3. Articles for publication should b ritten in a c'ear, legible hand, and ea nly ene side of the page.

4. All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

> WITHERED ROSES. Withered rose-leaves in an urn-Everywhere our glances turn, Time old graves uncovers.

Many a dainty, perfumed note Hands long cold once warmly wrote. Hidden here by lovers. Ah! the man y hearts, now cold, Ah! the mem'ries, sweet and old. This quaint room discloses

All the warmth is chill to-day; All the life has passed away; Naught is left but roses-Roses, withered now and dead.

All their ancient sweetness fled With their ancient splendor. As I bend above, I feel A vague fragrance from them steal. Like a mem'ry tender.

Of their older pleasant days, When the sun's rich golden blaze Kissed their cheeks to glory. Ah! the pain these mem'ries give! _An! the pain that one must live When our life's sweet story

Holds no more the golden joy! Of what use a valued toy, When the charm to broken! Of our life when youth is o'er-Of the past which comes no more, Are these flowers the token.

When the sun has lost his light. When the fall of winter's night Our autumnin-tide o'ercloses -Call we then the memories sweet Of those vanished mements fret-Ashes of youth's roses. -Chambers' Journal.

A BOLD BACKWOODS BOY.

Jad was eleven years old and little Chlo, his sister, was two years younger,-But this was a great many years ago when their father, Mr. Dunlap, had just moved into a township in the western part of Maine, which was then a wild, uninhabited region, save where here and there an adventurous settler had planted his little log but in the heart of the wilderness, and laid bare a few acres of the forest as a nucleus of the future home of himself and thriving familyalmost always a small colony in itself.

Ah, who can tell what homesick moments and Jongings for the old associations our pioneer fathers and mothers undured, coming, as did many of them, com wealthy States and pleasant sur-- sundings. There must have been a He mimed, however, and the cut duries mighty attraction in the wild, free life of the backwood man and a comine lows of the simple and homely joys of the rough heurilatone, to have held then in these rade houses, shoot isolated, as they were, from the world. But they fived in sufferenties, looking eagerly forward to a future of plenty, when the wilderness should become cultivated and fruitful through their first persistent and hardy efforts,

With an energy observeriatio of the first settlers, Mr. Dunlap pushed, his way on through toil, hard-hips and meny privations, at first felling and elearing a putch large enough to put up a log cabin for his femily, tnen by degrees cutting farther and farther into the primitive forest, till now quite a large tract lay open to the sun, a part of which was under tolerable cultivation, the rest, laying black and still smoking from recent burnings.

As before stated, Jad was now eleven. He was a dark-faced, sinewy lad, tough as a thong, inheriting much of his father's pluck and endurance, Whatever he undertook to do he was pretty sure to carry through,

In these unsettled regions wild and mals were numerous, especially the wildeat, lynx and glutton, or wolverine, These creatures often come into the elearings, and their frequent depredations became a great pest to the set-

There was also an abundance of smaller game to be had for the trapping. and this fall Jad was anticipating no end of enjoyment in the warm Indian summer-days, trapping for "musquash" (muskrat) and mink along Renny brook, which ran past the clearing half a mile sway in the woods. His father had helped him make his traps, and on his very first visit he was greatly elated by inding a sleek and glossy mink in one of them. This piece of good luck had set Jad naif wild, for mink skins brought a high price at the "big settlement," twenty five miles down the country. where his father always went to do his

> Jad watched his traps eagerly as miser watches his money bags. with all his vigilance, what was his dismay to find, one morning, in the trap farthest up stream, that a mink had been caught and taken out by some wild beast and devoured. The tail and little featherly clumps of fur lay scattered about the trap. Dire vengeance against the wild marauder at once possessed his

> Little Chlo was a keen sympathizer in his troubles. She was also his companion in this trapping expedition, in which it was her duty to carry the baitsenetimes a squirrel, oftener a trout caught from the brook.

