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"Permit me," returned Mr. Braith- without excuse. No one has usurped your | peated Mr. Braithwait calmly. "With-

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1896.

By JAMES HARVEY SMITH.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.] As a usual thing when they cracked a crib one of the three remained outside to warn with a whistle or some other previously concerted signal his companions inside. But on this occasion, when Jim Baxter opened the simple catch that fastened the woodshed door and thence gained access to the interior of the house, Wilson Graham and Harry Montgomery followed softly after him. This breach of burglarious custom was probably due to the fact that the Braithwait mansion was in the suburbs, some distance from the road and several hundred yards from the nearest house.

Once inside, Mr. Graham lighted the gas, and it was then the work of a very few minutes to open the sideboard and subtract therefrom the family silver and place it in a bag brought for that purpose. While this operation was taking them pickles." place, Montgomery made a tour of the upper rooms.

'I don't exactly like to trust Harry tone after he had securely tied the month of the bag. "He is too soft. Like as not he'll go and git sentimental over a picture or somethin or maybe git the ornyments."

Graham, who had just opened a pearl inlaid secretaire and was possessing himself of numerous valuable trinkets, laughed softly as he replied:

'I don't think so, Jim. Only yesterday I gave the boy a good talking to, and he promised to attend strictly to business in future. You must remember he is young, and unless we give him a chance how is he to learn? Of course, if there was a young girl in the housebut there isn't," he added quickly, observing the wrathful frown on his companion's face. "I made certain that the only people who sleep in the house are Mr. Braithwait and the housekeeper, who is rather old and nearly deaf. The rest of the family are in Florida for their health. If Braithwait makes a disturbance, I reckon Harry can settle him without any sentimental nonsense." "I'd settle him," muttered Baxter

surlily. "You're a savage, Jim," said Gra-ham repreachfully. "How often have I told you that there is no virtue in violence. Haven't I convinced you that the

easy way is the safe way?" 'Yah, don't give me no more of that!" said Baxter contemptuously. "I ain't no missionary.'

At this juncture, when the argument threatened to develop into a quarrel, peace was restored by the reappearance of the young burglar, carrying a considerable quantity of jewelry, loose and in boxes, while he softly whistled pari."

"Not a bad haul," observed Graham, turning over the plunder as it lay on the table. "Two watches?"

"They're them little tickers what the girls carry," said Baxter scornfully. We won't get \$2 apiece for 'em."

"Won't we, though!" said Graham, smiling. "They are gold, and there is an inscription on each. That means a made your appearance, as we can't very fancy reward, or I don't know human feminine nature. Two brooches, a necklace. H'm, h'm. Very good indeed."

Harry, adjusting his necktie before the an unusual experience." mirror and giving his small blonde mustache a curl.

"I expected as much," commented Graham, storing away the trinkets in Braithwait has a hunhis pockets. dred with him, I dare say, but it isn't worth the risk. If we kill a man in the



"I'd settle him," muttered Baxter. city, it's soon forgotten, but in the suburbs it creates a regular panic. The neighbors hire detectives and follow a man all over creation, and you can't

buy them off or compromise the matter. Money is no object. That's why I keep telling Jim"-

"Let up, will ye!" exclaimed Baxter roughly. "I ain't killin nobody, am I?" "Certainly not. But I only say"-"Say nothin. Where's the feed box?"

Mr. Graham groaned and looked at his young accomplice in comical alarm. "I knew how it would be, Jim; these luncheons will be the ruin of us all some night."

"Can't help it," retorted Baxter doggedly. "It's a good four mile walk from the city and as much back, and we hadn't anything but a snack for supper. A man's got to eat, and when I'm hun-

gry''_
"Well, well," said the other, with a gesture of impatience, "if it must be. it must. Harry, see to the wine, and we'll find the substantials. Now, Jim, your gain.' do be careful of the dishes, and don't grunt and puff while you're eating.

