THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

Humorous Department.

A SHREWD JUDGE.

Judges in the criminal courts frequently have impostors brought before them, and it requires shrewdness and strategy to expose their deceptions. The following will show how a pretended deaf mute was put off his guard. The man was arrigned before Justice Patters. The charge against him was that of begging in the street. Suspended from the man's neck was a placard, bearing the inscription in black and white: "I am deaf and dumb."

The magistrate eyed both the prisoner and the placard long and sharply.

"What have you to say to the charge?" he suddenly exclaimed.

The prisoner paid not the slightest attention, but stood looking vacantly out before him.

"Come now, plead to the charge," repeated the magistrate, in crescendo tones.

The prisoner peered at the magistrate's moving lips, and then touched ears and mouth significantly with his forefinger.

"Oh, that will do!" said Justice Patters, impatiently; "step forward and plead, I tell you!"

The prisoner continued to peer into the magistrate's face and as the official's lips stopped moving, he drew a little slate from his pocket, upon which he scrawled the words:

"I cannot hear a word you say."

The magistrate was apparently buried in thought for a moment. Presently he murmured in a low tone, as if communing with himself:

"I don't know what to do about this case. Thought he was a fraud at first, but he does seem to be pretty hard of hearing. I think I'd better let him go. Yes, I will. Prisoner," raising his voice suddenly, "you may go."

As the magistrate uttered these words, the prisoner's little slate suddenly disappeared into the depths of his pocket, and with great alacrity he turned from the bar.

Then he suddenly recollected and checked himself.

"Too late!" cried the magistrate, triumphantly. "You may go—that is, to jail for 60 days."

MARK TWAIN'S WAY.—The Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, says the Kansas City Times, relates the following story: When I was living with my brother in Buffalo, Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't see very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast we saw Mark come to his door, in his dressing gown and slippers, and look over at us. He stood at his door and smoked for a minute as if making up his mind about something and at last opened his gate and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments and said:

"Nice morning."

"Yes, very pleasant."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by and by."

"Well, we could stand a little."

"This is a nice house you have here."

"Yes, we rather like it."

"How's your family?"

"Quite well—and yours?"

"Oh, we're all comfortable."

There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air and in his lazy drawl remarked: "I suppose you are a bit surprised to see me here so early. Fact is I haven't been so neighborly perhaps as I ought to be. We must mend that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your roof is on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea if"—

But at the mention of fire the whole family dusted up stairs, trailing language all the way up. When we had put the fire out and returned to the veranda, Mark wasn't there.

IN PEANUTVILLE.—Stranger—How long will it take one to go from here to Goobertown?

Native—'Pends on th' way ye go—the longer the short way.

Stranger—Well, the short way; how long?

Native—'Pends on whether ye ride or walk.

Stranger—Oh, hang it! I'll drive, of course.

Native—Then it'll hang on how fast the horses be. It may take ye one time, an' it may take ye another. Horses differ so in speed.

Stranger (desperately)—Well, when you drive there yourself, how long does it take you?

Native—Ain't never druv it.

Stranger—And when you walk it, then?

Native—Never thought to time me; but it's my notion of things that mebbe ef you'd started about the time ye began talkin' to me about it, ye might possebly have been there by this ef ye'd traveled fast enough.

PAT'S INGENUITY.—An Irishman on one occasion passed a grocer's shop, and seeing a pile of cheeses on the counter, and noticing the shopman had left the shop, thought it a good opportunity to get a chees for nothing.

He therefore stepped lightly into the shop, and, taking a couple of cheeses placed one on each side of the scales.

The shopman hearing the noise, came from the back shop, and asked Pat what he was about.

"Och," said Pat, "don't annoy yourself; I only wish to know if your cheese or mine is the heaviest."

"Like your confounded cheek," said the shopman angrily, "if you don't take your cheese out of this at once I'll set the police on you."

Pat lifted the cheese, and, smiling at the trick he had performed, bade the shopman a respectful good-day.

FEELING AND THINKING.—A young man having finished his medical studies, applied to an old gentleman, to know whether his neighborhood would be an eligible situation for a physician.

"Why?" replied the old man. "What can you do?"

"Why, sir, I can feel a pulse, and discover from it what disease the patient is subject to."

"Here then, feel mine," said the old man, stretching out his arm.

"You are troubled with the headache," said the young physician, after a very sagacious look.

"Never had it in my life, sir," said the old gentleman.

This was a poser. Profound silence ensued.

