IN SHADOW.

The world was fair, and very fair; Blue sky and sunshine everywhere; But 'mid the flowering of the world One little bud kept closely curled. In vain the wooing sunshine smiled, The little bud was not beguiled.

But when the night wept wild with rain Upon the desolated plain
Night through her shadows saw unclose
The petals of the hidden rose; A rose of love, to scent the years.

Ah, turn and take it through your tears!

—E. Nesbit in Black and White.

FRECKLES.

He was the most peculiar chap that ever came to Dunston's school, not excepting even Mason, who shot the doctor's wife's parrot with a catapult, and' after he had been flogged offered to stuff it in the face of the whole school and nearly got expelled. Freckles was so called owing to his skin, which was simply a complicated pattern much like what you can see in any map of the Grecian archipelago. This arose, he thought, from his having been born in Australia. Anyway, it was rum to see, and so were his hands, which had reddish down on the backs. His eyes were also reddish-a sort of mixture of red Freckles got the eighth book of Teleand gray specks, and they glimmered like a cat's when he was angry, which was often. His real name was Maine. His father had made a big fortune selling wool at Sydney, and his grandfather was one of the last people to be transported to Botany Bay-through no fault of his own. After he had been on a convict ship two years a chap at home confessed on his deathbed that he had done the thing Maine's grandfather was transported for. So they naturally let Maine's grandfather go free, and he was so sick about it that he never came back home again, but married a farm-Australia seemed to him about the biter's daughter near Sydney and settled out there for good.

Maine didn't think much of England and was always talking about the Australian forests of blue gum trees and bush and sneering rather at the size of our forests round Merivale, though they were good ones. He never joined in games, but roamed away alone for miles and miles into the country on half holidays and trespassed with a cheek I never saw equaled. He could run like a hare, especially about half a mile or so, which, as he explained to me, is just about a distance to blow a keeper. Certainly, though often chased, he was never caught and never recognized, owing to things he did which he had learned in Australia and copied from famous bushrangers. His great hope some day was to be a bushranger himself, and he practiced in a quiet way every Saturday afternoon, making it a rule to go out of bounds always. His get up was fine. Me, being fond of the country and not keen on games, he rather took to, and after I had sworn on crossed knives not to say a word to a soul (which I never did til! Freckles left) he told me his secrets and showed me his things. If you'd seen Freckles starting for an excursion you wouldn't have said there was anything remarkable about him, but really he was armed to the teeth and had everything a bushranger would be likely to want in a quiet place like Merivale. Down his leg was the barrel of an airgun, strong enough to kill any small thing like a cat at 25 yards. The rest of the gun was arranged inside the lining of his coat, and the slugs you fired he carried loose in his trousers pockets. Round his waist he had a leather belt he got from a sailor for a pound. Inside the leather was human skin, said to be flayed off a chap by cannibals somewhere, which was a splendid thing to have for your own, if it was true, and in the belt a place had been specially made for a knife. Freckles, of course, had a knife in it-a bowie knife that made you cold to see. He never used it, but kept it ready, and said if a keeper ever caught him he possibly might have to. In addition to these things he carried in his coat pockets a little spirit lamp and a collapsible tin pot and a bag of tea. Lastly, Freckles had a flat lead mask with holes for the eyes and mouth which he always fitted on when tres-

passing. Once, as an awful favor-me being much smaller and not fast enough to run away from a man-he let me come and see what he did when bushranging on a half holiday in winter. "I shan't run my usual frightful risks with you,' he said, "because I might have to open fire to save you, and that would be very disagreeable to me, but we'll trespass a bit, and I'll shoot a few things if I can. I don't shoot much. Only for food."

He made me a mask with tinfoil off chocolate, smoothed out and gummed on cardboard, but I had no arms, and he said I had better not try and get any. We started for the usual walk. Chaps were allowed to go through a public pine wood to Merivale, but half through, by a place where was a board which warned us to keep the path, Freckles branched off into some dead bracken and squatted down and put on his mask. I also put on mine. Then he fastened his airgun together and loaded it and told me to walk six paces behind him and do as he did. His eyes were awfully keen, and now and then he pointed to a feather on the ground or an old nest or a patch of rum fungus or a crab apple still hanging on the tree, though all the leaves were off.

