

# The Scrap Book

## Should Be Patented.

"Mandy, what for you got dat baby a big piece of pork to chew on? Don't you all know de pork choke on it?"  
"Dinah, don't you see de string tied to dat piece ob fat pork? De nder end's tied to de chil's toe. Ef he chokes he'll lack, an' ef he kicks he'll jerk de pork out. Ah reckon you all got learn me nothin' 'bout bringin' up chilren!"

## INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so high  
As benefic's frost!  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not.  
—Shakespeare.

## They Were Really Aged.

Former Lieutenant Governor Woodruff of New York tells of the efforts of a kindly disposed man in Albany to arbitrate between a man and his wife who were airing their troubles on the sidewalk one Saturday evening.

"Look here, my man," exclaimed the Albany man, at once intervening in the altercation, "this won't do, you know."

"What business is it of yours?" demanded the man angrily.

"It's my business only so far as I may be of service in settling this dispute, and I should like very much to do that."

"This ain't no dispute."

"No dispute?" came in astonished tones from the would be peacemaker.

"Why, you?"

"I tell you that it ain't no dispute. She thinks she ain't goin' to get my week's wages, and I know she ain't! That ain't no dispute!"—Lippincott's.

## Willie's Cross Eyed Bear.

Aunt Marion took her small nephew to church one Sunday, and when Willie got home his mother asked him how he liked to attend church.

"Well," said Willie, "I liked it, only they sang a funny song."

"What was it?"

"About a cross eyed bear."

"What! You must be mistaken."

But Willie was sure he was right.

When Aunt Marion appeared, she was questioned, and this was found to be the hymn: "A Consecrated Cross I'd Bear!"

## He Had Left It.

A prominent railroad man hurried down the lobby of a Binghamton hotel and up to the desk. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill and reach the station. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had forgotten something.

"Here, boy," he called to a negro bellboy, "run up to 48 and see if I left a box on the bureau. And be quick about it, will you?"

The boy rushed up the stairs. The ten minutes dwindled to seven, and the railroad man paced the office. At length the boy appeared, empty handed.

"Yes, suh," he panted breathlessly.

"Yes, suh, yo' left it, suh."—Every body's.

## A Hungry Wolf.

A fed faced man was holding the attention of a little group with some wonderful recitals.

"The most exciting chase I ever had," he said, "happened a few years ago in Russia. One night, when sleighing about ten miles from my destination, I discovered, to my intense horror, that I was being followed by a pack of wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of the brutes, and, to my delight, saw the others stop to devour it. After doing this, however, they still came on. I kept on repeating the dose, with the same result, and each occasion gave me an opportunity to whip up my horses. Finally there was only one wolf left, yet on it came, with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good, hot supper."

Here the man who had been sitting in the corner burst forth into a fit of laughter.

"Why, man," said he, "by your way of reckoning, that last wolf must have had the rest of the pack inside him!"

"Ah," said the red faced man, "without a tremor, 'now I remember it did wabble a bit.'"

## Really Amazing.

An American tourist on the summit of Vesuvius was appalled at the grandeur of the sight.

"Great snakes!" he exclaimed; "it reminds me of hades."

"Gad, how you Americans do travel!" replied his English friend who stood near by.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## An Opportune Telegram.

"One time when I and some other lawyers were engaged in defending a prisoner charged with murder," said an attorney, "Judge Shope was among those employed on the side of the prosecution. We made a vigorous effort to get our man's head away from the halter, and our chances seemed fair enough until Shope addressed the jury. He didn't seem to make much of an impression at first. They listened rather indifferently, but all at once a circumstance arose that turned things in his favor.

"While he was speaking a messenger boy entered the courtroom and handed him a telegram, which, still continuing his address to the jury, he mechanically tore open. Suddenly his

eyes dilated and stared intently on the words before him. Then his voice faltered and broke, his mouth came and went in short gasps, his chest heaved and fell with deep emotion, and, turning his terrible eyes on the jury, he said in choking tones:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I fear I cannot go on. I have just received the news of the death of a dear friend, one who has been of the most material benefit to me in my profession and whose demise leaves a gap that none can ever fill. Excuse me, I beg of you. I am utterly unmanned and broken down at this sad calamity."

"Some members of the jury expressed their regret and urged him to continue his address, and he did so. The result was that he won the sympathy of that jury, and my unfortunate client was sent to the penitentiary for life.

"When the trial was over, somebody picked up the telegram that had so opportunely come into the hands of the able advocate. It had been sent by a wretched pedant and simply contained the favorite expression of a character in one of Charles Reade's novels, the old soldier in 'The Olden and the Hough' which is, 'Have courage, friend! the devil is dead!'"

## The Perplexed Minister.

A Baptist minister in Virginia was noted for his good nature. He was the owner of a large property, and at the loss of one of his favorite peacocks he could ill afford to see his high income diminished by the loss of a single bird. He was endeavoring to find a way to get rid of the bird without the loss of the bird itself.

