have one look beyond it given, I ou live, and love, and blams me not use only would give its hopes of heaven.

MANGE OF A PARSONAGE ttle town than St. Anatole none of more smiling, There is picturesqueness, user streets, the low areades uche Comte, part of the rich ry of Burgundy, and bits of stretches the Al-inc, and its sister riclet and amber in the dead alive this townling onls, so indrequented by its from the highways of ot a carriage awaits the wn employs, for the con-es men, plies between the d the one fan of the place. d the one han of the place, one vehicle, on a bright apped a lady whose apped a lady whose apped a keeping with such ings. Her dress was simily, a nun's were hardly sak gown of light gauze, seemed part of it and the lers coronet of jet on the served to heighten the kind, features, figures, figur t tringing up, as well mal to some women; died sobriety of dress, of ancestral wealth

r small ears hung int setting of the och that fastened ; and as she the Indy, that she did not ence, and he was obliged at and with the air of, deep reverie, she made u please, to the Proce, when the horses slack-id the thought it was time

y and drew a deep breath; d the wheels stood still, afford she recovered self ble, but it was in a much as given himsel! is intender. This much waited on his threshold; y, in his prime. But ve been taken for fine features close-

etrating look, the generse: but for all that single him out of a The noble brow, the marked him from to have occupied one pulpits of the world. a powerful agent in ised her veil, her fair,

of sweet, trembling, "Georgette de Beau-ur penitent in days gone was the bitter, pe "You are one of those onfessional with you g from that exquisit

gospel, I am ready to able to comfort; the priest, the absolver, you know was the timid, girlishly

ful speaker could hardly She was in the flower of of its opening bud, and had d her thirtleth year. but my courage failed

role off suddenly, as if cour-still. A lovely blush tinged ears glistened on the long sudden light seemed to break

nghter of one of the most of Catholic France, you m the faith of your fath-

world. My apostasy could L love. Only say the word, my conscience in your keep-

ently wrung to the heart by u, implying as it did an 's life, a hungry heart, an ul—"oh! leave these rude ntide of tougher texture—oblems to theologians—and vourself to be good and mpass oned tenderness, and how it was. She had slipped to the side of his own and

of golden hair, was upat lins were on a leve ancy had left her now. nistress of herself, able to utter t thought of her heart. old me be good and happy," she

rs. To his thinking, she was still by, sparking, frolicsome Georgette to soulies Georgette certainly, but ling from the gradle, the spoiled soulies Georges
ig from the cradle, the sponsa
is noble house, the heiress of
a noble house, the heiress of
a handsomest fortunes in France,
a punished by him in the for childish shortcomings in algious duty, years ago. That thiough it was, wonderfully inderfully inderfully inderfully inderfully and in the contest ship in the cont her what he had ever been, indeed of the change, out-

consummats man of the world, the flery disputant, the mighty crator, all these belonged to a bygone time. Pastor-An-yille's friends and small congregation were only familiar with an over conscientious, laborious and learned minister of the gospel. His real, his best self, was per-force concealed from the simple townsfact realized that the Protestant pastor of St. Anatole had formerly preached to crowded andiences in one of the great churches in Paris, had seceded, in fact, from Rome to Luther.

"By all means unburden yourself. I shall indeed be glad to serve you," he said, growing more and more genial, yielding in spite of himself to the witchery of her presence. Thus encouraged, still kneeling beside him, her hands clasped on the arm of his chair, her upraised face sweet and innocent as that of a, 5-year-old

maiden, she began her story.
"You thought, without doubt, that it was a careless girl you had to deal with in days gone by. I seemed s mere plaything to you. Very likely you even begrudged the time spent upon me in the confessional, and, but for my position, would have delegated the charge to another. It was never as you fancied. I belied myself, as many women do, putting on the self that pleases the world. I was, from the first, impressionable, sincere, capable of better things."

better things."

He was still as far as ever from divining her errand. But he found it sweet to listen to her, to be able to gaze on her, and feel in a certain subtle, impersonal sense that she belonged to him as of old. He could still chide, caress, encourage. how could I assert it?" she cried, growing more and more eloquent on her own behalf. "I was compelled to live in the world, whether I would or no. From my cradle upward I was trained to play a part. And you, too, even you, my spiritual guide, my monitor, you did not seek to arouse deeper feelings. I should have listened to you in the confessional had

The rebuke was a crushing one, and he flinched under it; a word of apology and expostulation rose to his lips, but he reserved it till she should have done. She "I could understand your motive," she went on; "your duty was not to make a woman think for herself, or seek to be happy after her own way. Brilliant as

you were, experienced as you were, you yet lowered yourself of set purpose in your dealings with my sex. As a priest, as a theologian, you could hardly act otherwise. But I read your character, although you never read mine."

Again he flinched. Her words had

"I saw through the vell," she continued;
"you played with women's intellects as with toys; themselves you did not despise.
But for your calling, your vows, I could have played with you in turn." "Does the priest cease to be a human being?" he asked, bitter almost to vindictiveness. Oh, have done; the stings of conscience I have borne, and can bear; your reproaches unman me utterly."

