ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Our Kamily Story.

A SELFISH WOMAN'S CHOICE.

In the drawing room of a small house—one of a very long terrace in a northern suburb of London—sat a girl by the firelight. The room, a long, narrow one with fiding doors, was poorly and shabbily furnished. The furniture and cheap ornaments, however, had been carefully dusted and brushed. Evidently their owners had endeavored to make the best of their threadbare appearance. The girl lay almost at full length on a low American chair placed straight across the hearth-rug, seemingly for the purpose of getting the greater amount of benefit from the poor fire burning in the In the drawing room of a small from the poor fire burning in the grate. She was tall, slight and fair, and certainly good-looking; and a wealth of chestnut hair crowned the

wealth of chestnut hair crowned the top of an exceedingly well shaped head. The eyes, large and well-opened, looked dreamily into the fire. The door opened and a lady entered. Shutting the door softly, she stepped with a gliding motion to the girl in the American chair and stood looking down at her. The relationship was evident. The mother was the image of the daughter, grown older, petrified, as it were, into a distinctly unpleasant-looking middle age. The chestnut hair had faded without becoming gray; her eyes, large and well opened, like her daughter's, had a stony stare in them; and her mouth the same discontented and sarcastic droop, ten contented and sarcastic droop, ten times intensified. Not a pleasant old lady to look upon by any means. The girl had not removed her eyes from the fire on her mother's entrance.

She remained in precisely the same position, apparently oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Grenoble's stony gaze

was fixed upon her face.

At last the mother broke the silence.

"I hope, Paula, you have read the letter carefully, and have come at last to a sensible conclusion on the matter."

"Which letter, and what conclusion?" asked the girl, with a sarcastic inflection of her low, clear voice.
"Don't be foolish, Paula," said her mother, testily. "You know perfectly well what I mean. You have a chance that not one girl in 10,000 has—the chance of a rich, fortunate life, without worries, without cares without—"
"Love," murmured the girl softly.
"Love," said her mother, scornfully. "What is love without money? Or what is love worth in comparison

or what is love without money? Or what is love worth in comparison with money? Love is a mere word without substance, without reality, without meaning. And you have the opportunity of life-long enjoyment of a princely fortune—£50,000 that will be work as long as well works as long as well as the comparison of the second of the comparison of the compari yours as long as you remain single; and you hesitate?"

"Naturally," said Paula, a gleam of mischief lighting up the weariness of her pale face. "Most girls object to the prospect of being an old maid."

"Listen to reason, Paula. You are young only just turned treatment."

very young, only just turned twenty. Your whole life up to the present moment has been spent in weary, hopeless poverty; not the poverty of the very poor, who often want daily bread, but who, the bread once gained, have no appearance to keep up. Ours is the poverty of the well-born, the well-bred, the daily striving to keep our shabby clothes presentable, our shabby house and furniture from get-

ing even more worn and threadbare.

"Think what you might do with that £50,000! The dresses you could have to wear, the jewels you might buy; think how you would have the chance of traveling in foreign countries, or seeing places and things you tries, or seeing places and things you can only sigh and long for now in vain; and then think of your life, married to Charles Etheridge on his paltry £300 a year, with no prospect of its ever much

ncreasing."
When her mother spoke of the £50,-Etheridge's name she slightly brushed her lips with the letter she held in her left hand.
"Well?" said her mother, interroga-

tively. "Ah," said Paula, lazily changing her position in the American chair so as to face her mother, "you were saying something to me just now. It seemed rather long. I can't quite remember it all. Ah, yes; about the £50,000 and Uncle Dick's insane will. By the way, I suppose he wasn't mad when he made it, was he? It couldn't be disputed or that bind could it? When anything of that kind, could it? What a pity! Fifty thousand pounds is worth

having."
"Yes," said Mrs. Grenoble, "and
if you have a grain of sense in your
composition you'll keep it, and send
Charles Etheridge about his business. You'll be able to ride in your carriage

and—"
"Dress like the Princess of Wales,"
said Paula languidly. "Yes, there is
something tangible about ready money
after all. Oh, to have something else
to wear besides this rag of a gown!
Let me think. I would have a tailormade contume! One tailor-made made costume! made costume! One tailor-made costume! No, I'd have half a dozen, one for every day in the week, and a tight-fitting jacket trimmed with sable, and a plush mantle for the theatre, and—and—oh, if I could only be!" and the girl's eyes sparkled, and a covetous longing look came over the fair face. Her mother, with a few more words

Her mother, with a few more words of caustic persuasion, left the room. She thought she knew her daughter's character better than the girl herself. She knew that the life of pinching poverty had brought out all the worst traits in Paula's disposition, and she hoped to make capital out of them for her own especial benefit. If Paula accepted the condition of her uncle's will and lived single, she would naturally live at home, and Mrs. Grenchle would naturally become par-Grenchle would naturally become par-taker of all the good things that Paula with her money would be able to pro-

In the meantime Paula was lying back in the chair musing. Presently she lifted the letter with the closelywritten four pages, and went once more over the well-known lines. As she read her eyes darkened and softened with a tender light, and the droop at the corner of her mouth became less

At the end she laid it in her lap and without changing her position, read the other letter. The reading took

the love light out of her eyes and brought back a covetous gleam which shone like bright steel through her thick lashes.