"I suppose you think me a fool?" said the physician, retiring.

"Ah," was the answer, "you know what I think, but you don't know what I feel!"

☞ Friday is generally set apart in the day schools for an informal examination, and is naturally a terror to idle or forgetful pupils. A certain boy, named Sam, was of this class, and to escape the inquisition generally managed to have an attack of illness on that afternoon. One day, however, he was fairly caught, and when he heard his name called Sam rose with the air of a martyr. "Now, Samuel," began the teacher, "I want you to tell me in which battle Lord Nelson was killed?" Sam was in despair, and began to fence for time. "Did you say Lord Nelson?" he asked cautiously. "Yes." "Which battle?" "Yes, In which battle was he killed?" "Well," said Sam, with apparent surprise at such an easy question, "I expect it must have been his last!"

JOYS OF A RAILWAY EMPLOYEE.—The nervous woman—How long did you say it was before the train leaves? Station agent—One hour and a half, ma'am. "Are you sure?" "Yes, ma'am." "That would make it safe for me to go out for a short time, wouldn't it?" "Certainly." "You are positive?" "Yes, ma'am. How far do you wish to go?" "I want to go over to that news-stand on the other side of the street and get a paper. But if I lose the train I'll report you, now mind."

☞ A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault—her face was always in a smudge. Her mistress tried to tell her to wash her face, without offending her, and at last resorted to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said that if you wash the face every day in hot, soapy water it will make you look beautiful?" "Will it now?" answered Bridget. "Sure, it's a wonder you nivver tried it yourself, mum."

Wayside Gatherings.

☞ Sunstroke is caused by a check of perspiration.

☞ A foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy.

☞ Seventy million people in Europe wear wooden shoes.

☞ About 50 gamblers commit suicide at Monte Carlo every year.

☞ It is computed that 67 people die and 70 are born every minute.

☞ There are over 500,000 telephones in service in the United States.

☞ A man never realizes his worth until he is sued for breach of promise.

☞ One half of the wealth of England is in possession of 1,000 persons.

☞ There are over 230 John Smiths named in the New York city directory.

☞ Spiders have been known to spin nearly two miles of thread in 27 days.

☞ Reader, if you owe your shoemaker, you cannot say your sole is your own.

☞ For every widower who marries a widow, there are 11 who espouse maidens.

☞ Live fish have been safely sent by mail from India to the British Museum.

☞ If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.

☞ American railway trains run at a greater speed than those of any other country.

☞ Many physicians declare that the use of tobacco in moderate quantities is beneficial.

☞ Smokeless powder, said to be superior to any yet in use, has been invented by an American.

☞ There are over 350,000 bicycles ridden in this country every day during the summer months.

☞ The less a man knows about any given subject the more apt he is to have a rock-rooted opinion.

☞ The fellow who tells all he knows would not be half so insufferable if he only knows all he tells.

☞ The blood of a four-pound eel contains sufficient poison to kill 10 men. Cooking makes it harmless.

☞ The Egyptian monuments represent hats in nearly the shape of the well-known Mexican sombrero.

☞ Crime in an army is punished on a scale ten times more severe than anything known to civil life.

☞ In Scotland it was for a long time not unusal to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade

☞ In a Copenhagen paper two volcanoes in Iceland are advertised for sale, the price asked being $750 each.

☞ A farm of more than 2,000 acres, near the Delaware Water Gap, is devoted entirely to the cultivation of celery.

☞ More than four-fifths of the murders in the United States last year were by men who had no regular occupation.

☞ The largest bronze statue in the world is that of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg. Its weight is about 1,100 tons.

☞ In China a man who killed his father was executed, and along with him his schoolmaster for not having taught him better.

☞ The flute took its name from the fluta, an eel caught in Italian waters, which has seven spots like finger holes in its sides.

☞ A tombstone in one of the fashionable cemeteries of Belfast, Ireland, bears only these four words: "Left till called for."

☞ There are 187 pounds of salt in a ton of water from the Dead sea. In the Atlantic the amount is 81 pounds to every ton.

☞ New Scotland Yard, London, is the largest police office in the world. It contains a room in which 3,000 men can be assembled.

☞ A man's own bosom is the primary judge of his actions; for, according to the decision of his conscience, he is either happy or miserable.

☞ A sure way to remove grease spots from silk is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper. The friction will draw out the grease.

☞ It is estimated that over three million of our population are in annual need of and actually receive some kind of charitable assistance.

