

A DAUGHTER OF JACOB.

"The curse is upon us. Oh, woe is me and mine! They have upon me as an outcast. Father, why do you stand there with your arms outstretched? Why do you not go forth and seek your tender flesh? How I could grand and smile upon them as they will under the whistling, cutting lash. They hate, despise and heap innumerable upon me. I—I whom you call a daughter of Jacob. Father, are you blind? Do you hear me?"

She was a girl, a beautiful creature. Tall, slender, her beauty of the type that should have been the crown of the race, but now she stood there in the faint, crimson light of the money-changer's hall. Her face was pale with fear, every lineament of her face a picture of suffering and pain.

"The old man, ever these years and now, with a beard of white hair, the wrinkles of his forehead, his hollow cheeks, raised his trembling hand, commanding the girl to be silent, while he spoke:

"Rebecca, our race is a low-suffering one. We are all of us in years often have we suffered, and when the blow falls the victim is young. We never forget a wrong; we never forgive an injury. You, my child, are a daughter of Jacob. In your veins courses the blood of kings. The poor, pitiful, feeble, pale-lipped—largely of the Christian—should be but as faint rays of moonlight, lights to lead away and vanish when you, the glowing, sun-like, lion of the desert is strong, and when he roars the sons of man tremble. Be, then, not the queen, the fierce, purring, fire-breast, but the deadly cobra, for in the sting of the smoothly gliding serpent is the true and potent of fatality."

As the aged Jew spoke the girl crouched lower and lower. The faint rustling of her dress and the deep-breathed words of her father were the only sounds that broke the ominous, painful silence of the office.

The crimson bars of light from the colored glasses fell upon the crouching girl's face, adding warmth, fire, to the surge of hate that swept over those beautiful features. The thin nostrils quivered and the veiled brows the blood she pressed her hands convulsively to her heaving bosom and listened, hungrily, greedily drinking in each word that fell from the father's lips.

"And the cobra stings to the death?"

"To the death, ever, always!"

"And the lion?"

"Not always kills—"

"But mangles. Yes, mangles the victim. Deprives him of his beauty, causes him to hate, despise and loathe himself as he sees in the glass the ruin worked. I will be the lion."

The girl arose with composed features and emotions in submission. She had made up her mind what she should do. She would mangle her victim. She would not be the cobra. The dead sting would smart for an instant and then all would be over. No; she will not be the cobra. She will play the part of the lion. Her victim shall be mangled. He shall see his possessions pass from him. He shall hate the day he was ever born as he withers under the sharp, white, cruel teeth of the lion.

"Love binds you, Rebecca."

"Love lifts the scales from my eyes, father. I do love him. That you know. I love him as woman never before loved—"

"Sh! my poor child, it is in the blood. The incidents of our race have all or naught in naught. There is not the gentle breath of consideration to cool the lava stream of passion. It is a part of the curse. A part of the curse!"

The old man turned away, took a small lamp from the side bracket and left the room.

It was now late. Rebecca covered the fire in the grate, fastened the door and windows, lighted a wax candle, put out the lamp light and went up to her chamber. No sleep greeted the beautiful creature's eyes. She closed her destiny from the clear sky above her as she sat there with her arms crossed upon the window sill reading the stars.

"And you would borrow \$50,000?"

The words fell in clear-cut tones of irony from the old Jew's white bearded lips.

"Yes; no less, no more. Can you let me have the sum?"

"And the security?"

"My estate. Is that sufficient?"

"It would be if—"

"Well, if what?" interrupted the young man as an angry flush passed over his face. He hated, despised all Jews. It sickened him to stand here at all these questions.

"My dear young man. It is a large sum. I can not let you have it unless you give me better security than your estate."

"Explain your meaning, old man. I did not come here out of mere humor. Business is my task. Will you or will you not give me the sum?"

"No."

"Then I will go further. Old Isaac will give me what I require."

"Isaac is posted; oh, excuse me, I did not intend to cause you worry."

