When by the fire we sit hand in hand, My surit seems to watch beside your

Alert ad eager at your least command To  $\phi$  your bidding over earth and sea; You sgh—and of that dubious message fain, I sour the world to bring you what you

Till from some island of the spicy main, The pressure of your fingers calls me back; Ya smile—and I, who love to be your slave, Post round the orb at your fantastic will, Though, while my fancy skims the laughing

wave, My hand lies happy in your hand, and still; Nor more from fortune or from life would

Than that dear silent service to fulfill. -Edmund Gosse.

DOCTORING ROYAL PATIENTS. Court Etiquette That Hedges in a Queen

from Her Physician's Touch. It was a matter of wonder to many persons in Paris that Dr. Fauvel, the great French specialist in throat diseases had not been summoned to attend the king of Spain at the commencement of his malady, especially as Dr. Fauvel had always attended Queen Isabella and her children during their residence in Paris for any troubles of that nature. But such a proceeding was forbidden by the strict rules of Spanish etiquette, which prohibits one of the royal family of Spain from being attended by any physician who is not a Spaniard by birth.

At the time of the last illness of the young Queen Mercedes there resided in Madrid a German doctor who was especially famed for his treatment of ty-phoid fever, the disease from which the queen was suffering. He had recently saved the life of Mrs. J. R. Lowell when she was suffering from a violent attack of that terrible malady. A few days before Queen Mercedes breathed har last her Spanish doctors sent for their German colleague and requested him to prescribe for their patient without seeing her. This he positively refused to do, saying that he must examine into the physical condition of the queen before prescribing for her. But that could by no means be permitted.
"Then," he said, "let me merely see

her-let me go to the door of her room and look at her without crossing the threshold."

Even that concession was refused. "Then, gentlemen," he declared, "I can do nothing. I will not attempt to prescribe for a patient that I have not even

He withdrew from the palace, and a few days later the young queen was dead. But the sacred laws of Spanish regal etiquette had been preserved without in-

fringement. A similar affair, but with a different denouement, took place a good many years ago in Russis. The late czarina, the mother of the present emperor of Russia, was shortly after her marriage attacked with a serious affection of the stomach. Up to that time no physician could approach the bedside of one of his lady patients of the imperial family nearer than ten feet. The empress grew worse and became alarmingly ill. The famous physician called Botkin, of whose skill in such cases he had heard, should at once be sent for. Botkin came, and, to the horror of his colleagues, he walked straight up to the bedside of the empress and took hold of her wrist to feel her pulse. He was instantly hurried from the room and was loudly remonstrated with on the impropriety of his conduct, being told that his imperial patient was to be looked at from a distance and that he must not approach her. Botkin listened in silence to all that the other doctors had to say, but when the report of the consultation was drawn up he refused to sign it. The emperor, who was exceedingly anxious respecting Botkin's opinion, sent at once for the report, and on noticing that the name of the new doctor did not appear in it he caused him to

be summoned at once to his presence.
"Your majesty," quoth Botkin, frankly,
"I can not pretend to treat a patient that I am not permitted to examine. The empress is, I learn, in a very critical situation, I think I can save her, but to do so I must be allowed to go to work in my

own way."

The emperor rose from his chair, took Dr. Botkin by the arm and marched with him into the sick-room of the empres and straight up to her bedside. "There, dootor," he said, "examine your patient, and if any one pretends to interfere with you remember that you are obeying my commands." The course of treatment prescribed by the great physician proved successful. The empress was saved and that particular rule of imperial etiquette was abrogated forever .- Mrs. Hooper's Paris Letter.

## Pleasant Mode of Traveling.

Steamboating seems to have lost its former charms for the traveler, owing, I suppose, altogether to its slowness as compared with railroads. It is the pleasantest mode of traveling, though, and I would not be surprised to see the world shake off its wild and impatient way of hurrying through life and return to some extent, at least to the leisurely and comfortable way of getting from one point to another. I may not live to see the day when this change will take place, but it will come. The time will never be reached when the tourist with leisure will not prefer river travel to rail.-Capt. J. H. Dunlap in Globe-Democrat.