☞ Pretty girls who ride the wheel should not have a low seat, as it gives their hips undue prominence and ruins the looks of their figures.

☞ At the end of each hair of a cat's whiskers is a bulb of nervous substance which converts the hair into extremely delicate feelers.

☞ A railroad train in Spain recently made a run of 25 miles in a little over an hour, and the papers are full of jubilant articles about the achievement.

☞ A Kentucky editor who has been arrested proposes to issue his paper from the jail. No doubt the turnkeys will agree to lock up his form for him.

☞ The longest train ever hauled by a single engine in America was on the Reading line. It contained 250 empty cars and was a mile and a quarter in length.

☞ "Did you tender your resignation?" said a man to an officeholder. "I resigned by request, sir, but there was nothing tender about it. It was tough, sir."

☞ It is computed that all the houses in London and New York could be built of the the lava thrown out by Vesuvius since the first recorded eruption in A. D. 79.

☞ When we indulge in a secret sin, nothing is more natural than that we should look for the same sin in another that we may call the world's attention to it.

☞ "There be three things," says Bacon, "which make a nation great: A fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyence of men and goods from place to place."

☞ Son: "Father, why do they call preachers doctors of divinity?" Father (of the old school): "Because so many preachers doctor their divinity to suit their own ideas."

☞ If all the oceans of the globe should be suddenly taken from their beds, leaving them perfectly dry, it would take all the rivers of the world 35,000 years to fill them again.

☞ "Weel, friends," said a Scottish clergyman, recently, "the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

☞ A victim of Horace Greeley's handwriting said: "If Horace had written that inscription on the wall in Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared than he was."

☞ "Mister," said the small boy to the grocer, "mother told me to ask you if they's any such thing as a sugar trust." "Why of course there is." "W-well, mother wants to get trusted for two pounds."

☞ The Anglo-Saxon word "boc" signifies a beech tree. Before paper came into general use, the wood of this tree, being close-grained, was used to write upon; and from this fact comes the word book.

☞ The Mikado of Japan has recently issued a decree allowing a Japanese woman to lead, if she chooses, a single life. Hitherto, if found unmarried after a certain age, a husband was selected for her by law.

☞ A gentlemen lately entered a shop in which were books and various miscellaneous articles for sale, and asked the shopman if he had Goldsmith's Greece. "No," said he, "but we have some splendid hair oil."

☞ Mr. Bayard says America ran away from England like a truant, but she always feels at home when with her mother. That is true, and it is the more gratifying because of the mother's inability to whip her.

☞ It is computed that the death rate of the world is 67 a minute and the birth rate 70 a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gains is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

☞ Sir J. C. Ross is authority for the statement that in the South Atlantic rain frequently falls in torrents from the clear sky, and he mentions one occasion when it rained for over an hour when the atmosphere was perfectly clear.

☞ Every tramp arriving at Elkhart, Ind., is first vaccinated, after which he is given a lunch, neatly wrapped in paper, by a hotel in that city, which charges the city 15 cents for every lunch prepared. A policeman then escorts the tramp to the corporation line, and he is bidden to move on.

☞ Some months ago, a young man of Warren, Indiana, wrote his name and address on an egg he was shipping, and a short time ago he received a letter from a resident of Sydney, Australia. The writer said that probably the sender might be interested in knowing how far this egg traveled in finding a customer.

The Story Teller.

MY MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

THE TRIANGULAR TURQUOISE.

It has been our custom lately to go to New York a few weeks every spring and autumn. A year ago last April, owing to the serious illness of his partner, my husband was only able to leave the office long enough to take me to the metropolis and see me comfortably settled in our accustomed hotel. He was then obliged to hasten back to Boston, promising to return for me, if possible, in a couple of weeks.

Tom and I have gone through the world making a host of chance acquaintances, many of whom have ripened into friends. I knew many people in many sets in New York, and I therefore thought it wiser to stay at our hotel rather than to accept any invitations to visit. We were well known at the hotel, and I knew everything would be arranged for my comfort, as indeed it was. Tom settled me in large, sunny rooms on the third floor, and then left me to my fate.