She touched his arm with a soothing gesture, and made him meet her look of tender pity and insinuation.

"It is not yourself I reproach," she sald, very gently. "Remember that; should I have made the long journey hither for such a purpose? But hear me

She paused for a moment, as if to gather fresh courage and self reliance, then went on in quicker, more fervid tones. "Do you remember a curious experience ned to you during a memorable storm in Paris, just ten years ago? A hur-ricane so fearful raged over the city that it was dangerous to be abroad; the rain flowed in rivers through the streets, many people were injured by falling tiles, and the lightning fisshes scened as if every moment they would fire the place. Your vast church was empty, but you were at your post, when a woman dressed in black and closely veiled stole up to the confes-

sional and knelt to you. Again a light as of sudden conviction seemed to break upon his mind, but this time of no impersonal nature; it was a conviction that had to do with him as well as with her. He flushed, turned pale, made an effort to speak, but failed, the "She confessed to you in the storm," Georgette continued, "and what a story was that for a woman to utter, a priest to

hear, comfort, advise me. I possess everything that others of my sex envywealth, noble rank, suitors past counting, and all these are as nothing, even hateful to me. I love one whom it is sinful to think of as a lover. The only man who has ever touched my heart is he who has than life, but you could help yourself. voice that made me tremble, 'do not think that you are alone in your dilemma. too, has succumbed to the same temptation, and dared to love where love was forbidden. Pray for them as for yourelf. I have no comfort to give you, but follow my counsel. Go back to the world.

forget, then seek the church's pardon and the church's consolation, not before."" "You were that woman?" asked the replied. "Hear me out. Your answer chilled, but did not crush me. I found s least then, I said to myself, I do not suffer, I do not love alone, and, who could tell—I was perhaps even loved in return? I found consolation in the thought that we two, tyrs together. So I went back to the world as you had bidden me. I tried to be mundane and heartless—to forget. My life now was changed. My father was named ambassador at a foreign court. We spent several years out of France, and

existence was one prolonged whirl of pleasure and excitement. But I never She flashed upon him the light of her pure, lovely eyes, and said passionately: still. And when I returned to Paris a few months ago, an orphan, mistress of learned your strange story. Force of con-viction had led you to change your religion. Like myself, you were free!"
The very sound of that word seemed to

have magic for her ears. The timid, hesi-ating look of appeal vanished, her voice grew strong, firm, exultant. Tears rose to the sweet eyes and trembled on the delicately flushed cheek, but they were tears of pure joy.

his hands to her own—the words she had just uttered, almost to her own thinking, made them already one-"it is of yourself was not surely wrong; you loved me, did you not? To think then of the joy I felt when I learned what had happened. For the first time in my life I rejoiced in the fact that I was rich. Oh! I said to myself, now at last my wealth can be turned to noble uses. In his hands it will become a thing to glory in. I do not care for splendor or ease, indeed I do not," she said, emphasizing the words with artless sincerity. "I could be quite happy in such a home as this, by your side. But you were made for a lofty position, you were born to rule. Think, then, how useindeed, it is a better religion, a higher truth that you now follow, you may be the means of persuading many. I have planned it all. We will build a beautiful Protestant church in Paris; from far and wide people will flock to hear you. Once more you will be in your proper sphere, for I am sure you cannot be happy or quite satisfied here. This career of a country pastor is too narrow, too circum scribed, for a nature like yours."

He bowed acquiescingly. Yes, it was all true. So much his face said. "All that I have is yours," she went on "the vast fortune my father left me, the hotel in Paris, the chateau in Touraine, these are as dross to me, and all I care

The clear impassioned voice broke down; the fair head drooped; the hand she held to her heart was kissed and bedewed with

terview the pastor had seemed under a spell. Once or twice he was fain to interrupt, but utterance failed him. He, too, was flushed, tearful, shaken in every limb. Those last wild words, those burning tears and kisses on his hand, broke the charm and recalled him to realities- He charm and recalled him to realities.—He rose now and for a moment stood over her with a strange expression, as if he were calling down the blessings of heaven upon her fair head; as if, indeed, he were shrinking from some angelic, vision, that reproved his own faultiness and mortality. Then, without a word, he led her to the window.

Wife—Well, I told the butcher that if it wasn't good I would send you right around to his shop to give him a thrashing, and—I hope you will take some one with you, for he looked pretty ugly, and I did not like the way he handled his big knife.

"Humph! Oh, well, I've seen worse meat than this."—Omsha World.

It looked upon the long narrow garden stretching from the house and little church, now flooded with warm sunshine. Al was calm, golden, peaceful; yet Georgette gazed with a sudden, unexplained sinking of the heart. At the farther end, under deal table, and by it stood a patient faced woman, evidently belonging to the peasant class, busily ironing. Homely as was her appearance, it was, nevertheless, not without a certain dignity and pathos. She looked so absorbed in the business of ironing, so forgetful of self, so lost to a sense

saic task before her. "You see yonder poor good woman," the pastor said, as the pair thus watched the unconscious figure from the window. "I loved another, whose story you have just told. But the first act of my new life, and newly awakened conscience, was to atone to her I had wronged in my

And romance had now surely knocked at that parsonage door for the first, last time. With burning tears, a hand clasp, a whispered word, and one long, lingering gaze into each other's eyes, the two Who shall say ever to meet parted.

