

JUST ABOUT A BOY.

A Brooklyn Lad's Predicament and What a Lie He Told Cost Him.

The boys in the lower part of Van Buren street, Brooklyn, just off Tompkins park, have been building bonfires. Frame houses line the street on both sides, and the residents have complained to the police of the danger to them from fire. One of the boys had had strict orders from his father never to share in the building of these fires, and, being an obedient boy, he never collected the material for the fire or contributed the matches. His father had not forbidden him, however, to furnish some raw potatoes for a feast by baking them in the embers.

It was this consciousness of innocence that made the boy stand when a policeman hove in sight around the corner the other day. All the other lads skeddaddled. The policeman came up with a stride.

"Did you build this fire?"

"No, sir," said the lad without the least show of fear. The policeman began to respect him, but it would not do to relax his severity.

"Whategottin'yerhan?" he said sternly, and running his words all together to impress the boy.

The boy began to see that the presence of the potato was prima facie evidence in the policeman's eyes of guilt, but he was still conscious of innocence, and he replied frankly:

"Just a potato."

"Whategottin'itwith?"

The full gravity of the situation now dawned upon the boy's mind, and under the sternness of the policeman he saw that something had to be done. Visions of the jail that every boy dreads had begun to float before his eyes, and he made an effort to resort to desperate means.

"Oh, I'm going to eat it."

"Do you eat raw potatoes?" said the policeman, relaxing a little and looking at the boy with a certain interest.

"Yes, sir," he replied with a certain secret amusement.

"Oh, yes, I eat 'em. You see, I like 'em."

"Where do you live?" asked the cop, turning his head to hide a smile. The boy told him, and boy and cop went over to a basement door. To the servant who answered the ring the policeman said:

"Does this boy live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, then (very sternly), I charge you on your honor, tell me truly, does this boy eat raw potatoes?"

The policeman was nearly bursting with laughter, and the servant stood there in blank astonishment. The boy was wildly desperate. He was surely booked for jail, all because he had been honest enough not to run when the policeman came. The only one who could save him was that servant. He must give her a tip, and quick as a flash he spoke before the girl could ask the policeman what he meant:

"Oh, yes, you know I eat 'em, don't you? Why, you can both see for yourselves. I like 'em. I eat 'em, skins and all."

Then the boy smashed his teeth into the potato, and that Brooklyn cop was mean enough to stand there and make the boy eat half of it. The cop could endure it no longer, and with a laugh said:

"See here, youngster, if I catch you eating any more of them things I'll send you up sure." And then he rolled off.

The worst of the experience to that boy was not his fright nor the lecture his father gave him to the effect that it would have been better to tell the truth all the way through, even after he became scared, nor the inconvenience the raw potato caused him, but the fact that since then when he turns up his nose at some dish at the table his parent says:

"Well, I guess that any boy who likes raw potatoes can eat that dish or go without."

All of which illustrates the truth of the fact that sometimes, especially for boys, it does not pay to tell a lie.—New York Sun.

And It Came to Pass.

A street this morning attracted much attention on account of a group of boys who were gathered around a bicycle.

The bicycle was that of a poor boy who wheeled by a policeman in his hat, as his helplessness was calculated to touch a heart of stone.

Adam Oldtimer of 2375864 Jones avenue was arrested this forenoon for walking on the street. He was fined \$10. He is the second man this week who has thus wantonly endangered the lives of honest citizens moving about on their bicycles.

The meeting of the Fennell Fox Hunting club yesterday was a marked success. Mr. Mercury Goldsmith received a few scratches in a fall when taking a ten rail fence on his hunting cycle, one of the spinning springs breaking, but otherwise he was not so unlucky. A trial was given to the new Canine-Delight dog wheel for the hounds, and it was pronounced satisfactory. The intelligent animals took to it readily and worked the pedals fiercely. It is reported that a man in Connecticut is soon to bring out a fox wheel, to which the beast will be fastened with a small strap, having two minutes' start of the hounds and riders.—(Hourly Gazette For 1915.)—New York Tribune.

Only two courses were served at the most elaborate Homeric feasts.

THE GREEDY STARFISH.

A Wonderful Feeder With an Appetite For Oysters In the Shell.

The gray bearded captain of a dredgeboat sat sunning himself on the quarter rail of his craft, and he was telling a visitor some facts about that pest of the oyster planter's life, the starfish. "It's queer, mighty queer," said he, "to see how little the average well educated man knows about the creatures one gets to know so well in my line of business. Take starfish, for example. Here, this very morning, a thin faced chap, who wore spectacles and acted for all the world like a schoolmaster, picked up one of the dead stars on the pier there and asked me if I had any with the rood and stalk attached."

