

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 14, 1893.

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## To Cleanse the Blood

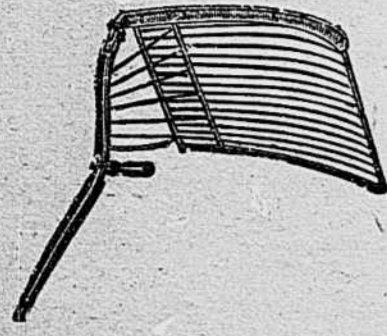
Of Scrofula, and other poisons, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best, the superior medicine. It does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out all impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. Be sure you get

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

## Josh Berry Grain Cradles!



THE ORIGINAL,

THE ONLY GENUINE

JOSH BERRY GRAIN CRADLES.

There are many imitations but no equal.

## BUY THE JOSH BERRY,

And you are sure to get the best. The Josh Berry is the only perfect Fourteen-Finger Grain Cradle made.

## HEEL SWEEPS, HEEL SWEEPS!

The "Victor" and the "Terrell."

## SULLIVAN HARDWARE CO.,

ALBERTON, GA. ANDERSON, S. C.

## PEOPLES' BLOCK!

## FRUIT JARS, FRUIT JAR RUBBERS.

I HAVE LARGE STOCK OF

Glass Fruit Jars, also Stone Jars.

CALL early and get a supply while they are cheap. Jelly Glasses, Sealing Wax, Fly Pans, Fly Traps, Ice Cream Churns, &c.

Don't forget I am agent for the Brennan Cane Mill, the best Mill known. Send for prices and catalogue. I also have the only self-acting Evaporator of the kind made. Less labor and best results. Evaporators repaired and made to order.

Also, agent for Sing Sing Hall Cotton Gin. Special prices made on application. Smoke Stacks for Engines made and repaired. Old Stoves taken in exchange for new ones. French Steel Bangs about half the price paid by some. Call and see them. Thanking you for past favors, and asking a continuance of same, I am yours, &c.

JOHN T. BURRISS.

## THE INAUGURATION!

Not at Washington, D. C., NOR OF GROVER CLEVELAND, BUT AT

## ANDERSON, S. C.,

And in the Store of

## Sylvester Bleckley Company,

Are being inaugurated daily immense Sales of their New and

## PRETTY SPRING and SUMMER GOODS!

Such as PONEMAH LENJ 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 Plaids and in Lace Effects.

Also, a Large and Elegant line of WHITE GOODS, GINGHAMS, TEAZLE CLOTHS, BEDFORD CORDS, SATINES, CHAMBRAYS, PRINTS, &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. The above are all NEW and 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.

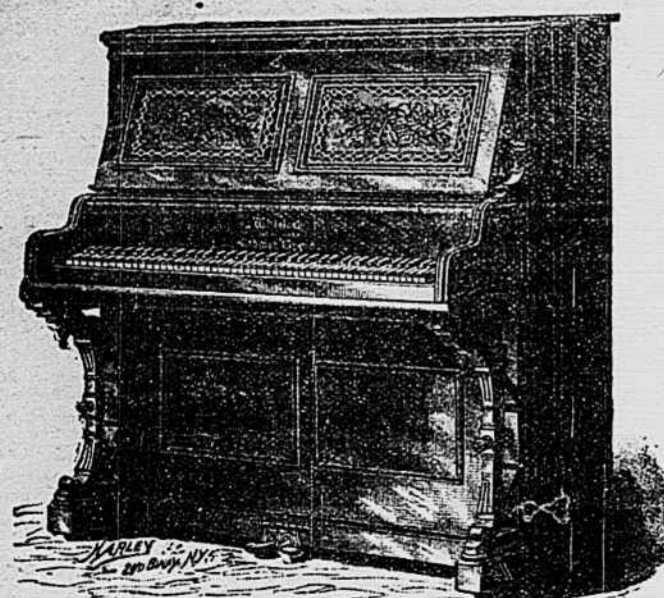
We are in the Dry Goods Business and propose to Sell Them.

