

STORM ON GALILEE.

Lessons From a Memorable Incident in the Saviour's Life.

DR. TALMAGE DESCRIBES

The Rough Places in Human Experience and Indicates the Best Means of Getting Over Them.

Dr. Talmage, who is now in Europe preaching to immense congregations in the great cities, sends this sermon, in which he describes the rough places of life and indicates the best means of getting over them and shows how many people fail to understand their best blessings; text, Mark iv, 35. "And he arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."

Here in Capernaum, the seashore village, was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of his life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake what scenes of kindness and power and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! I can understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert Mac Choyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

It is not that the wild gullie Comes down to drink thy tide, But that he was pierced to save from hell Oft wandered by thy side.

Gracious around thee mountains meet That calm, reposeful sea, But, ah, his far more beautiful Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

I can easily understand from the contour of the country that winds this lake that storms were continually to be expected. The lake is a playground. This lake, in Christ's time, lay in a scene of great luxuriance; the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, groved; so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in smaller space than in almost any other space in the world, from the palm trees of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate. It seemed as if the Lord had laughed on a wave of beauty on all the scene and it hung and swung from rock and hill and cleaver. Roman gentlemen in pleasure boats sailing this lake and countrymen in fishing smacks coming down to drop their nets smack each other with nod and shout and laughter or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf quivered in the air, not a ripple disturbed the face of Genesaret. But there seems to be a little excitement up the beach. We hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron of deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor pirate vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the stern of the boat. His disciples are in the bow and amidships. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by any motion at all, the ship was easily pitched; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock and, by the gentleness of the motion, putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's seat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate and his head touched the pillow than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night! Rush up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Genesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm as it comes on with great stride and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the bonnets; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen and in the strong wind crack like pistols; the smaller boats, like petals, poise on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go the canvas, the rigging, and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat and lay hold of Christ and say unto him, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

That great personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisherman's seat; walks to the front of the vessel and looks out into the storm. All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ, the spray dropped from his beard. He has tired he looks! What sad dreams he must have! Look at his countenance, he must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at him; he is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear him say, "Peace, be still," and I see the storm kneeling at his feet and the tempests folding their wings in his presence; he is a God. If I have sorrow and trouble and weariness, I go and kneel down and say: "O Christ, wear One of Genesaret's sympathies with all my sorrow! Man of Nazareth! Man of the Cross! A Man, a Man! But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I say, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, thou who didst hush the tempest, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin.'

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; Jesus rises, and the storm craves at his feet. Oh, yes, Christ can hush the tempest! You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle; the owls of the night hooting among the fallow, when the right footing among the stairs, or all your property swept away, you said: "I had some good bank stock; I had so many houses; I had so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks that have not been worse than this to you. Yet you were not completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little seed in my keeping. I can care for you as well as you can, better than you can. O, bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said, "There are treasures in heaven in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest. There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death. All the powers of darkness seem to be set on that soul—the scolding wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together. But that soul is not troubled. There is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our pilot.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide; We're home at last, home at last. Softly we drift on the bright, silvery tide; We're home at last, home at last. Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er; We stand secure on the glorified shore; Glory to God, we will shout evermore, We're home at last, home at last.

STATE CAMPAIGN.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.)

more right to do this than the treasurer of this county has to take money from his office to pay for his paper. Here is the list and form of voucher. Not only does he pay for all the other papers in the State out of your money, but he paid for his secretary's paper.

Governor McSweney: "This system of taking papers was started by Governor Johnson Hagood and has been in vogue ever since, and it would do you good to read these papers."

Mr. Mitchell: "Why censure him alone?"

Mr. Patterson: "Two wrongs do not make a right. Is it customary to buy photographs out of the contingent fund. Here is an item of \$20 for pictures from Reeking."

Governor McSweney: "That was a picture of all the Governors."