"I suppose I looked stupid for a minute or two, because he informed me next that those were the blossoms of a very beautiful sea plant. I was mad at his dumb ignorance and told him my men were so hurried when they heeded and weeded them out from the oyster plants that they generally broke the stems."

"Yes, sir, the star is a beautiful and a wonderfully made animal. When you pick it out of the dredge and hold it up, it seems utterly helpless. Yet no creature in the sea is more tenacious of life, more cunning or more destructive of the life around it. Its greed is almost past human belief."

"Very few fishes, so far as can be learned, prey upon them, the storms seldom tear them from their deep hiding places, and they multiply with astonishing rapidity. If some irate crab or lobster bites off one of the star's rays, a new growth speedily replaces the old one. Its digestive system is so powerful that beside it the cast iron organs of the ostrich seem as the stomach of a weak dyspeptic. Oyster shells, the most fatal and indestructible morsels which can assault the insides of a land animal, do not cause the star a moment's distress."

"It seems to savor food or prey from a long way off. As you look down on a shell oyster bed you can see a big star from a point 100 feet away change his course and go straight to where a fat oyster lies. Their gliding movements are so stealthy, but so swift. Once they get upon the bivalve its days—yes, its minutes—are numbered. You see the underside of this fellow—the bright, yellow side, I mean. The back, as you notice, is purple, covered with blunt spines. Well, these long narrow slits radiating from the center are the mouth and some combined. The star simply opens itself—lays bare its eters—opens its mouth, so to speak—and, infolding the hard shelled victim, stretches itself back, having wrapped up the food as a storekeeper wraps up a bundle in paper."

"Then the star crawls away to some secluded spot and lets the whole thing digest. The shells and other irritating substances do not seem to inconvenience him in the least. When he has sucked all the nutriment from the oyster, he unfolds the package and disgorges the shells, sand and gravel. He is then ready for a fresh meal."

"The damage they do us is incalculable. Winkles, dril's, drumfish and poaching fisherme all annoy us, but they are nothing when compared with these five pointed rascals. But with all that, still I admire them. Their untiring care of the baby stars until big enough to shift for themselves, their knowing ways in time of danger and their quick hunting instincts all command the respect even of an enemy. If those college chaps would study the stars of the sea more—there are some 40 varieties—and the stars of the sky less, they wouldn't get such stiff necks."—New York World.

A Field For Inventors.

The offer has been made by distillers and brewers of a reward for the discovery or invention of a bottle that could not be refilled after its contents had been once removed. Brewers and distillers complain that they suffer serious losses because unauthorized persons buy up empty bottles, refill them, closely imitate the labels and style of putting up and put these unwarranted productions upon the market as genuine goods. A nonfillable bottle is therefore among the needed inventions. Just how it is to be made no one is able to give the slightest idea. One of the largest distilleries in the country claims to have been looking for years for just this sort of thing, but without avail. It is hardly possible to make a bottle that might not be emptied and refilled by ingenious persons. Even though it could be so arranged that it could not be filled at the neck a piece could readily be cut out, then cemented in again in such a way as practically to escape detection.—New York Ledger.

A River of Death.

Before the English occupation of India it was estimated that the Ganges carried to the sea every year 1,000,000 dead bodies. It was then considered by the Hindus that the happiest death was one found in its waters, and all pious Hindus who could do so were carried to its banks and placed in its waters to die. The decaying carcasses along its banks were probably responsible in no small degree for the pestilences which formerly desolated the peninsula.

Germany is now the best educated nation of the continent, yet only 100 years ago German teachers in many parts of the country were so poorly paid that they used to sing in front of houses in order to add to their income by odd pennies.

SKINS OF FOXES AND OTTERS.

Most Valuable of the Furs Found in the Pacific Coast Regions.

The most precious of all Pacific coast furs is the sea otter. There was a time when this animal was very plentiful off the California coast. The Russians are largely responsible for their destruction at the time they founded a settlement at Fort Ross, at the mouth of the Russian river, in Sonoma county. Some sea otters are still captured off the California coast, and there are a few small vessels specially engaged off the California coast sea otter hunting, but Alaskan waters are the chief source of supply of this class of fur bearing animals. Sea otters are always found afloat, and the hunter can capture them in no other way than by shooting. The deeper and colder the water they are found in the better the fur and the higher the price the hunter secures for the pelt.

A first class sea otter skin in the raw is worth \$500 to the hunter. The best sea otter pelts taken off the California coast will yield \$250 each to the hunter. There may be elements, however, in the pelt which may reduce the value of the Alaskan pelt to \$20, and that of the California coast to \$5. The coast of Japan has been a good hunting ground for sea otter, and during the past 25 years several small craft have sailed from San Francisco and San Diego to Japan, outfitted for otter hunting. Almost all sea otter skins are marketed in Russia, where the fur is in demand.

