THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

With a glory of winter sunshine Over his locks of gray, In the old historic mansion He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures

And his household and his kin, While a sound as of myriads singing From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city, From the prairie's boundless plain, From the Golden Gate of sunse And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him, And his moistening eyes grew dim, For he knew that his country's children Were singing the songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning, The pasims of his evening time, Those echoes shall float forever On the winds of every clime. All their beautiful consolations,

Sent forth like birds of cheer, Came flocking back to his windows And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young.
The last of earth and the first of heaven Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the summoning angel Who calls God's children home!

And to him in a holier welcome Was the mystical meaning given Of the words of the blessed Master, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." -John G. Whittier.

AN ABDUCTION.

In the absence of Jules, Mme. Champonnet's one female domestic, Meanie, serving in this bourgeois household in the double capacity of cook and chambermaid, opened the door to Raoul de Malplaquet and ushered him into the mion_

"My mistress," she said, "will be down in a minute."

A minute? Yes, but such a minute as one only experiences in bairdressers' or parbers' shops, and which enabled Raoul to completely inventory the furniture of the room in which he found himself while the hands of the clock were making the round of the dial.

On the stroke of the half bour, in fact. Mme. Champonnet appeared, hot, flushed, breathless with the speed of the toilst she had made.

"Your pardon, mension; for keeping you so long; also, as I do not know you at all, for asking you the object of your

Recul rose to his feet. ome to the point at once, you have a laughter, Mile. Georgette, I believé. he is charming."

"She is, monsieur." "So charming that it only remained or me to see her once to know that it is useless for me to attempt to resist the passion with which she has inspired the. I am cursed, you see, madame, with nost impressionable nature"-

"You have come, then, monsieur, to tak of me the hand of my daughter in

But, no, notatall, madame. Imprestionist though I be, I am also a poet and could not reconcile myself to the idea of marriage in the vulgar, prossic fashhm of nowadays. I am here, madame, to ask your permission to-abduct your

"To abduct Georgette! You are mad,

"With love-I confess it!" "But no, no, I tell you. Your propo-

sition is simply preposterous."

"But reasonable, all the same, madame, since I simply loathe conventionality and seek my happiness in an individual way. I love your daughter. I prove it by wishing to abduct her. If she on her part permits herself to be abducted, it establishes beyond cavil her profound love for me. We become at ence, madame, with your permission,

the talk of the town." "Exactly, and I do not like scandal." But fame is not scandal, madame, and see always with your consenthow easy it will be. We rush to the station; we leap aboard a sleeping car; we dash into Spain, that land of chivalry and of flowering orange trees, and there, at midnight, by the light of the moon, we marry clandestinely"-

"Which is just what I object to, I tell you, monsieur."

"Marry clandestinely, I repeat, in some obscure little chapel, dimly lighted by a single taper. The romance ends, you observe, madame, in the most orthodcx manner."

"But Georgette herself-she will never consent, monsieur. Abduct a girl like her, with every accomplishment and suitors by the score!"

"Granted, madame; but ask her and see! Your daughter, as the Comtesse de Malplaquet"-Eh? What name did you say, mon-

sieur?" "Comtesse de Malplaquet. Furthermore, madame, I would add that I waive the payment of that 10,000 francs that you have put aside as your daughter's

dowry. My own fortune is amply sufficient; my income, alone, 200,000 francs a year. You will, my dearest lady, you will permit me to abduct Georgette, whom I truly adore?"

Comtesse de Malplaquet! Two hundred thousand francs a year!

Mme. Champonnet began to soften. "But wait, but wait; you go too fast, monsieur," said she. "You spring up in my way like a Jack in the box! Your credentials, your references, please; for, after all, understand, I do not know

"Credentials? Certainly, madame; s perfectly proper precaution. My notary, Maitre Pitou, 18 Rue Bonjard, will put you au courant of my entire history." "And Georgette-she does not know

you, monsieur." "Wrong again, madame. I saw her at the vaudeville some days ago, and she responded to the ardor of my care with a sympathetic blush. Ask her, madeune, ask her if I may abduct her. I desire no more."

"Well, so be it, monsieur. I have only the interest of my child at heart. Six days from today, then, return for your answer."

"Six days from today, madame."