Then she spoke to herself in a low

tone.
"Which is it to be? Love or money? And I must decide to-morrow. Charlie and his £300 a year—and—the

The next morning when Paula came The next morning when Paula came down rather late to breakfast she found her mother busily reading a long and closely written letter while uttering grunts of strong disapproval.

"What is the matter?" asked Paula, sitting listlessly down at the table, and lazily buttering her toast.

"Why, I have just had a letter from Miss Price and her companion asking me to take her in for a few days. She wants to do some shopping, or make

wants to do some shopping, or make some calls, or something of the kind, and our house is convenient, so she says. I should have thought it too far from town. But then she has her own carriago, or hires one, and we shall not see much of her, that is one comfort. I wonder she does not go to her

own relations. She has plenty of them." "Possibly she is afraid," said Paula, languidly. "She is so alarming yrich, she might think it too much of a temptation to her dear relations to stay with them."

"Paula, you are ridiculous, and you "Paula, you are ridiculous, and you have such strange notions for so young a girl. It is really very impolitic to talk in the way you do. However, I'm too busy to scold now—"

"For small mercies let us be grateful," murmured Paula.

"Miss Price may be here at any moment, and I must see about her room," and Mrs. Grenoble bustled out of the room.

room.
Half an hour afterward there was meek little rap at the street door. In a few minutes Miss Price and her com-panion were ushered into the room. Miss Price was a little thin lady over

Miss Price was a little thin lady over sixty years old. She wore her light hair, which was streaked with gray, in little curls on each side of her cheeks. Her face was little and shrunken, her figure pinched and small, her hands and feet small. But the worst thing about her was the utteoly careworn and miserable expression of her face. A listless wretchedness had, as it were, eaten itself into her withered countenance, and was shown in every gesture of her knotted, veined and trembling hands and bony neck.

"And yet she has four thousand a year," said Palua to herself.

Miss Price appeared in mortal dread of her companion, and yet totally unable to do without her. Mrs. Mount tyrannized over her in the more bare-

tyrannized over her in the more bare-faced manner, and poor Miss Price submitted meekly in the listless, hope-

less way her face betrayed.
"Will there eyer be a time when a companion will be necessary to my well being?" thought Paula. well being?" thought Paula.

The next morning was fine, and Miss Price elected to do her shopping. A carriage was ordered, for Miss Price was not strong, and the rattle and noise of the omnibuses did not agree with her. But she grumbled at the expense and feared she was ruining berself

Paula and Mrs. Mount accompanied her. And what a time they had of it! Miss Price wanted dresses, but nothing suited her. The cheap ones were too common, and the better ones were too expensive. Her unhappy face was bent over the goods, comparing them, finding fault now with the color, now with the texture, but generally with the price. Finally she chose an ex-pensive silk and some brown cash-mere, and her face looked more mis-erable than ever after she had paid the bill. And then to the milliner's and the same scene was energed ever and the same scene was enacted over

Paula watched as in a dream, the pretty, tasteful bonnets changed, as if by magic, into dowdy, commonplace constructions as soon as they surround-ed Miss Price's discontented old face. It seemed to occur to Miss Price also that it did not much matter what she chose, for she kept her face turned resolutely from the mirrors, and deferred at last to Mrs. Mount's judgment. Paula shuddered as she thought that she might come to just such an unpleasant old age. To be dependent on the taste of a companion for the selection of one's clothes! To look so woobegone and wretched as to come to shun the sight of one's own countenance.

Paula was very thoughtful and silent all that evening. Mrs. Grenoble told her it was time-full time to answer the letters. Paula said she would write them to-morrow before breakfast. Her mother said of course there was no doubt as to her choice. No child blessed with such a mother as she had to advise her would hesitate a moment.

Paula answered gravely that the advent of Miss Price had left no doubt in her mind as to which course she would pursue. Her mother looked at her doubtfully as she made this remark, lighting her bedroom candle meanwhile; but Paula gave a production. digious yawn, which entirely destroyed any expression her face might have had at the time, and then vanished from the story. from the room.

When Paula reached her bedroom she placed her candle on the dressing table, and sitting down with her elbows When her mother spoke of the £50,000 Paula's eyes gleamed with a strange light, and her mouth lost its sarcastic droop and quivered with excitement. At the mention of Charles Etheridge's name she slightly brushed pale, oval face, and its steady, clear eyes shining in the dim light. But as she gazed Paula, as through a mist, seemed to see the chestnut hair grown scanty and streaked with gray, the face thin and lined, the mouth with its already too discontented droop, intensified and hardened by years of

loneliness and unhappiness.

Of what use would fine clothes be with a face like that? To live alone, uncared for, unloved, would soon sour the young face, and then—she would grow like Miss Price!