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

Yours very truly,

Sylvestre BLECKLEY COMPANY.

## HOME IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT MUSIC!



Having Just Received a Large Addition to our Stock of

## HIGH GRADE PIANOS AND ORGANS!

We can supply any who may wish to purchase an Instrument at Manufacturers' Prices. Our celebrated Wheelock, Ivers & Pond, Everett and Kimball Pianos are our favorites. 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 guaranteed 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.

## THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

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

## THE SOUTH CAROLINA SALOON.

The Governor's Nephew Gives a Graphic Account of the Governor's Greatest Act of Statesmanship.

J. H. Tillman in the New York Sun.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 3.—One million five hundred thousand gallons! That is the estimated quantity of liquor heretofore consumed by South Carolinians in three hundred and sixty five days and nights.

The present Legislature of this State, although of a decided rustic caste, knows a good thing by sight as well as by taste. South Carolina in days past has promulgated many unique things, hatched vague theories and gone mad after diabolical phantasms, but it remained for an Alliance Legislature of to-day to place upon the statute books what is known as the dispensary law, which, aside from the miserable and mandatory feature of confiscating more than \$3,000,000—the entire belongings of the retail whiskey sellers—and annihilating a hitherto legitimate private business, if a success, will prove a bonanza to a once proud but now pauperized State.

Necessity is the mother of all great measures, and there is a bit of romance connected with the enactment of the dispensary system by the Palmetto State. It was purely an accident, for which a woman is responsible.

Last summer a prohibition wave swept over this State, and in the Democratic primary polled a majority of about 30,000. The line, however, was not sharply drawn, as the main issue of the campaign was "Tillman and Anti-Tillman." The State Democratic committee, which is controlled by the Tillman faction, fearing a clash with the Prohibitionists, passed a resolution permitting the white ribbon element to have a box at all the election precincts in which ballots were to be cast, so that the popular sentiment on the prohibition question might be ascertained. The whiskey men made no organized fight—in fact, no fight at all further than to poll an indifferent vote—while the prohibition men and women, preachers and lecturers, made an active canvass, even visiting school houses and discussing it from the pulpit. The result of the election was, as has already been stated, an overwhelming victory for the Prohibitionists. Emboldened by their partial success in obtaining a majority of the voting population of the State, the prohibition leaders introduced at the last sitting of the General Assembly a prohibition bill.

It was during the debate on this proposed measure, which lasted for several days and nights, and was at times stormy and personal, that the woman, ever ubiquitous woman, appeared on the scene. The galleries were crowded with friends and foes of the bill under consideration. Governor Tillman, who is avowedly opposed to prohibition, but did not wish to assume the responsibility of defeating the bill by his veto, had sent a message to both bodies telling them that he would sign any measure which they in their wisdom might pass. The Prohibitionists loudly cheered this new development, and it looked for a time as if South Carolina was doomed to prohibition—in name at least. During this excitement Governor Tillman was seated in the gallery of the house in company with a number of ladies, and among the number was a bright Georgia woman from the classic city of Athens. While everything was in confusion in the hall below and accusations and rejoinders were being hurled across the aisle, she turned to Governor Tillman and told him of the law then in force in Athens, known as the dispensary system. That settled it, Governor Tillman immediately left the gallery, and going to the executive office dispatched his messenger for his leaders in the House and Senate. Within five hours the caucus had assembled, and the present law was framed and introduced in the Senate as a substitute for the Prohibition bill. It passed both Houses and was approved by the Governor within a remarkably short space of time.

Thus the General Assembly rose to the occasion and met a condition with a theory—instead of a prohibition they enacted a law which is claimed by its opponents to be socialistic and in direct contradiction to the Alliance war cry, "Equal rights to all."