It's vulgar." Jim Baxter grunted and puffed at this, but made no other reply as he busied himself spreading the contents of the refrigerator on the dining room table, while Harry, from the sideboard, produced a decanter of whisky and three bottles of claret. There were a nice piece of cold ham, some tongue, cheese and pickles, bread and butter, anchovies my defeats as well as my victories. I and sardines, a bottle of olives and the must bear them both with equanimity."

remains of an oyster pie.
"Ouite a layout," remarked Baxter, with a ravenous chuckle. "D'ye remember the house at Barleytown where mus hostem."

there wasn't nothin but graham crackers and winegar in the box? "I should say so," exclaimed Gra-

ham, with a look of disgust. "Some people are too mean to live," returned Baxter savagely. "Come, shove over that decanter, and let's pitch in. Fingers, gents, 'cause there ain't nothin but silver knives and forks in this house, unless I take 'em out of the bag,

which I ain't doin. Here's luck." "Excellent claret, Wilson," said the roung burglar, holding his glass up to the light.

"Genuine Medoc," returned Graham, with the air of a connoisseur. "That's the worst of this business. Not one gentleman out of ten is a judge of wine. Now, the whisky"-

"The whisky's all right," interrupted Baxter curtly. "All whisky's good; some's better'n others, but it's all good Blow claret!"

"No style about Jim," said Harry, with a smile that was half a sneer. "No, you bet there ain't," said Baxter stolidly. "You oughter call me Old

Business, 'cause that's what I am. Pass

It was a most interesting sight. At the head of the table sat Graham, a smooth faced, well fed man of 40, who up stairs," remarked Baxter in a surly might have passed for a prosperous banker or a man living on an annuity; to his right reclined rather than sat young Montgomery, a spruce and slender fellow, with soft blue eyes, trema-thinkin of his mother and leave half ulous lips and light hair, neatly brushed, while opposite Graham sat Baxter, a coarse, shaggy, grimy man of uncertain age, with small, shifty eyes, a heavy beard and a general air of brutal strength. Had it not been for the fact each man wore his hat and that the bag of stolen goods lay on one corner of the table it might have been taken for a small stag party, Graham personating the host to perfection.

The resemblance was lost, however, a moment later. The door leading to the back stairway, directly behind Jim Baxter, opened and revealed a spare man with long blond whiskers, wearing gold eyeglasses and a flowered dressing gown.

Graham was the first to see the intruder, and his exclamation of astonishment caused Baxter to turn his head. In an instant that worthy was on his feet, with a pistol in his hand. Graham was quicker, however, and before his companion could raise the weapon he seized his arm and pushed him aside.

"No violence, Jim," he said sternly. "I warn't goin to shoot," growled Jim. "I was only goin to give him a crack on the head.

"I won't have it," returned Graham authoritatively. "Sit down."

Baxter put up his pistol and sat down. Graham then turned to the spare gentleman, who had not moved from the doorway during this episode.

"Mr. Braithwait, I presume?" "That is my name," was the reply.
Burglars, I presume?" "The presumption is correct. Will

you take a seat?" Mr. Braithwait sat down opposite gravely. There was then a moment of silence, broken by Graham, who had resumed his place at the head of the

table. "I am sorry," said he, "you have well apologize for our intrusion." "No, I suppose not," said Mr. Braith-

wait, smiling. "Yet I am rather pleased "There was no money," remarked that I did come, since I always enjoy "Glad you enjoy it," muttered Bax-

ter. But no one listened to him. "I was aroused by the reflection of the gaslight in the upper hall," explained Mr. Braithwait, "and I supposed that the housekeeper had left it burning. She has done so more than once. I came down to extinguish it. I heard voices in this room, and I entered." "At the risk of your life," observed

Graham, with a significant glance at Baxter, who had resumed eating. "I did not think of that," said Mr. Braithwait simply. "My life has been threatened so often-you know I am a railroad man—that I give little thought to risk of an undertaking. Profession-

als, I suppose?" He looked at Montgomery, who nodded nonchalantly and lighted a ciga-

Mr. Braithwait coughed.

"I wish you wouldn't," he said deprecatingly. "Apart from the looks, I can't bear cigarette smoke. There's a box of very fine Conchas on the sideboard. Thank you," to Graham, "if you will join me. Thank you again." Graham laughed with genuine enjoy-

ment, yet without vulgarity. "I like you," he said frankly, "and am sorry that, in spite of the line of business"- He waved his cigar at the

"Of course, yes, of course, I know that can't be helped," said Mr. Braithwait, smoking away easily, "and that's another reason why I'm glad I came. I fessional, literary and artistic names in suppose you have in that bag some America and many in Europe. In my trinkets belonging to my wife and library I have many biographies, but daughters that have a special value as none of which a burglar is the theme, mementos. I hear that you gentlemen nor do I recall the name of a celebrated are frequently forced to sell your plun- criminal, unless," pleasantly, "he has der at a simply ruinous sacrifice, and it been hanged." occurred to me that if we could come to

some arrangement—you understand?" "Perfectly," answered Graham. "It glar, somewhat sullenly. can be done, and I will open negotiations at an early date, provided, of taking a small drink of claret. "Liter-

"That is understood. As a business man I accept the situation. My loss is own James and Younger boys, and I

At this the youngest burglar broke silence for the first time. "You are a philosopher," he said in tone of admiration.

