

**Humorous Department.**

**FULLY QUALIFIED.**—Harper's Magazine published, more than 25 years ago, an amusing story of the ineffectual efforts made by a young man to escape from serving on a jury:

When I was a young man, I spent several years at the South, residing for a while at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi river. A great deal of litigation was going on there, and it was not always easy to obtain jurors. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and repaired to the court to get excused.

On my name being called, I informed the judge that I was not a freeholder, and therefore not qualified to serve.

"Where do you reside?" inquired the judge.

"I am stopping for the time being at Port Hudson."

"You board at the hotel, I presume?"

"I take my meals there; but have rooms in another part of the town."

"So you keep bachelor's hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"About six months."

"I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the judge. "I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall for the length of time you have without having dirt enough in his room to make him a freeholder! The court does not excuse you."

**MORE THAN HE ASKED FOR.**—"Good-morning, sir; I called to see if I could get your certificate for my corn-plasters you bought of my agent the other day."

"Why, sir, I do not understand you."

"Merely a certificate, sir, for benefits derived from my corn-plasters."

"Oh—ah—yes. I understand, certainly, certainly!" and the statesman wrote:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that if I live long enough I shall be 1,000 years old next July. For 175 years, more or less, I have been an invalid, unable to move except by a lever. Day before yesterday I bought a box of Bluffkin's corn-plasters. Since then can run 20 miles an hour. Any man who believes this and wishes further recommendations, will gladly be supplied with like information if this corn-doctor lives to get out of my office."

The man of corn-plasters took it in silence, and departed.

**A DIVIDED JURY.**—A man was on trial in Lake county, recently, on a charge of grand larceny. He was accused of stealing a hog. An old rancher, whose interest in the case was due to the fact that he owned a big drove of hogs, listened attentively to the empanelling of the jury, and then left the court-room with an undisguised disgust.

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired an attorney.

"That jury's goin' to disagree," he declared, emphatically.

"What makes you think so?"

"Think? I don't think nothing about it. I know it."

"Well, then, how do you know it?"

"Well, they've got six hog men that raise hogs, and four men that I know has stole hogs on that jury, an' nobody ever know'd a hog raiser and a hog thief as would agree on a hog case."

**HE USED VIGOROUS LANGUAGE.**—During the Chilean war, Americans were very badly treated, and "Fighting Bob" Evans did not like it. All classes down there use tremendous quantities of garlic, and the result is unpleasant, for your nose is offended constantly, even in the street. One night a boat was sent ashore from Captain Evans's ship, and, believing it safe, the sailors who had acted as oarsmen left it on the beach for a few minutes while they went to slake their thirst. Upon their return they discovered that a party of Chileans had loaded it with stones. "Fighting Bob" was fighting mad when he heard of it the next day, and was asked what he was going to do about it. "Do about it?" returned the sailor; "why, I'm going to turn my men into traveling arsenals, and if the thing ever happens again, or if our flag is again insulted, I'll make hell smell of garlic!"

**WHY TWO EARS.**—It was a saying of a wise man that we have one mouth and two ears in order that we may listen twice as much as we speak.

A teacher once quoted this remark to her pupils, according to the Philadelphia Times, and not long afterward, to see how well her instructions were remembered, she asked:

"Why is it that we have two ears and only one mouth, Frances?"

Frances had forgotten the philosopher's explanation; but she thought the question not a very hard one.

"Because," she said, "we should not have room enough on our face for two mouths, and we should look to crooked if we had only one ear."

"No, no," said the teacher, "that is not the reason. You know, don't you, Rosy?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Rosy. "So that what we hear may go in at one ear and out the other."

"William," she said, gently, and yet in accents of reproof, "you remember that I gave you several letters to mail last week, don't you?" "Y-yes; I remember it." "But this is the first time that you have remembered it since I gave them to you, isn't it?" "I—I must confess that it is. But, how do you know?" "Oh, I put a postal card addressed to myself among the lot, and it hasn't reached me. It only cost a cent, and I find that it is a very effective way of keeping check on the rest of my mail. Now, dear, if you will hand me the letters, I'll run out and post them myself."

**Wayside Gatherings.**

A laugh is worth 100 groans on any market.

Hear one side, and you will be in the dark; hear both sides, and all will be clear.

The ancients tell us what is best; but we must learn of the moderns what is fittest.

