JAKE'S LITTLE GIRL.

"No, mister," said Uncle Jake, "I ain't

spliced, nor never was."
For many years old Uncle Jake had kept a little tavera near one end of the in-lets where the sea breaks through the long sandbar into the Great South bay, a point about fifteen miles from New York. Of a leasant Sunday in summer it was a pretty lively resort. Uncle Jake made a jovial host, and people used to say that he owed his good health in a great measure to the frequency with which he drank to it him-Belf. Most of the fishing parties from the Barbors along the bay stopped here for a clambake and a cocktail; yachtsmen an-chored near the inlet, and sportsmen would put up at the tavern for a week or two at a time. But in winter it was a dreary spot. The monotonous turmoil of the surf was broken only now and then by the shrill cry of a gull or the shricking of

the wind as it whirled across the bar. During the long storms only an occasional

wrecker or a patrol from the life saving station visited the place, and at any time in winter a party like ours was a rarity.

A real Bohemian freak had brought us flown to Uncle Jake's that night. The evening before a dozen of us artists had met at a little reunion in the studio of one of our number, and one of us seeing a sketch of Uncle Jake's tavern on the easel, had proposed paying him a winter's visit. We all knew Uncle Jake, and the idea of a winter's visit to him was too much or a novelty to be resisted. So we set out for the tavern the next day, and arrived there betore night time. Uncle Jake knew that the trip across the bay had been a rough one. So he started a roaring wood fire; and when we had finished supper he put a steaming bowl of punch on the table. But, despite his attention and the jollity of our party, he wasn't in the best of spirits. Not that he didn't dip his glass into the punch bowl pretty often, but he seemed moody and didn't talk much. His low spirits seemed also to have had a depressing effect on Samson, his big mastiff, who was about as well known along the coast as Uncle Jake himself. Usually who came to the house. But he had been sullen and silent all the evening and had sat near Uncle Juke, resting his head on his master's knee and now and then lock-

ing up wistfully at him.
I had known Uncle Jake and his big dog longer than the others had, and I noticed that something was wrong. Excepting the last two years, which I had spent in Europe, I had been to the tavern off and on for about a dozen summers. I had always liked the place—it was so far removed from everyday affairs. There was usually a fresh breeze coming over the broad expanse of ocean, a fine surf, sending its cool spray over the beach, and here and there a white sail outlined against the blue sky. Beside, Uncle Jake was always hale and jovial with young fellows and few of them ever paid a visit to the tavern without returning to it at some future day. The old man seemed glad enough to see me again and made me sit next to him. But I felt that since I had been there some change had come over him and the dog and the old place, and at times he looked as though he would like to tell me something, but hesi-

tated on account of the others. I remembered a pretty, bright eyed lass, about 17 years old when I last saw her, who was at the tavern in former years, and whom we used to call "Uncle Jake's little girl. She used to make herself handy about the place and was so simple and graceful in her bearing that she was a favorite with all who went there. The sun had browned her hands and arms, and the wind had played with her fair hair until it hung over her forehead like tangled sunbeams. She was tall and lithesome, and as strong as she was grace-ful. Often, when she was a mere girl of 40 or 12, I had seen her pulling her skiff across the bay and hailing the old fishermen as they scudded past in their smacks. Many a time they would lay to and take they aboard and tow her skiff home; and then she would take the helm from the skipper, trim the sheet and shout with glee as the spray came dashing over the bow. I wondered what had be-come of her and asked Uncle Jake, but he didn't seem to hear my question, though the dog sprang to his feet and roamed about the room uneasily before he slunk back to his master's feet. I was about to ask the question again when one of our party proposed a song. While they gathered in a group around the old piano in the corner, the old man stole quietly to the door of another room and beckoned me to follow him. As I joined him he was stooping over an old bureau fumbling among some papers, while the dog, who had slipped in after him, watched him intently until he gut his hand on a tin type, which he drew out and showed me. It was the picture of a child, and in the features I recog-nized "Uncle Jake's little girl." In the next room some one was playing a jangling accompaniment and the rest were shouting a boisterous song. I thought then would be a good time to ask him what had become of the girl whose childish features we were looking at, so I inquired, by way of introduction, if he

inquired, by way of introduction, it he had ever been married. It was to this he had replied: "No, mister, I ain't spliced, nor never was."