Precious Pearls, but Not Any Bread. "Certainly pearls are prized by the Mexicans. It is common to see girls there with strings of pearls around their neks which would fetch a large price in London. I, myself, know women in La Paz who have pearls of extraordinary value, and sometimes they are so poor that they have not the wherewithal to bu; food."—Interview with a Pearl

Theumbrella as a Nightshade. People with weak eyes in New York, who go ut of an evening where there are electic lights, carry parasols and umbrellas:o protect their eyesight. The sunshade; transformed into a nightTHE MOST PERILOUS VOCATIONS.

Trades That Are Exceedingly Dangerou to Health-Those Least Hurtful.

Labor performed in factories where the air is laden with irritating particles of dust, whether of vegetable or mineral origin, or where poisonous matters, such as arsenic, lead or mercury are used for coloring or other purposes, should be absolutely forbidden for children, and employers should be obliged to adopt every know precaution to lessen the dangers for adult workers therein.

The most perilous occupations, by the inhalation of irritating dust, are needlemakers, pin-pointers, cutlers, grinders, etc., since they inhale a mixture of metallic and mineral dust. The height is reached in the grinding of forks and needles, which must be done on dry Workmen that do the wet grindstones. ing, such as razors, scissors, table-knives, etc., have their risk also in their liability to rheumatism, pneumonia and bron chitis of an acute form. One authority says the mortality among this class of toilers is so great that they die at or below their 35th year.

Workers in lead suffer greatly, and, like mercury, the poison affects women more readily than men. Coppersmiths are not subject to disease by virtue of their trade, but the makers of bronze powder, which is the filings of copper or brass, are greatly broken in health. Phthisis and bronchial catarrh are common among them. The adoption of red phosphorous for the white in the making of matches lessens the dangers, as this form of this substitute does not give off vapors and is not poisonous, even when taken internally. Toy balloon makers taken internally. Toy balloon makers are poisoned by the vapor of carbon bisulphide sometimes producing actual men tal disease. The hearing is impaired and the sight affected.

Printers and pressmen usually work in badly ventilated rooms and take little exercise. Dyspepsia and diarrhœa are common among compositors. Rheumatism and sciatica is the lot of the cooper. Carpenters frequently have hernia and cabinetmakers are subject to varicocele. Tailors and shoemakers work under the worst hygienic conditions, and consumption claims over one-third of them.

Cement-makers find it impossible to work many consecutive days together. They have a persistent cough. Nine years is the limit at the trade of a cutter of millstones, It is said that almost all the sandstone cutters near Edinburgh die of consumption, and it is rare to see one attain the age of 50 years. The makers of pottery and porcelain sooner or later become asthmatical. The female operatives are pallid and chlorotic and their infants almost all scrofulous, with an enormous mortality. Bright's disease is common among glass-blowers. Blacksmiths become prematurely aged, caused by the extreme exertion, the exposure to the heat of the forge, the profuse perspiration and sudden changes of temperature. Phthisis is hardly known among this class of toilers.

The dust of flour and meal to which the miller is constantly exposed has no effect on the respiratory tract. The only ailment is an irritation of the skin. Brewers are sometimes dyspeptic and troubled with congestion of the liver; butchers have only rheumatism to fear, and are usually florid and robust in appearance. The sapping of the vital forces in the trade of baker is thorough and their power of resisting epidemic disease almost nothing.

Feather ornament makers, who are mostly women, suffer greatly. Three years at the trade is the limit with great impairment to health. The lungs and eyes both suffer. Artificial flower-makers are in danger, through the poisons necessary in obtaining the colors needed, to paralysis which last long after work is abandoned. Eleachers of colors inhale chlorine gas, which is harmless, while their other only danger is eruptions on the forearms caused by having to work with hot water and strong lye, which cracks and fissures the skin.

