The Parson's Limit.

He'd been preaching and exhorting
For a score of years or so,
In a portion of the vineyard
Where the harvesting was slow;
Where the temporal enducement
For his ceaseless diligence
Was a promise of four hundred
For his yearly recompanse For his yearly recompense. Unrelenting was the ardor.
He devoted to the cause, And though slowly came the dellars Still he labored without pauce; Till one day they came and told him,

As he kicked against the pricks, That they'r raised their effered stipend From four hundred up to six. Then the good man sank exhausted,
As he feebly made reply:
"Don't, I proy you, men and brethren,
Thus my patience overtry;
For to glean the four you've promised
Hath so warped my vital store
That 'twould kill me if you taxed me
To collect two hundred more."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Sluggard Advised to Study The Ways of the Ant.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage draws his illustrations from a realm soldom utilized for moral and religious purposes; text, Proverbs, vi, 68, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her most in the summer and gathereth her

food in the harvest,"

The most of Solomon's writings have perished? They have gone out of existence as thoroughly as the 20 books of Pliny and most of the books of Asschylus and Euripides and Varro and Quintilian. Solomon's Song and Ecclosiastes and Proverbs, preserved by inspiration, are a small part of his voluminous productions. He was a great scientist. One verse in the Bible suggests that he was a botanist, a zoologist, an ornithologist, an ichthyologist and knew all about reptilia. I Kings iv, 33, "He spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lobanon even unto the byssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts and of fowl and of ercep-ing things and of fishes." Besides all these scientific works, he composed 3,000 proverbs and 1,005 songs.

Although Solomon lived long before the microscope was constructed, he was also an inscotologist and vatched and describes the spider build its suspension bridge of silk from tree, calling it the spider's web, and he notices its skillful foothold in climbing the smooth wall of the throneroom in Jerusalem, saying, "The spider taketh hold with er hands and is in king's palaces." But he is especially interested in the worthy of study and imitation, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food, in the harvest.'

But it was not until about 300 years ago, when Jan Swammerdam, the son of an apothecary at Amsterdam, Holland, began the study of the ant under powerful lens that the full force of Solomon's injunction was understood. The great Dutch scientist, in his examination of the insect in my text, discovered as great a display of the wisdom of God in its anatomy as astronomers discover in the heavens and was so absorbed and wrought upon by the wonders he discovered in the ant and other insects that body and mind gave way, and he expired at 43 years of age, a martyr of the great science of insec-

the insect spoken of in the text or instead of the motion of the human jaw of the earth for human residence, its social life, its republican government, with the consent of the governed; its maternal fidelities, the habit of these creatures of gathering now and then under the dome of the ant hillock,

But Solomon would not commend all the habits of the ant, for some of them are as bad as some of the habits of the human vace. Some of these small creatures are desperadoes and murderers. into hosts and march in straight line and come upon an encampment of their own race and destroy its occupants, except the young, whom they carry into captivity, and if the army come back without any such captives they are not permitted to enter, but are sent forth to make more successful conquest. Solomon gives no commendation to such sanguinary behavior among insects say more than he would have commended sanguinary behavior among men. These little creatures have sometimes wrought fearful damage, and they have undermined a town in New Granada, which in time may drop

into the abyes they have dug for it.

But what are the habits which Solomon would enjoin when he says, "Consider her ways and be wise." First of all, providence, forethought, anticipa-tion of coming necessities. I am sorry to say these qualities are not charac teristic of all the ants. These creatures of God are divided into granivorous and carrivorous. The latter are not frugal, but the former are frugal. While the air is warm and moving about is not hindered by ice or snowbank they import their cargoes of food. They bring in their caravan of proviwheat or corn or cats, The farmers would take the life of a human being.

