

Humorous Department.

THERMOMETER PANTALOONS.

Hoffenstein was busily engaged scolding Herman for not polishing a lot of cheap jewelry there was in the showcase, when a stoop-shouldered countryman entered the store and inquired:

"Do you sell jean pants here?"

"Certainly, my friend," replied Hoffenstein, "we make a specialty of goods in dot line, and we defy competition. If we sell anything and you don't like it, you get your money back or something else in exchange, you know. Was you a farmer?"

"Yes, sir, I live up on Cooper river." "Well, den, you need a pair of bants like dese," said Hoffenstein, pulling out a sky-blue pair from a pile of clothing on the counter. "Dey was de genevine doe skin, and will last de whole year oud, you know."

The countryman took the pantaloons to the light, examined the texture of the cloth, and then shaking his head knowingly, said:

"There's too much cotton in them; they'll shrink."

"Of course, my friend, dey will shrink; but wait and I dell you somedings. If a man vat owns a pank or keeps a store comes, I don't sell him dem kind of bants. Vy? Because dey was made expressly for de farming piness. Dey vas de dermometer bants, and a plessing to every farmer vat years a pair of dem. Do you know, my friend, dese bants vill tell you exactly vat de vedder vill pe. Ven it vas going to pe vet und cold dese bants vill peg in to shrink up, und ven it's going to pe dry und warm dey comes right down, you know. Dree years ago I sells a pair of dem to a man vat vas name Vilkins, und ever since den he makes good crops ven de oder people don't make nodding, because he always know by his dermometer bants vat de vedder vill pe. After avile de people in der neighborhood finds oud de segret of Vilkins' success, und at de peginning of de planting season, you know, dey comes for 30 miles around, und if dey see Vilkins' bants crawling up his legs dey holds off un vaits for a change; but if his pants vas down, dey goes right pack home and put in de crop. Dink of it my friend. Mit de dermometer bants you dell exactly ven to put in de cabbage seed, und blant corn twice as peter as mit any almanac; pesides, ven de vedder gets so cold und vet dot de bants goes up under your arms, you can sew buttons on de front, und wear dem as a vest."

When Hoffenstein finished his yarn concerning the pantaloons the countryman smiled, and turning abruptly on his heel, left the store.

"Did you see de vay dot man acted, Herman?" said Hoffenstein, angrily.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Well, it shust shows dot de more you try to help some peoples along, de more you don't get any tanks for it."

SPENSIVE.

Colonel Hiram Eckleton declares that the Negroes should be again enslaved. He fought for the freedom of the colored gentlemen, yea, as sacred writers remark, he made abolition speeches previous to the war. His views as hinted at above have undergone a striking revulsion.

Several weeks ago, believing that chopping was the best kind of exercise, he purchased several cords of oak, and every morning proceeded to swing the axe.

The other day, while he was chopping, old John Carpenter, a colored gentleman, came along, and asked:

"Boss, what will yer gin me to cut dat wood up?"

"I'd rather pay you not to cut it."

"Wall, now, dat's 'commerdatin', sho's yer born'd, it am."

The old Negro went away. Two days afterward the colonel received a summons to appear at court, having been sued by old John. In a rage, the colonel appeared before Flat Nose Phil, a very prominent colored justice of the peace.

"I don't understand this outrage!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Keep quiet, sah, keep quiet," replied Phil. "Yer's in er court o' justice now, sah, an' it 'hovs yer to act jes' de same ez ef yer wuz in de president's house."

"Why was I summoned here?"

"Cause yer's sued!"

"What am I sued for?"

"Munny, o' 'course. Don't think it wuz jes' for fun, did yer?"

"Why am I sued for money?"

"I don't owe that scoundrel a cent," he declared, pointing at old John.