Mr. Patterson said he was not to be depended on by any newspapers or politicians to support him, but he counted on the voters. He concluded by saying he favored enforcing the dispensary law in every part of the State. "There was much applause and Mr. Patterson's job at Col. Hoyt, and particularly at Governor McSweney, seemed to excite applause, either of concurrence or for the liveliness he effected."

After the lively fusillade of Mr. Patterson the cool, yet incisive, speech of MR. FRANK B. GARY was not so fiery by contrast. It took well. He said in substance:

He had not come to indulge in personalities or mud-slinging. If any have come to see mud-slinging so far as he was concerned they would be disappointed. He did not come of his own motion, but he was asked to make the race for the State. They have urged him to make the race because they knew he would not see the dispensary law wrecked by lax enforcement. He favored enforcing the law, but did not believe in forcing it down the throats of unwilling counties. The dispensary is a local matter. It is local in its good, local in its evil and local in its enforcement.

He then went to explain the operations of the law and distribution of the profits. If a county does not want a dispensary there was no need to force it. He said Jeffersonian Democracy to favor a county decision. Col. Hoyt advocates a non-descript system. He wants the dispensary run and the constables lone away with. Under Col. Hoyt's plan the blind tigers will sell the liquor used for beverages and the dispensaries will sell liquor for medicinal and scientific purposes.

Now Col. Hoyt is willing to join hands with anyone to get the dispensary out of the way. Then what need you expect other than open tigers? Mr. Gary read the same editorial from the State that had been read by Mr. Gary said Col. Hoyt had a son on the State and it very likely knew his views. He wanted to know if Col. Hoyt repudiated this editorial in the State, and read this: "We have already said enough to indicate that as between Col. James A. Hoyt, of Greenville, and the other candidates for Governor now in the field, the State favors the election of Col. Hoyt—Col. Hoyt is a Prohibitionist, but not a fanatical one. He will support his cause as long as there is hope for it, but if in the Legislature a coalition should be necessary to overthrow the dispensary system there is no reason to suspect that he would be less willing to recognize the requirements of the situation than was last winter when he favored concessions by his side. There is nothing in his candidacy to make useless the runding of local option candidates for the Legislature or such combinations between Prohibitionists and local optionists as may be necessary to overcome the dispensary majority in the present General Assembly."—The State, May 25, 1900.

NOTABLE CONVERTS

To the Democratic Party and Its Candidate.

THE COUNTRY IN DANGER. Rich Men Who Think Hannaism and McKinleyism Threatens all Things American, Rich and Poor.

Recently in the Atlanta Journal, Alfred Henry Lewis, writing from New York, stated that James R. Keene, the King of Wall Street, would this fall vote for Bryan. Mr. Lewis says: "The present Republican trend—this march of McKinleyism, threatens all the rights of property as well as the rights of man. Wealth is not necessarily either a traitor or a fool; and Mr. Keene, aware of the new meaning of McKinleyism, like many other honest Americans of honest millions oppose it and will fight against it."

The setting forth of this significant intention on the part of Mr. Keene has excited the dissatisfaction of the New York Sun. At first that excellent imprint said nothing of the matter. But observing that Mr. Keene's views were receiving wide quotation and thought, and fearing the result, the Sun was driven to a retort. It states in effect in explanation of Mr. Keene's position that he's a "great bear speculator; that a bear speculator is ever active and hopeful of disaster, and that naturally being a bear, Mr. Keene would support Bryan, who, of course, is an enemy of prosperity; and so on and so forth ad nauseam."

Doubtless the Sun is great and withal able paper. Were it not for its halting, stumbling politics it might well rank abreast of the greatest. But it suffers from the pink eye of Republicanism. The Sun sees not the truth, and imagines all who adopt Democracy and Bryan to be impelled to those motives mercenary which are so common among the leading Republicans as to become fairly the main spring of that party.

