A PERSIAN POEM-

"Tell me, gentle traveier, thou Who hast wandered far and wide, Been the sweetest roses blow And the brightest rivers glide, Say of all thine eyes have seen Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where Nature seems most blest and fair. Far above all climes beside?
Tis where those we love abide, And that little spot is best Which the loved one's foot bath pressed. Though it be a fairy space, Wide and spreading is the place. Though 'twere but a barren mound Twould become enchanted ground. With thee you sandy waste would seem The margin of Al Cawthar's stream, And thou couldst make a dungeon's gloom A bower where newborn roses bloom." -Jewish Messenger.

A WEDDING PRESENT.

Yes, we were really married. The clergyman, with impressive solemnity, announced that we were now one and sanctioned our union with the blessing of the church. He shook my hand, and the tears stood in his eyes as he wished me unending happiness. He kissed Eleonore, whom he had christened 20 years before, and repeated again, "God bless you, my dear child!"

Then came the wedding guests, one after the other, to congratulate us. There was quite a procession.

The sixth person in the procession fancies that her society might be burdensome. She is one of those generous, patient aunts who in winter always have on hand a store of goodies for hungry nieces and nephews and in summer are ever ready to take charge of a particularly restless schoolboy or girl, whose exuberant vacation spirits render him or her an annoyance to the quiet home circle. In a word, Aunt Caroline is a noble example of what an aunt really ought to be.

"Dear Felix-dear Eleonore," she said as she clasped our hands, "my wedding present is so cumbersome that I arranged to have it sent to your house, where you will find it when you return from your bridal tour. It will welcome you to your new home, and I trust it may give you much pleasure and daily remind you of your old Aunt Caroline." "It is sure to give us pleasure,

whatever it may be," responded my wife, affectionately embracing the

A dozen times a day during our journey we spoke of Aunt Caroline's present and tried to guess what it might be. Eleonore was certain that it was a handsome bookcase, while I maintained with equal confidence that it must be a superb bronze orna-

At last, after 14 October days of crimson tinted forests and deep blue bays, enchanting sunsets and cozy evenings beside sparkling hearth fires in comfortable hotels-after two weeks of perfect enjoyment-we returned to the charming little home which had been prepared for us, and

haven of happiness. I kissed Eleonore when I helped her from the carriage and murmured, "Welcome home, my dear

She returned my caress rather hastily, and running past me into the house said, "Now we shall see

Alas! we learned only too soon. Rika, our maid of all work, had illuminated the little drawing room for our reception. The handsome swinging lamp above the center table-a present from Uncle Augustus-was lighted. Red wax candles burned brightly in each of the two bronze candelabra-Uncle Christopher's present -on the mantel, while two lighted student lamps, likewise wedding gifts, stood on the piano. The light from all these served to illumine and direct our glances the moment we entered the room toward Aunt Caroline's present, which hung directly opposite the door. It was an atrociously painted representation of the parable of the prodigal son and looked as if it might have originated in a manufactory of "curiosities." Its true origin I never learned, although I had ample opportunity to

study it. It is quite certain, however, that dear Aunt Caroline, knowing my own and Eleonore's fondness for pictures, and with her heart overflowing with benevolence and affection had purchased the huge canvas at some auction, paying for it a good round sum and consoling herself for the extravagance with thoughts of the pleasure the picture would give us.

The canvas measured 8 by 10 feet. The frame was a broad gilded affair; the composition itself absurd in the extreme. In the middle foreground a group of figures in gala attire represented the returned prodigal, his parents and the guests invited to celebrate the return. On a sort of raised gallery in the background were a number of figures with cymbals, dancing and singing. All these persons were in a kind of pillared hall, to the left of which was an abject looking individual in tattered garments feeding some swine with ears of corn. To the right of the hall was an oriental butcher with a Turkish scimeter slaughtering the fatted calf.

We surveyed the monstrosity in silence; in silence listened to Rika's admiring comments on the "perfectly lovely painting," then we went to inspect the dining room and my

study. But Eleonore could not at all times use the study as a sitting room, especially when I had business callers. At such times the poor child would bravely conquer her aversion for the "prodigals"-thus she designated both the bipeds and quadrupeds in the picture-and with her back turned resolutely upon them would sit in the drawing room until my

visitors had departed. We have a large circle of acquaintances. Of course they all called on us, and Eleonore said she always felt as if the "prodigals" helped her to "do the honors." Indeed the picture seemed to receive the larger share of our visitors' attention. Some of Eleonore's more intimate friends asked her why she had hung such a "very large" picture in our small drawing room. Some who con-

sidered it impolite to make such re- the truth were I to say that we were marks maintained a discreet silence, not perfectly happy in our little thing similar which they had seen | tion. It was not for this-although in Dresden-or somewhere.

good pictures as myself. When any est. of my neighbors wanted to buy a painting or engraving, he first consulted me. Consequently the fact that I had the "Prodigal Son" hanging on my wall was sufficient to convince even those of our friends who really thought the picture an abominable daub that there must be inable in it," and they exerted in the person of the postman. themselves manfully to discover this

"How very natural those swine are!" one would say.

