

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1893.

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To Cleanse the Blood

Scrofula, catarrh, boils, pimples, carbuncles, running sores, eczema.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

12,000 Pair Shoes at Cost.

J. P. GOSSETT & CO.,

WHOLESALE

AND

RETAIL DEALERS IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Have thrown their Mammoth Stock

ON THE MARKET AT COST!

Preparatory to a dissolution of their firm, which will take place JUNE 1st.

When they say "Cost" they mean "Cost,"

Cost, actual Cost of the Goods!

In New York and Boston,

With transportation expenses added.

All Goods bearing their name or the names of the manufacturers are guaranteed to give a reasonable amount of wear. They will take back, exchange, or refund the money paid to any person not satisfied with purchases, provided the goods are returned in due time undamaged and unsoiled.

They are the only exclusive Shoe dealers in Anderson.

They are the only exclusive One Price dealers in Anderson.

They are the only Shoe Dealers in the State having a man directly connected with the Manufacturers.

No Trouble to Show Goods—all are Welcome.

CONSULT YOUR OWN INTEREST.

Do not Buy a Suit of Clothing or anything in Gents' Furnishings before Looking at our Stock.

In addition to the Goods carried over from the assigned stock of A. G. Means, Jr., which we continue to sell at and below New York Cost, we have bought—

A LARGE NEW STOCK,

Which you will find STYLISH, PERFECT FITTING, and at the SMALLEST PROFIT Goods in this line have ever been sold in Anderson.

IT MEANS MONEY TO YOU!

To examine our Stock BEFORE BUYING!

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No. 42 Granite Row.

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NOR OF GROVER CLEVELAND,

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ANDERSON, S. C.,

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Sylvester Bleckley Company,

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PRETTY SPRING & SUMMER GOODS!

Such as POMERAN LENO SATINES, MENTONE STRIPES, INDIAN DIMITY, INDIA AND PERSIAN MULLS, ALGERINE STRIPES.

The prettiest line of DOTTED SWISSES, in white and colors, A large line of DRAGON and BLACK ORGANDIES, in Satin Stripes and Patterns and Lace Effects.

Also, a Large and Elegant line of—

WHITE GOODS, GINGHAM, TEAZLE CLOTHS, BEDFORD CORDS, SATINES, CHAMBRAYS, PRINTS, &c., &c.

LACES and EMBROIDERIES—a full and complete line, from the cheapest to the handsomest patterns.

NOTIONS and NOVELTIES generally—a large and complete line.

Our SPECIALTIES in FRESH—just arrived and arriving daily—and are of the Latest Styles and Colors, and have been selected with the utmost taste and care. Our Stock is complete in every Department.

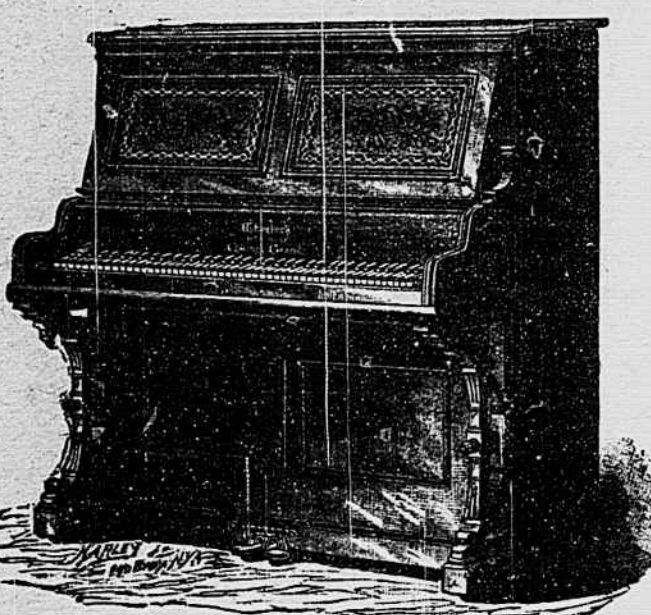
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TO THE LADIES we extend a most cordial invitation, and promise them the politest and most courteous attention.

Yours very truly,

SYLVESTER BLECKLEY COMPANY.

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HIGH GRADE PIANOS AND ORGANS!