"But yer see," he continued, as though he knew what I was driving at, "it's uncommon lonesome here in winter, an' many a time when I've heard some young one agher very learner as wear! cayed for at. one ashore yonder as wasn't cared for at home I've got its folks to let me take it out here with me. The children kind a cheered me up durin' the long winter evenin's, an' when summer came I'd ask to have 'em stay a bit longer. The little ones would beg real hard, too, for I made a good deal of 'em, and they thought kind o' well o' me for it. Some o' them stayed a few years, but as they got big an' could be handy at home their folks fetched 'em away from me, an' so at last they all went; all but little Maggie, her as they used to call 'Uncle Jake's little girl.' It was a bad home I'd took her from, an' afore she'd been with me long her father wandered off an' her mother died in the poorhouse. There wasn't no one to take her from me then so she stayed here; an' right glad I was to keep her. She was a smart, likely little thing, an' I thought as I'd care for her an' lay by a bit o' money for her. When she first came here she was no more than 5, and when you saw her two summers ago she was goin' on 18. Yer know Maggie was as good-looking a girl as yer could find hereabouts, an' many a feller as has come here with his boat in summer time has been kind o' took wi' her. I was kind o' proud to have 'em so, too, for I'd a pre-cious good opinion o' Maggie, 'n' I liked to see 'em back me up. It wer n't every-one she'd take to, neither, for she'd make her choice like any lady, would Maggie. I let her go sailin' whenever she wanted. I knew she must be kind o' lonesome here in winter, an' in summer I was for her to have all the cheer she could. Not that she ever complained. She was a good girl, an' a comfort to me summer an' winter, was Maggie.

"It's goin' on three years now, mister, that a little after the June Maggie got to be 18 there was a young feller as come over here to stay. He was a good-look-in' chap, strong an' quick, an' as handy in a boat as anyone I ever see. He seemed to kind o' like it here. In the beginnin' he hired one of my boats by the week, an' when he'd had it that way about four weeks he took it for the sea-Well, I was glad to let him have it, for it was often as he'd take Maggie out, an' I felt easy when I knew Maggie was with him, for, as I told you, he was strong and handy in a boat, an' I felt as no harm could come to her when she was with him. One bright mornin' in September, just afore they sailed away, she came a runnin' into me an' says as they was a-goin' for a long sail and wouldn't be back till late. Well, it wasn't unusual for 'em to stay out till after sundown, especially o' moonlight nights, when they could come in on the tide an' the night wind; an' this time I didn't begin worry-in' about 'em until it got to be very late an' they hadn't come back. Some folks as was at the house walked

folks as was at the house walken the beach between the inlets with me till late in the night; but we saw nothin' of them. But bless me, I didn't give 'em up. It had been a fine day, an' it was a clear, bright night, an' I kind trusted the young feller, for he seemed kind o' fond o' Maggie, an' I thought he would be a hour come to her. An'. wouldn't let no harm come to her. An' sure as yer live, next day, early in the mornin', we spied the boat sailin' up the inlet, an' I began wavin' an' shoutin' to 'em for joy. But some one as had a spy-glass said they wasn't aboard—an', mister, they wasn't. The feller as was in her came from the Jersey coast, an' he said as a man and a girl had landed there the a man and a giri nad landed there the day before, an' the man—a young, good-lookin' chap, he said—had paid him to bring the boat over. I'd kept up pretty well till then, but when I know'd she wasn't come back, an' felt all of a sudden as she might never come back, I hid my foce in my hands an' oright libe a balo. face in my hands an' cried like a baby. Folks tell me as I wasn't a good one to be gettin' along with for the next few days, nn' I guess they were about right. She was all the world to me, was Maggie. I took her to me as a child an' brought her

up, an' set my heart on her, and for her to leave me in my old days was mighty hard. When I got quieted down they began to comfort me a-sayin' as she might come back. Ah, mister, if she only had. I'd have welcomed her, for she was still my little Maggie, an' I'd ha' loved her as much as ever. But it got to be winter an' spring an' summer an' on toward fall, an' I heard nothin' of her.

"It wasn't 'much more than a year after she'd left when one mornin' a feller came sailin' over from the shore with what he said was a telegram for me. It came from the city, an' it read that if I was to go to one o' the hospitals there I'd find a girl as would like to see me; an' it told me to come quick, too, for she was very low, perhaps a-dyin'. Yer may know who the girl was; an' it's likely yer know, too, as I wasn't long a-gettin' to her. But I wasn't any too soon. She was kin' on a cet an' when she are way was was lyin' on a cot, an' when she saw me, it was just all she could do to 'stretch her arms out to me, so she could put 'em around me an' press her poor, pale face against mine.
"'Father,' she whispered, 'I went back

on yer-and yer who'd been so good an' kind to me; an', father, I want yer to say

before I die as you've forgiven me.'
"I couldn't say nothin', mister, I just
held her closer, but I guess as when she
felt my tears a-rollin' down on her face she know'd she'd got what she wanted. I held her till they told me she couldn't speak no more, an' then I laid her back. It was only a few minutes after that she lived, but afore she died she opened her eyes once more an' moved her lips. bent down to her an' she could just

