"One day, when I was fishing from a small boat some miles from the shore and near an old wreck in the bay, I found that the water was so clear that the fish were able to trace the line to the boat, and they persistently refused to take the bait, realizing the yank at the end of it Besides, Prussia had just the very Getting tired at last of fishing and force opposed to her in 1870 against catching nothing, I bent my head which good clockwork would be over the side of the dory and watchsure to prevail-a piece of bogus military mechanism. Whether Prused the fish as they played about the sandy bottom. The water was about sia would have had as easy a victory 12 feet deep, yet the bottom was as clearly visible as if it had been but ble of organizing and using a really mobile force of 60,000 men is anothtwo. While I watched the antics of the fish I saw an immense bulk er question. It is possible that such slowly paddle within the radius of a spearhead stuck into the clockmy vision. It was a great june fish, work might have done a great deal one of the sort that equals in bulk a of damage. That, however, is speculation. What we do know is that Louisiana cow. "The fish settled upon the sand the Prussian army was a splendid fighting organism at the end of the directly under the boat, and then,

ernous mouth, and out came several score of small fishes, which began to frolic in evident enjoyment. While they thus amused themselves In spite, then, of the magnificent organization of the present Euro- a shadow grew upon the bottom, and I made out the form of a very large blanket fish stealthily slipping toward the unsuspecting small fry. that some new Alexander may arise Suddenly they saw the enemy, and fighting which, for a time, at any with a mad rush the lot made for rate, may bring all their far stretch. the mouth of the big june fish. The ed greatness to ruin. Of course such latter, however, happened to be a genius in the art of war may nev- closed upon a too venturesome crab er get to the front, but that his op- and did not open to receive them portunity exists in the present bloat- quick enough, and the blanket fish swallowed about a dozen before the crab disappeared within the maw of the big battalions? All military au- the june fish. The depleted school sought refuge in the mouth of its considering that the European na- elephantine protector, and, with a tions are practically equal in cour- sluggish flap of its basslike tail, the age and morale, the way to win a hulk swam out of sight, and the battle is to confront five men of the blanket fish proceeded sweetly to enemy with eight, or, if possible, slumber upon the brown sands. "This is where it made a mistake.

that the big armies will always beat Possibly not five minutes had elapsed before I saw the june fish peep from behind the wreck, and then, quiesce in the big battalions theory as it saw the blanket fish sleeping, it slowly made its way toward the devourer of its small friends. As it halted above the blanket fish, and properly organized mobile armies almost directly beneath my boat, I will beat the huge, unwieldy armies saw that it held in its tremendous gists contemplate putting into the this discovery the june fish let the field. Remember, your big battal- rock roll from its mouth, and it fell ions must confront the little battal- with a dull thud, which I could distinctly hear, directly upon the liver colored back of its enemy. The stone must have weighed 50 pounds, with a body of 40,000, the big bat- and it must have severed the vertebræ of the blanket fish, for the latter little while its long tail wiggled desa couple of hundred thousand men perately and its horned brow dug up the sand in clouds. When it the 200,000 men are available at the struggles ended, I saw that it was dead and almost covered with th sand it had disturbed in its effort

"When the water had cleared, th big june fish came creeping agai Globe-Democrat.

Bad Facts For Bachelors.

Some curious figures have lately been made public by a celebrated Berlin physician which seem to point to the fact that if a man wants to live long and preserve his health and strength he ought to marry. Among unmarried men between the ages of 30 and 45 the death rate is 27 per cent. Among married men between the same ages it is only 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors who live to be 40 years of age 78 married men triumphantly arrive at the same period. The difference gets all the more marked as time goes on. At 60 years of age there are only 22 bachelors to 48 married men, at 70 there are 11 bachelors to 27 who are married, and by the time they reach 90 the married men are three to one, for there are nine

Enough to Rouse the Sphinx. "They are playing golf within

'Say, if that doesn't make the press and her son Paul against smallpox in 1768 Baron Dimsdale sphinx talk, I don't know what

will!"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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ROYAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

she was rolling tenderly through the crowd.

If the box next to him had not been a wicker one, the dean would have sat on it and gasped. As it was he gasped standing. "My dear, a bicycle!" he said

THE OLD STORY.