Raoul bowed and departed. Raoul, Comte de Malplaquet, had seally been, up to this hour-so Maitre Pitou, 18 Rue Bonjard, said, whose income was large from his care of the comte's estate, and larger still from his care of his morals, according; that is, to the report he gave of them-a young man of the steadiest habits, wholly ignorant of the taste of absinth-in his bitters, at least—his fortune a reality; briefly, a rara avis in the matrimonial market.

It was only this crazy abduction scheme of his that worried good Mme. Champonnet, with her old fashioned way of regarding things. Still, after all, it was merely a pretense, the foolish notion of a romantic lover, a mock abduction, in truth, since she, forewarned of it, was an accomplice in it.

Then the title of comtesse and 20,000 france a year falling to the lot of a descendant of the hardware trade certainly merited some little concession in the way of maternal scruples.

She decided to lay the whole matter before Georgette.

"Abduct me," cried she, "like a real

Lochinvar! Why, mother, how charming!" "And you are sure, you are sure,

Georgette," the mother continued, determined to do her whole duty to her gentleman sufficiently to be certain that he will be agreeable to you?"

"Observed him sufficiently when he has followed me like my shadow every day for a month past!'

Naturally, therefore, when Racul arrived promptly to the moment at the appointed hour there remained only the preliminaries to settle for the affair. "Which will take place, madame,"

Raoul concluded, "on Friday next at

the midnight hour'-

"The hour of crime!" "For me the hour of happiness. On Friday, then, I say, at 11:30 p. m., I stop under your window. The sound of a mandolin played by me will be the signal. The dead latch will be up, and you will be sleeping-like the dead, madame. Georgette will descend; we spring to the carriage; I'll have it in waiting; gallop to the station, jump aboard the rapide, and next day find ourselves the leading article in the morning papers. You, by noon, will be interviewed by all the reporters of the city, visited and condoled with by all your enemies, and a day or two later will receive from us a letter detailing our happiness. Now, as I have still many things to do before my departure, I bid you au revoir."

"Without seeing Georgette?" "To see a girl I am going to abduct would be improper, madame."

And Raoul, the case won, withdrew. On Friday, then, at midnight, the abduction, as arranged, came off. Mme. Champonnet, even by a happy forethought and an eager desire to increase the comfort of the affair, having dispatched, secretly, of course, to Racul's address a trunk containing Georgette's handsomest and thinnest clothing. It was always so hot in Spain!

Spain? Picture, then, her consternation, her maternal despair, to receive from-Norway, a whole month, too, after the abduction had taken place, the

following telegram: "Did not go to Spain at all. Too hot. Here we are freezing. You ought to have sent a bearskin in the trunk. Not married yet. The religion here is Protestant. Tomorrow we start for Asiato warm ourselves. We do not know the religion there."-From the French.

Effective San Jose Spray.

The salt, sulphur and lime spray for San Jose scale, as it has been used with good results in California for many years past, is made as follows: Unslaked lime, 40 pounds; sulphur, 20 pounds; salt, 15 pounds. Ten pounds of the lime is first slaked and boiled with the sulphur in 20 gallons of water for three hours over a brisk fire. The remaining 80 pounds of lime is slaked and added to the boiling mixture, the salt is then put in and the whole boiled from 80 minutes to an hour longer. Water sufficient to make 60 gallons is then added. When the ten pounds of lime and the sulphur have been boiled long enough, the mixture assumes a deep amber color and the sulphur will be held in solution. Before use the whole should be strained through a fine wire screen and be agitated while the pump is at work. It may be strained through burlap, but loose threads are carried through, and these are liable to clog the pump.

This mixture has been found equally effective as a preventive of curled leaf and fungous disease, as a remedy for the scale, and in all the large orchards of California it is used religiously every winter. It must not be applied after the trees are in leaf or when the buds are bursting, as it will injure the foliage, but when the trees are dormant it can be used without danger, says a correspondent of The New England Home-

Cereal Exports.

"A report of the department of agriculture states that cereals that were exported in greatly increased quantities during the past year to meet foreign deficiences were oats and barley. Shipments of cats were made to the extent of 35,096,736 bushels, valued at \$8, 756,207, as compared with 13,012,590 bushels, valued at \$3,497,611, in the year preceding, while the exports of barley during the same period increased from 7,680,331 bushels to 20,030,301 bushels in quantity, and from \$3,100,-311 to \$7,646,384 in value. The exports of rye, while much less important. also show a notable gain, having advanced from 988,466 bushels, valued at \$445.075, for 1896 to 8,560,271 bushels, valued at \$3,667,505 for 1897. Prior to last year our shipments of buckwheat were not large enough to be considered worthy of separate mention in the official accounts of our export trade, but in 1897 they assumed more importance and were stated at 1,677,102 bushels, with a value of \$678,959

A Lesson In Business.

