There is nothing that seems the same to me Since Jim went away. I wonder if he Hid the blue of the skies In his little dead eyes.

They don't seem as blue as they used to be

And the sun doesn't shine as it used to do. Nor silver the clouds when the rain breaks through,
And the flowers don't bloom

With their old perfume, And the birds don't sing their songs as true. The house is so silent, missing his noise.

The sob of his sorrows, the laugh of his joys.

And the gathering dust, With the thickening rust, is spread like a pall on his broken toys.

His old stick horse and his gun and his sled I leave in their place by his little bed.

Ltold him that they Were all in my way,
But they don't seem so now, since he is dead.

Josephine P. Spoonts in New Orleans TimesDemocrat.

MESCAL

The Tale of a Brencho, a Palmist and a Mexican Bandit.

~~~~~ "Come, senor, have your palm read! A few centavos are nothing for the secret of your future," urged a voice that had become exasperatingly familiar to

I was employed on a Los Angeles daily and was on my way, as usual each morning, from my home in the San Fernando valley, by way of the Cahuenga pass, to the little station just beyond the divide, where I took the train into the city. Midway of the pass stood an old stone watering trough, at which I was accustomed to refresh my horse while journeying through the hills. For upward of a fortnight past I had regularly encountered at this point a solitary evil visaged Mexican, who had announced himself as a palmist "par excellence." and occupied the few moments' pause in my ride with persistent importunities for my patronage. What did not tend to enhance my regard for this unprepossessing individual was the crafty manner in which he invariably inspected my horse out of the corners of his small, restless eyes. The horse, moreover, appeared to resent the scrutiny quite as much as myself and from the first asserted his antipathy for the vagabond fakir by steadfastly refusing to approach the drinking trough until I had invited the stranger to withdraw

On this particular morning, however, my curiosity became aroused as to why the fellow continued to frequent so unpromising a locality, which at best was a lonely spet, visited only by transitory horsemen and teamsters. Therefore, as my horse fretfully sipped a few drafts of water, eying the peon suspiciously the while, I remarked: "You must be intensely fond of your occupation, considering the little Why do you not go into the city, You will go with him." where, at least, your field for solicita-

tion would be larger?" "Ah, senor," replied the peon, with affected pathos, "I am indeed fond of my profession; but, however little I they who live in the city care little about the future. It is the present

. glone that interests them." I was inwardly forced to recognize a certain amount of truth in his argument and by way of appreciation ten-

dered him a small coin. As I deposited the silver in his hand, however, with a quick movement he caught the tips of my fingers in his clasp and fixed his eyes on the open palm. The precipitateness of the act was all but demoralizing to my horse, which sprang backward with a suddenness that came perilously near uneesting me. The Mexican, however, held tenuciously on to my hand, incidentally taking care to keep out of range of my frantic animal's hoofs. As soon as I could recover myself I wrenched my hand free, but not until the peon had vouchsafed this admoni-

"Senor, a terrible accident threatens you from horses. Take heed in time, therefore, and rld yourself of that broncho you are riding."

I made no response, but as I touched my spurs and galloped off down the pass the peon shouted after me a part-

"Sell him, senor!" he cried. "I warn you he is under the spell of a demon." As the words greeted my ear I glanced admiringly down at the sleek,

arched neck of my spirited charger. "Mescal," said I, reaching down and patting his splendid shoulders, "do you hear that? He says you're possessed of a demon and that I must sell you.