They stood beside the fence that ran

Between their fathers' farms. He leaned upon the topmost rail

His strong and brawny arms.

Was very plain to see.

Ah, earnestly he spoke to her.

For on some daisies in her hand

Her eyes were fixed, and these

the plucked to pieces one by one And cast upon the breeze.

As the last leaf she plucked and flung

It on the wind, she turned
Her eyes to his and saw the love
Within their depths that burned,
And then at last she seemed to cast
All doubt, all fear aside.

Her love she did confess and gave

Over the fence he lightly leaped And clasped her to his breast, And to her cheek, that brightly hurned,

His glowing lips he pressed.
Then, as the sunset's rosy glow
Brightened the peaceful land,
With happy hearts toward her home
They wandered hand in hand.

Absorbed in sweetest talk. He knew what suit his neighbor's son

Would make to him and smiled, For ever had he wished that he

ould wed his darling child.

Her father in the doorway stood

As they came up the walk, Indifferent to all around,

If he might wed the maid

The old man in her lover's hand His daughter's gently laid. The kindly words he uttered filled With joy the lover's heart,

And to each other pledged two lives
That only death could part.

—New York Ledger.

THE SELECT'S FALL:

with a hand which absolutely shook

with apprehension. Chirchester was

a cathedral town which had not

traveled apace with the rest of the

world. It disapproved even of ten-

nis, except when played mildly on

private grounds, and had played

croquet steadily when croquet was

dead, with a lordly disregard for

the guests' amusement. Now that

it had come in again they played it

joyfully, but still with the old light

mallets and wide hoops of their

youth. The mothers of Chirchester

read the new library books with

horror stricken looks and little

trickles of guilty enjoyment. Crick-

et hunting and the new "biking"

were things their daughters might

not do. Riding gently along the

roads was ladylike and permissible,

but the archdeacon's wife actually

blushed when a thoughtless person

asked her what safety habit her

daughter wore, for Louisa Holroyd's

pretty figure was hidden in an am-

lor, the skirt of which came well

below her deepest grievance, her

tiny buttoned boots. The archdea-

con's wife was the sternest and

most unbending of the "select," as

the country people dubbed the

church circle.

their task.

say he should be delighted.

equably tempered man.

evidently their guesc.

dainty hands and feet.

"You are Helen Adair?"

"I am glad," said Mrs. Carberry

nervously, "that Cissie is away;

very glad. More tea, dear?" And in

sheer absence of mind she watered

the teapot from the hot milk jug

and handed a cup of the strange

liquid to the dean, who looked at it

resignedly and rose, for he was an

A week later. The dean and Mrs.

Carberry stepped nervously forward

as the mail thundered in from Lon-

don and discharged its living freight

on the platform; then their eyes lit

joyously on a girl clad in the quiet-

est of traveling costumes, who was

"Ah, yes, and you are Mrs. Car-

berry?" The girl held out her hand,

dexterously evading the affectionate

peck which the elder lady would

have bestowed on her. She was a

tall, slim girl, with big, mischie-

vious gray eyes and peculiarly

me, Mr. Dean? Here is the list."

And she vanished in the crowd. The

dean made his way to the luggage

sweet and low at his elbow.

"Would you see to my things for

"I trust not, indeed."

en."

Her troth to be his bride.

Her shoulder just came up to them. A slender maid was she,

Yet that she ruled that stalwart youth

The burning words he said She seemed to hear and heed, and yet She lifted not her head,

weakly. A bicycle in the innermost circle of the select! Helen Adair caught the stony de-

spair in Mrs. Carberry's eyes and saw the dean's flushed cheeks, and her eyes danced suddenly as she took in the situation."

"Don't you ride one, either of you?" she said sweetly. "Perhaps I'd better ride it up. I'm very proud