"What d'you s'pose got him?" asked Chlo, as Jad stood looking ruefully at the tail, which he held between his thumb and finger,

"I don't know, unless 'twas a glutton, or a wildost. Pa says they are always nosin' round to get the bait out of traps and what's caught in 'em. Conhis throat!" he exclaimed, wrathfully, must fight for his life, and with another

THE PEOPLE

VOL. V. NO. 11.

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1881.

\$2 a Year.

"THE topic of universal interest at

"It's too bad," cried little Chlo. 'Can't you catch him?"

Jad thought a moment. His father had a steel fox-trup. He would set that and have the thief. Leaving Chlo, he hastened to the house, got the trap and raced back to the brook. It was set at last to his satisfaction, and baited with a squirrel, which he had brought along to bait his mink-traps with. He drove a stake down through the ring in the trap-chain, so as to hold whatever was caught.

Two days passed and not a mink had been near, but the bait was gone out of the steel trap, and also from two of the mink-traps. With his usual perseverance, Jad rebaited them and waited. The bait was again eaten out of most of his mink-traps, and, what was more exasperating, another mink had been

caught and eaten. Jad's patience now nearly gave way. and he was tempted to tear his traps up. But on second thought he resolved to try once more. He would bait only the fox-

Jad did not visit it the next morning, as usual, for he was obliged to finish harevsting the potatoes. But after dinner, his father having gone to assist at putting up a log cabin for a newly-arrived settler, some two miles distant, Jad and Chlo set off for the brook, hatchet and fishpole in hand,

As they neared the place where the fox-trap was set they heard the chain

"I bet my head we've got him!" Jad cried excitedly, dashing through a clump And, sure enough, there he was, A

ig, round-hended wild-cat! At Jad's sudden appearance the creature bounded and leaped frantically to

free himself; but the stake was a strong

After cutting a stout green club three or four feet in length, Jad stuck the for a belt, and going as nearns he dared strock at the eventure with all its might round to the other side of the state. bringing up with a sublen jeck, where it cronched, growling low and watching the boy with flory eyes and cars hid

"Ob, don't go so near-kiss; Jad !" systemed little Chie, retreating across the brook, "He'll fly at ya hire re-

"Let 'im fir !" eried the now-excited boy. "He's going to get his head cracked, fore I'm done with fm ! . Take that, ye sheakin' thief!" he abled, venturing up and bringing down the club, with a quick blow, just grazing the animal as he again jumped to the

Then round and round the stake they flew, Jad thumping the ground, trap, anything but the cut, which adroitly kept out of his reach, all the time furionely enarling and spitting. It was hard telling which was pursuer as they cyrated about the stake amid a perfect whirlwind of dead leaves,

But in an unlucky moment Jad's club got under the trap chain, and bringing at up suddenly he, threw the ring over the top of the stake, . With a bound the creature was off, the chain rattling after him and catching under roots and

There was not a second to lose, and the boy gave hot chase. They ran on for fifty rods or more; then, seeing Jad so close upon him, the cat scratched up the trunk of a hemicek, trap and all, and from the branches glared at the panting and excited boys

Jad's courage was now up to the highest pitch, and throwing down his club he began to climb the rough trunk.

"Don't go up there, Jad, for pity's sake, don't!" implored little Chlo, now coming up all out of breath.

"Yes, an' let him go off with pa's tran on his foot, wouldn't ye? Just like s girl-'fraid of her own shadder !" cried Jad scornfully. "I tell yer, he's got to pay for them mink with his skin-see if he don't!" and he climbed on labor iously, giving vent to his indignation in threats which he meant to put into exe-

Reaching the lower limbs, Jac grasped the hatchet firmly, ready for an assault. As he came within a yard of the cat it kept clawing and making attempts to leap down upon the boy's head, all the time growling flercely. Throwing the hatchet back over his shoulder as far as he could reach, Jac struck at the big head in the crotch of the tree just above him. But the creature dodged the blow. He again struck and missed; but the next time he was fortunate enough to hit the cat on the head, fairly knocking it off the limb to the ground, where for a moment it lay

stunned and motionless. Jad slipped quickly down the trunk thinking the victory now won. But the animal, recovering itself, set upon the boy with true feline grit, and the next moment they were engaged in a lively tusale, while little Chlo ran back and forth abouting for help at the top of her

The woods resounded with the confound him ! Beven dollars gone down fused medley. Jad now found that he

desperate blow he again stunned the creature, and, before he could recover. the resolute boy dispatched him.