Once he fired at a jay and missed it, then fell down in the fern as if he was shot himself and remained quite motionless for some time. He told me that he always did so after firing that he might hear if anybody had been attracted by the sound. It was a well known look fellows in the eyes again, but it bushman's dodge. Once we saw a keeper through a clearing, and Freckles lay flat on his stomach, and so did I. He knew the keeper well and told me he had many times escaped from him.

Well, that gives you an idea of Freckles, and the affair with Frenchy. which I am going to tell you of, showed that he really was cut out for bushrang-

ing. Frenchy, as we called him, was M. Michel He didn't belong entirely to Dunston's, but lived in Merivale and came to us three days a week, and a branch over the road, and I thought went to a girls' school the other three. I'd drop down almost on top of Frenchy He was a rum, oldish chap, whose great peculiarities were to make puns in Eng- did do, only I dropped wrong and came lish and to appeal to our honor about down pretty nearly on my head owing

He would slang a fellow horribly one did exactly happen to me as I left the day and wave his arms and pretty near- tree I shall never know. Anyway by jump out of his skin, and the next day he would bring up a whacking pear for the fellow he'd slanged or a new knife or something. He pretty nearly likely a yard into the air, but that was all because in falling I hit a big root so he went. and Feckles went after

cried sometimes, and ne told us mis (it was a beech tree) and went and nerves were frightfully tricky, and often led him to be harsh when he didn't | thing in my chest and couldn't stand. mean it. He couldn't keep order or make chaps work if they didn't choose, and Steggles, who had an awfully cunning dodge of always rubbing him up the wrong way and then looking crushed and broken hearted so as to get things, which he did, said that Frenchy was like damp fireworks, because you never knew exactly when he'd go off or One day, dashing out of class with ?

of the classroom, in fact, and Frenchy

had got palpitation from it. He let into

Freckles properly then. He said he was

his "bete noire" and "un sot a vingt-

quatre carats"-which means an 18

carat ass in English, but 24 carats in

French-and "one of the aborigines

who ought to be kept on a chain," and

many other suchlike things. Freckles

turned all colors, and then white, with

a sort of bluish tint to his lips. He

didn't say a word, but looked at Frenchy

with such a frightful expression that I

felt soriething would happen later. All

that happened at the time was that

machus to write out into French from

English, and then correct by Fenelon,

which was a pretty big job if a chap

had been fool enough to try and do

it, and M. Michel went off to Meri-

vale with a big card fluttering on his coattail with "Ici on parle Francais"

written on it in red pencil. This I had

managed to do myself while Frenchy

was jawing Freckles. I told Freckles,

but it didn't comfort him much. He

said there were some things no mortal

man would stand, and to be called "an

aborigine" because a man was born in

terest insult even an old frog eating

Frenchman could have invented. Hap-

pening to him of all chaps it was espe-

cially a thing which would have to be

revenged, seeing what his views were.

"I couldn't bushrange or anything

with a clear conscience in the future if

I had a thing like this hanging over me.

It's the frightfulest slur on my char-

acter, and I won't sit down under it

Then he said he should take a week

Next time Frenchy came up he was

just the same as ever-awfully easygo-

ing and jolly and let Freckles off the

Telemachus, and offered him as classy

a knife, with a corkscrew and other

things, including tweezers, as ever you

saw-just the knife for Freckles, con-

sidering his ways. But it didn't come

off. Freckles got white again when he

"Thank you, monsieur. I don't want

Then Frenchy called him a silly boy

and tried to make a joke and playfully

pinch Freckles by the ear. But nobody

away. Then Frenchy sighed and looked

round to see who should have the knife.

and didn't seem to see anybody in par-

ticular, and left it on his desk. He of-

ten sighed in class, and sometimes told

us he was without friends, unless he

might call us friends, and we said he

When he went, Freckles told me he

considered the knife was another insult.