A girl on a bicycle following the deanery carriage! The dean gasped again and gave some hasty orders to a porter, and Helen was bundled into the wagonette, her eyes looking somewhat anxiously back at her

precious wheel. Between her natural kindliness and her horror at receiving a new woman into her home Mrs. Carberry spent a restless evening, for they soon gathered that Helen hunted and fished and shot, and yet she spoke of none of those things, but And when the young man, stammering, drew the dean into an animated discussion on the Transvaal question at dinner and told Mrs. Carberry of the latest things in chiffons afterward. The dean could not help thinking he had not spent such a pleasant evening for a long time, and Mrs. Carberry would have agreed with him had it not been for the metal steed reposing in the front hall. As it was she thought of the "I do hope, my dear, that she is austere archdeacon and his wife, of not one of those dreadful new wom-Mrs. Green, the doctor's wife and

others, and she sighed occasionally. Mrs. Holroyd hastened to call The dean of Chirchester peppered next day and came in with heighthis chop with a thoughtful air, and ened color, having passed the wheel-Mrs. Carberry poured out his tea

ed monster in the hall. "You must put your foot down," she said sternly, drowning some weak defense of Mrs. Carberry as to every one riding now. "Remember, my dear, no half measures. She must not use it here."

Then Helen came in, and matters might have run smoothly had they not begun to discuss with bated breath one of the newest books, and Helen joined in carelessly. "It's rather clever," she said.

Mrs. Holroyd dropped her glasses with a clatter. You-have-read -that-book?" she said, dropping each word out slowly.

"Oh, yes!" Helen smiled. "It is a very ordinary book, you know. 1 rather agree with the authoress."

Mrs. Holroyd rose slowly. She could only show how shocked she was by withdrawing her stately presence. "No, thank you, Mrs. Carberry," she said, "I cannot stay for tea this evening. Good afternoon, Miss Adair. I cannot underent made by the local taistand what your father must have been thinking of to allow you even to hear that book's name." And, not without an inkling that her last sentence was slightly overdrawn, she withdrew, leaving Helen to laugh greatly at her antiquated ideas. And cowardly Mrs. Carberry

The bishop and his fat, merry forgot to defend her. wife had no children and were given There gradually came a rift from to laughing leniently at the vagaries that time among the select; the girls of the new woman. So it fell on murmured openly because they were the archdeacon and the dean to keep not allowed to ride bicycles; they the select circle together, and, groaned enviously when they saw though there was a twinkle in the Helen's numerous tennis prizes. handsome dean's eye and a swing of And Louisa Holroyd was said to his broad shoulders which hinted have wept bitterly when she saw he had sometimes played brighter Helen riding in a smart covert coatgames than croquet, that, as Ruding habit and caught a glimpse of yard Kipling would say, was "another story," and, so far, he and the neat "tops" which just showed below the skirt. The elders, to the archdeacon had been equal to quell the rebellion, were stricter even than usual to their daughters Today the dean was disturbed as and prided themselves more than he looked at an open letter on the

ever on their customs not being as table. The letter was from a cousin other men's. who was obliged to go abroad for an indefinite time on business and Mrs. Carberry was "at home" to had written asking the dean if he the surrounding country and town; would give his only daughter a croquet was being played on the home during his absence. "A bright, trimly kept lawn, archery, bowls, pleasant girl; I feel sure you would even Aunt Sally in a faraway corlike her as a companion to your own ner, where shouts of unseemiy girl," and if the dean consented she laughter were smothered by surwas to come in a week. How could rounding shrubs. Every one had he say no? He was to be liberally come, the day was cloudless, and paid for his guest, and her father Mrs. Carberry felt it was all a tre- her lips. was an old friend; he must write to

mendous success. Nearly every one had gone in to sea, only Helen and two flannel clad young men were on the croquet lawn, aimlessly hitting the balls about. They had voted the tearoom

too hot to bear. "Stupid game, isn't iti" said one of the men, as he missed a hoop and hit the ball away in disgust.

"Yes,isn'tit?" said Helen. "And," "Yes," he said, "it is an excellent regretfully, "what a lovely cricket thing, for then, if the girl is at all ground it would make! I haven't advanced, there will be time to get played for ages—no one does here." her into our ways before Cissie re-

"Oh, lots of the country girls do. Look here, I came on from a cricket practice. I've bats and a ball stuck in the trees over there. Let's have up these hoops and I'll bowl to you."

Helen was delighted and in a moment walking sticks and an umbrella represented the wickets, and Helen was hitting distinctly easy balls in all directions. The dean's portly figure appeared at the end of the walk. He stood still, amazed.

"Cricket, Helen!" he exclaimed, laughing. "If Mrs. Holroyd saw you! Have you seen a parasol anywhere? Old Lady Damer sent me to look for hers; it's all real lace, and she's anxious about it."

