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We are Dispensers of the finest grades of FLOUR at prices that cannot be beaten.

On all other GROCERIES we dispense nothing but the purest and best goods.

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We have too many Goods to carry, therefore for the next SIXTY DAYS we have our LARGE and HANDSOME STOCK

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, CONSISTING OF Millinery, Notions, Shoes, Handsome Brass Goods, Priestlyes Henriettes.

Also, the handsomest lot of SILKS, in all the new shades, that has ever been brought to this market.

Ladies' and Misses WRAPS and JACKETS in every style.

Glance at our Bargain Counter and see what you can do.

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JOHN M. HUBBARD, IN HIS NEW STORE..... IN HOTEL BLOCK.

LOTS OF NEW GOODS. NOVELTIES IN PROFUSION. JUST WHAT YOU WANT. 1c. To \$100.00.

No Charge for Engraving. The Prettiest Goods in the Town, and it's a pleasure to show them.

If you have Accounts with J. M. HUBBARD & BRO. make settlement with me at once.

JOHN M. HUBBARD.

A LONG FELT WANT!

AFTER FIVE YEARS of patient and persevering endeavor I have at last succeeded in getting control of the best hand-made copper distilled Whiskey in the world.

This Whiskey has been tested by the United States Chemist at Washington, D. C., and declared to be perfectly free from all poisonous chemicals generally present in the distillation of all Whiskies commonly used in the United States.

It is entirely free from any adulterating effect, the nauseating of the stomach, and the immediate intoxication that is always the result of the use of an inferior article.

It is pleasant to the palate, has not that burning effect so common in other goods. It is strengthening, invigorating and mild, giving the buoyancy of youth to old age.

It is stimulating to the over-worked and feeble; in cases of consumption, heavy colds, weak lungs, debility and loss of appetite it is quickly recommended by the leading doctors and hospital physicians in the United States, and no sick room should be without it.

All ailments, weak, old and infirm should take it daily as directed, and thereby regain that buoyancy and strength that countless thousands stand so much in need of. This Celebrated Whiskey is sold as cheap as a very common article, and can be found for sale at

JOHN O'DONNELL'S PALACE SALOON, SOUTH MAIN STREET, ANDERSON, S. C.

In addition to the above I have the different vintages of Europe, including the celebrated brands of Whisky from Germany, France, Italy, Spain and Portugal.

Also Scotch and Irish Whiskies, Dublin and London Pot Still, Bass Ale, and all other Liquors that go to complete a First Class Saloon.

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JOHN H. AND E. L. CLARKE HAVE FORMED A PARTNERSHIP IN THE MERCHANT TAILORING BUSINESS,

UNDER THE Firm name of JOHN H. CLARKE & BROS., and respectfully ask the patronage of the general public. We have secured the services of Mr. KILNE, who has had his trade in Germany, France, Italy, Spain and Portugal.

He has worked in several large cities in this country. Mr. BAYLIS E. CLARKE is also with us. He, too, is a fine class cutter and workman. We have long suffered for the want of good workmen, but now our business would not warrant our obtaining such, so now all we ask is to give a trial, and you will be sure to be satisfied both in style, fit and work, and at much lower prices than you would pay in larger cities.

We keep some nice Fleece Goods on hand, and a full line of Samples from the North and West for you to select from. Altering, Cleaning and Repairing neatly and promptly done at reasonable prices. We are very anxious to do a good business this Fall and Winter, and shall spare no effort or expense to do so.

JOHN H. CLARKE & BROTHER.

FLOUR..... FLOUR..... FLOUR!

We can save you some money on Flour—EVERY POUND guaranteed to be as represented, and at Lowest Prices.

OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION

COME AND SEE US—WE ARE GLAD TO QUOTE PRICES.

W. H. HARRISON & CO.

Agents for Tenney's Candies.

Anderson Intelligence.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Rain Patters Upon the House-Top and Brings Back Memories of the Old Times.

Atlanta Constitution.