Next in value to the sea otter is the fox among the fur bearing animals of the Pacific coast. Six kinds are hunted for their pelts, which range from 20 cents to \$90 each in the raw.

These are the silver, cross, red, blue, gray and white. Something very rare among foxes is a black coated animal, and the fur of such a fox commands a fancy price, often running as high as \$150. To supply the demand for black fox furs furriers prepare an imitation by dyeing the fur of the red fox, which is the cheapest pelt of the fox family, the best "red" not being worth to the trappers more than \$2.25 per skin. If we except the natural black fox, the highest priced fox pelts are the "silver" and the "blue." A trapper gets for a perfect silver fox pelt as he strips it from the carcass about \$90 and for the best blue fox pelt about \$22.

An effort is being made on the Aleutian islands to farm the fox. Some of the small islands in the group suitable for the purpose of farming have been leased by some of the old trappers of the Hudson Bay and Alaska Commercial companies for a nominal rent, and these have been stocked with foxes. The animals are stocked and regularly fed by the farmer, who is usually a "squaw" man—that is, one living with a native woman, who is settled with his family on the island. In time the animals become domesticated and are then easily managed. Furriers are watching the experiment with considerable interest.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Horse That Knows Too Much.

A Washington professional, and an intelligent horseman, the gentleman named is in the habit of going on occasional sprees, and when he does the horse knows at once that his driver does not want to home and takes him to a country house about seven miles from the city.

The professional man, when about to spend an evening among the boys, sends word to his wife that he has been called out of town, and in this way has been able to keep the fact that he drinks a secret from every one except the companions with whom he goes on sprees.

A few evenings ago the wife and a lady visitor started for a drive. The horse noticed that something was wrong with the way the lines were grasped and started for the country place, supposing that the owner was intoxicated again. No amount of pulling or whipping could be made to change his course, and about dark he halted in front of the resort. "Here, Tom," called the proprietor, "your drunk again! Come, help me carry him in. And Dan, put up the horse."

Now the lady is visiting in a mother in Virginia, and it will be a strong pledge upon the husband's part to induce her to return.—Washington Star.

Common Case.

The Scotchman's disposition to regard his own judgment as the best that can be found is well illustrated in a story once told of the moderator of a Scotch presbytery.

This man's opinion differed widely on a certain question relating to church discipline from that of the associates with whom he was ostensibly consulting. At last he said that he would lay the matter before the Lord in prayer and then wait for his guidance.

"O Lord," said the moderator fervently and with perfect sincerity of purpose, "O Lord, grant that we may be right in this matter, for thou knowest that we are very, very deucedly wrong."

The English View.

The lady with the high brow advanced with an air of timid confidence. "I'm soliciting funds," said she, "for the aid of the Patagonian missionaries."

"Now, what do you want to be doing missionaries to Patagonia for?" asked the practical gentleman querulously. "The whole country isn't worth 2 cents an acre."—Indianapolis Journal.

LONDON FIREMEN.

Mostly Recruited From the Sea—Must Be Men of Nerve.

A member of the Metropolitan fire brigade, seated in his street shelter and scowling at the curious public who peep in at him or hurrying from one station to another, with his ax and helmet slung over his shoulder, is not seen to advantage. He looks surly, and that is precisely the feeling that is most seldom displayed by firemen. They are an interesting body of men. Most of them have been sailors, and, as a rule, they retain the free and easy jollity for which seamen have always been celebrated. The brigade of which they are members has been in existence for only 30 years, but the origin of the fire brigade movement takes us back to very ancient history indeed. There were fire brigades before the great fire of 1666, when each parish employed a few men whose duty it was to attend outbreaks of fire and do whatever they could to prevent the conflagration spreading. Their only equipment consisted of a few ladders and hand squirts about equal to those used by our gardeners, and they could not venture too near the fire lest they should spoil the gold lace on their uniforms. In spite of the terrible fires that from time to time arose in London, no serious effort seems to have been made to render the fire brigade more efficient until the end of last century, when a brigade was formed by the insurance companies. Thirty years later the question was again brought forward, and the result was the formation of a much more effective brigade under James Braidwood, a clever and fearless Scotsman.

