A PARENT'S WAIL.

Oh, me! Oh, my! Likewise Great Scott! Into what woe is this I've got? Fre lately sent my boy to school, That he might not grow up a feel, And all the things I've told to him. Some based on fact, and some on whin These days are coming back to me: Alas, alas, that it should be!

I told him once that Washington Fre he his manhood had begun. Once with a mutton-chop did hack A cherry tree out at the back, And that in falling down it hit His father where he kept his wit; In told it as 'twas told by me Alas, alas, that it should be!

And when his teacher said 'twas not The way I'd said, the little tot lot up and told her that he guessed He'd take my word before the rest; And while it might quite suit her whim, She'd best not go at stuffing him; His daddy knew about that tree: Alas, alas, that it should be!

And one by one the tales I've told, By which he's been so badly sold, But which I told him all in fun, proving false unto my sor watches me with monruful eye, Half booing that I do not lie, at losing faith, alas, in met Alas, alas, that it should be!

P'N TOM WOOLLEY

Well, yes, sir, the young lady was a tiful swimmer. Never seen a ig lady as could swim out like she ld. "Cap'n Tom 'Oolley;" she'd used say to me, "I just love the water." come here every year. She said she ver could take to anywhere like the ist of Cornwall. But after the last ar she never come again. Seems as Bill-o'-my-soul must have give her a taste of the Cornish fock like,

Well, that's true what you say, sirre ain't no sea anywhere like the here, in Cornwall. It breaks, as a may see it, all so green as emerald. nd the stacks and skerries off Land's al and the Lizard. See it breaking der sometimes in fine white foan st as high as a lighthouse, round y granite peaks, and you wouldn't nothing more beautiful, not if it painted in oils by they artist gents Newlyn, The Channel?-well, what's Channel, come to think o' it, but a ldy river, in the manner of speakwith the Seine and the Avon floodit all with dirt and refuse? The rth Sea?-no, nor the North Sea in't much better, neither, through betilled with yellow clay by the theo' Thames and Rhine and Hum-I know 'em all, your 'eart, as I we sailed in coasting craft, man an' by, this fifty year an' more, an' being I myself at Lyme Regis in Dorset a muddier sea yould wouldn't ant nowheres than that, though it's that says it as oughtn't to say it, ing my own home, if I may make to put it so, which is as tidy a town as any in the country. But pen Atlantic, where it rolls right blue and green, and clear as tal, on them Cornish rocks-why, sain't no water like it, for pleasure vinuming, in the British Isles, not an comos rannd again to Calth.

tous like, after the heads bobbing way with her hand. "Quick, quick; he's about like buoys in the water. At last drownding!"

up she jumps and runs down to the cottage, all breathless. I could see in In a second they sees, and without a minute her heart was in her mouth. dent I wouldn't 'a believed it if I hadn't "O, Cap'n Tom," she says, "Cap'n Tom, do look out at Alex. He's swimming gale over in the direction of the gettleseen it; and they flies before me half a over there, an' it seems to me he's in man. Well, he was done up for swimsome sort of trouble"-love having ming through not having another kick eyes as can see better'n a binocular. left in him, as you may say, but he was Well, I gets down my telescope, an' able to float on his back and might I fixes it upon him. He was a mile out have floated an hour more, mayhap, if to sea-a black speck on the water. 1 so be as the chill of the water didn't gets him well fixed. Sure enough there numb him and send him to the bottom. he was throwing his arms up wild, and They come up to him and pulled up in. trying to make signs to the shore for

I could see them a-pulling of him, but whether it was thirty bob or five "Is it cramp?" says the young lady. pounds' worth I couldn't rightly make "Don't you believe it," says I; "there's out for certain. a deal more nonsense talked about "Is it alive or dead?" says the young cramp in swimming than there need be. lady. A man can't swim forever," says I.