But I shan't." The Mexican's ominous characterization of my horse was no revelation to

me, and instead of inspiring me with any apprehensiveness his apparent conern for my safety somewhat amused Moleover, the knowledge that Mescal's disposition was so thoroughly consistent with his name was rather a source of gratification than regret to ne. It was an odd name for a horse, but he had come by it legitimatelythat is, he had been so called ever since the Mexican bandit Garcia had broken him as a colt to the saddle and bestowed the title upon him. And for two fall." years thereafter Mescal had borne his inscrupulous rider on all his marauding raids until the latter had been so hard pressed up in the Ensenada hills by Sheriff Doyle of Yuma that he and his followers were forced to abandon their horses and take to the chaparral. I had chanced to be along with Doyle on that occasion-assignments of that character were accepted as a matter of course by newspaper men out there in hose days-and as the forsaken horses of the fleeing outlaws dashed down the hill in an effort to escape past us I

launched my riata at the leader, a gaunt but fleet and gaudily equipped My calculations as to the distance of

the mark had proved accurate, but so had the aim of the sheriff of Yuma, for hardly had my noose settled about the shoulders of the horse when anothor loop, hurried from the opposite diection, fell directly over it, and Doyle and myself had together captured the handit chieftain's steed. The rest of bandit chieftain's steed. The rest of our posse having correlled the balance of the stampeding animals, Doyle and the stampeding animals, Doyle and lessly.

"Y que mas?" inquired my friend.

"Mescal, of course," I replied eare place. avself fell to work to dividing our

spous between us. He graceruny acknowledged my precedence, momentary though it had been, in the capture and insisted that the horse should be mine, while, by way of evening up the division as nearly as possible, I voluntarily surrendered to him the beautiful silver mounted saddle, the intrinsic value of which far exceeded that of the horse. The Mexican bridle, however, I retained, for engraved upon a silver plate attached to its headstall was the legend, "Mescal-Propriedad de Joaquin Garcia," together with some additional data, briefly expressed in Spanish, relative to the horse's autecedents. The general appearance of the animal indicated the grossest ill treatment in the past. The small of his back was literally covered with saddle galls, while his thin sides were furrowed with deep, calloused ridges. where the cruel rowels of a merciless rider had plowed their way. But, true to the nature of the western broncho. abuse had not in the least diminished either his flery spirit or his sterling hardihood, and that he had been highly prized as a mount by his late owner, notwithstanding the marks of the lat-

pedigree engraved on the silver mounted headstall. Six months of rest and good pasturage had worked a miraculous change in Mescal's appearance. From his previous gaunt condition he had developed a splendid proportion and grace of figure, while the former disfigurements to his cuticle were entirely eradicated by the filling out of his glossy black

ter's brutality, was evident from the

On the morning following my colloquy with the peon I remarked his absence from his accustomed rendezyous in the pass, but upon arriving at my office in the city I found among my mail a letter which immediately recalled him to my mind. It was a proposition, written in Spanish, and purporting to come from a Mexican stockman offering to purchase my saddle horse if I chose to sell him at a reasonable figure. The connection between the communication and the peon palmist was too palpable to escape detection, and the only cognizance I accorded it was in the purchase of an extra lock for my stable door before setting out for home that evening. Nothing further developed of the circumstance, however, nor did the palmist ever again put in an appearance at the stone watering trough on the San Fernando road. In fact, the entire matter had quite passed from my mind, when one day about a month later I was directed to report at once to the managing editor of the paper. As I entered the sanctum of the dignitary in question he was industriously occupied with the preparation of his editorials. Being naturally of a taciturn disposition, he was not accustomed to waste any superfluous utterances on the subordinate members of his staff, and, upon noting my presence, without pausing in or

"Doyle leaves Yuma with a posse recompense you appear to derive from | early tomorrow morning after Garcia. I paused with my hand on the door-

glancing up from his work, delivered

the following laconical order:

"May I take my own saddle horse?" I ventured.

"Take a whole cabalgada if you may realize from it here on the highway, the clty would yield me less; for 2:30 special," and, having thus disposed of the matter, the editor in chief proceeded with his paragraphs as though I had never existed.

It was ten miles out to Cahuenga station, where Mescal was stabled and 12 o'clock when I received the assignment, but two and a half hours later found me pulling out of Los Angeles aboard the Southern Pacific special, with my horse trying his uttermost to kick both ends out of a palace stock car that had been coupled on in the rear for his exclusive accommodation. It was late that night when I arrived at Yuma and, having released Mescal from his uncongenial quarters, I saddled him and rode away in quest of Doyle. After a brief search I located that individual up in the federal courtroom playing poker with his chief and sole deputy, the district attorney and Kick-a-Poo scout, with as much unconcern as though Garcia and his band were already safely within the walls of the territorial bastile on the hill.