Strange as it would seem at first sight this fateful meeting little affected the tenor of their outward lives. It was as if all the daring, all the heroism, all the force of these two characters had been already spent; by Georgette de Beaumont upon the initiative that had been the one truly fine act of her life; by the pastor, upon the twofold sacrifice made for con-science sake. He had suddenly found himself at the parting of the ways: on the one hand, beckoned worldly fortune, the esteem of the great, a commanding social position; on the other poverty, scorn, an abnormal condition. but, coupled with these, a conscience at rest. Then came the second choice. He peasant girl he had wronged years before. He might then, having dismissed this subject of self reproach, think of the fireside happiness no longer denied him, and even dream of Georgette, the beautiful

Georgette! Once the straight path taken, the tempting traverse lost sight of forever, he seemed to lose all ambition, all enterprise, even all capacity of looking forward. Again and again after that interview Georgette tried to rouse him from his lethargy and entice him from the dead alive country town in which he was lost to the world. Yet he seemed not unhappy, rather passive and automatic, as if the strings of passion and action were stopped forever, brought to a standstill by some rude shock.

It was the same with Georgette. After that journey to the parsonage amid the vines, she returned whither she had come, and continued to live in the world. Again and again suitors demanded her hand, but she steadfastly refused to marry.—"M. E. B." in Temple Bar.

stomachs of codfish at sundry times while being split and dressed by the bank fishermen off Newfoundland, the process usually taking place on deck. Among the lot were a splitting knife with a wooden handle and blade six inches long, a small brass handled knife of quaint workmanship, a rough piece of granite weighing three or four pounds, an old felt hat, two counters and part of a eucher deck (five cards), a fragment several inches long which the scientists thought was lig-nite, and a brass lamp!—American Angler. A Granger in a Big Hotel.

"We had a funny incident only last week. A granger from Indiana strayed into the house and said he'd like to stop until the night train went out. That was just before the dinner hour. When meal time was announced the man from Indi-ana advanced to the counter and asked wanted, and waved my hand in the direc-tion of the washroom. He started off, ter from the people outside in the corridor. On looking out I saw my country friend busily engaged in washing his face at the drinking fountain. I hastened to him to inform him that he had made a mistake, but he met me before I could reach the spot. He presented a ludicrous sight. The water was dripping from his face, head and hands, while his hat, coat and vest lay in a heap on a chair near the fountain. It was too funny, and I, too, joined in the laughter. The old fellow appeared perplexed, but managed to stammer out: 'Whar do ye keep yer towel?' is so far guilty too.' And your answer to this appeal?" she cried, passionately. "I One of the porters then took pity on the old man and led him to the place he old man and led him to the place he where he finished his tollet. Yes, we see all kinds of people in a hotel, and have some queer experiences," concluded the clerk, as he turned to hand out some writing material to a guest.-Chicago

A few days ago two prospectors, while city, accidentally stumbled on signs of previous habitation buried under heaps of sand which had been drifted by the winds of years. Having selected a point at to work with a will, and in a few hours in the form of a parallelogram. They found the remains of several human beings, several handsome vases carved with netrical figures in different colors, stone axes, hammers, pieces of cloth ap-parently manufactured from the fibre of the yucca; several strings of beads, sea shells, arrow heads and an abundance of fragments of obsidian quartz, and an incredible quantity of pieces of broken pottery, including several with a blue glazing. Only in one other instance have we ever heard of this color and quality of ware having been discovered in this terrinear the Santa Rita, in this country, and it New Mexico before the extinction of the race who inhabited this ruined and buried village. - Socorro Bullion.

A Frenchman, one M. Leger, knowing the shah's partiality for European revels, has just taken an opera bouffe company to the Persian capital. He was certain that the shah would honor the first night and that all the big bashaws would follow their monarch's example. And so they did, not only coming to the show, but in curtain had not been up twenty minutes when M. Leger received a note from his of the chorus ladies. Before the piece was over the puzzled manager was in possesfemale members of his company. The tastes of the bashaws in the audience were varied. In most cases each would be suitor had selected a blonde and a brunette, and one rich old general from the bevy of twenty-four Parisiennes to his harem. On the state of the audience being made known to the interested parties they flatly refused to perform again, and M. Leger, half ruined, has betaken himself and his company to the less combustible atmosphere of St. Petersburg.—Frank

Leslie's. The Lockiaw's Special Bacillus. And now Nicolater a student in Flutges laboratory, claims to have discovered the special bacillus or micro-organism causing lockiaw, and Bruger puts forth claims "tetanine" produced in certain stages of putrefaction. This is a definite chemical compound which can be isolated by appropriate chemical processes. When injected beneath the skin it will produce a disease developing all the phenomena of lockjaw.—Chicago Tribune.