"Well," says I, "he do look rather "Tired out; that's what I calls it," says limp," says I, "as is natural when I. And tired out Mr. Alex. was, sure you've been lying so long in the water. But I think it's alive. Anyhov, we'd "O, Cap'n Tom," says the young lady, better row back and get your things will you save him?" wringing her dried, miss." hands in a way that might melt a stone

"O, no," says she, crying. "I can't go back till I know. Cap'n 'Otolley," I was half way down to my boat by says she, "we must row on and meet

"Save him?" says I; "is it saving of Well, I didn't quite like it, oving to him? Bless your heart, if he warn't no the gentleman perhaps having tothin' friend of yourn at all-as man to man- on, which Miss Noe hadn't thought of. I'd save him. Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, Still, this being a matter o' lie and seeing Bill on the shore, "come and death, where such things can't be alhelp me," says I. "There's a gentle- lowed to count, I rows on to mee them. About a hundred yards off Istands

"Drownding?" says Bill, running up and shouts so as she should't undown and putting out. "Come on!" derstand, "Is it a five-pound jet mate, says Bill; "I'm with you!" His name or a thirty-bobber?" being Bill-o'-my-soul, along of his hav-

And the young gentleman limself ing been such a favorite when he was lifts himself up in reply, with on of the fishermen's jerseys on an' a sail wrap-Well, we put off and rowed, Bill takped round un, and he shouts at he top ing one of the sweeps-as is our name of his voice, waving his hand, Alive, for them long oars-and me the other. alive, Noe!" After a while it struck me we wasn't

I wanted to turn then, but, bles you, there wasn't no keeping bas that young lady. Afore I knowed where I was at the sound of his voice she's stood up in the boat and jumpedoff the seat and was swimming for dar life again to the sailing boat, where her young gentleman was a-sitting He was most dead when se got

him the regular thing-hot bakets

an' such an' brandy-an' by te end

so much as ketch a cold withit, an'

was married. An' when Bill-o'ay-soul

come to hear that her father an moth-

er wanted to give ten pounds diece to

the men in the boat an' me he as just

that mad you could 'a heard is lan-

guage five houses off, and no choice

Had the Last Word.

The train-boy had a bad ey and a

nervous man. "What do y mean

"Of course it bothers me Every

time you come along you wop into

this ear till it feels as if it we going

by keeping up that infernal rket?"

"Does that bother you, mist?"

language, either.-Cassell's Majzine.

any man in England. "Bill," says I, sharp, "you're not athere. He'd just had strength i mind to hold up till he could shout o her, He looks up at me rather odd. "Mate," and then he falls back numb-ke and he quiet like, "I'm no fool. Now, what white as death, till they gets himshore are you a-rowing for?-the young felagain. There Bill-o'-my-soul wa standing, spluttering and shivering, ooking

low or the money?" "Pull, pull, man!" I shouts out, "Pull, blue with cold, and saying as bw I'd pull, I tell you! The gentleman's done him out o' five pounds, or ayways drownding-Miss Noe's young gentle- thirty shillings, through throing of man!" him overboard. They took theyoung He pulls a stroke or two, quite feeble. gentleman up to his lodgings all gave

enough, by the look of him.

young with all the young women.

heading outward. I looked up and

saw, and we was most turned toward

shore again. -I'd pulled the boat around

on Bill-which I didn't understand, he

being then a stronger man nor me to

pull-not but what, when I was in my

best days, I'd have pulled a boat against

let alone a Christian.

that time.

oulling.

His heart wasn't in it. Then I loses my temper. "Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, "am I cap'n o' the day he was pretty we right

of this here craft, or are you? For again. But the young lady, sh didn't unless you pull harder-I don't want no strong language here; but as sure afore they left this place him nd her as my name is Cap'n Tom 'Ooolley, I'll wring your ugly neck for you!" He holds up his sweep, and says he,

"O, is that your game?" says he. "An' do you propose to compensate me?" It flashed right across me what he meant. "Bill, you blackguard," says I,

"do you mean to tell me-and a man there a-drownding? Have you no common humanity," says I, bristling tr "that you'd think of five pound afore :

Supplement.

WINTER WEAR.

INNOVATIONS AND NOVELTIES IN WOMEN'S GARMENTS.

