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PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN.

By George E. Walsh.

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CHAPTER VIII.

HE visits of Dr. Squires at my master's house were not as frequent as I could wish for my purpose, but this did not by any means argue that they did not meet often. On the contrary, I found that Mr. Goddard had almost daily meetings with the doctor in his office and that the latter was subjecting him to a course of treatment for the mysterious disease that had been inherited from past generations. Curiosity to know what this complaint was and what Dr. Squires was prescribing for his cure possessed me, and (like my other fits of inquisitiveness) I determined to satisfy it upon the first possible occasion.

About a week after the occurrence just related I was called into my master's room. He had not yet risen from his bed, and I knew by the pallor of his face that he was not as well as usual.

"William, I want you to take a note for me around to Dr. Squires. I cannot keep my appointment with him this morning."

"Yes, sir," I said, waiting for him to give me further instructions.

He closed his eyes for a moment as if wincing from some secret pain.

"I do not feel like writing," he said a moment later. "You can take a verbal message, William, can't you?"

"Certainly. I will repeat it word for word."

"Well, I believe you are to be trusted. I have taken a great fancy to you. My other man I never felt that I could trust, and if he had been honest, he was always so stupid that he would get everything mixed up. But I think you are gifted with more than ordinary intelligence."

I simply bowed my head and made no comment.

"And as modest as intelligent," he added, with a faint sign of a smile. "Some day maybe you can help me in a higher way than at present."

"I should be delighted to do anything for you, sir," I answered sincerely.

"You will find me faithful enough to trust with anything—secrets or anything."

He looked long and inquisitively at me and then, with the most imperturbable smile on his face:

"Do you know that I sometimes fancy I've seen your face somewhere before—that is, before you came into my employment?"

I knew that this was a test question, and I answered it accordingly:

"Probably. We often meet faces by chance in the world and forget them until reminded of them by some later incident."

"Yes, true. You're quite a philosopher, too, William."

"Enough to accept life as it comes without a demur," I answered.

"Well, that is more than I can do sometimes. But to return to business. You know that I have appointments with Dr. Squires nearly every day. Well, this is one of the mornings, and I do not feel energetic enough to keep it. Go and tell him that I cannot come before tomorrow. If he sends any answer back, remember it and tell me. That's all."

He dropped his head back upon the pillows and closed his eyes. I withdrew as quietly as I could.

I took one of the horses from the stable which John said needed exercise, and I cantered slowly down the road toward the doctor's house. As I approached I looked with interest at various objects that had become indelibly impressed upon my memory from the experience of that eventful night when I attempted to enter the house. I had by no means given up all idea of exploring the interior of the haunted house, but was merely postponing the second trial for a more opportune time. Meanwhile everything about the premises assumed some special importance to me.

I wished very much to see the interior of the house in the daytime, and I determined to force an entrance at all hazards in delivering my message to the doctor. I feared the doctor would come outside on the piazza or that his servant might insist upon taking the message in to the doctor. To avoid this, if possible, I stopped some distance from the place, hitched my horse to a tree and approached the house on foot, keeping well in the shadow of trees and shrubberies to prevent anybody seeing me.

I succeeded so well in this ruse that I reached the piazza without being discovered. The bell, which I rang, echoed throughout the gloomy interior of the house so discordantly that it made one think of ghosts and departed spirits. I seemed to hear the scurry of footsteps, as if the bell had given the alarm to innumerable rats and mice, but a moment later I was satisfied that the noise was made by human feet.

The doctor's servant—a dark, dried-up specimen of a mummy from India—glided toward the door, making the scuffling noise with his sandals. The man's eyes were small and beadlike, and his arms and fingers were long and bony, but they were nevertheless strong and active. He shuffled toward the door with an anxious look on his face. He was evidently disturbed by the thought that somebody

had approached the house without attracting his attention.

He refused to open the door more than a foot and stood there making a guttural sound as if trying to ask my errand.

"I have a message for Dr. Squires," I said.

