Andersun Intelligencer.

THE DEATH OF ANTHONY.

Cleo & bet Are you living, my queen?
I thought I had lost you forever;
I was hurrying on to seek you
Over Acheron's dark river.
I was rushing down Death's dark way,
For this world is nothing without you;
Tell you live, you live, and for one last time
I can throw my arms about you.

Once again—for a moment—no more,
For swiftly my life is flying;
As your love can not hold me here,
I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Ah! Death would be only a triumph
If we together were going,
But alone, alone, and so alone,
Is beyond all telling, all knowing.

Never—ah, never, never,
Even in Elysian meadows
Our bliss be mine, if you are not there,
Mid that throng of thin, cold shadows.
Ah! let me not go alone!
'Tis so easy life's knot to sever;
One pang, and it all is over. Come,
Let us fling off the whole world forever!

We have had our golden days,
Our triumph, our power and our glory,
And our life, and our love and our death
Shall be long remembered in story.
We have not hid from man's gaze,
Nor rotted in life's dull corner,
But the world has wondered and stared at us,
And the world will be our mourner.

There is nothing to life to regret,
We have plucked all its myrtles and roses,
We have seen, we have done, what no others have dared;
And if death now the triumph closes,
Let it come! let us welcome its coming,
Since it loosens life's tedious tether.
Fate frowns on us both; let us go, dear love,
Let us die as we lived—together.

Is it Cæsar's triumph to swell,
That you hesitate now and linger?
His kisses to take, his gifts to accept,
To be pointed out by Scorn's finger?
To be jeered at by Rome's foul rabble?
You, to cringe and to shrink to a master;
You, to eat the dust of his chariot wheels;
And is death, then, a worse disaster?

Ah! you shudder! Your cheeks grow pale!
I can say no more; I am dying.
This world's growing dim. Lift my head!—one more kiss!
Oh! at least on your bosom lying.
My spirit takes flight—all is over
This life had to give, and it gave us
Its best and its sweetest; but now death is best—
Death, that comes from life's horrors to save us.

Farewell! We shall meet again soon,
I feel it, beyond the dark river.
If you stay, it will be but a moment,
For life can not last forever.
On that farther shore I shall wait,
With a love that knows no abating,
Till you come—and come soon—and remember,
I'm waiting there, Egypt, waiting.

—W. W. Story in Blackwood's for November.

MY LAST SWIM AT SEA.

I cannot recollect ever learning to swim. I swam naturally, and in boyhood was almost as much at home in as out of the water. Diving, an art in general only acquired by long practice, was to me easy from the beginning. My skill in aquatic sports passed into a proverb, and now that years have passed and I have reached middle life the renown of my boyhood's feats clings to me yet in my native place.

But I am a swimmer no more; the love that was so strong has given place to such a loathing hate and horror of the water that when I think of it a cold shudder comes over me until the tide of thought is turned. An adventure in tropical waters was the cause of this.

It happened thus: I was on my second voyage. The ship lay becalmed amid the Bahama Islands, on the passage for China. It was near midday in the forenoon watch. The sun's hottest rays were pouring down upon the deck with scorching violence, and vainly did I seek for some cool spot where momentary comfort at least, could be found. The panting, half nude forms of the crew were spread out beneath the shade of a canvas drawn over the forecastle capstan, which they tried to persuade themselves yielded some shelter from the heat.

Above, not a cloud could be seen in the broad blue expanse of the sky, which seemed a heated caldron turned above us. Against it the stately spars and heavy white sails swayed with the roll of the ship in royal idleness and majesty.

Too hot to work or to read, uneasy, praying for a breeze which it seemed would never come, I lounged about the deck vainly seeking relief from my discomfort.

Gazing over the side down into the deep blue waste beneath, my eye sought some object by which to note the vessel's progress, however slow it might be, but nothing could I see save water, dark and unfathomable. The polished coppered side of the ship shone brightly out upon the surface for a few feet, and as I gazed upon its quivering beauty, and remarked how very still we lay the thought struck me, "What a chance for a swim!" What a relief from all this broiling, sweltering, oven like heat.

To think was to act. I turned to the boys.

"Here John! Billy! Jimmy! Let's go in swimming. Never was such a chance!" cried I, springing down from the rail. "Let's sling the ladder over from the fore chains so we can get up the side easily, and we'll have a good time; she isn't moving a bit; come, bear a hand, and let's see who'll be overboard first."

The ship's officers made no objection, and I was quickly joined by four or five of my shipmates, each as anxious as myself for something to vary the monotony. The fore hatch ladder was quickly slung and lashed to the side, and we stripped to go in.

The rest of the crew had gathered upon the top gallant forecastle to watch our antics. Only one old fellow, an inveterate growler known as "Briton," cautioned us as he took his seat near the rail:

"You young rascals had better keep out of the water, or the sharks 'll gobble up some of you. There's plenty of them round for all you don't see 'em."