"'Father, I'm sure yer haven't gone back on me. I'm sure yer forgive me. But—father—I want you to forgive him,

too. For—father—I've forgiven—'''
The old man buried his face in his hands and sobbed, while the dog moved up close to his master and howled pitcously. The piano was still jangling in the other room and the singing was at its loudest. But he didn't seem to hear it. After awhile, though, they got through, and, missing him, began to call for him. But before he went out he passed his hand gently over the dog's back and said, tur ing to me: "I forgive her, mister, an' I've tried to forgive him, but it's more than a poor old man like me can do. I'll try again, mister; I'll try hard for the little girl's sake. I know as his sin's a-goin to drive him back here some time—drive him back that he may go on his knees to me an' tell me how he wronged her an'

I had always been fond of Uncle Jake but after what he had told me I liked him better than ever. I knew that his "little better than ever. I knew that his "inthe girl's" death weighed heavily on him, and after that I got up as many parties as I could to visit the tavern to cheer him up. One day toward autumn, two years afterward, he called me aside and said: "Mister, it's gettin' kind o' lonesome for the dog an' me down here winters, an' I guess I won't stay here no longer after the fall. I've got a house as I took over in fall. I've got a house as I took over in the village ashore yonder, near to where the little girl's buried. The dog an' I wants to be near Maggie, an' if yer'll come down off an' on we'll be glad to see yer, for it ain't much company we'll be havin'."

Well, Uncle Jake took the house, and I well, cheef state took the house, and I did go down there as often as I could. He made things night comfortable in the little house. On the cold winter nights he had a big log fire blazing on the open hearth, and a kettle of hot water for the house. punch singing cheerily over the flames. In front was a big wooly rug, on which the dog stretched himself, rising only occasionally to come over to his master and lick his hands. The old dog had learned the way to the "little girl's" grave very soon, and on days when it was too stormy for the old man to go to it himself, Samson would trot off and see that all was

The blazing logs and the singing kettle reemed particularly cheery one January night. A fierce wind was howling around the house. It had been snowing all day, but as it grew colder the snow had stopped, and now the gusts sent icy particles rattling against the windows. The ticles rattling against the windows. dog seemed sleeping peacefully—at least he hadn't stirred—when Uncle Jake went to the hearth to lift off the kettle. The old man had brewed a punch, and was just raising the glass to his lips, when sud-denly Samson sprang toward one of the windows with a furious bark. As I turned in the direction in which he sprang, what I saw might have been, an illusion, it vanished so quickly—a man's face, pale, haggard and driven, pressed against the haggard and driven, pressed against the pane. A moment later the dog was leaping against the poor. I sprang toward it and threw it open. The fierce gust that swept in nearly threw me back, but I held on and saw the black figure of the dog speeding toward the gate, where he stopped, still barking furiously as he tried in valn to overleap it. I called him back, but he would not come, and there

he remained barking and howling for half an hour after I had closed the door. I told Uncle Jake that I thought a man had been out there, but all he said was: "I guess it was one of them tramps as comes around. Samson ain't particular fond o' them. But if the fellow was cold an' wanted a drink why didn't he knock an' ask for it decent like? Sure he'd ha'

The next morning was bright and clear and very cold. As the wind subsided, Uncle Jake proposed to go over to the graveyard—he hardly let a day pass without going there. The graveyard was a little inclosure a trifle further out of the village than our house. As we entered the gate the dog suddenly darted forward barking furiously as he had the night be-fore. Following him hastily, we saw what he was barking at. A thin, white hand had clasped the headstone, and over the grave lay, face downward, the body of a man, perfectly still. Uncle Jake grasped me and held me back a moment. Then we tried to loose the hand. But it was clasped so firmly that we could hardly draw it from the stone. At last it fell, and we turned the body over. I saw the same pale, haggard, driven face that was pressed against the window the night be-"Mister," said Uncle Jake, sol-"he's come back. An'—an'—I think I've forgiven him, as the little girl asked me for to do."—Gustav Kobbe in Baltimore Herald.