The more a man gets the more he wants is the saying, and I guess it is the same with nations.

I got tired yesterday and just threw myself down on a pile of cotton seed at the ginhouse and listen to the rain pattering, patter, patter on the old boards of the roof. It sounded just as it used to, somehow; just as it did when, as a little boy, they tucked me away to sleep up stairs at the old home.

None but the older generation can know how sweet it was to sleep up stairs in the old time houses and have the rain all night to patter, patter, patter on the boards.

It's a memory—but old folks live in the past. Every age has its vigor and strength of young manhood, but it is surely as his infirm step and bending age. Each generation takes its turn—once young then old.

It will come your time to be old some day, you that live long enough, and then you won't wonder at my cherishing these memories of the past—the long ago past.

"Hawaii," I studied as I lay there and listened to the rain. Thinks I, that sounds a long way off. It doesn't sound as near as did the "Cherokee country," nor the "terrible" it's got an outlandish character to it, I thought. But the young generation is in for annexing, I think, and there is no use in saying a thing. I watched some of the young generation roll up a big snowball the other day. There was a rivalry between two sets as to which could make the largest ball. One ball got immense as they kept rolling it. It was so large after awhile that they could not handle it. They made a supreme effort and with their combined strength and ingenuity succeeded in getting the great ball to the top of a hill. Now they had it was the thought, they could roll it now—and they did roll it down. When it was started down it was so heavy and ponderous they couldn't stop it, and so it went, faster and faster, till at the bottom it floundered into millions of fragments. You can make the application here without my going to tell you all about what my thoughts were as I lay there on the cotton seed and the rain pattered, pattered, pattered on the house top.

I don't guess it makes any difference, but I'm opposed to any Hawaii annexation. There are plenty of people living who can remember what a craze there was to secure the Cherokee Indian country. The Chattahoochee river was then the western boundary line between the whites and red men, and folks thought the very thing to get the territory the other side. They thought we needed it and they thought they would be satisfied when they got it. It hadn't been very long since the poor Indians had agreed to this line and they thought that now the whites would be satisfied, for they said, as they crossed over the river, "Alabama, Alabama," meaning "Here we rest, here we rest." So the State took its name. But they were not allowed to rest there. The whites have been no more satisfied than before, nor did the great State of Texas satisfy them, nor all that territory west of the Mississippi—you can't satisfy them, they will want the earth. It might seem clever in us to open our door to Hawaii, being they are our kinsmen, and give them a good government, but charity should begin at home—good government for what is already here should be the first consideration.

There is lots of walling about hard times, lots of men out of work and the women are having to pitch in and do the "supporting" act, but if we annex Hawaii and let all of that population of Chinese into citizenship, it won't be two weeks till they'll think themselves as good as a well-fed Georgia cracker and take the washing from the women besides. The Chinaman must be kept down. They are all the folks we can abuse now. It has got to be so. I don't see how we negroes—I daresent spell it with two "gs" any more—and I don't see how we will be able to euss at all if the Chinaman "gets there." In this connection, and in seriousness, I will state that it is appalling to an old man like me to see how the foreign element is outstripping the "cracker." Foreigners are not to blame. It is nature that is to blame, and it is natural that they should go to work and run this government—national, state and municipal—to suit themselves if they can. If they are not quite holding the balance of power they are making great strides in that direction, and they have us "hacked" so that it is only a matter of a short time till the Georgia cracker will not be in it, if he don't wake up and assert himself.

As the rain pattered on I found myself taking up handfuls of the cotton seed and setting them run out in a stream. As old as I am I would like to get out in the sand and make frog-houses and "play miller" and watch the sand pour as I mester, but it would be now as it was there; the little playmates would not be there; many of them—most of them—have passed over the river, and the ones who still tarry could not stop around and pat the sand on their feet and lean over the "doodle houses" and gibly call "doodle, doodle, doodle," till the little bug would come up and they had him in the hollow of their hands. They are too stiff in the joints for the bending and stooping, and too dim of sight to see the little bug, but we folks live over again these very days many times in our lives, and oftentimes when the weather is gloomy and the rain patters, patters, patters on the house-top.