"Oh, you're always croaking, you reef footed old barnacle back!" cried Billy Dipton, mounting the rail and poising himself for a plunge. "We never can do anything but you must throw cold water on it."

"Oh, go ahead! go ahead! I don't care what you do; you're not obliged to take my advice, but if you were a son of mine you'd not go overboard in these waters," growled Briton.

"Well, as I'm not your son, and as you don't care what I do, here goes!" said Billy, and suiting the action to the word, he sprang lightly to the rail, glanced in mid air for an instant and the next was buried fathoms deep in the liquid blue. Rising quickly to the surface with a shake of his curly head to clear his sight of the water, which dripped from his hair, he gave an encouraging cheer to the rest and struck boldly out from the vessel's side.

Emboldened by his confidence, several more began taking off their clothes to join the merry band who were soon tumbling about under the bow or splashing water up at the lookers on above. I was delayed through having to put some guys to the ladder, until some seven or eight had gone over the side. Their shouts and laughter and the fear that I was losing half the fun hastened my movements, as throwing my clothing into my bunk I ran out and clambered into the forechains for a dive.

As I paused a moment to take breath and cool my perspiring body slightly before going in, I looked down upon the merry scene of which I had been the chief instigator.

Below me, clinging with one hand to some ropes' ends thrown over to them, and actively spattering water upon each other, were two of the less experienced swimmers. Further on toward the bow were three or four others more expert, who were vying with one another in feats and pranks; diving under each other, catching hold of feet and pulling some other down, and ducking one another unawares.

Away out, some hundred yards or more, Billy Dipton was leisurely swimming about, rolling over and over porpoise fashion, floating and enjoying himself hugely. As soon as he saw me ready to dive he called to me to join him him and see how handsome the ship looked from the distance.

"Stay where you are, Billy, and see if I can't 'fetch you' before I rise," I cried, raising my hands above my head for the plunge.

"All right," cried Billy, treading water; "I ain't move. Come ahead."

Overboard I went, several of the lookers on expressing their doubts as to any one's ability to swim so far under water, and watching my progress the while. A cheer greeted my appearance at the surface where I arose beyond him. Crying to me that he could beat that, Billy struck out for the ship to prove his words.

He soon gained the chains and jokingly calling to me that he believed I had doubled the distance by going farther out, took in his breath and shot overboard like an arrow. So cleanly did he enter the water that the slightest possible ripple ruffled the surface of the deep as it closed over him. I waited with watchful eyes for his reappearance. I expected to see him rise between me and the ship, for the distance was so great that it had taxed my own powers, and I thought I had him beaten.

Even as I was thinking this a cheer from the forecastle warned me that he had come up, and turning my head I beheld him some five or six yards beyond me, a cheery smile upon his face and his head cocked on one side as if to say: "Beat that, my boy!"

Without a word I struck out to the vessel again, not a little vexed at being outdone, and determined to go so far outside him next time as to deter him if possible from trying again to beat me.

Reaching the ship I clambered up the side and took my place in the upper chains ready for the plunge. The captain and mate being doubtless as hard pushed for amusement as we poor fellows forward, were leaning over the quarter rail and watching our sport with interest.

"Go it, Gus!" cried John Butler, as he climbed out of the water to get a better view. "Beat him this time so he won't want to try again." Then, as he surveyed the distance at which Billy lay, he added: "My stars, but that's a long dive! eh, Briton?" turning to the old sailor who had warned us against going into the water.

"Yes," returned he, "a deal too long. If John Shark was to come along now, what chance would Billy have to get on board? The old man must be loony to let you youngsters go into the water in such a sharks' paradise as this. If I had my way I'd masthead the whole bilin' of you."

"Go it, you old growl, you!" retorted John. "I suppose you never had a swim in your life, and now you're too old. You've got the rheumatism yourself, and don't want to see anybody else enjoy themselves. Talk about sharks when you're where they are. We haven't seen one since we got among the islands, and I'm blest if I think there are any hereabouts."

Standing there in the chains, with one hand upon the sheer pole already to let go and plunge, I heard Briton's remark and John's reply. Something in the old fellow's manner struck me more than the former warning had, and as I listened to John's answer, I could not help feeling that the older sailor had all the reason on his side. The swimmers had begun to come on board and dress. I almost made up my mind to stay on board and yield the palm of diving to Billy.

But they were all watching me, and whispered, "Pshaw! Don't show the white feather now! There are no sharks about. It won't take three minutes to get outside where Billy is and swim back to the ship. Then you needn't go in again."

Still I hesitated, while my shipmates waited to see what I would do.

"Never mind," thought I; "let 'em wait. I'll stay on board the ship."

