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THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.

The Clemson trouble has been settled for the present at least, and we think the least said about it the better. Further agitation can accomplish no good result that we can see, and may do much harm.

The county convention of Greenwood and some candidates in Union have attempted to fix the price of candidates' cards in the newspapers. They had better drop the scheme like a hot brick. A fellow who expects to run for office is monkeying with a buzz saw when he attempts to form a trust against the newspapers.

The withdrawal of Senator McLaurin serves one good purpose, at least. Those who believe in expansion and other progressive ideas, which it is asserted the Democratic party ought to endorse, can now have the fullest and freest discussion without being abused and maligned. At least, such should be the case. In the meantime, let the agitation continue. If the ideas are bad, further discussion will only show up their worst features, and if they are good our people ought to know it. There can come no harm from all this light possible.

Hartzo Happenings.

HARTZOG, May 12.—The ascension's day picnic was quite a success this year. The crowd began to gather about ten o'clock, and in a short time a large crowd from almost all parts of the county was present. At twelve o'clock the crowd was called to order by Mr. J. H. Fender. Rev. M. W. Hook of Bamberg, was called on for a prayer. After prayer Prof. H. G. Sheridan acted as chairman. Hon. D. C. Heyward of Waterboro, was the first speaker introduced; he delivered a fine address on "farmers." It was not lengthy but full of humor and jokes which seemed to collect the crowd more closely together. Then the Hon. gave his well composed and quick address, which could have stood the crowd for hours if he would have stayed on the platform (a wagon). Prof. Sheridan then introduced Hon. C. W. Garris, of Bamberg; his subject was "higher education." He handled his subject well, and the special attention of the crowd was given to it. Then dinner was announced. Of course this part is always welcomed and all seemed to enjoy it, which was in abundance. After dinner the young people started on their highly enjoyable amusement. I should say that this place can afford as much or more ground for this amusement than any other in the county; everybody has room to walk, sit or swim; the whole of the county could come here and then every one would have their own room. Boys, that day has gone, but I believe that all can enjoy the thought of the time that they had. If they can't enjoy it someone must have went back on them, or otherwise it was their own fault. I can't say as to how the girls look at it now, but suppose their hearts are of the same nature of the boys, and they must enjoy or dislike it as "we boys."

The old ones must have enjoyed it, for they were cheerful and seemed delighted. Miss Maggie Black has returned home from Weimers, where she visited her sister Mrs. Varn, and reports that she was very sick while there. We are glad to see that she is better now. The crops are looking very fine now; the warm weather seems to agree with them. Some have gotten through chopping their cotton, while others have just started. Dr. S. P. Rentz has the best oats that the writer or any one that he has heard speak of has seen. He says that he is going to thresh some of his so as to calculate what they will make. If any one has any to put against them let him do likewise and we will learn through this paper who made the most.

Miss Julia Smoak and Mrs. M. A. Black will visit the Exposition this week. We hope for them a fine time.

Mr. G. T. Rhoad is still improving, and seems to be very much better, to the delight of his many friends. Judging by the traveling that Dr. S. P. Rentz is doing, the summer sickness is visiting the Hartzo homes.

The Hartzo heroes met and practiced Saturday afternoon. This is the latest until they play the Fitting School next Saturday afternoon. We hope to give them a good time; the game is to start about three o'clock; come all and see it. This will be our last game with them this season, and now and after then we will meet with the "Gen. Green" fighters to play ball. Hurry, boys; Hartzo will play you.

J. W. R. "Twas 'Life or Death."

"There is a certain young man in Duluth, I don't know his name, who he looks like, or whether he is really stupid, or a 'kiddier,'" said a "hello" girl the other day, in conversation with a friend.

"Hello" said I. "Hello" came back. "Say, Central, this is a case of life or death. Now, if you have ever done quick action before, do it this time. Unless you get a rig here for me in a hurry, it's all off, that's all. Do you understand? It's a case of life or death with me, and I mean if I say, it's a case of life or death. Do you hear? Are you there?"

"Yes, I am here," I replied. "Will you please give me the number?"

"Oh, the number—yes, the number! Say, wouldn't that be you? I've forgotten it. What is it, Central, please? Look quick!"

"What is the name of the firm or the party you wish to talk to?" asked.