"What sensible man is not?" responded Mr. Braithwait cheerfully. "I suppose it is capable of proof that the ac- Those fellows always had a poetical cumulated wisdom of the ancients amounts simply to the homely proverb, 'What can't be cured must be endured.' My business is a sort of war, and I have

"So is ours," said the youngest burglar. "As Horace says in his 'Epistles,' 'Cædimur, et totidem plagis cousumi-

wait, "to reply with Catullus, 'Nil go, quod temere invitis suscipiatur heris.'''

Montgomery flushed slighlty, and Baxter growled an incoherent protest against the use of foreign languages.

"Of course, I do not claim that I enjoy being robbed," continued Mr. Braithwait, "but I realize that it is not as bad as it might be. Last week you would have caught me with \$2,000 in cash in the house, and last month you would have horribly scared my wife and daughters." "Not for worlds," murmured Mr.

Montgomery. "Well, you might have done so. Women have such a detestation of robbers, except when they are in jail. The pleasure of your visit-I hinted that I



In an instant Baxter was on his feet. could extract pleasure from adversitylies in the fact that it brings me in contact with a profession I have previously known only by hearsay. I suppose I may take it for granted you gentlemen

are experts?" "We've been there before," said Baxter coarsely.

"If an experience of 14 years is any quarantee, then I am an expert," said Graham, with a certain air of pride in his tones "Our friend, there," nodding at Baxter, "has, I believe, been in the profession since childhood, while ," indicating Montgomery with his cigar-"you'll excuse my not mentioning names—is a beginner. A skilled workman, I admit, but this is only his second year."

"I don't wonder that he," and Mr. Braithwait glanced slightly at Baxter, "remains in the business, but that you should follow the vocation for 14 years surprises me greatly." / "Indeed?" queried Graham, with per-

ceptible stiffness. "Why?" "Because you appear to be a sensible

man, and I should not think the business would pay. What is your annual income as a burglar?" "On an average, I should say \$3,000

a year." "And you are an expert! I received

\$6,000 a year, and I am only assistant general freight agent and have been 12 Braithwait sternly. "Your profession years in the business. Then I may in- requires acuteness, courage, skill, cauyoung Montgomery, to whom he bowed fer that these two gentlemen make much tion and endurance. Gentlemen, these less than \$3,000?"

and was I eparing to smoke a black wooden pipe. "You're not so sensible as I thought,"

can easily imagine a man exposing himself to dreadful dangers and cruel privations when there is a great prize in view. An explorer like Stanley, a pioneer like Pike or Fremont, a conqueror like Cortez or a revolutionist like Washington could well brave hardship and peril when success meant wealth as well as the plaudits of their fellow men. The early settlers of this and every other country, the gold hunters of 1849, the pirates who ravaged the seas, all were actuated by the hope of a fortune at one swoop, but to risk prison, to say nothing of life itself, for a day laborer's wages"-

"But," spoke up Montgomery quickly, "there is fame, if not fortune. "Pardon me. In what way?"

"In the usual way. Who has not heard of Hickey, the man who cracked 20 banks before they tripped him up; Peters, the New England cracksman; Bronthers, the Chicago expert?"

"I hope," said Braithwait gently, "I won't offend you when I say I never heard of those gentlemen.".

"Is it possible?" "Honestly, I never did." "You have surely heard of Red

Leary?" "I can't recall his name."

"George Post? Louis Ludlum? Pete McCartney? Miles Ogle?" "Don't know them."

"Perhaps," sarcastically, "you don't read the papers?" "Yes, I do, and I have a good memory. I can say without boasting that I have on my .tongue's end all the pro-

"Yet there are famous names in our

profession," persisted the young bur-"Oh, yes," admitted Mr. Braithwait,

course," he added severely, "that you play fair."