Just to think that as I pored these seed from my hand I must have these thoughts disturbed by the "fact" that they are worth thirty-two cents per bushel. That is what cotton seed sells for now—thirty-two cents. They were worth nothing when I was young—folks wouldn't have picked a million bushels up in the road; they were dangerous to the hogs; farmers hauled them into the marshes in out-of-way places to hide them. Now they are good for everything and cotton itself brings just as good prices, and yet—but I don't want to say anything to make a farmer plant one walk more this year, to the neglect of "hog and hominy." I thought there was plenty of meat raised last year, but it is higher now than has been for a long time, and Jay Gould is dead and the northwest raised a great surplus. This "surplus" talk tickles me and Brown winds his life every time he hears it.

When I thought of how high meat I began to stir; I let the rain patter down on me while as I sauntered round

trying to do this, that and the other thing. But I couldn't help from studying as I gathered up the tools and implements made of the place. Everything is foreign made. The ax and handle, the plow and plowstock, hoe and hoe handle, everything I touched was made up north. Money was sent off for them that never gets back. I know nothing about tariff and mighty little about silver, but I do know and feel that home industry is the thing to encourage—patronize home mechanics if you ever expect to get a hold of the money you let go again. Make all of these things yourself that you can—ax handles, single-tree, collars and plow stocks, I can make a better plowstock than any you buy and if you don't know how write to me and I will give you the rule, so plain that you can't miss.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Crowning Achievements of the Telephone.

Two exhibitions of recent achievement in the line of telephony have just taken place recently in this city. The first one specialized the opening of the telephone line from New York to Chicago. The next one was a public exhibition of the capacity of that line given by the transmission of music over the thousand miles intervening between here and the City of the Lakes. The music was so perfectly reproduced as to be heard by members of a large audience. To day New York is in telephonic communication with Chicago, and the oral transmission of intelligence has become an every day affair. When the telephone was first introduced, it was believed that it would never have a very extensive application. It seemed impossible that all the leading business offices in such a city as New York should be put in communication with each other in any way by the almost impracticable invention of seventeen years ago. After the development of the telephone with microphone transmitters for short distance work had become an acknowledged fact, the troubles offered by induction and the static capacity of long lines caused many to believe that the telephone could never be a long range instrument. As in the case of many other things in this world, it was found that the best application secured the desired results. The construction of an absolutely first-class copper line of large caliber wire and of the most perfect details of mounting has removed the thousand miles intervening between here and Chicago effectually, and no conversation can be held with Chicago even better than ordinarily with New York City connections. The success of long distance telephoning in the present case is merely one of the additional triumphs of the best.

On February 7 of the present year, a still greater achievement was commemorated. On that day was witnessed the opening of the telephone line from Boston to Chicago. Telephoning is successfully carried on over 1,250 miles of wire, owing to a somewhat circuitous route followed by the line. All distances hitherto covered are insignificant compared to this. The possibilities it holds for the future cannot well be overestimated. A step beyond Chicago and the banks of the Missouri will be reached, and we may yet see Omaha and San Francisco connected by a line which will form the final link in a chain bridging San Francisco and New York within speaking range of each other. When conversation is carried on perfectly as it now is over 1,250 miles of wire, the extension of distance becomes a matter of detail.

A few days after this reaches our readers, the original Bell telephone patent, to which the Courts have awarded an unprecedented wide scope, will have expired. The expiration of the patent and the opening of the field of telephony to the nation, is, under the circumstances, a signal epoch in the history of invention.