Farming would seem to be the most healthful of all pursuits. The life is free from anxiety, but the fact is a painful one that their lives are shortened and made uncomfortable by the poorness of food they consume. Salt pork is the chief article of meat, and usually poorly cocked.

A class that are actually benefited in health by their profession is the tanners and leather-dressers, fat-renderers, lard-refiners, bone-boilers, gluemakers, porkpackers, soap-makers, oil-pressers and makers of cheese.

The manufacture of tobacco would seem to have no dangers beyond that of the absorption of nicotine by the system, for workmen claim exemption from inflammatory and epidemic diseases. Button-makers, and all workers in bone, are healthy men. Another class of toilers who enjoy good health and a certain immunity against epidemics are the workers in wool. The little dust caused by the combing never troubles them .- New York World.

Irrigation in the Nile Country.

Irrigation in the Nile country in Egypt is carried on as follows: First, a hole is dug in the ground to a level with the Nile river. Two upright poles are erected and another pole or crossbar is extended from one to the other. Then a long pole is placed upon the crossbar. Attached to one end of this pole is a stone of probably twenty or twenty-five pounds in weight, and upon the other is a rope with a pail. A native or slave belonging to the Sheikh operates this machine, which is called a shakiro. He draws the pail down, fills it with water, and then the weight raises it up, after which the water is emptied into a channel, which conveys it over the land and into other channels.—Chicago Herald.

Had Been Painting in the Country. "Why, Palette, old boy," said Robinson, heartily, "where have you been lately -out of town?"

"Ya'as," relied Palette; "been up along he line of the Hudson, painting little bits of scenery-trees, rocks, and that sort of thing, y'know."

"Ah, ah! Patent medicine ads, I suppose?"-New York Sun.

Two Correspondents Answered.

[Bill Nye.] MARTIN F. TUPPER, Texas. which you allude was written by Julia A. Moore, better known as the Sweet Singer of Michigan. The last stanza is something like

"My childhood days are past and gone, And it fills my heart with pain, To think that youth will never more

Return to me again. And now, kind friends, what I have wrote, I hope you will pass o'er And not criticise as some has hitherto here-

before done. Miss Moore also wrote a volume of poems which the farmers of Michigan are still using on their potato bugs. She wrote a large number of poems, all more or less saturated with grief and damaged syntax. She is now said to be a fugitive from justice. We should learn from this that we cannot evade the responsibility of our acts, and those who write obituary poetry will one day be overtaken by a bobtail slouth hound, or a Siberian Nemesis with two rows of

LEONORA VIVIAN GOBB, Oleson's Forks, Ariz.—Yes. You can turn the front breadths let out the tucks in the side plaiting and baste on a new dragoon where you caught the oyster stew in your lap at the party. You could also get trusted for a new dress perhaps. But that is a matter of taste. Some dealers are wearing their open ac counts this long winter and some are not. Do as you think best about cleaning the dress. Benzine will sometimes eradicate an oyster stew from dress goods. It will also eradicate every one in the room at the same tima. I have known a pair of rejuvenated kid gloves to break up a funeral that started out with every prospect of success. Benzine is an economical thing to use, but socially it is not up to the standard. Another idea has occurred to me, however. Why not riprap the skirt, calk the selvages, readjust the box plaits, catstitch the crown sheet, file down the gores, mandpaper the gaiters and dis-charge the dolman. You could then wear the garment anywhere in the evening, and half the people wouldn't know that anything had happened to it.

> It Looked Squally for a While. [The Louisville Post.]