The building to be used for the State dispensary is the old Agricultural Hall, which is the property of the State. It is three stories high, more than 200 feet long, and about eighty feet wide. A macadam wine cellar runs the whole length. There is a popular belief that the South Carolina dispensary system is the same as that in Scandinavia, but there are vital differences, and success in Norway and Sweden does not necessarily mean success in South Carolina. The Scandinavian Government merely leases to associations or companies a total or partial monopoly of the supply of drinks in particular districts, and all the money they make over 5 per cent on their capital, which is regarded as legitimate interest, is placed in the Government treasury, and is devoted to purely public and philanthropic objects. Roads are built and substantial aid is given to education, museums, libraries, hospitals, homes for the poor, orphan asylums and the fund even contributes to the support of the total abstinence movement.

It must be remembered also that liquors in these two sister countries are sold in retail quantities at the usual retail prices, while South Carolina proposes to sell her stimulants in sealed packages, and necessarily cannot clear near so much money as she could have done under the real Goldenberg system. Smuggling is another contingency that cannot be disregarded. Norway and Sweden constitute a peninsula which is cut off from the rest of the world, making this practice well-nigh impossible; whereas South Carolina affords as good facilities for contraband trade as even the most timorous smuggler could wish. Scandinavia has a monarchial Government with monarchal rights, while South Carolina has a Republican Government and her inhabitants are a liberty loving people.

Much interest is everywhere manifested in this, the latest adventure of the Palmetto State; and its success or failure is watched with eagerness. The campaign next summer gives promise of bitterness and billingsgate. A successor to Senator Butler is to be elected, and the race will most likely be between the present incumbent and Governor Tillman. Both of these men are eloquent, and exhibit wonderful powers on the stump. The main issue of the campaign will be on the dispensary law.

## Few People Wholly Sane.

The autopsy performed the other day on the body of a murderer disclosed the fact that he was a very much diseased man. Judging from the statement of the physicians it seems as though nearly every vital organ from the brain to the spleen had something the matter with it. Reports of post mortem examinations always seem to disclose a remarkable number of such abnormalities, even in the apparently healthy person who has been suddenly killed by an accident.

"The fact is, that hardly any human being, even in the flush of youth and health, is wholly sane," said Dr. D. S. Lamb, of the Army Medical museum. "Even the sturdiest children are not so. The reason of it is that all human beings are constantly liable to injuries which are apt to be permanent. Our lungs are affected by the dust we breathe. The exposures to colds which we must encounter now and then leave their traces. Of all the people whose bodies I have dissected after death, not less than one-half have exhibited indications of an attack of pleurisy at some time in the past. Doubtless most of them never knew that they had suffered from the complaint. Beginning life as a squalling infant, one goes through the world meeting injury after injury through exposure, accident and disease. These injuries leave their traces on various organs of the body. When an autopsy is performed they are apparent to the eye of the physician. However, even the vital organs may work very well, notwithstanding the existence of acquired abnormalities. Though you yourself have every appearance of being sound and healthy, you are not completely so in reality. Do you not wear eye-glasses because the shape of your eyes is not normal? And are there not gold fillings in your teeth where they have decayed?"

"As I have said, none of us is wholly sound. An autopsy would give either you or me a clean bill of health. As we advance in life the complete integrity of our physical structure is rare and more impaired. By the time we reach old age it has got to be shaky. What, then, keeps us from dying? It is a power of resistance inherent in the individual. Nobody knows where that power lies, but it exists. People of temperance and careful habits live longer than others, because they avoid injuries and exposures. We often find abnormalities in the skeletons of human beings. Occasionally a man or woman will have twenty six ribs—thirteen on a side—instead of the usual twenty-four. This is regarded as a reversion to a primitive type of structure, inasmuch as many monkeys have thirteen ribs on each side. The anthropoid apes have only twenty-four ribs. Of all mammals the bat has the least number of ribs. Man at his fullest development has the smallest number of bones among all mammals, and mammals possess the greatest number. All rodents have seven bones in the neck, with two exceptions. The sloth has six and the sea cow eight. No matter how long the neck is it always has seven vertebrae. The giraffe has only as many bones in its neck as a man has, the difference is that they are longer."