It was Friday, my third day of grass-widowhood. I had been to a small dinner party at the Brentwoods', and leaving early, had reached my room soon after 10 o'clock. I was by no means sleepy, and, as I had chanced that morning upon "The First Violin," a book I had never read, I was anticipating a couple of hours' quiet reading, for I was really interested in the story of Eugene. I changed my dinner dress for a loose gown, took of my jewels, and arranged my hair for the night. I had worn black lace and my diamond necklace and ear-rings—my mother's diamonds, given me on my wedding day. I was not careful by nature, or I never should have had such valuable jewels with me at a hotel. By some chance, on this evening, after taking them off, I unlocked my trunk and put them away in my jewel case. At the same time I took two hundred dollars from a roll of bills, putting the rest back and locking the trunk. The money I had promised my dressmaker in the morning, so I laid it on my bureau in readiness. I then settled myself in comfort, and was soon lost to America and deep in the musical interests of a little German town. It was after midnight before I could induce myself to lay down the book and go to bed. I should not then have done so had it not been that heavy eyes warned me I would be in no condition to fulfill my morning's engagements were I to read longer. As usual, I dropped to sleep almost immediately.

I could not have been in bed an hour, when I awoke suddenly. It seemed to me that a coil of wire had struck my window. A strange reverberation was still ringing in my ears. I do not think I am a coward, even if I am a woman. I leave you to judge of that, but I did long for Tom, I confess. I sat up in bed, almost without breathing. I felt as if something or some one had moved in the room. I could hear nothing, however; still the noise I had heard seemed too real to be put aside. After a suspense, which to my excited state appeared of an hour's duration, I sprang from the bed and ran to the window. I looked into the street, but there was nothing to be seen excepting gray walls and expressionless windows. I smiled to myself as I realized that I must have been the victim of some vivid dream. I closed and locked the window. After drawing down the curtain I lighted the gas. Everything in my room was as I had left it. With that solid satisfaction of one who has mastered a nervous dread by proving that there is no cause for fear, after turning out the gas I once more went to bed. The reaction after the sudden strain on my nerves was so great and so comforting that I instantly fell asleep.

It must have been half an hour later, as near as I can judge from after events, when I was awakened by a strange odor. A man was standing over me holding to my face a sponge saturated with chloroform. I had awakened just in time. The moonlight, through the curtains, lighted the room enough for me to distinguish that the man was masked. My one idea was to escape from the fumes of the sponge. I seized it with both hands, while I tried to spring from the bed. In an instant I was having a hand-to-hand combat with the burglar. In the scuffle I managed to drag myself up, and also to push him with some violence against the foot of the bed. I fought for life like a mad woman, calling and screaming for help all the time. At last, thoroughly frightened by my uproar, he threw his sponge away and seized me by the throat with both hands. It was high time, for my next neighbor, being roused, was at the door. He clamored for admittance, and hearing no sound tried the door; that was, of course, locked. My jailer's hands prevented my uttering a syllable. I could feel my eyes almost starting from their sockets from the pressure of those firm hands. After a moment's silence steps were heard, hurrying down the corridor, as the man who had come to my assistance rushed off. I prayed he would bring the night clerk. Then the hands at my throat were loosened, and, more dead than alive, I was pinned by one hand against the wall.

"I have a great mind to kill you," was hissed at me in a deep-toned voice.

"Oh, for God's sake, spare me!" I gasped. "Take anything, but let me live!"

"There is no time to escape," he hesitated.

"Yes! I will be silent. I will not aid them. There is money on the bureau, take it and go!"

"Will you swear, if I spare you—as you hope for salvation—never to attempt to bring me to justice, and never to inform against me, should we meet again?"

"I swear," I replied.

What else could I do? He released me, and, turning to the bureau, took the roll of bills. He then unlocked the door and, as he passed into the entry, I saw, by the hall light, his face; for in the struggle with me he had lost his mask. One glance was sufficient to impress that face and figure indelibly upon my mind.

I slipped on a loose gown and lighted the gas. The room was in confusion from the recent struggle. I caught a glimpse of my white face in the glass, and started as if I had seen a ghost, so strange and unfamiliar was the reflection. In less time than it takes to record the fact, I heard a sharp knock at the door.

"Come in," I cried.

The clerk and three other men appeared upon the threshold. As well as my excitement would allow, I told of what occurred. When they heard of the robber's quiet departure down the corridor, men were sent after him, but a side door was found unfastened, and through that he had doubtless passed to the street.

An examination of my apartment disclosed the fact that several of my wraps were under the bed, forming a comfortable resting place. It then dawned upon me that at some hour during the evening he had entered my room and concealed himself beneath my bed. The noise that had first awakened me, and that had seemed to be a wire striking against the window, must have been the creaking of the springs of my own bed, set in motion by some unwary movement of the robber as he was preparing to leave his hiding place. Toward morning, utterly exhausted by the terrible scene through which I had passed, I sank into a deep sleep, from which I did not wake till noon.

