there are no precedents. They had similar troubles in Sparta a good many years ago, and Lycurgus divided up all the real estate and parceled it out among the citizens. The patricians and plebians of Rome had the same difficulty, and the plebians came out ahead. But there are no precedents in history, which is said to repeat itself, that apply here, because this is the first time that the experiment of popular self-government, the sovereignty of the people, has been tried.

I am not a pessimist nor a ringer of an alarm bell at midnight, but there are many indications of the approach of structural, if not organic, changes in our system. That they will be accompanied by violent and fatal catastrophes is unlikely. These are unnecessary. When the supreme court declared that taxation need not be for raising revenue and that the power to tax was, under the constitution, the power to destroy, they placed in the hands of Lazarus a weapon against which Dives has neither shield nor armor.

☞ The survey of the proposed Carolina, Greenville and Northern has nearly reached Hot Springs, N. C. Referring to the work already done by the chief engineer, Mr. R. A. Bowie, The Knoxville Journal says that the most difficult part of the route has been overcome by "an engineering skill compared with which that displayed in surmounting the Blue Ridge by the Western North Carolina railroad will be insignificant." From the point where the survey reaches the foot of the mountain, to the top of the mountain, is an actual distance by the nearest possible route of about three miles, but to cover this distance requires an ascent of about 500 feet. To bring the grade within eighty feet to the mile the road winds to the distance of about six and one-half miles. It not only makes loops by crossing its own track, but in one place makes a double loop by crossing a ravine on a proposed high trestle towering over two tracks below, at a distance above the lowest one of about sixty or seventy feet—something unknown in the construction of any railroad line in the world. In this way the top of the mountain is reached by a comparatively easy grade, and with only three small tunnels, the largest not over one hundred yards in length. The road, it is said, can be constructed cheaply, and it is estimated that on all parts trains can safely make forty miles per hour.—Manufacturers' Record.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE UNHAPPY.—See your wife as seldom as possible. If she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper, or if after a day's or a week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her and answer her with monosyllables. If she forces back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have anything to do to make her happy, but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits; and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults (which, without doubt, she will have, and perhaps be ignorant of), never attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually obtrude upon her ears: "What a good wife Mr. Smith has!" "How happy Mr. Smith is with his wife!" "Any man would be happy with such a wife!" In company, never seem to know you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant to every other lady. If you follow these directions, you may be certain of an obedient and heart-broken wife.—N. Y. Ledger.

"AND OBEY."—A Scotch clergyman, while going through a village, was requested to officiate at a marriage, in the absence of a parish minister. Just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honor his wife, the man interjected the words "and obey." The clergyman, surprised, did not heed the proposed amendment. He was going on with the service, when the groom again interposed with emphasis: "Ah, and obey, sir—love, honor and obey, ye ken!"

A few years afterwards the clergyman met the hero of the wedding incident. "D'ye mind, sir, yon day, when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Weel, ye may now see that I was in the richt. Whether ye would or no, I hae obeyed her; and behold, I am now the only man that has a twa story house in the hole toun!"

The Scotchman went even further than Franklin, who said; "The man who would thrive must ask his wife."

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December 23 1yto 51Dec. 23, '91

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Is suggested in the picture below.

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We are about to publish

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One of the Captain's latest and best serials. It is probably not necessary for us to suggest that

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LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

I WOULD respectfully announce to my old friends and the traveling public that I have returned to Yorkville, and in the future will give my personal attention to the LIVERY AND FEED STABLES so long conducted by me. Determined to merit public patronage, I hope to receive a share of the same.

MY OMNIBUS

Is still on the street, ready to convey passengers to all departing trains, or from the trains to any part of town.

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SCHEDULE in effect March 31, 1890. Nos. 52 and 53 run DAILY; Nos. 38 and 39 daily, EXCEPT Sunday:

GOING SOUTH	No. 52	No. 38
Leave Rutherfordton	9 55 am	
Leave Shelby	11 45 am	
Leave Blacksburg	12 45 pm	8 50 am
Leave Hickory Grove	1 15 pm	9 40 am
Leave Sharon	1 30 pm	10 10 am
Leave Yorkville	1 45 pm	10 55 am
Leave Tirzah	1 56 pm	11 15 am
Leave Newport	2 02 pm	11 30 am
Leave Old Point	2 08 pm	11 50 am
Leave Rock Hill	2 20 pm	12 40 pm
Leave Leslie	2 28 pm	1 00 pm
Leave Roddey's	2 32 pm	1 15 pm
Leave Catawba Junction	2 36 pm	2 50 pm
Leave Lancaster	3 12 pm	4 30 pm
Leave Camden	4 34 pm	7 30 pm
Leave Kingville	6 30 pm	
Arrive Columbia	7 05 pm	