You cannot make me believe the life of a human being. are not more busy in July and August You cannot make me believe that God in reaping their harvest than are the looks down indifferently upon the galled ants busy in July and August reaping neak of the ox or the cruelly curbed bit their harvest. They stack them away; of the horse or of the unsheltered cattheir harvest. They stack them away; they pile them up. They question when they have enough. They aggre gato a sufficient amount to last them uatil the next warm season. When winter opens, they are ready. Blow, ye winter blasts! Hang your icioles from the tree branches! Imbed all the highways upder snowdrifts! Enough for all the denizens of the hills. Hunger shut out, and plenty sits within. God, who feedeth every living thing, has blessed the ant hill.

In contrast with that insectile behavior, what do you think of that large number of prosperous men and women who live up to every dollar that they make, raising their families in luxurious habits and are doubt expecting some kind friend to give their daughters employment as purely friend to give their daughters employment as music teachers or two words or government employees? Such parents have no right to children. Every neighborhood has specimens of such improvidence. The two words that most strike me in the text are "summer" and "winter." Some peo ple have no summer in their lives. Furthermore go to the ant and learn from the rocking craftle to the still grave it is relentless January. Invalid in fance was goometer as well as architect.

After all, it turns out that the man under at Oxford, Miss., was not the much desired M. R. Roese. Mr. Newbold, when he left, stated that he did not believe that the Mississippi authorities had gotten Roese. The authorities had gotten Roese. The authorities there were so positive, however, that the governor thought it absolutely necessary to at least send some one to face whather it was the interest in height. The top of the

oldent or dimness of eyesight ordulness | The raths inside that little home raidi of hearing or privation or disaster or unfortunate environment make life a perpetual winter. But in most lives there is a period of summer, although it may be a short summer, and that is the time to prov de for the future.

One of the best ways of insuring the future is to put aside all you can for charitable provision. You put a crumbling stope in the foundation of your fortune if you do not in your plaus regard the sufferings that you may alloviate. You will have the pledge of the high heavens for your temporal welfare when you help the helpless, for the promise is: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Then there is another way of providing for the future. If you have \$1 000 a year income, save \$100; or \$2,000 a year, save \$500; or \$3,000, save \$1,000. Do you say such sensors is morrors? you say such economy is meanness? I say it is a vaster meanness for you to

Furthermore, go to the ant and consider that it does not decline work be cause it is insignificant. The fragment of seed it hauls into its habitation may be so small that the unaided eye cannot see it, but the insectile work goes on, the carpenter aut at work above ground the mason ant at work under ground. Some oft hese creatures mix the leaves of the fir and the catkins of the pine for he roof or wall of their tiny abode, and others go out as hunters looking for ood, while others in domestic duties stay at homo. Twenty specks of the food they are moving toward their granary put upon a balance would ardly make the scales quiver. All of it work on a small scale. The c is no use in our refusing a mission because it is insignificant. Anything that God in his providence puts before us to do is important. The needle has its office as cortainly as the telescope and the spado as a parliamentarian scroll You know what became of the man in the parable of the talents who buried the

pology was of no avail. There is no need of our wasting time and energy in longing for some other sphere. There are plenty of people to do the big and resounding work of the church and the world. No lack of brigadier generals or master builders or engineers for bridging Niagaras or tun neling Rocky mountains. For every big enterprise of the world a dozen can didates. What we want is private sol liers in the common ranks, masons not ashamed to wield a trowel, caudidates for ordinary work to be done in ordinary ways in ordinary places. Right God would have us to do. Let us do it, though it may seem to be as unimportant as the rolling of a grain of corn into an ant hill.