Then he explained what he was going

"I shall finish the impo. first, so as

not to be obliged to him for anything,

"It's a bushranging expression," he

explained. "To 'stick up' a man is to

make him stand and deliver what he's

got. I see my way to do this with

Frenchy. He always goes and comes

from Merivale through the woods, as

you know, and now he's up here on

Friday nights coaching Slade and Bet-

terton for their army exam. Afterward

he has supper with Mr. Thompson or

the doctor. There you are. I wait my

time in the wood, which is jolly lonely

by night, though it is such a potty lit-

tle place hardly worth calling a wood.

Then he comes along, and I stick him

"It's highway robbery," I said.

"I might," he said, "but I shan't.

You must begin your career some time,

and I'm going to next Friday night.

I've often got out of the dormitory and

been in that wood by night, and only

the chaps in the dormitory have known

Well, the night came, and all that

we heard about it till "terward was

that about 11 o'clock, c. possibly even

later than that, there was a fearful

pealing at the front door of Dunston's,

and looking out we could see a stretcher

and something on it. That something

was actually Freckles, though the few

chaps who knew what was going to be

done felt sure it must be Frenchy. Be-

cause Freckles is 5 feet 10 inches and

growing, and Frenchy isn't more than

5 feet 6 inches at the outside, and a

all right, and two laboring men had

Not for five weeks afterward, when

Freckles could get up and limp about,

did I hear the truth, and I'll tell it in

his own words, because they must be

better than a chap's who wasn't there.

He seemed frightfully down in the

mouth and said that he could never

cheered him telling me, and when I told

him he was thundering well out of it

"I got off all right, and the moon

was as clear as day, and everything

just ripe for sticking a chap up. Then,

like a fool, having a longish time to

wait, I didn't just stop in shadow be-

hind a tree trunk or something in the

usual way, but thought I'd do a thing

I'd never heard of bushrangers doing,

though Indian thugs are pretty good at

it. I went and got up a tree which has

to start with. And that's just what I

to slipping somehow at the start. What

he admitted he was. He said:

poor thing at that. But it was Freckles

come with them.

"You might get years and years of im-

"Stick him up? How?" I said.

and then I shall stick him up.'

w the joke, and Freckles dodged

your knife, and the imposition is half

done, and will be finished next time

to settle what to do, and went into the

He said

for 50 Frenchmen.

playground alone.

saw the knife and said:

vou come.

to do. He said:

priscnment.

rolled, and be recognized me. " 'Mon Dieu! It is the boy Maine! frightful yell. Freckles got sent for, he said. 'Speak, child! What in the and went back and found monsieur raving mad. It seemed that Freckles wide world was this?' had yelled too soon-before he was out

broke something in my ankle and some-

Consequently, of course, I couldn't stick

him up. The pain was pretty thick, but

feeling what a fool I was seemed to

make me forget it. Anyway, finding it

was useless thinking of sticking him

up, I tried to hobble into the fern and

get out of sight, and finding I couldn't

crawl I rolled. But, of course, you can't

roll away from a chap, and he came

after me, and my mask fell off while I

"I disguised my voice and said I wasn't Maine, and that he'd better leave me alone or it might be the worse for him yet. But he wouldn't go, and chancing to get queer about the head somehow I went off, I suppose, though it wasn't for long. When I came to, he was gone, but he rushed back in a minute with that rotten old top hat he wears full of water he'd got from the puddle in the stone pit. He doused my head and made me sit up with my back against a tree. Then, feeling the frightfulness of it, I again begged him to go and let me be. I said:

" 'You don't know what you're doing. I'm no friend to you, but the deadliest enemy you've got in the world very likely, and if I hadn't fallen down at a critical moment and broken myself I should have stuck you up, M. Michel. So now you know.