I turned to call Billy in. Before I could speak, he sang out to me, "Come, Gus, I'm tired of waiting! If you're going to give it up, say so, and I'll come out. I've been in long enough."

That settled it. "Give it up? Never!" thought I, the whole current of my feeling at the tone of his banter, and, suiting the action to the thought, I made ready to dive. I drew in my breath and gathered for the plunge. In another moment I should have been overboard. I was in the very act of springing, when the startling cry of "A shark! a shark!" came from the forecastle.

"Come out of the water, all! Come out, Billy! Hurry, there's no time to lose!" cried half a score of voices. Most of the few men still in the water were close beside the vessel. They crowded to the ladder, and scrambled up it in great haste and excitement.

For me the cry came just in time. I grasped a shroud and saved myself from going overboard, though I had already gained such headway that my body swung clear of the side before I could regain my footing in the chains.

Once secure, I looked down for my shipmates, too anxious for their safety to think at that moment of the peril I had been in myself. The last swimmer, save Billy, had gained the ladder, his feet just clear of the water, as round the bow, with silent speed, came the monster of whose presence old Briton had given such timely warning.

He swam close to the surface, his sinuous tail gently waving from side to side, and the unfailing pilot fish at their stations on either side of his dorsal fin, and just ahead of his nose. His small, vicious eyes glanced upward at the ladder, and he seemed to say as plainly as if he spoke, "Aha, it's well for you chaps you made yourselves scarce! A little more and I would have had one of you!"

Had I dived as I intended, I should have struck directly in his path. He seemed unaware of Billy's being still in the water, for his attention had been first called to those nearer the ship.

The mate and all who could were hard at work lowering one of the quarter boats, and shouting to Billy to keep off, and not come any nearer the vessel. With much presence of mind he obeyed, rolling on his back and floating as lightly as possible upon the surface. Several hands had rushed to the forecastle and galley for bits of beef or pork with which to try to coax the shark to remain alongside until their shipmate could be picked up.

The shark nosed at the various tidbits thrown out to him, but he seemed mistrustful, and to have an idea that we were trying to hoodwink him. He still, however, remained by the ship.

The boat was down, and pulling rapidly toward the boy, when the noise of the oars attracted the shark. He at once set off toward her, and followed in the wake. Then began our worst suspense. If he kept behind the boat, Billy might be reached in time; but if he should put forth his speed and pass her, there could be no hope of saving him.

"Lie still, Billy!" shouted the captain, as he wrung his hands, deploring his carelessness in permitting us to go into the water at all. "Lie just as still as you can, or you are lost!"

It was but a short pull, but the time seemed long as the men gave way with a will. Behind the swiftly moving boat, and keeping pace with her motion, a dark pointed fin cleaves the water. A moment more and the boat is by the swimmer, her bow gradually turning away as she nears him. The fin draws closer in her wake. As the boat swings within reach, a man rises in the bow, and leaning over, grasps the terrified boy by the hand, while the mate loudly shouts, "Hold water, all!"

The boat's way is stopped, and Billy is being drawn in over the bow. An exultant cheer rises from the ship, where, breathless with suspense, all hands are watching the terrible race.

The rejoicing comes too quick! High above the cheer is heard a shriek, that none who hear ever forget. The fin has passed around the boat's stern, and instantly there is a sudden and fearful commotion alongside. As Billy is being lifted into the boat, the shark so long deluded and misled sees him. He is then scarcely twenty feet distant. With a lightning like dart he rushes upon his prey just as he is almost clear from the water.

Horror! He has his victim!

No!

He has missed the body by a hair's breadth, but has caught the calf of Billy's leg, from which, not quite grasping the bone, he has torn half the flesh, and nearly dragged him from the hold of his rescuers. With this he sinks beneath the waves, the boat's crew driving at his tough carcass with oars and boat hooks, but making no impression.

The boat was quickly alongside the ship, and Billy, limp as a rag and bleeding, passed on board. He has fainted as soon as taken from the water, and just as the shark seized him. Carrying him into the cabin, his wound was dressed, and restoratives applied which brought him to life once more. Not for several weeks did he fully regain his senses, and it was many months before his leg was well enough to admit of his walking.

Billy sailed the deep until he went, years ago, to his long account. It is almost needless to say that while he lived he never tempted the sharks by undertaking swimming exploits in salt water. For myself, I have not swam since that day when I was on the point of leaping into the jaws of a shark.—Clarence Pullen in Youth's Companion.

A Michigan chiropodist is making a triumphal progress through the state as "William the Corneurer."

HENNESSY'S LAST FIGHT.

ONE MAN'S BATTLE AGAINST 300 FIENDISH REDSKINS.

Pat Hennessy, the Old Freighter, Kills Thirty Indians—His Winchester Plays Out—A Boston Tenderfoot Who Had Grit at the Pinch.