"Where's the rest of your posse?" ! asked the sheriff after the customary exchange of courtesies had taken

"Why," he explained, "the coroner was called out a few minutes ago to hold an inquest on the leavings of a half breed desperado who got wind that the boys was getting together, and fearing, I reckon, that some of his own personal interests might be at stake undertook to exterminate the members before they got down to work. He started in on the wrong party, however, who happened to be Cal Jenkins. the county clerk, who was too swift for him-which is how the coroner happened to be called out temporary. But him and Cal'll be around in the course of half an hour, and so'll Judge Murphy and the new tax collector. That'll make nine, counting yourself, and the two custom house riders we pick up down near the border will be 11. which'll be plenty, seeing as Garcia's gang has thinned out somewhat here of late. Reckon there ain't more'n 20 of the greasers left in the whole drove now, which is less'n half their number when we mixed things with 'em last

"And where have you located the outfit this time?" I inquired. "Down in the Manzanita mountains, close to the Mexican line," was the re-

"But that's only 20 miles from here," I demurred, "and leaving in the morning will bring us there in broad daylight. We'll never get them at that rate, for it's open plains every foot of the way between here and the Manzanitas."

"Ah, I see!" returned the sheriff of Yuma astutely: "figuring on a good 12 hour sleep, as usual, before going to work. Well, you won't get it this time, 'cabezasonoliento' (sleepy head), for we'll be in the heart of the Sierra Manzanitas long before sunrise. It's now 10. and we leave before midnight, which reminds me," he added, "that you'd better go down to the corral and rope yourself a horse. Itring your saddle with you?"

"Yes, and something more." I answered.

"Mescal!" ejaculated the sheriff incredulously. "Going after Garcia with his own horse? Well-I'll-be- He'll sure like that."

The full moon was hanging low over the ragged crest of the Manzanita range as our little cavalcade drew rein at the edge of the dense chaparral that covered its sides after a brisk ride over the intervening alkali desert.

"We'll wait here," announced Doyle. 'until Pie Grande," indicating the Kick-a-Poo scout, who had dismounted and was just vanishing in the thicket. goes ahead and takes a look at the camp. It was Pie," he explained aside to me, "who located the outfit, and he knows just how to reach it."

Half an hour later the Indian returned with the information that the outlaws were still encamped where he had previously found them, which was in a small valley distant about a mile ahead. Upon receiving this intelligence the sheriff commanded his party to fall in, single file, behind the guide. then gave the order to advance.

Thus we proceeded, with the utmost

caution, up the narrow trail, through the tangled brushwood, until at length a silent signal, passed from one to another down the line, warned us of our approach to the bandit stronghold. At almost the same instant a shot from one of their sentinels told that we had been discovered, and throwing aside all caution we dashed forward to the attack. Though taken completely by surprise, the outlaws appeared to keep their heads, and as many as could reach their horses sprang upon their bare backs and desperately essayed to repulse us. In another moment we were in their midst, firing rapidly but carefully, for no shots could be wasted in the face of such superior numbers. At the height of the confusion I suddenly perceived a tall Mexican, wearing a silver embroidered jacket, the description of which I had many times before seen in print, forcing his horse toward me. It was Joaquin Garcia. Instantly I leveled my revolver at his head and pulled the trigger. There was no report. I had fired the last charge from my brace of Colts. Before I could even attempt to reload the bandit chief would have got me to a certainty, but as he was in the very act of covering me a revolver shot rang out close to my ear, and reeling in his saddle my antagonist fell to the ground. The next moment my deliverer's horse dashed by me-and his rider was Sheriff Doyle of Yuma. Hardly had he vanished, however, before another bareback horseman bore down upon me. I can see the gleam of that long stiletto even yet as its owner's bared arm brandished it aloft in the moonlight. Then as the blade descended, my horse reared back on his haunches and the blow that was intended for me struck the animal a glancing blow in the side of the head.