We can supply any who may wish to purchase an Instrument at Manufacturers' prices. The justly celebrated Wheelock, Ivers & Ford, Everett and Kimball Pianos are our leaders. Finished in latest style Cases of Walnut, English Oak, Mahogany and Ebony.

Our SPECIALTIES in ORGANS are Farrand & Votey, Kimball and "Crown," with several other well known makes always in stock. Each Instrument is fully warranted for five years, and we guarantee price and quality. You are cordially invited to visit our Ware-rooms and inspect our immense stock. If this is inconvenient please write us for Catalogue and Prices. We can and will save you money by buying from us.

Respectfully

THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

The best Sewing Machine on the market—"The Celebrated NEW HOME"—always in stock.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Pretty Girls and Happy Song Birds.

Atlanta Constitution.

Pretty girls, happy birds and the wild flowers are fit associates in weather like the present—somehow I always associate them in the spring time.

Close to my window at home a pair of mocking birds have built a nest in an apple tree. With the beginning of pretty weather they began to prospect around for a place to build the little home. At last they settled upon this starchy apple tree, and I have watched them from the very first straw they brought there. The nest is finished now and some little eggs are in it. I reckon, and pretty soon some little birds will be there, but they will carry but a short time before they will be after flying away to the woods, never thinking and never knowing, as I know, how patiently that mother bird lugged the straw for the little nest, how she watched for intruders and with what skill she lay and twined each straw in its place and rounded it off so nicely just to hold her little ones. This is nothing, I guess; it is only nature, the most of folks would say, but it is so near akin to what I have seen in human actions that it strikes me. I have watched many a good woman with all the instincts of a mother, with all the sensibilities of a refined soul, devoted and loving, who has had to bear the flying away of her little ones and received almost as little consideration as this mother bird will receive. A mother's devotion crops out in everything, but a mother's love goes farther than anything. They will kill their young, protect them, if they can get to their cage after bad folks have stole them away.

I have given all the praise to the mother in this mocking bird business. It is right, but it's a little strange from me, for mostly I am in for the daddy having his share and more. This daddly mocking bird don't deserve any praise. He was mighty upity when he came about the tree, and was as indolent as he was grand. Not a thing would he do in the way of bringing straw and helping to round off the nest. He didn't have time, he was too full of songs and the apple tree has been too low for him. The tallest trees, big oaks and poplars, was his place, and from one to the other he would fly, all the time singing and leading cheer to everything in his hearing. Over to the woods that skirt the fields he would fly and sing sweetly for the plowman, then to the tallest oaks on the roadside he would sail and sing for passers by. All praised him who heard him, all but me, I did not nor don't, for I know how the mother bird was working—I know how negligent he was of home and how forgetful of his mate while singing for the praise of others. This is nothing either—only nature—but it, too, impresses me as being as near akin to human actions that I will hush before I say something harsh.

I should have not mentioned this grand singer, but he has provoked it. His little home is close to my window and I could not help but see. I had much rather speak well of all birds, for when I am tired physically and troubled in mind I like to go down by the little branch and lay down on the green grass there under the trees. They skirt down there are my friends. They bring down from limb to limb and chirp happily. Down in the little branch at my feet they hop among the pebbles throwing water over their pretty feathers—taking a bath. They put on no airs and are not afraid of me; they chirp for me just as they would for a king and this makes me feel good. Birds and children are much the same with me and the ones who take me in their rambles and look to me for protection, does me with a species of flattery that cuts my very heart. How can I protect anything? I never did anything right in my life, but there are children who believe what I say, they treat me with confidence and makes me feel proud, but sad, mighty sad, sometimes.

I am not so old nor so mean that I would forget pretty girls in their fresh spring dresses. They are sweet to look upon wherever you see them, but you are prettier to me among the wild flowers. Out picking in the place to see them at their best, and last week a crowd of them made me wish I could call back a twenty-five or thirty years. Brown sweaters that the older he gets the prettier the girls grow. A crowd of Georgia girls in white aprons and sunbonnets, with a fresh spring dress thrown in, all scrambled up with the wild flowers from these old Georgia woods would be a mighty fine thing to place at the World's Fair.