Washington Star.

## Ten Years Between Drinks.

Mr. Samuel Blackwell, of Alabama, the newly appointed Third Auditor of the Treasury, is an instance of what a genuine man can do in the way of curing his appetite or shaking off a dangerous habit when he makes up his mind for a long but winning fight. He returned to Selma at the close of the war a returned and very attractive fellow of a strongly social disposition, and promptly fell in love with one of the bells of a town that is noted in the Southland for its beautiful women. The affection was mutual, but Blackwell, like so many other youngsters in the ranks, had acquired a thirst which he proceeded to slake whenever the humor seized him. The lady of his heart finally told him that she would marry him, but upon one condition only.

"What is that?" he asked.

"That you shall not swallow a drop of intoxicating liquor for ten years," said she.

"I know it," he said, but—

"Will you wait that long?" he inquired.

"She replied that she would. He responded, 'All right,' and went out. They were faithful during the decade of his probation. At the end of the time they were married. Mr. Blackwell had rigorously refrained ever since the day when he set his hat squarely on his head and walked out of his sweet heart's parlor.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fes, Sores, 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.

"Where did you get that cake, Annie?" "Mother gave it to me." "She always gives you more'n she does me." "Never mind, Harry; she's going to put mustard plasters on us to-night, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest."

Two negroes in cutting a great tree in a swamp near Snow Hill, Md., the other day, came upon an old cannon ball completely embedded in the trunk. The mass measured 3 feet in diameter and much of its growth had taken place since the ball found lodgment in the trunk. There has been no artillery firing in that region since the Revolutionary War.

## THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY R. W. LIDE

The frequency of murders shows an alarming state of society. Almost every issue of the secular newspaper has some harrowing account of murder committed. Men seem to be losing their respect for human life, and are forgetful that life is sacred.

God's instruction to Israel when they were leaving of living in tents, and began to build houses for themselves was (Deut. 22: 8.) "When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence."

The homes of the East were built with flat roofs, and the house-top during the warm season was the pleasant spot, and if one wished retirement for meditation and prayer (see Acts 10: 9, 10) he went upon the house-top. Now God shows how He regards human life by His law, and while under the influence of strong drink he commits murder. The man, instead of being excusable, is doubly guilty before God.

1. First, intemperate habits lead to crime. A man takes into his body that which steals his reason, shatters his nerves, arouses his passions, fires him with mad fury, and while under the influence of strong drink he commits murder. The man, instead of being excusable, is doubly guilty before God.

2. But I wish to mention especially what to my mind is the most prolific cause of murder, and that is the barbarous and cowardly practice of carrying concealed weapons. The ready pistol is a curse! Why do men carry pistols? For "self defence," they say, but not so; they wish to have every advantage of a possible antagonist, and they are prepared to take life if they are interfered with.

Every man who carries a pistol is a moral and physical coward! It has sometimes happened, yes often happened, that a man has taken a difficult way and another easier said, "I am glad I didn't have a pistol the other day, for I might have killed that man." So our law makers have recognized the fact that no man can trust himself with a deadly weapon while in the heat of passion, and have made a law against carrying concealed weapons. This law should be rigidly enforced. The Bible plan of settling our difficulties is by arbitration, without recourse to the courts. We should cultivate respect for other rights, and respect for human life, and when this shall be the universal sentiment crime will cease.

## Manifestations of Fear.

It is said that Emperor Charles the Fifth, reading an epitaph: "Here lies one who never knew fear," remarked, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers." It is certainly a somewhat absurd, though a favorite claim for a popular hero, that he "never knew fear." No one possessing human nerves and brains could say this with truth. That a brave man never yields to the emotion may be true enough; but to say that at no period of his life he experienced fear is simply impossible. As Lord Lytton expresses it:

"It shames man not to feel man's mortal fear, It shames man only if that fear subdue."