In the same instant, with a frenzied scream, Mescal plunged forward and, catching the Mexican's leg in his teeth. tore him from his horse. Then as the outlaw's body struck the ground the infuriated animal sprang upon him, striking him again and again with his powerful fore feet, before I could urge him to leave the spot and join the balance of our party. From this on the odds were wholly in our favor, and one by one the surviving bandits gave up the contest and appealed for quarter.

At length, with the exception of a few who had escaped under cover of the darkness into the mountains, the entire band were either prisoners or numbered among the slain. Retracing our steps to the scene of the fiercest stage of the fight, we dismounted for the purpose of examining the bodies of the fallen bandits. Observing one that lay face downward in the sand, I bent over him to find that the entire back of his head had been crushed in. From this I knew at once it was the outlaw who had fallen a victim to Mescal's vengeance. Taking hold of his arm I turned the body over. As I did so I started back in amazement, for the pale moonlight shining full upon his upturned face revealed to me the unmistakable features of the palmist

of the Cahuenga highway. And Mescal? The stiletto had inflicted a deep slash directly across his right eye which rendered him partially blind. He was thus permanently ruined as a saddle horse, and to insure him against the possible fate of a draft animal I took him back to Los Angeles where I had a leathern collar made for him, attaching thereto the silver plate taken from his headstall and another on which I engraved the single word "Exempt." Then I set him free among the green pasture lands of the San Fernando ranch, where he will continue to roam, pensioned for the remainder of his days .- Jose De Olivares in St Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Modern Slave Mart. The "hiring Yair" which takes place in the East End of London every Sunday after a specially large number of pauper aliens has arrived is a veritable slave market, though you never see money pass between buyers and sellers. What happens is that batches of aliens are systematically met at the docks by fellow countrymen, who offer their services in assisting the newcomers to find lodgings and work.

These aliens never know English. They gratefully accept assistance, and are taken to the "hiring fair," their conductor receiving as much as £1 to £1 10s per head from sweaters who are on the lookout for new hands. When the sale has been completed the men and women are removed from the fair by their new taskmasters, who ex-

When the victims finally discover the conditions of life in England, they naturally walk out and seek paid work, and the slave owner-it is hardly possible to use another term-attends the slave mart once again and provides been victorious, and now the quality himself with new slaves.

Strange Coincidences.

Here is a series of most remarkable coincidences: A man named Hugh Williams attempted to cross the Menai straits in an open boat. When nearly half way across, the boat capsized, and Williams was drowned.

Five years afterward to the day and hour another Hugh Williams was drowned at the same spot while at tempting to do the same thing, and five years after the last incident another an named Hugh Williams was lost THE LOOKING GLASS.

ARE VASTLY DIFFERENT.

How the Two Methods Are Used In

the Manufacture of Mirrors-Why

Some Glasser Always Have a Fad-

It is a popular fallacy that all mir-

rors have mercury, or quicksilver,

backs. As a matter of fact, not over 1

per cent of the mirrors now sold be-

long to that class. The general public

The mirror now manufactured is

known to the trade as the "patent

back mirror," not that there is any pat-

ent on the process used, but simply

to distinguish it from the mercury

back mirror. A number of years ago

the mirror manufacturers began to

substitute the patent back for the mer-

cury type of mirrors, without notify-

ing the consumer or furniture jobbers

of the change; so quietly was the evo-

lution accomplished that it took some

time for the furniture dealers to realize

the change, and today many a careful

housekeeper wears herself out phys-

ically trying to polish the speckled or

faded surface of a "patent " ck mir-

ror," when the cause of the trouble is

imperfections on the back and not on

The reflecting surface of a "patent

back mirror" is composed of a chemical

solution of nitrate of silver, precipi-

tated on the surface of the glass, which

is subject to change from exposure to

light, changes of temperature or moist-

ure, while the reflecting surface of a

mercury mirror is composed of two

metals, mercury and tin, which form

an amalgam impervious to and not af-

fected by changes of temperature or

moisture and retains its initial reflec-

The process of manufacturing a mer-

cury back mirror is first to clean and

thoroughly dry the plate of glass, then

spread a sheet of tin foil a little larger

than the glass on a silvering table, the

top of which may be stone or heavy

plate glass. In either case it must

have a perfectly level and smooth sur-

face. Brush the foll out perfectly

smooth and pour on liquid mercury to

the depth of a quarter of an inch. This

mercury is retained on the foil by

small strips of glass on three sides.