Dropping the hatchet, Jad threw himself on the ground, panting and exhausted. Poor little Chlo now came timidly forward, trembling and casting frightened glances at the animal, as if she half expected it would even now leap upon her.

"Oh, Jad !" cried the little girl, seeing the boy's tattered frock, "you must be awful hurt! And, oh, see your

"No. I sin't hurt, neither," declared Jad, stoutly, sitting up, "not much, anyway. That's only a little scratch !" regarding his arm ruefully. It was a pretty big one, however,

Binding some birch withes firmly about the creature's hind legs, Jad, with little Chlo's assistance, dragged him to the "My patience alive!" cried their

caught sight of the children, "Jad Dunlap! you venturesome boy, wi re and she will hover over them as assidudid you get that wildcat?" "He got into our trap, an' then run off up a tree with it, and Jad clim' up

mother, running to the door, as she

after 'im," little Chlo hastened to explain, "I told him not to," she added, seeing the gathering reproof in her mother's eyes. "And you got well scratched," said

Mrs. Dunlap, turning Jad about and eying his bleeding arm, "I guess 'twill learn you to let wildests alone!" "He won't eat any more of my mink, anyway," muttered Jad,

He did not get much sympathy from his father, either, who chided him seversely for his want of prudepss, and hade him be more cautious in the future about attacking such snimals,

It took a long time to heal up Jad's inversited arms and shoulders, and it was a number of days before he got over the screness and Ismeness enough to sisit his traps. However, Jad. was not troubled again that fall, while two more mink were added to his little pile of fure, which he sent on his father's load down to the "settlement" not long after.

A REPORTER'S WORK.

It is generally supposed by the world st large, says a sympathetic contemporary, that the lot of a reporter is happiness itself. He is enviral by the rick and the poor, but especially by the boys during circus time, as he is supposed to "git in for nuthin"," which is a big thing in the eye of the gamin. There are those beside the gamin-who think he wears a magic slipper that carries tim saf-ly past all doorkeepers and ticket-a liers; that he sports a charm about his throat that brings forth from beer and bug-juice ad libitum; that he has firme plated shocks which are poseyests even into the skel-ton-closet of the household, and that his conscience is pliable and his disposition so mercepary that it is but necessary to cross his palm with a few paltry shehels to turn his calumny into praise and his facts indo fameira.

But also and alack? Truth stripped of the imagery with which it is frequently ciothed often times would not be recognized by its own mother. Behold the naked truth.

In order to get the facts with which to travel, on an average, five miles a day, or an aggregate of 1,500 miles a year, During these perambulations he asks several thousand civil questions and gets several thousand uncivil answers; gets fired out of offices and houses; has dozens of doors slammed in his face; is asked 10,000 questions, and returns as many short but civil answers; gets in the circus once on a promise to give it a big send-off; is button-holed 1,300 times by parties who desire to impart a good item about themselves : is let into several political secrets by candidates, which are bare-faced boosts; is boosted by the same candidates because he didn't publish the secrets; is welcomed wherever his pencil will put money into people's pockets or give them a little notoriety. However, he pays 5 cents a glass for beer, full rates for board, top prices for

While others are enjoying the opera. the social party, the circus, prayer meetings, lectures, a game of poker, a turn on the roller skates or marching with a political club, the reporter is wrestling with a mass of chaotic facts and endeavoring to get them into shape for you to read while you quietly dispatch your good warm breakfast.