"Oh, the name—the name. Well, isn't that peculiar? Blame me, if I haven't forgotten the name!"

"The receiver was hung up with a snap, and the forgetful man evidently decided to walk."

It is now estimated that there are 57,000 tramps in this country. In the last generation their number has increased four times as fast as the general population. They now cost the country \$11,000,000 a year and do not produce anything.

EHRHARDT ETTCHINGS.

A Budget of Interesting News from Our Sister City.

EHRHARDT, May 13.—Mr. Cain was in our little town last Friday. He came to meet a gentleman who came up on the train and who was employed by the Bamberg Cotton Mills.

Misses Marie and Flossie Murdaugh, who have been spending some time with relatives in Bamberg and Branchville, returned to Ehrhardt Sunday morning, accompanied by their father.

Our friend, Mr. T. L. Pearlstone, now of Branchville, paid us a very pleasant visit last week.

Miss Lilla Carpenter, of Charlotte, N. C., is on a visit to Miss Ruth Copeland.

Abe Williams, a negro of ill repute, who escaped from Magistrate Dunbar, of Allendale, was captured here Monday morning by Mr. Dunbar, who had been notified that his whereabouts were in this neighborhood. Capt. J. M. Dannelly, who had the negro employed, paid the fine.

Our jovial and congenial friend, W. P. Pate, who has had charge of the depot and express office here for the past four years, has been promoted to the position of baggage master and express messenger on the Plant System road from Ehrhardt to Greenwood. Prof. L. A. Bickle, who has been keeping books for C. Ehrhardt & Sons for sometime, has accepted the place as depot agent, which has just been vacated by Mr. Pate. We consider Prof. Bickle well qualified for the position, and hope that he will have a promotion before many years.

The "white folks" of Ehrhardt, were entertained on last Friday evening by Mrs. T. O. Powell and daughter. The guests were entertained with music, vocal and instrumental, and at 11 o'clock ice cream and cake were served. The following were the ones present: Miss Florrie M. Chassereau with Mr. Edgar Jones; Miss Ruth Copeland and Dave Dannelly; Miss Lilla Carpenter and Frank Copeland; Daisy Carter and Frank Chassereau; Stags, E. P. Chassereau, Willie Sease, Angus Kearse, and Raymond Ehrhardt.

Mr. George Kearse is visiting relatives in Allendale.

Mrs. A. C. Reynolds and Miss Florrie Chassereau visited friends and relatives in Bamberg last week, and returned to Ehrhardt last Friday morning.

Hon. C. Ehrhardt spent last week in Charleston, attending the annual meeting of the Lutheran Synod; also his pastor, Rev. J. H. Wilson, who is a member of that body.

Mr. Willie Chassereau, who has been confined to his bed for several days, is able to be out again.

F. M. Young Co. has moved their stock of merchandise from the West side of Main street to the store vacated by R. Pearlstone & Sons on East side. This leaves four vacant stores on West side, which clearly demonstrate that hard times is the chief factor.

About 9 o'clock Sunday night our artisan well burst forth with great force. The basin which is kept exhausted by a 6-inch waste pipe was soon filled to overflowing. The flow was profuse and lasted three and four hundred gallons to the minute.

Quite an animated election took place at Ehrhardt last June, at which a new council was elected. Under the administration of this new council the artisan well was bored and a sprinkler was built that conveyed water to the streets which refreshed the hot air, moistened the scorching sand, and kept the dust particles from blowing into our stores and houses. But alas! the latter has been taken from us and we are in a worse condition than before, for before we had a sprinkler we knew not how to appreciate its dust-laying qualities, and now it grieves us to see that great benefactor stored away as a relic of so short reign.

The picnic at Howell's old mill on ascension day was quite a success, there being a large crowd present, each neighborhood being well represented. As has been the custom of previous years, farmers, lawyers, doctors and politicians met and exchanged happy greetings. The order of the day was as follows: Rev. M. W. Hook, of Bamberg, opened the exercises of the day by offering a most beautiful prayer; next Prof. H. G. Sheridan gracefully introduced the first speaker of the day, our well-known candidate for Governor, Col. D. C. Heyward, of Waterboro, who described the farmer at different seasons as resembling the different colors of the rainbow. Next Prof. Sheridan introduced our present Railroad Commissioner, Hon. C. W. Garris, who delivered an appropriate speech upon higher education and his powers, after which the crowd partook of a sumptuous repast furnished by the well-to-do farmers.