"Be er little mo' choice wid yer 'sklamation p'int, colonel. Dis heah pusson asked yer 'bout choppin' some wood. Yessef said dat you would ruther pay him not to chop it. It wuz jes' de same wid him, so he charged yez up wid \$10 fur not choppin' it. Han' out de money, sah, an' de naixt time doan talk dat way. In dis heah country, sah, er lie is gitting ter be very 'spensive."—Opie Read.

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF IT.—A Negro minister who married rather sooner after the death of his wife than some of his sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows:

"My dear breddren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort; but none came. I searched de Scripture from Genesis to de Revelation and back agin," and found plenty of promises to de widder; but nary one to de widderer. So I took it dat de good Lord didn't waste any sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself; and habin' a fuss rate chance to marry in de Lord, I did so, and would do so again. Besides, breddren and sisters, I consider dat poor Patsy was just as dead then as she was ever going to be."

Wayside Gatherings.

It is not always safe to believe that a man is a saint because he says so.

Give people cause and they seldom fail to be grateful. The trouble is that they so seldom have cause.

Fried shrimps and grasshoppers are sold in the markets of Mexico. Both are cooked whole and so eaten.

The Thirteen Club of New York has elected the Prince of Wales an honorary member, and the prince has accepted.

At a recent wedding in Orange, N. J., the bride wore 20 garters, which she distributed among her bridesmaids and friends after the ceremony. A girl presented with a bride's garter will herself be married in a year, 'tis said.

"If a man wants to own the earth, what does a woman want?" inquired Mr. Gray of his better half, after a little family matinee a few days ago. "Well, my dear," responded that lady in a gentle, smouldertone, "to own the man, I suppose."

Abraham Lincoln is credited with having said: "Sir, my concern is not whether God is on my side; but my great concern is to be on God's side, for God is always right." Some people when they get in a tight place, try to pull God over on their side.

If the farmer had something to sell every month in the year, either of crops or stock, he would find it less difficult to manage on a limited capital. Cows and poultry bring in daily returns, and farmers who make a specialty of milk, butter and eggs are usually prosperous.

A friend in the country who never loses chickens or other fowls by disease gives the following recipe: Every Monday morning give them a feed of dough mixed with kerosene oil. Keep constantly in the water vessel used by them a little coppers and bluestone.

"Jimmy, my child," the fond mother exclaimed, "don't eat so much of that lobster salad. You'll be ill tonight, dear; I know you will." "Well, ma," said Jimmy, as he helped himself to another plateful, "if I am you'll know what's the matter with me, anyhow."

A half-pint of beans was sent to a missionary meeting with the request that they be planted for three years and the result be given to the missions. It was done, and the net result was over \$400. How quickly and easily the world would be won to Christ if every convert became a convert!

The Cocopah volcanoes, 75 miles southwest of Yuma, Arizona, have recently been in violent eruption. The larger ones emitted great volumes of smoke and some flames, and the smaller ones threw out quantities of water, stones and mud. The roar of the eruptions could be heard 20 miles or more.

Our future trials are hidden from us. We think they would be more easily borne if we knew the worst from the beginning, and our unhalloved prayer is, "Show me the end." It is better as it is. In infinite mercy the Father puts his hands over our eyes. He reveals his will, both for our instruction and our submission, as fast as we are able to bear it.

A lawyer of Biddeford, Me., is afflicted with a peculiar mania for collecting lamps of all sorts. His house is filled with every kind of a lantern he has been able to buy, including a full line of bicycle lamps. He visits Boston frequently, and always brings back with him a new lot of lamps. His craze costs him a good deal of money, and he says he is aware of the folly of it; but is entirely unable to resist it.

We are sincerely sorry for the brother who has not grace and sense enough to forget a wrong. There is no surer sign of weakness than the habit of constantly pulling an old skeleton from the closet. A brother says: "My church has treated me badly, and I can't get over it." In the first place, such a man lacks grace, or he would be ever "ready to forgive." In the second place he lacks sense, or he would never make a boon companion of so deadly a monster as hatred. Brother pray for Christian manhood.

