Humorous Department.

SHE TOOK HER TIME.

She looked very bewitching standing there before the mirror in her ball dress of soft, white, clinging stuff. A lovely woman was she, and the stoniest of cynics could not blame her for smiling in admiration of her own beauty reflected back to her in the polished glass. As she lingered thus there was a sudden movement of feet in the hall below. She listened.

"Charley musn't get impatient," she murmured. "I shall not be ready any sooner."

With puff in hand she was enhancing by a deft touch here and there the alabaster whiteness of the glorious complexion. A knock sounded at the door.

"In a minute," she sweetly observed. "Tell Charley I'll be ready in just a minute."

She was applying the puff with the most engaging deliberation. The knock was repeated louder than before.

"Run for your life, roared a rough voice through the keyhole, "the house is on fire."

She was looking archly over her shoulder to gain a side view of her queenly figure.

"In a minute," she softly replied.

One of the golden tresses had escaped from the restraining pins and hung mockingly beside the shell-like ear.

"Dear me," she exclaimed petulantly, "it does seem as if something must be wrong all the time."

In readjusting the coiffure she dislodged some of the powder from her glorious cheek.

"Plague take it, I shan't——

"Fire! fire!" rang the distracted shout through the whole house.

"In a minute, I say. I do wish they would be a little more patient."

Presently the damask of the fair countenance was restored.

"Break down the door."

It seemed as if many noisy men were gathered at the very threshold of her boudoir.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she called in dulcet tones—tones that nature makes her sweetest sound and places in the throat of woman.

"The fire is right under you."

"I'm coming directly."

With a last smiling glance at the counterfeit of her beautiful self, she carelessly threw a cloak about her snowy shoulders and opened the door.

"I am ready."

They were obliged, the stairway being burned, to carry her down a ladder, but the triumph was hers. Neither man nor the elements could make her hurry at her toilet.

A Smart Young Trader.—There was once a worthy Presbyterian minister, who, while sitting in his study, was interrupted by a small boy who had by some way or other gained admission, to sell the good man some young pups.

"I do not want any dogs, my boy," said the divine.

"But these are Presbyterian pups," persisted the youngster. The old gentleman, however, would not have them and the disappointed boy withdrew.

Some days afterward while visiting a friend who was a Universalist, the minister was astonished to see the same boy come in and offer to sell his friend some pups. "Good Universalisist pups," said the chap. This was too much for the Dominie, who said to the boy, "Are you not the same boy that tried to sell me these pups the other day?" "Yes, sir." "And did you not tell me then they were Presbyterian pups?" "Yes, sir." "Then how can they be Universalist pups, now?" "Because they have had their eyes opened since then," said the little chap. It is needless to add he sold the pups.

Not a Proposal.—The young man's face was flushed and his manner was strangely agitated. As he addressed the fair girl before whom he stood, a faint tremor was noticeable in his voice.

"Miss Blanch," he said, "I hesitated about coming to you, but my feelings have overpowered me at last. Will it be too much for me to ask—"

"Pray go on," said the maiden, with heart wildly beating, as his voice faltered. Yes, they were coming, the words that she and her dear mamma had so long waited for. "Pray go on," she said again, as he still stood, looking at her with burning eyes.

"I came to ask you, Miss Blanch—"

"Yes," she smiled encouragingly."

"If it would be too much trouble for you to write off that recipe which you said you had for warding off the grippe. I'm sure I am going to have it, and those confounded doctors always charge two prices for a prescription."—Pharmaceutical Era.

☞ Five-year old Dorothy goes to Sunday-school, and always learns the golden text. Sometimes her mother is astonished at her application of these bits of Scripture. She was allowed to go to one of the neighbors to play one afternoon, and looked very sweet in her fresh dainty gown. It was only a little while, however, before she ran home, besmeared with mud from tip to toe. "Oh, Dorothy!" mamma exclaimed, in a discouraged tone, "what shall I do with you?" "I'm sorry; I didn't mean to, mamma." "But just look at your clothes, child! What am I going to do with you?" "Well," responded Dorothy, remembering her text for the previous Sunday, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

He Kept his Word.—"My dear," said a young and fashionable New York lady to her plain old-fashioned husband, "I hope you are not going to talk at dinner before all the company about how you went barefooted when a boy. Every time we have company you shock the people by talking about your bare feet when you were a boy." "My dear, I'll not mention my bare feet." He kept his promise. He did not say a word about his bare feet, but he talked long and eloquently about having been obliged to walk backward out of church on one occasion, owing to the dilapidated condition of his unmentionables consequent on his indigent condition.