Quattlebaum & Dannelly shipped a car load of fat cattle to the Charleston market Monday morning. Mr. Quattlebaum will attend the market to see them well sold. Ehrhardt has had no strawberries so far. If any of our neighbors have them for sale they will find a ready market here.

The Lutherans of this section, who have been rehearsing for some time, will have a grand picnic at Mt. Pleasant Lutheran church next Thursday, to which all denomination are cordially invited. GE. COL.

Wu Meets His Match.

A clever New York woman met Minister Wu Ting-fang at a dinner in Washington several days ago and his Excellency said:

"Are you married?"

"Yes, where is your husband?"

"He is in New York attending to his business."

And then his Excellency switched off to impersonal questions. The New York woman, after answering several of them, hesitatingly said:

"You had confused me, your Excellency. When I knew I was to meet you I was prepared to answer your usual set of questions."

"And what are they?" said Wu Ting-fang, with a suggestion of a smile.

"Why, how old I was; how many children I had; how much my clothes cost; and what my income was."

"And I suppose," said Minister Wu, "if I had asked them you would have thought me impertinent."

"Oh no," said the New York woman, blandly, "only Chinese, your Excellency."

The first regular contract ever made in the world to pick cotton by machinery was closed in Greenville, Ala., a few days since, and the first experiment with the machine will be made on a plantation in Washington county next fall. A Pittsburg man is the inventor of the device and for the past 10 years has been conducting experiments in the vicinity of Greenville.

He now claims that the device has been made on a practical working basis and is confident that he will revolutionize the cotton picking industry in the South. The machine, he admits, is valueless except on the level uplands, low valleys and prairie grounds, but even if it should prove successful with this limit, its effect on the labor question in the south will be very marked.

The Best Prescription for Malaria

Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Chill and Malaria Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price 50c.

Profited by a Joke.

Justice "Bill" Hall, sometime Chicago newspaper man, dearly loves a joke. Here is one he is responsible for, which shows that, in spite of the immortal William, there is often something in a name.

It was the regular morning grind at the Harrison street police court—a stream of tramps, "plain drunks," "drunk and disorderlies," and other petty offenders, worth "\$10 or 20 days" or "\$15 or 30 days" chucked up against them as fast as the clerk could write. It was a stupid, monotonous grind, with nothing to relieve the dead level of sordid and sinful humanity.

Presently, says the Chicago Tribune, appeared a tall lanky of typical appearance. The charge against him on the sheet which lay on the judicial desk was "plain drunk."

"What's your name?" asked Justice Hall in his sharpest judicial manner.

"Cannon's my name, mister judge, your honor," said the tramp.

The judicial frown relaxed into a suspicion of a smile. Mirth, if not mercy, was about to temper justice.

"The officer," said the judge gravely, "has said you are loaded. There seems to be nothing for me to do but to discharge you."—The Journalist.

No Loss of Time.

I have sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for years, and would rather be out of coffee and sugar than it. I sold five bottles of it yesterday to threshers that could go no further, and they are at work again this morning.

H. R. Phelps, Pleasant, Okla. As will be seen by the above, the threshers were able to keep on with their work without losing a single day's time. You should keep a bottle of this remedy in your home. For sale by Bamberg Pharmacy.

Full Dress.

A belated traveler, who was compelled to stay all night in a backwoods cabin, says that soon after the frugal supper of "soda biscuits," and fried "side meat," swimming in grease, had been eaten, a tall, gaunt youth of about 18 or 19, with a pair of yellow hair, and a pair of wooden pegs in the wall and prepared to go out, whereupon their mother, taking her pipe from between her yellow teeth, said reproachfully:

"Go 'long an' wash your feet, Levi, you an' Looey both! Hain't you 'shamed to go off to an evenin' party without washin' your feet?"

They obeyed, but as Levi took the washpan from a bench by the door he said, with a grumble:

"I'd 'bout as soon stay home from a party as to have to fix up for his!"—Detroit Free Press.

How to Avoid Trouble.