"No, I haven't. I say, Uncle Jos -she had long ago said Mr. Dean was too formal-bowl me a ball. They can't get me out," nodding contemptuously at the two officers. compartment and had just finished his task when Helen's voice sounded | A distinctly ungrateful speech, considering they had only been too "Everything's there, I see. Would grateful to leave her in.

you get a special messenger to wheel this up, or shall I ride it?" She had ically on the leather covered ball would buy brown top boots or black.

her hand on a smart bicycle, which which Captain Elton handed to him. The trim lawn faded away, and he heard again the triumphant yells of his side at Oxford, when, with the victory apparently a certainty for the others, he had bowled three men for three balls and left his side victors by two runs. He stepped carefully up to the walking stick which marked the second wicket, flourished his arm once or twice and bowled. It was a nasty, slow ball, breaking in, and Helen's off stump went

down with a crash. "What a splendid ball!" exclaimed the two men, and Helen clamored for more, "for practice." The dean | cabin is devoted to clothes, hanging laughed triumphantly. Then Helen suddenly exclaimed: "Let's have a match, Uncle Jos Church versus State. I'm sure we could beat those two." And before the dean knew where he was they had tossed for going in, and he found himself bowling vigorously at Captain Elton, who, armed with a rake handle, was

at the wickets. "It is very hot," he gasped, and, looking round guiltily, he quickly flung his coat on the grass and flew to catch a ball which Captain Elton had returned to him. Then he stood appalled, for the bishop's voice came to his ears, and, turning, he saw the bishop and his wife standing close behind him. "Cricket!" The bishop's pale, intellectual face was full of laughter as he saw the dean, coatless and breathless, flying for the ball. "I thought this was strictly forbidden."

"Oh, my lord, come and umpire. We want one badly," called out Helen, quite unabashed, and the dean, who had stood still, horror neighborhood is full of palacesstricken, picked up the ball again | Babelsberg, beloved by the old emwhen he saw the lenient expression on the episcopal face, and saw the bishop move in to umpire, while Mrs. Howard sat down on a bench and absolutely shook with merriment. Cricket in the dean's gar-

den! It was too amusing. By dint of what Helen called poking, the two soldiers had made 15 runs, and then Helen took her place at the wickets. She was really a fair lady cricketer, and, as fielders were scarce, she ran up the score to 11 in a few minutes, retiring with a cry of disgust as Captain Elton caught her out cleverly with his left

hand .. "Now, Mr. Dean," the bishop's wife called out impatiently, as the dean stood hesitating.

there's no one else to see." And the dean went in. A rake handle is not the best of bats, but the dean made a mighty smite, caught the ball on the half volley, and away it went over all their heads into a clump of bushes. Once, twice, thrice did the dean fly to the stick and back-his breath was gone, his face was scarlet-four

"I can't go again," he gasped pit

"You must!" Helen had set her heart on winning. "One more and we win; run, Uncle Jos, run!" But the delay was almost fatal, for, as the dean turned to run back, Captain Elton flung in the ball. "Eun on!" cried the bishop's wife.

'Oh! do hurry." "Out!" cried Mr. Ely, banging down a walking stick. "Oh, no; in!" said Helen.

The dean had no breath to argue "In or out, my lord?" The rivals appealed both together to the bishop, who was holding his sides as he langhed; but, then what a sight met their eyes as they turned. The whole of the dean's large party stood looking on, on the edge of the what had they seen as they came up? The dean, their dean, flying, coatless and hatless, up and down, playing cricket in the sacred precincts of the deanery, and the bishop cheering him and laughing. How heads again, and before all the country, too-the country which they had so often lectured on its advanced ways? Mrs. Holroyd looked round in stony despair, words that

were too bitter to utter trembled on The dean hurriedly picked up his coat and hid as much of his breathless person inside it as was possible. The bishop had decided he was fairly in, so his triumph enabled him to face without flinching the glare in the eyes of his circle and his wife's

piteous face. "My parasol, Mr. Dean?" said Lady Damer smiling; "you appear to have forgotten it.'