Seventeen years ago the patent was granted. Under energetic business management the industry based on this patent attained an enormous development, and it is interesting that these monumental achievements have only been accomplished during the last days of the life of the patent. The inventor has not lived out a short life of usefulness to be relegated to obscurity. It has increased continually in importance, and it is only at the end of its monopoly that its greatest developments have taken place. The connection of two metropolises is a fitting word for the year of the Columbian Exposition. The American invention of the telephone will have in these commercial lines erected for everyday use its most impressive exhibition—an exhibit which will far surpass anything that can be shown in the electrical building of Chicago. It is an exhibit requiring the area of six or more States for its display.

The value of this invention in a money making sense has been enormous. The price paid by the inventor of the telephone for his protection, technically speaking, becomes payable in a few days. The price paid for a patent is its surrender in statutory time to the public. The patent fee is merely designed to cover the expense of the office, and is no part of the consideration given by the inventor. But if we take an enlightened view of the matter, we will see that during its existence the Bell patent, by the convenience it has afforded the public in the transaction of business, has awarded the public a rich return for the monopoly granted. The convenience alone is invaluable, and the money return to business men in the transaction of important matters cannot be overestimated.

The completion of these great long distance lines marks the beginning of an epoch when telephony will acquire a new importance. Were the patent awarded a further existence every year would witness for it an increase in value. The returns received for the patents hitherto had been in great part based upon what it did during its struggling years of business, and during a period of great uncertainty when it was quite problematical what its results were to be. Now that it has obtained a firm lease of life, now that the telephone itself is in the full strength of a matured existence, the patent lapses. It is the old story; the inventor obtains the least reward for his exertions; the true beneficiary is the public. Estimating the benefit which the public has received from the invention, had the return been one hundred fold to the owners of the patent, the whole face of business and commercial life would have been a particle too much. The spirit of our present system is admirably illustrated in the whole matter. An invention is made; the incentive for making the invention is the award by government of a short monopoly conditional on its being patented; that, is, disclosed to the public. Thus incited, the inventor works to achieve his result, achieves it, and obtains what re-

turn he can in the seventeen years of its life. Then in the full vigor of an assured success, with the most brilliant prospects before it, after having revolutionized the business world, the invention becomes public property and the inventor loses all claim upon it.

The moral in the history of the telephone applies well in the case of the would be minimizers of patent rights. For just as the invention is in its most advanced state of development and has the most brilliant future before it, when the returns from it should be of unprecedented and of growing largeness, it becomes public property and part of the American nation at large.—Scientific American.

Don't be Superstitious.

When I was a little girl my father was once absent for some days on business. One day during that time a mirror fell, its cord having worn out unnoticed, and broke into a dozen pieces. I remember it was an old-fashioned looking glass with a brass frame, and a parting across it above the center.

A neighbor, who was in at the moment, exclaimed, in horror, "Oh! Mrs. H.—, your husband will never come back alive! That is a certain sign of death!"

I shall never forget the look which passed over mother's face; it was like disdain, and she calmly replied, "I do not believe in signs." After the neighbor had gone, mother had a little talk with me, telling me how foolish such a belief was; and in a few days father came back safe and well, and if nothing had happened. The lesson was invaluable, and I do not know that any one of the many so-called "signs" has weight with me.

A friend was in my room recently, a cultivated Christian woman, too. We were putting on our wraps to go out together, and I was about to lay her sun umbrella carelessly on the bed. She said, "Don't do that; I have heard it is a bad sign." Then, as if half ashamed, she added, "I know it's foolish, but I can't help thinking of it."

Well, in a day or two I was going out, and in the same way was about to lay my umbrella on the bed, when the association of ideas brought my friend's sign to me. I said to myself, "I will not be in the power of such a thing," and I deliberately put the umbrella on the bed.

Now, girls, and boys, too, do not you yield to superstitions. I know persons who can have but little peace in life because so many occurrences are bad omens. Never mind if you do hear of distinguished people, or good people, who will not sit at a table of thirteen, or who will not begin work on Friday. Be sure that if any calamity follows a "bad sign," it is not having to do with it, except as a coincidence.

Is there not a lack of reverence, to say the least, in supposing that our Heavenly Father makes His providence to hinge upon any "sign"?