I awoke with a dull remembrance that something was wrong. Slowly the facts of last night came back to me with vivid distinctness. I hesitated about telegraphing to Tom, and at last decided only to write. He could do nothing, for even should I see my midnight visitor again, I had sworn to make no effort to bring him to justice. A trophy from the field of battle, a black mask, remained in my hands. It was hardly a fair exchange for two hundred dollars!

As I was about to go out of the room I picked up my handkerchief, which I had dropped near the foot of the bed. To my astonishment I found a turquoise on the floor. It was a small stone of a very peculiar triangular shape. Where could it have come from? It certainly was not mine, for I did not own a turquoise. The idea flashed upon my mind that the robber must have lost it when he fell against the foot of the bed. If that was the case, I held a valuable clew.

The next Monday evening I had promised to go to a reception at Mrs. Robert Chapman Powell's. She has a lovely house, where, on Monday evenings, she is always at home to her friends. One finds in her rooms representatives of almost every set in New York. Artists, actors, musicians, authors, dilettanti and Bohemians mixed on neutral ground with members of the ultra-fashionable Four Hundred. I arrived about 9 o'clock, and found the rooms already comfortably filled. I settled myself with an old friend in the embrasure of a bay window, and from this position had an admirable view of the assemblage. My friend was pointing out the people of note, when suddenly I felt the blood leaving my face as I drew back within the shadow of the curtain.

"Who is that man?" I asked, hastily interrupting my friend. "I mean the blonde man who has just come in, and is speaking to Mrs. Powell."

"Oh, that is Jack Grant."

"And who is Jack Grant?" I asked, mastering my excitement, for unless my eyes were playing me false, the questionable hero of my recent adventure was before me. There were the same clear-cut features, the same fair hair and mustache, the same fine physique. Each line had been impressed upon my memory such a short time before, that it seemed impossible I could be mistaken.

"He is an Englishman," answered my friend. "I do not know much about him. He came over last autumn, and made many friends on the steamer. He has charming manners, and has become popular in society. Everybody likes Jack Grant, and he has been invited everywhere this winter. I believe he is well connected on the other side. Grant is not egotistical, and never talks about himself. If you have not met him, shall I not ask Mrs. Powell to bring him to you? He is really one of the most attractive men in the rooms."

"Yes," I replied, "I should like to meet him. Will you arrange it please, if possible, that he may be presented to me without hearing my name?"

"Certainly," my friend replied, as he left me. He was accustomed to what he called "my idiosyncrasies," so I knew he would think nothing of what might seem to another a strange request.

Left to myself, I wondered whether an extraordinary or clever likeness might not be playing me false. I had heard of counterfeit presentments; indeed had I not seen Irving in "The Lyon's Mail?" After all, I was prepared, and if I were not mistaken he would be thrown off his guard. I had much in my favor, for I am a fair amateur actress, and I had time now to prepare my part. My thoughts were broken by an artist, whom I had not seen for several months, and who had discovered my retreat. While we were having a pleasant chat, I saw Mrs. Prowell, leaning on Mr. Grant's arm, coming toward me.

"My dear," she said, "I cannot let you leave New York without meeting one of the most delightful Englishmen the Old Country has ever sent us. Allow me to present to you Mr. Grant.

He bowed and raised his eyes to mine. My face greeted him, I am sure, with as innocent and naive expression as any child's. I caught a sudden contraction of the pupils of his eyes. It was like a flash, but quick as it was it taught me all I wished to know. Being brought face to face with me so unexpectedly had almost upset his wonderful self-control. My hostess shortly left us, taking with her the artist.

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Grant; "but Mrs. Powell neglected to mention your name when she did me the honor of presenting me. One of my weaknesses is that I always like to know to whom I am speaking. Very likely if I were a New Yorker I should not have to ask, but, being a foreigner, perhaps it is excusable."

All this was said with perfect frankness; and withal there was something so open and winning about him that I could easily understand his popularity.

"Even were you a New Yorker, Mr. Grant," I replied, "your ignorance of my name would not be at all astonishing, for I come from Boston." I then told him my name.

"Surely I must be laboring under some strange delusion, I thought. "How is it possible that this delightful, refined young man can be a common thief." I had almost decided that it was a case of mistaken identity, when a movement of his hand brought an odd ring into view. It was shaped like a snake loosely curled about the finger. The head was studded with triangular turquoises. I could not be mistaken—one in the center of the head was missing.