Bull Fights in Mexico. There is a boom in bulls in Mexico. The price for belligerent bovines, which are now quoted at from \$200 to \$500 apiece. Manzantini, who is playing a star engage-

Shifting the Responsibility. Critical Husband-This beef isn't fit to

Wife-Well, I told the butcher that if it

WHAT NEW YORK EATS.

TOUR THROUGH A METROPOLITAN MARKET BEFORE SUNRISE.

Character and Traditions of Washington Market-Watchmen on Duty-Retail and Wholesale Departments-A "Stand Privilege's" Value.

The Sixth avenue elevated trains at 4:30 o'clock of a spring morning are sparsely occupied with passengers, more than half of whom carry great empty baskets or wear the rough and ready raiment of marketmen. They are on their way to Washington market, which occu-pies a square on the north side of Manhattan island. It is always open. A thief, unversed in its workings, would imagine that he could easily walk off with some of the fresh meat hanging apparently un-guarded at the stalls, but before he would have time to take down his booty one of the six watchmen on duty in the market would appear from its fleshy precincts and arrest him. Before leaving his stall each meat dealer makes out a list of his wares exposed. The watchmen carry a corresponding list, and are held responsible for the loss of any goods by theft. The six watchmen guard the 300 stands so closely that thieves find the place a barren waste for their trade. At 8 o'clock the stands in the retail market begin to open. The eminently healthy butchers whistle merrily, and several of them are cutting beef kidneys out of great masses of fat and tossing the suet over on counters, from whence it will be taken to the big factory known as the Fat association, and there made up into the base of "genuine dairy THE WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

Beyond the retail market, and bounded on one side by the North river, is the wholesale department of Washington market. It looks like a street intersected community of one story structures, peo-pled with carcasses of beef, veal and mutton, and crates of quacking, cackling fowls. A wheezing tug tows up to the wharf a lighter, on which are several refrigerator cars that have been hurrying from Chicago with their loads of beef. The carcasses are passed out of the cars, hung on hooks that move on iron ways and thus rolled into great ice houses, where the retail dealers have already begun to come for their stock. On Friday and Saturday mornings business begins at 2 o'clock. Roosters in the crates full of fowl crow as blithely as if they were on their perches at home and not doomed prisoners. Philadelphia is the great fowl producing center, and many Washington market firms display placards reading, "Philadelphia poultry a specialty."

Four o'clock comes and the retail de-

partment of the market has become quite densely populated. Half of the 3,000 persons who do business in and about the market have already arrived and begun to arrange their wares. A few early pur-chasers are on hand for choice bargains. At the regular meeting of the Biological society, Capt. J. W. Collins, the scientific skipper of the United States fishery commission, exhibited a lot of curios which had been taken from the run the chance of earning an odd dime or so carrying baskets. The poultry dealers have come and are unpacking boxes of frozen turkeys. On the bills of fare of recherche restaurants one learns that prairie chicken can be had. They are not in the market, but long rows of Guinea hens are hanging there, and the brunette flesh of the Guinea hen is palmed off on the unsuspecting customer for prairie chicken. At 6 o'clock the oyster stands are peopled with files of oyster openers, who begin their unromantic toil of turning 8,000 oys-

ters a day out of house and home.

EVERYTHING EATABLE. comitant mint is so scarce that the one or two stands that sell it get ten cents a bunch for hot house mint that a little later will be a drug on the market at two cents. Everything eatable is sold in this foreign air and odor a customer is buying little hard, spiced cakes from Germany. Over another stand in the fish community is a placard announcing that the dealer has worms that can be had there for twelve and fifteen cents a dozen. They are sand worms, used by fishermen for bait. Over the fish stands hang bottles of cod liver oil, and under one of these bottles a big cod, still alive, is gasping in horror, as if at the sight of the essence of an anof the big hotels, whom the marketmen treat with great deference, begin to ar-

A little after 9 o'clock the business of the market begins to be confusedly brisk. The marketmen cry their wares, but do it with an air of "I don't care much whether pendent. He owns his stand privilege, worth from \$2,000 upward, and holds it as long as he behaves himself and pays his rent of \$7 or more a fortnight. Failures in business are rare. The dealers are healthy and contented, and to them Washington market is the universe. One who has not been in business in the market over forty years is considered a new comer.-Amos J. Cummings in Pioneer

The public are very easily deceived in the matter of legerdemain, and mainly because they expect to be. The motion of the hand, of course, is about four times quicker than the eye, but in many cases it would be impossible to deceive were it not that the spectator, looking for the result, fails entirely to watch the hands of great many mechanical contrivances, and have confederates even among the audiand mystify most are simple examples of sleight of hand. The modern conjurers of Europe now far surpass the so called magicians of the east. Many, if not most, of the stories told of Japanese and Chinese mysteries are mythical. In the course of extended travels throughout eastern Asia I have never met a conjurer whose tricks I could not duplicate, and in many cases perform feats not even dreamed of in that number of mechanical contrivances for the performance of feats in magic, and Paris is undoubtedly the best school for the training of embryo magicians.—Pro-fessor Hermann in Globe-Democrat.