"What does Isaac know?" asked the young man as he leaned forward.

"He knows what I know—"

"And that is?"

"That your estate is incumbered now beyond its value. My dear young man, I would not lend you one dollar and take security against your estate."

"Sir!"

"I know that you, garbled away last night the last acre of ground you once owned; mind, I say once owned. You can go. I lend you not one dollar."

Every drop of blood within Herbert Lancaster's veins turned to lava as the old man before him uttered the foregoing words. Then an icy current seemed to surge through his heart as he recalled the fact that every word uttered was the truth.

His honor is at stake. That debt, the result, the outcome of a game of cards

Leena, the lovely, the grand, loved him, and a heaven seemed revealed to Herbert Lancaster as he stood there upon the great bridge joining two great cities and gazing upon the flitting lights below him.

The beauty of the girl, the surpassing grace, the grand form, the veiled eyes, all, have combined and won him.

"Rebecca, your beauty won you. You shall avenge your wrongs. His vain, proud, haughty sisters shall be humbled to the dust."

"Father, I do not understand."

"Did he ask you for my hand?"

"He asked me for \$50,000."

"Tell me what all this means. I tell you again I do not understand," uttered the girl as she laid her hand upon the old man's arm.

"His sisters, the white lilies that grow pale and languid by your rich, Oriental beauty will be humbled. Herbert Lancaster will receive his \$50,000. You will be avenged for the wrongs and injustices you have suffered."

"You have sold me!"

The words fell like darts of ice from the lips which had turned ashen in an instant. She was a marble image now. All that was left of the semblance of life was the rich coloring of her robes as she stood there in the lamplight.

"Sold me like a slave!"

"Rebecca, don't, child. Compose yourself. My dear, you do not understand. What do I care for fifty, three fifty thousand dollars? You will walk over the proud women who have insulted you."

"But what of me?"

"A daughter of Jacob will bear the great name of Lancaster."

"And that is all?"

"It is not enough?"

"Yes, quite. Good night."

Rebecca moved out of the room mechanically. Her limbs seemed like ice. Her heart—it was broken.

"You have come for your money?"

"No; for my bride. The money I have secured elsewhere. Last night you presented to me my future wife. It was submitted last night. This morning all is fair and above board. I love your daughter—"

"And you will become one of us?"

"I tell you I love your daughter. I will become anything—a beggar for you!"

"I never dreamed that men of your race knew what love was. I will call Rebecca." It seemed an age before the old Jew returned. Herbert Lancaster was in the meshes of a passion such as few men dream of, let alone realize. The face of the girl was his heaven and her eyes were the stars in his fairest summer's sky.

"Lost! Lost! Oh, God! She is lost!" cried the old Jew as he tottered through the doorway and fell upon the floor at Lancaster's feet.

"The girl's sake. Tell me what is the matter?" A thin, white, trembling hand was lifted from the prostrate form. It pointed through the doorway.

Herbert looked up the stairs, pushed aside the crowd of frightened servants and entered the room.

The room had fled and the rounded cheeks were waxen. A faint, lingering smile parted the lips, now ashen and cold. One hand was extended; the other lay under the beautiful mass of jet hair.

Upon the left basin glittered in the pale moonlight the jeweled hilt of a Grand dagger. The daughter of Jacob was dead.

Herbert Lancaster left the house of sorrow with his heart in sorrow and anguish. His friends in after years wondered at his changed demeanor. None knew of the tragedy of his life. He held it as sacred.—S. H. Keller in New York Mercury.

The Habit of Good Breathing.

Tight dressing, though the most serious hindrance to good breathing, is not the only obstacle. There are careless ways of sitting or standing that draw the shoulders forward and cramp the chest; and it is as hard for the lungs to do good work when the chest is narrow and constricted as it is for a closely-banded hand to set a copy of clear, graceful penmanship. Then there are lazy ways of breathing, and one-sided ways of breathing, and the partially bad habit of sharing the jaw in the city. She glided over the floor like some Juno creature of light and glory. But when her eyes fell upon Herbert Lancaster she became as a timid child whose breath comes convulsively when in the presence of some being above, higher, beyond earth's gods.