Particular About Butter.—Little Boy—Mom wants two pounds o' butter exactly like wot you sent us last. If tain't exactly like it she won't take it.

Grocer (to numerous customers)—Some people in my business don't like very particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them and get them exactly what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy.

Little Boy—Be sure to get the same kind. A lot o' pap's relations is visitin' at our house, an' mom wants to drive 'em away.—Good News.

☞ A story which comes from Torrington, Ct., is a further illustration of the difficulties and annoyances which confront the schoolteacher. A Torrington schoolma'am was trying to impress the small boy with the meaning of the word better. To illustrate, she asked, "Now, if you were sick, and a doctor came and gave you some medicine, what would you be?" "Dead," was the unexpected answer. The next day the word man bothered the little fellow. The teacher, nearly out of patience, asked, "What is your papa?" "A Democrat," was the reply.

☞ "Grindstone, do you believe all these stories about hailstones falling out west as big as walnuts; "As big as walnuts? Why, Killjordan, on my own farm out in the Spring Creek neighborhood, I picked up, one day in '83, a bushel basket full of hail stones half an hour after they fell, and the smallest of them were bigger than hen's"—becoming suddenly conscious that Mrs. Grindstone is looking at him—"bigger than hen's teeth!"

☞ A friend of ours, says the St. Mark's Monthly, then living in Racine, ordered with other books, from Gregs & Co., of Chicago, a copy of Cannon Farrar's book, "Seekers After God," just then out. In a short time the other volumes came to hand, but being out of the Canon's book, G. & Co. wrote at the bottom of the invoice, "No seekers after God in Chicago."

☞ Father of the Family—Irene, what brings that young Hankinson here four or five evnings every week?

Miss Irene—Why, papa, I—hardly—I—

Johnny (coming to her relief)—I know what brings him here. A pair of the slimmest legs a dude ever walked on. That's the thing that brings him.

☞ "Mamma," said a little girl, the other Sunday, "why does our minister always say 'lastly' in the middle of a sermon?"

The Farm and Fireside.

DEFINITIONS OF "HOME."

London Tid-Bits offered a prize for the best answer to the question: "What is home?" Here are a few of the bright answers which it received:

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which Heaven is the fruit.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failures of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

An abode in which the inmate, the "superior being called man," can pay back at night with fifty per cent. interest every annoyance that has met him in business during the day.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is the central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus.

The center of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hills of the world where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

A popular but paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man, and man rests in the presence of woman.

Preserving Eggs.—The following is among the best methods known for preserving eggs: Take twenty-four gallons of water, twelve pounds of unslacked lime, and four pounds of salt, or in that proportion according to the quantity of eggs to be preserved; stir it well several times a day, and then let it stand till the liquor has settled and is perfectly clear. Draw or carefully dip off the clear liquid, leaving the sediment at the bottom. Take for the above amount of liquid five ounces each of baking soda, cream of tartar, saltpeter and borax and an ounce of alum. Pulverize and mix these, and dissolve in one gallon of boiling water, and add to the mixture about twenty gallons of pure lime water. This will about fill a cider barrel. Put the eggs in carefully, so as not to crack any of the shells, letting the water always stand an inch above the eggs, which can be done by placing a barrel head a little smaller upon them and weighting it. This amount of liquid will preserve 150 dozen eggs.

It is not necessary to wait to get a full barrel or smaller package of eggs, but they can be put in at anytime that they can be obtained fresh. But the same liquid should be used only once.—Southern Fancier.

Rules for a Clear Skin.—Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia, or a little borax. Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it. Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off of it. Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately. Don't use a sponge or a linen rag for your face, choose instead a flannel one. Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead give your face a Russian bath every night; that is, to bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then, a minute after, with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby while your skin is growing firmer and coming out of wrinkles, and you are resting.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Copperas for Cholera.—If poultry show signs of cholera don't wait until some of them die of it, but immediately give copperas in their drinking water, a level tablespoonfull to a half pint of water. If any are already sick remove them to a room by themselves and give it stronger, and if they will eat, mix up their feed with copperas water. A little experience will teach one how strong it may be given without injuring the fowls. Through a mistake I gave it very strong at one time and expected it would kill some of them, but could see no harm done. I have tried many remedies that seemed to do my flock no good, as they still kept dying off, when a friend suggested that I try copperas, and it immediately helped them.—Mrs. L. C. Axtell in Ohio Poultry Journal.