"No," said Paula, resolutely, "no; I cannot do it. Not for fifty thousand pounds can I consent to run the risk of growing like Miss Price. I dare say when I am as old as she is I shall be for and have conditions. be fat and have a red face; but then Charlie will be old, too, and probably fat, so we shan't be able to reproach lat, so we shan't be able to reproach each other. And we shall be together, and wesh all have got over all our little quarrels and misunderstandings, and we shall by that time understand each other's peculiarities. We shall be herribly poor—, beastly poor,' as Bella Wilfer used to say; but for all that I would rather be with Charlie than with mamma all my life.

Charlie than with mamma all my life.
"And then the fine clothes—what good are they after one has grown old and ugly? And as to traveling about

and seeing things—why, I'd rather stay at home than go about with—a Miss Price, I wish—I wish I could choose Charlie and the £50,000, too. I don't suppose that anybody with more money than Charlie would ask me to marry him. It would not do to run the risk of waiting. No. It is my fate to be Mrs. Etheridge; and—well, it's a better fate than to be a Miss

The next morning Paula went down to breakfast with a demure countenance. She and her mother were alone ance. She and her mother were alone. Miss Price was breakfasting hi bed, and Mrs. Mount was bearing her company. Mrs. Grenoble looked at her daughter inquisitively, but Paula subsided languidly into a chair and asked for a cup of coffee. Then she took up the paper and apparently became immersed in the political crisis.

At last Mrs. Grenoble's short allowance of patience gave way.

"Have you written those letters,
Paula?" she asked.

"What letters?"

"You know as well as I do. The etters to Mr. Etheridge and the

lawyer."
"Yes, I have written them."
"And your decision is what was to have been expected?"

"Precisely."
"You have written to Mr. Etheridge breaking off your engagement?"
"I have written to Mr. Etheridge saying I would marry him when he pleases," returned Paula, coolly.
"'W'uat!" burst forth Mrs. Grenoble

in great fury.
"Well that was what was to be expected, was it not? We have been engaged two years, and a wedding is generally expected after that length of time, and Charlie wants me to fix the day, and so I've fixed it, and there's an end of the matter."—Waverley Magazine.

-Ex-President Harrison leads a very quiet life in Indianapolis. He is seldom seen on the streets and never goes into society. He has not renewed business relations with his old partners, Messrs. Miller & Elm, but has a desk in the office of his old confidential clerk, Howard Cole, where he transacts his private business.

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

A Recluse who has not Seen a Woman in Thirty Years. A Recluse who has not Seena Woman in Thirty Years.

The tragic story of John Armstrong is told by an exchange from North Carolina. For more than fifty years he has led the life of a recluse in the dense pine forests not far from Newberne, N. C. His ruin was wrought by woman's perfidy and he has kept away from her sight ever since. The only son of a well-to-do planter near Wilmington, N. C., Armstrong wooed and was accepted by Carrie Scott, the daughter of a neighbor. On the morning set for their wedding, fifty-five years ago, as Armstrong and a party of friends were riding toward the home of his betrothed, they were met by a negro servent who informed them that Miss Carrie had been married some hours before to a Northern gentleman named Samuel Opdyke, and had already left for the North. For a moment Armstrong seemed as if dazed by a heavy blow. Then, without a word to his companions, he put spurs to his horse and soon disappeared in the distance. He was never seen again in that neighborhood, and the belief, was soon accepted that he had committed suicide. Time passed, his father and mother died and their property fell to distant relatives. Armstrong's disappearance was almost forgotten, when a party of Newberne hunters by accident came across in a gloomy and remote pearance was almost forgotten, when a party of Newberne hunters by accident came across in a gloomy and remote part of the forest, the cabin which for thirty years had been Armstrong's home. To the hunters Armstrong told his past history. He said that on the fatal morning when he learned that his promised wife had proved false to her vows he resolved to at once and forever turn his back on humanity, and this resolution he had thus far religiously kept.

He was greatly annoyed that his hid-ing place had at last been found, and though he has never since seen fit to change it, he has always avoided as far as possible the society of his fellows. However, he is often sought out by the curious, and a Northern gentleman, who visited him a few months ago, found the hermit still hale and vigorou deposite his 76 years. His hair and long flowing beard are white as snow, but he walks erect and with an elastic step. He told his visitor he had not seen or spoken to a woman in thirty years, and had never seen a railroad car or a steam boat. The doings of the great outside world are almost unknown to him, but he is a constant reader of religious and scientific works and an ardent student of natural history. He has a splendid entomological collection, and can tell correctly the name and habit of every insect native to his neighborhood. But the curse

of Cain is on this venerable recluse and the story of his crime shows how time and chance sometimes work strange results. One day during the war a Federal officer, to escape capture by a scouting party of Confederate cavalry, took refuge in the forest, and in the word and the strangers. in the wanderings reached the vicinity of the hermit's home and encounted Armstrong himself. In response to the latter's questions the fugitive said he

tells the story—and a second later Opdyke lay dead at his feet. Thus the evil that women as well as men do lives after them.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