"He said to himself: 'The poor mad boy, the poor mad boy! I will run a toutes jambes for succor.' But I told him not to. I began to get a rum hot pain in my side then, but I felt I would gladly have died there rather than be obliged to him. I said:

"'You called me an "aborigine," which is the most terrible thing you can call an Australian born chap, and you wanted to pass it off with a knife with a corkscrew and tweezers in it. But you couldn't expect me to take it feeling as I did. Now the fortunes of war have given you the victory, and, if you please, I wish you'd go.

"He wouldn't, though. He said he wouldn't have hurt my feelings for anything. He seemed to overlook altogether what I was going to do to him and asked me where it hurt me. I told him, and he said it was his fault-fancy that-and wished he was big enough to carry me back. I kept on asking him to go, and at last, after begging my pardon like anything for about a week it seemed, he went. But I heard him shouting and yelling French yells in the woods, and after a bit he came back with two men and a hurdle. They presently took me back, and what Frenchy's said since to the doctor I don't know. In fact, I didn't know anything for days. Anyway I've had nothing but a mild rowing and very good grub, and I'm not to be even flogged, though that's probably because I broke a rib or two, not including the bone in my leg. like that, eh? I shouldn't have thought | 1669 the Dutch fleet sailed up the cially after I told him what I was go-

"Yes." I said, "that's all right. But what about bushranging?"

"It's pretty sickening," he said, "but I feel as if all the keenness was knocked out of me. If a chap can't so much as fall out of a tree on a wanderer's path at the nick of time without smashing himself, what's the good of

"Besides," I said, "if it hadn't been Frenchy, but somebody else of a different turn of mind, he might have taken you at a disadvantage and killed you.' "In real bushranging that is what

would have happened," admitted Freckles. "As it is, I feel months, perhaps years, will have to go by before I feel to hanker after it again. And meantime I shan't rest in peace till I've paid Frenchy."

"How?" I asked. "Well, I believe it's to be done. He's often come to see me while I was on my back in bed, and he's told me a lot about himself. He's frightfully hard un and a Roman Catholic, and hopes to lay his bones in la belle France, with luck, but he doesn't think he'll ever be able to manage it. He told me all this, little knowing my father was extremely rich. Well, you see, the mater wants somebody French for the kids at home, which are girls, and knowing Frenchy bars this climate I think Australia might do him good. He's 53 years old, and it seems to me if the guv'nor wrote and offered him his passage and a good screw he'd go. I have made it a personal thing to myself, and told the guv'nor what a good little chap he is and what a beautiful accent he's got and the thing that happened in the wood."

The affair dropped then, and about six weeks after, when Freckles was getting fit again, he walked with me one half holiday to see the place where he was smashed up. The bough was a frightful high one to drop from even in daylight; also it was broken. Freckles got awfully excited when he spotted it. "There, there!" he said. "That's the

best thing I've seen for 12 weeks!" "I don't see much to squeak about," I said, "especially as the beastly thing

brought him back, and Frenchy had | nearly did for you. "But can't you see? It's broken. That's what did it. I thought I slipped, and if I had I shouldn't have been made of the stuff for a bushranger; but its breaking is jolly different. That wasn't my fault. The most hardened old hand must have come down then. In fact. you couldn't have stopped up. Oh, what a lot of misery I'd have been saved through all these weeks if I'd known it broke in a natural sort of

He got an extraordinary deal of comfort out of it, and said he should return to his old ways again as soon as he could run a mile without stopping. And we found his lead mask, like Ned Kelly's, just where it had dropped when he rolled over in the fern, and he welcomed it like a friend or a dog. That's the end, except that his fatherdid write to Dunston, and Dunston, not being very keen about Frenchy himself, seemed to think he would be just the chap for the girls of Freckles' father. Anyway he went, and he cried when he said "Goodby" to the school, and Freckles told me that when he said "Goodby" to him he yelled with crying and blessed him in French, and said that the sunny atmos-