"Just see what brilliant coloring in those clouds," another. "How repentant the prodigal

looks," a third would remark, with the air of a connoisseur. However, after everybody had called and had been called on in return there came a season of compar-

ative peace, during which Eleonore went to pay a two days' visit to an old school friend. During her absence I had the up-

holsterer and two of his men come was Aunt Caroline. She is Eleonore's and remove the prodigals into the aunt, but I am quite as fond of her dining room, and when Aunt Caroas if she were my own. She is the line on her next visit missed the picbest of creatures, always ready to ture from its accustomed place she come when you need her and quite seemed quite downhearted. I, however, boldly declared that the light and that the subject-feasting-was more suitable for a dining room than a drawing room.

Now, thought I with self gratulatory feeling, Eleonore can receive her callers in comfort.

But I reckoned without my prodi-

Although the picture gave us less annovance in its present position, we did not become reconciled to it. back toward it during meals, and Eleonore had only a side view, it was not so constantly obvious as it had fort. been, and when the warm weather came we covered it with gauze-on account of the flies.

It happened that the distinquished botanist, Dr. S-, visited our town about the holidays.

There were no flies at that time Our guest was a most amiable man. and the friends whom we had invited to dine with him did their best to sympathetic acquaintances with him. entertain him.

During the soup he related a highly amusing adventure he had had in There was a furious wind"-Egypt. When Rika removed his plate, he looked up-the prodigals were directly opposite him-and well bred though he was he could not help a look of wondering surprise at sight of such a travesty on art.

A few days later Eleonore went to visit her mother, and while she was saving the house was gone, he and gone I again sent for the upholsterer several of my Sunday scholars broke and his men and had the picture re open the shutters of your study winmoved to my study. To do this I dow, and Fritz bravely entered the was obliged to take down about 200 burning dwelling and cut the large books together with the shelves.

that did not matter. I placed my From the German For Romance. desk so that my back was toward it and commended my visitors of taste to the mercy of their good angels. On New Year's day Aunt Caroline dined with us, and you may imagine her surprise, when, seated in the chair Dr. S- had occupied, she looked up and found the picture gone. She did not say a word, how-

"We hung your picture-your lovely picture, dear aunt—in my study," I answered casually, adding in my desperation, "I intend to exhibit it to my Sunday class."

The dear soul did not say anything, nor was she offended, but she appeared so melancholy that I was conscience stricken. Before I went to bed I tried to make amends for the detestable story I had told Aunt Caroline. I wrote to a friend of mine and invited him to bring his Sunday class on the following Thursday evening and drink tea with us. The invitation was accepted.

I received my friend and his scholars in the drawing room. I asked the little fellows all sorts of question about their studies, and Eleonore showed them our photographs. At last came the welcome summons to tea, after which I invited the children into my study to see the picture of the prodigal son.

The lamps were placed in the most favorable positions. The youngsters ranged themselves in a row in front of the picture. I took up my station on one side, Herr Diebert on the other. I cleared my throat and began in a didactic tone:

"This picture, my dear children, is partly allegorical, partly realistic. These two rows of columns on either side of the center divide the different eras of the parable. Here on the left you see the prodigal, hungry and wretched, sharing the swine's foodas the Scriptures tell us. Here in the background you see them singing and dancing, rejoicing over the return of the prodigal. Here on the right is the butcher in the act of kill-

ing the fatted calf." While I delivered this highly in structive lecture Herr Diebert pointed with a ruler toward the designat ed objects.

The silence which followed my remarks was actually oppressive. At last one little fellow, Fritz Diegel, Pure Drugs the butcher's son, feeling that some thing ought to be said, stammeringly asked, "Be them Hungarian or Bavarian hogs?"

The laughter which followed lifted the general oppressiveness, and the clock striking 9 soon afterward Eleonore and I gave thanks for our

These are only a few of the many annoyances which Aunt Caroline's well meant wedding present brought

Fortunately, there were some very warm days in March-quite warm enough to bring to life two flies in my study. Once I should have put an end to their premature existence. I did not do so now. I fetched the gauze veil and draped it securely over the prodigals. The next day Aunt Caroline called. Said I to her when she came into the study:

"Have you noticed, dear aunt, how very early the flies have made their appearance this spring?"

Aunt Caroline had not noticed. I should not be adhering strictly to

while those who thought it "good home. We were-even though there form" to talk about pictures and to was hardly a forenoon, afternoon or pretend a familiarity with art would evening that one of the prodigals—inquire if "that large painting was either the son, one of his parents. the work of a Munich artist" or re- the butcher or one of the swine -did mark that it reminded them of some- not somehow mix in our conversa-

it helped somewhat—that when sum-Now, there was no one in our vil- mer brought my vacation we conlage who was as familiar with really cluded to spend it in the Black for-Those were enchanting days.