one talent instead of putting it to

practical and accumulative use. His

Furthermore, go to the ant and consider its indefatigableness. If by the accidental stroke of your foot or the removal of a timber the cities of the insectile world are destroyed, instantly they go to robuilding. They do not sit around moping. At it again in a second Their fright immediately gives may to their industry. And if our schemes of usesulness and our plans of work fail, why sit down in discouragement? As large authills as have over been con structed will be constructed again. Put your trust in God and do your duty, best days are yet to come. You have never heard such songe as you will yet hear, nor have you ever lived in such No one but God could have fashioned all the worldly treasures you have lost a commentary on revealed religion are nothing compared with the opuloned the glow of surrise and sunset into given it such genius of instinct, its wis dom for harvesting at the right time, trust the Lord, Paul looks you in the star speak of the morning star of the its wonders of antennæ, by which it face and then waves his hand toward a Redeemer, and every arematic bloom gathers food, and of mandibles, which, heaven full of palaces and thrones, sayinstead of the motion of the human jaw up and down in mastication, move from side to side; its nervous system, its enlarging doors in hot weather for more sweep of breeze, its mode of attack and defense, closing the gate at night against bandit invadors; its nurification of the coming life. The property fail to rear the scop- against bandit invadors; its nurification of the coming life, which gives the "dayspring from on high, which gives light to those who against bandit invadors; its nurification of the Rose and thrones, saymake you think of him who is the R s.

of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, and every overhanging cliff remind you of the Rose of Ages, and every morn ing suggets the "dayspring from on high, which gives light to those who against bandit invadors; its nurification." against bandit invaders; its purification | ters of heavenly reward will more than make up. Persistence is the lesson of every ant hill, Wasto not a moment in useless regrets or unhealthy repining Men fret themselves down, but no man over yet fretted himself up, Make the obstacles in you way your co seemingly in consultation, and then adjutors, as all those have who have ac departing to execute their different complished anything worth accomplish-

John Philpot Curran, master of the rolls in Iroland, at his first attempt in court stammered and sat down in confusion and for that stammering was derisively called "Stuttering Jack Cur-Now and then they marshal themselves | ran" and because of his failure in speech was succred at as "Orator Mum." he went to work and conquered himself and then conquered courtroom and great day, and the letter recently come to light is published in the Ladies' Home cloquence. So instead of running against obstacles as against a stone wall he placcd them aslant like steps on which to mount. Put your trust in God and nothing can stand before you. Rittenhouse, the astronomer, at the start was so poor that he figured out colipses on a plow

Furthermore, go to the ant and conisder that if God honors an insect by making it our instructor in important lessons we ought not to abuse the lower orders of creation. It has been found by scientists that insects transfixed in the case of a museum have been alive and in torture for years. How much the insect and the fowl and the brute may be right. y called to suffer for the advancement of human knowledge and the betterment of Such, my dear Floride, are the arms by the condition of the human race I do not which you have conquered, and it is by now stop to discuss, but he who uselessly harms any of God's living creation insults the Creator. Alas, for the horrors of vivisection! I have no confidence in the morality of a man or a woman who would harm a horse or a dog or a cat or a pigeon. Such men tle in the snowstorm or the cockpit or the bear baiting or the pigeon shooting or the laceration of fish that are not used. Go to the ant, thou miscreant, and see how God honors it. In the great college of the universe it has been appointed our professor. All over the land and all over the world there are overdriven horses that ought to be unharnessed, caged birds that ought to be put on their wings in the free air of heaven, droyes of cattle agonized of thirst on the freight trains waere they ought to be watered and crustaces being broiled alive that ought to be lifted out of the fire. Christ chose 12 apostles for the

human race in the first century, and you know their names, but in the nineteenth century he chose his thirteenth apostle, who wrought for the relief of the brute creation, and his name was

ate from the door with as complete ar-rangement as ever the boulevards of a city raidiated from a triumphal arch or a flwowered circle. And when they march they keep perfect order, moving in straight lines, turning out for noth ing. If a timber lie in the way, they climb over it. If there be house or barn in the way, they march through it. Or-der in architectural structure, order-in government, order of movement, order of expedition. So let us all observe this God appointed rule and take satis-faction in the fact that things are not at loose ends in this world. If there is a divino regulation in a colony or republic of insects, is there not a divine regulation in the lives of immortal men and

oromen? 11 God cores for the least of his oreatures and shows them how to provide their meat in the summer and gather their food in the harvest, will he not be interested in matters of human make no provision for the future and livelihood and in the guidance of hu compol your friends or the world to man afairs? I preach the doctrine of a take care of you or yours in case of be particular providence. "Are not two reavement or calamity. not one of them is forgotten before God? Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" Lot there be order in our individual lives, order in the family, order in the church, order in the state. In all the world there is no room for anarohy.