"Will you pardon me, Mr. Grant," I asked, "if I take the liberty to admire your ring? It is so much more effective than any I have seen."

"It was an idea of my own," he said; "I never saw one quite like it. I will take it off, so that you may examine it closer."

"Thank you," I replied, as I received it from him. "Oh, what a pity!" I exclaimed; "you have lost one of the stones."

"Yes! only a few days ago. I have not had time to have a new one cut. You see the shape is uncommon."

"I am afraid you will not find it easy to match," I remarked as I handed back the ring. "Perhaps, however, I may be able to help you."

Again I caught the nervous contraction of his eyes, as I opened a small silver box I was wearing at my side. I paused a moment, glanced at his face, which seemed a shade whiter, and then dropped the missing stone into his hand. I shall never forget the look he gave me—it was that of a wild animal brought to bay. Every feature of his face seemed changed. It is impossible to describe how I felt; I only know I looked at him with a cold smile, as I said in quiet tones:

"You need not fear. I shall not break my oath; can you not understand that? But, no; what can you know about honor or the sanctity of an oath? I have given to you my only proof of your identity. At least you can comprehend that."

I paused, but he was still silent. There was now no look of defiance on his face; he was humbled and abashed.

"Will you accept a few words of advice from a woman?" I asked, at length. He bowed his head in acquiescence, and I continued. "My oath was, 'never to try to bring you to justice, and never to inform against you should we meet again.' Still I can easily place my friends on their guard, without breaking my oath. It will be my duty to do so if you remain here. A word, a look, a smile even might sweep you from the false position in society you have so easily gained. I advise you to leave New York and America at once. It will be safer and wiser for you." He looked at me for a moment, and then, rising, said:

"I am not worthy even to thank you for the mercy you show me, the chance you offer me. I will do as you suggest. I will leave America tomorrow. There is but one way I can prove my gratitude to you, but one way I can hope to make you believe that this night has folded down a dark page in my life forever, and that is to leave with you a proof of my crime."

My hands were in my lap; he dropped into one of them the ring, and before I could speak he had muttered a hurried "good-bye" and had turned and left the room. Two days later I read his name in the list of passengers on the Servia. Often when I came across that snake coiled away in my jewel box I have wondered what has become of its owner.

Never should I have told this story had I not chanced to see a paragraph in the last number of the London Graphic. Even now I would not tell it did it not point so well to the old moral, "It is never too late to mend." The paragraph I refer to was in a vivid description of one of the Afghan skirmishes. The English loss had been heavy. After an obituary notice of the officers who had fallen, I came upon the name "John Grant Beauchamp." I read the article eagerly. It was as follows:

"This young man, although but an orderly, deserves mention. He was the eldest son of Rev. John Beauchamp, vicar of Lawton-Valence, and Lady Mary Salisbury, his wife. His youth was wild, so wild that he disappeared a year, and is supposed to have been in America under an assumed name. The prodigal son returned to England a year ago, and volunteered. His record was so good, his duties so faithfully performed, that he was soon appointed a non-commissioned officer. In this position, so unnatural to one of his birth and breeding, he was beloved by his companions, and respected by his superiors. His end was noble and self-sacrificing. Throwing himself in front of his colonel, he received in his own breast the weapon aimed at his commander's life. When his companions were about to prepare a bundle of his effects to be sent to his parents at Lawton-Valence, they could find little to send excepting his watch and a leather bag, worn about his neck. They opened the bag, and within they found nothing except a small triangular turquoise."

☞ "Can a man serve two masters?" inquired the pastor of the mild-eyed deacon. "He has to, sometimes, confessed the deacon. "I think not." "You never had boy twins at your house, did you?" inquired the deacon softly, and the pastor retired in discomfiture.—Detroit Free Press.

Miscellaneous Reading.

FILLING A VACANCY.

Parson Winterwell dreaded to meet his congregation last Sunday morning. Just an hour before services a puppy belonging to his youngest boy had made his way into the study, and, in a mischievous spirit of puppyhood, had seized the minister's sermon which lay on a chair by the door, and, ere he was discovered, had succeeded in chewing the last third into fragments. This was the humiliating disclosure which Parson Winterwell had to make to his congregation. Eighthly, ninthly, tenthly, were gone; and there was no way to recover them, apparently, as Parson Winterwell had forgotten what they were.