A tablet made of Nile mud, which was recently discovered among the treasures of the British museum, has been found to contain in cuneiform characters the marriage proposal of a Pharaoh for the hand of the daughter of the king of Babylon. As this brick-like missive was written about 3500 years ago, it may justly be regarded as probably the oldest love letter on record. Since it was "brickified" it may also be said to have been burnt as soon as it was written.

Some idea of the terrors of a bursting volcano may be gained from the account of the last eruption in Hawaii. The crater of the volcano was filled from 600 to 1,000 feet deep with molten lava, which finally forced its way through a subterranean passage. It was 40 miles from there to the sea, yet this avalanche of molten rock reached the waters in less than two days, destroying everything in its track. It continued flowing for three weeks, heating the sea water 20 miles out from shore.

Paper telegraph poles are the latest development of the art of making paper useful. These poles are made of paper pulp, in which borax, tallow, etc., are mixed in small quantities. The pulp is cast in a mold, with a core in the centre, forming a hollow rod in the desired length, the cross-pieces being held by key-shaped wooden pieces driven in on either side of the pole. The paper poles are said to be lighter and stronger than those of wood, and to be unaffected by sun, rain, dampness, or any of the causes which shorten the life of a wooden pole.

The Story Teller.

THE RESCUE.

An Old Sailor's Stroke of Fortune.

BY BLUE JACKET.

"So you would like to hear how I, a poor sailor, chanced to marry a pretty wife, possessed of thousands and without exception, mistress of the finest estate in Santos?"

"Well, come out on the piazza. We have a fine view of the bay there and I love to listen to the roar of the surf. It reminds me of old times, you know. Light a fresh cigar. You have nothing like them in the States; I can assure you of that; and now for my yarn."

"Many years ago I was chief mate on board of a Down East brig engaged in the South American trade. The captain was good enough at heart, but he did love a gold dollar as much that the passion of avarice at times warped the better and prevailing instincts of his nature."

"I was young, careless, and free, without a soul living I could claim as kin, and as happy in my lone state as you can well imagine. I had but little responsibility on my shoulders, the skipper taking entire control, even to details."

"We were to the southward of the line, outward bound, and upon the eventful night in question, which was truly an era in my life, I had the first watch. The wind was light, and the ocean as calm as though asleep."

"We had all our light kites set to woo the gentle breeze, running through the water not over three knots an hour. Absorbed in my own thoughts and reflections, I was leaning idly over the taffrail watching the bubbles and phosphorescent light playing about the restless rudder, when a touch on my arm from the man at the wheel brought me to myself."

"What do you call that, sir?" he inquired, pointing over the quarter.

"I gazed in the direction pointed out by the man, and, to my intense surprise, saw a bright light, not unlike a ball of fire, which threw a lurid, tremulous light across the dark waters."

"It can't be the moon, sir," said the seaman, with an inquiring look. "The moon rising in a quarter bearing south-southwest? No; that is some craft on fire, as sure as my name is John Watkins, and I'll rouse out the captain at once."

"In another instant I was rapping in no gentle manner at the skipper's stateroom, who turned out in a hurry. "What—what is the matter?" he stammered, rubbing his eyes. "Is there a squall coming?"

"No, sir; it's as pretty a night as I ever saw. But, Captain Thompson, there is a vessel on fire to leeward of us, and I will, if you say so, run down to her assistance."

"I'll be on deck in a moment. Don't be in a hurry—don't like to run the vessel off her course—prolongs her voyage; and leaving the sleep-skipper grumbling to himself, I regained the deck."

"In a few moments the old fellow was by my side. "It will cost money to take all hands off you craft, and feed them till we make a port."