There is a story of a young recruit in the "Thirty Years' War" going into action for the first time in his life in the highest spirit: "Look at Johann," remarked one of his comrades as the troops were drawn up ready to charge, "he is full of jokes; how brave he is." "Not at all," replied the veteran addressed; "he knows nothing of what is coming. You and I, old comrades, are far braver; we sit still on our horses, though we are terribly afraid."

Fear is certainly one of the most irrational of the passions. It is not always excited by the presence of danger. Men who can be cool and collected in cases of real peril will tremble at some fanciful alarm. The Duke of Schomberg could face an enemy with ready courage, but fled from a room if he saw a cat in it. A very brave French officer fainted at the sight of a mouse. The author of the "Turkish Spy" states that he would rather encounter a lion in a desert than be alone in a room with a spider. Many people have similar fanciful antipathies, which excite their fears in a manner real danger would be powerless to do. Fear of infection is a dread that embitters the lives of many sensible people. There is a legend of an Eastern dervish, who, knowing that a plague was about to visit a certain city, bargained with the disease that only a specified number of victims should fall. When twice the number perished, the plague explained its apparent breach of contract by asserting "Fear killed the rest." In all times of epidemics doctors can tell similar tales. During the Great Plague of 1865-6, an unfortunate man died purely from fright; a practical joker who met him in the street pretended to discover the fatal "spots" upon him and the poor man went home and died, not of the disease, but of sheer terror. A long obituary list might be compiled of the victims of fear; from the criminal in the Middle Ages, who, reprieved after he had laid his head on the block, was found to have died ere the axe could touch him; down to the poor nun mentioned by Horace Walpole, whose diabolical abess literally "frightened her to death" by visiting her at night and telling her that she was dying.—London Daily News.

## Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists.

The greatest song writer was Schubert. He produced over 1,200 songs.

## The Troubles of Being a Woman.

Upon the whole it is a dreadful thing to be a woman, and do the business up in good shape.

In the first place, you've got to look well, or else you're nobody. A man may be homely and still be popular. Whiskers cover up the most of his face, and if he has got a large mouth, nobody mistrusts it; and, if he wrinkles his forehead, his friends speak of his many cares, and of his thoughtful disposition, and tell each other that his wrinkles are lines of thought. Lines of thought, indeed! when, in all probability, his forehead is wrinkled by the habit he has got of scowling at his wife when the coffee isn't strong enough.

A woman must always be in good order throughout. Her hair must be frizzed and banged as the fashion demands; and she must powder if she has shining skin; and she must manage to look sweet, no matter how sour she may feel, and she must hang just so, and her laces must be always spotless, and her boot buttons always in place, and her finger nails clean, she mustn't whistle nor clasp her fingers nor stote cats, nor swear, when she is mad.

She can't go out alone because ladies must be protected. She can't go anywhere when it rains, because her hair won't stay crimped, and she'll get mud on her petticoats, and things. She can't be a Freemason, because she would tell her secrets, and everybody would know all about that goat and that griffin. She can't smoke because it wouldn't be feminine. She can't go courting because it is unwomanly. She must get married before she is twenty-five or everybody will feel wronged. People will sigh over her, and wonder why it is that all the men and widows will smile significantly—and keep quiet.

Oh, these smiles and those significant looks! They are ten times worse than open slander.

It is a terrible thing to be an old maid—terrible! Everybody knows it is, and the women who are married to drunken husbands, and who manage to quarrel with them six days out of the seven, will groan in agony of spirit over the single woman, and call her the poor old maid!

A woman must marry rich, or she doesn't marry well. To marry ill is the end of a woman's existence, judging from a view which people in general take of the matter.

It is everybody's business who a woman marries. The whole neighborhood put their heads together and talk over the pros and cons, and decide whether she is good enough for him. And they criticize the shape of her nose, and the way she does up her hair, and relate anecdotes of how lazy her grandfather was, and how her Aunt Sally used to sell beans and butter milk.