So, when the dear, old-fashioned minister had preached through seventhly, he told his people what had happened, and promised them that it should not occur again, and dismissed the congregation fully 20 minutes earlier than usual.

Now it chanced that the annual donation party was to come off at the parsonage about two weeks after this providential docking of Parson Winterwell's sermon by the mischievous puppy. The worthy pastor and his wife looked forward to this accustomed event with great expectations; for the good country people had been wont, in times past, to encourage their minister on this occasion by generous gifts of cord-wood, flour, potatoes, pork, corn-meal, etc., and, as a crowning gift, they generally presented him with a sum of money aggregating ten or fifteen dollars. It was to this liberal contribution in cash that Parson Winterwell and his wife looked forward with especial delight; for ready money was a luxury which they enjoyed but seldom.

The eventful evening came, and the parsonage was thronged with devoted parishioners. Every one brought something in the way of a donation, if it was no more than a mince pie or a red apple. About twenty bushels of potatoes, five quarters of beef, eight sacks of flour, and two barrels of pork had been carried down cellar; and now Parson Winterwell and his wife were standing in the little faded parlor, receiving congratulations, and nervously awaiting the customary presentation of cash.

Suddenly that hush which announces some preconcerted movement fell over the company, and Deacons Nathan Berry and Enoch Wells were seen making their way toward Parson Winterwell and his wife. Deacon Berry held a squirming black puppy under his left arm. Deacon Wells stepped in front of his coadjutor, and made the folowing speech:

"Beloved pastor, it has been our custom in years past to express our feelings of loyalty and affection to yourself and your esteemed and beloved wife on this occasion by adding to our other gifts a small sum of money; but this year in view of a recent vacancy which has occurred in this happy household, and which we all sincerely regret, we decided to devote the money to the purchase of a full-blooded Newfoundland puppy, which we hereby have the pleasure of presenting to you in place of his predecessor, who departed this life so suddenly and mysteriously. We trust that this fine animal will be allowed the freedom of your study, and be permitted to enjoy all the privileges of a household pet and companion."

Hereupon Deacon Berry stepped forward, and delivered the wriggling, bright-eyed, curly-coated Newfoundland puppy into the hands of astounded Parson Winterwell. A shout of joy went up from the younger Winterwells, and the clapping of hands crackled through the crowded rooms away out into the kitchen.

Parson Winterwell was too overcome to respond. He turned aside to hide his emotion and deposit the puppy on the floor.

The next Sunday, and thereafter, the good man's congregation observed, with rejoicing, that he had not failed to interpret the hint they sought to convey.

STOPPING A LEAK WITH SAWDUST.—To stop the leakage of a boat by the use of sawdust, appears at the first suggestion ridiculous. It is a common method, however, employed by backwoodsmen of the Adirondack region.

One day last summer a party having considerable baggage, discovered upon unloading it into a scow at the end of the regular "carries," that the boat leaked badly. To delay for repairs would occasion considerable annoyance, and without repairs, to proceed seemed impossible.

At this juncture one of the guides said:

"I think I can fix it. Just unload the boat again."

This was done, and then the guide brought from a saw mill near the spot a quantity of sawdust. This he sprinkled thickly upon the water on either side of the boat.

"Now," continued he, "load up again."

This was done, and when the weight again sunk the boat, the influx of water through the sides and bottom sucked in the sawdust, which finally accumulated in the crevices, swelled under the action of the water, and actually stopped the leakage.

THE FERRIS WHEEL.—Preliminary work incident to taking down the Ferris Wheel on the Midway Plaisance has commenced. Ten weeks will be required to take the wheel to pieces. The car that was used for carrying the Krupp gun will be used for the 70-ton axle. The material will be carried in five trains of 30 cars each to New York city. There are 3,000 tons of metal in the wheel, and 500,000 feet of timber is needed for the false work. Taking the wheel down will be more dangerous than putting it up. Only one life was lost in erecting the big attraction. The expenses of taking down, moving and rebuilding the wheel will be $150,000. In New York it is to be placed at Thirty-seventh street and Broadway. Old Vienna will be reproduced around it. During the fair the wheel went around 10,000 times, and carried 2,000,000 passengers. The largest single load was carried Oct. 19, when at 12.30 o'clock 1,768 people were in the cars. The largest day's business was Oct. 10, when 8,000 people were carried.