Then float the plate of glass into the

mercury from the open side. In doing

so the glass cannot be floated on the

mercury, but must be pushed into it so

that from beginning to end its lower

This operation must be done with the

greatest care and precision. After the

plate of glass has been successfully

floated, heavy iron weights are placed

thereon to give the required degree of

pressure to force out the surplus mer-

cury which does not unite with the

tin foil. The table is slightly tilted by

means of a vertical screw under one

of its edges and the surplus mercury

drained off into a suitable vessel. The

mirror is kept in this position for 24

hours to enable the amalgam to solidi-

fy sufficiently so that it can be turned

over without danger of free mercury

running over the surface of the amul-

gam, which would spoil the mirror. At

the end of this time the mirror is re-

moved from the table. When removed

from the table, the mirror is placed on

a rack to dry and allowed to remain

from 20 to 30 days until sufficiently

The progress of manufacturing a

'patent back mirror" is as follows:

First wash the glass clean, then place

it on a table heated to a temperature

of 120 degrees. A solution is prepared

composed of the following proportions

of chemicals: Four ounces of nitrate of

silver, 19 ounces of distilled water, 2

ounces of tartaric acid and 3 ounces of

stronger water of ammonia. This

forms a clear, transparent fluid, which

is poured on the surface of the glass

and left there for about one hour. The

glass is then tilted and the surplus

solution is drained off. The silvered

surface is washed with distilled water

and placed on a rack in a drying room,

the temperature of which is about 90

degrees, and left there for half an

hour, after which it receives a coating

of shellac varnish, to which is added

a little later a heavy coat of paint.

This is allowed to dry. The mirror is

Such in brief is the method and

process of producing the "patent back

mirror." The great advantage to the

mirror manufacturer in the production

of the "patent back," as compared

with the mercury back mirror, is

quite apparent. It is readily seen that

the "patent back mirror" can be pro-

duced in one-tenth of the time, for one-

fourth of the labor and about the same

expense for raw material as compared

with the mercury mirror. It can also

be handled with less danger of damage

in packing and shipping, which is

greatly in its favor from the mirror

trade point of view.-St. Louis Globe-

Hereditary Strength of the Ox.

The strength of an ox in pulling a

load is remarkable. How did it learn

to pull so marvelously? Without doubt

this quality is traceable to the habit

found among all wild cattle of waging

war with their horns. At Chillingham

park, in Northumberland, England.

where there is still a herd of half wild

cattle, it is found that the bulls engage

of the herd. Plainly any ambitious

beast which has not sufficient strength

of neck to thrust his enemy backward

age to age the strong necked bulls have

Squelched.

a local barber to a customer the other

"Yes," replied the gentleman ad-

dressed. "I've bee. treating it with

antifat. I never liked stout hair.'

has become a proverb.

then ready for use.

edge will cut into the mercury.

tive brilliance unimpaired for ages.

the face, or surface of the glass.

ed, Speckled Appearance.

cury back mirrors.

A GREAT GOLD SCARE

MERCURY BACKS AND PATENT BACKS WHEN THE YELLOW METAL WAS FIRST FOUND IN AUSTRALIA.