He gets to bed at 3 o'clock in the morning, and, between the annoyances time he is aroused at noon to get his greatly attached, ever near her by breakfast.

worse than that of a street-oar driver. after all, 100 Oity Derrick.

has traveled 4,200 miles and won her Majorty, whose talent for match:

A DECORATED HEN.

Did you ever wrestle with a hen that had a wild, uncontrollable desire to incubate? Did you ever struggle on, day after day, trying to convince her that her mission was to furnish eggs for your table instead of hovering all day on a door-knob, trying to hatch out a litter of front doors?

William H. Root, of this place, who has made the hen a study, both in her home life and while lying in the embrace of death, has struck up an argument which the average hen will pay more attention to than any other he has discovered in his researches.

He says the modern hen ignores almost everything when she once gets the notion that she is called upon to incubate. You can deluge her with the garden-hose, or throw old umbrellas at her, or change her nest, but that don't count with the firm and stubborn hen. You can take the eggs out of the nest and put a blooded bull-dog or a nest of new-laid bumble bees in place of them, ously as she did before,

William H. Root's hen had shown ome signs of this mania, so he took out the eggs and let her try her inculator on a horse-rake awhile, just so she could kind of taper off gradual and not have her mind shattered. Then he tried her at hatching out four-tined forks, and at last her taste got so vitiated that she took the contract to furnish the country with bustles by hatching out an old hoop-skirt that had gone to seed.

Mr. Boot then made an experiment, He got a strip of red fiannel and tied it around her tail. The hen seemed annoyed as soon as she discovered it. No. hen cares to have a such hung on her ion. A seal brown hen with a red flannel poloname den'theem to lestmonize, Tuesday is left behind. Twenty-four

comething all at once that had everyod her mind before. Bis stepped about nine fost at a lick on the stort, and gained time as she proceeded. Her eye began to look wild. Blue got so protty soon that she didn't recognize the face of triends. ' She passed Mr. Boot without being able to distinguish him from a and this is the origin of the physics

These peculiar movemints were kept up during the entire offernoon, till the middle of the week, I'll do it." It may hen got so fatigued that she crawled - he asked, "What becomes of the 10 a. into a length of a stove-pipe. This is a m, of Tuesday that was left behind?" triumph of genius in the line of hen. Took 10 a. m. of Tuesday was twentyculture. It is not nevere, though first four hours old. It began on the meridin treatment, and, while it of course and ian twenty-four hours previously, truenom and unmans the hen temporarily, I cled westward around the world, and it is calulary in its recults, and at the | was then ready to give up the ghost and same time it furnishes a pleasant little 1-t 10 a, m, of Walnesday begin its matines. for the spectators, -Nge's | journey. Each hour of each day begins

Mn. Laz Howano has returned from Iceland, whither he went in the early summer at the request of the American Geographical Society, with a view of settling some disputed points in the topography of that island. This is Mr. Howard's third season in Iceland, and last year the ponion he left behind all died in consequence of the scarcity of tood. As he journeyed through Iceland he found whole flocks of ptarmigan all construct his numerous artibles, he must dead. He also shot a fine polar bear, weighing over 800 pounds, which was so weak that had it come up to him it could not have hurt him. Later he found another bear dead in the mountains. The Esquimaux in Greenland told Mr. Howard that they had never known such a secon. They had been forced several degrees further south in consequence of the cold. There was hardly any summer either in Iceland or Greenland. There were snow-storms all the time of his stay, from June 6 to Aug. 27. The last was the hardest winter since 1690. There is in consequence so little forage that the Government of Iceland itself thinks that the hardy native ponies will not live through the winter, nor will any cattle fare better, Mr. Howard is of opinion that Iceland will before long be depopulated. Formerly buts were found right through clothes, either walks or pays full fare on the island. Now you cannot, find huts fifteen miles from the shore, and the line is gradually narrowing.