Vermin in Poultry Houses.—The way I rid my poultry house of vermin is to close it perfectly tight, stopping all the cracks, and then set in an iron kettle with cold ashes in the bottom. Then I thoroughly mix sulphur and tar with rags, tow, or similar material, put all in a kettle and smoke the house for two hours. Then I whitewash all surfaces, perches, etc., with lime slaked with carbolic acid in it. Before fumigating, the house should be thoroughly cleaned of droppings and trash, including all neat material. Then a good coat of whitewash inside and out will settle the pests for months.—John Parks.

Weeds.—The rapidity with which weeds multiply is marvelous. A single plant of purslane will, when fully grown, mature nearly a million seeds; the roadside mullen, 600,000; the ox-eye daisy, 13,500; the Canada thistle, about 10,000; the Mayweed, 30,000, and the burdock, 26,000. In view of these facts, we should let no noxious weed escape. This should be the war cry, especially during the months of July and August. "Plow them up, dig them up, or cut them up, or cut them down." Not one should mature its seeds.

☞ The best way to feed corn to fattening cattle is first to boil it in the ear. If fed whole and not boiled, much of it passes undigested, and if ground it costs ten per cent. more, besides the trouble of taking it to the mill; and then when cattle are fed heavily more or less of the meal is not digested. If boiled, both corn and cob are soft and easily eaten, and not one particle passes unappropriated. Three bushels of dry corn makes four bushels of boiled corn, and bushel for bushel of boiled corn is worth more for feeding. Boil half to three-fourths of an hour.

A Point for Potato Growers.—The editor of an English agricultural journal advises farmers to cut off potato blossoms as soon as they appear. The balls or true seed of the potato, which results from the blossom, are not only unnecessary to the formation of the tuber below, but are a prejudicial strain on the plant. He says he has tried it again and again on a large scale, three rows left and three rows cut and the results have more than satisfied him.

How to Keep Flies From Horses.—Bruise a bunch of smartweed until the juice exudes, and then rub the animal with the bruised weed, paying especial attention to the legs, neck and ears. This will keep the flies and other insects off the horse for twenty-four hours, when the process should be repeated. A strong infusion of the weed can be made by boiling it several minutes in water. When cold it can be applied with a sponge or brush.

☞ A good dressing for shoes is white of egg or some good oil—olive or sweet oil applied with a bit of flannel. It keeps the color of the leather, and shoes thus treated do not harden after being thoroughly wet. Oil is the proper dressing for patent leather—linseed oil, some shoemakers say. It is first rubbed on and then polished with a dry flannel. Patent leather treated this way does not crack or become dull after wetting.

Ink.—Instead of putting in more ink in your inkstand, simply add water and stir it up from the bottom with a match. Ink loses by evaporation far more than by being spread on the page. When at last it grows pale, wash out the inkstand, put in fresh ink and begin anew.

☞ To remove sewing machine oil, wet the spots with turpentine and wash out with cold water and toilet soap.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Things the Queen May not Do.—Queen Victoria, not being born a queen, probably learned to read just like other persons. But after she became afflicted with royalty she found that a queen is not allowed to have a great many privileges that the humblest of her subjects can boast. For instance, she isn't allowed to handle a newspaper of any kind, nor a magazine, nor a letter from any person except from her own family, and no member of the royal family or household allowed to speak to her of any piece of news in any publication. All the information the queen is allowed to have must first be strained through the intellect of a man whose business it is to cut out from the papers each day what he thinks she would like to know. These scraps he fastens on a silk sheet with a gold fringe all about it, and presents to her unfortunate majesty. This silken sheet, with gold fringe, is imperative for all communications to the queen. Any one who wishes to send the queen a personal poem or communication of any kind (except a personal letter, which the poor lady isn't allowed to have at all) must have it printed in gilt letters on one of these silk sheets with gold fringe, just so many inhes wide and no wider, all about it. These gold trimmings will be returned to him in time, as they are expensive, and the queen is kindly and thrifty, but for the queen's presence they are imperative. The deprivations of the queen's life are pathetically illustrated by an incident which occurred not long ago:

An American lady sent her majesty an immense collection of the flowers of this country, pressed and mounted. The queen was delighted with the collection and kept it for three months, turning over the leaves frequently with great delight. At the end of that time, which was as long as she was allowed by court etiquette to keep it, she had it sent back with a letter saying that, being queen of England, she was not allowed to have any gifts, and that she parted with them with deep regret.—Helen Watterson in Philadelphic Inquirer.