Death Was Seen in the Vision, but the Warning Was Not Heeded. Last week another man was killed

following remarkable story:
A dream strange for its vividness and stranger still for its truthfulness came as a warning to the family of Henry Fleck before his death last night from injuries at the Mitchell street railroad crossing. Mr. Fleck had a sister who had lived

at his home for a number of years, and on Friday night she saw him in a dream, badly injured and lying on a litter. She saw him bruised and bleeding, and saw the faces of strange men bearing him carefully along to his home. She was not a believer in dreams, but so plain was every detail of this one, that it made an impression on her mind that she could not shake

The terrible sight continued to haunt her and she finally told her brother of it, and warning him that he be careful in crossing the railroad. Her brother laughed at her dreams and assured her that her fears were groundless. The dream had been forgotten by the other members of the family until the news of the accident that caused his

death reached them yesterday.

When he was brought home dying from his injuries his sister re-called the terrible dream, and last night while speaking of it swooned, and is now in a dangerous condition. She is suffering from heart failure and this morning several physicians were sum-

Miss Fleck had her terrible dream last Friday night, and while she did not know the locality in which the supposed injuries were received by her brother, a railroad train was supposed to have inflicted them.

The father of Mr. Henry Fleck was

A HARD PROVISION .- One of the Boston theatre managers was down on the seashore last summer, and while wandering about the hotel piazza ran across a friend who touched him up for a pass. The manager searched in his inside pocket, and then shook his head.

"I'd give you one willingly, but I didn't bring my cards. I don't see how I can do it without the pass."

The deadhead looked blank. Sudden-

ly the manager spoke:

"I'll tell you what I can do. Instead
of using a card, I'll just write 'Pass
bearer' on your shirt front, and that
will get you in all right. Will that
do?" The man assented, and the pass was

written. That evening the deadhead showed up at the theatre, and the man at the gate nodded when he looked at the shining bosom. "All right: that's good."
The deadhead passed through the gate and started into the theatre. He had only taken a few steps when the gatekeeper called him back. The man looked surprised.

"What's the matter now? Isn't it all

right?"
The gatekeeper nodded. "Yes, but you must surrender the pass."—Boston Budget.

SLANG PHRASES.—The necessity for coining words to express ideas and describe objects is always apparent, notwithstanding the overloaded dictionary, and it is seldom that a slang word is not so appropriate that it does not occasion a smile at its fitness.

The slang word "bogus" has been legitimized, but suffering from neglect for years. It is a Georgia word. William A. Bogus was a Georgia land lottery commissioner years ago caught in rascality in office. He issued fraudulent land rights. He furnished our vernacular with a word for everything spurious and false.

"Tory" is of Irish origin and signifies a savage. "Whig" is an abbreviation of the word "whigamore," a Scotch thief. The word "spifficat" is in common use in Yorkshire. England, and means having the wind knocked out of one.

"Cant" was a slang word. Alexand

'Cant" was a slang word. Alexan-

"Cant" was a slang word. Alexander Cant of Scotland was deposed by the synod "for divers seditions and impudent passages in his sermon at several places." All seditious praying and preaching in Scotland was there after called "canting."

The word "copperhead" was first used in Maine to donate those who left that State in 1862 to evade the draft. It was supposed either to have been taken from the snake which bears the name or from the copper head of the name or from the copper head of Liberty on the cent.—New York Herald.

BURIED NEARLY TWO MONTHS .- A remarkable story comes from St. Petersburg of a young girl who was buried under the snow for fifty-one days, and still lives to tell about it. Her home is in a village near Moscow, and she says that she fell asleep on a pile of straw, and when she awoke, found herself buried under an immense fall of snow All her efforts to extrifall of snow. All her efforts to extricate herself were in vain, and she re cate herself were in vain, and she remained buried among the snow and straw for fifty-one days, with no nourishment, save a few bits of bread that she happened to have with her. When at length rescued, the girl was, of course, found to be in a state of most complete inanition, and it required several days of constant care and nursing to restore her strength. On recovery ing to restore her strength. On recovering, she stated that she had not ex perienced any excessive cold, and had only occasionally been seized with shiv-ering. She suffered much, however, from hunger, and after a few crusts of bread were eaten, supported life by sucking the snow. The girl also de-scribed the anguish which she felt on finding that no one heard her piteous, half stifled cries for help whenever the sound of fosterps in the neighborhood of her living sepulcher fell upon her

wide circulation:

Had rather, for Would rather; Had
better, for Would better; Posted, for
Informed; Depot, for Station; Try and

HARD TIMES RECALLED.-Little Girl—Was your folks poor when you were a little girl?
Grandma—We thought we were, my Grandma—We thought we were, my dear. We were pioneer farmers, and lived in a log scabin; but it was large and comfortable; the floors were warmly carpeted; we had plenty to eat and plenty to wear. But we raised everything ourselves we had no but we raised everything ourselves which the inat a railroad crossing in Atlanta, where so many have met death before. His name was Henry Fleck, and in attempt money to go to stores, even if we had no money to go to stores, even if we had son's "Horace Chase," in which the in-

> you have to eat, then?
> Grandma—Nothing but beef mutton, chicken, venison, quail, squirrels, wild ducks, brook trout, and such things; and as for molasses, we hadn't anything but maple syrup.