Mr. Keene has been a central figure of the American Bourse for fully a quarter of a century. All his life he has been a Republican. He is no more what The Sun calls a "bear" to day than he was ten years ago. The Sun supported McKinley with vote, vote and treasure to the tune of \$40,000. If there was aught of pith or moment in the "bear" theory of the Sun, Mr. Keene would have been as warmly opposed to the Republicans in 1896 as he is at this pinch of 1900. The Sun should seek a better explanation of Mr. Keene's disapproval of McKinleyism or offer none at all.

Also Mr. Keene is not alone. Just as the Rev. Parkhurst shored from shore the other day, bound Europeward, he pronounced for Bryan and denounced McKinley. Is the Rev. Parkhurst a "bear"? Does he, too, seek disaster to our trade?

There's a huge department store of tili-von bigger than Wanamaker's, bigger than the Bon Marche of Paris. Its name is "Macy's." The head and controlling spirit of "Macy's" is a gentleman of millions. Beyond that, he is of character, the highest for honesty and wisdom. Like Mr. Keene, too, he is not only a cool, wise head for business, but he is a philanthropist, and each year gives thousands, silent thousands no never hears of, and seldom sees, to the poor of this town.

The week's weather was favorable on all crops, and a marked improvement is noted over the entire State. There was a lack of sunshine during the week. Corn continues small, but is healthy and is growing fast; some has been laid by. Wheat is less troublesome, and better bottom land stands have been secured.

Cotton is now doing well. It is undeterred for the season, and some is not up, and in the northwestern counties chopping to stands is not finished, where the crop also needs cultivation. Some sections report the prevalence of lice. The crop now needs sunshine and hot weather. It is fruiting well in the southeastern counties. Wheat harvest is nearly finished, except in the northwest portion, where it has just begun. The indications are for the best yield in years. Oats harvest well under way. The conditions are variable, and the crop rather below the average.

Tobacco worms continue troublesome, otherwise this crop is doing well, but shows the effects of the previous cool, dry weather.

FREE BLOOD CURE.

An Offer Providing Faith to Sufferers

Eating Sores, Tumors, Ulcers, are all curable by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) which is made especially to cure all terrible Blood Diseases. Persistent Sores, Blood and Skin Blemishes, Scrofula, that resist other treatments, are quickly cured by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). Skin Eruptions, Pimples, Red, Itching Eczema, Scabies, Blisters, Boils, Carbuncles, Blisters, Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc., are all due to bad blood, and hence easily cured by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) prepared by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). Swollen Ears, Sore Throat, etc., cured by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). In one to five months, B. B. B. does not contain vegetable or mineral poison. One bottle will test it in an case. For sale by druggists everywhere. Large bottles \$1, six for five \$5. Write for free sample bottle, which will be sent, prepaid to Times readers, describe symptoms and personal free medical advice will be given. Address Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A kingdom for a cure. You need not pay so much. A twenty-five cent bottle of L. L. & K. Will drive all ills away. See ad. and try it—never fails.

THE CANDIDATES. The Names of Those Who Have Filed Their Pledges. Col. James furnishes the following list of date of candidates who have filed their pledges and paid their assessments:

For Governor—M. B. McSweney, J. A. Hoyt, F. B. Gary, A. H. Patterson. For Lieutenant Governor—J. T. Sloan, C. L. Winkler, C. L. Blease, J. H. Tillman.

For Attorney General—G. D. Bellinger, Jas. H. Moore. For Secretary of State—M. R. Cooper. For State Treasurer—W. H. Timmerman, R. H. Jennings. For Comptroller General—J. P. Derham, N. W. Brooker. For Superintendent of Education—J. J. McMahon, Ellison Capers, Jr. For Adjutant and Inspector General—J. W. Floyd, George Douglas House. For Railroad Commissioner—W. D. Evans, J. G. Etheridge, J. H. Wharton, Thomas N. Berry, W. D. Mayfield, B. B. Evans, J. G. Pettigrew. For United States Senator—B. R. Tillman, A. C. Jones.