QUEEN VICTORIA wished to elevate the late Dean Stanley to a bishopric, and expressed great displeasure at his refusal. "I am so contented with my deanery that I would not leave it for any bishopric," was his reply. It was when the Queen was quite assured of his serious intention to live and die Dean of of flies, noisy chambermaids and pencils Westminster that the idea was suggested of sunlight boring into his eyes, he does to her of keeping Lady Augusta Bruce, well to get seven hours' sleep by the her maid of honor, to whom she was marriage with Stanley. She dreaded At 1 o'clock he reports at the office Lady Augusta's abandonment of Enand begins the same old round of duties, gland to settle in Canada, where her But, taking one consideration with an brother, Lord Elgin, was Governor, other, the life of a reporter is not much Stanley was exactly the man to suit the quiet habits and religious tastes of Lady Augusta, and the marriage was always considered one of the happiest of all Drame the present sesson Mand S. those concluded under the suspices of. making is proverbial.

CROSSING THE EQUATOR.

The New York World thus explains how a person crossing the equator at the 180th meridian loses one day out o his life, and why: In time each day begins at midnight; in place, at the 180th meridian. When it is midnight at Greenwich it will be, let us say, Wednesday for 180 deg, east and Tuesday for 180 deg. west, the 180th meridian dividing the two days. If a person crosses the meridian coming east, he sails out of Wednesday and into Tuesday. If he roes westward he sails out of Tuesday and into Wednesday. It is never the same day all around the world except when it is striking midnight on the 180th meridian. One hour after it is midnight 15 deg. further west, and I a, m. of Wednesday (say) at the meridian, Wednesday extending over 15 deg, of the surface of the earth, and Tuesday over the remaining 345 deg. In other words, the new day extends from the 180th meridian west to midnight, wherever that may be, and the old day extends from the 180th meridian east till it meets the new day at midnight. Reversing it, it is the new day from midnight at any, point on the earth eastward to the 180th meridien, and the old day westward-to that meridian. It does not matter upon what parallel of latitude you pass the 180th degree of longitude-whether at the equator or the Arctic circle—the old day is always east of it and the new day west of it. In crossing the 180th meridian ships add or drop a day in order to keep accurate time, A steamer sailing west, from San Francisco for Yokohama, comes to the meridian at 10 a. m. Tuesday. Her bow crosses, and in the forecastle it is 10 a, m. Wednesday, while in the cabin it is 10 a, m, of system that doesn't match hier complex. Tuesday. A moment later, it is 10 a, m. stated in half and quarter inches, exof Westronday in the cabin also, and and she is aware of it just as much as hours has been added to the reckening, not so nicely understood. And now it but no time has been setually gained, sailing out of 10 a. m. Wednesday into and that the path of the bullet was al-10 a. m. of Turnday. It was once the most at right angles with the long ab. habit of shippers sailing eastward not goes which they were treating in its to go back a day, but to add a Sunday in the middle of the week to straighten the reckening, to which day all jobs postponed indefinitely were relegated, often heard in New England count towns, "When Stepley comes in the claimed, with warmth, that the at the 180th meridian, travels westward for twenty-four hours, and when it alrives at the meridian the same liour of the next day starts. The whole arrangement is an arbitrary one, agreed upon by Christian people in order to simplify reckening, and the 180th meridian is solected for the beginning of the day becurse it is in the middle of the Pacific is that he lived so long." seen and avoids the complications that would arise if the day began at a merid-

BOW TO TREAT ANIMALS.

ian running through a thickly-popu

Another individual attempts by running and yelling to catch his cow or cows. Why do these naturally gentle animals run away from him? Because they remember full well that on former occasions, when he has succeeded in catching them, a series of blows from some heavy cudgel has be their reward. is there not some better way of securing the good will of our herds and in managing them as we wish? There is a hollow place on the head of every cow, just behind the junction of the horns, which is commonly full of dust, short hairs and the like, causing the animal an itching sensation. It is a source of extreme pleasure to the cow to have the spot scratched, and since from its location the animal cannot reach it, hence when her keeper approaches her, either in the stable or in the pasture, an era of good feeling may be eslished if due attention be paid to scratching this hollow spot. If, at your first approach, the cow is a little shy, offer her from one hand a nubbin of corn, while with the other hand you gently scratch the particular spot in her head mentioned above. In a very short time. whenever you go into pasture, the whole herd will come to you to have their heads scratched, and you will soon be satisfied that it is as easy to have them follow you as to resort to driving and loud noise. - American Cultivator.

