

OUR BIG BROWN BEARS.

They Are More Than a Match For the Largest African Lions.

What percentage of people, even of those who feel an interest in wild animal life, really know that the largest flesh eating animals in the world are found in America? People generally believe, and have believed for ages, that the African lion is the king of beasts. But he is not nearly as large or as powerful an animal as the large brown bear of subarctic America. The bears are not as ferocious or combative as the lions, nor are they nearly as vicious as they are given credit for being. But the largest of them are much larger and more powerful than any of the lions. It is safe to say that the largest of the brown bears of the north would weigh three times as much as the largest specimen of lion and is beyond all question greatly superior in strength.

Comparing these two powerful animals in action if brought together in combat, the bear would at first appear very clumsy. It would not be capable of the quick rush or the catlike spring of the lion. It would not attack, but would remain entirely on the defensive, meeting its adversary with blows of such rapidity and terrible force as at once to illustrate its superiority not only in strength, but in action. I do not believe that there is an animal in the world that can act more quickly or effectively or can aim its blows with greater certainty than the bear.

The large brown bears of the Alaska peninsula, south of Bering sea, are among the largest bears of the world, and it is evident that there is no part of the world outside of America in which such large flesh eating animals are found. The bears are flesh eaters, or carnivorous, yet there are none of them that depend upon flesh for food, and with most of them flesh comprises but a very small percentage of their food.

The large brown bears of the north and those of the Alaska peninsula usually travel to the sea when first leaving hibernation.—Andrew J. Stone in Scribner's.

Language of Bells.

Volume of sound is, indeed, the boast of most old bells. "Although my waiste is small," says a Somerset bell in its motto, "I will be heard against you all. Sing on, my jolly sisters!" We are not surprised, knowing bells, that "this old bell rung the downfall of Bonaparte and broke, April, 1814." We only wish there were more Bonapartes. The inscription on a Rutland bell has a bitter significance for the enemies of church bells besides its own sad one for most of us, "I sound not for the souls of the dead, but for the ears of the living." But the inscription that deserves to be written in gold over the belfry of, say, Kensington church is the beautiful old Latin one, also on a Rutland bell: "Non clamor sed amor cantat in aure Dei" ("Not noise, but love, sings in the ears of God").—St. James Gazette.

Our Most Humiliating War.

But for Osceola there would never have been any Seminole war at all, and, all things considered, his career marks the most humiliating war the United States ever engaged in. There were less than 6,000 Seminoles, men, women and children, in all Florida when hostilities began with the murder of General Thompson by Osceola. That great chief's cunning, capacity and courage had cost the nation no less than \$30,000,000 and the lives of three soldiers for every Indian brave that he led. Such an appalling record of destruction stands against no other fighter on all our frontiers.—Lynn Tew Sprague in Outing Magazine.

She Won Out.

He—I love you!
She—But I have not a farthing in the world.
He—Ah, but you did not let me finish. I was going to say, "I love you not."
She—Indeed! I only meant to put you to the test. The fact is, I have a fortune of £60,000.
He—Yes, but you again interrupted me just now. What I meant to say was, "I love you not for the sake of your money."
She—So glad to hear you say that! It was all a joke about the £60,000!—London Mail.

Suspicious.

"I am in terror," said Mrs. Goodson. "Every time I hear the bell ring I know I'll hear something dreadful about Jack. I'm sure he's been in some mischief."
"What makes you think so?" asked her husband.
"Oh, he came straight home from school this afternoon, sat down and studied his lesson for tomorrow for nearly two hours and has been as good as an angel ever since."

THE SABLE ANTELOPE.

A Beautiful Creature, Powerful, Graceful and Glossy.

Of the many beautiful antelopes which abound in Central and South Africa two species, the larger koodoo and the sable, must be awarded the first places. Of these the former is a veritable king of the forest. The exquisite symmetry of the long, curving horns, their spiral twist, their noble spread and striking poise on a well shaped head, which seems almost too small to carry such a glorious ornament, go to make a picture which is matched by few other denizens of the forest. The sable makes a good second. Long, massive, ringed horns, forming, in a good specimen, nearly a perfect semicircle, rise almost vertically and close together from a narrow forehead. Bending backward in a bold sweep, they lose their rings near the tip and taper gracefully outward, to end in shiny black points. Add to this a powerful, elegant body, narrow shoulders and graceful limbs, a glossy black hide shot with russet gold, brilliant white patches below the eyes and an under body of the same color, a short black mane, and the portrait is complete. Seen at close quarters in his native haunts, he makes a picture few will forget.