ROMANCE AND MURDER.-A dispatch from Weeling, W. Va., says: A sensational murder mystery is now exciting Bellaire, O., opposite this city. Neil McCabe, a prominent young man, was found dead by the roadside and investigation showed that he had been murdered. His sweetheart, Miss Tilly Cutshaw, who was last seen with him and who tells a peculiar story, is now in jail charged with complicity in the murder. The girl says she was walking with McCabe and that he took suddenly ill and lay down on the ground. She says she then covered him up with his coat and left him, supposing that he would soon be all right. When the next heard of him he was dead. The impression is that the young lady knows more of the murder than she has told and that Mc-Cabe was killed by a rival for her hand in her presence and that she is trying to shield the murderer.

-Everybody knows what a picnic is but most folks would find it hard to say how it got its name, and yet it is simple enough when you come to learn it. When a picnic was being arranged for the custom originally was that those who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. A list of those necessities having been drawn up, it was passed round and each person picked out the article of food or a man well known in business circles and his tragic death of only a few years ago will be remembered by many. He was killed by a train at the Peters street crossing, which is only a few hundred yards from the point where his son was killed on yesterday.

Who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. A list of those necessities having been drawn up, it was passed round and each person picked out the article of food or drink that he or she was willing to furnish, and the name of the article was nicked or ticked off the list. The open-air entertainment thus became known as "pick and nick." The cus-tom is said to have dated from 1802, so that the picnic is wholly an institution of the nineteeth century.

-The Chicago Baptist ministers —The Chicago Baptist ministers' conference has adopted a resolution unanimously condemning the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. After reciting at length the conditions imposed by Congress at the inception of the exposition, the resolution says that the action of the directors in taking advantage of the silence of the appelate court is an act of downright rebellion against the government which they call to the attention of the President, requesting that the President take such measures as may be necessary to carry the case to the Supreme Court of United States, resolving to lend all their power to assist in making their

-Thomas Nelson Page has arrived in Richmond, Va., after a three weeks wedding tour. As soon as it is possible he will purchase an estate in Virginia, half way between Richmond and Washington, with the expectation of living there during the summer and spending his winters in the National Capital.

—One cannot cultivate land intelligently unless they know how much and what sort of plant food is removed with each crop and how much is returned by the manure applied. These things are easy enough to know if one takes the pains to study.

—Mr. G. Ernest Folk, of Newberry, and a graduate of Newberry College, is one of the honor men in the Senior class at Yale College this year. In philosophy he has a higher stand than any man in the class, which, the New Haven News says, is one of the best in the history of the College.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MAGAZINES FOR THE MONTH.

The July Forum is the most timely and readable number published this year. The startling revelations of national pension abuses are continued in articles on "The Grand Army as a Pension Agency," by Col. C. McK. Leoser, a civil war veteran, who supports his assertions by actual citation from the army's history. "Prospects of the World's Fair" are expertly discussed by Franklin H. Head, Vice-President of the American Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, who analyzes cussed by Franklin H. Head, Vice-President of the American Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, who analyzes the figures of "The World's Fair Balance-Sheet," and by Dr. E. Fletcher Ingals, retiring president of the Illinois State Medical Society, who ofers valuable information concerning "Chicago's Sanitary Condition." "An Actor's Memory of Edwin Booth" "An Actor's Memory of Edwin Booth" "An Actor's Memory of Edwin Booth" is a brilliant and fascinating paper by John Malone, formerly a member of Mr. Booth's company. "The Fourth of July," by Charles Leonard Moore, is the first poem ever printed in this review. Dr. Lyman Abbott illuminates pending theological perplexities by a masterly article, "What are a Christian Preacher's Functions?" James Bryce furnishes a thoughtful essay on "The Teaching of Civic Duty"; Edmund Hudson, a well-known military critic, unfolds a plan for utilizing "The Army as a Military Training-School"; and Louis C. Tiffany, in "American Art Supreme in Colored Glass," shows how the mediæval art of Stained-glass painting has been excelled and superseded in this hemisphere and a new and tempting career opened for artists. John Basset Moore, phere and a new and tempting career opened for artists. John Basset Moore, professor of diplomacy at Columbia College, ends this notable number with "The Russian Extradition Treaty: a Reply to Protests," in which he un-dertakes to prove that the treaty is

Life in the open air is the theme of Harper's Magazine for July. The opening article describes some historic gardens of Italy, and its fourteen illustrations, six of them full-page en-To be Avoided.—A teacher in one of our Eastern schools has prepared a list of "words and phrases to be avoided," and it is so good that it deserves a land the breezes of English uplands fill the chapters of William Black's "The Handsome Humes," which are contained in this number, while in "Three English Race Meetings," by Richard Harding Davis, the reader catches re-Armstrong himself. In response to the latter's questions the fugitive said he was an officer in the Federal army and that his name was Samuel Opdyke. At the mention of this names the hermit started back and cocked his gun.