There is no middle course. The command is "Do right!" To fail to do it is to do wrong.

Indications are that the proposition to retire greenbacks will precipitate a hot and time killing fight in congress.

Don't get excited and talk loud. Generally speaking, the person who raises his voice has a voice that is not worth raising.

It does not take very sharp eyes to find fault anywhere, except in ourselves. Few people can turn their eyes inward.

"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?"

"We would," said a man at the back of the audience, promptly.

The time to warn us is before we have made our mistakes and committed our sins. The time to teach us how to harvest is before we have sown our seed.

On many farms the weather wears out more tools than use, and wastes more food than all the stock stock on the place. Protect your tools, your crops and your stock.

The magnitude of American missionary interests is shown by the fact that a single denomination—the Methodists—has just appropriated over \$1,000,000 for foreign missions.

Learning is not education. Half of all the fools in the world are "educated." Learning gives the means of acquiring that which, correctly used, enlightens the mind.

The only people who make no mistakes are dead people. I saw a man last week who had not made a mistake for 4,000 years. He was in the Egyptian department of the British museum.

Robert Collyer defined the oyster plant as a vegetable that is always going to taste like an oyster, but never quite does it. Its promise is excellent; but its performance unsatisfactory.

Apples are nutritious, medicinal, and vitalizing; they aid digestion, clear the voice, and correct the acidity of the stomach. An apple contains as much nutriment as a potato in a pleasanter and more wholesome form.

Paris women, who wear bloomers or knickerbockers when riding bicycles, will be disqualified from receiving the sacraments of the church, according to the instructions issued to the clergy by the cardinal archbishop of Paris.

Judge—What is the use of appointing a receiver for this corporation? There is nothing left to receive. Lawyer—Your honor, I will show by numerous cases that it is not customary to appoint a receiver while there is anything left to receive.

"Do you have any friends in school of your own size, Johnny?"

"Yes; they're the only kind I've got."

"Why, how is that?" "I've licked all of 'em littler'n me, and been licked by all of 'em that's bigger."

"When did we receive this poem?" asked the great magazine editor, as he shook the dust from a faded manuscript. "It was during the war of 1812," replied his aged assistant.

"Well, return it at once. There is no need to keep it in suspense!"

In various ways the circus of the present day differs from that of the past; but the ring remains unchanged; it is always 42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go where you will, search the world from end to end, and never a circus will you find without a ring 42 feet 9 inches in diameter.

"Come around next Saturday week, Hawkins. My wife and I are going to celebrate our silver wedding."

"Silver wedding? Why, you haven't been married more than 12 years." "I know it; but silver has depreciated. It's only now 12 where it used to be 25."

A droll fellow fished a rich old gentleman out of a millpond, and refused the offer of 25 cents from the rescued miser. "Oh, that's too much!" exclaimed he, "taint worth it!" and he handed back 21 cents, saying calmly as he pocketed 4 cents, "That's about right."

A good mother was hearing her little child repeat the Lord's prayer the other night. As the child hesitated a bit over the expression, "Forgive us our trespasses," she interrupted long enough to ask, "Do you understand, dear, what 'trespass' means?"

"Oh, yes," replied the little one, "it means 'keep off the grass!'"

Roger Bacon was the first to suggest the use of spectacles. When they came into use in Italy, about the year 1285, on the recommendation of Alessandro di Spina, a monk of Pisa, women were forbidden to wear them, because it was thought such facial ornamentations would make them vain.

In France cyclists are taxed at 10 francs a head, and in Belgium the same imposition is accepted by the wheelmen without opposition; indeed, any objection upon the part of those who use the roads as largely as cyclists do would be ridiculous. In England the cyclists are prepared to pay a tax, but consider that five shillings per machine is quite high enough.

The tabernacle at Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah, is, in respect to its acoustic properties, the most remarkable place of worship in the world. It is constructed so as to hold 25,000 people, yet it is possible for a person standing at one end to distinctly hear the sound of a pin dropped into a hat at the other, a test of its curious power to convey sound is offered to every stranger who is shown over the building.

**For the Home Circle.**

**IMPORTANT RULES OF CONDUCT.**

Never exaggerate.

Never betray a confidence.

Never wantonly frighten others.

Never leave home with unkind words.

Never laugh at the misfortune of others.

Never give a promise that you will not fulfill.

Never send a present, hoping for one in return.

Never speak much of your own performances.

Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.

Never make yourself the hero of your own story.

Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.

Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.

Never present a gift, saying that it is of no use to yourself.

Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.

Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies.

Never call attention to the features or form of any one present.

Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.

Never associate with bad company. Have good company, or none.

Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.

Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect of any one present.

Never punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself.

Never answer questions, in general company, that have been put to others.

Never, when traveling abroad, be over boastful in praise of your own country.

Never call a new acquaintance by the Christian name unless required to do so.

Never attempt to draw the attention of the company constantly upon yourself.

Never exhibit anger, impatience or excitement when an accident happens.

Never pass between two persons who are talking together, without an apology.

Never enter a room noisily; never fail to close the door after you, and never slam it.

Never forget that if you are faithful in a few things; you may be ruler over many.

Never exhibit too great familiarity with the new acquaintance; you may give offense.

Never will a gentleman allude to conquests which he may have made with ladies.

Never fail to offer the easiest and best seat in the room to an invalid, an elderly person or a lady.

Never enter a room filled with people without a slight bow to the general company when first entering.

Never cross the leg or put out one foot in the street car, or places where it will trouble others when passing by.

Never fail to say kind and encouraging words to those whom you meet in distress. Your kindness may lift them out of despair.

Never, when walking arm in arm with a lady, be continually changing and going to the other side, because of change of corners. It shows too much attention to form.

**THE OBSTACLES AS OPPORTUNITY.**

Some people always lose heart when they come to an obstacle. They turn squarely around and say "O well, that puts an end to this scheme. It does seem a pity that I can't take hold of anything without being balked!" The trouble is that most persons do not understand the true nature of an obstacle. They look upon it as something final, immovable, insurmountable. They seem to consider that it is something intended by a frowning Providence to put a stop to the particular thing which they are doing. Now this is something quite contrary to the true purpose and economy of obstacles. They are not intended to discourage, but to increase energy.

Take a stream of water, for example. That stream understands the nature and purpose of an obstacle. It is something to pile up and amass and concentrate energy. It is something to climb upon and dash over with ten times augmented force. The same thing is true of obstacles in the human pathway; yet how many people are as wise as the stream to understand it?

Instead of regarding the obstacle as a discouragement and a sign that we are working in the wrong direction, we ought to look upon it as a providential opportunity—an opportunity to test and to augment strength of purpose; an opportunity to rise to the level of higher power; an opportunity to gather new resource and expand to wider channels of usefulness.

How often has the obstacle attacked and surmounted, broadened a man's outlook upon what it is possible for him to do! How many great and good enterprises have been widened and deepened in scope and power by being for the time obstructed and delayed!

Wonderful is the relative power of the obstacle—its power to open men's eyes to the real possibilities of what they have undertaken. Wonderful is the inspiring power of the obstacle—its power to expand vision and spur energy. Most wonderful of all is the dynamic and strengthening power of the obstacle—its power to re-enforce the strength which assails it and augment the resources which are gathered against it.

O, the foolishness of misinterpreting obstacles! It is as if a bird should complain against the pressure of the air which buoy it up. We rise only by that which opposes. We strengthen only by that which antagonizes. Opposition is the life of endeavor. The man who succeeds is the man who makes obstacles the steps of his ladder.

**The Story Teller.**

**ON THE HOME RANCH.**

The ranch of Senor Diaz was on a charming slope, overlooking the broad, smooth waters of one of the tributaries to the Parana, on whose opposite shore the rank grass grew 10 and 12 feet high. The house itself had a tropical character; it was Spanish-American, with a cool, shady veranda, a long, low front, painted walls and laticed windows, a spacious court, and a flat roof, provided with a parapet, which gave the whole structure the appearance of a fort. Many acres of cultivated land showed long lines of sugar-cane and tall trees laden with bananas, in surprising contrast to the dark, impenetrable mass of wild bush-land which surrounded the settlement in the farther distance.

Senora Diaz was one of the tropical beauties of whom Murillo dreamed. "I am going to test your gallantry," she said, coming out on the veranda where I sat, "by asking you to help me water my flowers, for with my lame hand it is not easy for me to lift the heavy watering-pot."

"I am at your service; but allow me—am I wrong?—to remind you that you promised me the story of how your hand was hurt."