Literature has preserved Claude Duval, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turbin—all hung—Fra Diavolo, who was shot, and even our have heard vaguely of one Billy the Kid, somewhere out west. In a general sense, literature and the drama are saturated with bandits, brigands and outlaws, sometimes comical, sometimes heroic, but you will excuse me if I maintain that you stand on a different footing. backing; somebody or something had driven them to their illegal calling, but you can scarcely make a similar claim." "I don't know about that," protested

> "Did you ever try?" "No; nor I ain't goin to."

Baxter doggedly. "Who'd give me a

"As I supposed. Honest work is plentiful, therefore you are absolutely

name and fortune, stolon your ancestral home or intended bride; neither have you been outlawed for your political or religious beliefs or unjustly accused of crime."

The big burglar looked extremely blank at this pointed address and took, grumbling, a drink of whisky. Mr. Graham promptly came to his companion's relief.

"You have made out a prima facie case, as the lawyers say, but the fact remains that there is a fascination in the life we lead and some romance. There is mystery about it, for one thing, and danger for another. Then we certainly have the sympathy of a certain class of society when we are prisoners." "Is not the sympathy to which you

allude confined to murderers, especially those who kill their wives?" "As a rule, yes," admitted Graham, "but the people who have sympathy for murderers generally have such a

superabundance that they can spare some for us. I have known burglars to receive six bouquets in a single day, and from real ladies too.' "I am afraid," said Mr. Braithwait, with a smile, "that the sympathy ex-tended with such small discretion has little market value. But let us pass that

by and glance at the disagreeable side of your profession. For instance, this night you have walked from the city, the nearest point of which is three "We come four," growled Baxter.
"Well, four, and four back is eight.

It could not have been a pleasant walk, as the night is cloudy and the roads are heavy from recent rains." "There warn't no choice," said Bax-

ter savagely. "We had to walk."
"There it is," said Mr. Braithwait triumphantly, "you had to walk. Now, I don't have to walk; I ride in the train or my carriage at any hour of the day or night. No honest man has to walk if he has money, and of course you

have." "The point," admitted Mr. Graham reluctantly, "is well taken." "I feel certain of it. Nor is this the only instance in which your pleasure is marred by fear. The very fame for which you strive is a constant bar to your enjoyment. If you take lodging at a hotel, you are ejected. You may be refused admittance to any respectable theater; in any place of entertainment, except the very lowest, you cannot make a new acquaintance for fear he may be a detective plotting your capture; you are compelled to eat, drink and sleep among vile associates and vulgar surroundings, and all for a pitiful \$3,000

a year! By heaven, it is worth \$30,0001" "You use strong language, sir," exclaimed the youngest burglar, rising and pacing the floor in an agitated way.
"I do," admitted the master of the house, "because my business sense is

outraged by your stupidity." "Stupidity!" echoed Graham sharply. are admirable traits, and with them "I've seen the week when I didn't you might be anything but burglars. make hod carrier's wages," growled Baxter, who had now finished eating private and civic corporations are eager for such men. They pay them large wages and grant them great privileges. The governments, state and national. rejoined Mr. Braithwait frankly. "I want such men, and are looking for them, while they are skulking through city alleys or walking miry roads at midnight. Gentlemen, with all your qualifications, you lack the one essential to success—common sense."

"Permit me," said Graham, leaning over the table and speaking with much force, "to call your attention to the fact that we are bright enough to keep society eternally on the defensive.".

"Granted," said Mr. Braithwait. "Small in numbers though we are, we necessitate the employment of a police force in every village, town and city in the Union, to say nothing of special constables and private watchmen. We force every bank and corporation to sink thousands in costly safes, locks and other safeguards, and no householder is ever free from apprehension on our account. We are one against many, so to speak, but we make the many tremble. Could we exercise this power without brains?"

"Aye, could we?" supplemented Montgomery, with flashing eyes. "Granted again," said Mr. Braith-



Baxter made a dash for the door. the point at issue. Society is terrorized through its inertness, and when society enters on an active warfare you gentlemen cannot make a show of resistance. And even under our present policy of passive resistance there is but one thing that will save a criminal from the eventful clutch of the law, and that is -death."

The youngest burglar turned white, and Baxter cursed softly.

