

Fair Exchange, Yet a Robbery.

While Gustave Dore was at Ischl and wandering about the mountains he became much interested in a country wedding and sketched it on the spot. He put the sketch into a book in the pocket of his paletot and went back to the hotel to dinner. After dinner he looked for the sketch. It was gone. Angry at the theft, the artist called the landlord and made complaint, but no trace of the book was found. From Ischl Dore went to Vienna, and there he found a letter and a parcel awaiting him. The letter, which was anonymous, read thus: "Sir, I stole your book at Ischl. The sketch was so charming that I could not resist the temptation of having it in my possession, and I knew very well you would never consent to sell it to me. But theft is neither my trade nor my habit, and I beg you to accept as a souvenir of my crime and my enthusiasm for your talent the walking stick which will reach you at the same time as this letter."

The Clock's Annoying Habit.

Mrs. Benham had just seated herself to work at a bit of embroidery that required particular care and attention when there came a ring at the telephone. "I just know that's Mrs. Gummy," she said as she laid down her work and went to answer the call. "Whenever I am unusually busy and haven't any time to spare she rings me up and talks to me by the hour."

"Wait a moment," interposed Mrs. Benham. "I can't hear you until this noise stops."

A Curious Trap.

A curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive is to be seen near Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam. The labyrinth is formed of a double row of immense tree trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing. Where it begins, at the edge of the forest, the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile wide, but as it approaches Ayuthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn around. Suspecting no danger, the wild elephant enters the broad opening at the forest end, lured on by a tame elephant. The gradual narrowing of the boundaries is not observed until the elephant finds himself in close quarters. Having reached the end of the labyrinth, the tame elephant is allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives. The sport is a dangerous one, for the enraged elephants sometimes crush the hunters under their feet.

Bull Baiting.

Although bull baiting was a cruel pastime, it was also a fulfilling of the law, for formerly no butcher was allowed to offer for sale the flesh of any bull that had not been baited. The goading of the animal in a fury was supposed to have some influence on the flesh. In a similar belief the flesh of a hunted hare was thought to be superior in flavor to that of one that had been shot, and a present of "a hunted hare" was considered to be a special compliment. In the records of the corporation of Leicester, England, the following order appears: "At a common hall, held on Thursday before St. Simon and St. Jude, 1467, 'no butcher to kill a bull till baited.'" At Winchester it was ordered (reign of Henry VIII.) "that from henceforth there shall be no bul-stake set before any mayor's door to bayte any bull, but onlie at the bul-ringe within the saide cytie."

Gender of the Sword.

Among the many curious notions obtaining among the different races upon the sword may be noted the gender of the weapon. In the north of Europe it was either masculine, as in Britain, or neuter, as in Germany, while in the south it was uniformly feminine. Its force and cruelty appealed to the northern mind. Its grace and elegance attracted the warriors of the sunny south. It typified to the one strength, to the other dignity.

What He Saved.

"Good!" shouted the friend of the bibliophile as the latter emerged from the burning house carrying a bundle of books. "Did you save your Shakespeares?"

Timely Warning.

Proprietor—I am satisfied with your work, Pusher, and I will raise your salary from \$10 to \$12 a week; but, mind, that does not mean that you must go and get married on the strength of it.—New York Times.

A Dozen Eggs.

The Teacher—How many eggs are there in a dozen? The Pupil—Five fresh ones, five doubtful ones and two bad ones.—Cleveland Leader.

Scandalous.

"What do you think? Mrs. Zizzel, who never goes to church, has won the first prize in the church lottery?"—Megendorfer Blatter.

The Foolish and the Dead.

never change their opinion.—Lowell.

His Tokens of Farewell.

Among the legends that have gathered around Sir Alfred Jones' name is one to the effect that he was in the habit of signifying to an office visitor, by offering him a banana, that he desired to end the interview. If the banana was accepted and the call prolonged Sir Alfred arose and presented his visitor with a fine flower from one of the glass stands in his office. But, supposing his visitor stayed after the flower—well, the legend continues, Sir Alfred then offered a pass to the West Indies on one of his small steamers, with a free holiday for six weeks at his hotel.

It is told, however, that on one occasion Sir Alfred got the worst of the banana trick. A young reporter called on him to learn on behalf of his newspaper something about the shipping conflict. When, after a ten seconds' conversation regarding the weather, Sir Alfred's hand was straying toward the banana plate, the reporter hooked a couple of bananas out of his own pocket. In the sweetest tone of innocence he said, "Will you have a banana, Sir Alfred?"—Westminster Gazette.