Mountains and Valleys of Salt.—In Lincoln county, Nevada, on the Rio Virgin river, there is a deposit of pure rock salt, which is exposed for a length of two miles by half a mile in width. No living man knows the depth of the deposit or the conditions which brought it about. It is known, however, that the "vein" is plowed by the canyons of immense rivers which have furrowed it to a depth of sixty to 100 feet, making for themselves banks of crystal salt as pure and clear as the clearest ice or glass. The "sand" of these rivers is almost wholly composed of pure crystals of salt. Wherever this mammoth salt vein has been worked the operators have found it as hard as granite, rock drills and blasting powder being the chief tools used. Salt quarrymen often remove blocks from the deposit that are three feet square and so transparent that common print can be read through it. At Sand Springs, in Churchill county, Nevada, the conditions are very similar, salt, salt, salt everywhere. It is free from any particle of foreign substance, and so easily worked that one good hand can remove from five to ten tons per day. The Humboldt salt fields in the same region are fifteen miles long by six wide, the salt stratum being like that on the Rio Virgin, of unknown depth. Besides these immense salt mines, the same locality has whole mountains of pure borax and other substances which are usually reckoned as being valuable.

A Year Without a Summer.—In the year 1816, according to the best records, January and February were warm and springlike. March was cold and stormy. Vegetation had gotten well along in April when real winter set in. Sleet and snow fell on seventeen different days in May. In June there was either frost or snow every night but three. The snow was five inches deep for several days in succession in the interior of New York and from ten inches to three feet in Vermont and Maine. July was cold and frosty, ice formed as thick as window panes in every one of the New England States. August was still worse; ice formed nearly an inch in thickness and killed nearly every green thing in the United States and in Europe. In the spring of 1817, corn which had been kept over from the crop of 1815, sold for from $5 to $10 a bushel, the buyers purchasing for seed. On May 10, 1835, snow fell to depth of a foot in Jamestown, Va., and piled up in huge drifts in most of the Northern States. There was snow in many parts of Iowa and Illinois on May 11, 1878, and again as late as May 23, 1882.—Globe Democrat.

A King Killed by Fright.—One of the most remarkable instances in history of death by fright is that of King Frederick I of Prussia. He was actually scared to death by his wife. He was one day sleeping in an arm-chair when his queen, Louisa of Mecklenburg, who had been hopelessly insane for sometime, escaped from her keepers and made her way to his private apartments. As mentioned above, Frederick was dozing when his wife, dressed in a pure white gown, dashed through the plate glass in the door and threw herself in a raging delirum upon him. In breaking the glass she of course cut herself most horribly. The king had not been apprised of the hopelessness of her case, and was astonished beyond measure at the appearance of the woman, clad only in linen and covered with blood. His shrieks aroused the whole palace, but when the queen had been secured the king himself was found to be in a raging delirium. From this he never recovered, but died trying to hide from terrible phantoms.

A City in Two Hemispheres.—In one respect at least Quito, the capital of Ecuador, is the most unique city in the world—it is situated in both the Northern and Southern hemispheres, a distinction claimed by no other place of importance on the globe. At Quito the sun rises and sets at 6 o'clock the year around. You may forget to wind your watch while you are visiting the Eucuadorean capital, but you need not hunt up a regulator—set it when the sun rises or sets and you will be sure to be right. Old Sol makes no mistakes. In one part of the city, the summer season does battle with old winter, who is just across the street. The seasons, as far as names are concerned, change almost instantly; but, as the temperature is remarkably even, these curious points are seldom thought of or commented on by the 50,000 people who make Quito there home.

Napoleon's Carriage.—The carriage in which Napoleon made his famous retreat from Moscow and in which he, as emperor general, set out from Paris in the campaign which closed at Waterloo, is now preserved in London by the trustees of the Wellington estate, the relic having formerly been the property of the "Iron Duke." It is a two seated conveyance, with top and sides lined with iron; there is also a front "curtain" of iron that can be raised and lowered at will. The wheels are large and heavy, and then the steps are finished with curious battle designs done in silver. The emperor used the back seat and kept his pillows and blankets under it. The back of the front seat was used as a cupboard, and was provided with all sorts of culinary articles and a small spirit or oil stove.

☞ It is not generally known that there is a company in the United States army composed entirely of Seminole Indians, and that they are maintained and supported by the government as a seperate military organization. By reference to the last appropriation bill it will be seen that the last appropriation for the Seminole company is a separate item, having nothing whatever to do with the general appropriation. This company has been in existence since 1861, did valiant service during the civil war, and has been of incalculable value in frontier service since the war.