But we live in times when there are so many clashings. There scems almost universal unrest. Large fortunes swallow up small fortuges. Civilize nations trying to gobble up barbario nations. Upheaval of croeds and people who once believed everything now believing nothing. The old book that Mooses began and St. John ended bombarded from scientifis observatories and college classrooms. Amid all this disturbance and uncertainty that which many good reople n ed is not a stimulus, but a sedative, and in my text I flad it—divine observation and guidance of minutest affairs. And nothing is to God large or small-planet or ant hill-the God who easily made the worlds employing his infinity in the wondrous construction of a spider's foot.

Before we leave this subject let us thank God for those who were willing to endure the fatigues and solf sacrifices necessary to make revelation of the natural world, so re-enforcing the Sprintures. If the microscope could speak, what a story it could tell of hardship and provorty and suffering and perseverance on the part of those who employed it for important dis-covery! It would tell of the blinded eyes of M. Strauss, of the Hubers and of scores of those who, after inspecting the minute objects of God's creation, staggered out from their cabinots with vision destroyed. This hour is many a where we are there is something that professor's study the work of putting eyesight on the alter of science is going on. And what greater loss can one suffer than the loss of eyesight unless toe loss of reason? While the telescope is reaching farther up and the miscroscope is reaching farther down, both are exclaiming: There is a God, and he is infinitely wise and infinitely good! Worship and worship him for-

And now I bothink myself of the fact that we are close to a season of the year which will allow as to be more out of doors and to confront the lessons of the natural world, and there are voices that seems to say. Go to the ant; go to the bird, go to the flowers; go to the field; go to the waters." Listen to the cantatas that drop from the gallery of he tree tops. No ise in the path where you walk the lessons of in dustry and divine guidance. Make natural religion rod! he glow of sunrise and sunset into are in darkness, and even the little hillock built by the randside or in the fields reminds you of the wisdom of imi tating in temporal and spiritual things the insectile forethought, "which having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

John C. Calhoun's Wooing. Though an ardent lover frotting at ime's slow course until his wedding day, John C. Calhoua wrote but one letter to his sweetheart-his protty cousin, Floride Calhoun. All the other communications, when the lovers were separated, were made through her mother. But shortly before their marriage, "the Great Nullifier," wrote expressing his anxiety for the arrival of the happy Journal. After giving hearty expression to the joy he has found in her company the letter runs: "It gives me much satisfaction that time and absence make no impression on my love for you; it glows with no less ardor than at the moment of parting, which must be a happy omen of its permanent nature. When mere personal charms attract, the impression may be violent but cannot be lasting, and it requires the perpotual presence of the object to keep it alive; but when the beauty of mind, the soft and sweet disposition, the amiable and lovable character embellished with innoconce and cheerfulness are united to the attractions of personal beauty, it bids defiance to time, these the durability of your sovereignty is established over your subject whom you hold in willing servitude. May God preserve you. Adien, my love; my hearts delight. I san your true

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velled in Charleston.

CAPT. COURTENAY'S WORK.

An Original Poem on Timrod Read by Mr. Henry A Austin, of New York, Its

A dispatch from Charleston to The voiled with appropriate exercises Wednesday afternoon under the auspices of the Timrod Memorial Association of South Carolina.

Author.

Ex-Mayor Courtenay, president of the Timrod Memorial Association, pre-Ladies and Gentlemen: We are here assembled to dedicate with public cere-

monies, a monument in memory of Henry Timrod. The exercises will now be opened with prayer by the Rev.

Bishop Capors, D. D.

The soldier priest theu made an quent prayer.

Continuing Capt. Courtenay said: Mr. Mayor: In behalf of our association, I thank you for your presence here, and your participation in our proceedings; we desire, also, through you, to thank the honorable city council for this ideal site, so freely granted to receive the memorial!