A young covek saw a weathercock on top of the house and, thinking him a rival, began crowing fiercely.

"If you keep on making a noise like that," said the old bird, "they'll wring your neck for you."

The young cock looked thoughtful.

"Take example by me. I've got along and have been looked up to for half a century by simply keeping my bill shut and turning with the wind."

Interchangeable Mileage Books

Now issued by the Seaboard Air Line Railway afford the most convenient and cheapest method of traveling. These new mileage books are sold by the Seaboard Air Line Railway at rate of \$25.00 each and are good between New Orleans, Montgomery, Columbia, Nashville, Florida, points, Atlanta, Richmond, Washington and Baltimore, in fact they are good over more than 13,000 miles of railway and steamship lines, including the Seaboard Air Line Railway, Atlantic Coast Line Plant System, Louisville & Nashville, and the other principal railroads of the South. These books are now on sale at all Seaboard Air Line coupon ticket offices. J. J. Parlier, Traveling and Passenger City Ticket Agent, 1300 Main street, Columbia, S. C.

An Unusual Fee.

After a large wedding in Washington the "best man" started at hardly an hour's notice for South Africa. On his return to Washington, after an absence of some eighteen months, he received the warmest sort of welcome from his old associates. A dinner given in his honor afforded the first occasion since the wedding for donning evening dress, and in the midst of the evening, having occasion to feel in his waistcoat pocket for something he electrically fished out a bill of \$100.

Where had it come from? Who had put it there? His fellow guests had all sorts of suggestions to offer, none of which seemed satisfactory.

Early the next morning the truth flashed across his mind. He called upon the clergyman who had performed the marriage ceremony.

"You remember the fact, I suppose," said the visitor, "of marrying Mr. H. and Miss G. about a year and a half ago?"

"Oh, very well," answered the clergyman. "I see them constantly. They attend my church."

"Then I hope you will pardon a rather delicate question, asked in strict confidence. How much did you receive as your fee on that occasion?"

"I will return frankness with frankness," and the clergyman smiled whimsically. "It was the strangest fact that ever came my way. After the ceremony the best man, with a profusion of thanks, slipped into my hand a small silver plug tobacco wrapped in a wad of paraffin paper."

John Wanamaker pays over \$1,000,000 a year advertising his Philadelphia store. He advertises a page a day in five daily newspapers in that city. They are as follows: Press, \$60,000; Ledger, \$60,000; Times, \$50,000; North American, \$75,000; Evening Telegraph, \$50,000.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Killed by His Brother-in-Law.

KINGSTREE, May 12.—Hillary Holleman was shot by his brother-in-law, four miles from town on his way to Greeleyville. The ball entered his left side, ranged upward, touching his heart and death resulted immediately. Holloman to Kingstree and had a good supply of liquor and a dead man resulted. Brown says Holloman had shot the pistol, was breaking it and accidentally shot himself. A negro woman named "Mary" was quarrelling in the wagon, Holloman had Brown down and was beating him when Brown shot him. Brown left the dead man in the road, drove eight miles to Greeleyville and then returned.

The corpse's inquest was held and decided that Hillary Holleman came to his death from a gunshot wound at the hands of H. H. Brown. Brown was arrested and is in the county jail.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25c.

The Colonel Was Cool.

It was in a Western hotel, a bell boy was sent to Col. William Greer Sterrett's room to ascertain what urgent need impelled that gentleman to push the button. He entered and found the colonel deeply immersed in a friendly game with some chosen spirits.

"Do you ring, sah?" he deferentially inquired.

"Yes," said Col. Sterrett, deftly hurling two unpromising pasteballs into the discard. "We want you to bring us some whisky, sah, 'twill be much obliged, and mine is dry."

"Yes, sah," said the boy, turning to go. "And after you have brought us the whisky," continued Col. Sterrett, "bring me in the next room has set the place ajar."—New York Times.

Sciatic Rheumatism Cured After Fourteen Years of Suffering.

"I have been afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for fourteen years," says Josh Edgar, of Germantown, Cal. "I was able to be around, but constantly suffered. I tried everything I could hear of and at last was told to try Chamberlain's Pain Expeller. I used it for two days, and was relieved and in a short time cured, and I am happy to say it has not since returned. Why not use this liniment and get well? It's for sale by Bamberg Pharmacy."