He stuck out a long, bony hand as if to take the letter which he supposed I had. At least he would hear and was familiar with the English language. I also believe that he could speak and that his dumbness was merely pretended. But there is no way to make a man speak if he doesn't want to, or at least not under ordinary circumstances, in a civilized country.

"It is not a letter," I added as he held out his hand for some time. "I have a message to deliver—a verbal message."

He shook his head and withdrew his hand.

"Let me in, and tell the doctor I want to see him."

Again he shook his head and made an inarticulate guttural sound.

I was getting impatient at the delay and the man's stubbornness. Placing a foot in the crack of the door, I held it so that he could not slam it in my face.

"I tell you I have a message from Mr. Goddard, and I must see the doctor," I said in decided tones. "Will you let me in or must I force myself in?"

I could see that the man was in a quandary. He wanted me to stand outside while he went and told the doctor, but I had no intention of retiring. He motioned for me to remove my foot, but I answered him blandly:

"Not until I see Dr. Squires. You may as well go first as last and tell him that Mr. Goddard has sent a messenger to see him."

Gradually the wrathful, beady eyes shifted from me to a seat in the hall. He was evidently deliberating upon the best step to take, and I could see the line of his reasoning.

"Let me stand in the hall until you go and call him," I said, "or I will take that seat there and wait."

This time my proposition was accepted. The man shook his head affirmatively, pointed to the chair and then cautiously opened the door. I stepped in and made a move to take the seat, but I had no intention of staying in the hall after once gaining an entrance. When the man turned his back upon me, I quietly followed him to the doctor's office. He made some signs to somebody in the room, and I heard the gruff words of the doctor as he said:

"Who is it that Charles has sent?"

I stepped to the doorway and replied:

"I'm his butler, but this copper colored servant of yours refused to admit me. I had to force myself in."

The servant started around as if to clutch me by the throat, and the doctor smothered an exclamation that sounded very much like an oath.

"What business have you to force yourself into anybody's house?" he demanded in a rough voice.

"None whatever except that I had a message for you, and this Indian wouldn't let me in," I answered quickly.

"Well, it's his business to keep strangers out. Those are my instructions."

"Then he was right, and I was wrong," I said, "and if that's the case I'll withdraw."

I turned my back on the two and started for the door, but the words of



"What business have you to force yourself into anybody's house?"

the doctor called me back. He had perfectly recovered himself and realized that he was making too much fuss with a servant over a trivial matter.

"Come, come, don't get huffy," he said pleasantly. "Your sudden entrance annoyed me, that's all. What is the message that your master sends?"

He looked at me through a pair of eyeglasses, his dark, searching eyes taking in every part of me, and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable under close scrutiny.

"Let me see. You are the man who spilled the salad dressing over me, aren't you?"

He laughed heartily, as if the incident amused him.

"Well, well, this is the second time you have given me offense," he added finally. "Look out for the third time. I might not let you off so easily."

I made the delivery of the message

as long as possible, for while he was studying me to no particular purpose I was critically examining everything for a definite end.

When I finally left, I had a pretty clear impression of most of the articles in the room. It was decorated and furnished in true oriental style. Skins and rugs were scattered over the floor; teakwood cabinets and desks, loaded down with miniature elephants of the same wood, were standing in corners and in the middle of the office; sandalwood ornaments, peacock feathers made into exquisite fans, Bagdad curtains and couches, Benares bronzes and spears and shields were placed in various nooks and corners to give the effect of an eastern scene. A red glow from a lamp suspended from the center of the ceiling must have added greatly to the prettiness of the room at night.

But in the midst of the oriental furniture and bric-a-brac were many modern articles, which gave an incongruous effect to the room. Grinding skulls stood alongside of disintegrated Egyptian mummies; a stethoscope was lying next to a spear head that must have been wielded by some Indian prince of long ago; medical books and implements were piled promiscuously upon hand carved tabourets of wonderful workmanship. In short, the room was a typical oriental scene, overlaid and topped by the necessary articles of a modern practicing physician.