The lingering idea that the Arab horse, but for his inches, would be better than his English brother, grows more purely romantic every year. A contest occurred recognized superiority and an English mare, the latter carrying fourteen pounds nore weight, both of exactly the same height, and the Oriental champion, although he had been first in the betting, was benten out of sight. Thus do the baseless fancies of the imagination fade away .- New York Sun.

Cevlon is the only English colony that contributes anything to the imperial navy.

Only a few months ago, in India, in a certain planting district there was a notorious man eater. Two gentlemen, A and B, residing together on an estate, had lost, besides other employes, two chowkebars, or native watchmen, within a few days, and the unfortunate men had been actually carried off out of the veranda of the bungalow. A and B therefore determined to clothe themselves like natives, and sit during the night, armed, in the veranda, in the hopes they might be able to get a shot at the man eater, who, they thought, might probably return to the spot which had already provided him with

They proceeded to carry out this intention, and sat up till about 2 or 3 o'clock a. m., but nothing appeared. A then said he should not stay up any longer, as he did not believe the animal would come; but B announced his intention of waiting half an hour longer by himself. There were large windows opening down to the floor of the veranda, and through one of these A retired, and after entering his room, had just closed the window, and saw a dark mass land in the veranda. right on to his friend, then heard sounds of a scuffle, and a cry for help. Seizing rushed out, in time to see B walking down the steps that led up to the veranda alongside of the tiger, with his hand in

the latter's mouth. A was afraid to fire lest he should hit the animal's body, at the same instant fired. There was a roar and a scuffe, and B took advantage of the moment to release his hand, and the tiger, after tumbling, died. B's hand was terribly mangled.—Court Journal.

A POTENTIAL WORD.

THRILLING ESCAPE IN A PASS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Waiting with Desperate Calmness for the Tragic Catastrophe-Saved by the Utterance of a Single Word-The Dan-

"It is sometimes said that 'home' and 'mother' are the most grateful and touching and inspiring words known to man," remarked a gentleman who had just returned from a trip to the far west of "Well, perhaps they are to the majority

of men," he added musingly, "but"—with sudden emphasis—"I know a word that is easily chief among the 130,000 words in the imperial dictionary.

There was a general pricking of ears in the company to which the extraordinary assertion was made. "I'll tell you how it was," he continued.

"We were in Colorado—at Georgetown—and four of us decided on doing the Argentine pass of the Rockies, 18,500 feet above the sea. We started out—four of us besides the driver—in a two horse wagon. The ascent was steep. I will not say it was perpendicular, but a good steep angle couldn't touch it. Pokerish? Well, if some of you Detroiters who live on the dead level and have never seen that mag-nificent western country could but faintly imagine the real pokerishness of that climb you might have something to talk about. But the reality beats the liveliest

"We started out, as I said, and all were in good spirits, ready to dare anything, and eager, on the whole, for dangerous adventure. We climbed and struggled and strained and tolled. (I think we actually worked harder than the horses.) Breathing became a serious question with some of us who were unused to the rarefled air, but we were having a spirited adventure and didn't care much for the difficulties of breathing.

POSSIBILITIES OF ANNIHILATION. "When we had mounted 11,000 feet the wful sublimity of our situation began to impress itself upon us. We were not too ignorant to realize the immediate possibilities of annihilation. I believe some of Gambrell was found in a pool of blood. us said something about the almighty majesty and the dread power of the cre-ator of a scene that could so overwhelm us with awe and force down our throats, as it were, a conviction of our own helpless and pitiful insignificance.

"Suddenly we began to feel a vague sense of danger. What was it? we asked ourselves. The ladies of our party were livid. I felt a despairing sinking, though I spoke some words that were meant to be aring to my fellow travelers. Still that awful something held us in its clutch. Another instant and we knew! Merciful God! The horses had become exhausted. and the weight of the wagon and of its human load was pulling them down.
"What was to be our fate? We should certainly be killed-horribly mangled,

may be. "I don't know how many deaths we died in these supreme hours—seconds, I mean; but I do know that I had given myself up for lost and that I waited for the tragic catastrophe with desperate calmness. Heavens! How long I lived in those fearful seconds! Imagination, swifter than flash of lightning, saw my own funeral; saw the group of black clad and weeping mourners; saw my fatherless children coming year after year to my grave—and I don't know how many equally cheering visions.

"I started like one shot. What had happened? The horses gave a lurch for-Our descent was checked. "Hubbuck!

"Hurrah! God be praised! We were moving up the treacherous steep again. The danger line was passed. 'Hubbuck' had saved our lives." "Hubbuck?" queried one of the eager listeners. "What in blazes do you mean

Bless me if I know," was the traveler's reply. "All that I can tell about it is that's what the driver yelled at his horses when they made that forward lurch. And to this day I think Hubbuck the best and the most moving word in any language the human tongue ever wrestled with."-