In a recent speech Senator Carnack said that General Funston was the greatest captain who ever led the jawbone of an ass. This reminds Representative Curtis of Kansas of a story.

"Mr. W. P. H. said to his enemies with? asked a school teacher of his class. No one would answer.

"What is this?" inquired the teacher, touching the side of his cheek.

"The jawbone of an ass," was the prompt reply.—Detroit Journal.

Whooping Cough.

A woman who has had experience with this disease, tells how to prevent any dangerous consequences from it. She says: "On three children once whooping cough last summer, our baby boy being only three months old, and owing to our giving them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, they lost none of their plumpness."

"What is this?" inquired the teacher, touching the side of his cheek.

"The jawbone of an ass," was the prompt reply.—Detroit Journal.

Like a Drowning Man.

"Five years ago a disease the doctors called dyspepsia took such hold of me that I could scarcely go," writes Geo. S. Marsh, well-known attorney of Nacoga, Tex. "I took quantities of all the other medicines but nothing helped me. As a drowning man grabs at a straw I grabbed at Kodol. It felt an improvement at once and I was able to eat and sleep again."

"I don't know," said the prisoner. "I only paid you \$10, and for goodness sake stop \$10, worth anyway."

"Every one in the room heard that, and Judge Austin talked his \$10 worth. He cleared his man, too."

Don't Start Wrong.

Don't start the summer with a lingering cough. Get Kodol. It's the hardest kind to cure. Often it "hangs on" through the entire season. Take it in hand right now. A few doses of One Minute Cough Cure will set you right. Sure cure for coughs, colds, croup, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles. Absolutely safe. Acts at once. Children like it. "One Minute Cough Cure is the best cough medicine I ever used," says J. H. Bowles, Groveton, N. H. "I knower and anything that I could get so safely and quickly." Bamberg Pharmacy; A. C. Reynolds, Ehrhardt.

A curious check was presented to the cashier of one of the Tonawanda banks recently. This check, which was for \$10, was made payable to the sweetest of the sweet, and was presented to the cashier in the ordinary way. The cashier, naturally startled by the unusual expression in the body of the check, asked in innocence: "Who the sweetest of the sweet?"

"I am," replied the lady. "Kindly endorse it that way," said the cashier. She did. And, as her husband's account warranted it, for like a prudent man, he had not ordered "the sweetest of the sweet" received her money.

Won't Follow Advice After Paying For It.

In a recent article a prominent physician says: "It is next to impossible for the physician to get his patients to carry out any prescribed course of hygiene or diet to the smallest extent; he has but one resort left, namely, the drug treatment."

When medicines are used for chronic constipation, the most mild and gentle of obtainable, such as Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets, should be employed. Their use is not followed by constipation as they leave the bowels in a natural and healthy condition. For sale by Bamberg Pharmacy.

An Editor's Schedule.

An Oklaoma editor announces the following cash-in-advance schedule: For telling that a man is a successful citizen when everybody knows he is lazier than a government mule, \$2.00; referring to the deceased as one sincerely mourned by the entire community when he will be missed only at the poker circle, \$1.00; referring to a lady as one whom it is a pleasure to meet, \$1.00; using the word "hidde" in his column, \$1.00; using the word "hidde" in his column, \$1.00.

Wants Others to Know.

"I have used DeWitt's Little Early Risers for constipation and torpid liver and they are all right. I am glad to endorse them for I think when we find a good thing we ought to let others know it," writes Alfred Heintz, Quincy, Ill. They never grip or distress. Sure, safe pills. Bamberg Pharmacy; A. C. Reynolds, Ehrhardt.

Dangers if Neglected.

Burns, cuts and other wounds often fail to heal properly if neglected and become troublesome sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve prevents such consequences. Even where delay has aggravated the injury DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve effects a cure. "I had a running sore on my leg thirty years," says H. C. Hartly, Yanketown, N. J. "After using many remedies, I tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. A few boxes healed the sore." Cures all skin diseases. Piles yield to it at once. Beware of counterfeits. Bamberg Pharmacy; A. C. Reynolds, Ehrhardt.