☞ The United States is fast crowding Switzerland out of the watch market and there is no part of the world, no matter how remote, where the tick of the American watch cannot be heard. Today American factories turn out 35,000 watches a week. Most of the time-pieces imported are repeaters, stop-watches, and those having special movement, which bring a high price.

☞ A recently returned traveler says he saw these odd signs displayed in London: "Thunder & Co.," "J. B. Blazes," "Holyland, Floor & Heale," "Baldwillie, Treer & Co.," "Peace & Plenty," "C. Heavens," and many others equally as odd.

Wayside Gatherings.

☞ Don't break off a well-tried friendship.

☞ After all, a man cannot contract a bad habit too much.

☞ Fashion makes fools of some, sinners of others, and slaves of all.

☞ A Philadelphia Chinaman glories in a pig-tail 5 feet 11 inches in length.

☞ Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

☞ The reason a dog can look so knowing is because he can't say anything to spoil the effect.

☞ If you are to believe that any sort of a politician is a saint you must let him tell his own story.

☞ Whatever may be the custom and law of a country, woman always gives the tone to the morals.

☞ Men are very much like dogs; the more worthless they are, the more they howl when they get hurt.

☞ It is never too late to mend. This is why the cobbler never has your boots done at the time promised.

☞ It is estimated that the inundated territory of the West extends over at least four hundred square miles.

☞ The prohibition against dancing and theatre-going is still to remain in the Methodist Episcopal discipline.

☞ It is estimated that the United States has a capacity of producing about 15,250,000 pounds of paper annually.

☞ Let not every pain send thee to the doctor, every quarrel for the lawyer, nor every thirst to the dram shop.

☞ It is estimated that about thirty thousand horses were ousted from street-car service last year by electricity.

☞ The Washington office of the Western Union Telegraph company has sent out over 400,000 words in a single evening.

☞ There will be a building at the World's fair where a woman can leave her baby and get a check for it while she sees the show.

☞ A mean man will do almost anything to beat a neighbor, but you never heard of a man mean enough to beat a neighbor's carpet.

☞ If a well could be dug to the depth of forty-six miles, the density of the air at the bottom would be as great as that of quicksilver.

☞ So delicate is the adjustment of the most powerful cannon that allowance has to be made for the curvature of the earth before the discharge.

☞ A Western editor thus alludes to a contemporary: "He is young yet, but he can sit at his desk and brush cobwebs from the ceiling with his ears."

☞ The man who can get an office is willing to commit himself to harmony in the party. The man who cannot will wait awhile and see about it.

☞ Hard Luck—Jimmy—What did yer get on yer birthday? Jakey—Nothin'! Never got anything since the first one, and then I only got born!

☞ Honey should not be eaten by the sick and feeble, as it continues for a long time in the stomach, and produces "sourness" dan flatulence.

☞ Some people are never abreast of the age. They dive into the stream of the past, and don't come up again; their heads stick in the mud at the bottom.

☞ There are more divorces granted in the United States than in all the rest of the Christian world put together. Americans are very discriminative—after marriage.

☞ Nothing sits so gracefully upon young people, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful department toward their parents and superiors.

☞ Twenty-two prisoners escaped from prison at Athens, Ga., by digging a tunnel under the walls and joining a religious procession that was passing at the time.

☞ There is but one official in the United States who has a legal title to be called "honorable." It is the lieutenant governor of Massachusetts. His title is given him by law.

☞ When cotton thread was first made, 840 yards of it weighed one pound. Hence it is number one. A pound containing twice that number of yards is number two, and so on.

☞ The largest congregation in America is St. Stanislaus Kostka, in Chicago, which has 30,000 communicants. The number of attendants at the several services every Sunday frequently exceed 15,000.

☞ A mining expert, just returned from Alaska, states that the country is rich in minerals of all kinds, and ventures the opinion that the finds of gold there will exceed that of 1849 in California.

☞ Nathaniel Brown, a negro of Berkeley, Va., has started a religious creed, calling itself the "No Meat Eaters." He tells his followers that if they will not eat any meat they will live for three hundred years.

☞ Regard not much who is for thee or who is against thee; but give all thy thought and care to this—that God be with thee in everything thou doest; for whom God will help, no malice of man shall be able to hurt.

☞ Helping to run the paper: "How many white inhabitants in this town?" "Nine hundred." "How many newspapers?" "Three." "How many editors?" "Eight hundred and ninety-nine."