Quite direct runs the old trail southward from Arkansas City, Kan., to Oklahoma City. Along this trail the traveler's eager eye beholds a monument erected out of native stone. Here lies the body of brave Pat Hennessy, who was murdered by the Cheyenne Indians in 1876. Many are the tales told of Pat and his many narrow escapes from the red devils of the plain. Of these it is not the purpose to speak at present, but to record his last great fight, where Pat proved himself a very Gatling gun of death to his implacable foes. Pat is well remembered as an old time Fort Sill freighter, and at the time of his tragical death was on his way from Caldwell, Kan., to the fort with six wagons and three trail wagons. With him were three men. One of these, a passenger, a tenderfoot from Boston, had a great desire to kill an Indian. John Korison was his name. He little knew how soon he would get more killing than he wanted and undergo an experience seldom equaled in border tragedies.

THE BOSTONIAN'S UNERRING FIRE.

One afternoon, shortly after they had gone into camp, they were attacked by a band of 800 or 400 Cheyenne braves with all the suddenness and terrible ferocity peculiar to Indian warfare. Hennessy saw them coming and instantly ordered the men to run for a canyon just west of the trail. They misunderstood the direction, and instead of west took the trail north. The mistake hastened their doom. With wild yells of savage delight the Indians circled around the three men. Korison was left behind in the race. He saw Indians on every side. No chance of escape, death certain. His alarm was over. The tenderfoot was a man. With a rapidity that indicated a previous training, he raised his Winchester and fired into the Indians with shots so quick they almost seemed one. Deadly shooting, too, for five painted warriors had gone down, their death cry ringing out and mingling with the dog like snarls of several who were wounded. The Indians returned the fire and the three white men fell.

Old Pat saw the fight from his retreat in the rocks. His mind had undergone a great change in regard to the man from Boston, and as the savages rushed in to scalp the three fallen men his own deadly Winchester came to his shoulder, the sights caught the dusky form of a big Indian just in the act of scalping Korison. The rifle belched forth its messenger of death, and a red fiend sprang high into the air, then sank down, still and dead. It was not that fiend of the plains, Black Scar, but another redskin, who, rushing forward to try for the scalp of Korison, met his own well deserved fate from the sure aim of Pat. With yells of fury, the Indians left the three prostrate forms to attack their more formidable enemy, and from the belts of three bucks there dangled the scalps of three whites.

Hennessy was well prepared for defense, an immense rock behind, rocks at the side and in front also, which was the only point at which an attack could be made, and there over the rock gleamed with deadly menace his 16-shot Winchester. Swift now and hot the fight. Over 300 against one, but that one cool, determined and desperate, a host in himself. Into the advancing horde go rifle balls on errands of death, killing and wounding as they tear through the red ranks. With insane courage the savages rush up within ten yards of the rock. Pat no longer sighted his gun; he rests it on a rock, cocks it with hand and pulls the lever and trigger with the other, and point blank into the red devils he sends an almost continuous stream of leaden balls. They waver, break, retreat, but only for a moment.

HIS FIRING CEASED.

The chief has been killed, but Black Scar takes command, waves aloft the scalp of Korison, points to the dead braves, calls for vengeance and orders the fight to be renewed. This time the attack is made in front and at both sides. If they can scale the rocks at the sides, Pat will be at their mercy. From the death dealing point in front the good old Winchester again pours forth its terrible destruction, and at the loud command of Black Scar they surge round in front, face to face with their desperate foe. Pat's revolver, a self cocker, does deadly work, fired into the yelling mass ten feet away, the last load gone, and again the Winchester at close range covers the ground with dead and dying. The red monsters are forced back from that death vomiting rock, back from a single gun, back from one man, back from brave Pat Hennessy.

In a few moments the whole band would have fled, when suddenly the firing ceased. Pat's gun had become so dirty and hot by such constant firing that, horrible to relate, while attempting to put in a cartridge it stuck fast and could not be forced either in or out. The Indians supposed he was out of ammunition and with savage yells rushed in to secure their prize. Pat met them with clubbed gun, and broken heads and bones were plenty as they came within sweep of his strong arms in the death struggle; but those behind still pressed on and he was soon overpowered and secured. Infuriated at the loss of so many of their number, they took poor Pat, tore his scalp from his head, bound him to one of his own wagon wheels, emptied sacks of oats around him and set them on fire. Just as they commenced their devilish torture and dance around their victim they heard a shot echo from the distance. The alarm was raised that the soldiers were coming and the stampede at once began. Picking up the wounded and some of the dead, the Indians mounted their horses and scampered off.

The evening shades gathered darkly and all was still as the fire burned, and the spirit of brave Pat passed away and found rest in the land of the hereafter.