First District—Wm. Elliott. Second—W. J. Talbert. Third—A. C. Larimer, E. E. Versor, C. T. Whyde. Fourth—Jos. Johnson, Stanyarne Wilson. Fifth—D. E. Finley, T. J. Strait. Sixth—Jas. Norton, R. B. Scarborough, J. E. Elberse. Seventh—J. Wm. Stokes.

For Solicitor, First District—B. H. Matthews, W. H. Thomas, P. T. Hildebrand. Second—J. E. Davis, C. C. Siamas. Third—J. M. Wilson. Fourth—J. M. Johnson. Fifth—J. Wm. Thurmond. Sixth—J. K. Henry, Thos. F. McDow, W. C. Hough. Seventh—Thos. S. Sease. Eighth—J. E. Boggs, J. A. Mooney.

FURMAN GRADUATES. The commencement exercises of Furman University at Greenville took place Wednesday night in the new alumni hall. Dr. D. M. Ramsey, president of the trustees, made the speech of welcome, after which the orations were delivered. The graduating speakers and their subjects were as follows: "National perpetuity"—William Cox Allen. "Unrenewed Worth"—John Edgar Nuzumery. "Ageless of Life"—Samuel Alexander Pehoes. "The Decline of Spain"—George Monroe Horton. "A Vision of the Future"—Henry Melton Fallow. "Out of the Ashes"—George Smith Bryan.

Diplomas were delivered by the president to the following graduates: Bachelors of Arts—Samuel Alexander Agnew, Saluda; William Cox Allen, Free State; Deatour Lee Bramlett, Simpsonville; George Smith Bryan, Greenville; Robert Albertus Dobson, Yorkville; Henry Melton Fallow, Gaston; George Monroe Horton, Greenville; Charles McKay McGee, Greenville; John Edgar Nuzumery, Wylie; Millie Robert Stonewall Rogers, Gadsden; Richard Furman Watson, Ridge Springs. Bachelors of Science—James Daniel Coker, Hartsville; George Albert Traylor, McCormick. Bachelors of Literature—Louis Milledge Bonham, Jr., Anderson; Lorenzo Starr Brown, Jr., Washington, D. C.; Abiah Whitmore Bussey, Pelzer; Jesse Elliot Crum, Johnston; William Lowndes Daniel, Daniel; Jacob Aquilla Hunter, Bamberg; Barham Foster Keedy, Jonesville; Edward Allison Mc Dowell, Monticello; William LeRoy Newby, Bellville; William Fletcher Scott, Mirford; John Furman Thomas, Greenwood; William Carl Wharton, Waterloo.

FREE BLOOD CURE. An Offer Providing Faith to Sufferers. Eating Sores, Tumors, Ulcers, are all curable by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) which is made especially to cure all terrible Blood Diseases. Persistent Sores, Blood and Skin Blemishes, Scrofula, that resist other treatments, are quickly cured by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). Skin Eruptions, Pimples, Red, Itching Eczema, Scabies, Blisters, Boils, Carbuncles, Blisters, Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc., are all due to bad blood, and hence easily cured by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) prepared by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). Swollen Ears, Sore Throat, etc., cured by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). In one to five months, B. B. B. does not contain vegetable or mineral poison. One bottle will test it in an case. For sale by druggists everywhere. Large bottles \$1, six for five \$5. Write for free sample bottle, which will be sent, prepaid to Times readers, describe symptoms and personal free medical advice will be given. Address Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Belle Boyd Dead.

Belle Boyd, famous as a Confederate spy, died suddenly at King's Landing, Wis., Wednesday.

With the passing of Belle Boyd there goes another of those picturesque figures which were a result of the disruption of the Union and the taking up of arms by brother against brother. In the fifty-seven years of her life there had come more adventure, more excitement, more romance, more danger than a score of lives possibly of other active women of modern times.

When "Stonewall" Jackson was campaigning in the Virginia Valley with his "Stonewall" Brigade, Belle Boyd was one of his most useful spies. She was a member of the "Stonewall" element of the Federal army, her tact and skill did possibly as much to aid Jackson as that of any other spy in the service; she passed in and out of lines with apparent ease and a dare devil recklessness and coolness carried her through many places where another would have failed.