THERE is no better way to live healthily and happily than to cultivate a temthe most centradict ry qualities and properties of the organism are perfectly counterbalanced and combined.

Picking pockets appears to be a favorite professiou in Japan. Nearly 2,000 light-fingered gentry ply their trade in Tokio alone, of whom over 200 are locked upon as masters in the art

Currousy have more need of models

Washington," telegraphs the Chicago Tribune correspondent, "has been the discoveries of the autopsy. However excusable the errors of diagnosis made by the attending surgeons, it is none the less true as a fact that they have treated the case from the start in entire ignor ance of the true character of the injury. It is almost incredible that a group of intelligent and experienced surgeons. having a large familiarity with gunshot wounds, should have gone on exploring, leansing and dressing a burrowing abscess for eight or ten weeks, while the gunshot wound which they were supposed to be treating was left entirely alone to the curative powers of unassisted nature. From day to day we had bulletins more or less explicitly stating the vicissitudes of the so-called wound. Dr. Woodward was putting his microscope onto the pus and taking photographs of the interesting aspects thus brought to light. The catheter was going up and down, now four inches, now twelve, now only three or four, and the wound was said to be healing to suit. The granulations were reported upon, and the nature of the healing, whether from the ball outward or otherwise, was discussed and announced by the doctors in charge time upon time and with great confidence. The latest and most ingenious appliances of science were brought into requisition, and the location of the ball supposed to be ascertained with reasonable certainty and accuracy. Dr. Bliss claimed that the Bell experiments had been entirely successful, and that they had verified the united theory of the doctors that the ball was located in the iliae region. Its position was cept that it did come out later than the depth of the ball from the surface was appears that the ball was half way across stead. But the autopey upsets more than the doctors immediately concerned in the case. In many particulars is makes the criticisms of outside plays. cians as ridirelous as the statements of those in charge. For instance, many ball was not encysted, and was a constant source of irritation and danger. Now it appears that the ball was completed encycled and the wound practically healed. The great consolation in it all, and the one which will protect the doctors in charge from a ferce howl of indignation all over the world, is the apparent certainty that the wound as now understood was necessarily mortal. Had it been simply in itself a comparatively slight injury, and one which, under prompt, intelligent and correct treatment, could have been successfully coped with, one can hardly conjecture the effects of popular grief and rage. But it is evident that the President was fated. The only wonder NATHANIEL PAGE, in some reminu-

cences of the late Gen. Burnside, pubished in the New York Tribune, relates the following incident of the disastrous affair at Fredericksburg: "After the defeat and retreat of the army across the river. I was sitting late at night in an old house in Falmouth, writing my account of the battle by the light of a tallow candle, when, to my surprise, I saw Gen. Burnside enter the room. He looked like a man stunned and dazed, Oblivious of my presence, he threw himseif upon a big, old-fashioned bed, which, beside the table on which I was writing, was the only piece of furniture in the room, and exclaimed: 'My God, what have I done! What a dreadful calamity! What a terrible sacrifice of life for no good!' For some minutes he continued to groan and lament the disaster in broken ejaculations. After a while he became calmer, and seemed to gradually realize where he was. Suddenly he rose from the bed and walked out of the room without noticing me. I never mentioned to him his strange nocturnal visit to my quarters, and of course said nothing of it in my correspondence. He was no doubt half-orazed by grief over the defeat at the time, but by the next morning he had regained his soldierly dignity and calm.

A PLEASANT call-" Come here. Hildebrand, my love." said a fond New Haven mother, as her spindle-legged youngster appeared just inside the gate. "Hildebrand! I should say so. How came you to tie such a homely boy to such a highpriced name?" asked a blunt-spoken caller. "He may be homely, but he's mine, thank you. I didn't have to marry of the most debased individual. She a widower with four great overgrown boys, as you did." This treading on ters to be conceived, addressed them to corns, meaphorically, doesn't pey .-- herself, and took them to the rector to New Haven Register.