"Certainly. As soon as the flowers are watered, we will have coffee on the veranda, and you shall hear about it." Accordingly, I was shortly sipping coffee, with the little Lolita, my host's only daughter and my pet, beside me, while her mother rolled a cigarette, lighted it and began as follows:

"When we first came here, years ago, it was a very different looking place. The wild bush-land reached to the edge of the water, and was such a dark wilderness of thorns, brambles, palms, wild fig trees, and other tropical vegetation, that I did not dare venture to its depths. But my husband and his workmen went manfully to work, felled trees, uprooted stumps, made hedges and ditches all day long, except in the severest heat, and I often saw them come home so wearied that they would fall asleep where they stood, and first think of food three or four hours later when they awoke."

"After a while they got a portion of the ground under subjection, but after the acres were cleared and we began to plant, we had a throng of foes to combat. The worst were the ants, which, watched for an account of their depredations on plantations, have a way of making underground passages, till they undermine the whole surface of a field, and it falls in like the crust of a cake. Just north of us is a great gap in the ground, full of bushes and wild grass, and here and there some rotten timber, where a whole settlement sank from the ants undermining the foundations. From this comes the saying we have in Paraguay that our worst enemies are the Indian braves and the Indian ants."

"Luckily, the only Indians were friendly ones, who exchanged all kinds of provisions, especially dried meats, for knives and brandy. We poisoned the ants, dug up their nests, flooded their passageways with boiling water, and so in a great measure were free from them, although they now sometimes come from the woods to attack the plantation."

"One morning, just as we were at breakfast, one of our herdsmen brought the news that our cattle, which grazed in the tall grass on the other side of the river, had been attacked by a jaguar that had killed one of the bulls. The man who told us escaped with his life, yet he would have scarcely done so had there not been a fat ox there."

"A week passed without a new alarm, and we had come to think less about it, when suddenly three or four Indians rushed in to tell us that a great jaguar had broken into their camp and killed a woman and one of their dogs. When my husband heard the story, he concluded that it was the same animal that had attacked our bull, for the Indians described it as a creature of singular color, far lighter than any they had seen about there, so they named it the 'White Death.' We all thought it high time to do something, and my husband called his people together to go out and hunt it."

"I remember that morning distinctly. They went away cheerfully enough, each man with his gun and hunting knife, and Moro, the blood-hound, was with them. My husband turned round just as he entered the wood and kissed his hand to me; then he vanished into the forest."

"When I found myself with Lolita alone in the house, and thought of what might happen if they met that terrible wild animal, such anxiety seized me (although I never thought I could be in danger) that I could not be contented till I had locked every door in the house; and then I seated myself in the great drawing-room, took Lolita on my lap, and tried to tell her a story."

"Suddenly I heard a scratching along the roof, and then a dull thud, as if something had fallen. Anxious and nervous as I was, I started up with a cry, although I had no presentiment what it was. The next moment I heard just over me a sound which I could not mistake—a long, passionate roar, that I often heard from the woods at night, and never without a feeling as if my heart stood still. The thought rushed through my mind, 'the jaguar!'"

"I shall never forget that moment! One minute I was quite rigid and helpless, as if life had departed, and then a thought flashed upon me; the jaguar was not to be kept off if he penetrated here from the roof, for most of the inner doorways had only draperies. In my dining-room was a great wooden meal chest, nearly empty, and large enough to hold six or seven persons at once. If Lolita and I could get there, thought I, we are safe."

"I seized the child, ran with her into the dining-room, and crept into the chest. Unfortunately it had a spring lock, so that I was forced to hold the lid open with my left hand to guard against its locking and immediately stifling us; but it had more than an inch of outer rim, which completely hid my fingers."

"It was not a moment too soon. We were scarcely hidden when I heard the great claws scratching along the floor, and the hungry sniffing of the jaguar showed me that he was in search of food. He came straight to the chest, and paused a moment, as if he feared a trap. Then he put his head close to the small opening, so that I could feel his hot breath. He sniffed a while, and then tried to raise the lid with his paw."

"How I trembled! But, thank God, the great paw would not go into the narrow crevice, and I held the cover fast by clinging to the inner part of the lock with all the strength of desperation. All he could do was to stretch out his tongue and lick my fingers until they bled as if they had been scratched by a saw. And then, as he tasted blood, and heard Lolita cry (for my poor darling was just as frightened as I was), his eagerness increased, and he began to make piercing yells, which sent icy chills through me."