A Horrible Death. A special from El Paso Texas, says: A man named John, who reached here from the state of Illinois, Mex., Wednesday tells the story in detail of horrible punishment recently inflicted on a prospector named Wilson by Mayo Indians. Wilson frequently visited the villages and finally won the affections of a handsome young girl. Instead of marrying the girl, according to the rites of her tribe, he is said to have deceived her by his camp in the mountains and kept her there against her will. He was overthrown and carried back. As a punishment for his crime it was ordered that he be put to death by a method common with the Mayos. The prospector was stripped of his clothing and bound across an ant hill infested by large red ants. After many hours of horrible suffering the insects slowly gnawed away his flesh Wilson expired. Wilson reputed to be a fugitive from justice from Oklahoma.

OTHER CANDIDATES. Messrs. C. L. Winkler, J. T. Sloan, C. L. Blease and J. H. Tillman, for Lieutenant-Governor were then introduced in the order named and addressed the audience. Messrs. Jas. H. Moore and G. D. Bellinger, for Attorney-General, next spoke. Mr. More said the enforcement of the dispensary law is a lamentable failure in large cities; hypocrites are our officers and lawbreakers of our time. He had endeavored to do his duty in Charleston and had issued 600 warrants for violation of the dispensary law in six months while the other mag-

istrates had issued but four. But how could they enforce the dispensary law when members of the board of directors patronized blind tigers in Charleston. There were cries "Who, who?" Mr. Moore replied, "Hub Evans? He was used to a blind tiger with two quarts of champagne, a quart of liquor and other wares."

Mr. Evans in the presence of Mr. Moore subsequently issued the following detail: "Who ever says or alleges that I walk or lay with blind tigers or order champagne to Charleston is a Dam Libel." H. H. Evans.

Witnesses: Ellison Capers, Jr., T. J. McLaughlin, Mr. Bellinger, the incumbent declined to speak "in view of his practical lack of opposition." He was a favorite. Mr. Cooper also yielded to the speakers.

Dr. Timmerman made an earnest appeal for reelection to the office of State treasurer. Capt. J. H. Jennings of Fairfield briefly announced his candidacy for that job. Dr. Timmerman's home-lessness was the cause of much merriment.

Mr. Derham and his opponent, Mr. Brooker had a spirited contest over issues in the race for comptroller general. Col. J. W. Floyd led the crowd with him in his appeal for reelection as adjutant general. His opponent, Mr. George Douglas House, made a nice little speech.

Then followed a colloquy between Messrs. McMahon and Capers in which neither won. Mr. McMahon with evident earnestness avowed his allegiance to common school education and to State colleges. Mr. Capers taxed him with overstepping his rights as State superintendent of education. The several candidates for railroad commissioner presented themselves. Maj. B. B. Evans, the last speaker, won some applause by his attack on the present commission and upon W. D. Evans, who is up for reelection. Mr. A. C. Jones, candidate for United States Senator, then addressed the crowd. Then came Senator Tillman, the man for whom the crowd had been waiting for hours, and he was received with the old-time enthusiasm.

THE BUBBLING CHICAGO.

The Chicago actress, seized by the Cannibal horde, struggled appallingly. "Unhand me, villains!" she shrieked. "Not on your life!" observed the royal presence. "Chop off her toes. I will only keep the cover off, anyhow."

From which it appears that the vocabulary of the footlights is not un-susceptible of unsophisticated misconstruction.—New York Press.

The Charge Denied. First Passenger—That is what you might call a musical conductor, eh? Second Passenger—Now, he's whistling ragtime. In the meantime the car whirled merrily on, bearing its human freight toward home and hot sausages. Joyous greetings of happy little ones and complaints about the delinquencies of the grocer and the cook.—Indianapolis Press.