'Among their graven shapes to whom Thy civic wreths belong, Oh! City of his love, make room For one, whose gift was song .

Fair City by the Seal upraise His veil with revorent hands; And mingle with thine own the praise And pride of other lands.

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb, Our grateful eyes be dim; Oh! brothers of the days to come, Take tender charge of him.

The unveiling now awaits your friendly offices. Mayor Smyth unvoiled the monument and accepted it in behalf of the city of

Charleston. Ex Mayor Courtenay, resuming his remarks, said: The chief duty of this commemorative hour is now discharged-the unveiling of the memorial of Henry Timrod in its completenesscrowned by the soulptor's art-faced with appropriate inscriptions; in its graceful significance as a gift from thousands of approciative admirers, stands secure on its firm base, out from the granite hills of his native State The end not only crowns the work, but does something more, "It is the public recognition of literature as a felt influence, to be commemorated side by side with statesmanship, scientific invention and every other form of high public service." The occasion is thus lifted up above the environment of personal memories, which inspired it, and marks a new period it our sulface. and marks a now period in our culture; it declares in a forceful way that "the poetic literature of a land is the finer and purer ether above the material advance and the events of its history." We symbol ze, too, our i tellectual growth when we dedicate this beautiful art work to the memory of Henry Tim-

"It is the poot and the artist who An original poem was then pro nounced by Mr. Henry Austin, of New York, as follows:

Forever fair, forever young, Leaving her loved Oi, mpian hill, The Goddess of the rhythmic tongue

Not with a loud, tempestuous rush, Or sudden flash of golden wings Descends the highest Muse; a hush Of balmy calm she brings.

Emerging from a spectral mist, She comes with fresh, with floral, lip,

By winds auroral kissed, To him she came—that dreamy boy,
Knight errant through the vernal camps,
Where jasmines, in their virgin joy,
Relume perfumed "lamps."

On him she smiled in many a glen.
By many a wild and weird lagoon, Where erst the songs of Marion's men Rang to the midnight moon. She gave him of her grace antique

Of deeds divine, divinely sung; She thrilled him with the surge of Greek And Itome's majestic tongue.

Deeply he felt that ancient grace,
That power, which bade the song
The song of Helen's fatal face
And Hector's patriot soul. so deeply—that in after days

To his own Troy, beleaguerred long, Serene amid the battle's blaze He sang a clarion song.

His Troy went down, but ce'r the hush Of the spent storm of blood and tears, Sweeter than lilt of lark or thrush Up the resounding years.

His lyric music schoing flows, Each vital note as crystal-clear As dew of morn upon the rose, Or Pity's perfect tear.

O Poesy, so quick to thrill
And soften e'en a foeman's breast,
No compass bounds thy scope and skill—
No South, North, East or West.

le chastened by thy mystic spell, Art rose a victor overarms
When Hermes strung the shell. Measured by outward shows alone,

The whole world trembles to thy charms;

How sad our Poet's life would seem 'ershadowed by a cause o'erthrown— The chaos of a dream w marke I for golef a nd set apartl Nay, whensoe'r the Muse is kind, the makes a hey-day of the heart-

A May day of the mind.

Music is eye its own reward, Its own rich recomponed is Rhyme; Bright, when the splender of the sword Rusts in the sheath of Time.

No longer on her soldier song; And Peace, with sweet oblivion, falls Upon the "festal guns."

The lyrist of her vallant past, The limner of her radiant land, Receives his monument, at last, From Carolina's hand. The address in honor of the poet was next delivered by Professor Thos. della Torre, of the College of Charles-

Ex-Mayor Ficken paid elequent tribute to the memory of the elder Tim-rods, the grandfather and father of the

pedestal is twenty inches square, on which rests the heroic size bronze bust of which rests the heroic size bronze bust of Timrod. The bust is three feet high and weights about 150 pounds. It is a striking likeness of the poet. The bust was designed by Sculptor Edward V. Valentine of Richmond, Va., from a painting owned by Capt. Courtenay. The bust was east by the Henry Bonnard Bronze company of New York. The stone work was done at the Charleston yards of Mr. Thomas H. Reynolds, who also set the bust. the bust.

the bust.