Blumper failed once and lost his last dollar. He studied the thing over from every view and concluded that his fatal mistake was in not advertising. He was a general favorite in the country town where he met with disaster, he held nothing out against his creditors, and his reward came in the shape of the postmastership. The income depended very largely on the number and value of stamps sold. Blumper determined that he would not fail again, at least from the same cause.

In the local paper there appeared a big display advertisement notifying the public that Blumper had the largest, brightest, newest and best selected stock of postage stamps in the county. He would sell them at the lowest figure, warrant them to be all that was represented, would sell them in quantities to suit the purchasers, guaranteed that they would carry a letter as far and as safely as any other stamps in the world, defied competition and wound up by saying that he had the backing of the government. As long as it was good he

"It beat the band," tells an old citizen. "We laughed at him and knew that he was the first postmaster that ever adopted such tactics, but he was a winner. It tickled the people almost to death, and there is no better way of getting their favor. They sent from 100 miles in every direction to buy stamps of him. Not a man came to town to do business or make a visit that did not child, "that you have observed this have a commission to buy postage stamps of Blumper. He made a nice thing, is now in private business again and thinks an advertisement about as good as ready money."-Detroit Free

Not Their Exact Words.

The general tendency to look at the actions of others through one's own particular spectacles is frequently observed. Perhaps not so often noticed, however, is the habit of unconsciously rendering another's speech into one's own lan-

A Boston girl who had been taking her first lesson in bicycle riding expressed her satisfaction at home at the result of her experiment.

"The man said," she repeated, "that I had made most satisfactory progress

for a novice." "Why, did he really say that?" was

the surprised query. "Well, no," answered the Boston young woman, after a moment's reflection. "What he did say was, 'You'll do

fust rate for a new beginner." A friend of the poet Bryant chanced to be alone in his study when a cabinet maker brought home a chair that had been altered. When Mr. Bryant return-

"Miss Robbins, what did the fellow say about my chair?" "He said," answered the visitor,

"that the equilibrium is now admirably adjusted." "What a fine fellow!" said Mr. Bryant, laughing. "I never heard him talk like that. Were those his exact

words?" "Well, he said, 'It joggles just right," repeated Miss Robbins. -Youth's Companion.

Story of a Boston "Tip."

In a fashionable restaurant the other evening a lady and gentleman were dining before going to an up town theater They had been belated in arriving, and their order was consequently small and hastily consumed. Handing the waiter a \$5 bill for the check, he was requested to hurry, but as he did not return with the \$2 change, nor could he be seen anywhere in the room, the gentleman beckoned to another waiter and told him to look up the other. After a still longer delay, the first waiter, looking glum enough, reappeared on the scene. 'Where is my change?" said the gentleman. "You told me to keep the change," returned the waiter, with a surly air. Here the lady took a hand "You're mistaken," she said. "It is not likely that the fee should be \$2 when you leave us to put on our own wraps." So the fellow drew the \$2 from his pocket, and the gentleman, not wishing to make further trouble, gave him the customary quarter and departed. Every one knows the course that should have been pursued, but with not two seconds to spare people cannot stop to make complaints at headquarters, and this the wily waiter understood quite well.-Boston Herald.

Wanted a Good One. Speaking of antiquity brings up the inexplicable American fad of using coats of arms. It reached a climax not long ago, when a youthful daughter of a wealthy German brewer visited an engraver's office, and, looking over the books on heraldry, finally ordered one coat of arms for her own use which combined the prettiest features of those belonging to three great English houses. Her youngest sister, not to be outdone. ordered one for her notepaper and books which contained devices from five old English houses, not one of which coincided with the other's choice. The amazed engraver endeavored to expostulate, but neither of the young women would listen to his argument. "They liked the coats of arms," they said. 'Anybody could buy them who wanted to, and they didn't propose to allow any ridiculous nonsense to prevent them having what pleased them. Besides that, they wanted them different anyhow, so that they wouldn't get mixed up."-New York Mail and Express.