"True, sir; but is human life to be reckoned or valued by money? In all probability there are poor fellows there in danger of their lives, who, if we leave them to their fate, would place us on a footing with pirates; and turning abruptly, I walk aft, having expressed my indignation in a voice tremulous with anger."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Watkins, I would not leave any one to perish. I was only calculating the chances in a commercial point of view. You can hoist the long boat out if you like, and take four of the boys for a crew to pull you to her. She will burn down to the water's edge if you wait for us to get there. It is growing calm all the time, and to tell the truth, Mr. Watkins, I would advise you to bear a hand and get back as soon as possible, for I don't like the looks of the weather. The air is hot and oppressive like."

"In ten minutes I had the long boat over the side, and a stout, weatherly craft she was, too. A bag of biscuits, with a beaker of water, was stowed away in the stern sheets, and bidding the lads to give way with a will, we shoved off from the side of the old brig. I saw the tall, bent form of Captain Thompson peering down upon me for a moment, but the next instant the boat rose on the bosom of a swell, and that was the last I ever saw of my old skipper."

"The brig quickly faded from sight, hid by a thin mist or haze which had suddenly arisen, and in fact, I was conscious of a strange change in the appearance of the weather. The stars had entirely disappeared from the firmament, hid behind the gauzy veil which had so mysteriously arisen, and low down on the horizon I noted a dark bank of clouds. The heat was intense, the stout seamen wiping the perspiration from their streaming brows as they toiled at their oars. Not a breath of air disturbed the glassy waves—all nature appeared to be hushed into a terrible calm."

"I must confess I felt rather apprehensive as I glanced about the horizon, and looked back in the direction where I knew the old brig must be rolling and pitching idly on the long swell, which every moment was increasing. But my fears and apprehensions were soon chased from my head by matters of more exciting interest."

"As we neared the burning craft I read the name of La Hembra, in letters of gold, on the huge sterna. The light cast by the burning spars and rigging aloft afforded ample power for me to form my conclusions."

"The ship was Spanish; the empty davits and dangling falls told their own story plain enough to a seaman's eye. "The burning wreck had been deserted. "Shooting under the broad, heavy counter, we caught at the iron works of the mizzen channels, and directing two men to remain in the boat, I clambered on deck, followed by the other two seamen."

"The ship had evidently been on fire some time, the flames having full control of the forward portion of the ship. The foremast had gone by the board, the topgallant forecabin was a sea of fire; the mainmast was already tottering, and I knew there was no time to lose. The smoke was dense and stifling, but as yet did not affect the extreme after portion of the vessel. The decks were strewn with half-open cases and articles of clothing, but no trace of a human being could be seen."

"Diving down into the main cabin, which was half filled with black twisting smoke, I took a hasty glance about. The rich hangings, appointments, and ornamentation surprised me, showing that the unfortunate ship had been designed to carry passengers. The sharp shooting gleams of writhing flames from aloft penetrated through the broad skylight, tinging every object with a ruddy glaze."

"From stateroom to stateroom I hurried, but found them all empty until I came to the after one. There I experienced some difficulty in opening the door, the smoke every moment becoming more dense, and the respiration more difficult. Exerting my strength, the woodwork gave way, revealing a confused mass of white drapery lying on the stateroom floor. The very sight made my heart beat quick with apprehension, and stooping, I soon ascertained that it was a woman."

"Placing my hand over her heart, I felt it throbbing, and without further delay I rushed on deck with her in my arms. Through the companionway I staggered, with a strange dizziness in my head, gasping for breath, but still retaining my grasp on her I had saved. The fresh air revived me; the pain left my head, so that I was enabled to pay proper attention to the woman who lay helpless in my arms."

"Then, for the first time, I looked at the face of my burden and by the bright light of the wreck I discovered she was both young and handsome. At that moment the mainmast went crashing over the side, sinking with a hiss in the black water. A shower of cinders and sparks, a column of roaring flames, shot on high, followed by the excited shouts of the men, who had leaped, panic-stricken, into the boat, urging me to follow."