> The English Government Tried to and Did For a Time Suppress the News Because It Feured a General Uprising at the Convict Colony.

The history of the discovery of gold in Australia makes peculiar reading in these days, when the mere suspicion of gold in a district, however close to uninhabitable regions, will cause a rush. know that they can purchase mirrors Gold in Australia was discovered-one much cheaper now than they could ten might almost be pardoned for saying years ago, but they do not know that first discovered-many times. But the news of the earliest discoveries was these are not the old time reliable merjealously kept from spreading. The secret of this reticence lay in the presence of the army of convicts which then composed the balance of the population. Had a gold panic broken out it was feared that a general uprising of the prisoners would take place.

Nevertheless the first gold found in Australia was by convicts in 1814. near Bathurst, New South Wales. The discoverers gathered together a quantity quite sufficient to lead them to believe that they had found a gold mine. But when they reported what they considered their good fortune to the keeper he, instead of undertaking to recommend them for pardon or easing their hard labors in any way, threatened to give them all a sound flogging if they ventured again to say a word about the matter or to spend any more time picking up gold. The next find was made on the Fish river in 1823, not far from the spot where the convicts had come across it nine years before. This news. being reported to the authorities, was also ordered suppressed. Within the course of the next two years finds were so frequent that the London government began to take great interest in the affair. But the fact that another region of the yellow metal might be at the disposal of such as might seek was kept rigidly secret until in 1825 a dra-

matic incident precluded all possibility

of further secrecy. A convict was discovered with a nugget of gold in his possession. When asked how he had come by the metal, he said that he had picked it up in the bush. He was cautioned and told that the authorities had no doubt that he had stolen the gold, but the prisoner stoutly held to his original tale. At length he was taken out and severely flogged in public as a thief. There is now no doubt that the man told the truth. After this, although the public were every now and then keyed up to great expectations by some reported find, no further veins were discovered until 1839, when a Russian nobleman found a rich deposit in the Blue mountains. The British government again became fearful of the consequence of such news upon a colony of convicts and ordered the matter suppressed. Yet sufficient people had heard of it to keep the story alive and give credence to such rumors as arcse from time to time. So matters drifted on. Time and time again bushmen, snepherde, convicts, brought them to the centers of population, but at that day people were nothing like so keen on gold mining as they subsequently became, and the subject

one would expect it to be. The discovery of gold in California changed all that. Those rich fields, panning out their golden store and filling the coffers of lucky individuals and governments at a rate never dreamed of, awakened a thirst for prospecting all the world over. In every part of the earth men went out with pick and pan, hoping to come across the precious

of gold in Australia was not pursued as

When the news of California's fortune reached Australia, many took ship to America's shores, and among these was Hammond Hargreaves, an Englishman, native of Gosport, who had emigrated to New South Wales in 1882. In Australia he engaged in farming without much profit and was among the first to rush for California.

On reaching the auriferous region the first thing that struck him was the similarity of the geological formation in California and Bathurst, Australia, and there and then he made up his mind to inquire into the subject should he ever return to Australia. He worked for something like a couple of years in California and then set sail for New South Wales. Returning, he, of course. carried in his mind the thought that perhaps there might be gold in Bathurst, and when he landed he set to

work to make a thorough search. Before this, however, he had made the acquaintance of William and James Toms and J. H. O. Lister, who were anxious to prespect for gold. Hargreaves taught them how to use pick and pan, the dish and the cradle-in fact, gave them a practical if rough education into the mysteries of gold and gold bearing rocks and gravel. These men struck out, and in April, 1851, the three pupils returned to their old muster, and, lo, in their pockets they carried gold to the amount of four ounces. Hargreaves, knowing the ropes, took this gold and full directions to the proper quarter. The news went forth, the rush began, rich finds were made. and Hargreaves was bailed as the discoverer of gold in Australia. In reality he had won the title, for it was his knowledge that first educated the Tomses and Lister, and it was his knowledge again that sent them in the right direction.