The Better Word. Johd-Don't you realize that marriage broadens a man?

Benedict-Oh, yes. I suppose it can be put that way, but "flattens" is the a polished young woman." I've always used .- London Tit-

The American consular agents at Kalamata, Greece, and Dardanelles, Turkey, received as compensation from the United States treasury in 1896 the sum of \$1 each.

wny Chickens Die.

The "unknown cause" of the frequent losses among chickens before they are more than 4 weeks old which we see frequently spoken of or inquired about in some of the papers professedly devoted to the poultry interests, and which they often ascribe to "constitutional weakness," is most frequently caused by indigestion. The weakness is an inability to digest their food without clean grit of some sort to go with it into the gizzard, or to digest sour and moldy dough or moldy grain under any conditions. We have seen some such cases, and we always found either this or lice in abundance to be the cause of the trouble. There may be a constitutional lack of vigor which causes chickens to die in the shell before they are sufficiently developed to break out and which causes well cared for chickens to grow very slowly and mature late, and even to be generally worthless after they have matured, but we ascribe these to the breeding fowl having been made too fat or to having been weakened by some disease like the roup. Sudden deaths in great numbers after the chickens are hatched and growing well are usually due to a lack of vigor on the part of the keeper. Somebody is too lazy, careless or busy at something else to kill the vermin in the coops, give fresh, clean gravel in the yards and mix fresh, sweet food every time they are fed and take away all that they will not eat up clean as soon as it is given them .- American Cultivator.

Cleaning Roosts.

The proper way to clean a roost, says Epitomist, is to first carry everything out doors, roost poles, nest boxes and loose boards. Give them a dose of oil and apply the match. If the wood takes fire, it can be put out by throwing sand on it. Now rake out all fowl dirt and give the inside a good coating of whitewash. Do this once a month. If we do not have time for all this, then get some liquid lice paint and go over the roost poles, nest boxes, etc., with a brush dipped in the paint. Put on a good coat. This should be done just before the fowls go to roost at night. Probably the fowls will not like the smell, but drive them all in and shut the house up tight for an hour or two. This will not only kill the red and gray mites, but all the body lice on the hens as well. In ten days (after the lice eggs previously laid are about all hatched out) repeat the operation, when we may reasonably know that our hens and roosts are free from lice and will stay so for a month or two. Farmers should feed oats more freely to poultry than is generally the case. Oats are a most excellent eggmaking food when fed in connection with other food. Boiled oats are especially

Feeding Affects Eggs.

We once heard an old physician say that when obliged to remain at some houses so long that it was necessary or desirable to eat there, he always chose to have one or two eggs boiled for him. The impression conveyed was that he thought that nothing unclean could be inside the eggshell, but if he could have seen some of the messes that are fed out to hens or that hens feed upon he would scarcely have felt so sure of having wholesome food even when he broke the eggshell. Many people do not understand that an unpleasant flavor can be fed into an egg as easily as it can into milk and that only such food should be given to the fowl as is perfectly fresh and free from objectionable odors or flavors. - Cultivator.

Managing a Husband. It is ridiculously funny to hear two or three married women discuss the momentous question of how to manage a husband, asserts a writer in the Philadelphia North American. Yesterday I dropped in at a bride's cute little home to sip a cup of tea. The poor little creature had evidently had a slight differance with "hubby" before he left in the morning, for she seemed a wee bit unhappy. It was not long before a young matron entered and made a third to the party. This particular matron has a great reputation for managing her spouse and was just the person "the bridey" needed. She commenced at once, and this was the conversation:

"My dear, is your husband ever "What a funny question! He is nev-

er anything else.' "How in the world do you manage

"I don't try. I just let him alone." "But how do you make up?"

"We don't. He is always as cross as two sticks at breakfast. They say most men are. He gets off a lot of sarcastic things about women attending to their households, clubwomen, and so forth. and then he goes away mad."

"Oh, dear me, you poor thing! And yet Tom told me this morning you were so congenial and so well suited to each

'So we are. When Harold comes home in the evening, he hands me a little package and says he hopes it will please me. I tell him he is too good and that I wish all women had as good a husband as mine. Then I see what he is giving me. Sometimes it's a lovely belt or a new chatelaine or a fancy scarf or something of that sort, and I give him a kiss and ask him to forgive me for being cross in the morning.'