"Rebecca, my child, approach me."

The girl drew near in response to her father's words. Her eyes were veiled with the dark, silky lashes, but her throat, face and bosom were warm with the rich blood rushing through the veins.

"My child, Mr. Lancaster has asked me for your hand in marriage."

A gasp fell from the young man's lips. It was echoed by one deeper from the girl's.

What a grand, superbly beautiful woman she was. Lancaster felt that such a lovely creature should share a knight's throne. And here she is—his. But she is a Jewess. His vain sisters, his proud, haughty friends would scorn him for marrying her—a daughter of Jacob.

"Mr. Lancaster, you make take your intended bride by the hand. You may kiss her brow and now you may go. No, not another minute. Go. Leave me and my child alone."

Out into the chill night air Lancaster went like a being bereft of senses. What was this strange power that this woman, a Jewess, had over him? When he touched her hand a great flood of warmth seemed to pervade his entire being. And when he pressed his lips to her hot, smooth brow his heart seemed bathed in the buoyant intoxication of supreme bliss.

Why did he not have the will to refuse the old Jew's words? Surely he had not asked the man for his daughter's hand. He came to borrow money. Re-

WHAT IS IT TO THREE.

There a winter day, and while with snow; I saw a little maid pass the window;
With a bright, bright hood, and a face fair to see—
But what was it to me?

For I was a boy that looked through the glass,
And noted to see the little maid pass,
With the bright hood and fringe of fur—
And what was it to her?

The winter, the white snow is now again;
I stand with a woman and look through the pane;
Maybe like the sweet hooded maid she—
But what is it to her?

—James Villa Blake.

HOW WASHINGTON ENTERTAINED.

Lecturing His Steward on the Ethics of Extravagance—the First Show of the season, Washington entertained very freely before he became president, and the table of 100 covers was not enough to satisfy the latter end of the Mount Vernon party. It was some economical in the management of his presidential table, and George Washington's table was a study for the present table. He had a high idea of the state he should maintain. At the end of each weekly lecture he would go off to bed and would not be seen again until the next day. He would not be seen until the next day. He would not be seen until the next day.

President Washington was a great lover of fish. He always ate codfish on Saturday while he was the executive, to comply with New England, whose fishing industry at that time was a much more important part of its economy than it is now. Certain sea-birds and fishes, of Philadelphia, who had a special way of cooking codfish, were accustomed to send him enough for his table on this day of every week. One day a fisherman in the middle of the sea was taken from the fire and hurrying off to the president's house, so that it arrived as hot as though from his own kitchen.

One February a large chad was caught in the beds in the advance of the season and was brought to the market. Frances saw it, and, regardless of cost, at once seized upon it for the president's table. When it was brought into the dining room in Washington, noting its savory color, she said:

"What fish is that?"

"A chad!" replied Frances, excitedly, "a very fine chad! I know your excellency was extravagantly fond of this fish and was so fortunate as to procure this one in the market—a solitary one, sir, and the last of the season."

"The price, sir? The price?" The price, sir?" demanded Washington, sternly.

"Three—three—three dollars," stammered the steward.

"Take it away! Take it away, sir!" said Washington. "It shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance!"

And so the \$3 fish was taken from the room, to be devoured by the servants.

President Washington's cook was a character of the time. He was a handy fellow named Hercules, who made \$200 a year out of his perquisites of the slaves of the president's kitchen. "Every afternoon he would strut forth from the great door," says Mr. Gwin, "dressed as extravagantly as any dandy of the time, and would take a promenade on the fashionable thoroughfare of colonial Philadelphia. He wore a blue coat with a velvet collar, a pair of fancy lace breeches and shoes with extravagant silver buckles. Thus attired, with a cocked hat upon his head and a gold-headed cane in his hand, he strutted up and down among the beaux and belles until the stroke of the clock reminded him that he must hurry off to the kitchen and prepare the evening meal."