One Thing in Their Favor. "I'll give the Boers credit for one thing," remarked the engineer of the armored train, as several more shells banged against the armor, "their gunners would make ideal suburban citizens."

Had Lived in the City. Conductor—"Your ticket is for Lawrenceville, and we don't stop until we get to Trenton. This is the lightning express."

Suburban Resident—"All right. When we get to Lawrenceville I'll jump. The get off of street cars many a time when the driver was home-wrecked on his last trip."—New York Weekly.

Terrible to Contemplate. "Fate has drawn us together!" he cried passionately. "Then it is not so bad," she said, with a sigh of relief. "I thought you were going to say some amateur crayon artist had drawn us together."—Chicago News.

Hence the Expression. The Cliff Dweller had returned home intoxicated and making a mistake slipped off the crags and been dashed to pieces on the rocks, hundreds of feet below. "Alas!" said a neighbor, "he has fallen from his high estate!"

So He Did. "Did you hear the verdict that fool jury gave on the death of that man who was drowned?" "No; what was it?" "They said they had come to the conclusion that he had died with water on the brain."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Feminine Exception. "Well, ignorance is bliss," you know. "Indeed it isn't. When I want to know something about somebody, and can't find out about it, I nearly lose my mind."—Chicago Record.

Suspiciously Decile. "Is the little Jones boy bright?" "I don't think so; he minds every word his father and mother say to him."—Detroit Free Press.

Specific. "I wonder how he was cured of the political fever?" "By the mud-bath treatment. I believe."—Detroit Journal.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

HER REQUEST. Why He Winked.

There was Only One More Thing Needed for Complete Happiness. "Listen, my darling." The youthful millionaire drew to his heart the beautiful girl who had promised to share his wealth and happiness, and in simple language began to recount what the future had in store for them.

Just Getting Warm. An East Indian prince, on his first visit to this country, suffered so continuously from cold that he contracted pneumonia and died. He was cremated, and, after being some ten minutes in the crematory, an attendant opened a small slide in the side of the furnace to note the result. The prince was sitting bolt upright on the slab, and shouted: "Shut that door!"—Life.

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A Fatal Fire. Six men were killed, eight so badly burned or maimed that they are in the hospital, and three other men are missing as a result of a fire in the cooperage establishment of Paul Weidemann at North Eleventh street and Wythe avenue, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, Wednesday night. The property loss is variously estimated at from \$75,000 to \$250,000.

Wonderful. James B. Ireland of Hancock county, Kentucky, celebrated his 105th birthday anniversary the other day. The Minneapolis Tribune wonders how he was ever able to live so long in Kentucky without being shot.

Pitts' Antiseptic Invigorator has been used in my family and I am perfectly satisfied that it is all, and will do all, you claim for it. Yours truly, A. B. C. Dorsey.

P. S.—I am using it now myself. It's doing me good.—Sold by The Murray Drug Co., Columbia, S. C., and druggists.



She—I wonder why young Saphedde wears a monocle.

He—To prevent him seeing more than he can comprehend, I suppose.

Afterthought. "But," pleaded the more or less elderly lover, "if we were wed, I am sure you could learn to love me! Or I could learn to unlove you, at the least," he continued, after a moment's pause.—Indianapolis Press.

Not Necessarily Heard. "Of course, you have heard 'Loben-strin'?" But what a question is this to ask a woman who moves in the best society and subscribes for a box at the Metropolitan Opera each season?—Puck.

She Fooled Many. The adoration of the young girl at Aquis, France, who claimed to have communication with the Virgin in a vision and had attracted troops of devout believers who came to worship, has met an abrupt end. At her first public communication, which had been announced beforehand and had gathered a crowd of 30,000, she declared that the Virgin declined to appear and would appear no more. The people in their disappointment had the girl arrested and placed in a reformatory.

Gainesville, Ga., Dec. 8, 1899 Pitts' Antiseptic Invigorator has been used in my family and I am perfectly satisfied that it is all, and will do all, you claim for it. Yours truly, A. B. C. Dorsey.