A Fashionable Coat of Havana Brown

Melton, With Hat of Golden Brown Felt-The Latest Styles in Sleeves.

void of fulness, has a droop differing materially from the puff of last season. DECIDEDLY swell coat is of Havana brown Melton, dec-orated with Persian lamb, in the first large picture. The stylish top garment, says May Man-ton, is of fashionable length, the lin-ing of emcrald green and blue change-able silk giving a "chic" finish to the inside. The imported walking hat of golden brown felt with black satin band and paradise aigrette is a pleas-ing accompaniment to this very de-sirable coat; the loose fitting front lap widely, the right front extending on the left in double breasted style DECIDEDLY swell coat is of

soft, creamy lace falling over the hand. The mousquetairs effect is the result of the material being disposed in gathers extending from the wrist to within a short distance of the shoulder

gathered at the upper and lower edges with most of the fulness near the

shoulder, while the under portion, de-



and closing invisibly with a fly. The three-quarter yards for No. 2 design upper right front is reversed to form a broad pointed lapel from the closing at the neck. The close fitting back is adjusted by the usual center, side, back and under-arm seams that extend

FUR VEST.

The least that can be said of hats back and under-arm seams that extend well below the waist line, thus render-ing the trim long waisted effect now so stylish. Below this point, deep un-derlying box-plaits are laid after the prevailing fashion, providing a de-cided stylish and new effect. The out again in a modernized edition, which is very stunning or very ugly, according as it suits the face under-neath. The crown is of medium stylish gigot sleeves shaped with single seams are close-fitting to the elbow, the fullness at the top being laid in plaits. The wrists are completed with narrow bands of Persian lamb, similar height, the brim rather narrow, curv-

A KENTUCKIAN'S LONG BE ARD.

Eight Foet of Hirsute Adorament and Still Growing.

And Still Growing. Pulaski County, Kestucky, has a eitizen who rejoices in a beard eight feet long and still growing. Uncle Billy Bryden is his name, and since he was quite a young man he has had a heavy growth of hair all over his face. It is not fashionable to shave up in the mountains where Uncle Billy lives, and most of the men outside of the towns allow their faces to appear ar mature intended. There are no bar-bers any nearer than Somerset, the and arranged over fitted lining of coat shape. The short puff is quite the latest feature of the new sleeves and is nature intended. There are no bar-bers any nearer than Somerset, the county seat, and if there were no one would be likely to patronize him. Occasionally when the growth gets too thick some men thin their beards out a little with the scissors; but this con-cession to civilization is not universal. Some years ago Uncle Billy was noted as having the longest and thick-est beard in the county. He got to be proud of it, and since then he has not allowed steel, whether razor or ahears, to come betwirt the wind and his lylocks.

Now Uncle Billy has got a beard for



your whiskers—so to speak. It is eight feet long, and when he lets it out he has to step around as gingerly as a lady who dons a dress on traine for the first time. He generally wads up the lower portion, confines it with a ribbon and stuffs it inside his vest.

Oldest Living Preacher.

"Probably the oldest living preach-er who is still actively engaged in the ministry is Father Waugh, of my town," said R. P. Cannon, of Sonora, Cal., at the Ebbitt. "He is ninety years of age, and has been in the min-istry for seventy years. He was raised

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and Sutherland. Joe him as they calls the fisher-

oct-he says it reminds him of a coman's heart, it does. You look down into the depths, as far as ee, and it's all transparent and all pure an' innocent. That's the Cornwall.

young lady's name I was speakwas Noc. She was a Miss Pryce idon; but through knowing o' her mate like, we always called her r given name, Miss Noe, She

home with the children, you and my missus was fonder of her of any other folks as ever took odgings, same as she might be of good lady, sir, begging your par-She was a fine built young wom-00, was Miss Noe. See her clamip the rocks, you'd say she was a see her swim agin the waves. d say she was a seal; see her tell s, you'd say she was one o' these writers, as it might be yourself. Fine upstanding young lady, too

a color in her cheek and a spring " step, walking free across Mulldid! moors the same as if they belonged il, it wasn't long before we per-

d Miss Noe was pretty good ds with a gentleman up to Brown's Moore from Exeter. He was a young doctor come to Kynance for oliday; and when them two went walking together, with her father mother hanging about like for coming!" y, as is the way with parents, a young couple you'd never set eyes

At the end of a fortnight my wife to me, "Tom," says she, "it ain't Moore' no more with our young y, it's plain Alex, this morning. His e being Alexander, it was Alex. for ", as is the new fashion now, though one. He was took by surprise too much en I was young it was all Alle or else

"An' a good thing, too," says I. "Fo: young lady like Miss Noe had ought marry one as is her natural equal." ays 1: not meaning in birth alone, as a thing I don't hold with; nor yet in mey, as there ain't no counting upon; it yourself," says I. "There's £5 a-goin' a fine upstanding young lady, to ny mind, deserves to be married to a e young fellow. Or where'd the miry get its soldiers and sailors rows. Miss Noe in her dripping clothes.