These girls out picking are themselves. They bend the saplings and ride up and down; grab a limb and swing away up; tumble over the logs and light over ditches as active as cats and as graceful as fawns. I like to see it. It makes me mad to see our girls treated as if they couldn't do anything. Up at Atlanta they lift them over the doorsteps, on the cars and off the cars, and if one was to drop a pocket handkerchief or glove there would be a dozen young men to jump and give it to her. This gallantry is all right, but if a girl expects to display through life receiving this kind of treatment she will be disappointed. These very same young gallants may some day lay in bed and wait for his wife to make the fire in the mornings. I have seen just such turns, and if you live long enough you will see it, too, or things to that effect. But anyhow pretty girls, happy birds and wild flowers are good enough for me, and enough to make any one cheerful when you meet them all together in the spring time.

Now, let us not forget Memorial Day. Let the pretty girls carry flowers there and scatter them over the graves of our soldier heroes. In a little while there will be no more of them living. They are getting old and feeble, what is left, and I know it does them good to watch this occasion. I believe that General Longstreet is the last one of the original generals. After a short while we will be figuring on the last old Confederate. Who will it be? No one can tell, but—Grieving less they grow the more sublime, "Till for the 'last' a world of hearts will chime.

—Some species of seaweed grow to the length of 600 yards.

STRANGE RACES AT THE FAIR.

Curious Visitors From Foreign Lands—Some Early Arrivals.

CHICAGO, April 19.—It is estimated that there are already 100,000 people in Chicago in connection with, or because of, the World's Fair. Some of them are visitors from the surrounding country, simply come to see how the buildings are progressing, a large number are the workmen in the grounds, and a good many are the various people attached to the exhibits. How many there are of the last named class can be realized when it is known that the German commissioners alone have applied for 3,000 passes. Passes, it may be remarked, are given only to persons having a legitimate connection with the Fair, so that there will be connected with the various exhibits of the German Empire 3,000 people. But there is a conspicuous group of the new population of the city which has awakened more interest than any other. It is composed of strange barbarians and people from out-of-the-way countries. These have been pouring in during the last week, and one of the first things they do is to take a walk about the streets of the city, followed by a joyous crowd of Chicago boys. The latter are as dirty as most street boys, and probably a little more impudent, but the distinguished strangers only understand the dirt, to which they are accustomed at home, and which they consequently like, and mistake the juvenile gibes for compliments uttered in an unknown tongue.

Early in the week there arrived 151 men and eleven women, followed later by a few others, who will together with twenty camels, twelve donkeys, and a lot of monkeys and snakes, make up the population of a "street in Cairo" which will be one of the attractions of the "midway pleasure." The people belong to the three principal races that one meets in the land of the Nile—Egyptians, Arabs and Nubians. Among them are a number of dancing girls, not very attractive in appearance in the light of day, it must be admitted, but it is said their dancing is far more electrifying than anything skit-dancers or serpentine movement dancers can do. These girls have not had the liberty that the train to their quarters in the exposition grounds, where they have been kept in strict seclusion ever since. There is an old conjurer in the party, Mally Nady by name, who is said to do a lot of the wonderful tricks of the East. He will be one of several of these wonderful wizards. Their tricks of slight-of-hand are said to be dissimilar to those of Americans and European prestidigitators, but in mysterious disappearances, optical delusions, and suspension of bodies in mid-air they are able to produce such startling effects as Western wizards have thus far endeavored in vain to emulate. Indeed, many of these tricks remain complete mysteries. Of course no "Street of Cairo" would be a correct reproduction without children, and the party just arrived includes a number of them. The boys will drive donkeys, but the donkeys that have been brought over are represented to be less lazy than Egyptian donkeys, or donkeys anywhere else for that matter, usually are. The party brought with them an immense quantity of luggage, all of which contains merchandise and bric-a-brac which will be sold as things are sold in Cairo. Of the snakes there are reported to be forty-seven all warranted to be charmed by the Egyptians whose property they are. Some are little serpents of six inches in length, which resist the charmer's influence at first, being of a frivolous and fractious disposition, and others are big old fellows which take life as they find it, including the bore of being charmed for the benefit of a crowd of people. There is one tremendous hooded cobra in the party which, it is to be hoped, will not forget to be charmed at the right time.