The memorial is a worthy and fitting mark to the memory of the South Carolina poet, and too much credit cannot be given to the memorial association for its devoted labors in the erection of the monument. The Timrod Memorial association was organized in November, 1898, the object being the restoration to general circulation throughout the United States of the charming the United States of the charming poems of the South Carolina poet and the erection of a worthy public memorial from the realization of the sale of this authorized edition. It was de-termined to issue 4,000 copies and to re-tail these books at \$1 50 a copy. Almost the entire issue was subscribed for and a sum of monoy was realized sufficient to pay for the monument which was unveiled this afternoon and the necessary expenses attending the unveiling exercises. A balance has been left which the association will put to use in caring for the burial lot of the Timrod family in Trinity church yard at Columbia. In this lot lie the remains of the poet, his mother and sister. The lot has not been preperly cared for and the needed attention will now be provided by the Memorial association, and probably a tablet of some kind may be erected on the lot.

The inscriptions on the four bronzo panels are appropriate and adequate.

On the south panel, which may be said to be the front, since the bust

Henry Timrod,
Boin in Charleston, S. C.,
December 8, 1329,
Died in Columbia, S. C.,
October 6, 1867.

The west panel reads as follows: Through clouds and through sunshine. in and the storms of civil strife, his soul never faltered and his purpose never failed. To his poetic mission he w s faithful to the end, In life and in death he was "not disobedient

The east panel states:

This memorial has been erected with the receeds of the recent sale of very large editions of the author's poems by the Timrod Memorial Association of South Carolina. Genius like Egypt's monarch timely wise

The lines on the north panel are taken from Timrod's beautiful poem, read in 1867 at the first decoration of the Conederate dead in Magnelia cometery, and are as follows:

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves, Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause; Though yet no marble co umn craves, The pilgrim here to I ause.

In the seeds of laurel in the earth. The blossom of your fame is blown, And somewhere, waiting for its birth, The shart is in the stone.

Stoop, augels, hither from the skies! There is no holier spot of ground Than where defeated valor lies By mourning beauty crowned!

ARMY SCANDALS.

The trial of Capt. James C. Reed, former depot commissary at Manila, who was arrested about a fortnight ago for alleged participation in the commissary frauds, was begun here Thursday and bids fair to develop into a celebrated case. Capt. Reed is charged

with solioiting and receiving bribes, and with other official misconduct.

Mr. Schindler, manager of the Alhambra Uigar Factory, testified that in November Capt. Reed had told him that Major George B. Davis, who was the deputy commissary before Capt. Reed, but who was sent to the United States on sick leave and whose name appears upon the books of Evans & Co., Government contractors at Manilla, as the resipient of \$1,000, was \$2,000 short in his accounts. Continuing Mr. Schindler testified that these, having profitable contracts with the Government, were asked to assist in making good Major Davis's shortage. Schindler gave Capt. Reed \$1,050, which was 21 per cent commission on the cirgars sold to the commissary department during the time that Major Davis was depot

commissary at Manilia An officer named Franklin, who was assistant commissary, tostified to the effect that on Marsh 18, and following the direction of a superior officer, he obtained \$1,000 from Major Davis and paid this money over to Schindler.

Inspector General Darlington testified that during the preliminary investigation of the commissary scandals Capt. Reed admitted to him recovering money from Schindler and others and gave as an excuse that the money so recovered was intended to cover Major Davis's boof shortage.

Liout. Richard H. Townley, of the navy, at present superintendent of the Manilla Nautical School, testified that as the result of a conference with Capt. Reed he went to see Castle Brothers, contractors, who supplied the commis-sary department with vegetables, etc, and asked them to give the Captain \$2,000 and 10 per cent, commission on all the sales. Castle Brothers demurred to this proposition. Lieut. Townley again went to Castle Brothers and this time only asked them for \$2,000. Casthe Brothers were reluctant to hand over this sum, and Liout. Townley explained that Capt. Reed was in a pesition to advance the interests of the firm and that it would be a vantageous to Castle Brothers to oblige him. Liout. Townley testified that he further explained to Castle Brothers that Capt. Reed might allow them the use of Government lighters and possibly be less rigid in the inspection of goods purchased. Lieut. Townley said that he thought Capt. Reed was doing a noble thing in attempting to protect the character of a brother officer. He also said that such transactions were

not customary in the navy.