"Clasping the lady with my left arm, I used my right in gliding down the ship's side. The men's oars were poised, I gave the word and the next instant we were clear of the vessel, which was now wrapped in flames from stem to stern."

"Dashing some water into the lady's face, I began to chafe her hands. The treatment, though rough, had the desired effect. She opened her eyes, closed them again as if the awakening was painful, but in a few moments she was fully herself. In a few words I told her how she had been saved, and assured her that in a short time she would be safely on board the brig."

"In return she told me that her father was the Senator Jose Gonzales, of Santos, the wealthiest planter in the country. She had been on a visit to Spain, where her father had a large number of relations, and had taken passage for home in the Spanish ship. "The ill-fated vessel by some means to her unknown, had caught fire during the night. A panic ensued, and, overcome by terror, she fainted away. Probably, in the excitement and alarm which followed, her absence was overlooked, and when the boats shoved off from the ship the Senator's Marie Gonzales was left unconscious in her stateroom to perish."

"Glancing around the horizon, I could see no sign of the brig. Not the flash of a light betrayed the position of the vessel. But I had a compass with me, and noted the course I had steered while pulling for the burning wreck. It was not the fact of the brig being invisible that caused me uneasiness, but the startling knowledge that a great convulsion of the elements was about to burst upon us."

"The dark bank I had at first noticed low down on the horizon had risen rapidly, until the entire heavens were obscured; the atmosphere had grown dense, and the darkness was simply intense, relieved only by the now dismantled hull which occasionally threw out a gleam of light."

"A strange, indefinable, rushing sound pervaded the air, a slight ripple ruffled the stagnant waters, a cold breath of air fanned my cheek, while under the black, frowning clouds I saw a white line rapidly rushing upon us."

"Louder and louder grew the sounds, and the men gazed at one another aghast. With a wave of my hand I motioned the seamen to pull the boat round so as to bear before it, and the next instant the hurricane burst upon us in all its fury."

"The shriek of the tempest drowned my voice. The oars were dashed from the sailors' hands, while they in terror threw themselves down in the bottom of the boat."

"In an agony of terror Marie clung to me, while I with all my strength and skill, managed to keep the boat dead before the gale."

"On rushed the frail structure through the musky darkness, enveloped in a whirl of foam, which half-blinded me as the salt spray filled my eyes. The water was torn up by barrels full, and hurled with cutting force and violence through the air."

"Drenched to the skin, with the delicate girl crouching by my side, wrapped up in all the spare coats I could muster, I kept watch during the long hours of that eventful night."

"How we ever escaped destruction a merciful Providence alone can tell, but with daylight the fierce gale showed signs of abating, and by noon we were sailing upon a summer sea. A rough, temporary sail had been rigged, and the boat's head directed toward the land, for, of course, we had given up all hope of ever seeing the brig, for a while at least. If we would be saved, we had got to rely upon our own resources. Carefully I dealt out a slim allowance of bread and water from the scanty supplies which were in the stern sheets, cautioning the men to make the precious fluid go as far as possible."

"I could enlarge upon the sufferings we endured, tell you about the calm days which succeeded, how the scorching rays of the sun beat down upon our heads, and how the men with noble generosity surrendered their few drops of water to the pale, suffering woman, who never murmured once, though her brain was all but on fire, and her tongue parched and swollen in her mouth."

"You can't imagine my feelings when the last crumb of bread was exhausted, and beaker had been drained dry. Death in its most terrible form, with the attending horrors of hunger and thirst, stared us in the face, and I groaned in anguish as I gazed upon the now inanimate form of the poor girl. She was dying—perhaps dead already—and I stretched myself by her side to meet the fate I was powerless to avert."