There he was buried the next day by some other freighters. The bodies of thirty dead Indians were also found and were afterward removed by their red brothers. Pat was known as a brave man. His friends have erected a headstone, simply inscribed with his name and date of his death. And thus is marked the grave of a hero and the spot on which occurred the most remarkable fight of one man against so many recorded in border annals.—St. Louis Republic.

THE WINGED JABBERWOK.

A Huge Boa Constrictor Trying on His Wings and Other "Fixin's."

A wagon carrying a long box came lumbering over the Brooklyn bridge and there was something about the box so distinct from other boxes that a bridge policeman questioned the driver as to its contents.

The man's answers being unsatisfactory, the guardian of the peace proceeded to investigate on his own account. After considerable exertion the lid was removed, and the policeman gave a yell of fright and nearly fell off the wagon. The horse, looking around, probably saw what the policeman saw, for it too gave a snort of terror and dashed down the roadway.

The object that occasioned the disturbance was nothing more nor less than a huge boa constrictor, which, as the lid of the box was opened, elevated its head, gave a hiss or two, and, rising some four feet from the box, seemed rather to enjoy the situation.

By some happy accident his snakeship was jolted back into the box and the lid was secured. The driver meanwhile, nearly paralyzed with fear, managed to retain his seat long enough to reach a papier mache maker's shop up town, where he delivered his load to the occupants of the place.

It must have been a horrible looking monster, as it was not long before the men in the shop came flying out of the place as if in deadly terror of their lives.

"What's broke loose?" I asked a man standing near, as I happened to be passing the place at that moment. I then recognized in the person addressed the manager of an uptown dime museum.

"The jabberwok," said he, as if the jabberwork was some well known species of beast or reptile.

"What on earth," I asked, "is a jabberwok?"

"Wait and you will see," he responded. He then took a large sponge, saturated it with chloroform from a bottle he carried in his pocket, and placing the sponge at the end of a long stick, cautiously opened the door of the concern and inserted the stick.

There was a sudden movement inside, the stick was apparently seized from within and suddenly withdrawn by the man outside, minus the sponge.

"It's all right now," said the man, entering the place and bidding me to follow. I did so with some apprehension, and finally, being reassured, entered and saw the occasion of the fuss. It was a huge snake, some thirty-five feet long, lying apparently asleep in the middle of the floor. It had evidently swallowed the chloroformed sponge, as I did not see it.

Inside the shop also were a number of papier mache wings, fins and other uncouth adornments which, I was informed, were to be worn by the stupefied reptile. In fact, the manager proceeded to adjust the things, and when the entire accouterment of horns and wings was adjusted the combination was horrible looking beyond description.

"This," said the manager, "is a reproduction of the Chinese jabberwok or sea serpent, and I intend to exhibit him as such."

It would be well, therefore, for all persons addicted to alcoholic stimulants to avoid the place, as a sight of the monster might induce "snakes" of a character even more horrible than the one on exhibition.—New York Herald.

Vanquishing a Dude.

I sat in an elevated car the other day and saw a smart girl demolish a dude. She was evidently from down east somewhere—I should say Maine—and possessed a striking face, not exactly handsome, but which came near being so, and was, indeed, in outline an exact reproduction of the face of Liberty on our silver dollar, or would have been but for the retrousse of the nose. She had a roll of paper under her arm, the sign manual of a type writer, and looked breezy and nice. The young man was not specially noticeable beyond his clothes and his stare. He ogled the girl for some time before she took note of it, but when she did she made short work of him. She rested her steady eyes upon his person, but never permitted their range to reach above the top of his collar, and gave every appearance of a lively and critical interest in him. In a moment the young man was daunted; in two more he was routed. An expression of pain clouded his face, and he scanned his extremities with deep anxiety. The maiden increased her interested stare, and at last, red and discomfited, he arose and fled into another car. Then she settled back with great apparent satisfaction and resumed her reading, stopped during the progress of the campaign.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Clothes Pins.

Where do all the clothes pins go? Innumerable dozens of them are flowing out into the world continuously from the factories, and a single expert packer handles 72,000 of them in a day, packing 100 boxes at a cent a box. They are made of ash, beech, birch and maple. The logs are cut into lengths of 31 inches, these are sawed into blocks, the blocks into sticks, and the sticks into shorter ones, the length of the clothes pin, about 5¼ inches. These are fed into a lathe by an endless belt. The lathe turns them into shape and passes them along by a turn table to a saw, which cuts out the slot. When the machine is through with them it drops them into a box or barrel. The pins are then dried in a drying house and then put, 20 to 40 bushels at once, into a slowly revolving cylinder, and the friction caused by their tumbling about in this cylinder polishes them. A single plant for making clothes pins costs from $7,000 to $12,000. But what becomes of the pins?—Good Housekeeping.

Prunes.