"You cannot, with all your brightness, commit a crime without leaving a trace," went on Mr. Braithwait impassively, "and every modern appliance is a stumbling block in your path. The Hamburg firm a number of children whose modern bank safe, equipped with time growth had been checked by a peculiar dilocks, is impregnable; the electric light has made our streets as safe by night as day, and the telegraph has lengthened the arm of justice until it encircles the

slight sneer, "you have been robbed." "And yet I have been robbed." re- pressed in Croatia.

out interfering sadly with my comfort and ease, I cannot make my house a bank or surround myself with an army of watchmen, and I don't like dogs. So I have been robbed. Yet," Mr. Braithwait looked Mr. Graham quietly in the eye, "yet I am not entirely defenseless.

"Hello!" said Baxter, breathing hard. "Have you been up to somethin?" "You shall judge whether I have rightly accused you of lack common at about 2 o'clock. sense. Before attacking this house did you make yourself acquainted with the for many weeks. He was ill when surroundings?"
"I did," answered Graham confi-

dently. "Do you know that I am a railroad man?"

"Oertainly." "Did you notice a wire running through the woods at the rear of my

"No!" cried Graham violently. "A strange oversight on your part. Very stupid. It is a telephone wire, and leads from my chamber above to my office in the city. Now or the application of my remarks. From the moment of your entrance I was aware of your movements, and instantly explained the situation to the night operator. He, of course, notified the police"-

"And while you kept us engaged in conversation"— cried Graham, advancing threateningly.

'The police were coming on a special rain to my assistance," said Mr. Braithwait, taking a second cigar. "D-n you!" exclaimed Baxter

threateningly. "Stop!" cried Graham, interposing. 'We have no time for that. Let us

"Don't!" said the host warningly. 'The house is surrounded, and you will certainly be shot. Accept the situation, as I did. You, gentlemen, have been my guests this evening, and I have been highly entertained. May I hope that the pleasure has been mutual?"

open, and four policemen appeared on he hurried to Atlanta and entered a the tank and rested upon a support. the threshold. Montgomery sank help- sanitarium. The fever was quickly The rodent ate the cheese, and then lessly into a chair. Baxter made a dash overcome; but this was not all. For went for the bologna. As it reached for the door, while Graham remained more than two years Mr. Crisp had impassive, but all were alike handcuffed expeditionsly.

ly due to the uncontrollable appetite of death was not unexpected. It was our companion, but none the less I con- not thought that he could get well; gratulate you upon your ingenuity." 'Did I not tell you that you were months at least, and the fatal sumstupid?"

Mr. Graham bowed. "You have taught us a lesson," he said gravely. "I think it is time to abandon the business."

"Well, I'll be"-Baxter gasped, and could say no more. "We are disgraced!" exclaimed the youngest burglar bitterly.

Mr. Braithwait waved his hand.

"I am sleepy," he said, with a yawn.
"Gentlemen, good night. I will see you again—in court.' THE END.

Democratic Greece. Greece is, undoubtedly, the most

democratic nation in Europe—perhaps in the world. In southeastern Europe the rule of the Turk obliterated all social distinctions and swept away every vestige of feudalism. Roumania alone, which was never so completely under for several years and then, in 1861, the Turkish yoke, retains an aristocratic joined the Confederate army. He was class, but Servia, Bulgaria and Greece soon made a lieutenant in the Tenth are democratic to the core. In Servia and Bulgaria, however, the Slavonic in- until May, 1863, when he was captured stinct of obedience exists, the value of and held a prisoner of war until which is nowhere better shown than in after the surrender.

Where Butter Is Blue. round the world.

strange, but it's a fact that in India butter made from the thin milk of the native cow is blue instead of yellow. "When I came across this azure substance, I vowed I would never touch it, but others did so, with evident enjoy-

the golden pots of fresh butter used in America can hardly realize what it is to see bread painted blue. "The blue butter of India is preferable to the stuff they serve as butter in Norway and Sweden," continued the globe trotter, "for there we had noth-

Manufacture of Monstrosities.

Miscellaneous Reading.

CHARLES F. CRISP.