A very interesting series of maneuvers by the French Mediterranean squadron will take place in April. There are to be two distinct operations. The first will consist in the attempt of a torpedo division lying under the lee of the island of Sardinia to intercept a French military convoy on its way from Toulon to Algiers. The second operation will have peculiar interest for English naval men. A French squadron is to attempt to force its way through the straits of Gibraltar, a torpedo of the French navy indulging in a sham fight under the very muzzle of war guns seems a somewhat questionable proceeding. In the third operation, the Gibraltar straits having been forced, the torpedo boats will try to prevent the squadron

from entering Brest. The sight of these latter maneuvers is oddly selected. Gibraltar is as much an English military port as Cherbourg is French, and I do not think that the French would welcome an English sham fight within gunshot of the forts in the breakwater. The programme certainly requires explanation. Of course no harm is meant, but the idea is a violation of military rule and precedent. If we lived in-less civilized times, and had not complete confidence in the peaceful intentions of our neighbors, what guarantee could there be that the torpedo boats and squadron should not combine and attempt to carry Gibraltar by a coup de main? The attention of our admiralty should be called to the matter, and the French authorities requested to choose some less aggressive spot .- Paris Cor. London Standard.

Snail Culture in Indiana. A Swiss printer living in Indianapolis is going to establish snail culture in that section. Americans who have never been abroad usually revolt at the idea of eating "snails," but the fact is that the European escargot, which reeds upon the roots of grapevines, is a real delicacy, and no more resembles the common snail than the toothsome lobster does the spider

French physicians claim to have found out by experiments upon rabbits that tuis may be cured by the administration of tannin. Over fifty cases of nin in doses of from two to feur grains daily, and improvement was perceptible in two weeks, the patients increasing in weight.-Medical Journal

I must say, in all candor, that it is beginning to look to me as if, between the syndicate system, the ready plate system and the growth of exclusiveness and favoritism, that there isn't a fair show for the developing author. He may sally forth as boldly as ever with a free lance, but he cannot get into the arena in which he longs to deport. This exclusiveness has reached such a limit that one or two magazines state that they want nothing that has not been specially ordered. In other words, the writer with an established reputation is solicited to write an article, with the privilege of naming his terms: the writer without a reputation terms, no matter how excellent the article he has to offer. I am speaking of the higher fields of literature and not of serial newspapers; for it seems to me they have dropped so far beneath mediocrity that any tyro can figure in them provided he knows how to be improbable and sen-sational.—"Observer" in Philadelphia

Incident of a Rallway Wreck. Later in the day when I ran upon an old acquaintance turning away from a bulletin board on Washington street with a face so white and drawn that I inquired, with an interest quite apart from the conventional insignificance of the question, concerning his health. He was not ill, he assured me. It was this same horrible story of men and women and boys and girls crushed to death out at Forest Hills. tears.

next season. But as there is also said to be a growing sentiment against the sport below the sport almost to fainting at a story of suffering, had inspired his regiment with his own courage under the murderous fire that swept Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, had borne' painful wounds with a gayety that his friend, so, running after him, he, with | cheered the whole hospital and has caradmirable presence of mind, went up to the tiger, and, plunging his bayonet into the animal's body, at the same instant nerves, nor yet of self control, but of that the control, but of that the same instant nerves, nor yet of self control, but of that the reputation of a man of iron nerve. Sores, Ulcers, Salt Khenin, Peyer Sores, Ulcers, Salt K

Killed in a Street Duel.

JACKSON, MISS., May 6.-A desperate pistol fight took place last night between Col. Jones S. Hamilton, State Senator from this county for the past four years, and one of the lessees of the penitentiary and R. D. Gambrell, editor of the Sword and Shield, the State Prohibition organ. About a year ago young Gambrell, who is the son of a prominent Baptist minis-ter residing here and the editor of the State Baptist organ, began the publica-tion of the Sword and Shield, and has ever since, in very strong language, made war on Governor Lowery and the State Administration, and Congresman Catchings for his action in penitentiary matters when he was attorney general of the State, and has been especially bitter on Col. Hamilton, criticising in unmeasured terms his action in the State Senate and as lessee of the penitantiary.

On April 21 there appeared in the Clarion a call signed over a nom de plume urging that Col. Hamilton stand for reelection. Two days later Gambrell's paper came out with an artic'e saying, in substance, that the people did not want a man to represent them in the Senate who disregarded the interests of the people, and whose sole purpose in the Senate was to look after his own corrupt jobs. It charged that, as lessee of the penitentiary, he was seeking to defraud the State out of \$80,000 through a loop-hole in his bond, and wound up by say-ing that the man elected must also have a high personal character.

came last night. Gambrell was walking up the street, and just as he was crossing the iron bridge spanning Capitol street Col. Hamilton's carriage overtook him and shooting began. It is claimed by Hamilton's friends that Gambrell fired the first shot, and, that Col. Hamilton then jumped out of the carriage and the duel with pistols began on the bridge. This theory is denied by Gambrell's elist. The copyright on his books expired friends, who claim that Gambrell was long ago. The best selling single work overtaken and the assault made on him,

Gambrell was found in a pool of blood, gasping, and soon expired. He was shot through the knee and through the bod the latter ball entering just below the navel and going clear though him, fracturing the backbone and lodging just lishers have got rich from it. under the skin of his back. The third shot went in an inch below the left ear, and ranged upward, but did not reach the brain. His face was also frightfully disfigured, having been beaten and gashed by being struck with a heavy pistol.