A young lawyer, who has been recently married to a beautiful belle, was made the victim of a malicious anonymous letter that might have resulted seriously to his domestic happiness. It seems that the young man had made an enemy of a man who has an office so near that he can at times overlook his movements. A few days ago the young man's bride received an anonymous letter saying: "As new a groom as your husband ought not to have a young lady call on him in his office, and he ought not to take her in his arms and kiss her. Wednesday, 11:15 a.m." The young wife was almost heart-broken. She cried until her eyes were red, and when her lord came home upbraided him bitterly. She showed him the letter, and as he didn't have any explanation but a denial matters began to look very interesting around He couldn't think who would tall such a falsehood about him, and he started down town in a very moody condition, As he sat in the corner of the car brooding over trouble, an idea suddenly struck him. It had the same effect on him as if he had sat down on a pin. In an instant he was run-ning at full speed homeward, while the passengers in the car were congratulating themselves on their narrow escape from a dan-gerous lunatic. Bursting into his wife's room he fairly danced with delight as he exclaimed: "Don't you remember! You were in my office Wednesday morning; you were the young woman I kissed!" Peace now

"In the Regular Army, Of"



Would-be Recruit—Now, Mr. Sergeant, you've told me all about the pay and clothing, and all that. How is it about the grub!

the food, you know?"
Sergeant—Well, that there depinds largely appan wheer ye gc. If ye jine my batthery—that's—av the Phift'—I won't desave ye, for ye'll foind it out soon enough yerself. ye coom t' my batthery ye'll be compelled to ate yer mince pie cowld.

A Variation of the Compass in Georgia.

[Lawrenceville (Ga.) Herald.] In the early history of Gwinnett two neighbors disagreed as to their land lines, and agreed to have the dividing line settled by the county surveyor. This surveyor was fond of his toddy, a fact not unknown to one of the parties in interest.

On the day the line was run one of the parties notified the surveyor that just behind a tree to which he desired him to run was a bottle of old corn liquor, and if he happened to hit that tree the bottle was his. Strange to say, the surveyor hit that tree centrally. To do this it was necessary to

make a curve, but this was not hard to do, and when the other party protested that the line was not a straight one, the surveyor silenced him with the remark that it was necessary to angle a little to meet the varia-

tions of the compass.

The line was duly established, and to this day it stands as the dividing line between two tracts of land. It is needless to say it is not a straight line, but it has been duly surveyed, and "that do settle it."

> A Texan Home. [Storyette.]

When Mr. Morton was American minister to France, he was entertaining a party at dinner, among whom were several English swells and that great American raconteur, Tom Ochiltee. One of the Englishmen had described the Duke of Westminster's place as being remarkably large and beautiful, when Tom broke in with: "Why, that's nothing. A friend of mine in Texas has got a place a thousand miles square, and a house as hig as a hotel. He met me walking about the house one day, and said: "Hello! Tom, where do you come from? "Why, old man, I've been staying with you for two weeks." It was a fact; we hadn't happened to meet before."

Overheard On the Train.

"Morning paper, sir?" Old gent, angrily: "I have no use for a newspaper."
"Have a picture book, sir?"

A NEW STUFFING FOR FOWL.

ing in His Turkey.

NEW YORK STORE. C. MAYHEW. A Purchaser Finds Fault With the Plumb

[New York Tribune. Purchasers of food in some of the downtown markets are not always sure of what they obtain. A tall man of middle age went up to a market stall two evenings ago and began to examine the display of turkeys and

"Did you wish a large or a small bird, sir!" and the proprietor, persuasively waiving his hand toward an extensive array of turkeys of all sizes.

"Well, you see," said the buyer, confidentially, "I thought I'd give 'em a good solid linner at home, and the family's pretty large, so I need a good deal."

"That's right," said the dealer, genially.

"We have a fine line of young holiday gobblers. Here is a beautiful bird," he added, taking down a large turkey, "weighs twenty pounds without trimming; nothing better in New York large, delicious and economical.

After some bargaining and proof of the veight, the head of the large family made the purchase and departed with a light heart and a heavy turkey.