The men who compose the brigade are mostly, if not wholly, recruited from the sea. It has been found that men who have spent a number of years at sea and become accustomed to danger, who can climb easily, swaying rope ladders in a storm and at an emergency can even make their way to the yards without the assistance of a ladder, make by far the best firemen. They possess, as a rule, the soundest of constitutions and the strongest of nerves, and being absolutely necessary for the brigade service. Before being allowed to assist at an outbreak of fire the recruit has to pass through a regular course of instruction and drill and is taught how to overcome or avoid the difficulties and dangers that present themselves at every serious fire. Firemen have a reputation of duties, and in all these respects the drill is supposed to be the most interesting and probably the most exacting and taxes the nerves and the muscles of the men to the utmost. A building is supposed to be on fire, a fire escape is run out, and two firemen climb up like monkeys and jump into a room on the second story. One simulates a half suffocated person, while the other takes the role of rescuer. The former of course remains quite still, while the latter raises him and carries him down the ladder to the opening of the shoot. Here the rescuer places the supposed victim head downward in the net, and, throwing himself into the same position, proceeds to work his way to the ground, taking care that the descent is not too rapid. There are of course other methods of rescue, and if the person to be rescued retain their consciousness and calmness the danger is not nearly so great. An item of drill that tries the nerve of the men is that of jumping from a window over 20 feet from the ground into a sheet held out by their comrades below.—London Sketch.

A Cat's Love of Home.

The difficulty of taking cats about makes this exclusive attachment often a source of mutual pain. A pet dog, being generally taken on the journeys of the family, is delighted at the sight of trunks and signs of departure, but the cat, who learns to know that she is to be left behind, grows melancholy and restless when she sees them. Mine grew so much frouble by their impertinence when I am about to leave home that I have the packing done in an unoccupied room and keep the door shut. In this way I once kept Princess from knowing my plans until the carriage was at the door and the luggage was being put on. When this happened, and, taking in what was going on as she saw me come out in my bonnet, she rushed down to the ground with a howl of anguish like a cry of physical distress. In my absence she bestowed her society on her master much more than at other times, but when we were both away she remained alone, as she never associated with the servants. She had her preferences among them and would at long intervals pay a short visit to one whom she liked in the servants' hall and the sewing room, but never staid more than a few minutes, and this has been more or less the case with 'hem all.—Temple Bar.

The Arkiva man.

Minnie—Have you ever danced with Mr. Clummes?
Mamie—Yes. He isn't very light on his feet, I must say.
Minnie—He certainly was not very light on mine.—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Much.

She—I suppose if we women had clubs that kept us out half the night you men would rebel violently.
He—Not a bit of it. We'd join them.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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An Artist In Crime,

The Opening Chapters

of which are to be published in these columns NEXT WEEK.

Your attention will be chained from the very start.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
County of Darlington.
By W. B. Hoole, Esq., Probate Judge.

WHEREAS, P. E. Griffin made suit to me to grant unto him Letters of Administration of the Estate of said effects of E. M. Griffin, deceased:

These are therefore to cite and admonish all singulars, the kindred and creditors of the said E. M. Griffin, deceased, that they be and appear before me in the Court of Probate, to be held at Darlington, S. C., on Feb. 28th next, after publication hereof at 11 o'clock in the forenoon to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my Hand, this 12 day of February, Anno Domini 1896.
W. B. HOOLE,
Judge of Probate.

Feb. 3—2t.

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Clerk's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
County of Darlington.
IN COMMON PLEAS.
Abraham Weiburg vs. Annie Dampier et al.
Order of Sale and Partition.

Pursuant to an Order of Sale and Partition made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale in front of the Court House of Darlington County on the first Monday in March next, the following described real estate, at the risk of the former purchaser, to wit:

A certain tract or parcel of land situated, lying and being in Darlington County, in said State, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and bounded north by estate lands of Henry McIntire; east by Black Creek south by Black Creek, and west by estate lands of James Sumner.

Terms of sale, one-third cash, balance in one and two years, secured by bond of purchaser and mortgage of the premises sold, with privilege to purchaser to pay 1/2 cash. Purchaser to pay for all necessary papers.

W. ALBERT PARROTT,
Feb. 8, 1896. Clerk

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
County of Darlington.
George G. Watson vs. A. W. Parrott.
Execution against Property.

By virtue of the above stated Execution to me directed, I will sell in front of the court house of Darlington County, State aforesaid, on the first Monday in March next, during the legal hours of sale, all of the right, title and interest of the Defendant in and to the following described real estate:

All that certain parcel, tract or plantation of land in the county of Darlington, State of South Carolina, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and bounded as follows: on the north by J. W. Parrott's land; on the east by J. W. Parrott's land and W. A. Downing's land, on the south by Jeffrey Creek, and on the west by land of Mrs. Julia Parrott;—to satisfy this and other executions now in my office.

G. P. SCARBOROUGH,
Feb. 8, 1896. S. D. C.

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