"Yes, Elizabeth, I know, but I can't see what the Lord wanted with an old steer."

## "S. B. A. N."

A senator from Kentucky was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, when a dapper young gentleman approached him and said:

"Ah, senator, how do do? I called on you this morning. Did you get my card?"

"Yes," said the senator, "but what did you mean by writing 'S. B.' in the corner?"

"Oh, that's the correct thing, you know, when you leave the card yourself. It means 'en personne,' left in person."

Next day it was the senator who met the young gentleman and accosted him with the question:

"Did you get my card? I called on you this morning, or, well—I called by proxy."

"Yes, but I could not make out the meaning of 'S. B. A. N.' in the corner?"

"Oh, that's the correct thing when you don't leave the card yourself. That means 'Sent by a nigger.'"

## The Lord and the Barber.

One of Lord Salisbury's pet anecdotes was of a barber whom he once patronized. On passing the shop a few days later he observed a placard in the window bearing this inscription:

"Hair cut, 3d. With the same scissors as I cut Lord Salisbury's hair, 6d."

## Canary Wrote an Editorial.

A story is told that there was in the office of the old New York Tribune only one compositor who could read Horace Greeley's writing. Mr. Greeley, the ablest of editors, was likewise the poorest penman of them all. One day some of the other men in the office, in order to get a joke on the old compositor, took a canary bird and dipping its feet and tail in writing ink, allowed it to hop around on a piece of paper, which was later hung where Mr. Greeley was in the habit of leaving the copy to be set up. The compositor looked at it, put it up on his case and went to work as if there was nothing unusual about it. Finally, about halfway down the page, he appeared to be stuck. He readjusted his glasses and looked and looked at the copy and finally went with it to the desk of Mr. Greeley. "Here's a word I can't make out," said he.

Mr. Greeley looked sharply at the copy a moment, so the story goes, and then said, "That word is constitution; go ahead."

## A Matter of Gender.

"I fear I cockroach too much upon your time, madam," politely remarked the Frenchman to his English hostess.

"Hen-croach, monsieur," she smilingly corrected him.

He threw up his hands in despair.

"Ah, your English genders!"

## In a Pretty Bad Fix.

Several men belonging to different nationalities happened to meet.

The Englishman asked the Scotchman, "What would you be, if you weren't a Scotchman?"

"I guess I'd be an Englishman," answered the Scotchman.

"And what would you be, if you weren't an Englishman?" asked the Scotchman.

"I suppose I'd be a Scotchman," politely replied the Englishman.

"What would you be if you weren't a Spaniard?" demanded the Italian.

"Oh, I guess I'd be an Italian," answered the Spaniard.

And so they went on making each other the same complimentary answer. At last came the Irishman's turn.

"What would you be, if you weren't an Irishman?" he was asked.

"Oh, I'd be ashamed of myself," he quickly answered.

Shortly after hearing this anecdote I visited an old man named John Graham. Curious to know what answer he would make to the question, I related the anecdote. "And now, Mr. Graham," I asked the venerable Irishman, "what would you be, if you weren't an Irishman?" His answer was made in a jiffy, without thought of making a joke of it:

"Faix, I'd be in a purty bad fix!"—A. M. G.

## THE DRUMMER'S ERROR.

It Turned a Cry into a Laugh and Spoiled the Game.

It might have happened over on Staten Island. Anyhow, it occurred in Great New York and at a stock company house. The company put on an uproarious farce one week, during the course of which the leading lady made several burlesque falls. In order to accentuate the comedy of these the stage manager directed the drummer in the orchestra to give the bass drum a resounding whack every time the leading lady fell to the stage. He followed instructions faithfully at every fall except one at the opening performance. The stage manager was furious. After the show he had a heart to heart talk with the drummer in his dressing room.

"That was the place where the 'boom' would have got the biggest laugh, and you let it pass!" he roared.

The drummer scratched his Ten-tonic head. "Well, it looged serious dere," he answered.

"No, that's burlesque," said the manager. "Now, every time you see her fall don't think anything, but 'st wallop that drum. See?"

"Caess," said the drummer, and at every performance thereafter the boom of the drum never failed.

The following week the bill was "Sapho." The leading lady took her part seriously and studied great effects in business for the "big scene" at the close of the third act when Jean leaves her. It would be her great personal triumph, she thought, and truly her work was a triumph, and the audience thought so, too, as the play proceeded. Not an eye in the house was dry when the leading lady threw herself against the door through which Jean had just passed with his angry farewell. Her form shook with sobs, and the very atmosphere was tense with emotion. Slowly she staggered from the door, then, with a great cry of agony, threw up her hands and as the curtain descended fell prone to the floor while a burly boom came from the bass drum.