"Are you the man who married Carrie Scott?"

"Yes; but why do you ask me that question? Who are you?"

"I am John Armstrong, whom she loved better than any one else in the world. But she deceived me; her heart was hollow; she was false to me. You stole her from me, and now I have my revenge."

He raised his gun and pulled the trigger—it is the hermit himself who tells the story—and a second later Ondyke lay dead at his feet. The the

not so dangerous as it has been repre-

gration of the French Canadian into New England and his qualities as an American citizen. Julian Ralph, in "Chicago's Gentle Side," writes appreciatively of the public spirit and the so many have met death before. His name was Henry Fleck, and in attempting to board a passing train, which was running slow, he made a false step and was crushed beneath the wheels. The Atlanta Herald, in connection with this tragic occurrence, tells the money to go to stores, even if we had been near any; and so we felt very, very poor. There were two things we were all fond of, and oh, how we longed for them, and how we wished we could afford them, but we couldn't and it was crushed been near any; and so we felt very, therest is constantly deepening. There is a story of the French and Indian War, by Miss Wilkins, called "Silence," and Will Carleton contributes with this tragic occurrence, tells the made us feel very miserable to be so poor. Those two things were salt mackerel and store molasses.

Little Girl—Ooo! Why, what did

"A Vestat Virgin," a numorous sketch. There are two poems in the Number—"Sleep," by Alice Brown, and "The Milky Way," by Wallace Bruce. In the "Editor's Study" Bruce. In the "Editor's Study" Charles Dudley Warner discusses the recent naval review and other timely topics. The "Editor's Drawer" includes a short story by Thomas Nelson Page, called "How Andrew Carried the Precinct," and a full-page drawing

by George du Maurier. —The Tradesman says the industrial outlook in the South is greatly improved and farmers are in better condition

That oily and rough skin cured and the face and hand beautified by Johnson's Oriental Soap; medicated and highly perfumed. Sold by Carpenter highly perfumed. Sold Bros., Greenville, S. C.

Will cure You, is a true statement of the

action of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, when

taken for diseases originating in impure blood; but, while this assertion is true of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, as thousands can attest, it cannot be truchfully applied to other preparations, which unprincipled dealers will reconnacid, and try to inpose upon you, as "just as good as Ayer's." Take Ayer's Sarsaparilia and Ayer's only, it you need a blood-purifier and would be benefited permanently. This medicine, for nearly fifty years, has enjoyed a reputation, and made a record for cures, that has never been equaled by other preparations. AYER'S Sarsaparith eradicates the taint of hereditary scrofula and other blood discases from the system, and it has, deser vedly, the confidence of the people.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I cannot forbear to express my joy at the relief I have obtained from the us of AYER'S Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with kidney troubles for about six months, suffering greatly with pains in the small of my back. In addition to this, my body was covered with pimply eruptions. The remedies prescribed falled to help me. I then began to take AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and, in a short time, the pains ceased and the pimples disappeared. I advise every young man or woman, in case of sickness resulting from impure blood, no matter how long standing the case may be, to take AYER'S Sarsaparilla."-H. L. Jarmann, 33 William st., New York City.

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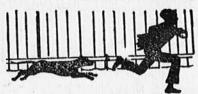
Excursions to Arkansas and Texas. The Richmond and Danville rail road has arranged for harvest excursion tickets to be sold to points in Arkansas, Texas and the West on August 2nd and 3rd at half rates; that is one

2nd and 3rd at half rates; that is one fare for the round trip.

These tickets will be good returning within thirty days from date of sale and afford an excellent opportunity for a visit to the great Western country.

We are reliably advised that the crops this year in the West are unusually fine and we will be prepared to send you by routes running through the very best sections of the country.

We will have these excursion tickets and through baggage checks furnished from any ticket station upon receipt of information that the same are desired,



IT FOLLOWS AFTER - a disordered liver — that you're subject to attacks of cold or chills on slight exposure. You get "tired" easily. A "tired" digestion fails to assimilate food. This often results in what we call Indigestion or Biliousness.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets rouse the liver to vigorous action, and this in turn starts the machinery of the body into activity. Liver, stomach and bowels feel the tonic effect, and in consequence the entire system is invigorated. The processes become self-regulating, and a reserve force is stored up against exposure to disease.

If you're too thin, too weak or nervous, it must be that food assimilation is wrong. This is the time to take Pleasant Pellets. They permanently cure Constipation, Sour. Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick or Bilicus Headache, Dizziness and Jaundice.

THE STATE'S TEACHERS.

At the Southern Educational Associa-tion Meeting and World's Fair. The following announcement is made It shows what South Carolina's teach

ers can do when they want to:
"On Monday, July 10, a select party
of leading teachers and their friends, about one hundred, will leave Columbia over the Richmond and Danville Railway for Louisville and Chicago to attend the annual meeting of the Southern Educational Association at the former place and the World's Fair Two weeks will be spent in Chicago

Stops will be made at Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Mammoth Cave, Nashville, Chattanooga and Spartanburg, where the State Teacher's Association meets August 2-4. The trip can be made for \$75. Genial friends will enhance the cave with the party can use their pleasure about stopping and returning. The party will be in the special care of Prof. P. E. Rowell, editor of the Palmetto Teacher, who has had experienced the party of the Palmetto Teacher, who has had experienced the party can use their pleasure above. rience in such matters. "Write him at Lexington, S. C., for full particulars.'