Another band of strange people is found near the South Park Gate, where it has been domesticated for some time. The "Esquimaux Village" is a complete picture of the far North transplanted in Jackson Park. The Esquimaux sit in total satisfaction and smoke and loaf all day long. They are a lazy race at home, and they are particularly lazy here. They have a pen of their native dogs, and a pretty lively pen it becomes at times, two for the dogs fight constantly. There are native canoes on their little lake, and into these the Esquimaux boys inwenter themselves, and paddle about whenever a visitor asks them to do so. The children and boys are rather bright faced, but the men and women look stupid to say the least. All of them wear native costumes of seal skin, and this has proved upon a hardship already on account of the heat. Fancy what it will be in the torrid days of July! It will be unpleasant to the spectator, too, for his interest in the Esquimaux will be marred by the consciousness that he is melting away.

The workmen in the park were startled a few days ago by the apparition of two black giants suddenly walking among them. They are new arrivals and are Zulu giants from Zululand. They come simply as guards to look out for the display of diamonds from Cape Colony. One or the other will always be on duty night and day. They are magnificent specimens of savage manhood, but they seem themselves thoroughly civilized.

As for Turks, the "midway pleasure" has already a village of them. The population consists of 450 Turks, 60 horses, 40 camels, and dromedaries and various small fry which bear relations towards the larger number of the Turks very much as trimmings are ranked with proportion to a dish. They also have dancing girls, besides actors and actresses, a native band and orchestra, and Mohammedan priests. It is said that the value of their exhibit will exceed \$1,500,000. Only a portion of it is here as yet, but it is all promised by May 1, and the work of erecting the booths is well in progress.

To jump from Turkey down to Bolivia is somewhat of a step, yet this was the visitor can do, for there has arrived a band of Bolivian Indians, a prodigious Bolivian giant, and more dancers and monkeys. Vancouver Indians, too, are here.

All this is in the "Midway Pleasure," a long strip of land especially set apart for peculiar diversions. It is 600 feet wide and seven-eighths of a mile long, and contains eighty acres of ground. Here will be also the Austrian village, Bohemian glass factory, a Dahomey village, Dutch settlement, East Indian industries, a Moorish palace, a Pompeian house, besides a thousand other smaller affairs. Some of these things are entirely complete, but others are not. One very interesting feature of the Pleasure is just come in the shape of Professor Carl Hagenbeck's Hamburg menagerie. The long and hard study that men have made almost since the world began to train wild beasts has been mastered by him quite successfully. His assistant, Mehmman, collected the beasts and trained them, so that he is entitled to as much credit as Hagenbeck. The performance promises to be of a most exciting description. The animals come into the ring at the same time. They consist of six lions, two tigers, two leopards, two black bears, one polar bear, and six large fox hounds, making nineteen in all, except that the fox hounds must be ranked as assistants in the training. The professor is armed with no other weapon than a light switch. The animals go through a great variety of tricks. Besides these, he has also a number of less fierce animals, such as elephants, monkeys, etc., which are also trained. These last hardly come under the head of strange people at the fair, yet they are found in the same locality, and will doubtless be seen by the same visitors.

The truth is that there is hardly a people on earth that one will not find represented in his native life at the fair. As for Japanese, they will appear in all their phrases. There are Japanese bays, Japanese tea-houses, and bits of genuine Japanese scenery. A miniature China will be here, too, including a company of Chinese actors who will act one play all summer. The red man of the plains will pitch his tent or wigwag; the cliff-dwellers have erected a huge artificial mountain, where they will show all their peculiarities. According to foreign appropriations, the largest is that of France, which allows \$738,000 for participation; Germany comes next with \$690,200; Japan next with \$630,765; and Brazil follows with \$600,000. There are hardly any governments which have not appropriated, and even those who have not will be represented through private subscription. The British Parliament appropriated only \$291,900 for participation but all the various British colonies have made separate appropriations bringing the total for the British Empire far above a million dollars.

If all the foreign exhibits turn out as they promise to do, it may be truthfully said that one can learn more of foreign ways and peoples at Jackson Park than he could learn in considerable travel abroad.

An Undesirable Place.