When cross-examined Licut. Townley said, rather sheepishly, that he was not so sure he was doing right in taking the witness chair.

not to sure he was doing right in taking the witness chair.

Col. Charles A. Woodruff, chief of the subsistence department in Manilla, explained the circumstances of Capt. Reed's appointment and described the duties of the depot commissary, not knowing whether the accounts of Major Davis were correct or not. He explained that on December 30 Castle Brothers aroused his suspicious by intimating that money was being collected timating that money was being collected by an officer of the commissary depart-ment. Later Col Woodruff sent for Capt. Reed, who admitted receiving rebates, for the purpose of covering the delinquencies of Major Davis.

The testimony of Clol. Woodruff is unfinished and other witnesses are awaiting examination.

the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c. At the Other End.

A certain naval officer was very watch, and he could not, as usual, had anything of consequence to grumble about, he attempted to vent his spite on one of the stokers of the vessel, in defence of their homes and one of the stokers of the vessel, in defence of their homes and was Gen. Zorpitzki. Going to the speaking tube, the offi-"Is there a blithering idiot at the end

of this tube?" The roply came quick and start

"Not at this end, sir!" The feelings of the officer, as he urned away with a black frown, can be better imagined than described .-Leslie's Weekly.

Can't Cut Him Entirely. "Dear me," sighed Mrs. Fiddlefaddle, since they were reduced, you know, the Waxywoddles have become most plebeian. Why, their son has actually pecome a postman." "Yes, but then," replied Mrs. Diddle-

daddle, "there's one consolation, his

route is in the most exclusive district

so he will still have some of our best people on his calling list."—Philadel-His Recommendation. Tom-Halloa, Bill! I hear you have position with my friends, Skinner &

Bill-Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there. Tom-That's first-rate. Who

mmended you? Bill-Oh, nobody. I told them that I once collected an account from you, and they instantly gave me the place.

Papa's Consent. She-Isn't it lovely? Papa consents. He-Does he really? She—Yes. He wanted to know who you were, and I told him you were

seemed real pleased. He-I am delighted. She-Yes; and he said we could be .rried just as soon as you were taken

tape clerk at Scrimp & Co.'s, and he

uto the firm .- N. Y. Weekly. "Why is brevity considered the soul of wit?" asked the man who asks

foolish questions.
"Because," answered the man who
makes foolish answers, "when a man is short he is much more likely to be acute. Nothing stimulates mental activity like needing the money .- Bos-

The Great Kaiser. "Mamma," said the bright young woman, "I wonder if welsaw all the geysers when we were at Yellowstone

"I suppose so, dear. Why?" "I heard Mr. Pimpernickel telling s customer of his to-day that the 'Gey-ser Wilhelm was the greatest of all.'" -Philadelphia Press,

The Changed View. "I always thought she was the most commonplace of girls." "At any rate, she has just done most romantic thing."

"What, pray?" "Married a young man of her own age who is neither a coachman nor a prince."-Leslie's Weekly.

An Awful Rovenge. Friend (to amateur poet)-I see you are sending off a manuscript to the Bonton Magazine. I thought you told me only the other day you thoroughly disliked and despised the editor of that particular magazine? Poet-I do. That's why I'm sending

him my poem .- Judge. Nearer Yet and Dearer Still. When you were a blushing young miss
And I was your dutiful swain
A smile from you savored of bliss
And a frown filled my heart with pain.
You were dear then, but now, as my wife

Of course you're somewhat nearer; And in paying your bills, on my life I'd swear you get dearer and dearer. —Chicago Dally News. AT THE MATINES.