President Washington's dinners were rather stiff affairs. But little extra preparation was made for transient guests. An English traveler, who breakfasted with Washington in 1784, during the latter part of his second presidential term, says the breakfast consisted of sliced tongue, tea and coffee, dry toast and bread and butter. The only expensive piece of furniture upon the table was a silver urn for hot water. There was but one servant, and Mrs. Washington made the tea and coffee. "Throughout his life," says Washington in his last will, "I was in his old age this meal was made of Indian cakes, honey and tea. He always dressed for dinner, and dined about 3. He ate heartily, but was very careful of his diet. He always had wine at dinner, and drank at dessert four or five glasses of Madeira. His only toast was, 'All our friends.' He ate a light tea, but no supper, and was usually in bed by 10 o'clock."—Frank G. Carpenter in Lippincott's Magazine.

Great Actors' Children.

In mentioning Mr. Lee's exquisite art I am reminded that our only child, a son, has not inherited any of his mother's talent, and it seems to be the exception to the rule when great actors' children follow their parents' profession. In the case of the Booths, Warrens, and Jeffersons the hereditary talent lasted for three generations, which is about the time that a large fortune remains in one family in America. Edwin Booth's daughter, Mrs. Grossman, might be expected to follow the parental business, as her mother, Mary Devlin, as well as her father, were born in the profession.

Of all the young Jeffersons, and there are many, only the eldest son has given any evidence of possessing any dramatic ability. He manages for his father, and occasionally is trusted with some minor part. Lawrence Barrett's two daughters have no stage aspirations. They are content to admire their talented father. Maggie Mitchell is the mother of several well-known, happy children, but there is not one among them who give promise of any ability in the dramatic art. Frank Mayo has a son and daughter with ambitions toward the stage, the son especially showing considerable ability besides being almost as handsome as his father. Frank Chanfrau, Jr., has been playing his late father's roles with some success, but as yet has not rivaled his father. Bijou Herrold has been playing juvenile parts for some time, but in spite of her excellent training is far below her mother in talent.

Fannie Davenport keeps up the traditions of a family, but it remains to be seen whether her children are born to the same

WATERLOO.

Mrs. Tom Smith and Miss L. in Caldwell of Tip Top called town last week. Mr. Ed Seymour and wife are spending Christmas with their mother. Mr. D.C. Smith has completed his new dwelling. W.R. Harris, who has been attending lectures in Baltimore has returned home for the Christmas holidays. Miss Irene Harris of this place, is visiting her sister at Laurens. Mrs. Emma Cook and daughter of Greenwood are visiting in town.

Dr. J.W. Kennedy, who has been in the drug business here for some time, will move his stock to Bradley's in a few days. He expects to remain.


Married Dec 27th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Miller, Mr. Thimian Fuller of Laurens, to Miss Maria Teague of New Market.

One of our young men visited his aunt on last Sunday, and after staying awhile she asked if he liked paroled corn. On receiving an affirmative reply, she requested to be excused and in a short time returned with some paroled corn. After paroling two loaves full he remarked that he liked her sample very much and would be pleased if she would pass around her paroled corn. A letter being told that he had eaten up all the corn on the place, and that she did not know that she was feeding a horse, he said he had to be made good by receiving only samples.

Mr. and Mrs. R.G. Smith, who have been living here for some time, have moved to Cross Hill.

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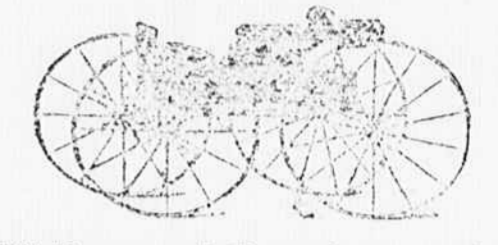
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