Mr. Clough Wallace, of Union, who by the way, is no relative of Judge Wallace, wants a five thousand dollar consolation that nobody else in America would give as a gift. He wants to go to the Congo Free States and doesn't know how to get there.

This is no reflection, however, on Mr. Wallace, for even officials in the State Department have been unable to give him the desired information.

Of the twelve consuls who have been sent from this country to Congo twelve embalmed corpses have been returned at government expense. So if Wallace gets his commission he will start on his journey with the pleasant knowledge that his twelve predecessors died on duty and that he is the thirteenth to go to the same spot, and thirteen is generally considered an unlucky number anyhow.

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The following is quoted from the report: "I cordially recommended to the United States Government as a substitute for capital punishment that all criminals convicted of murder in the first degree be sent to Congo. The system of execution suggested will be found more satisfactory than the hemp rope or electrical method. Soon after my arrival here a delegation of high priests called at the consulate and requested me to show my devotion to their little mud god by permitting myself to be made into a barbecued stew at the next religious celebration. Had I consented to this I would have been considered a very rare dish which only the priests could feast upon. The honor of being cooked at these celebrations is considered a consecration of the soul, but I did not care to be consecrated. The proposition is always made to the United States consul as a token of esteem. Of course, I am proud of the recognition my government is in the habit of receiving, but such compliments as the one just mentioned are a source of some annoyance to the present consul. So far only three of my toes and one finger have been eaten off by insects peculiar to this country. The Secretary of State tells me I have been very fortunate. About the only visitors I have at the consulate quarters are tarantulas and box-consulators, and they invariably drop in to pay their respects after dark when I am in bed. In closing this report I respectfully ask that I be transferred to some other government."

The poor fellow's request was allowed, but before he received such a notice from the State Department he died of Chagas fever.

Mr. Wallace's nerve is deserving of highest commendation, but his judgment is deemed rather poor.—Columbia Evening Journal.

Bucklers Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Blisters, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Hill Bros.

SUNDAY IN HELL,

The Origin of the Belief in a Day of Respite for Lost Souls.

From the Revue des Etudes Juives.

Every Jew who has received any instructions in his religion knows that at the end of the Sabbath it is customary to prolong the recitation of certain prayers, in order to lengthen the respite granted on that day to the damned, for as long as the faithful have not terminated the evening service the wicked are not obliged to return to Gehenna, in order to take up again the course of their punishments.

The first casuist who mentions the rite is Rab Amram in the ninth century, who speaks of it as a popular usage. The casuists themselves have never taken as seriously as might be believed the motives alleged for this religious usage, for they have never tried to abolish the rule which prescribes the suppression of these prayers in certain cases, as, for instance, when a festival occurs in the week which begins at the end of the Sabbath, thus running the great risk of condemning sinners to return sooner to Gehenna.

It can be shown, however, that the belief in the Sabbath repose of the damned is much older than the rite which expresses it, and this belief, it is nearly certain, was widely spread in the third century, at least, of our era.

What were the objects of establishing this rite? From a desire to soften the dogma of endless punishment? Dogma is a word unknown in the Talmudic theology, especially in eschatological questions. The Mishna declares that those who deny the resurrection of the dead will be excluded from the future world, but it takes good care not to be precise in regard to what it means by the "future world." The collection of Talmudic doctrines in regard to life beyond the tomb is a veritable chaos, the most dissimilar conceptions being admitted. The belief in the immortality of the soul does not exclude faith in an existence half terrestrial, half spiritual, for those who are no more. The Talmud, or to speak more precisely, the editors of that collection record, without hesitation, anecdotes which take us back to nearly prehistoric times, when the corpse, at the moment of being consigned to the grave, received objects of value which were carried by the dead to the subterranean world for the use of themselves or their companions.

The only possible hypothesis of the origin of the rite I am discussing is that it flows naturally from the sanctity which the institution of the Sabbath was invested. If God allotted to mortals one day of repose every week, He could not refuse that to the damned, whoever they might be. The Sabbath is too holy to be restricted to the terrestrial world; the whole universe, visible and invisible, shares therein.