Queen Christina and Her Charity. Rocked in the ivory cradle, inlaid with gold and silver, presented to him by his grandmother, the ex-Queen Isabella, and nourished by the omnipotent wet nurse, the infant king of Spain continues to thrive. Queen Christina is gradually re-suming her usual duties. She distributes more than 100,000 lire a month in charity, without counting extra donations to alms houses, hospitals and other benevolent institutions, some of which she founded her self. On the bank of the Manganeres, in sight of the royal palace, in an open and cheerful spot, one sees a little house painted in bright colors, surrounded by a garden, from which in passing one hears the laughter, shouts and cries of children. The queen had it built as a resort for the little children of the laundresses, who, while their mothers were working, used to be left on the streets. It is a mingling of almshouse and school. She has also of almshotse and school. She has also founded a hospital for foundlings, a house or species of college for the children of the tobacco workers, and a distribution of soup, meat and bread for all the poor of the city. She has several times gone quite mexpectedly to assist in the distribution to assure herself that no abuse was wade of it and having once discovered. made of it, and having once discovered some roguery she provided against any repetition of the offense. The sisters of charity receive from her every month 70, 000 lire .-- New York World.

The Oyster and His Shell.

Suppose that, placing two oyster shells in their natural position, we insert a piece of India rubber between the valves at the point where they are hinged to gether. If we now forcibly close the shells by pressure, the India rubber is compressed. When we release the pressure of the p compressed. When we release the pressure of our fingers, the elasticity and recoil of the India rubber forces the valves apart. In such a fashion, then, does nature provide for the constant maintenance of the unclosed condition. The "ligaments" of the shell are natura elastic pads existing at the hinge line By their elasticity they keep the valve unclosed. There is no strain involve the action, which is a merely in

one after all.

But when the more infrequent act of closure has to be performed, then mus-cular energy requires to be displayed. The quick snap of the valves reminds us that muscular exertion, even if necessitating vital wear and tear, has its corresponding advantage in the rapidity and effective ness with which it provides for protection against the entrance of disagreeable or noxious elements into the internal ar rangements of oyster or mussel life .-Longman's Magazine.

A Georgia Ozler Willow Farm.

About a mile below the city of Mason Ga., is an ozier willow farm. switches, at the end of two years, are from four to seven inches long, and are cut and athered into bunches lik sheaves of wheat. They are steeped in water and the bark at the larger end loosened for a couple of inches by ma chinery. The leaves and bark are re moved by a little machine, and the switches are placed in the mechanical stripper, and with a pair of pliers are pulled through with a sudden jerk. They are then wiped off with a woolen cloth bundled and laid away to dry. All the leaves and barks are dried and baled They are used for medicinal purposes and command a price of 25 cents pound. The average yield is a ton to the acre. When dried the willows command \$200 per ton, and find a ready market.-Chicago Herald.

The Very Conspicuous Tally-Ho.

Nothing could be more unretiring that the conching that has become intensely fashionable to a few of the most preten with glittering harness, bright vehicle liveried flunkies, loud bugler and load of women gayly dressed, is quite as resplendent as a circus chariot and commands as much attention as it rolls along a considered that the latest that the second constant of the second constant o mands as intensitation as it folias along a crowded street. But it is the loading of unloading that is particularly an amusement for the spectators. I have seen a distinguished belle mounting to the tor of a coach in the midst of a rabble, in every way as conspicuous as a queen of the wire about to ascend to the height of a tent pole, with a saucy urchin comment ing shrilly on her appearance, like a clown helping on the exhibition, and she was all the while as placid as though se-cluded in her own boudoir.—New York

John Q. Adams and His Coachman. A few days before the inauguration of President Harrison, the horses of John Quincy Adams became frightened near the Capitol, by the discharge of Colt's fire arms before a committee of congress, and ran away, overturning the carriage and injuring the coachman. Mr. Adams re mained at home for two days, and be stowed all the attention and time upor the man that a child could give its father. regarding alike the religious condition an physicial sufferings of his unfortunate serve it. The first interview between man and master was quite touching. "You horses are gone and the carriage with them," said the servant, when he first saw Mr. Adams after the accident, and adding to this that he was a "dying man." "Never mind the horses and carriage,' said Mr. Adams, kindly. "If you are a dying man, think of your soul."-Ben Perley Poore.

In a chivalrous but pathetic way Montana bachelors name a town in honor of a girl and then wait for the girls to come.

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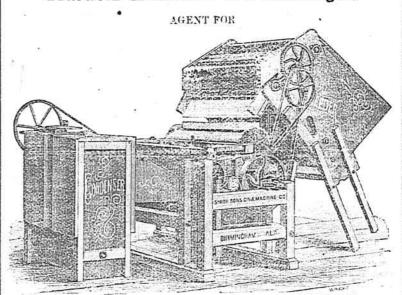
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