A MAYELER was lately killed on an English railroad by his own portmanteau, which he had placed on the rack above and opposite, and which in the collision struck him with fatal force.

Kumur's motor is now known as "the tramp," because it won't work.

Rates of Adver

Centract advertising is payable 30 days after first insertion, unless other-

No communication will be published unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

THE PROPLE. Barnwell C. E., S. C.

PLEASANTRIBS.

SPELL fat with four letters - O B O'T. A SPIRITED Dusiness - Manufacturing whisky.

Circus mules are educated because they exhibit brayin. FUNNY items should never be con

signed to the grave. "THE old man eloquent"-When he comes home a tride off.

THE Philadelphia Sun thinks the dressmaker is a pattern woman.

A LAWYER should never burn coal. He gets along better with Coke than

Blackstone. THE man who invented corsets was foolish, for he might have known they would all go to waist.

"WATER melon-choly scene," said the small boy when the farmer's dog chased him out of the patch.

A HOMELY young girl has the consols tion of knowing that, if she lives to be 40, she will be a pretty old girl.

"I DON'T like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a 4-

year-old for throwing the kitten away. A LITTLE heat that can't be best, the window open wide ; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's pride; \$17.25 for ten visits.

An ambitious young writer having asked "what magazine will give me highest position quickest?" was told, "A powder-magazine, if you contribute a flery article."

ence between a natural fool and an educated fool, replied, "Just about the difference between you and me, I suspeet," The questioner was never able to determine what kind of fool he was. "I saw a big boy and a little fellow

CARLYLE, being once asked the differ-

quarreling over some marbles to-day," said John. "Did you?" seked his their quarreling," "You, you," said John, "I took the little fellow's part."

As old man, with a head or destitut of hair as a watermalon, entered an Anatin avenue drug store and told the clock he wanted a bottle of helr restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer !" "I recken I'll have to take a bottle of red-hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy," -Tunas Siftings.

MURKE UP, 405. Descript, String not, Long have I walled; Righed for the ormin Of himse belated; Fragrant on reselved Pure se the daw; Decreet, delay not, Fin welling for you

"Jear keep your bottle of whisky in your closet, and, when the girl brings you your hot shaving-water in the morn ing, you can mix your toddy quickly, and not a soul will know a thing about it," said the M. D. The plan worked well until the old man's daughter thought he must be going insune, because he wanted to shave five or six times a day.

with the vagaries on meanity never cease? Philadelphia has just furnished

one of the most peculiar phases of mental aberration ever reported. St. Mark's Episcopal Church is one of the most fashionable and aristocratio places of worship in the City of Brotherly Love, and the members of that church have been made the victims of the peculis idiosyncrasies of an insane fellow member. Some three or four months ago the members of that church were deluged with anonymous letters of the vilest character. In some of these communications wives were advised that their husbands needed watching, in others husbands were warned to keep an eye on their wives, whils in one case a wicked calumny directed against the daughter of one of the leading families of the city was sent to her parents. One hundred and fifty such letters were mailed in a single week. The rector complained to the Postoffice Department, and it soon became evident that the author of the letters was a young lady of high social standing, and worth \$600,000 in her own right, but it was also discovered that she was mentally out of balance. She was warned against continuing the offense, and for a while the letters ceased. Then the practice recommenced on a small scale, about a couple of letters a week being mailed. Latterly, however, the number has increased considerably, and the tone of

ions which would shock the sense read. Just what to do in the case is puzzling the authorities Ay ant sown in the Allegheny mon sing consists of 1,600 or 1,700

the contents has partaken of an abso-

lutely revolting nature. Some of them,

addressed to young ladies of the highest

purity of character, and moving in the

best society, have contained express

which rise in cones to a bale two to five feet. The group riddled to svilly de