Hargreaves was presented to Queen Victoria in 1851 as the sole discoverer ploit them in sweating dens for mere in desperate tussles for the leadership of the Australian goldfields and was made much of in England. He died in 1891. - Cincinnati Enquirer.

> Exhausting Recreation. would be beaten in the struggle and "What's a holiday, Uncle Jim?" would have but few descendants. From "It's a day when you work so hard to enjoy yourself that you can't do any real work for the next three days." Chicago Record. "Your hair is getting thin, sir," said

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

Indian Instruments.

The only instruments known to these tribes were the drum, the rattle and a kind of flageolet.

The drum and rattle were used in accompanying the voice, to accentuate the rhythm and to assist in interpreting the emotive impulse of the song. Shaking the rattle and beating the drum with clear, sharp strokes served not only to mark the time, but to secure the co-ordination and unity of movement of the numerous voices in the choral or to enforce precision of motion in the dance. The tremolo of the drum or rattle was to express the awe and trepidation felt when approaching the supernatural or when invoking

the aid of the occult power. The flageolet was a rather rude instrument, having a range limited to eight or ten notes in the treble clef. Owing to the lack of mechanical accuracy in its manufacture, this range varied with every instrument, as did also the quality and value of the tone relations. There seems to have been only one requirement of the makernamely, that when the flageolet was blown with all the six holes stopped there should be strong vibrations in the tone produced. This instrument was used exclusively for solos by the young men of the tribe. - Journal of American Folk Lore.

What It Means to Walk.

The man who is content with a modest average of six miles' walking a day scarcely realizes that every 12 years he walks a distance sufficient to girdle the earth at the equator.

Startling as this simple calculation is, he may be excused a feeling of incredulity when he learns that in walking this distance he has expended sufficient energy to raise our 38 first class battleships a foot high.

It is calculated that in walking an average mile a man uses sufficient energy to raise 171/2 tons to the height of a foot, or conversely a ton (of coals. say), to three times his own height. The mere thought of such a feat is sufficient to deter a man from taking the most modest constitutional.

Thus every year the man who walks six miles a day does sufficient work to raise a ton weight to a height equal roughly to 1½ times that of Mont Blanc, or to raise all the gold current throughout the world a foot higher than his own head. A tramp of 18 miles a day involves as much exertion as the day's work of an ordinary laborer.

A Woman's Worries.

Said a physician: "I wonder that women fail to appreciate how much nervous force as well as physical strength they consume in worrying over the little things of life. Look at the mother and housewife as she goes about her tasks and observe how often she utters an impatient exclamation, how often she sighs over her servant's shortcomings, how often she starts nervously at a noise from one of the children. And each time that she loses control over herself, her nerves, her temper, she loses just a little nervous force, just a little physical well being, and moves a fraction of an inch farther on in the surveyors, picked up small nuggets and path that leads to premature old age and to invalidism.

> The Dean's Restriction. If The English Ecclesiastical Gazette reports correctly, eminent English divines are not above a little fooling, of a Scriptural tenor, of course.

The dean of the Chapel royal was one day seated in the Synod hall, at Dublin, when a scent bottle, falling from the strangers' gallery, happened to alight upon his somewhat bald cranium. Rising from his chair, he asked permission to make a personal explanation.

"My lord primate," he said, "I am always glad to see strangers at our debates, and I feel specially honored by the presence of women. But"-here he held up the scent bottle-"let not their precious balms break my head.'

Divorce by Candles. When a Burmese husband and wife

decide to separate, the woman goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. She brings them home. She and her husband sit down on the floor, placing the candles between them, and light them simultaneously. One candle stands for her, the other for him. The one whose candle goes out first rises and goes out of the house forever, with nothing but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longer time, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and division of the property, if one can call that a division, are settled.

An Economical Cook. A Chinaman will bake a dinner for a dozen with a mere handful of fuel. The boiler he uses is large and cone shaped, being sometimes two feet in diameter and one foot deep. It covers the fire with merely a small portion of the lower part of the case, but the heat and flames infold the rest. Water and rice are put at the bottom with a frame over them, and on this are placed dishes of fish, fowl and vegetables to boil. The whole is covered with a wooden cover, in the center of which is a hole about four inches in diameter, and in this another dish is often placed, the contents of which are cooked by the steam.