The whole effect was interesting from one point of view, but for me there was little that I cared about. I could discover nothing that would give me a clue to the doctor's mysterious work. Furthermore, I could not understand why so much care should be exercised in keeping intruders out or why the servant was so insistent that I should not enter his master's office. But my failure to make any discovery intensified rather than lessened my desire to fathom the mystery which Dr. Squires had chosen to surround himself with, and as I rode homeward my mind was busy planning some way of circumventing him and his oriental slave.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Forest of Fontainebleau.

"We spent the night in Barbizon, paid a godly bill and set off in the company of our English friends for the town of Fontainebleau, lying at the center of 50 square miles of forest," writes a girl from Paris to 'The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is never wild, never mysterious, this forest that thousands of artists have loved to paint, but it is calm and grand and never tedious. For eight hours we wandered over plains covered with towering oaks, among rocky gorges, out of which slender, graceful beeches rise, and through miles of fragrant, giant pines. And everywhere are feathery ferns and purple heather."

"There is not the slightest chance of losing one's way. Every square inch of the forest has been mapped out, and at the intersection of every two avenues a red hand points to the town, and a blue hand indicates the direction of one of the 'sights.' And Fontainebleau? We saw only the palace, a bewildering maze of magnificent rooms. Everywhere there was richness, everywhere wonderful frescoes, wonderful stairways, wonderful tapestry, wonderful inlaid furniture. The grandeur is oppressive, and we were glad to get out into the park, to wander about in the different courts."

A "Practical" Joke.

An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about 25 feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.

Pat looked cautiously round and saw that no one was near, then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and, seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation.

Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom and were wondering where the body was Pat came walking out of the bushes and good naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow of anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.—London Answers.

The Eskimo's Liver.

Does every one know in that notable physical particular the Eskimos who live in the far north differ from us temperate zone people? It will be remembered that half a dozen or more Eskimos came to New York from the Arctic zone with one of Lieutenant Peary's homing parties. Most of them died presently of pneumonia, to the distress and somewhat to the indignation of the public. Of several of them careful autopsies were made and, not a little to the excitement of our medical world, it was discovered that the Eskimo intestine was about four feet shorter than ours is, and that his liver was not shaped like what we have been used to call a human liver, but was more like that of a dog. The Eskimo, apparently, is so constructed that he can live and thrive under such conditions and on such a diet as he can command at home.—Harper's Weekly.

Water.

The body needs internal as well as external baths to keep it healthy. To give the body an internal bath drink plenty of water. Two quarts should be taken each day, beginning with a glass just after rising and ending with a glass just before retiring. If you are inclined to stoutness, do not drink during meals or within a half hour before or after them. If your complexion is bad, nothing is more conducive to a cure than drinking water either hot or cold, but preferably the latter.—New York Press.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SETTLED BY THE CODE.

Reminiscences of Statesmen and Others Who Fought.

"I can't help thinking," said an old raconteur to a group of cronies when they had assembled a few evenings ago, "that if the 'code of honor,' so called, had not been suffered to lapse into almost nothingness the recent tragedy at Columbia, S. C., by which an accomplished man and good citizen—I mean Editor Gonzales, of course—was hurled into eternity before his time, would not have happened. At least it would not have happened in the way it did, causing a stain, as it has, upon a considerable portion of the community. Now," he continued, "while I have never been what one might designate as an out-and-out stickler for duelling, yet I have always insisted that the code had its good points. I believe if Mr. Tillman had challenged Editor Gonzales in the old-fashioned way, instead of shooting him down on the streets without notice, a tragedy would have been averted. I know something about duelling and in my younger days, I am happy to say, have been instrumental in preventing at least one resort to the code. There are always friends sincerely anxious to prevent two men from meeting in mortal combat, many more than could be found 'eggings' angry men to risk their lives in personal encounters.

"There's always some kind of a court of arbitration that can be resorted to. Why, that grim old veteran, Captain Macmurdo, spoken of in Vanity Fair, Thackeray's chief d'oeuvre, old Macmurdo, you know, gentlemen, when Rawdon Crawley, thinking that he had been dishonored by Lord Steyne, called upon Mac for his friendly office, wanted to know if there was no way out of it, and finally finding that Crawley's suspicions were not based on sufficient ground, prevented a fight. Oh, yes, in nine cases out of ten a duel could be averted, even if the law allowed it.