The little hostess looked dazed and went on sipping her Russian tea in profound silence. Finally she broke out:

"And yet you deliberately told me you did not manage him?" Pertinent query, What has Mr. Tom in store for him in future?

Sign of a Trip Abroad. "Mrs. Gaswell, your daughter's visit

to Europe seems to have made her quite "I should say so. My land! You

ought to hear her say, 'I shall be very pleased.' "-Chicago Tribune. Live With the Bead. Thousands of Egyptians live in old

work among the munmies and sar-

tombs, eating, sleeping, wooing, loving, laughing, dancing, singing, doing all their deeds of daily life and household

cophagi.

Eloquence at may.

It was a preacher who had that "fatal fluency" for whom an acquaintance laid a trap. He had a way of promising to preach, and on beginning would say something like "I have been too busy to prepare a sermon, but if some one will kindly give me a text I'll preach from it." One determined to cure him. He therefore asked him to preach. The invitation was accepted. The time came, and the visitor began his usual introduction: "Brethren, I have been so pushed for time today as to have been quite unable to prepare a sermon. But if some of you will give me a text I'll preach from it. Perhaps my brother here," turning to the plotter near him, 'will suggest a text." "Yes, brother," came the ready response, "your text is the last part of the ninth verse of the first chapter of Ezra, and its words are 'nine and twenty knives.'" There was a pause, an ominous pause, as the preacher found his text. He read it out, "Nine and twenty knives," and began at once. "Notice the number of these knives-just exactly nine and twenty; not thirty, not eight and twenty. There were no more and no less than nine and twenty knives." A pause-a long pause. Then, slowly and emphatically, "Nine and twenty knives." A longer pause. Then meditatively, "Nine and twenty knives." Again he rested. "Nine and twenty knives." A dead stop. "Nine and twenty knives-and if there were nine hundred and twenty knives I could not say another word. "-Harper's Mag-

The Canyon of the Yellowstone.

The canyon is so tremendously wild and impressive that even the great falls cannot hold your attention, says John Muir in The Atlantic. It is about 20 miles long and 1,000 feet deep-a weird, unearthly looking gorge of jagged, fantastic architecture and most brilliantly colored. It is not the depth or shape of the canyon, nor the waterfalls, nor the green and gray river chanting its brave song as it goes foaming on its way, that most impresses the observer, but the colors of the decomposed volcanic rocks. With few exceptions the traveler in strange lands finds that however much the scenery and vegetation in different countries may change Mother Earth is ever familiar and the same. But here the very ground is changed, as if belonging to some other world. The walls of the canyon from top to bottom burn in a perfect glory of color, confounding and dazzling when the sun is shiningwhite, yellow, green, blue, vermilion and various other shades of red indefinitely blending. All the earth hereabouts seems to be paint. Millions of tons of it lie in sight, exposed to wind and weather as if of no account, yet marvelously fresh and bright, fast coles not to be washed out or bleached out by either sunshine or storms.

Expensive Mirth.

"Cheery words cost nothing"-"That's where you are way off. I said two cheery words yesterday, and they cost me \$17." "How did that happen?"

"Well, I slapped a big man on the back and said, 'Hello, Fatty!' " "That was all right."

"No, it wasn't. He turned out to be a man I didn't know, so we knocked each other down and got into court."-Boston Journal.

Not Built That Way.

The Publisher-We can publish your book of epigrams if you will guarantee us the cost of printing and binding. The Poet-It's no go. I never could

enjoy witticisms at my own expense. -Cincinnari Enquirer.

restilating the Teeth.

It is curious to what an extent the mutilation of teeth goes on among savage nations, and even among certain civilized people, such as the Japanese. With them a girl is never married without first staining her teeth black with a repulsive kind of varnish, and the custom is especially adhered to among members of the richer classes.

On the west coast of Africa a large proportion of the teeth are deliberately broken when children reach a certain age. Both in the new world and the old the custom exists of extracting the two front teeth of domestic servants. In Peru the custom has existed from time immemorial and used to be a sign of slavery in the days of incas. This is also the custom on the Kongo and among the Hottentots. Teeth are stained in various colors among the Malays.

A bright red and a bright blue are not uncommon, and a bright green is produced with the aid of arsenic and lemon juice. Livingstone related that among the Kaffirs a child with a prominent upper jaw was looked upon as a monster and immediately killed. On the upper Nile the negroes have all their best teeth extracted in order to destroy their value in the slave market and to make it not worth while for the slave traders to carry them off .- Pearson's Weekly.