The South's Greatest Statesman Goes to His Reward.

and the whole nation is sad, for an- and acted on the principle of the other truly great American has passed away. Ex-Speaker Charles F. Crisp The strong can take care of themdied in Atlanta last Friday afternoon selves he thought, and accordingly his

Speaker Crisp had been seriously ill tection of the weak. congress adjourned; but just about that time it was thought that Georgia was undecided as to what to do on the silver question, and against the advice of friends who were acquainted with his physical condition, he hurried to his state to make a number of speeches. How he met and vanquished Secretary Smith at several appointments, and how he was at last forced to retirement on account of



EX-SPEAKER CHARLES F. CRISP. the public memory. He went to his Before any one could answer, the door home at Americus, and there contract | minutes a rat climbed upon the end leading to the woodshed was thrown ed malarial fever, on account of which of the board which protruded outside been suffering from heart trouble. This, the fever had aggravated, and fell into the water and was drowned. "Sir," said Graham, taking a cigar the immediate cause of his death was but at the same time it was believed "Thanks," said Mr. Braithwait that he would linger for several a remarkable display of rat's cuteness. was calm and serene.

Charles Frederick Crisp was born in Sheffield, England, on January 29, 1845. His parents, though English, about people going to a lot of trouble had some years before taken up Geor- for nothing. gia as the country of their adoption, and at the time of the birth of their son were in Sheffield on a visit. Mr. Crisp's father was a celebrated actor ly avers that he saw the rats not only who along in the '30's and '40's, was balance one another on the board quite popular, especially in South while the tempting bait was devoured, Carolina, Georgia and Alabama.

military institution, then located in Marietta, Ga. He remained there Virginia Infantry with which he fought

the admirably disciplined Bulgarian After the war Mr. Crisp studied law army. In Greece every man is, in his and was elected to the position of own opinion, as good as his fellow-not solicitor for the judicial district in only socially, but morally and intellec- which he lived. Next he went to the tually. Wealth, ability and high charac- general assembly, and after serving ter, of course, count for something, but there four years, he was elected a judge. In 1882, he resigned the office of judge the individual. There is little respect to accept the Democratic nomination for dignities-so little, indeed, that it for congress. He was elected; and at has been said every soldier in the army the time of his death had been in

> ness for such an important position, that he was selected by unanimous nor animals. If food and water could consent to lead the fight against the be supplied in some other way the Force bill. Then, afterward, notwith- world would still be uninhabitable by standing the prejudice against the plants and animals, owing to the sesouth and ex-Confederates especially, verity of the cold. Without an atmerit that he was the first southern and consequently no waves or ocean it was on account of his own inherent man since the war to be elected to the currents. The sea-if we may supspeakership. That he has filled the pose one to have been supplied by speaker's chair with remarkable abili-some unknown cause—would be a ty and fairness, even under the most stagnant pool, uninhabitable by seatrying circumstances, is admitted on weed or fish. all sides by friend and foe alike.

> If Mr. Crisp ever had a material fault, the fact has never become known. perance Cause relates anecdote about During his entire political life, inclu- the oft repeated argument of the ding his 14 years in congress, not a warming effects of alcohol, as follows: thing has been brought against him "But, doctor, I must have some kind detrimental to his character, that the of a stimulant," cried the invalid public would believe. His aim was to earnestly. "I am cold, and it warms serve the nation first and then Georgia me." and the south. At the expiration of "Precisely," came the doctor's crushis term as speaker, New York parties ty answer. "See here; this stick is approached him with an offer to take cold," taking up a stick of wood from him into partnership in a law firm on the box beside the hearth and tossing terms greatly advantageous to himself. it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but They proposed to guarantee him an is the stick benefited?" income of \$25,000 and assured him The sick man watched the wood first that there was reasons to believe that send out little puffs of smoke and then his share would quickly run up to burst into flame, and replied: "Of \$50,000. But he told them no; his course not; it is burning itself." could become the possessor of wealth, your stomach and brain.'

he died poor. His estate is not worth any more now than when he commenced his congressional career 14 years ago.

And the greatest thing that can be said of Mr. Crisp is that he lived and died a Democrat. Not a politician; The state of Georgia is in mourning but a Democrat—a man who believed greatest good to the greatest number. idea of government was for the pro-

WISE OFFICE RATS.

They Had a Scheme That Beat the Newfangled Traps.

The employes of the Jersey City Printing company have for a long time been troubled with rats. The rodents are of unusual size, and are extremely bold. They are boldest after dark. and think nothing of running over the feet of the employes.