Let us rather trust to His divine plan of ordering our lives, and do our part with a courage not weakened by superstitions fears.—Helen A. Hawley.

The Manish Girl.

She begins innocently enough. She has a troop of brothers, perhaps, and is drawn into their sports in spite of her sex. She catches their contempt of girls; cuts off her hair like Maggie Tulliver; takes pleasure in a riding habit and its odd accessories. Horses and dogs are her favorite companions.

So she falls out of sympathy with her sex. She loses its delicacy; she is reckless of its conventions. That is always the peril of the manish girl. But the fact that a woman in body, she tries to be a man in mind, exposes her to the animadversions of the ribald.

As she mingles with the world, she feels a kind of vanity by being manish. To talk along, to smoke cigarettes, to ride to hounds, to command her men, in a measure, to her male companions. They cultivate her society. They take her yatching when they leave her companions at home. They love to chat with her in a box at the horse show. They even propose a surreptitious visit to the Arion ball.

But they really marry her. That when the maiden girl has her full revenge. When it comes to talking a wife—a wife who shall adore his table; a wife who shall entertain his friends—a man seldom thinks of the manish girl. He knows that the arts by which she attracted him will be just as attractive to others. He knows that the lack of refinement which has a kind of zest in the girl of twenty, will turn to hopeless vulgarity in a matron of forty.

Then what is the end of the manish girl? Eternal spinsterhood or the divorce court. If no man will have her she gets more acridulated month by month. Her mind turns to bitterness, and when a woman does that she has set the tombstone on her career and on her reputation.—From Truth.

When a young man becomes engaged to a young lady he establishes a protectorate. The wedding is the annexation.

A new field of usefulness has been discovered for the male, whose kick is hard but his skin is soft. The extraordinary qualities of faces and feet of the male's skin have brought it to the front for upper leather, with a cost of production so reasonable as to bring it to the reach of all.

During the late severely cold weather a pond in Northampton county, North Carolina, was frozen over to a considerable depth, and when the ice had melted it was found that very many, if not all, of the fish had been killed by the cold, and numbers of them could be dipped up in nets while floating in the water dead.

CHILD BIRTH MADE EASY!

"MOTHERS FRIEND" is a scientifically prepared liniment, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown.

"MOTHERS FRIEND" is a scientific ally of the mother, and is a true friend of the child. It is a true friend of the mother, and is a true friend of the child. It is a true friend of the mother, and is a true friend of the child.

WILL DO all that is claimed for RAND MORN. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger of Life of Mother and Child. Book to "MOTHERS" mailed FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Send for express on receipt of price \$1.00 per bottle. BRANDED REGISTERED CO., Atlanta, Ga. BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

How to Cook a Ham.

Run a knife or skewer into the thickest part of the ham next to the bone. If the knife comes out clean the ham is good, but if it smells rank and smears the knife, the ham is not good. Select your ham, then, according to this rule, and lay it in cold water. Scrape and wash it carefully and let it remain in the water all night. In the morning, when the water—enough to cover the ham—is nearly boiling, lay the ham in and keep the water at a simmer. When it has boiled about an hour throw in two cups, sprig parsley, two or three blades of mace and four cloves. If the ham is very salt, it will be changed the water before putting in the seasoning, but if you do, be sure and change to boiling water. To obtain tenderness and softness the ham must not be allowed to boil hard, only simmer. Too much heat hardens all meat, especially salt meat. When the ham is done, set it off in its own water and let it cool in it. By this means it will retain its moisture. When cool take it out, skin it, and dredge bread crumbs and pepper over it and set in the oven until it browns.

Paris gardeners buy toads which they use as insect destroyers. They cost \$1 a dozen.

It is estimated that 276,885 families, or 1,225,000 souls, live in tenements houses in New York city.

A Texas man has applied for a divorce on the ground that he is in poor health and his wife is unable to support him.