Bears the

him much sooner than he ever expected to, because the keepers finally caught THE BITE OF A SNAKE him in the game preserves sitting in his hole under the stream bank frizzling | EVERY LAND HAS ITS CHARMS AND the leg of a pheasant which he had shot out of a tree with his airgun, and Dunston wrote to his father, and his father wrote back that Freckles, being now 14 and apparently having less sense than when he left Australia, had better return and begin life as an office boy in his place of business. Freckles told me that office boys in his father's office generally got a fortnight's holiday, but that his mother would probably work up his governor to give him three weeks. Then he would get a proper outfit and track away to the boundless scrub and fall in with other lecting an inquiry of such profound imchaps who had similar ideas and begin to bushrange seriously. But he never wrote to me, and I don't know if he really succeeded well. I'm sure I hope he did, for he was a tidy chap, though queer. -Eden Philpotts in Idler.

Matrimony and Business In Africa.

The sailor who had a wife in every port he visited has his counterpart in the native trader of west Africa, who has a wife in every village with which he trades. There is one important difference-Jack's wives helped to spend his money, whereas the trader's wives help to make it. Miss Kingsley tells us of the custom and also gives the explanation.

It would be useless for the trader to sit at home and wait for his customers to come to him, because each village is usually at feud with all the neighboring villages, and the inhabitants dare not venture beyond their own district on pain of being robbed first and eaten afterward. On the other hand, it is obviously a risky thing for the black trader assortment of the very goods best calculated to arouse the cupidity of the guileless African.

To lessen the danger he resorts to frequent matrimony. In every village he takes a wife from one of the most important families and so secures a faction who favor him. The African wife is not subject to jealousy, and so each have a husband who can keep her supplied with cloth and beads to outshine her neighbors. Her male relatives are proud of the connection with so important a nan and hope besides to be especiall favored in matters of business. In return they take his part in disputes and help him to collect his debts and treat him generally as a respected member of the family.

First Run on a Bank.

Although banking was practiced ariong the Egyptians 600 years before Christ, and among the Romans almost in its modern form 1,900 years ago, vet. according to Gilbart, the first "run" of which we have any account in history of banking occurred in the year 1667. At that date the bankers of England were the goldsmiths, who had a short But I'm all right now, and I think it | time before begun to add banking to was about the most sporting thing a | their ordinary business, and had bechap ever did for Frenchy to treat me come very numerous and influential. In it was in a Frenchman to do it, espe- Thames, blew up the fort at Sheerness, set fire to Chatham and burned some latter was applied to the wound, and it ships of the line.

This created the greatest consternawho had intrusted their money to the bankers, for it was known that the latter had advanced large sums to the king | Mr. Selous gives some examples of its for public purposes, and it was rumored that now the king would not be able to pay the money. To quell the panic a them. royal proclamation was issued to the effect that payments by the exchequer to the bankers would be made as usual In 1671 there was another run on the London banks, when Charles II shut up the exchequer and refused to pay the the money which they had advanced. On this occasion many of the banks and their customers were ruined .- Pitts-

burg Dispatch.

Sue Brette—Does not applause denote pleasure in an audience? Footlight-Why, certainly.

"I notice you always get more applause when you go off the stage than when you come on. "-Yonkers States-

Wood For Canes.

Oak and hazel have always held their own. Holly was almost an equal favorite. The ground ash has constantly been used by country folk of all degrees having any association with horses or in London simplex munditiis, just the mark of distinction. At present the hasurmise, aware of the magic lore always as to which much might be written. Orange wood and lemon wood find favor