Prunes are very ancient and were grown ages ago in the east. Eleven varieties were known to ancient Roman horticulturists, and in the region around Damascus a vigorous wild variety thrived that was much used as a stock for grafting, and is so used to this day. France got the prune from the Crusaders, and it was first cultivated near Clairac by the inmates of a convent. Some of the best and most famous prunes are now grown in the extensive French orchards. The prunes of commerce are classed by numbers, No. 1, the smallest, taking 90 to 92 to the pound, and No. 9, the largest, 30 to 31 to the pound.—Good Housekeeping.

The tedious work of removing bowlders and the remnants of an ancient forest from the bed of the Thames river still goes on. It began seven years ago. At last accounts 800 trees and 1,300 bowlders had been taken out. The latter varied in weight from one to four tons.

Lesson in Etiquette.

The following lesson in street etiquette may contain a useful hint for more than one young man who may never have looked at the matter in the light in which it was forcibly brought to the attention of a thoughtless brother.

A young man whom we will call John stood in a doorway of one of the crowded streets of a large city. Another young man, with a young woman leaning on his arm, passed along the street.

"Hullo, Mary!" called John, from the doorway, loudly and familiarly to the young woman.

The young man with her stopped, excused himself and left the young woman at a milliner's shop near by. Then he went back to the one called John, who still stood in the doorway, and asked him what he meant by his impertinence.

"What do you mean by impertinence?" angrily asked John.

"You insulted the lady I was with," was the reply.

"I didn't do anything but say, 'Hullo, Mary!' And anyway, don't you know she's my sister?"

"Yes, I know that, but you had no right to attract attention to her on a crowded street by hollering at her. Do you suppose the other fellows and the crowd knew that you were her brother? What would they think of a girl thus accosted?"

"Never thought o' that," said the brother, slowly. "Well, I'll look out next time."—Youth's Companion.

A Little Chap's "Nerve."

A distressing accident happened in the yard at Pocatello. Orma Tolmie, a boy about 12 years old, was crushed in a shocking manner by the cars, resulting in his death a few hours after. Orma and a younger brother, in company with several other small boys, went down the track to play, and they were jumping on and off the cars as the yardmen were switching. The men ordered the boys off the cars and tried to keep them away, but they kept jumping on until finally Orma in some way got caught between the wheels and was ground down, cutting off the left arm near the shoulder, and frightfully mangling the left leg between the knee and thigh. Everything possible was done for the boy, but there was no hope of saving his life, and at 10 o'clock, about six hours after the accident, he died, apparently suffering but little, although so dreadfully mangled. The father of the boy works in the car shops here, and he was notified of the accident immediately. As the wounded boy lay on the bed, his mother came into the room and burst out crying, as only a mother can. Orma looked over at her and said: "Mamma, don't cry; go out of the room so you can't see me." All through the terrible ordeal the little hero bore up wonderfully, and showed a grit worthy the boldest knight of ancient chivalric days.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Deceived About Complexions.

"Mam'selle Chic" says women should be more particular in choosing the colors which set off to best advantage what charms they possess, especially when they have passed the point which they rarely own of thirty years. They all seem impressed with a fallacious idea that a good complexion once a good complexion forever. More particularly is this true of such women who possessed an unusually good complexion in their youth. Mam'selle remembers a case which illustrates this perfectly. A woman of some thirty odd summers and winters had a habit of recommending to every other woman, young or old, a certain cream for the skin, accompanying her recommendation with the following words: "I tell you this because it has served so well for me. I may not have anything else, but certainly I have a good complexion." And she believed it, while her skin was yellow and blotchy and not smooth. Her contemporaries did affirm that in her girlhood her skin was a marvel of waxen purity. And so we deceive ourselves, and go on wearing unbecoming things.—New York Telegram.

About Diamonds.

A diamond, beside being the queen of gems, is positively the most beautiful thing that nature has ever conceived. When art reveals its hidden perfections it is the only "thing of beauty" that "is a joy forever," as it is practically indestructible. Time will dim the luster and wear away the fiber of gold, but the diamond will go on sparkling for all time. For aught we know the diamond that sparkles on the white fingers of the belle of today may have scintillated as the eye of some Hindoo god thousands of years ago. Most people imagine that diamonds have a classification like other commodities, worth so much per carat, according to perfection, brilliancy and purity, running through say a dozen grades, but there is no greater mistake. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, no two diamonds are exactly alike, but each has a virtue and a value peculiarly its own. It is just as rare to see two individuals exactly alike in face, form and feature as it is to see two diamonds. The idea, also, that a dealer in diamonds can tell by looking at a gem its exact value is all nonsense. A diamond has to be studied. While the aid of a glass will help to discover the slightest flaw or imperfection, it does not bring out its true value by a long way. Men who handle money constantly can detect a light coin by simply handling and examining casually, but a fine diamond has got to be studied from all points before a safe estimate can be put upon its value. Shape, size, perfection of cutting and such matters cut an important figure in a diamond's value.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For Her Pretty Face.