Converted by a Handshake.

Here is a good story of the Right Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley. The bishop had gone to Beattyville, and the place was rough and desolate. A rough looking man came up to him. "They tell me you're from Virginia,"

"Yes." "They tell me you fought with the

rebels." "Yes."

said the man.

"Give me your hand, pard. My name's Bill Dolau, an I'm a blacksmith down here.'

"Bill," said the bishop, "I'm proud to meet you." That night Bill Dolan went to the

service and heard the bishop preach, and he went afterward too. Twelve years later the bishop went

to Beattyville once more. It was sun set. He was met by the town's clergyman. "Bishop, Bill Dolan died yesterday, and before he died I baptized him," said the minister. "In his last words he told me to tell the bishop that arrive Millard 10 45 a m and 4 20 p m. Daihe loved him."

"That," said the bishop, "was indeed a compensation!"-Louisville Courier-Journal.

GOOD ROAD WISDOM.

How to Improve the Highways at Small Increase of Expense.

It is constantly being remarked in conversation and printed in interviews and editorials in the papers that better roads are very necessary, but that they are too expensive. The community is too poor to do anything, and there the matter ends.

This need not be so, says The L. A. W. Bulletin. There is hardly a town or county in this country in which the money now annually expended is not sufficient to procure much better road surfaces than now exist, while a very slight increase in expenditure would make great improvements possible.

Road taxes must be paid in money. and not in labor. Good results have never been obtained by working out road taxes, and it is not in the nature of things that they should be. Whatever is to be spent on the roads must be available for use in the employment of experienced help under intelligent supervision.

Proper grading must be secured, hills reduced and fillings made until no steep hill exists that the farmer must "load for" every time he hauls over the road.

The bed must be thoroughly drained or a good surface will be impossible, and the surface must enable the water to flow off readily. Nothing ruins a road so quickly as water standing on it or soaking into it.

The roadbed mo be crowned enough to shed water and must be kept in condition by a system of regular repairs and continuous oversight.

After a good surface is secured by the above methods it must be preserved and maintained by permitting only the use of wide tires on heavily laden vehicles, thereby continually rolling and improv-

Conflict of Nature and Art.

A young man here in town who is studying drawing-I won't say just how or where-went out to a Welsh rabbit supper at a friend's studio one evening. The supper was given to celebrate an examination in light and shadow which several of the young art students had just undergone with success. The young man I speak of was full of the subject. His mind was still dwelling on it when he started home. Half an hour later a fellow art student came up with him. He was standing before an equestrian statue in one of the little parks and was intently studying the shadow of the bronze rider cast by the

"Say," said he to the other student, "look at that shadow. I've cast lots of shadows and I've studied 'em. That ain't a bit like it. I know shadows. That ain't an angle of 45 degrees."

Here he took his friend's arm. "Old boy," he said solemnly, "that shadow's all out of drawing."-Washington Post.

The Letter D.

The Semitic people called D Daleth, a door or opening, whence the Greek delta. To us in its present form it is not much like a door, as we know, but if the orientals lived in tents shaped like the letter B it is not wonderful they should have doors the shape of a D. Our form of the letter is greatly changed from the ancient D, but a glance at the Greek delta, which is a right angle triangle, shows it identical in shape with the triangular tent door closed by flaps of canvas, and when one of these was drawn back a shape was represented which must have been familiar to all orientals.

Getting Even.

"I notice," remarked the literary editor, casually turning over the leaves of the book the struggling author had brought in, "you have given your hero six fingers on his right hand, and there is nothing in the story, so far as I can see, to explain why. May I ask what the extra is for?" "To snap at the critics," vociferated

the struggling author, with a gleam of vengeance in his eye.

The worm had turned.-London Fun.

taste in the mouth, coated tongue, gas in the stomach, not weaken, but have tonic effect. 25 centra-The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsapari

Summerton R. R

lo effect January 15th, 1896.

THE TAX THE TA

TRAINS GOING NOR! E

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Trains between Millard and St. Paul leave Millard 10 15 a m and 3 45 p m., arriving St. Paul 10 25 a m and 3 55 p m. Returning leave St. Paul 10 35 a m and 4 10 p m, and ly except Sunday Daily except Sunday

THOMAS WILSON Predsient