Japanese Liver Pellets cure biliousness, sour stomach and all kidney and liver troubles. Small and mild. Sold by Carpenter Bros., Greenville, S. C. Carpenter Bros., Druggists, will tell you that Johnson's Magnetic Oil always gives satisfaction and is the cheapest.

Rev. O. S. Stringfield of Wakefield. N. C., says: "Five boxes of Japanese Pile Cure cured me after 12 years' suffering." fering." Sold by Carpenter Bros., Greenville, S. C.



A New and Complete Treatment, consisting of SUPPOSITORIES, Capsulee of Oiutment and two Boxes of Ointment. A never-failing Cure for Plies of every nature and degree. It makes an operation with the knife or injections of carbolic acid, which are painful and seldom a permanent cure, and often resulting in death, unnecessary. Why endure this terrible disease? We guarantee of boxes to ours any case. You only pay for benefits received, fl a box, 6 for \$5. Sent by mail. Guarantees issued by our agonts. Guarantees issued by our agents.

CONSTIPATION Cured, Piles Prevented, by Japaness Liver Policis the great LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR and BLOOD PURIFIER. Small, mild and pleasant to take, especially adapted for children's use. 60 Doses 25 cents.

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Between Columbia, Seneca and Walballa,

.Alston.. . Pomaria

Prosperity
Newberry
Helena
Chappella
Ninety Six

. Greenwood.

.. Seneca . .. Seneca ... Walballa.

STATIONS.

Between Columbia, Alston and Spartan-

STATIONS.

| 3 50pm | Lv | Columbia | Ar | 1 20pm | 4 30pm | Alston | 12 40pm | 5 23pm | Carlisle | 12 44pm | 5 32pm | Santuc | 11 36pm | 5 50pm | Union | 11 17pm | 10 44pm | 1

6 23pm Ar ... Pacolet ... 10 44pm 6 50pm Ar ... Spartanburg ... Lv 10 20pm

Between Newberry, Clinton and Laurens

12 58pm Ly Columbia Ar 11 10am

Between Hodges and Abbeville.

STATIONS.

2 00 pm 6 30 pm 8 45 pm 7 00 am 8 30 am 2 20 pm 11 18 am 4 30 pm 12 23 pm 5 20 pm 2 10 am 6 30 pm

2 30 pm 5 30 pm 12 34 pm 5 30 pm 1 5 54 pm 5 53 pm 1 10 pm 5 53 pm 1 10 pm 5 57 pm 1 30 pm 6 10 pm 1 47 pm 6 22 pm 2 30 pm 6 50 pm

*3 45 pm †3 45 pm

7 50 pm 6 30 pm 6 20 am 7 25 am

10 10 am 10 10 pm

Hodges Darraugh's

Alston
Carlisle
Santue
Union
Pacolet

1 tōpm Lv.... 3 38pm Ar... 3 38pm Lv.... 3 57pm Ar...

52 pm Lv

3 12 pm Lv 3 25 pm Ar

Ly Jacksonville Ly Savannah Ly Augusta Ly Greenwood

Ar Laurens . . . Ar Spartanburg. Ly Laurens Ly Barksdale . . .

v Gray Court

Fountain Inn

Ly McCormick....

Owings

Ar McCormick

..Anderson Ar . Belton Lv

1 10pm 12 20pm 12 05pm 11 40am

4 35pm

STATIONS.

11 05am Ly Columbia . . Ar

RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. F. W. Huidekoper and Reuben Foster, Receivers. Atlanta & Charlotte Air Line Division. Condensed Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 31, 1843. Trains run by Kastern time. RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. R. F. W. Huidekoper and Reuben Foster, Receivers, Columbia & Greenville Disciples (Condon and March 1997)