His natural habitat becomes year by year more restricted, but with sensible game laws let us hope the day of his final extinction is still far distant. At one time plentiful in South Africa, his gradual extinction there has been brought about by the rinderpest, and still more so by the wanton destruction of animal life characteristic of the Dutch and the early pioneers. At the present time, except in some parts of Mashonaland, the Kalahari and the Portuguese territory, he exists only in herds north of the Zambezi, where the Dutch are not and where the South African of destructive tendency has no inducements to go.

Here again the distribution of the sable is peculiar. His first cousin, the roan, swarms over Portuguese Zambezia and northeastern Rhodesia. The sable, except in a few localities, is comparatively scarce, while in British Central Africa, the adjoining country separated from the others by no distinctive change in scenery or climate, it is exactly the contrary—the sable is common, the roan scarce in comparison.—G. A. Park-Ross in Macmillan's Magazine.

The Judge Understood.

The late Judge Pettengill of the Malden district court concealed under an apparently stern exterior a kind heart, and nothing touched him so quickly as an unintentional witticism, especially if it were at the expense of the court.

One day a prisoner arraigned before him for drunkenness, and still under the influence of liquor, pleaded as hard as he could to be placed on probation.

"Why should I place you on probation?" said the judge sternly. "Why, you're drunk now."
"No, I'm not, your honor," said the poor prisoner earnestly; "I'm as sober as a judge."
He was placed on probation.—Boston Herald.

Equal to the Occasion.

Joseph H. Choate, the famous lawyer and diplomat, said at a lawyers' dinner:

"We lawyers couldn't do better than resolve to be gentler in our cross examinations. Rudeness in cross examination never, never pays. This is a truth that I once saw proved in a damage suit. In this suit a cross examining lawyer shouted at a witness in overalls:

"You, there, in the overalls! How much are you paid for telling untruths?"

"Less than you are," the witness retorted, "or you'd be in overalls too."—Indianapolis Star.

Compound Interest.

A celebrated English authority in a well known work entitled "Observations on Reversionary Payments" makes the following wonderful calculations: It is well known to what prodigious sums money at compound interest will increase. A penny so improved from the year 1 A. D.—that is to say, put out at 5 per cent compound interest—would by this time have increased to more money than could be contained in 150,000,000 of globes equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold.

His First Refusal.

A young gentleman who had not familiarized himself with the forms of polite correspondence and lacked the good sense to discover the form for himself found it necessary to refuse an invitation. The Chicago News gives the note which he wrote:

"Mr. J. Henry Newton declines with pleasure Mrs. Raymond's invitation for the 21st and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity to say so."

A COMPOSITE GENIUS.

He Seems to Have Read Biography the Wrong Way.

In reading the lives of men who played a great part in life we are often struck by the fact that those heroic men were in many cases addicted to certain vices. But it would be well for young men to remember that the great ones of the earth succeeded not because of any bad habits they may have had, but in spite of them. To get the greatest possible benefit from reading biography we should make an effort to emulate great men in their earnestness and goodness and not in their littleness or badness. There is something unworthy to be found in the lives of all men, human nature being far from perfect. But such unworthiness is not to be copied. The young man spoken of in the following little story seems to have read biography the wrong way:

He lingered near the managing editor's desk, waiting for an appointment on the regular staff.

"But you drink," said the manager, wishing to let the young fellow down easy.

"Yes," replied the young man.

"So did Alexander the Great."

"And you are a dude," glancing at the youth's dandified dress.

"So was Disraeli."

"And you are a liar."

"So was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"And you swear occasionally."

"So did George Washington."

"You are liable to get drunk."

"Like Daniel Webster."

"And you write a fearful scrawl."

"Like Horace Greeley."

"Well," said the manager, plunging at a heap of manuscript, "anyhow we don't need you. You won't do. Good morning."

The young man turned away sorrowfully. "It's no sort of use," he said. "A fellow combines in his own brain and person the traits of all the great men from Alexander to Greeley and can't even get a place on a newspaper. The world is growing too fast for genius."—Exchange.

An Unusual Father.

He began after the usual form: "I have a little boy at home who—"

They interrupted him before he had got far.

"Pardon me, old man, I must be going along. Sorry I can't wait, but I'm due at the office," and so on.

"Just a minute," he urged, but tonholing the two nearest. "It won't take a minute."

They sighed and resigned themselves.

"All I want to say," he went on, "is that I have a little boy at home who never said a bright thing in his life."

They grasped his hands with thankfulness that could find no expression in words. And then he added:

"He's too small. He can't talk yet."—London Mail.