Eleonore embroidered, sketched and read to her heart's content while I wrote diligently on a new

work I had begun. Thus we passed six delightful brought me a newspaper. "Are you Herr Treuberg;" he in-

quired. "I am."

"From Immigen?" "The same."

"Then here's something that may interest you," he added, pointing to an article in the paper. I read: "Yesterday in the town of Immi-

gen, upper Bavaria, a fire consumed the residences of Frau Julie Zieber and Herr Felix Treuberg. The loss is total, partly covered by insurance."

I summoned my poor little wife, to whom I communicated as gently

as possible our great loss. We began at once to prepare for our return journey, and as our train would not leave until the afternoon I wired a friend for further particulars of the fire. The answer came as we were leav

ing the hotel: "Fire started in the Zieber house Unfortunately very little saved."

As I concluded this rather depressing message Eleonore clasped my hand in both her own and whispered assuringly, "We have each other. dear Felix, we shall not be poor-we have each other and our love."

A few days later we were in Immigen. As we drew near to the sta-Far from it. But as I sat with my tion Eleonore leaned toward me and said, smiling through her tears: "Felix, dear, we have one com-

> "What is it, my love?" "We are rid or those detestable

swine. "That's so," I assented. "There's never a misfortune that has not some recompense."

I had sent word to a friend to meet us at the station. He had not come alone. There were several "It was so late," said my friend, referring to the fire, "and so sudden.

"But," interrupted Herr Diebert. "one thing will give you great pleasure."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Eleonore expectantly. "What, pray?" "You have to thank Fritz Diegel's courage for it. When all hope of

Names of Authors. The habit frequently adopted by booksellers of using the possessive case of a writer's name followed by the title of his work leads sometimes to curious effects. For instance: "Berkeley's Wealth and Welfare, "Lalor's Money and Morals," "Turner's Wish and Will," "Ellis' Temper and Temperament" and "Wynter's Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers,' suggestive of the Artful Dodger's profession. Occasionally the bookseller himself deviates into humor, as in the two following instances: "King's Interest Tables, a rather poor copy and very poor price;" "Poems by James Gay, with a portrait of the Great Man, who modestly calls himself Poet Laureate of Canada and Master of all Poets. Notwithstanding these high claims I sell his poems for 4d."-Chambers' Journal.

LITTLE ALL ALONEY. Little All Aloney's feet Pitter patter in the hall, And his mother runs to meet And to kiss her toddling sweet Ere perchance he fall.

He is, oh, so weak and small! Yet what danger shall be fear When his mother hovereth near And he hears her cheering call, "All Aloney?" Little All Aloney's face

It is all aglow with glee.
As around that romping place At a terrifying pace Lungeth, plungeth he! And that hero seems to be All unconscious of our cheers-Only one dear voice he hears Calling reassuringly, "All Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load, Though his feet they seem so small That you cannot help forbode Some disastrous episode In that noisy hall, Neither threatening bump nor fall Little All Aloney fears. But with sweet bravado steers Whither comes that cheery call,

"All Aloney!" Ah, that in the years to come, When he shares of sorrow's store. When his feet are chill and nurab, When his cross is burdensome, And his heart is sore, Would that he could hear once more The gentle voice he used to hear-

Divine with mother love and cheer-Calling from yonder spirit shore, "All, all alone!" -Engene Field in Chicago Record.

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Spectacles, And the thousand and one things usually found in every first-class and well-regulated drug store.

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IN DRY GOODS Our purchases in this line were made on the basis of 5-cent cotton, and will be sold accordingly. Among the bargains in this department will be found :

180 pieces standard prints at 4 cents per yard. 100 pieces zephyr ginghams, equal to toil de nords. at 6 1-4c. One case bleach, 5c, well worth 6c. One case 1-4 pleach, 6c, good value at 8 1-3c.

CAPES! CAPES! CAPES! We have a complete line in all the newest styles and colors. We particularly invite your attention to our tire at \$2.50 and \$3.00. These were bought at a sacrifice sale for spot cash, and without doing any injustice to our competitors, feel justified in asserting that the cannot be duplicated for less than fifty per cent in excess of our price.

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We are showing som tobby effects at \$5, \$7.50 and \$10.

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HATS

HATS

We believe we have justly earned the reputation of being the Cheapest House in this City in this line, and we are fully prepared to sustain it this seas

· You are doubtless aware of the unprecedented SHOES advance in this line. We are pleased to state most of our stock was bought at old prices. Our women's Dongola at \$1.50 (every pair warranted) are good value. Our line of men's goods, made by

I. M. Reynolds & Co., of Brockton, Mass., will be sold at last year's figures. In Our Line of Groceries, Crockery, Glassware and Tinware.

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O'DONNELL & CO.,

SUMTER, S. C.

SUMTER, S. C.

cooks together with the shelves.

The light here was execrable, but the only thing saved."—Translated J. A. BROGDON, Manager.

W. B. MEACHAM. Auctioneer

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Executors. Manning, S. C., Nov. 5, 1895.

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