☞ "Hasn't your horse got the heaves?" asked a customer. "Heaves, is it?" exclaimed the apparently astonished owner. "An if he's any the better for the heaves, he has 'em; if not the devil a bit has he!"

☞ "You know, Maria," he said, "I think every child shows in some way in what calling it is most likely to succeed in after years." "Do you think so? Then we'd better make a real estate man of our Willie. I can't keep him out of the dirt."

☞ An editor wrote a ball-room puff, saying, "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots." But the blundering compositor made it read, "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for ferry-boats."

☞ One curious feature about the climate of Southern Arizona is that while the heat in the daytime is almost unbearable and frequently drives people mad, the temperature at night is delightful—so cool, in fact, one has to sleep under heavy blankets for comfort.

☞ A man who died in Cincinnati a few days ago, it is said, had not a single hard substance in his body which would indicate that he possessed such a thing as a bone. Even his skull was about of the same consistency as India rubber.

☞ The speed of a hawk or gull on the wing is almost incredibly great. One of the swiftest hawks could make a circle round the smoke stack of a locomotive traveling sixty miles an hour, while a gull has often been known to fly before a favorable wind at the rate 100 miles an hour.

☞ When a lady once asked Turner, the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, he replied, "I have no secret madam, but hard work." This is a secret that many never learn, and don't succeed because they don't learn it. Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and the greatest curse to a great blessing.

☞ A curious incident connected with the Servian army is the manner in which most of the regiments carry the drum. It is not, as in most other countries, slung in front of the man who beats it, but is placed upon a a small, two-wheeled cart drawn by a large dog, which has been so trained that it keeps its place even through the longest and most tedious marches.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

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The richness, color, and beauty of the hair, the greatest care is necessary, much harm being done by the use of worthless dressings. To be sure of having a first-class article, ask your druggist or perfumer for **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** It is absolutely superior to any other preparation of the kind. It restores the original color and fullness to hair which has become thin, faded, or gray. It keeps the scalp cool, moist, and free from dandruff. It heals itching humors, prevents baldness, and imparts to

THE HAIR

a silken texture and lasting fragrance. No toilet can be considered complete without this most popular and elegant of all hair-dressings.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Texas.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered, my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to

USE

Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. Annie Collins, Dighton, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

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A $45 Sewing Machine for $16.

A $50 Sewing Machine for $18.

A $55 Sewing Machine for $22.50.

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YES, we mean exactly what we say. We are in a position to furnish Machines that are equal in every particular—style, finish, durability, light running, quality of work or anything else—to any sewing machine on the market.

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The $22.50 Machine is a High Arm and is named the Peerless.

The $23.50 Machine is a High Arm and is none other than the celebrated Hartford.

We will not attempt to give a detailed description of each machine, but will simply say that every machine we sell is warranted for FIVE years from date of sale and GUARANTEED TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION, or money will be refunded. Could a dealer or agent who charged you $45, $50, $55 or $60 for a machine make any fairer offer? The Yorkville Enquirer will be sent for one year without extra charge to every purchaser of a machine of either style. An illustrated circular giving a full and accurate description of each of the four styles of machines, and all necessary information, will be mailed to any who may write for it. A postal card will bring it. LEWIS M. GRIST, Yorkville, S. C.

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.

FOR FUNERALS.

I have an elegant HEARSE and also a CLARENCE COACH which will be sent to any part of the county at short notice. Prices reasonable.

Buggies and other Vehicles

On hand for sale. Bargains in either new or second-hand vehicles.

HAVE YOUR HORSES FED

At the Yorkville Livery and Feed Stables where they will receive the best attention.

F. E. SMITH.

RELIABLE FIRE INSURANCE.

IF YOU WANT FIRE INSURANCE we will make it worth your while TO CONSULT WITH US. We will give you just, prompt and certain insurance at the most economical rates. Be sure to consult our agency before you place your insurance.

Strong companies represented.

SAM M. & L. GEO. GRIST, Agents.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

THOROUGHLY fitted up with new backgrounds, accessories, &c., and with a fine sky-light, I am prepared to take a picture in any style of the art, as well executed as can be done elsewhere.

CHILDREN'S PICTURES A SPECIALTY.

By the dry plate process I can take them instantly; makes no difference about fair or cloudy weather.

I do all my own printing and finishing, and there is very little delay in delivery.

ENLARGED WORK.

Pictures copied and enlarged and finished in the highest style to be had, and prices reasonable. Give me a call and see specimens of work, at my Gallery on West Liberty street, near the jail.

J. R. SCHORB.

THE PARISH HOTEL.