☞ A correspondent asks the derivation of the term "bucket shop," and the Boston Journal replies. The following explanation has been accepted by some: The board of trade of Chicago would not allow a deal in options of less than 500 bushels of grain. In order to catch men of small means, what was called the open board of trade began business in an alley under the regular board of trade rooms. There was an elevator to carry the members of the board to their rooms, and occasionally a member, if trade was slack, would call out, "I'll send down and get a bucketful pretty soon," referring to the speculators in the open board of trade below. Hence the term "bucket shop came to be applied to all grain gambling institutions, and subsequently to unauthorized offices for other descriptions of gambling, betting on the markets, the stocks, the bonds, etc.

HOW TO STOP YOUR FINGER BLEEDING.—It is much easier to stop your bleeding finger than it is to deal with a bleeding heart. Most people like to tie a string around their wounded digit, to stick courtplaster over it, or tie it up in a handkerchief. All these methods are good enough, but a contemporary thinks here is a better one for small cuts or pricks. Put your finger down on something hard, and gently pound it with a brick or a light hammer. You will be surprised to find how soon the blood will be driven from the wound, and how soon it will heal. If you have a bleeding heart, the best thing you can do is to get another girl.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

Cures others, will cure you

Thirty-Fourth Annual Statement

EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1893.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$22,868,916.74
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	23,928,724.53
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, & other Investments	89,253,593.42
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market value, $9,449,241)	6,934,463.33
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure	14,396,857.64
Cash in Bank and in transit (since received and invested)	5,294,463.13
Interest and Rents due and accrued. Deferred Premiums and other Securities	6,439,378.11
Total Assets December 31, 1893	$169,656,396.90

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent Standard) and all other liabilities	$136,689,646.57
Total Undivided Surplus (4 per ct. st.andard), including Special Reserve of $2,500,000 towards establishment of a 3 per ct. valuation	32,966,750.33
	$169,656,396.90

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

GEO. W. PHILLIPS, J. G. VAN CISE, Actuaries.

INCOME.

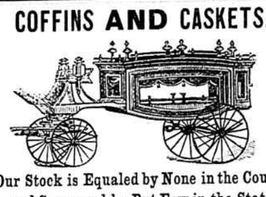
Premiums	$35,537,369.59
Interest, Rents, etc	6,485,235.96
	$42,022,605.55

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	$10,761,402.80
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities & Discounted Endowments	6,888,912.63
Total Paid Policy-Holders	$17,650,315.43
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange	4,615,745.29
General Expenses, State, County and City Taxes	3,089,438.08
	$25,355,498.80
New Assurance written in 1893	$205,280,227.00
Total Outstanding Assurance	932,532,577.00

W. J. RODDEY, Rock Hill, S. C.

COFFINS AND CASKETS.



Our Stock is Equaled by None in the County and Surpassed by But Few in the State.

CASKETS IN METALIC, CLOTH—plain and draped—Velvet, Walnut, Oak and Gloss White. Imitation Walnut, Oak, Burl and Rosewood. Coffins in any style and at any price from a plain home-made—painted or covered—to the best raised O. G. lid with slide glass. Our stock of Caskets and Coffins FOR CHILDREN is elegant and complete.

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For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. They are much nicer, more easily adjusted and cheaper than anything kept in stores. HEARSE FURNISHED FREE in town, and at reasonable prices anywhere in the county.

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Rock Hill, S. C.

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Our new Copyrighted and Illustrated Serial, is one of the liveliest and most interesting stories going. It is

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People of the Times

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CHESTER AND LENOIR N. C. RAILROAD

Schedules in Effect from and After March 25, 1894.

G. W. F. Harper, President.

GOING NORTH.	No 10.	No 60.
Leave Chester	6 40 a m	9 00 a m
Leave Lowrysville	7 07 a m	9 35 a m
Leave McConnellsville	7 26 a m	10 03 a m
Leave Guthriesville	7 55 a m	10 15 a m
Leave Yorkville	7 57 a m	11 00 a m
Leave Clover	8 30 a m	11 43 p m
Leave Gastonia	9 08 a m	1 20 p m
Leave Lincolnton	10 10 a m	2 45 p m
Leave Newton	11 12 a m	4 15 p m
Leave Hickory	12 20 p m	6 20 p m
Arrive Lenoir	1 30 p m	8 00 p m
GOING SOUTH.	No 61.	No 9.
Leave Lenoir	5 30 a m	3 15 p m
Leave Hickory	7 01 a m	4 40 p m
Leave Newton