Tears fled from the eyes of the audience, the roar of applause was stopped as it began, and only laughter, wild and long, went up at Sapho's agony to the accompaniment of a bass drum, while on the stage the leading lady bit a great piece out of the floor rug and hoarsely demanded to be led to that drummer that she might wallow in his gore.—New York Press.

## Contagious.

An artist whose summers, spent in out of the way places, have brought him a rich reward of experience as well as of success tells many stories of the uninvited guests who have gathered about his easel on different occasions.

In one little Connecticut village a freckled faced boy appeared as if by magic at his side one morning and gazed at the artist and at the picture then in progress with an intentness which was almost disconcerting.

"Did you ever try to paint?" the artist asked him at last, and he was startled at the sudden illumination of the sober little face.

"I kin paint some," announced the boy, with certainty. "My father could paint, and I ketch it from him. But he's dead now, and I thought perhaps I could ketch some from you, mister."—Youth's Companion.

## Tending the Shrubbery.

People often imagine that a shrubbery or bed of shrubs, once planted, will go on of itself for good. In fact, a shrubbery which may appear neat, tidy and cared for to the last degree may also be very much neglected. In the course of a little time the stronger and more pushing plants will have completely overgrown and ousted the more delicate ones. The lady of the garden wonders why the pretty guelder rose and brilliant diervilla have disappeared, the answer being simply that some great hearty laurel has deprived them of light and air and food till the struggle has been too hard for them. The careful gardener is therefore continually watchful for the well being of these more tender and beautiful plants.—London Tatler.

## Cheerful Hint.

Among the presents lately showered upon a Maryland bride was one that was the gift of an elderly lady of the neighborhood with whom both bride and groom were prime favorites.

Some years ago the dear old soul accumulated a supply of cardboard mottoes, which she worked and had framed and on which she never failed to draw with the greatest freedom as occasion arose.

In cheerful reds and blues, suspended by a cord of the same colors over the table on which the other presents were grouped, hung the motto:

"Fight on; Fight Ever."—Woman's Home Companion.

Do you have backache occasionally, or "stitches" in the side, and sometimes do you feel all tired out, without energy? If so your kidneys are out of order. Take Dewitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They promptly remove backache, headache, inflammation of the bladder and weak kidneys. Sold by W. L. Wallace, M. D.

## Patrol Incident.

Short—I thought you were going to drown that cat?

Long—Well, they say a cat has nine lives, but this one has only five. I think. Why, I actually saw that cat into a tub of water and tied a brick round its neck, and what do you think?

Short—Goodness knows.

Long—Well, this morning when I went to look at the tub the cat had swallowed all the water and was sitting on the brick.—London Answers.

A troubling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountain shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It cures the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal ailing lungs. The Standard call this shrub which the Dr. uses, "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. D. C. Scott.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

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## RHEUMATIC FOLKS!

ARE YOU SURE YOUR KIDNEYS ARE WELL?

Many rheumatic attacks are due to uric acid in the blood. But the duty of the kidneys is to remove all uric acid from the blood. Its presence there shows the kidneys are inactive. Don't dally with "uric acid solvents." You might go on till doomsday with them, but until you cure the kidneys you will never get well. Doan's Kidney Pills not only remove uric acid, but cure the kidneys and then all danger from uric acid is ended.

Rupert B. Calvo, bookbinder, employed at the State Publishing Co., official printers for the State of South Carolina, living at 1010 Lumber St., Columbia, S. C., says: "I thought I had rheumatism and treated for it on that belief. I used all kinds of liniment. The pain was in my back and in my hips clear to the shoulders. The liniments did no good and I took blood medicines but they did not help me. I took a long trip in hopes that the change of climate might help me. I was away for three months but could see no change for the better. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and determined to try them, and got a box at a drug store. They completely removed the pains out of my back and I have not felt a touch of the old trouble since I used them."

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## Registration Notice.

The office of the Supervisor of Registration will be opened on the first Monday in every month for the purpose of the registering of any person who is qualified as follows: Who shall have been a resident of the State for two years, and of the county one year, and of the polling precinct in which the elector offers to vote four months before the day of election, and shall have paid, six months before, any poll tax then due and payable, and who can both read and write any section of the constitution of 1895 submitted to him by the Supervisors of Registration, or who can show that he owns, and has paid all taxes collectable on during the present year, property in this State assessed at three hundred dollars or more.  
J. Y. MCGILL,  
Clerk of Board.

## CLEANING and Pressing.

Cleaning and Pressing and Slight Alterations of Clothes done—the best of Style by P. V. Hazel—next door to Corner Drug Store. ENTRANCE back in Recess side of Stairs. Excellent Bargains in Fine and Second Hand Clothing

## ALSO

Second Hand Clothing for Sale solicited. 11-14.

Your choice steak at People's Market, Scott & Miller Proprietors. 11-21-tf