GOING NORTH.	No. 53	No. 39
Leave Columbia	9 00 am	
Leave Kingville	9 50 am	
Leave Camden	11 40 am	9 00 am
Leave Lancaster	1 09 pm	1 15 pm
Leave Catawba Junction	1 48 pm	2 50 pm
Leave Roddey's	1 52 pm	3 00 pm
Leave Leslie	1 56 pm	3 10 pm
Leave Rock Hill	2 29 pm	3 50 pm
Leave Old Point	2 25 pm	4 00 pm
Leave Newport	2 33 pm	4 18 pm
Leave Tirzah	2 39 pm	4 30 pm
Leave Yorkville	2 50 pm	5 10 pm
Leave Sharon	3 05 pm	5 40 pm
Leave Hickory Grove	3 15 pm	6 10 pm
Leave Blacksburg	3 45 pm	6 55 pm
Leave Shelby	4 57 pm	
Arrive Rutherfordton	6 45 pm	

C. M. WARD, General Manager,

C. & L. NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE of Mail and Passenger trains from Lenoir, N. C., to Chester, S. C., and from Chester to Lancaster, daily except Sunday, taking effect February 1, 1891.

8 40 am	Leave LENOIR Arrive		10 40 pm
9 47 am	HICKORY		9 34 pm
10 25 am	NEWTON		9 00 pm
11 15 am	LINCOLNTON		8 11 pm
11 59 am	DALLAS		7 24 pm
12 14 pm	GASTONIA		7 12 pm
12 44 pm	CLOVER		6 16 pm
1 09 pm	YORKVILLE		5 45 pm
1 26 pm	GUTHRIESVILLE		5 25 pm
1 55 pm	LOWRYSVILLE		5 04 pm
2 15 pm	Arrive CHESTER Leave		4 40 pm
	Cheraw & Chester		
	Leave CHESTER Arrive		11 02 am
4 40 pm	KNOX'S		10 30 am
5 12 pm	RICHBURG		10 10 am
5 29 pm	FORT LAWN		9 32 am
6 05 pm	Arrive LANCASTER Leave		9 00 am

Going South — Mixed Train — Going North. Read Up.

SOL HASS, Traffic M'ng'r. J. L. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. Agt. D. CARDWELL, D. P. A. Columbia, S. C.

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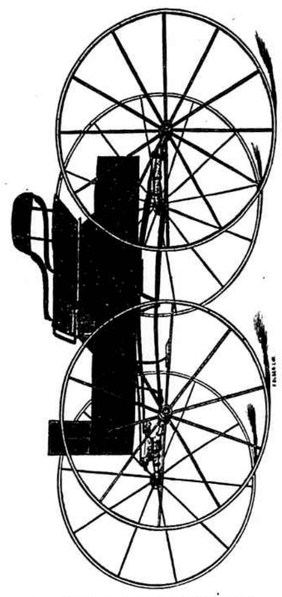

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January 7, 1890. 48 tf

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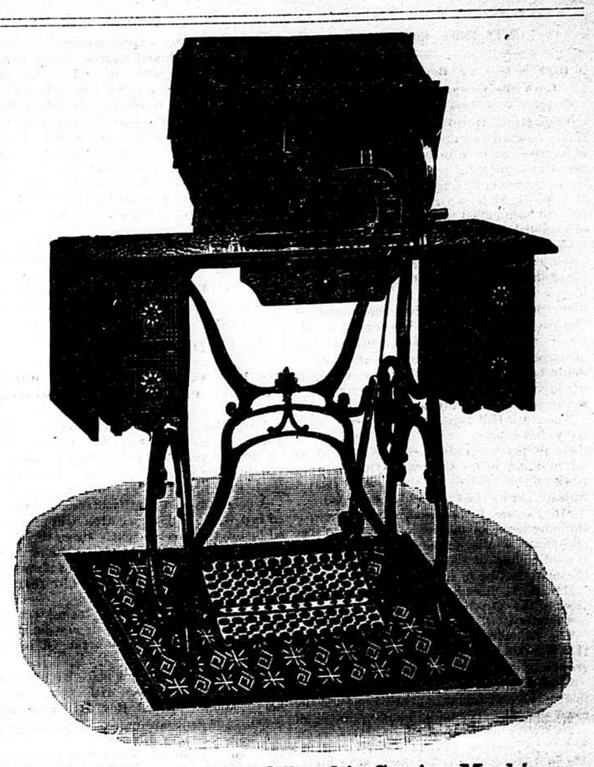

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