"Some, of course, could not, and this reminds me of the McCarthy-Mordecal duel, still fresh in memory. That could not have been prevented by all the courts of honor in the universe. There was no necessity for these men to show that they were brave. They had both sought the 'bubble reputation' at the cannon's mouth, and both obtained it. But there was no escape from a duel when young Mordecai struck McCarthy with the idea of humiliating him in the opinion of every man in Virginia.

"It's a mistake to call duelling a southern institution. It's no more a southern institution than it is northern, or eastern, or western. The fact is, it originated in the days of Scripture, when Goliath of Gath defied all Israel and challenged—yes, challenged—anybody to single combat. If that was not a duel, then what was it? There were some conditions about it. Some formalities, but it was a duel, all the same, and David, the royal bard, who was in the right, was the conqueror in a regular out-and-out square fight.

"Now here again I have to say that while there are many men, both north and south, who, while they would lead a forlorn hope on sea or land, when their duty required it, would under no circumstances face other men on the duelling ground, and only because they are opposed to such a resort for the settlement of grievances on principle. There was James K. Polk, of Tennessee. He was opposed to the code, and actually submitted to a gross insult from Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, rather than fight a duel. The fact, however, did not prevent Polk from being elected president of the United States. And, as I said before, there are now men in the north as well as in the south, men in the east as well as in the west, who, if they were not violating laws on the statute books or conscientiously opposed to it, would fight a duel whenever, in their opinions or those of their friends, there was any necessity therefor.

"Look at some of the famous duels in American history. There is the affair between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, and William J. Graves, in which Cilley was shot dead. He was from such a northern latitude that he would only have had to travel a short distance to find himself among the blue noses of Canada. Graves was from Kentucky. Look at the duel between Dave Broderick and Judge Terry, which occurred in California, and in which Broderick fell the victim. He was a New York man. Another famous encounter of world-wide history was the fight between Lieut. Barron and Decatur. Barron was a Virginian, and though Decatur was born in Maryland, he was of sturdy New England stock. The American people are not through with lamenting that duel yet. It might have been prevented. That duel, by the way, did not take place at Bladensburg, as it is generally believed. It was fought on the Marlboro road. The little Maryland village across the District line was purposely avoided by both principals and seconds.

"Everyone remembers the late Mr. Burlingame, who once represented Massachusetts in congress. A splendid fellow he was. Well, Burlingame, after the assault by Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, on Senator Sumner, made some very caustic remarks in the house of representatives on Brooks, who promptly challenged Burlingame. The challenge was accepted and Niagara Falls chosen as a meeting place. At the appointed time Burlingame was there, but Brooks was not. This ended the episode. Then there was the Porter-Pryor controversy. Porter, who was from Wisconsin, accepted a challenge from Mr. Pryor and selected bowie knives. Pryor wouldn't fight with these weapons. During a discussion on the house on the Kansas-Nebraska bill a controversy arose between Mr. Cutting, of New York, and Mr.

Breckinridge, afterward vice-president of the United States. Cutting challenged Breckinridge, but friends intervened and prevented an encounter. Probably few people recollect that during the discussion in the senate on the Kansas-Nebraska act a controversy arose between Senators Green, of Wisconsin, and Douglas, of Illinois—the little giant, as he was called. Hostile notes passed, but friends intervened and prevented a duel. Douglas was a New England man, a native, I believe, of Vermont, but when he thought he was in the right was willing to fight anybody.

"I mention these incidents to show that in his palmy days the duel had recognition in all sections of the country. Of course, I am not advocating a repeal of the statute against the duel, even if I do have an idea that it is a law that you could drive a horse and wagon through. What I said, when I started these comments, I believe, is that if these South Carolina gentlemen, Messrs. Tillman and Gonzales, had had recourse to a duel to settle the difficulties between them there would have been friends on both sides who would have prevented the deplorable tragedy, and both could have retired with 'honors easy.'