Curious sticks there are, too, if this be not a "bull." made of huge cabbage stalks from the Channel islands. The blackthorn has always found Ireland | Yet the evidence is equally strong and true to it as the needle to the pole, while some part of Scotland likes the rowan. This is a tree of much magical over many centuries. It was Simon legend. Twigs of it nailed on cowhouse or stable act as does the horseshoe else- Bruce's heart in the train of Douglas, carries a rowan stick with a bit of red from paganry; for proof, it is mounted thread attached to ward off from the in a silver coin of Edward I. And from cattle the evil eye, warlocks or witch- that time until the ages of faith had es. - Gentleman's Magazine.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Kumor. June, 1875, after a visit to London. Simply a scratch. All right, jolly, well and through with the difficulty. My father pleased about the Burns. Never dipped. Under the commonwealth, 30 travel in the same carriage with three ablebodied seamen and a fruiterer from Kent. The A. B.'s speak all night as for unholy practices. It lost courage, though they were hailing vessels at sea, and the fruiterer as if he were crying fruit in a noisy market place. Such, at least, is my funeste experience. I wonder if a fruiterer from some place elsesay Worcestershire-would offer the same phenomenon? Insoluble doubt .--"Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson" in Scribner's

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of Chat H. Flitchers

A Boer Snake Stone That Is Said to Have the Power of Drawing the Poison From Bites-A Scotch Snake Stone With a Tragic History.

CURES FOR IT.

In every land the natives have a cure, or a dozen, to which they trust, besides charms. It is probable that the great majority of these have never been tested, and persons who have not looked into the matter naturally blame the government and the doctors for negportance. But investigation so far has not been encouraging. Nearly always it proves that the healing herb is chosen under the influence of the maxim that "like cures like." Our forefathers held it as strongly as any modern savages a few hundred years ago, and it is not extinct among us to this day. Various plants resemble a snake in flower or mode of growth, and for no better reason they are accounted remedies for its bite. A root which curls and twists proclaims its own virtue, as one may say, and if it be mottled there is no further room for doubt. Some of these resemblances are so strong, indeed, that the fancy of the savage becomes quite intelligible. Messrs. Sander introduced a new

aroid from the Malay countries some years ago, the bloom of which is so strangely like a cobra in the act of striking that the idea of a connection between the plant and the snake suggests itself to even the unlearned observer. It is called Arisæma fimbriata. We have not heard that the natives use to travel from village to village with an | it as an antidote to the venom of the cobra, but a savant inclined to bet would offer long odds that they do. Upon the same reasoning the Indians of Peru use the root of Polyanthus tuberosa and a creeper which they call huaco. Credible persons have borne testimony to the good effect of both, but neither could sustain a trial at the hands of scientific men in Lima. In the of the wives is more than content to successful cases reported, either the poison had not been imbibed or else the snake did not really belong to a poisonous species.

The famous markhor of the Himalayas, which young sportsmen dream about-and old ones, too, for that matter-is said to eat snakes-in fact, that is the meaning of the word markhor. The statement is not improbable, if it be true, as highland shepherds allege that goats wage war on the adders. But in the entrails of any old markhor that mystic substance bezoar is found some-

It may be suspected indeed that most of the "stones" used as charms, which puzzle European observers by their singular formation, would be recognized at sight by a Chinese dector as bezoar. The latest testimony which we have noticed to the merit of "snake stones" is that of Mr. Selous. He describes one from his own observation and experience as light, porous, polished on the upper surface, which had blackish and ravish mottlings, rough below. The sucked up the poison like a sponge, giving it off "in a thin white thread' tion in London, especially among those when plunged in ammonia. This stone belonged to a Boer, in whose family it had remained for several generations. efficacy from his own knowledge. But he did not personally witness any of

Such stories are innumerable, and many of them rest upon good authori-One of the best will be found in Frank Buckland's 'Curiosities of Natural History.' In this instance the "stone" was submitted to analysis at bankers either principal or interest of the College of Surgeons, and readers who have a healthy love for the marvelous will be delighted to learn that Mr. Quekett, the chemist of that institution, could make nothing of it. He satisfied himself that it was a vegetable substance, but the resources of science could not go beyond that. It seems curious that so little should be known about these things when a score at least are in the hands of rich and charitable Hindoos, who lend them in case of need. Some of those gentlemen would not object to an examination probably. But doctors are hard worked in India, and they commonly despise all treatment which is not regular. There is no regular treatment for snake bite, however, so they might allow themselves an excursion into unauthorized realms.