Americans Growing Bigger.

A tailor whose firm has been continuously in business in Philadelphia for over a century has compiled from his books of measurement some statistics that discount the statements of the pessimists. These statistics show that the American in the past century has grown taller, stronger and slimmer—greater in height and in chest girth, less in the girth of waist and hips. The average chest of 1795 was 36 inches. It is 38 inches now. The average height was 5 feet 7 inches. It is now 5 feet 8½ inches. The length of leg has increased in the same proportion. The shoulders and chest have greatly developed. The waist, on the other hand, has lost two inches.

The Brougham.

What is the correct way to pronounce the name of that vehicle, the "brougham?" Up in Scotland, where the original Lord Brougham came from, the name was pronounced "Broocham" (with the "oo" as in "book" and the "ch" as in "loch") and also "Broofam" and "Brooham" ("oo" a little longer). In London society made it "Broam" or "Broom" ("oo" as long as one pleases), and the vehicle was "broom." Elderly people still say "broom," says the dictionary, and a few make it "broo-am," but "broom" is commonly preferred by the educated among the younger generation. The one really vulgar pronunciation is "brome."

Russia's Vast Forests.

Very nearly four-tenths of the surface of Russia in Europe is covered with woods and forests, according to the Revue Economique Internationale. In fact, the Russian forests are so great in extent that they almost equal the entire united area of western Europe, including Austria-Hungary, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, France and Spain. Among European countries, next to Russia, Austria-Hungary is the richest in forests.

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BUILT BY UNSEEN HANDS.

Jewish Legend of Solomon and the House of the Lord.

"So that there was neither hammer nor ax nor any other tool of iron heard in the house while it was building" (I Kings vi, 7). The above is a Scriptural quotation, to be found at the citation given, and is concerning the building of Solomon's temple. The reason therein assigned for the perfect quietude which existed in and about the great building while it was in course of erection is that the stones and timbers were all made ready before being brought to the site of the great building. Heber beautifully alludes to this in the little couplet, in which he says:

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

The Jews have a legend to the effect that Solomon did not employ men in building the great "house of the Lord," but that he was aided in the gigantic undertaking by the genii. Having a premonition that he would not live to see the building finished, Solomon prayed to God that his death might be concealed from the genii until the structure was finished. Immediately after he made a staff from a sprout of the tree of life, which was growing in his garden, and leaning upon this he died, standing bolt upright in the unfinished temple.

Those who saw him thought that he was absorbed in prayer, and they did not disturb him for upward of a whole year. Still the genii worked day and night, thinking that they were being constantly watched by him whose eyes had been closed in death many weeks.

All this time, so the legend says, little white ants (one account says red mice) were gnawing at the staff, and when the temple was finally finished the staff gave way, and the body of the dead Solomon fell prone upon the floor. Mohammed alludes to this queer legend in the Koran (see Sura xxxiv), where he says: "When he (God) had decreed that Solomon should die, nothing discovered his death unto them (the genii) except the creeping things of the earth."—St. Louis Republic.

Satisfaction.

On one occasion some remarks of Incedon, the once famous singer, gave offense to a man who resolved to have "satisfaction" for his wrongs. Accordingly he hunted up Incedon the next afternoon, finding him at dinner in a noted hotel. "Mr. Incedon," said the visitor, entering the room in a towering passion, "you have been making free with my name in a very improper manner, and I've come to demand satisfaction!" After some parleying Incedon rose and, striking a graceful attitude in the center of the room, began to sing "Black Eyed Susan" in his most delightful style. When he had finished the song he said coolly, "There, sir, that has given complete satisfaction to several thousand people, and if you want anything more I've only to say you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met!"

Space Fillers.

Two chance acquaintances on a train between Washington and Philadelphia discovered that they had come originally from the same neighborhood in Delaware and fell to conversing about old times.

"By the way," said the passenger in the skullcap, "whatever became of Harry Mullins?"

"Oh, he's a special writer on one of the New York papers," replied the passenger with the red tie. "Gets \$10 a column. Good thing."

"And his brother Dick?"

"Dick's a fat man in a museum. Weighs 410 pounds. Gets a good salary."

"Well, well," mused the man in the skullcap. "Both of 'em have achieved success as space fillers, eh?"—New York Times.

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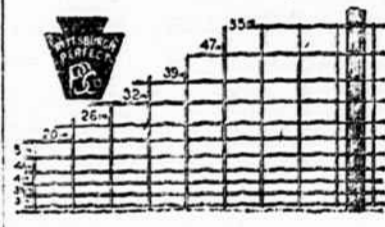
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