Then up spoke another member of the assembly. He absolutely differed from the venerable brother on the subject of duelling and declared his utter abhorrence of it as he did also of lynching, even while willing to admit that neither of these 'relics of barbarism,' as he styled them, were altogether and distinctly sectional institutions, and 'if,' he said, 'as our friend claims, there is Scriptural authority for duelling, so is there the same authority for lynching.'

"Where in Holy Writ is there any illustration of a lynching?" demanded another of the party.

Quick as a flash came the response: "It is in the same book that records the 'duel,' as our friend put it, between the giant of the Philistines and the sweet minstrel of Israel—in the second book of Samuel—and the event was the lynching of Abimelech, son of the conqueror of the great blusterer, Abimelech. I recollect by Sunday school teachings, flying after his rebellion, was caught by his long locks in an oak tree, and Joab, one of the successful generals, hearing of it, precipitated himself upon him, and with ten of his men ruthlessly slew him. There was no court-martial of any kind, but he was incontinently slain for rebellion. If that was not as much of a lynching as the encounter between David and Goliath was a duel then I am not on my reckoning.

"And now let me tell you that I once saw a man a very few minutes after he had been lynched, though in a measure I was a forced witness to the sight, and these, as near as I recollect, were the circumstances:

"One beautiful summer morning more than twenty years ago I with a friend, was traveling toward the ancient city of Annapolis. We had been enjoying an outing of two, or three days with some friends on South river, at a place about six miles distant from the Maryland capital. On the morning of our departure we arose very early, intending to walk to Annapolis and there take the steamboat for Baltimore. We had completed about half our journey and had just turned into the main road at a place known as the Three Oaks, now called Camp Parole. There is a postoffice stationed at that point, and at a short distance beyond us, going in the opposite direction, we noticed a body of men, rather dimly perceived in the early morning twilight. We naturally halted to see what was going on. They saw us also and three of them very rapidly came back to where we stood.

"Where are you fellows going?"

"My companion, who is living today and is a prominent and active business man of this city, answered him: 'We are going to Annapolis.'

"Well, go on, and be quick about it," was the rather menacing command; and we went on, but not far, for we began to meet on the highway squads of men coming from the city, and from them we learned that the old town had been visited before daybreak that morning by a crowd of Anne Arundel county farmers and others, who had broken into the jail and taken a Negro who was in prison for a crime that is so often visited with lynching in the course of the year—curiosity, of course, for it was too late to prevent the lynchers from doing their work, even if they wanted to, were out to see whatever they could see. I joined them and retraced our steps, and a short walk showed us that the mob had carried out its intention quickly, for hanging from a tree a few feet from the road we saw a sight that I will never forget. The dead body of the Negro was swinging from the limb of a tree. By that time the golden light of the rising sun was shimmering on the tops of the trees, there was a pure and sweet breeze ruffling the summer foliage, and the whole party of sight-seers seemed awed by the surrounding scene. As for the lynching party, not one, so far as we could know, was anywhere in the neighborhood. There was the dead man, lightly clad, shoeless, with glassy eyes staring from their sockets, hanging before us. The results of two crimes were merged in the spectacle—one that of the dead man who had been made to expiate a cruel crime, the other that of the mob, who declined to let the law take its proper course. I always opposed lynching—that light made me more opposed to it than ever."—Washington Star.

PROFITS OF MONTE CARLO.

Millions Derived Yearly From Famous European Gambling Hall.

Solomon, the wise man of the Scriptures, and many other sages since his day, have given forth the solemn counsel that the way of the wicked shall not prosper, and also the correlative that "righteousness is profitable both for this world and the world that is to come." However true these sayings may be as to general principle of human conduct, the exceptions to be found in every age and every part of the world are numerous and striking.

Gambling, for example, has ever been justly held as a sinful practice, one of the most demoralizing of human vices, and yet today the richest and most prosperous state in all the world is Monaco, wherein is located Monte Carlo, the most famous—or infamous—gambling hell on earth. Fifty years ago, when the Casino at Monte Carlo was first opened, Monaco was on the verge of bankruptcy, an insignificant, miserable, little principality, with no assets worth mentioning and no future. The turn came suddenly when the Prince of Monaco one day accepted an offer of 1,700,000 francs from Francois Blanc, the chief of European gamblers, for the privilege of opening and operating the Casino as a gambling hall. Money literally flowed into the coffers of Francois Blanc and his fellow concessionaires from the day the places were opened and has continued to flow ever since.