Much has been done of late years, cattle. At one time it was fashionable | indeed, and it may be hoped that a real cure, with no mystery about it, will be plain supple, elastic stick, but with a discovered soon. That is beyond our gold band around the top to give it a theme. But we need not travel to India for a snake stone. There is a specizel seems fashionable. Those who use men in Scotland older probably than it are not in the majority of cases, we any of these foreigners and more renowned-the Lee penny, now, by latest associated with the hazel and its nuts. | report, in the hands of Lockhart of Lee. It must be admitted that this venerable object is rather too much of a panacea. One might feel more confidence in its efficacy against snake bite if it did not also profess to cure hydrophobia, burns and the cattle plague. equally abundant in its favor for all these cases. And that evidence extends Lockhart of Lee, vie same who carried where, and the herd boy or girl often that brought the precious relic home quite vanished-say, the middle of the last century-the stone was in continual request. There are tragic incidents in its story. Isabel Young was burned in 1629 for curing her cattle with water in which the Lee penny had been years later, the synod of Glasgow ventured to attack Sir James Lee himself however, and withdrew the indictment, contenting itself with a "serious admonition to the said laird."-London

- William Dickerson, of Chester, Pa., has been treated by physicians for bronchitis and other ailments; but with little relief. Last Wednesday night while lying on a lounge, he was seized with a fit of coughing, and ejected a live lizzard from his mouth. He thinks that the reptile was taken into his stomach when he drank water from a - spring while gunning.

- If a man is easily discouraged he will languish his obscurity.

Dickens' Minute Observation. The observation of Dickens was as neculiar in kind as minute and sleepless in exercise. Every human being, of course, down to the semi-idiotic landlord of the inn in "Barnaby Rudge," sees existence at an angle of his own. We look at life each through our personal prism. But the prism of Dickens, if the phrase is permissible, was peculiarly prismatic. It lent eccentricity of color and of form to the object observed. It

that. Now, to look at things thus is the

essence of the art of the caricaturist. It has been denied that Dickens' work is caricature, and to say that it is always caricature would be vastly unjust. Nevertheless, the insistence on Carker's teeth, Panks' snort, Skimpole's manner, Jarndyce's east wind, and Rigaud's mustache, to take only a few cases, is exactly what we mean by caricature; and it is caricature in the manner of Mr. Carlyle. The historian, like the novelist, was wont to fix on a single trait or two-in Robespierre, St. Just, or whoever it might be-and to hammer insistently upon that. It was a ready, if inexpensive, method of securing a distinct impression. Both Dickens and Carlyle overworked this method, which becomes, in the long run, a stumbling block-to M. Taine, for example.-Andrew Lang in the Fortnightly Review.

Pranks of the Types.

Experience shows that errors will occur in the best regulated typesetting establishments. Recently, in writing an article on ancient theories with regard to the universe, I had occasion to refer to the idea once advanced that the earth was circular, with roots reaching downward without end. As a suitable heading to this paragraph I wrote "The Earth With Roots." Imagine my surprise on reading the title in print as "The Earth With Boots."

Not long ago I quoted the following remark made by Professor Barnard with regard to variable stars: "As many as a hundred of them have been found in a space in the sky that would be covered by a pin's head held at the distance of distinct vision." The typesetter carefully changed the pin's head to a pig's head, and he still survives!

When engaged to lecture before the Bridgeport Scientific society on "Our Place Among Infinities," the morning papers in that city gave the title of my lecture as "Our Place Among Infirmities." However, the climax of errors was reached, not by a typesetter, but by a small boy who was sent to a circulating library in quest of my father's book, "Other Worlds Than Ours," and overwhelmed the librarian by asking for "Other Worms Than Ours."-Mary Proctor in New York Herald.