The next morning as the dealer in fowls was counting his gains his customer ap peared wearing a rather sour expression, and laying a two pound coil of lead pipe on the counter he said deliberately: "When I buy a turkey I most generally expect to do the stuffing myself; any way not have em plugged up beforehand. I want to know how you explain that pipe which my wife found in the turkey you sold me last night?



"How do you explain that pipe?"

"You say you found this in the turkey?" inquired the dealer examining the lead with great apparent interest. "Well, it's really remarkable what a healthy turkey will eat, but my dear sir, you can't expect me to know just what Connecticut farmers fatten eir poultry on, can you!"
"Oh, you can't fool me like that," said the

angry pur he ser of lead pipe. "You stuffed that pipe he turkey to make it heavy,

and you're a fraud." "See here, my friend," said the dealer, im-pressively, leaning over the counter, "what is the matter with that bird? Don't its pipes draw well? Isn't the plumbing in that turkey good? Aren't the sanitary regulations perfect? And yet when everything about that turkey is A No. 1, and the drainage fine, you come around here and tell me I am a fraud. The trouble is, you want too much, but if you think you can come in here and get a whole gas main with a twenty pound turkey, you're mistaken. Now get right out of here, or I'll put a lead pipe into

And the victim of the heavy-weight turkey didn't wait to talk any more, but he hurried sadly away.

> Mrs. Partington's Sister. [Peck's Sun.

"What's that about plaster of paris curing hydrophobia?" said Mrs. Pugmire; "I don't believe a word on't. Plaster of paris has no suctionary qualities, and wouldn't illuminate the poison half as well as a bread poultice. Don't you recollect the time your pa was snake-bit in Vermont, how we dosed him with whisky and poulticed his leg, and he got over it in a few days?"

"It isn't plaster of paris, ma," said Ma-lda. "There's a celebrated Doctor P-a-st-e-u-r living in Paris, who claims that he can prevent hydrophobia by inoculation, and lately four children who had been bitten by a mad dog were sent there from Newark to be treated."

"La, suz, is that so? Well, that was kind in the neighbors. And the little ones got back all safe and sound, did they? I do hope the treatment of this Dr. Pasteur will prove sufficacious, but do you know, I haven't much faith in immaculation, any-

way, even in smallpox—"
Just then the door bell rang, Matilda's
beau was admitted, and further scientific discussion was postponed.

A Brutal Conductor.

(Texas Sittings.)
"I can't let this girl travel over this road
on that half-fare ticket," said the new conductor to the Widow Flapjack. "Why not? What is the matter with my

little girl?" "She is no child. She is more than half

grown."
"Well, if that don't beat everything then
I'll give it up. Here poor little Mamie has
been traveling over this road on a child's ticket for the last ten years, and now all at once you say she is no child. That's a new way to worry the traveling public."

She paid full fare, and then the diminutive girl in the corner pulled herself out, so to speak, like a marnie telescope.

Took Her Advice for the First Time.

[San Francisco Maverick.]
"Send out an alarm. My husband has been missing all night and all day!" fran-tically cried a little woman dressed in a faded red dress and green shawl, as she bounced into the police station. "What kind of a looking man was he?"

asked the sergeant. "Little short man, bald headed, gray clothes; nose most as red as yours." "You will find him at the morgue. A man of that description was found drowned this

morning." "Drowned! drowned! And it's all my fault! I told him to go and soak his head, and this is the first time he over took my ad-

In the Ball Room. [Detroit Free Press.]

Major-Who is that young lady on the opposite side of the room! Widow—That is my daughter. This is her

first senson. She is not quite 19 yet. Major-Will you introduce me! Widow-Certainly. Rosa, my dear, this is Maj. Guns. Major, my daughter Rosa. Rosa-Good evening. And so you were in the war?

that battle.

Major-Yes; I enlisted immediately after the battle of Bull Run and served till the Rosa-My poor dear father was killed in

The major is now buried in deep thought.

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