When Blanc died he left a very large fortune to his widow. The Casino was then handed over to a company with an enormous capital and the Prince of Monaco renewed the concession for the modest consideration of \$5,000 a week, with an extra trifle of \$100,000 a year to keep up his body guard. The whole estate has grown since the gamblers came, and not the state only, but the coast for a hundred miles around. Sandy soil, originally worth \$5 an acre, fifty miles from Monaco, has realized \$10,000 an acre in thirty years; the two hotels in the state have multiplied by twenty-four, and as against three jewelers and seventeen wine merchants twenty years ago there are today fifteen jewelers and eighty-five wine merchants. A thousand people are kept in regular work at the Casino itself, and honest folk, who live by honest means, have grown rich in spite of themselves through the remarkable development of the state. The people of Monaco have the good sense, not to gamble for themselves, and no citizen, save on one day a year, may enter the Casino. "If men from other lands, with more money than brains, choose to lose their brains and leave their money in Monaco," the native argument seems to run, "we have nothing to do with it. At least, we will use their money well and wash our hands of the channel through which it comes."

All this profit is over and above the actual expense of running the Casino itself, which foots up to nearly \$5,000,000 a year. It cost, for instance, about \$200,000 for the item of the theatre and orchestra, firemen and maintenance of gardens cost up \$100,000 more, and opposite to such suggestive entries as "grants to the press" and "Bishop, clergy and educational institutions" are set down the sums of \$100,000 and \$45,000, respectively. The lighting and water supplies drain the revenue of the tables to the extent of \$85,000, and the prizes the authorities are called upon to offer at carnivals, races, pigeon shooting and other amusements, absorb another \$55,000. How much it costs to dispose of the persons who are so inconsiderate as to shoot themselves after a run of bad luck at the tables is not set down in the lists, but this is probably covered by the contingent fund, for which thousands of dollars are appropriated each year.—Leslie's Weekly.

JEWEL CASES OF SKIN.

Sharks, Sea Lions, Snakes and Buffalo Contribute to Them.

Exquisite jewel boxes and portemonnaies are made of sharkskin that has been bleached to extraordinary whiteness and glistens like flint or granite on which the sun is shining. Only lately have the artist craftsmen discovered the secret of doing this, and therefore these articles come high in price.

A jewel box of the rich white substance will have cover and sides inlaid with the scales of the bone pike, the Florida fish which supplies a material preferred for inlaying to mother-of-pearl. The bone pike's scales bear quaint markings, not unlike Chinese characters. They are put on in overlapping sections and, being pale brown and lustreless, are an interesting foil to the highly polished sharkskin.

Fashion demands jewel holders of light, cheerful hue, so many skins are being experimented with to produce requisite strength and quality. The sea lion's skin is used for costly articles and gold-bound curio-caskets. All the tanning, rubbing and polishing ever resorted to fail to obliterate those curious, wavy lines on the surface of the sea lions' skin, caused by the animal's wiggling round over the ice. Hence it is stamped forever with an intrinsic decoration. However new the article, it always presents the aspect of an antique because of these odd markings. And the distinction makes it sought after.

Other jewel cases and beautiful appurtenances in leather wear are derived from snakeskin, alum cured, a material so difficult to get in right condition that the manufacturers guard it jealously in locked compartments. The same snakeskin, cured with alum, makes another variety of material, the one smooth and glossy, the other lustreless. Java snakes from sixteen to twenty feet long contribute skins of this sort. The alum-cured skins have a unique, mottled appearance that makes up charmingly with borders of

dull gold and corner designs of intertwining asp or lizard in shaded metal and with fine emerald studded heads.