Our rabbis of the middle ages would have been not a little astonished that a like belief exists among Christians, with this difference, naturally, that Sunday is substituted for Saturday. Not that the Church has ever officially sanctioned this belief—the theologians have always treated it as heresy—but all the efforts of the fathers have not prevented such a belief becoming popular. Long would be a list of the writings in which this belief is mentioned without objection. The most ancient witnesses of its existence are St. Augustine and Prudentius, that is, in the fourth century of our era.

It is admitted, without contradiction, that the notion of a Sunday respite for damned entered Christian literature by the circulation of a little work entitled "Apocalypse, or Vision of St. Paul." This writing has come down to us under different forms, in Greek, in Syriac, and in Latin. Neither of these versions represents the original, which seems to have been composed in Aramaic. However, by collating them and supplementing one by another, it is easy to reconstruct the first edition of the work, which has been done with great success by Mr. Herman Brandes, in a book published at Halle, in 1855.

According to this "Vision," St. Paul accompanied by the Archangel Michael, visits first the abode of the blessed and contemplates their felicity, and then repairs to hell to witness the torments inflicted on the damned. He hears the lamentations of these unfortunate creatures, whose sufferings never stop, and, moved by pity, he supplicates his Lord to grant them at least one day of respite in memory of his resurrection. The prayer of St. Paul was granted, and ever since the sinners in hell can rest from their torment from Saturday evening to the beginning of Monday.

The question arises whether the belief indicated in the "Vision" came to the Christians from the Jews. My own opinion, after a careful study of all the authorities and sources, is that the belief did come from the Jews in the second half of the fourth century. The "Vision," I believe, was invented by a monk, who was either born a Jew or else thoroughly instructed in the ideas and rites of the Jews in regard to death. In this way, thanks to a gentle romancer, the Jewish idea has made its way into the world. It has seduced the imagination of poets and writers of fiction in the middle ages while quieting those who were terrified by the dogma of endless punishment.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
The undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and he lives his life perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
Went & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadling, Kimball & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

—The peach trees in the United States cover over 507,000 acres.

Rescued by Death.

The baby was dead, and its poor young mother, worn out by her long watch, lay in the dead sleep of exhaustion. Every one else had expected the child's death long before, but the desolate mother's heart hopped up to the very last gasping breath that God would work a miracle in answer to her agonized prayers and it seemed to her that the end of all things had come.

Only a few squares away the baby's father sat in his cheerless boarding house chamber, holding in his trembling hand the newspaper containing the only notice he had received of his child's death. His own little daughter, and yet he had never seen her.

Manly Pratt and his wife (of a month only, had been lovers ever since their first term at kindergarten, and until they married had always been the best of friends. But it seemed as if the wedding ceremony had the key to unlock all the bad temper they both possessed; and he had quarrelled on their wedding night—differed as to the location of the new home, and separated because of a disagreement concerning the hanging of her great uncle's portrait. She had gone back to her mother and he to his bachelor ways, and after much trying had persuaded himself that he no longer missed her. And now this little obituary notice had suddenly shown him how mistaken he was.

Presently he went out and ordered some flowers sent to the house. "What kind?" asked the florist, and after a moment's hesitation he answered, "white cypressine nuns," with a sad recollection of how many times he had taken similar blossoms to Jenny on those happy days before they had married and—parted. "Poor little girl," he muttered, "how lonely she will be," and then, resolving to forget her, he went to bed. All night he dreamed much of the baby, but more of Jennie, and when, next morning, he remembered that the funeral services would take place at noon he decided to attend them.

He went to the Church (the one to which they had so often gone together, and in which the unlucky wedding had been performed) early, and, seating himself in a dark corner, watched her follow the little white casket in. He could not see her face through the heavy crepe veil which covered it, but he remembered how he had once seen her look over the death of a pet kitten, and he knew how the sweet lips would quiver and the soft eyes fill. He wondered sadly why they could not have lived happily together.

When the service was over he hastily left the Church and stood on the pavement close to the hearse, determined to see the last of his unknown child. Suddenly he started, for there close to his elbow, stood Jennie. As the carriage door closed she saw him, and with a heart broken look turned away. There were tears in his eyes as he looked after her and not all of them were for the baby.