"Well, we were picked up shortly after by a Brazilian fishingboat, placed aboard a man-of-war cruising on the coast, and the surgeon soon had us under his care. Strange to say, none of us succumbed to the privations that we had undergone, but recovered to congratulate one another upon our escape. The Senator Jose Gonzales fairly hugged me in his delight at the escape of his daughter, and insisted upon my making his residence my home. The men were rewarded by him beyond their most sanguine hopes, and I—well, I rewarded myself by marrying the fair heiress, and when her father died a few years ago, I assumed full control of the estates."

"As for the old brig and Captain Thompson, she was never seen nor heard from after the terrible storm which swept the coast of South America, strewn its shores with the wreck of many a noble craft."

"The latest way to arrive at a verdict is to smoke out the obstinate juror. This was successfully tried in Hartford not long ago when 11 good men and true were unable to influence their companion. The obstinate juror held out as long as he could; but the volumes of smoke that filled the jury room from the cigars, pipes and cigarettes of his 11 companions proved more effective than argument, and he gave in."

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THE ELECTROPOISE

Has passed the experimental stage and is now endorsed in all sections of the country by intelligent people. Appended are a few testimonials from South Carolina people:

Nervous Prostration.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C. Sept. 19, 1895. Dear Sir—I am very much pleased with the Electropoise. I used it by your directions and my nerves have greatly improved as well as my digestion. Can now stand twice as much mental work and am growing in physical strength daily. Wish I had gotten an Electropoise at an earlier date. Yours truly, (Rev.) W. ASBURY WRIGHT.

A Cure All.

ORANBURG, S. C. June 17, 1895. Gentlemen—We purchased one of your pocket Electropoises in December, 1893. We have tried it on every member of our family and found it all that is claimed for it. We have treated successfully with it, severe cold, chills, fever, diarrhoea, etc. Its effect on teething children is wonderful. Our family numbers seven and we have not used a dollar's worth of medicine since we had the Poise. Respectfully, Mrs. I. W. BOMAN.

Catarrh.

LANCASTER, S. C. August 1, 1891. I consider the Electropoise a most wonderful discovery. I have applied it in my family for la grippe, acute sore throat, neuralgia and nervous headache with perfect success. I am also treating a severe case of chronic catarrh with the Electropoise as the agent, and it has given great relief, and if treatment is continued I believe it will effect a perfect cure. An intelligent use of it carries conviction with it. Yours truly, B. J. WITHERSPOON.

For All Ailments.

MCCLELLANDVILLE, S. C. Aug. 14, 1895. Dear Sir—I purchased a Poise in February '93 and it cured me of a chronic bad cold, and now I hardly ever take cold. It also cured me of lumbago and a disordered liver. I use it in my family numbering nine persons for all ailments. Have only paid in physics and physicians fees during the time \$1.50. Would not be without it for many times its cost. Respectfully, A. W. LELAND.

Rheumatism.

YORKVILLE, S. C. January 15, 1892. Dear Sir—In reply to your inquiry will say my wife is delighted with the effects of the Electropoise, and has improved very much from the treatment. The rheumatic pains have been very much reduced, and the swelling in the limbs disappeared. She had no faith whatever in the Electropoise when she began, but is now fully convinced of its beneficial powers; and eventually looks for a permanent cure. Yours very truly, J. E. LOWRY.

Catarrh, Piles, Dyspepsia, Etc.

MILLETTVILLE, S. C. Feb. 14, 1895. Gentlemen—The Electropoise has done all that you claimed for it. I had a complication of diseases, catarrh, rheumatism, piles and dyspepsia. I nearly gave up, had the knife used on the piles, and soon after got the Electropoise, used according to directions and am still using it. I was without energy or appetite, and am now a new man. Can eat three hearty meals a day, enjoy and digest the same. Almost relieved of catarrh. I cannot say too much for it and recommend it to all that are sick. May God aid you in relieving the afflicted. I have been a great sufferer and know how to appreciate the Electropoise. Very truly, HENRY BLACK.

For further particulars, apply to W. M. PROBST, Agent, Yorkville S. C.

THE WISE WOMAN