Several cats were placed in the building, with the hope that they would exterminate the rats, but the latter made it so warm for the cats

that they were driven away. Various schemes have been worked to entrap the rodents but with little success. Finally Engineer August Krone hit upon a scheme that for a time bade fair to be just the thing. He secured an old zinc oil tank, about 3 feet in height, and then fastened on the edge a 2-foot piece of board. Then he arranged the board so that it would swing up and down with one end inside the tank. He placed a piece of bologna sausage, fastened with rubber band, on the edge of the board which projected over the inside of the tank, and half filled the vessel with water. A few pieces of cheese were placed along the other end of the board to coax the rats on.

The trap was set where rats are thickest, in the basement, and in a few the bait the other end of the board tipped up, and the rat, with a squeal,

"Oh, that's the trick," said the enfrom the box, "our misfortune is direct- fatty degeneration of the heart. His gineer, and his assistant said August had a great head.

Within ten minutes six more rats walked the plank, and then there was Two rodents climbed the pile of pamons was, therefore, sudden. But pers, and, while one stood on the safe the great man was not afraid. He end of the board, the other carefully was conscious to the last, and although made its way to the tempting bologna his end was with a paroxism of pain, and devoured half of it. The rats the departure of his great spirit left then chhanged places, and the other on the dead face an expression that ate the rest of the bologua and half

the rubber band. The engineer scratched his head and. the other spectators said something

During the afternoon no more rats were caught, but a lot of cheese was eaten by them. The engineer solemnbut that the rodents actually engaged When he was 17 years of age, Char- in a game of see-saw, simply for amuseles F. Crisp was placed in the Georgia ment. August still has faith in his patent trap, but nobody else has.

> SECRET OF BAD COMPELION .- The secret of a bad complexion, says a physician in "Life and Health," is a had digestion, and we generally trace that to a bad liver. One of the best remedies for a sluggish liver is cheap and pleasant. Dieting is the secret of the cure. The best liver regulator for persons of sedentary habits-and those are the ones whose complexions are muddy—is to be found in apples, eaten baked if they are not well digested when eaten raw. I attended the pupils of a well-known boarding school, and among them was a country girl whose complexion was the euvy of all her associates. I found that she was a very light eater at her meals, but she had a peculiar custom of taking a plate of apples to her room at night and eating them slowly as she studied her lessons. This was her regular practice.

> THE ATMOSPHERE .-- Even if it were possible for man to live without breathing air, he could not exist on the earth if it were without an atmosphere. Plants derive carbon, the most impormosphere there would be no winds.

How Alcohol Warns-The Tem-

people had made him all he was, and "And so are you when you warm

he must continue to serve them. Al- yourself with alcohol; you are literalthough for years in a position where he ly burning up the delicate tissues of

is a general, and every sailor in the congress 14 years. It had already navy an admiral. A cabinet minister, been settled also that so soon as the seeking re-election to the chamber, Georgia legislature should re-assemble, throws open his drawing room to his he would be elected to the seat that constituents. Men of every rank and General Gordon now occupies in the class of society-lawyers, doctors, stu- United States senate. Mr. Crisp's career in congress is dents, cabmen, laborers-troop in, wearing their hats and smoking cigarettes. matter of national history. It was wait cheerfully, "but quite foreign to Not that they mean any disrespect, far only a short time after he took his seat from it, but they see no reason for mak- until he began to show the kind of metal of which he was made. He ing any alteration in their usual habits. They come to express their views on the never counted odds; but it was when topics of the day. They interrogate the clashing his steel against that of the candidate at length and warmly grasp most powerful of his opponents, that tant element of their food, from the nis hand. They ask any little favor they may want and go their way.—Fort- and again he discomfitted Tom Reed no food for animals and therefore no nightly Review. and other Republican leaders, and it human beings. Water also comes from nightly Review. was on account of his well known fit-"What was the most striking thing you

saw in Ind.a?" was asked of a woman who has just returned from a tour "Butter," she replied. "That seems

ment, and, curiosity getting the upper hand, I tried the butter and to my surprise found it delicious. You who see

ing but oleomargarine."-Philadelphia

At Prague a man called Proschaska was arrested some time ago for selling to a

et that they might be exhibited as lilliputians. For every child 300 florins were paid. The inventors of the system and the parents of the children as well have been punished by the courts. Two years ago a regular manufactory of distortions and "And yet," retorted Graham, with a monstrous shapes in young children for begging purposes was discovered and sup-