Col. Hamilton was the only person found on the bridge when the officers arrived. He also was frightfully wounded. His left arm was shattered at the elbow. He was also shot in the stomach. This ball has not been probed for, and the doctors are in doubt as to its course. He doctors are in doubt as to its course. He is resting easy, but has a little fever this evening, and the result with him cannot be foretold.

A coroner's jury began an investigation into the cause of Gambrell's death last night and have not finished their labors The testimony so far is conflicting. The three bullets have been extracted from Gambrell's hody, and are said to bave been fired from a 41 calibre Colt's revolver. The bridge where the battle took place is smeared with blood and splintered in many places by bullets. splintered in many places by bullets. The top of Col. Hamilton's carriage also has bullet marks. The affair has caused knowledge of what he had been doing, much excitement. Throngs of people have viewed the body of Gambrell to-day. It will not be buried until his father and mother, who are absent in Louisville, attending the Southern Baptist Convention, can get here. Gambrell was unmarried, and about 23

- A terrible tragedy took place Satur-

day morning near Spring station, Ky., on the farm of Capt. Blackburn, exsecretary of State, and brother of Senator J. C. S. Blackburn. Miss Henrietta Blackburn, accompanied by her cousin, Henrietta Hempstead, a young lady of nineteen years, went out to shoot at a mark with a small rifle. They were joined by Samuel Blackburn, a young man of twenty two, a brother of Miss Henrietta Blackburn, and a friendly contention was begun as to who should shoot first. The three engaged in a playful struggle for possession of the rifle, and in this struggle the weapon was discharged, the ball piercing the heart of Miss Henrietta Hempstead, and killing

Carolina college has adopted a rule that no student shall be admitted free without a certificate, signed by himself and parents (if he have any) to the effect that he is unable to pay the tuition fee pre-scribed by the legislature, accompanied by a statement of opinion, signed either by the board of county commissioners, clerk of court or judge of probate of his county, that the declaration of poverty is

- The most hideous industry in this country is a snake farm near Galton, Ill. The proprietor raises snakes of various kinds, but makes a specialty of rattlesnakes. A firm in Philadelphia has given a standing order for all the rattlesuages the farm can produce. They are worth \$2.25 each when they attain a length of four feet. These snakes are bought to be stewed into an oil which is advertised to cure rheumatism.

- The Cumberland Presbytery of Tennessee at its recent session resolved that its members should give their aid to every movement having for its object the suppression of intemperance, and it was further agreed that all the churches of that denomination should "take a bold stand in favor of the constitutional amendment to be voted for in Septem-

- Joseph Campton, an independent member of the Alabama legislature from St. Clair county, and a Methodist preacher, has disappeared suddenly. He was identified as Joseph Caston, of Western North Carolina, who as a moonshiner shot and killed a revenue officer thirteen years ago. He was sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment but escaped after serving four years.

- The South Carolina presbytery has sent up an overture to the general assembly disapproving the action of the Augusta presbytery in censuring Dr.

- Near Walhalla last week a white man who failed to support his family and beat his wife was taken from his house at night and severely whipped by citi-

greatest mines in the world-the Ana-

conda, Bluebird, Granite Mountain and

Drum Lummon. Their combined product for the present year will approximate \$9.000.000. Gen. Phil Sheridan is making up a party of friends to take a long horseback ride down through the Shenandoah valley, the scene of his old cavalry exploits. The party will start some time next

month, and will include Senator Don -Mr. Cleveland is reported as saying that if he is re-nominated he wants the same opponent that he had three years Mr. Cleveland evidently knows a ago. soft thing when he sees it.

- Two hundred and sixty two pairs of twins were born in Chicago during 1886. - When you hear squalls shout the - Never refuse a kindness that comes in your way to do.

Bucklen's Arnaca Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts,

Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever deeper and less readily classified sentiment tively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents ence of pain and helpless either to relieve it or to combat its cause.—Boston Post.

| For sale by Hill Bros., Auder-left to 647 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO. | April 7, 1887 | 39 | 2m

BOOKS THAT SELL WELL.

Price and Binding Said to Be the Chief Elements of Literary Success. "Copyright has a good deal more to do with it than anything else," said a Broad-way bookseller when he was asked what kind of books he sold the most of. "It is a matter of price, with the average public I mean. Pirated English works outsell the books of American writers, because there is no copyright on the English books and they are accordingly low priced. A new American book will occasionally sell well for a few weeks, but I am talking about the average sales. Next to the Bible, Shakespeare and Dickens, the best selling book is Tennyson's poems. There is no copyright and they can be gotten out very cheaply. You can get a first rate edition of Tennyson for \$1. After Tennyson in popularity come Thackeray, Walter Scott, Milton, Byron and miscellaneous English poets. The American poets are slow selling because they are copyrighted and dear. Longfellow is still the best selling American poet, and after him come Whittier, Bryant, Aldrich and Bret