When one gives one's picture to one's best young man one gives him, not a photograph, but a pastel. The colorless presentments of the sun pictures, so unfaithful since the progress of "retouching," are banished in the days or months of romance, making place for delicate, poetic faces rising out of soft gray mists with tender, shining eyes. If the young man appreciates the portrait he is supposed to set it in a frame of ivory cut into the semblance of a wreath of flowers before he exposes it to view upon his desk. Ivory picked out with gold is prettier, ivory and silver go very well. A jeweled frame of enameled flowers—lilies of the valley, rosebuds, Parma violets—corresponding to the floral image under which he pictures his inamorata, is the finest and the costliest of all. If it is the best young man who has given his portrait to the pretty girl she does not frame it to stand upon her desk at all. That is no longer the way. She circles it with an oval rim of gold and hangs it about her neck by a ribbon, not in sight, mind you, in the good old love making way.—St. Paul Globe.

A Lucky Old Number.

A Frenchman and a Spaniard took tickets from Paris to Dijon, placed their luggage in a compartment already occupied by a party of English, noted the number of the carriage, 20,977, and betook themselves to the refreshment room until the moment for starting should arrive. On returning to the compartment they found the English party had bribed the guard to remove their goods and chattels into another carriage. They were indignant, but there was no time for argument. They jumped into the carriage assigned them, and escaped unhurt in the Velars disaster, which occurred a few hours later, while the occupants of the compartment they had at first chosen were all either killed or horribly injured. Such escapes could be related with regard to every railroad accident; it is the sequel which is curious. One of the travelers, superstitious to some purpose, proceeded to buy a Spanish lottery ticket bearing the number 20,977, which secured him a second prize of £3,200.—Boston Traveller.

Birds Dazed by the Light.

The attraction of lighthouses for birds is a very curious phenomenon. It is said that just before the Charleston earthquake all the lighthouses along the coast as far north as Cape May were enveloped by clouds of agitated birds. Many wonderful scenes are witnessed at the lighthouses on some parts of the British coasts during the season of migration. Sometimes when the moon is suddenly hidden by a bank of clouds the lanterns of the lighthouses are the point to which the stream of migrants hasten, and where, in a confused, fluttering throng, they beat against the glass like moths round a candle, and fly to and fro, utterly bewildered and completely lost. They seem to have no idea of their true course, and fly aimlessly about, many killing themselves against the glass, others falling into the water below. The light men are alert on these occasions, and capture numbers of the poor, lost travelers with handnets. Many of the birds are too tired or too dazed to move, and allow themselves to be taken by the hand as they sit on the balcony.—Advocate.

Short Distance Telephone.

A telephone is in use in the adjutant general's office at the capitol, says The Hartford Times, which may become instrumental in breaking up the present monopoly on that useful invention. The wire employed, and which rises to the third floor of the building, is composed of six strands of steel wound around a cord covered with a preparation of paraffine, which prevents induction. No battery is required, and the voice of a person standing in the room at a distance of twenty feet from the instrument can be distinctly heard at the other end of the lines. By means of this remarkable invention the adjutant general and his associates can carry on a conversation with those connected with the other departments without leaving their desks. The new telephone has been used with great success in other cities. The limit is five miles, but the inventor hopes to exceed this in the near future.

Habitual Constipation

Any kidney and liver ills, depending on a weak or inactive condition of the kidneys, liver, or bowels, are successfully and permanently cured only by the use of the gentle yet effective laxative and diuretic Syrup of Figs. Its advantages are evident; it is easily taken, pleasing to the taste, acceptable to the stomach, harmless to the most delicate system, and truly beneficial in effect. For sale by Simpson, Reid & Co.

— A diamond owned in Buffalo, and known as the "Buffalo gem," weighs sixty carats, and is supposed to be the largest in the United States. It is about the size of an almond, and before cutting weighed ninety-five carats. It was bought in Amsterdam for thirty thousand dollars.

The First Symptoms

Of all Lung diseases are much the same: feverishness, loss of appetite, sore throat, pains in the chest and back, headache, etc. In a few days you may be well, or, on the other hand, you may be down with Pneumonia or "galloping Consumption." Run no risks, but begin immediately to take **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.**

Several years ago, James Birchard, of Darien, Conn., was severely ill. The doctors said he was in Consumption, and that they could do nothing for him, but advised him, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine, two or three months, he was pronounced a well man. His health remains good to the present day.

J. S. Bradley, Malden, Mass., writes: "Three winters ago I took a severe cold, which rapidly developed into Bronchitis and Consumption. I was so weak that I could not sit up, was much emaciated, and coughed incessantly. I consulted several doctors, but they were powerless, and all agreed that I was in Consumption. At last, a friend brought me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose, I found relief. Two bottles cured me, and my health has since been perfect."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5

TRY IT ONCE.