"I am so sorry," stammered the dean. "It wasn't here, and I"-Lady Damer put up her pince nez doubtfully. "I really believe," she said, "yes, indeed-why, you were using it as a wicket," and she fished the middle stump, which was adorn-

ed with lace, out of the ground. Mrs. Carberry groaned audibly. "It was my fault," exclaimed Helen. "I never looked at it."

"Never mind, my dear," said the old lady, laughing, "you must come out and play cricket with my grandchildren. We'll get up a match, Mrs. Carberry, as you don't object to cricket now. Let me see, shall we say next week-Thursday?" and Mrs. Carberry said, "Yes." The fall of the select was com-

plete, for they picked sides and played more cricket that same afternoon-minus the dean-Mrs. Holroyd accepted her defeat and was silent even when Alicia Holroyd announced openly that she must come up to try a ride on Helen's bicycle. Only Louisa Holroyd sat away and spoke no rebellious words, but she was deciding what color her new The dean's fingers closed mechan- habit would be and whether she

A GERMAN HOUSEBOAT. The Views That Greet a Traveler on the River Havel.

MODERN ARMIES.

Them Immobile.

if some Frenchman had arisen capa-

Seven Years' war, and that at Jena.

some 40 years after, it proved utter-

ly unable to meet Napoleon's quick,

pean armies and of their vast size.

we believe it to be quite possible

who will organize a new method of

ed armaments we have no sort of

doubt. Yet, it will be said, how about

thorities agree that in the end, and

ten, men of your own. That proves

the small? By no means. It is be-

cause we entirely and absolutely ac-

-"Providence is on the side of the

big battalions," was Napoleon's dic-

tum-that we hold that small and

ion not on paper, but on the ground;

hence, if a body of 20,000 men can

he swiftly and suddenly confronted

talions rule is on the side of the

40,000. The fact that the 20,000 be-

long to an organization which has

behind it does not matter. Unless

An extremely mobile army, ready

to spring first in one direction and

then in another, is quite capable of

beating an army three or four times

its size and beating it always by

having a substantial majority of

combatants in every actual engage-

ment. Of course the big army may

be so splendidly organized that it

will be quite as mobile, if not more

mobile, than the small army. In

that case the small army will be

swallowed whole. All we contend

is that the hugeness of the European

armies tends to make them immo-

bile and that, therefore, it is always

possible that some clever invention

The Bravest of the Brave.

Spectator.

-"Heroic Japan."

moment they do not count.

fierce assault.

We are by no means sure that ar-

Their Largeness Has a Tendency to Make Imagine a broad flat bottomed boat 100 feet long with a house upon mies at the end of the nineteenth it! In the bow is a good sized saloon century are not to some extent in or sitting room, with ten windowsthe condition of the armies of the five on each side-and a door, half last few years of the eighteenth cenglass, leading to an awning shaded tury. No doubt the modern generals deck. From the saloon one looks are, or, shall we say seem, less down a corridor, so long and so narsleepy headed than the old bewigrow that one almost expects to see ged Austrians and Prussians, though ninepins at the far end. The cabins they, it must be remembered, were are on each side. In the stern are a in their day reckoned men of science. pantry and a tiny kitchen. One a good deal of our modern military on hooks and lying folded on the organization has become stiff and unused berths; in another is a large unpractical. We shall be told, no bathtub, utilized only as a place in doubt, that the Prussian army went which to store wine and soda water like clockwork in 1870, but we must bottles. The clear river water on be allowed to doubt whether the all sides is so enticing to bathers clockwork is quite as good now as that tubs are not wanted. it was then, in spite of appearances.

The river Havel is full of lovely surprises. It widens out into quiet lakes fringed with rushes, where water birds chirp and whistle, build their nests and rear their young. The shore is thickly wooded with alders, white birches, limes and towering fir trees, whose somber crowns even the sunlight can scarcely brighten, though it reddens their slender boles till at sunset they gleam like copper. The acacias are in full bloom at this season. Their pure white blossoms hang high out of reach and fling such a wealth of fragrance on the air that one thinks of the lemon and orange groves of the south. Flat, sandy Brandenburg has no lovelier spot than the country surrounding Potsdam. The peror; the marble palace, where William II lived as crown prince; Sans Souci, on which Frederick the Great lavished so much care and treasure; the new palace, which the same Frederick built to prove that the Seven Years' war had not exhausted his resources; the house on the Pfauen insel (Peacock island), which Queen Louise loved, and Glienicke, now inhabited by Prince Leo-

pold, the cousin of the emperor, who married the emperor's sister. Near all these interesting dwellings, on a lakelike expanse in the midst of the charming balsamy woods, floats the anchored boathouse, swinging in the breeze, until to the inhabitants it seems as if she had left her moorings and had started on a voyage of exploration. The quiet is broken only by the singing of birds, and the persistent croak of the frogs which hide in the rushes .-Harper's Bazar.