In Japan, if a woman is not married by a certain age, the authorities pick out a man whom they compel her to marry.

German dentists now make false teeth of paper. They are said to be a very natural imitation of the real article and last for years.

In Hawaii the climate is said to be so remarkably equable that the Hawaiian language has no word to express the general idea of weather.

At Lancaster, Ky., Samuel McKee stole a horse, sold it with the money got married. He was arrested shortly after the ceremony was performed.

A Texas editor demands a law compelling actors "to wear their clothes on the stage." The presumption is that they do not appear in full dress when they strike a pose.

Ruth Wade, who recently slipped on a salt banana peeling in one of the principal streets in Atlanta, Ga., has brought suit for \$10,000 damages against that city.

A Louisiana man is hard at work on a flying machine. It is said that recently, in experimenting with his machine, he succeeded in making it fly ten feet in the air for a distance of twenty-five yards. He expects to bring it to a climax by summer.

Alex. Kennedy, of Blount county, Tenn., is ninety-two years of age. He is the father of twenty-five children, all of whom grew up to be men and women, and eighteen of them are now alive. He lives in the house in which he was born.

A newspaper for the blind, the Weekly Sunbeam, printed in Braille type and published in London, has just passed its thirty-fourth number. It has a considerable circulation, its success being evidenced by a recent enlargement of the paper.

Three children were playing on the banks of a stream in Texas when two of them slipped and fell into the water. The mother, who was near by, was frantic; but plunged into the stream at the risk of her life and saved both of them.

A witty hit at the bar, which will make the lawyers themselves smile, is contained in the remark of a Cincinnati paper that a certain Mr. Woodard had sworn to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as near as the lawyers would let him.

Orlando, Fla., has a boy who rides a bicycle and drives a horse at the same time. He rides beside the wagon dexterously handling the reins and guiding the horse. His remarkable performance generally attracts crowds on the streets.

A good brother who recently offered a prayer at a prayer-meeting, says the New York Tribune, started to make a prayer to Noah, but got a little flustered and forgot the name of the patriarch. After humming and having for a few moments been turned to a neighbor and asked in a loud whisper, "Who is it built the ark?"

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NEW SEED BOOK for 1824 plants to sow, when and how to sow, cultivation, etc. Write for it and current prices of any Grass, Clover, or other Field Seeds required. Do not handle Wood's Seeds. Send your orders direct, if your merchant does not handle Wood's Seeds.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BEST STOVE ON THE MARKET FOR \$10.00.

GLASSWARE, TINWARE and CROCKERY

At Reasonable Prices. Bring me your Rags, Green and Dry Hides.

Thanking you for your liberal patronage— I am yours truly, JOHN T. BURRIS.

SOUTH BOUND RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 20, 1893. To Savannah and Florida via Columbia.

A Louisiana girl, getting ready to elope, told her lover that she would have to let her trunk down from the window of her room. The young man procured a rope, to which the girl attached the trunk, which was a good-sized one. She succeeded in getting it to the window, when its weight jerked the rope from her hand and down the trunk went, breaking into pieces and scattering its contents everywhere. The old man, awakened by the noise, discovered all, while the disappointed lover took to his heels.

—About two miles from East Bend, N. C., there is a nice farm which has been in cultivation for upwards of ninety years. Upon it is situated a good substantial farmhouse, surrounded by a thrifty orchard. This place has been owned and occupied by seven married people during the last seventy-five years, yet during that period no child was ever called any of the wives mother, nor has there ever been a descendant to inherit the property.

They Were Not Man and Wife.

"There are some queer couples in this world," remarked a Dearborn street real estate agent. "The other day a man and woman called to see about renting a flat on the north side. The woman did all the talking, and turned to the man for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her and he did it very meekly.

"Well, says the woman fiercely, 'I will give you \$26 for the flat, won't you John?'"

"Yes'm," replied the man.

"And I'll pay my rent promptly, too, won't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

"And I'll take good care of the house, won't I, John?"

"But," I inquired, as is