The Vital Test.

"My eyes seem to be all wrong," explained Mr. Pinchpenny to the expensive oculist. "They're weak and the easily. After a bit everything seems to swim before them. Bright lights make me dizzy. Can you assist me?"

"Your case is a common one," he replied, "but I fear it will necessitate a treatment extending over several months. However, I can guarantee an absolute and enduring cure."

Biweekly for several months Mr. Pinchpenny was treated, and day by day his sight waxed stronger and more strong.

Recipes for Invisible Ink.

The following are the ingredients of the most common invisible inks: Sulphate of copper and sal ammoniac, equal parts, dissolved in water; writes colorless, but turns yellow when heated. Onion juice, like the last. A weak infusion of galls; turns black when moistened with weak copperas water. A weak solution of sulphate of iron; turns blue when moistened with a weak solution of prussiate of potash and black with infusion of galls. The diluted solutions of nitrate of silver and perchloride of gold; darken when exposed to the sunlight. Aqua fortis, spirits of salt, oil of vitriol, common salt or saltpeter, dissolved in a large quantity of water; turns yellow or brown when heated. Solution of nitromuriate of cobalt; turns green when heated and disappears on cooling. Solution of acetate of cobalt to which a little niter has been added; becomes rose colored when heated and disappears on cooling.

Knew the Wrong Man.

It was with a good deal of confidence that he walked up to the magistrate's desk in a Philadelphia station notwithstanding the fact that a policeman had a firm hold on both sleeves. He waited quietly till one of the policemen made the accusation of "drunk and disorderly" and then asked the magistrate if he might speak.

"Yes," replied the magistrate. "What have you to say?"

Justification.

The old dandy had driven his fare to the hotel and was now demanding a dollar for his service. "What!" protested the passenger. "A dollar for that distance? Why, is isn't half a mile as the crow flies?"

He Had.

The kind hearted man had given the panhandler a nickel. "Haven't you got anything smaller?" asked the panhandler.

Musical Note.

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars when a policeman came out of an area and hit him with his staff. Several notes were found upon him.—London Mail.

Bright and Dark Days.

There are bright days and dark days, and we must take advantage of the former and be as little discouraged as possible by the latter. They are all in a lifetime.

Common Sense.

Common sense is the knack of seeing things as they are and doing things as they ought to be done.—Stowe.

Custom reconciles us to everything.

—Edmund Burke.

The Tomb of Genghis Khan.

Genghis Khan, the Mongol chief, in the thirteenth century proved himself one of the world's greatest warriors. His tomb exists at Eichen Koro and is described in Count de Lesdain's "From Peking to Sikkim." "Two small tents, one behind the other and connected by a very low inner door made of wornout felt and admitting through their rents the rain and the wind, are the 'monument' destined to perpetuate the renown of the greatest conqueror the world has known. The ashes of the body of Genghis Khan are deposited in a kind of chest cubic in shape and placed on a wooden support made of small colored pillars adorned with paintings on all its sides except that facing south, which is covered with a finely worked copperplate representing a divinity surrounded by four animals which are not easy to identify. The tomb, in fact, has not always been here, but it is difficult to know exactly where the first descendants of the great emperor laid his remains."

Which Foot Walks Faster?

You may think this a very silly question to ask, but it isn't. It is a simple, demonstrable fact, which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes. If you will take a pavement that is clear, so that there will be no interference, and walk briskly in the center, you will find that before you have gone fifty yards you have veered very much to one side. You must not make any effort, of course, to keep in the center, but if you will think of something and endeavor to walk naturally you cannot keep a direct line. The explanation of this lies in the propensity of one foot to walk faster than the other, or one leg takes a longer stride than the other, causing one to walk to one side. You can try an experiment in this way by placing two sticks about eight feet apart, then stand off about sixty feet, blindfold yourself and endeavor to walk between them. You will find it almost impossible.

A Summer of Haze.

Europe and Asia were covered by fog during the summer of 1783. Says Gilbert White (letter 109): "The summer of the year 1783 was an amazing and a portentous one, * * * for, besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunderstorms, * * * the peculiar haze, or smoky fog, that prevailed for many weeks in this island (England) and in every part of Europe and even beyond its limits was a most extraordinary appearance. The heat was intense. Calabria and part of the Isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes." Cowper also refers to this phenomenon in speaking of "nature, with a dim and sickly eye."