NORTHBOUND. | No. 38 | No. 36 | No. 12

Ly Atlanta 12:00n'n 7:00nm

Lv Atlanta	12:00n'n	7:00pm	9:50am
Noroross			10:39am
Suwanee			11:01am
Buford			11:13am
Flowery Branch			11:26 im
Gainesville	2:80pm	89:35pm	11:46 am
Lula		89:56pm	12:12am
Mt. Airy		11021pm	12:42pm
Toccoa		81043pm	1:10am
Westminster			1:52 m
Seneca		11:30pm	2:10am
Central		11:57pm	2:35am
Easley			3:22am
Greenville	5:23pm	81242am	3:45am
Greer's			4:16 Am
Spartanburg	s6:12pm	61:43am	4:57am
Clitton			5:13am
Cowpens			5:17am
Gaffney	Server of Astron	f2:17am	5:48am
Blackeburg	7:00pm	2:30am	6:02am
Gastonia		3:10am	6:57am
Ar. Charlotte	8:14 pm	3:45am	
SOUTHWARD.	No. 87	No. 11	No. 35
Lv. Charlotte	9:35am	11:50am	10:20pm
Gastonia		12:33pm	10:57pm
Blacksburg	10:48am	1:22pm	11:36pm
Gaffney		1:40pm	11:50pm
Cowpens		2:03pm	
Clifton		2:06pm	
Spartanburg	11:37am	2:21pm	12:25am
Greer's		2:58pm	
Greenville	12:28pm	3:25pm	s1:20am
Easley		4:00pm	2.52
Central		4:25pm	s2:05am
Seneca		5:02pm	82:32am
Westminster		6:20pm	******
Toccoa		5:56pm	83:18am
Mt. Airy		6:25pm	12:23:44
Lula	i''	7:12pm	87:04am
Gainesville	3:33pm	7:33pm	4:27am
Flowery Branch			
Buford		8:03pm	
Suwanee,		8:14pm	
Norcross	1112211	8:39pm	27
Ar. Atlanta	4:55pm	9:30pm	5:55pm

PULLMAN CAR SERVICE. Pullman Palace Sleeping Car on Trains 9, 10, 11 and 12, 37 and 38 on A. & C. Di-vision. Nos. 11 and 12—Pullman Buffet Skeper

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ington, D. C. Trains leave Greenville S. C., A. & C. Division, Northbound, 3.07 a. m., 2.26 p. m., 5.68 p. m. (Vestibuled Limited). Southbound, 3.07 a. m., 4.42 p. a., 12.28 p. m. (Vestibuled Limited). Trains leave Seneca, A. & C. Division. Northbound, 1.36 a. m., 12.15 p. m.; Southbound, 3.38 a. m., 6.30 p. m.

Trains leave Spartanburg, A. & C. Division, Northbound, 4.09 a. m., 3.48 p. m., 6.00 p. m (Vestibuled Limited); Southbound, 1.56 a. m., 3.36 p. m., 11.37 a. m., 6.00 p. m. (Vestibuled Limited); Southbound, 1.56 a. m., 3.36 p. m., 11.37 a. m., 6.00 p. m., for Hendersonville, Asheville, Hot Springs.

W. A. Turk, S. H. Hardwick, Gen. Pass A. & G. Gen. ATLANTIC COAST LINE. PASsenger Department. Wilmington,
N. C. June 18, 1893. Fast Line between
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Schodule.

Going West No. 52	STATIONS.	Going No.	East 53	vision, Northbound, 4.09 a m, 3.48 p m 6.00 p m (Vestibuled Limited); South-
8 44 Lv 9 53 Lv 10 05 Ar P M 12 43 Ar P M 5.08 Ar 7.45 Ar 5 10 Ar 5 10 Ar 3 57 Ar 3 57 Ar	Charleston Lanes Sumter. Columbia Newberry. Green wood. Athens Atlanta. Winnsboro. Charlotte, N. C Anderson Greenville	Ar Ar Ar Ar LvLvLvLvLv	5 45 4 20 2 42 12 46 A M 10 05 7 80 P M 11 54 9 35 8 08 7 36	bound, 1.56 a m, 3.36 p m, 11.37 a n (Vestibuled Limited); Westbound, W. N C. Division, 6.50 a m and 2.05 p m, fo Hendersonville, Asheville; Hot Springs, W. A. TURK, S. H. HARDWICK, Gen. Pass, Agt., Ass. Gen. Pass, Agt., Washington, D. C. Atlanta, Ga V. E. McBer, Sol. HAAS, Gen'l Supt., Traffic M'g'r, Columbia, S. C. Washington, D. C. W. H. Green, General Manager, Washington, D. C. W. H. Green, General Manager, Washington, D. C. W. Green, General Manager, Washington, D. C. W. Green, General Columbia, S. C. Washington, D. C. W. H. Green, General Manager, Washington, D. C. Colina Railway. Condensed schedule taking effect May 28th, 1893.
8 23 Ar 6 50 Ar 9 11 Ar 10 15 Ar *Daily. No between Cha H. M. EMER J. R. KENL	Walhalla Abbeville Abpartanburg Hender'ville, N.C Asheville, N.C los. 62 and 53 rieston and Cli SON, Assa. Ger Y, T. M. I hager. Traffi	Lv Lv Lv Lv Lv . Lv . Lv . Lv	1 42 10 20 8 02 A M 7 00 ains C Ag't.	Ly Greenville

A Source

conjecture by sewing machine men in general is: Why is it that the canvassers selling New Davis Ma-chines can go out and sell from five to seven and even more machines per week, while the canvasser for other machines considers himself doing well when he accomplishes the sale of two or three machines per week? This is very easily answered. It is not because the Davis is sold lower than any other, for the price is from five to ten dollars higher than that of any other machine in the market; but it is because it possesses many advantages over any other, promient among them being the vertical feed, an improvement which in point of superiority no other ma-chine can approach. By the feed improvement all kinds of sewing even the most difficult trimming, is made in the most perfect manner without the necessity of basting.
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