There would appear to be more than a passing colloquial significance in the expression, "What's in the air?" Thus, according to a writer in Cosmos, a particle of dust floating in the air is made up of a nucleus of variable form, solid or liquid, surrounded by an "atmoderm," or thin gaseous layer, adhering to the nucleus by attraction, this atmoderm diminishing the weight of the dust. but not sufficiently to explain its suspersion in the air. Although denser than the exterior air, it is still composed of gaseous molecules that have preserved their essential properties. They yet, like those less closely bound, are repelled by the moving molecules that circulate freely near them or that form part of other atmoderms, and thus there results a resistance—that is, a friction of the dust particles against the surround-

ing atmospheric molecules. In this way friction causes very light powders to fall to earth very slowly, and once raised by the wind they follow the currents, even the slightest ones, of the lower layers of the air. Thus dust particles are raised easily by ascending currents, and having reached the top of their course fall back, but slowly, and being taken up by new currents may consequently remain long in suspension, rising and descending alternately.

- It is sometimes more difficult to win the father's ear than the daugh-

- The postmastership of Pembroke, Me., has been held by one family longer than that of any other town in the country. William Kilby was appointed to the office in 1800, and his direct descendants have handled the mails ever since his retirement in 1840.

- Help a man out of trouble and he will remember you when he gets in

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Many women lose their girlish forms after they become mothers. This is due to neglect. The figure can be preserved beyond question if the expectant mother will



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during the great strain before birth, but helps the skin to contract naturally afterward. If keeps unsightly wrinkles away, and the muscles underneath retain their pliability. Mother's Friend is that famous external liniment which banishes morning sickness and nervousness during pregnancy; shortens

labor and makes it nearly painless; builds up the patient's constitutional strength, so that she emerges from the ordeal without danger. The little one, too, shows the effects of Mother's Friend by its robustness and vigor, Sold at drug stores for \$1 a bottle.

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THE STATE OF SJUTH CAROLINA. COUNTY OF ANDERSON.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS. W. M. Webb and R. C. Webb, partners in trade at Anderson, S. C., under the Firm name of Webb & Webb, Plaintiffs, against F. M. Murphy, as Trustee for the children of F. M. Murphy, St. deceased, Lucius M. Murphy, C. Louise Murphy, Irene Cater, (formerly Murphy.) Eva Murphy, Claude Murphy, Clarence Murphy and Louis Murphy, Minors over the age of fourteen years, Defendants.—Summons for Relief.—Complaint Served.

plaint Served.

To the Defendants F. M. Murphy, as Trustee of the children of F. M. Murphy, Senior, deceased, L. M. Murphy, C. Louise Murphy, Irene Cater, (formerly Murphy,) Eva Murphy, and Claude Murphy, Clarence Murphy and Louis Murphy inlants over the age of fourteen years:

YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the Complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said Complaint on the subscribers at their office, Anderson Court House, South Carolina, within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the Complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

Dated Anderson, S. C., January 11, 1899.

BONHAM & WATKINS, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

[Seal] John C. WATKINS, C. C. C. P.

[SEAL] JOHN C. WATKINS, C. C. C. P.

To the absent Defendant, Clarence Murphy:
You will take notice that the Complaint in this action, together with a copy of the Summon s, was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Anderson County on January 11th, 1899, and a copy of same is herewith served on you.

BONHAM & WATKINS,
Jan. 11, 1899.

Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

To the Infant Defendants, Claude Murphy, Clarence Murphy and Louis Murphy:
You and each of you are hereby notified that unless within twenty days after service of this Summons and Complaint on you, you procure the appointment of Guardiane ad litem to represent you in this action, the Plaintiffs will procure such appointments to be made. appointments to be made.

BONHAM & WATKINS, Plaintiffs' Attys.

Jan 1 1,1899 29 6

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate Robt. T. Chamblee, dec'd, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

W. H. CHAMBLEE, Adm'r.

Feb 22, 1899 35 3

GRUNDRO RORO RORO RORO "Pitts" Carminativo Savod My Baby's Life."

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W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agent, Augusta, 9a. E. M. North, Sol. Agent. T. M. Emerson, Tradic Manager.