To the man who tried every other remedy for Blood Poisons we commend the following experience of a well-known woman:

SHE HAD TRIED EVERTHING ELSE.

CLOVER BOTTOM, Sullivan County, Tenn., June 18, 1887.—*Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.:* Sir:—I have been thinking of writing to you for some time to let you know of the wonderful cure your B. B. B. has effected on myself and daughter. She, a girl of 16 years, was taken with a very sore leg below the knee. I called on the very best doctors that the country could afford, and they tended on her for four years to no purpose. Her leg got worse every year. I used about 30 bottles of other medicine to no purpose. The doctors said the only remedy left was amputation. That we all was opposed to. I was in Knoxville the 8th of January, 1886, and while buying a bill of drugs called for a good blood purifier, and Messrs. Sanford, Chamberland & Co. recommend the B. B. B. I purchased one-half dozen bottles, and to my utter surprise after using three or four bottles my girl's leg was entirely healed. I also had a very ugly running sore on the calf of my leg and one bottle cured it, after having tried all other remedies. I wish you much success, and I do hope that all suffering humanity may hear and believe in the only true blood purifier. I have tried three or four other purifiers, but the B. B. B. is the only one that ever did me or mine any good. You can use my name if you wish. I am well known in this and Washington County, also all over Virginia. R. S. ELSOM.

BLOOD TAINT FROM BIRTH.

BOONVILLE, IND., January 25, 1887.

I shall ever praise the day that you gentlemen were born, and shall bless the day that your medicine was known to me. I had blood poison from birth, and so much so that all the doctors of my town said I would be crippled for life. They said I would lose my lower limb. I could not stand in my class to recite my lessons, and eleven bottles of your Balm cured me sound and well. You can use my name as you see fit. In my case, there were knots on my shinbones as large as a hen's egg. Yours, MIRTLE M. TANNER.

A BOOK OF WONDERS, FREE.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address,

BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

For sale by HILL BROS, Anderson, S. C.

Jan. 18, 1889 29 4

THE GREAT

FERNOLINE-BALSAM

FAMILY REMEDY.

A PURE EXTRACT FROM THE YELLOW PINE TREE!

Nature's Remedy.

The System Absorbs it Readily Through the Pores.

IT CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Diseases of the Muscles, Nerves, Throat, Chest, Lungs, and Asthma.

Is the BEST GENERAL REMEDY ever offered to the public. You cannot afford to be without it.

Cures Stings or Bites of Insects,

LARGE BOTTLES,

Only Fifty Cents.

Sold by Hill Bros., Anderson, S. C.

ASK FOR—TAKE NO OTHER.

☞ Testimonials and full directions with each bottle.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

Fernoline Chemical Co.,

18 Broadway, N. Y., and Charleston, S. C.

Jan 10, 1889 27 1y

GRAND COMBINATION of BARGAINS AT C. A. REED'S EMPORIUM,

WHERE you will always find a good assortment of the best makes of **Buggies, Carriages, Wagons** and **Harness,** at LOW and HONEST PRICES.

Every one KNOWS that it is cheapest to buy a First Class **SEWING MACHINE.** I have exclusive sale for this section of South Carolina for the **Leaders**—such as NEW HOME, DOMESTIC, WHITE, DAVIS, ST JOHN, WHEELER & WILSON, FAVORITE, AMERICAN and UNION, all sold under a five years guarantee. Don't be deceived into buying cheap and worthless Machines. You will regret such poor economy.

After careful examination, I am satisfied that I can offer my customers the Best and Cheapest—

PIANOS AND ORGANS

This or any other State affords, and I DEFY COMPETITION as to Price and Terms on First Class Instruments.

Church and Sunday School Organs a Specialty.

Correspondence solicited.

Address,

C. A. REED, Agent, Anderson, S. C.

TRY THE BARGAIN STORE!

WHERE you will find a good article of Goods for the price asked. I keep a variety of Goods, such as Fancy Groceries, Confectioneries, Crockery and Tinware, Fine Pistols, Ammunition, Musical Instruments, Fine Razors, Steel Shears, that will keep the ladies in a good humor; Notions, Toys of all kinds, Fine Tobacco and Cigars, Horse Shoes and Axle Grease that will help a horse up the hill every time. I sell the best Garden Seeds that are grown, and I have bought the right for Anderson County to sell the New Patent Peerless Smoothing Iron. This Iron is heated by a lamp. You can go to a cool room or under a shade tree to iron your clothes. To see it is to buy it. No household is complete without one of them. I also run in connection with my business some LUNCH TABLES. When you feel like something nice and good to eat, come and see me, and I will show you how to feed people cheap at all hours in the day