He seemed to pass the next few days in a mournful dream, from which he waked to find himself riding down town in the same street car with Jennie. In a moment his mind was made up: he would speak to her, tell her how sorry he was, and ask her to make up again. He forgot how many times he had sworn never to make the first advance, he forgot his pride and his anger, he only remembered that the slender, sad looking girl across the car was his wife. But how to get a chance to address her? If he took a seat beside her, she might refuse to listen to him, even if he could induce either of the fat old ladies who overflowed upon her to change places with him. But while he considered this question the blessed (?) cable broke, and very soon the car was deserted by every one save Jennie and himself. He had decided that if she left the car he would follow her, and she had somehow divined his purpose, and resolved to stay where she was.

For a while he gazed sadly at her and she looked down at the pocketbook so firmly clasped in her nervous fingers. Then he crossed the car and seated himself by her side. "Jennie," he whispered trying to take her hand, and turned his head from him, he saw that a tear gathered and clung to the long eyelashes nearest him, and he took courage. "Jennie," he said again softly. There was no answer, but the big pearl button on her coat and this time she did not resist his hand. Then he boldly put his arm around her, and drawing her to him murmured, "Jennie, dear, let's be friends again." "I'm willing," she answered with a great sob.

A little later the conductor entered, and seeing their affectionate attitude started out of the opposite window, while he remarked loudly: "Cable's joined again sir." "All right," was the cheerful answer; "so are we," and Jennie blushed while the good-natured conductor smiled broadly. He had seen several such scenes in his nine years on the street railway. Now, all this happened some time ago, and the first baby which followed and was named after the little dead peace-maker has also taken its departure, but the bereaved parents are a happy couple in spite of their natural sorrow, and perhaps sometime, another may take its place.—Eliet Maude Colton, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—The Sadler family, living near White Plains, Ala., consisting of one brother and four unmarried sisters, is a remarkable one indeed. Each one of them is over eighty years of age, and they have lived in a little one room log hut all of their lives. They all chew home made tobacco, and drink strong coffee at each meal.

A new use has been found for the Columbian postage stamp. This last genius sends out circulars to all parts of the country and agrees to send a steel engraving of the "Landing of Columbus" on receipt of one dollar. The man who sends the dollar receives by return mail a two-cent Columbian postage stamp which contains the engraving. As these are steel engravings they answer the purpose as well as larger ones would, and the proprietors of the scheme are said to be reaping a harvest.

—The most curious animal in the world is the ornithorhynchus paradoxus of Australia. It is shaped like an otter, has fur like a beaver, is web-footed like a swan, has a bill like a duck, a tail like a fox, is amphibious and lays eggs.

—Elmer Perrine, of Long Branch, N. J., died Friday from the effects of a peculiar malady. Several months ago Perrine ate red peppers for his dinner. The seeds lodged in his stomach, germinated, and made him ill. To remove the peppers he was compelled to take strong emetics. It is said this brought on the disease that terminated in his death. Upon several occasions he coughed up several partially grown peppers.

Little Things.

Young people in beginning life are apt to be impatient of the first little steps that apparently make no advance, forgetting that seeming "trifles make up the sum of life," just as in building, the little bricks laid carefully, one at a time, side by side, and securely cemented together, make at last the great, strong structure.

A young man, having exhausted his patrimony in obtaining a professional education, settled himself in a town already filled with successful lawyers, to practice law. One day one of these older lawyers asked him, how, under such circumstances, he expected to make a living.

"I hope I may get a little practice," was the modest reply.

"It will be very little," said the lawyer.

"Then I will do that little well," answered the young man decidedly.

He carried out his determination. The little things well done brought larger for one, and in time he became one of the most distinguished jurists of his State.

Again, a certain old Bishop, who was fond of finding odd characters in out-of-the-way places, was visiting in a quiet neighborhood. One day, in a walk with a friend, he came across a crossroads settlement of a few houses. Among them was a snug little shoe shop, kept by an old negro man, which showed signs of prosperity.

Interested in the old cobbler, the Bishop stopped for a chat.

"My friend," he said, "I would not think so small a business as mending shoes would pay so well."

"Ah," said the gentleman with him, "old Cato has the monopoly of shoemending in this region. No one else gets a job."

"How is that, Cato?" asked the Bishop.