Those Democrats who devote their time to finding defects in the policies of the Republican side without putting out any reasonable remedy remind me, said Senator Bayron, "of the woman whose married sister had just presented her husband with a bouncing pair of boys. 'Well,' said this woman, 'I wanted you to employ a homeopathic doctor and you insisted on having an allopath.' Next time I guess you will listen to me!"—New York World.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price 50c.

THE DOG'S TAIL.

In the case of all hunting dogs, such as foxhounds or wolves, which pack together, the tail is carried aloft and is very free in movement. It is also frequently rendered more conspicuous by the tip being white, and this is almost invariably the case when the hounds are of mixed color. When ranging the long grass of the prairie or jungle, the raised tips of the tail will often be all that an individual member of the band would see of its fellows.

There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert. If a faint drag is detected suggestive of the presence of a fox, but scarcely sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the hound is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others, seeing the signal, quickly join the first, and there is an assemblage of wagging tails before even the least whimper is heard.

Should the drag prove a doubtful one, the hounds separate again, and the wagging ceases, but if it grows stronger when followed up the wagging becomes more and more emphatic until one after another the animals begin to whine and give tongue and stream off in Indian file along the line of scent.

When the pack is in full cry upon a strong scent, the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view. The moment when the dog most enjoys life is the moment when he sights game. That moment is the time when he wags his tail most vigorously in order to announce his discovery to his fellow dogs.

In this way, by the habit of association, he got to wagging his tail whenever he was pleased. The more pleased he is the more vigorously he wags his tail, so that the wagging of a dog's tail under pleasurable emotions can be traced directly to the time when the dog used his tail as a signal of the discovery of his prey.—D. Provan in Scottish-American.

THE LIMIT WAS REACHED.

What Pat Got When He Asked For a Raise in Salary.

A story was often told by the late Charles L. Tiffany of an importunate Irishman who for many years had been employed as a window washer. His pay had been raised quite often as he went up in the dignity of his position, but he seemed always hungry (or probably thirsty) for more. At length the firm decided that the limit was reached. Not so Pat. Going one morning to the inner sanctuary, he sought audience with Mr. Tiffany.

"Good mornin', Mr. Tiffany," he commenced artfully, seeking to preface his errand by disinterested conversation.

"Good mornin', Patrick" was the answer.

"And how are ye this mornin', Mr. Tiffany?"

"Quite well, thank you, Patrick."

"And how are your wife and family?"

"Quite well, thank you, Patrick. But what can I do for you this mornin'?"

"O'Ve been thinkin', Mr. Tiffany, that O'Ve served ye long and faithful these twenty-five years, and that O' should have a raise in my pay."

"You should be thankful, Patrick, that you have been permitted to serve so distinguished a house as that of Tiffany & Co. for twenty-five years. That, with what we have already done for you, should be sufficient. Good mornin', Patrick."

"Realizing the futility of further words, he left the room. Reaching the outer office, he was hailed by a chorus from the "boys," to whom his periodic pilgrimages had become a standing joke.

"What did you get, Pat?"

"Faith," was the ready answer, "O' got permission to kape me job, and O' tuk it!"—New York Times.

Montefiore's Rebuke.

A man who was once talking with the late Sir Moses Montefiore at a reception and the conversation so entertaining that he completely forgot the race of his companion and made some uncomplimentary remark about the Jewish features of a lady who was passing by. The mistake was no sooner made than it was perceived.

The unhappy man began to apologize profusely. "I ask a thousand pardons. It was so stupid of me to forget. You look angry enough to eat me. I beg you not to devour me."

"Sir," replied Sir Moses, "it is impossible. My religion forbids."—Peter's "The Jew as Patriot."

Capacity and Power.

A man is worth to himself just what he is capable of enjoying. This means the utmost enlargement of his capacity. He is worth to the world just what he is capable of imparting, and this means the utmost development of every power. These two, capacity and power, form the true standard, the most accurate measure, of every man.—Canfield, "The College Student."

The Test of Expertness.

"Is he really such an expert stenographer?"

"Expertness is no name for it. Why, just for practice he actually took down a church service circle discussion without missing a word."—Chicago Post.

Prevention.

Henry—Did you ever hear how Midgler escaped a divorce suit?

Billings—No. How was it?

Henry—Simply by not marrying the lady, or having an affair with her, you know.—Boston Transcript.

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