"I wonder why the fright did not kill me; but the touch of Lolita's little arm round my neck seemed to keep up my courage."

"Still, the worst was yet to come. When the jaguar found that he could not reach me from below, he sprang upon the chest. His huge weight crushed my fingers between the two parts of the lock. Then I thought all was over, and uttered a shriek that rang through the whole house."

"But my cries were answered by a sound which made my heart throb with joy—answered by the barking of our bloodhound. The jaguar heard it, too, for he sprang down, and stood a moment listening, then ran to the door as if to flee."

"Again came the sound of the dog's bark—this time nearer—and at the same time the voices of the men calling to each other. Contrary to expectation, they were already coming back. Meanwhile the jaguar seemed to be bewildered, and ran wildly to and fro. Suddenly a loud cry came from one of the windows, and then two shots and a fearful howl. Then my husband's voice anxiously called:

"Cachita, where are you?"

"I could just get out of the chest, drag myself to the door, and let my husband in. Then I swooned away. They told me afterward that our blood-hound found the jaguar's trail leading straight back to the house, and they all hurried home, fearing harm would come to me."

"My husband and Jose came on ahead, and shot the jaguar through the window."

"I could not move a joint of that hand for many weeks afterward. The Indians gave me medicine to heal it, and they say that after awhile I can use it again. I did not need this injury to wake me remember that day. If I were to live a 1,000 years, I could not forget the terrible moments I spent in the chest."

**GRIST COUSINS.**

**FRUIT OF THE VINE.**

WE have just received a lot of Extra Choice Grapes. Our descriptive powers are not equal to the task of making the reader appreciate their quality from long range. They must be seen and tasted to be appreciated, and you, kind and gentle reader, as the story writer would say, are invited to call and get a basket.

**What We Have Just Said**

About our Grapes applies with equal force to a lot of Layer Figs that came on the same train with the Grapes.

**When the Cold Wave STRUCK FLORIDA,**

"The land of Flowers," last winter, it looked as if the orange eater would have a long rest. The Florida crop this season will not cut much of a figure but Jamaica and California Oranges are offered in limited quantities. We have a few of the former and will be pleased to supply our friends with them.

**They Are Pleased.**

During the past week quite a number of ladies have called and bought Raisins, Citron, Currants, Nutmeg, Cinnamon Bark, Spice, Flavoring Extracts and Royal Baking Powder from us, and expressed themselves as being delighted with the quality of our goods and pleased with the prices. We are making a specialty of this class of goods and solicit the patronage of everybody.

**In a Few Days**

We expect to receive an invoice of Atmore's Mince-meat, Baker's Chocolate, Shredded Coconut, Apple Jelly, Apple Butter, Cranberries, and other things indispensable to a well ordered Christmas dinner, and hope to receive a call from all who want any of the foregoing delicacies.

**GRIST COUSINS.**

Bananas at 20 cents a dozen.

**IF YOU SEE IT IN STRAUSS'S AD. IT'S SO.**

**I AM HERE TO SAVE YOU**

**\$ \$ \$ \$!**

**THIS WEEK I AM OFFERING**

Men's Overcoats from \$1.98 up to the finest Melton Cloth Coats at \$13.98. There's none better.

Youth's Overcoats from \$1.25 up to \$5.00.

Boy's Overcoats from 75 cents up to \$3.50.

Rubber Coats from \$1.38 up to \$6.00.

Boots from \$1.24 up to \$5.00 a pair.

Ladies' Shawls from 10 cents up to \$5.00 each.

Ladies' Cloaks and Capes from the cheapest to the finest fur.

Comforts, Quilts and Blankets to suit anybody.

Those \$18 Men's Suits that I am selling at \$4.98 were made by the celebrated Strouse and Brothers, the High Art Clothing men, of Baltimore.

Don't forget that my place of business is on the

**NORTHWEST CORNER OF FOUNTAIN SQUARE,**

And that I will save you more

**\$ \$ \$ \$ and cents than anybody!**

**H. C. STRAUSS.**

**IT'S EASY.**

If you are a reader of THE ENQUIRER, and not a subscriber, it is probably, and in fact likely, due to the fact that you don't think yourself financially able to subscribe for THE ENQUIRER, and so you borrow from your neighbor, although your conscience tells you not to do it; but the conscience has no effect when it is THE ENQUIRER that you want. The easiest way to get it, is to give the first club maker your \$1.