The Many Bibles. It is estimated that at the beginning of the present century not copies of the Scriptures were in existence in the whole world. I have seen no estimate as to the number of copies probably in existence at the present time, but in one year, 1888, alone, the statistics for which happen to be at hand, the number of copies issued considerably exceeded the 6,000,000 which were possibly in existence in the whole world in 1800. In the decade preceding this year, 1878-88, the number published in various languages is given as having been about 34,000,000some six times the whole number in

existence when the century began. It is certain that the number of copies now existing must be numbered by the hundred millions. From the rooms of the British and Foreign Bible society in London alone are sent forth daily from 5,000 to 7,000 copies, to which must ground, led by Mrs. Holroyd, and be added the copies issued from all their subordinate depots in various lands, and the issues of the American Bible society, and of several other lesser bodies; so that the recent statement is quite credible which puts the whole number of could the select ever hold up their | copies of the Scriptures issued since the century began as over 404,000,-000.—Church at Home and Abroad.

The Power of Cannon. La Nature contains a short note in which the horsepower of a cannon is calculated. An Italian cannon of 100 tons, with a charge of 550 pounds of powder and a shot weighing about 2,000 pounds, will give an initial velocity of 523 meters per second. The length of time during which the power acts is less than one-hundredth of a second, from which it follows that the horsepower developed is about 17,000,000. The writer adds that after about 100 shots the cannon is put out of service, and its total active life is therefore only one second. In large modern cannon the horsepower runs as high as 24,000,000. If the writer had carried out these calculations still further, he would have found that, after all, this 24,000,000 horsepower does not represent a large amount of energy, as it would be just sufficient to run 31 incandescent lamps for only one day.

His Money's Worth. "What ever induced you to marry

such a big man?"

She had no bell. At the crosswalk a stalwart policeman awaited her coming. What could she do?

handle bar and wrung her hands. Then the policeman smiled and passed on. - Cycling Gazette.

is said about the tongue." True, the thing is in everybody's mouth.

received \$50,000 as a fee, \$10,000 for expenses and an annuity of \$2,500, while, in addition to all this, he was granted the title of baron. This

"Well, he married me for my money, so I wanted to get my money's worth."-Detroit Free Press.

A Ringer.

As the full measure of her peril found. - Pittsburg Chronicle-Teledawned upon her she let go of the egraph.

thing English. Some author tells us that "much

together.

Mr. Snaggs-Rainmaking would be a lost art but for one thing. Mrs. Snaggs-What is that? Mr. Snaggs-It never had been

What Saves It.

For inoculating the Russian em-

was just 30 years before Jenner's

discovery of vaccination, for which

parliament granted him \$150,000 al-

His Speech Betrayed Him.

She-Yes. I noticed that in his

to my amazement, it opened its cav-

to escape the rock. from behind the wreck and follow ing it the residue of the school of small fry that had apparently been taken in charge of by their big protector. Ascertaining beyond a doubt that the blanket fish had passed in its fishy checks, the june fish and the small fry merrily gamboled above the corpse of their antagonist, and there I left them."-St. Louis

in the direction of intense mobility may give victory to a small and apparently not particularly well found army in other respects.-London Holding the baby in his left arm while he grasped his saber with his right, Captain Highuchi marched to the capture of the next fort, receiving at one time a bullet through his cap. The fort was taken in gallant style, the baby meanwhile looking on in wondering surprise at the din and uproar of the battle, perfectly content to rest on the kind hearted captain's shoulder. When all was over this gallant officer gave his tiny charge to some of his troopers, who bore the child in safety to a Chinese house in a village hard by. of them to every three bachelors.

sight of the pyramids.

He-My friend is opposed to every - Chinese streets are supposed to conversation .- Yonkers Statesman of them are only eight feet wide.

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