WHEN you come to Yorkville, you are invited to stop at THE PARISH HOTEL. YOU WILL BE ROYALLY TREATED.

The building is located in the business portion of town. The rooms are large and provided with every comfort and convenience.

THE TABLES are supplied with THE BEST the season affords, prepared by experienced cooks, and served by polite and lively waiters.

LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS for commercial men. We study to please.

Mrs. C. G. PARISH, Manager.

March 4 4 tf

UNDERTAKING.

I AM handling a first class line of COFFINS AND CASKETS which I will sell at the very lowest prices. Personal attention at all hours. I am prepared to repair all kinds of Furniture at reasonable prices.

J. ED JEFFERYS.

D. E. FINLEY. J. S. BRICE.

FINLEY & BRICE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Yorkville, S. C.

ALL business entrusted to us will be given prompt attention.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING AT THE REAR OF M. & H. C. STRAUSS'S STORE.

January 7 1 tf

The Yorkville Enquirer.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single copy for one year,	$2 00
One copy for two years,	3 50
For six months,	1 00
For three months,	50
Two copies for one year,	3 50
Ten copies one year,	17 50

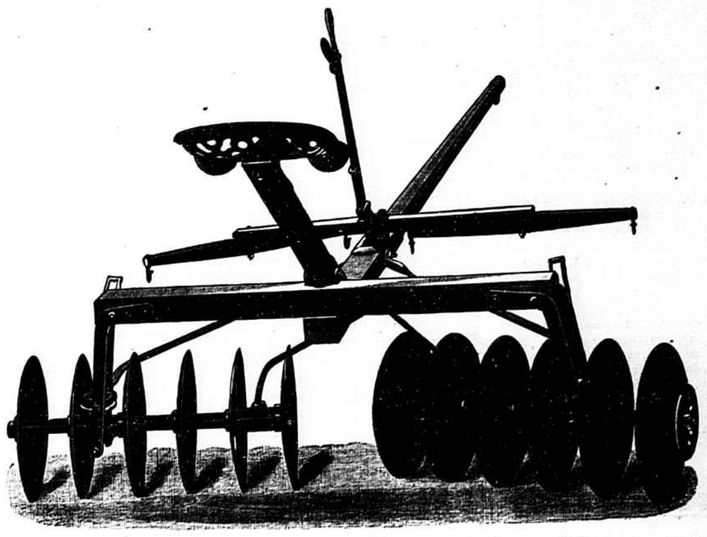
And an extra copy for a club of ten.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents per square for each subsequent insertion. A square consists of the space occupied by eight lines of this size type. ☞ Contracts for advertising space for three, six, or twelve months will be made on reasonable term.

THE CORBIN DISK HARROW

Is the Best Labor Saving Farming Implement in the World, and Will do More to Increase Crops and Reduce Cost of Production than any Farming Implement Ever Introduced.



THREE years ago I commenced to handle the Corbin Disk Harrow, and in my first announcement published testimonials as to its merits, which were furnished me by some of the best farmers in upper South Carolina, and who had been using the implement for several years. Some of the statements were received by those not familiar with the harrow with considerable allowance, although the writers were and are recognized as men who are thoroughly reliable. Today there are scores who doubted those statements when originally published who endorse every word contained in them. They have investigated the matter by buying harrows, and new converts are constantly being added to the list.

The above illustration gives a correct idea of the general appearance of the Harrow ready for use. It has steel disks that are turned to a knife edge, and they will neither bend, break or crumble. The beam of the latest improved is made of iron on the "T" principle. It has a spring seat. The bearings are formed of chilled iron balls, thus rendering the Corbin one-third lighter than any disk harrow on the market. The entire machine is made of steel and iron except the tongue, neck-yoke and whiffletree, and will last a life time if taken care of.

The following testimonials are from well known and successful farmers. They speak from knowledge born of practical experience, and for this reason their testimony is possessed of peculiar value, and is worthy of the careful consideration of every wide awake and progressive farmer who looks after his own interest. Read every word that each one has written, and then decide the question as to whether nor not you can longer afford to do without a Corbin Disk Harrow:

CHESTER, S. C, March 27, 1890.