Devices of lizard skin are fitted up with real silver mountings and set off with a topaz or a sapphire unobtrusively introduced. The lizard skins are often used in their natural hues, but again are dyed black or dark brown for more practical purposes. In all cases they are beautifully marked and shaded. The coloring of beetles and of the chameleon are imitated in larger skins and utilized for very handsome cases for necklaces and caskets for hair ornaments.

A basket or portemonnaie made of American buffalo skin costs a considerable sum and will grow higher priced each year as the buffalo becomes scarcer. The expert leather workers now take the skin of the ordinary Texas steer and convert it into leather so rich and durable that many costly accessories are made of it, the name of the skin from which the article was made is stamped upon nearly all leather goods made in the fine jewelry establishments.—New York Sun.

BIRMINGHAM PICTURES.

They Were Mere Paper, But They Subdued the Artist Turner.

Turner, the great landscape painter, was a curious mixture of parsimony and generosity, determined money grubbing and unreckoning devotion to his art. He would drive a hard bargain one day and the next refuse to sell at any price. Intending purchasers were sometimes excluded from his gallery, and the refusal of admission was communicated in anything but a polite manner.

Mr. Gillott, the wealthy pen manufacturer, of Birmingham, once proved himself equal to the task of storming the castle in the teeth of the gruff artist and his doorkeeper and achieving a bargain. A book on Turner gives the story.

Mr. Gillott was met at the door of Turner's house by an old woman, who opened the door and asked the gentleman's business.

"Can't let 'em in!" she snapped out, when he told her, and tried to slam the door.

But Mr. Gillott had put his foot inside the door and without waiting for permission pushed past the enraged janitress and hurried upstairs to the gallery. Turner met him like a spider whose web has been invaded. The intruder introduced himself and said that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell!" was the answer.

"Have you seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visitor, as calmly as if he had been received as a gentleman should be.

"Never heard of 'em," said Turner.

Mr. Gillott took from his pocket some Birmingham bank notes.

"Mere paper," remarked Turner, who evidently enjoyed the joke.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," said the visitor, waving his hand to indicate the paintings on the wall. His tone—perhaps also the sight of the "mere paper"—conquered Turner, and when the visitor departed he had bargained for several valuable pictures.

DISAPPOINTING TWO CLASSES.

Level Headed Siding Up of the Dispensary System.

The dispensary must be disappointing to two classes of its friends, those who were deluded into approving and supporting it as a step in the direction of prohibition, and those who have seen in it a measure that would ultimately relieve, or any appreciable proportion of their taxes. This thought was suggested upon learning recently that the sales for the Kershaw dispensary alone amounted last year to the enormous sum of \$20,558. These figures afford interesting study. In the first place the preceding year was one of the most trying on crops in our recollection, and as a consequence the people were less able last year than usual to squander money. These figures, deducting the 55 days the dispensary was closed last year, represent average daily sales to the amount of \$55. This amount if expended in the employment of teachers for our schools would have paid the salary of forty-five at \$50 per month for nine months, or fifty-seven at \$40 per month for the same term. It would have paid the salaries of thirty-four ministers of the gospel at an annual salary of \$600 each, but when we consider that the average salary of ministers is only about \$300, it would have paid sixty-eight at the latter figure. But all of it was wasted and worse than wasted while the schools had to be closed because of an insufficiency of funds to maintain them, and doubtless many preachers failed to receive their salaries in full. Of course, a lot of suffering must have been occasioned by such a waste of funds in such a year as last. The sales of the Lancaster dispensary are largely in excess of Kershaw and when the two are combined they would represent figures something like \$50,000 a year for the county, and yet we continue to hear the cry of hard times.—Kershaw Era.

DICTIONARY TROUBLES.—The following is an illustration of pronunciation and spelling in the use of wrong words which have the same pronunciation, which if properly read would sound all right:

"A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernal, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode as swift as eh deer. After a thyme he stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt him and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raise his fare, pale face. A faint mown of pane rows from his lips. The Made who herd the belle was a bout to pair a pare, but she threw it down and ranssed wood not weight. But when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site. 'Ewe poor deer! Why do you lie here? Are you dying?'"