"And handsome couple they'll make," and leaves Bill there, to sink or swim accordin' as he was minded. ays my missus, being foud of Miss

Well, one of the days, Mr. Mooreto a sailing boat. Wind was nor-east. or might a been a p'int nearer east. hat's Alex .- he went out swimming off mayhap; and a sail before the wind rocks by the cove; and Miss Noe. could bear straight down upon where was ashore sitting high on the If, reading a book or something. But | Mr. Alex was drownding. Miss Noe, very now and again my wife sees her er head and look out to sea anx- "Over yonder!" she cries, showing the stop trying.

fellow creature?" a shudder through the entirear. It "Five pound is a good bit better nor was, as a matter of course, le fate thirty bob," says Bill, looking up at of the irritable man to select is parme, sullen-like. ticular train for his journey. Every

"Well, sir, I'll say it to your face time the train-boy howled heumped though your own father is a County and looked at him with an exession Councilor, I always thought that one of reproach which gradually)ecame malignant and then ferocious. as bad a law as the county could make. "P-e-e-a-c-h-e-s! A-a-a-p-l-e-s! But law it is, all the same; and there Chee-y-u-u-ing gum!" he vocerated,

ain't no helping it. It's £5 reward for bringing in a dead corpse, an' it's only thirty bob for bring a man alive as you save from drownding.

"Bill-o-my-soul," says I, raising my when he came to the nervo' man's sweep, being that angry with the man seat. that I'd have knocked him over the "Want any p-e-e-a-c-h-e-s, a-phead as soon as I would a rat, "will "Shut up, will you!" excluded the

you row, or shall I brain you?" Just at that minute my eyes went towards the shore; and if there wasn't Miss Noe, not wringing her hands now, but plunging into the sea, clothes and all-though a lady with skirts-an' the ones stories by the rocks at swimming for dear life out to the boat to help me.

"You mean this left ear th's next I up with my voice an' shouts: "Come to the alsle?" along, Miss Noe! You puts the men to "Yes, I mean my left ear." shame! Blessings on you for a brave "Don't you worry, mister. m sorry girl!" She was swimming that splenyou didn't mention that befo We're

the most accommodatin' peop in the Well, I rows towards her, and helps world on this road. All yohave to her aboard into the boat; and in she do is to say you don't like mething jumps, all dripping, but taking no more and we make other arrangemts right notice of it, bless you, than if water away. I'll have the whole tig fixed was a feather bed to her. And she up for you in no time at all seizes the oar Bill-o'-my-soul wouldn't "How are you going to fix " "I'll go out and get the breman to work; and she cries out to me, agonized come an' turn yer seat aroll so ye like: "Row on, Cap'n 'Oolley, for heav-

kin ride the other way. Thll bring en's sake, row on: Alex, is a-drowndyer right ear ter the aisle arive yer Well, I wasn't going to carry a superleft one a vacation." And for the remainder of titrip the cargo, as you may say, to weight the boat, not yet a passenger for nothing. So, to lighten the burden, I just ups with Bill-o'-my-soul and I clasps un round the waist, being a older man nor him, but, heaven be praised, a strong

only one of the two who spokwas the boy who yelled with even meanimation than before: "P-e-e-e-a-c-h-e-s! A-a-a-p-s! Chee y-u-u-ing gum!"

to sulit."

Two Kinds.

to struggle. An' I heaves un over afore "It's remarkable to see & much ondensed milk is being u nowa he knowed where he was, and makes a Jonah of him. He come up spluttering, days," remarked the summeoarder being the worst swimmer for a sea-"Yes," replied the guileless irvman faring men as ever I met with. "There," as he reached for the pun handle. says I, hitting out at him with the "and how much expanded in too."-Washington Star. blade o' my sweep; "see how you like

Extinguished. Mr. Fussy-I don't see whpu wear beggin' for whoever pulls out your ugly corpse, for nobody ain't going to trouthose ridiculous big sleeves ien you ble about you living." And off we two have nothing to fill them. Mrs. Fussy-Do you fill youlk hat?