Striking Contradictions:

A great contrast will often be found | Ar Hendersonville. to exist between authors and their works, melancholy writers being the most jocular in society usually and humorists in theory the most lugubrious mortals in practice.

"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, was written in prison under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, was, on the contrary, composed in a drawing room where the author was surrounded by the best of everything, and Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," was extremely facetious in conversation.

"What might have been"-if that ittle cough hadn't been neglected-is the sad reflection of thousands of con, sumptives. One Minute Cough Cure cures coughs and colds. Evans Phar-

The oldest medical recipe is said by a French medical journal to be that of a hair tonic for an Egyptian Queen. It is dated 400 B. C., and directs that dogs' paws and asses' hoofs be boiled with dates in oil.

## Children

"We have three children. Before the birth of the last one my wife used four botties of MOTHER'S FRIEND. If you had the pictures of our children, you could see al

a glance that the last one is healthiest, prettiest and finest-looking of them all. My wife thinks Mother's Friend is the greatest and grandest remedy in the world for expectant mothers." -Written by a Kentucky Attorney-at

prevents nine-tenths of the RICAL suffering incident to childbirth. The coming mother's disposition and temper remain unruffled throughout the ordeal, because this relaxing, penetrating liniment relieves the usual distress. A good-natured mothe! is pretty sure to have a good-natured child. The patient is kept in a strong, health; condition, which the child also inherits Mother's Friend takes a wife through the crisis quickly and almost painlessly. Il assists in her rapid recovery, and wards off the dangers that so often follow de-

Sold by druggists for \$1 a bottle. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO

ATLANTA, GA. Send for our free illustrated book writes expressly for expectant mothers.

## W. G. McGEE, SURCEON DENTIST.

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Fah 9, 1898

THE BEST BREAD

CAN always be made from that delicious Fresh Home-made Yeast of Mrs W. H. Simpson's, as hundreds of ladies will testify. Can be found fresh at all times at the Store of— Try it. JNO M. PATRICK.
May 31, 1899 49

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100 CITY LOTS-\$50.00 to \$2,500. Four or five well located, nicely built I am the only up-to date Real Estate

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Room 4, P. O. Building. DR. J. H. BURGESS DENTIST.

IN Pendleton every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.
At Clemson College every Thursday,

Friday and Saturday. April 26, 1899

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Mrs. S. J. Hunt, dec'd, hereby gives notice that he will on the 3rd day of August, 1879, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator. Persons having claims against the tor. Persons having claims against the Estate should present them, and those indebted should make payment before

the day of Final Settlement. W. T. HUNT, Adm'r. June 28, 1899



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CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILWAY. AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE In effect May 21, 1899.

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v Glenn Springs
v Greenville....
v Laurens...
v Anderson... 12 01 am 4 00 pm 1 37 pm 7 80 pm ----- 7 00 am 2 37 pm;.... 5 10 pm 11 10 am Ly Greenwood Ar Augusta.... Ly Calhoun Falls. 4 44 pm ... 2 16 am ... 7 30 am ... 6 00 am ... 3 15 am ... Ar Petersburg Ar Richmond... Lv Augusta... Ar Allendale. Ar Fairfax... 9 45 am Ar Savannah... Ar Charleston. v Charleston. 7 28 am 7 10 am

But you really should put some thing on it," persisted the tonsorial artist in a most earnest manner.

"I do every morning." returned the customer.

"May I ask what?" inquired the bar ber.

"My hat," said the patron. There are people who seem to after was silence.—Freeport Journal.

"Bears the Signature of Calfflitcher.

Bears the Signature of Calfflitcher.

"I is no snap to make a time exposure with a camera.

"I is no snap to make a time exposure with a camera.

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There are people who seem to lose all their religion the minute they after was silence.—Freeport Journal.

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