A woman must wear No. 2 boots on No. 8 feet, and she must manage to dress well on seventy-five cents a week; and she must be kind to the poor, and be ready to dress dolls, and make aprons and ties for church fairs.

She must be a good cook, and she must be able to "do up" her husband's shirts so that the heathen Chinese washerman would groan with envy and gnash his teeth with the same unpolished passion, at sight of them.

She must always have the masculine buttons in the family sewed on so that they never will come off while in use, and she must keep the family history so that nobody would mistrust that there were toes inside of the stockings when they are on.

She must hold herself in continual readiness to find everything her husband has lost—and a man never knows where anything is. He will put his boots carelessly away on the parlor sofa, and when he has hunted after them half an hour he will appear in his wife with a countenance like that of the avenging angel, and demand to know "What in the thunder has she done with my boots?"

She must shut all the doors after her lord and master, and likewise the bureau drawers, for a married man never was known to shut a drawer. It would be as unnatural as for a hen to go swimming for recreation.

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## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Even though we do not see God, God is very near to us all and always.

—Be the kind of man that you would like to have your boys become.

—A quarter of each generation is said to die before reaching the age of seventy.

—The fellow who is always boasting how he litches for a fight seldom comes to the scratch.

—It is one thing to tell a man he can't sing, and another to make him believe it.

—Indianapolis claims to have the biggest man on earth, his weight being 907 pounds.

—Freeman Biggus, who lives near Charleston, Ill., has killed during his lifetime 21,000 squirrels.

—The United States is the first nation in the world's history to have three cities of over 1,000,000 each.

—A dollar loaned for 100 years and compounded at 24 per cent will amount in that time to \$2,551,799,404.

—The town of Newton, Kan., boasts of a man who says his wife is a better cook than his mother ever was.

—"Ten dollars 'fo' stealing dat chicken!" cried Rastus. "Why jege, hon! now, I could 'a' bought dat hen 'fo' fifty cents."

—The fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Revelations contains more words than any other verse in the New Testament.

—She: Are you certain you'll love me when I'm old? He: Yes, I'm positive. False hair and teeth may even be an improvement, you know.

—Do not be concerned about the question "Shall we know each other in heaven?" when you pass your next door neighbor without speaking to him.

—"Have you received any pie yet?" said one officeholder to another. "No, but I've received provisions of another sort." "What sort?" "Cold shoulder."

—John Habe, of Elkhardt, Ind., has an eight dollar bill, which he claims to be the oldest specimen of United States money extant. It was issued in 1778.

—Johnstown, Pa., which was practically swept away by the floods three or four years ago, is now more prosperous than ever, and has a population of 35,000.

—Our fellow creatures can only judge of what we are from what we do; but in the eyes of our Maker what we do is of no worth except as it flows from what we are.

—There is an old Mexican law which prohibits a ninth marriage. A much-married American, in ignorance of the law, violated it and is now in jail in Colima.

—"Prisoner, can you show that you have done anything for a living these last six months?" "No, your honor." "Where have you been during that time?" "I was a member of a State Legislature."

—"Customer—'Didn't you tell me this horse was afraid of nothing?' Dealer—"That's just what I said." "Why, he shies at his own shadow." "Well, a shadow is about as near nothing as anything I know of."

—Hicks—"The Rhode Island courts have decided that the father has the legal right to name the baby." "What do you think of that?" Mrs. Hicks—"I think Rhode Island is about the smallest State in the Union."

—At the first indication of disorder, the deranged or enfeebled condition of the stomach, liver, or bowels, should be promptly filled by Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These Pills do not grip, are perfectly safe to take, and remove all tendency to liver and bowel complaints.

—"Wonderful climate in Arizona," said the returned wanderer. "I knowed a fellow who had twenty-seven bullets shot into him an' still got 'em all over." "He must have suffered a great deal." "He did, pardner, he did. The pore fellow was so full 'o holes that he couldn't hold water."