-Up-to-Date. Met Frequently. A quarter o' a mile out we comes up

They were very much thrown ether, But not as folks usually ar They merely clung to adjoinistraps In the G o'clock trolley car Detroit Tribune.

she stood up and calls out to the men: People who can't make ce never

trimming outlining the free edges of ice. His ill sent the collar, lapel and fronts. The handsome and protective collar closing at the neck stands out with a stylish flare.

All plain, mixed or fancy cloakings can be employed in making this coat, Melton, cheviot, tweed, satin-faced cloth, plush, velvet, or Astrakhan that imitates baby lamb being particularly stylish. The jacket may be severely plain or a tailor finish may be used, as he pushed the front door sit with a slam after holding it open lonenough while Astrakhan, Persian lamb or any to fill the car with smoke ancinders. of the fashionable furs will provide He was just about to repeatis cry suitable decoration for more dressy

To make this coat for a lady having a thirty-six-inch bust measure, it will require three and one-half yards of Fur vests made of seal, Persian lamb, and imitation seal are one of the forty-four-inch wide material, or two economical features of fashion this

11.

istry for seventy years. He was raised in Virginia, and sixty years ago preached in Washington. He edited a religious paper, which was so pro-nounced in its anti-slavery views that he was compelled to leave Virginia, going to Missouri and taking his pul-pit desidedly into politics during the troublous times of the Missouri com-promise discussion. Again, he left, by request, and went overland to Sonora, where he has resided ever since. Now, at the age of ninety years, he attends all conferences of the Methodist Church, looking hale and hearty, and feeling, as he mays, 'like a boy.' He has never used to-bacco or liquor in any form, and at-tributes his remarkable health to that fact. He knows almost all of the Ining a little on either side, and the trimming is cox feathers, paradise or ostrich plumes, spreading away on each side from a wide bow, and buckle in front. Silk hats in colors are seen, but the Amazon shape seems to lead in these. One of the few hats which are pretty is a black felt with a round, medium brim, trimmed with two ro settes of moss-green velvet and a clus-ter of feathers on one side, two rosettes of cream lace on the other, with jet ornaments in the centre and some prettily twisted black satin.-New York Sun. fact. He knows almost all of the In-dians left in Southern California personally, and is almost worshiped by them."-Washington Star.

An Independent Subject.

King Leopold of Belginm has one bject who is ready to show his in-pendence. M. Vandendriesche dependence. M. Vandendriesche bought a lot in front of the King' villa at Ostend and built a house on it that interfered with the King's view. The King remonstrated, whereupon M. Vandendriesche pulled his house down and built a twelve story iron hotel on the lot.

Amazing Headdress of African Dudes.

The New York World presents two coiffures which are fashionable in certain sections of Africa. The hair that grows on the head of an Ameri could not be arranged in such a style with case. That is where the African has an advantage. The stiff hair that grows on the heads of the natives of Africa is so thick and luxuriant that no hat or bonnet is needed or worn. It lends itself to the erection of amazing structures much more read-ily than the fine hair found on civil-

ized folks' heads. |Such a headdress would serve much the same purpose as the huge hats formerly affected by the members of volunteer fire companies. It would



AFRICAN HEADI

andous blow to injur take a tre m of the Afr hown in the pictures. attle are might be to irsute adornment, and te adornment, and the cal wan would have ali

† Daily except Sunday. runs through to Column al R. R. of S. C. MINGTON, COLUMBIA AUGUSTA BALBOAD. In effect Nov. 15, 1898. SOUTH BOUND. No. 55. ** 25 pm 645 pm 645 pm 718 pm 896 pm 890 pm 950 pm No. 51. *8 29 A I 4 88 a m No. 53. *9 48 a m 10 55 A I 5 50 8-10 15 a m 45 a m

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and three quarters yards of regulation cloth, fifty-four inches wide. STYLES IN SLEEVES. The styles for sleeves are legion, writes May Manton. Two models are here illustrated which are used exten-

a chamoisskin in

A scribblers' tea is sively at present. No. 1 is represented tainment in vog in a rich peau-de-soie with a ruffle of City literary set.

LATEST STYLES IN SLEEVES.

season, and they help out the useful-ness of a coat and skirt gown wonder-fully. The back is made of silk, with

ainment in vogue in the New York