SAM M. GRIST, Yorkville, S. C.: Dear Sir: I have owned a Corbin Disk Harrow for several years, and consider it the most useful and economical farming implement of which I have any knowledge. Mr. Corbin has done more for the farmer than all the politicians, reformers, etc., combined. He has done something practical. No farmer can fail to be benefitted by the use of the Harrow, and the more it is used the greater the benefit or profit. It is almost the only so-called improved farming implement that I have ever seen that would do all its manufacturers claimed for it, and the only one that would do more. Every farmer should have one and a man who is able to buy fertilizers for his land is more able to buy a Corbin Disk Harrow. The time will come when the Corbin Disk Harrow will be considered as much of a necessity on the farm as the wagon, sewing machine, cooking stove, and I might say, the plow; and the sooner it comes the better for the farmer. It only takes a farmer, who has been accustomed to the old way of doing things, about one hour to realize how much time and labor he has literally wasted before he used the Corbin Harrow. In conclusion, let me say that I would not pretend to farm without it.

Respectfully, W. HOLMES HARDIN.

GROVER, N. C., May 15, 1891.

MR. SAM M. GRIST, Yorkville, S. C.: Dear Sir:—I bought a No. 7 Corbin Disk Harrow from you last October. The first time I saw it I pronounced it "a daisy." Now I pronounce it indispensable.

I would not sell it for double what it cost if I could not get another. I sowed all my wheat with it and it gave entire satisfaction.

The best prepared piece of land I ever saw was a piece of stubble bottom land turned last winter with an Oliver chilled plow and cut this spring with the Corbin Harrow.

I also tried it on stubble land bottom that had not been broken and it was a success. It is actually the best farming implement I ever saw. With two mules and one hand I can do more work, and better work, than four mules and four hands in the old way.

Clods and baked ground would soon be a thing of the past if farmers would all use the Corbin Disk Harrow to pulverize the land. To see one at work is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that it will do all that is claimed for it.

One old gray headed farmer who saw me harrowing my stubble that had not been broke said, "I thought it was all talk about that harrow, but it will do." Another farmer, and a good one too, said, "It beats anything I ever saw, and I want one to sow my wheat with this fall."

After such a winter and spring as we have just passed through, and the farmers are all behind with their work, nothing saves time and labor like a Corbin Disk Harrow. Respectfully, C. C. HUGHES.

YORKVILLE, S. C., January 11, 1892.

SAM M. GRIST, Yorkville, S. C.: Dear Sir:—About the first of September I was induced to try one of your Corbin Disk Harrows. I have given it a fair trial, and can say without fear of contradiction that it has no equal as a farming implement. I have sowed my wheat and oats crops with it, and I am satisfied it was done at far less expense than the same size crop was ever before put in on the county farm, and better. All that is necessary on cotton stalk land is to rip up the stalks, sow the wheat or oats on the ground, and run the harrow over it. I can take a disk harrow and two strong mules and sow six to eight acres of wheat or oats in a day. Now just think what a saving of time and labor this is—the work of at least six mules and six hands by the plan commonly pursued by our farmers! Another point in favor of the harrow is this: You can take almost any kind of improved farming implement, and in order to succeed with it you must have your land in apple pie order, while with the Corbin Harrow the rougher the land the better the work it does—it asks no favors. I have a great deal of wire grass on the Poor House farm and am sure that by running the harrow over it about twice, I will have it in a shape that it will give me no more trouble. It will put stiff bottom land in a shape that it can be worked without difficulty.

I want to say to the farmers who may read this, that you are standing in your own light when you fail to buy or even postpone buying a Corbin Harrow. It will pay for itself over and over again every year. I would not undertake to farm without it, since I have learned its value, for three times its cost.

In regard to the Seeder Attachment, I will say that I have tested it thoroughly and it is all that is claimed for it. It sows wheat or oats in the very best manner, and can be taken off or put on the Harrow in one minute.

Again, I say to the farmers, buy it, even if you have to use less guano this year in order to pay for it. It will pay, and pay well. WM. P. WYLIE, Supt. York County Poor House.

YORKVILLE, S. C., July 8, 1889.

SAM M. GRIST, Yorkville, S. C.: Dear Sir:—In reply to your inquiry as to what I think of the value of the Corbin Disk Harrow as a farming implement, I would say that I consider myself incompetent to do the implement justice, but will try to give some idea of my estimate of its value. I consider the Corbin Disk Harrow to be the most valuable farming implement I have ever used, or ever expect to use. There is no other implement of which I have any knowledge that will do as many different kinds of work, or do the work as well. There is no implement which will do equal service that I have ever seen, that is so simple in construction or which is less liable to get out of order. It is one of the few improved farming implements which can be used to advantage by the ordinary negro. The Corbin Harrow will more than pay for itself in one season if given half a chance. I now have on my farm a 16-inch, 12-disk Corbin Harrow, the original price of