The Girl-Beg pardon, does my has

The Man-I can see nothing else. The Girl-Then I'll tell you what to do. Just keep your eye on me, and when I laugh you laugh—when I cry, you cry.—Chicago Chronicle.

Self-Conviction. The man who talks about himself,
Who flaunts his "me's" and "I's,"
But gives undoubted proof to those
Who hear him that he lies.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Forehanded Lover. "Shall we clope, George?"
"Yes—if you think it will please your
father. Financially, I'm not prepared
to get him down on me?"—Detroit Free Memorial Day.

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Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless

principles. We fully agree with the Augusta Chronicle when it says "there has been too much Saw Mills, of apology by southern men, politicians and business men seeking northern favor, for the position of the south in the war for southern independence. We hear too much about southern men having fought for princi-ples they believed to be right.'
The inference is that while we now know they were wrong, nevertheless our fathers were honest because they 'believed' the south was right. This is rot. The people of the south believe today the south was right, just as much as they believed in the sixties, and fair-minded men at the north are conceding it While southern men may frankly accept the arbitrament of arms, and believe that it is better to have one great united republic than to have two rival governments in this country, and while the right of secession may have been irrevocably settled, this does not determine that in 1861 the southern states went to war for wrong principles, or that in deciding to withaccourate. State Agent for H. ples, or that in deciding to withdraw from the Union they were rebels. The loyalty of southern men to the reunited country needs no argument. It is not in dispute. But in order to be loyal now, it is not necessary to be disloval to the memory of the brave men who fought and because it is not necessary to be disloval to the memory of the brave men who fought and wells.

This World, World, "Some people," sighed the disap-pointed one, "are so lucky that it seems as if they simply can't lose, no matter what happens."

"And still the people who lose,"
said the amateur philosopher, "are
not always happy. I know a fat
woman who would like to lose about 60_pounds and can't, and it makes her hopping mad every, time she thinks of it."—Chicago Times-Herald.

died."

Lenten Meditation, "Oh, where are you going, my pretty "I am going to church, kind sir," she said.
"What do you there, I would ask, pretty
maid?" "I pray, and I think up new hats," she said —Detroit Free Press.

JUST IN TIME.



He-Too bad, Miss Maud, that you are always engaged. I would propose to you on the spot. She-You are just in time, because I broke off my engagement yester-day!—Heitere Welt.

No Difference. Whoe'er the man, when plaudits gay Resound among the spires and arches, The people shout the same "hooray!" The brass bands play the same old marches.
-Washington Star.

"I called to see your father this afternoon," remarked Charlie, as he took a seat in the parlor. Dora fluttered visibly. Recovering herself with an apparent effort, she said, simply: "Did you?" "Yes," replied Charlie. "He has been owing our firm a little account for s ong time."-Tit-Bits.

Perfidious Man. Mrs. Linguist-I want to get a di vorce. My husband talks in his sleep Lawyer Soozem-But, my dear vorce. There is no cruelty in—
Mrs. Linguist—But he talks in
Latin, and I don't understand that
language at all.—Baltimore American.

Parlor Diplomacy. Mrs. Brago-Tell me, professor, will my daughter ever become a great

Entitled to Them Lawyer-My client wants two pen-

Pension Agent-Two? Lawyer—Yes, she can prove that her deceased husband wouldn't have gone to war at all if she hadn't made him,—Chicaga Record.

A certain naval officer was very pompous and conceited when on duty.

One day, when he was officer of the watch, and he could not, as usual, find anything of consequence to grumble

April 26th was a sacred day to the entire Southland. It says that a bloody hattle has coourred between the Russians and Chinese near manything of consequence to grumble A Bloody Battle.

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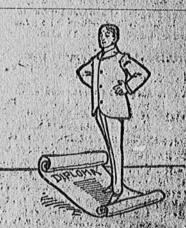
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"But has she none of the qualifications necessary for a good musician?"
"Ach! Yah, matam, she has two handts."—Tit-Bits.

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