Harte. "Next to cheapness, gaudy binding seems to be the principal attraction. When the two are joined, nearly any sort of a book can be made to go. I remember the experience of a publisher, a friend of mine, that proves the truth of my view. He bought at an auction sale for a song plates of Southey's 'Thalaba,' which once formed a part of a complete set of plates of Southey's works. My friend issued an edition of 'Thalaba'-which, you know, is a lurid nightmare which no one understands and no one but the proof reader has ever Since the publication of this article trouble has been anticipated, and it and attractive style and threw it on the market as a holiday gift book at \$1.50. It sold like hot cakes. Of course no one that bought it ever tried to unravel the delirious puzzle the book contained, but it was poetry, it bore the name of a well known author, it was bound in a style that made it a good center table ornament, it was cheap-and that was enough. "Cooper is the best selling American nov

> ever written by an American is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which is still protected by a copyright, and which still sells, summer and winter, thirty years after its first appearance, as though it were just out. My! my! but there has been money made out of that book. Mrs. Stowe has made "The introduction of the cheap paper editions has revolutionized our business,

and that of the juvenile book writer as thousands of sets every year of books by Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Jr., Elijah Kellogg and others. Now we very rarely have a call for anything of the kind. The cheap paper libraries of detective and hunting adventures have driven the other and better books out of the market-the worse Possibilities of Hypnotism.

Dr. Hammond insists that the condition of hypnotism can be maintained much longer than has heretofore been believed possible. He declares that he can keep a susceptible subject in a hypnotic state for two years; that in that condition he will do the will of the master mind completely, and upon return to a normal condition will have no consciousness of the act done during the period of subordination and consequently no remorse.

We regret extremely that Dr. Hammond should have made this suggestion as to the wicked possibilities of hypnotism It would have been just as easy out its possibilities for good, which must be quite as great as its capabilities for Gambrell was unmarried, and about 23 years old. Col. Hamilton is over 50 and has a large family.

evil. If a person can be hynotized into a condition of unconscious criminality, and so kept for an indefinite period, it must also be possible to hypnotize one into a state of unconscious integrity and trust-

Giving Her Pet Instructions. A little Boston maiden of 6 summers has a prize King Charles spaniel, for which a doting aunt paid the neat price of \$400. The aunt was desirious of entering the dog, and, obtaining permission of the girl's parents, she did so. It then became necessary to break the news to the child that for four days she would be separated from her pet At first she refused to be comforted, answering all arguments and offers of bribes merely by extravagant lamentations; but at length the inevital!e seemed to assert itself in the corner of her small brain devoted to philosophy, and upon the theory that what must be must heard, however, giving very earnest advice to her darling upon the proper man-ner of conducting himself in this strange show to which he was going, and she laid especial stress upon the company he was

"Don't 'sociate with common dogs,"

"Don't 'sociate with common dogs,"

"You to keep there. PRICE 25c, \$1.00-6 bottles \$5.00. she instructed him impressively. "You may speak to the president's dog, Queen Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A. Invalids' Guide to Health (Sent Free.) Victoria's dog and-and God's dog."-Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

For sale by WILHITE & WILHITE, Anderson, S. C. 44-ly Business Men's Physical Condition. With all the progress of physical culture in the last few years, much remains to be done. Professional and business men still stick to their office chairs until brain or liver or stomach go completely wrong. The sallow faces and yellow eyes seen in New York streets tell as depressing a story as the gross, pasty fat of men who persist in their sedentary lives until apoplexy takes a hand. No man can do his best work when he is in such an unclean, miserable physical condition. His views of life become bilious, and his moral code demoralized. It is as much a sin to neglect the body as to neglect the mind .-

Not Quite Sure Yet. "Why, how are you, old man?" said a traveling man to an acquaintance. "I de-clare, I hardly knew you. That mustache has changed you wonderfully." "So my friends tell me." "Yes, indeed. I always told you to wear

a mustache. Now you have tried it and found it a success "Well, I'm not sure it's a success." "Why, I haven't been to see my girl et."—Mcrchant Traveler.

Vibration of the Ether.

Photography has never reproduced nat ural colors. Scientists explain this fact by the statement that color has no obinterpretation of the rapidity with which the waves of a ray of light beat against the retina. Beats more rapid produce the sensation of the mind known as violet; beats less rapid, that known as red. Violet and red are nothing but variations of the ether until they reach the optic nerve and communicate to that the vibrations, which brain translates. To photograph color is therefore as impossible as to photograph sound.-Fran' Leslie's.

A writer in The Scientific American says that in experiences in Colorado and Utah he never saw an Indian with a cold He concluded that it is our hot room CORSETS

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nent benefit. Among the number were one or two specialists. The medicine they applied was like fire to the sore, causing intense pain. I saw a statement in the papers telling what S. S. S. had done for others similarly afflicted. I procured some at once. Before I had used the second bottle the neighbors could notice that my cancer was healing up. My general health had been bad for two or three years-I had a backing cough and soit blood continually. I had a severe pain in my breast. After taking six bottles of S. S. S. my cough left a little spot about the size of a half dime, and it is rapidly disappearing. I would advise every one with cancer to give S. S. S. a fair trial. MRS. NANCY J. MCCONAUGHEY, Ashe Grove, Tippecanoe Co., Ind.

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Jan 20, 1887