Eggs Worth Millions.

Two poached eggs on toast once formed the foundation of the great New York stock market. If the eggs were eaten securities advanced in price; if left untouched Wall street shivered and quotations crumbled. One morning the eggs proved worth a thousand times their weight in gold, for the news that they had been eaten with relish added 2 per cent to active stocks. Even 1 per cent on the \$10,000,000,000 securities listed on the New York exchange would be equivalent to \$100,000,000. By such trifles is Wall street swayed when seized by hysteria, when hypnotized by a personality, when lost to the sound reason that usually governs its actions.—Bert C. Forbes in Van Norden Magazine.

It Sounded Hopeful.

A young man who was not particularly entertaining was monopolizing the attention of a pretty debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversation.

"Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you know my brother?"

"No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to."—Lippincott's.

Made Over Prescriptions.

"There is one loss sustained by druggists that very few people know about," said the experienced clerk. "That is in the prescriptions that have to be made over, the same as clerks, stenographers, writers and artists, no matter how painstaking, frequently have to do their work over. The most careful drug clerk in existence is bound to make mistakes sometimes in measuring and mixing. He may pour in too much of some kind of liquid or sift in too much of a certain powder. In most cases the overdose would not really affect the value of the medicine, but the conscientious clerk isn't going to take any chances on murdering anybody, so he throws away the whole mixture and makes up another prescription."—New York Globe.

At Close Range.

"Who is that neglected looking little boy with dirt over his face?"

"He is the child of the noted astronomer who lives over the way."

"Oh, is he? Come here, sonny. Run home and tell your father he doesn't need his telescope if he wants to see spots on the sun."—Baltimore American.

An Everyday Suit.

"That Gus is certainly a fifty dresser. He has a suit of clothes for every day in the week."

"Why, he has the same suit on every time I see him!"

"Yep; that's the one."—Cleveland Leader.

The sweetest of all sounds is prattle.

—Zenophon.

A Rhymed Wedding.

According to the Mexico Ledger, John Stoble, a Wellston magistrate, united a negro couple with this ceremony:

Jim, will you take Bet Without any regret To love and to cherish Till one of you perish And is laid under the sod. So help you God?

Jim having given the usual affirmative answer, Judge Stoble turned to Bet:

Bet, will you take Jim And cling to him. Both out and in. Through thick and thin. Holding him to your heart Till death do you part?

Bet modestly acquiesced, and the newly married couple were dismissed with this benediction: Through life's alternative joy and strife I now pronounce you man and wife. Go up life's hill till you get to the level. And salute your bride, you dusky devil!

Why Sailors Like "Soraps."

It has long been observed that the sailor, whether in commercial or government service, takes a peculiar delight in "mixing up" with the bluecoat, but this inclination has been attributed more to a natural exuberance which comes with a land leave, accelerated somewhat by artificial means, than to animus inherent with deep sea life. But why this feeling? Perhaps it is that the strict rules of marine service, the long periods of close confinement to which the seaman is subjected, make him a hater of any one who wears the emblem of authority when he is temporarily enjoying freedom on shore leave away from the restraints aboard ship. The sailor wants liberty in its full sense, and, realizing that the bluecoat is the chief obstacle to his obtaining it, he develops a firm conviction that the policeman ought to be trounced on general principles. In time it becomes his chief peaceful ambition.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

Opening an Oyster.

"The Cook's Oracle," a book which was never far from the kitchens of our great-grandmothers, is very precise in its directions as to the proper manner of preserving and eating oysters, says an English journal. "The true lover of an oyster," writes the author, "will have some regard for the feelings of his little favorite and will never abandon it to the mercies of a bungling operator, but will open it himself and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death."

An Extremist.

"He's a great reformer, isn't he?" "Oh, he's worse than a reformer. His ideas would upset the whole social and business world. He said if he had his way he'd put in jail everybody who ought to be there."—Philadelphia Press.

Tried to Be Cheerful.

The Minister's Wife—I'm afraid Mr. Skilniff does not realize that the Lord loves a cheerful giver. The Minister—Oh, I don't know! The less he gives the more cheerfully he gives it.

A Rude Youth.

"How do you account for this, ma'am?" And he held aloft a lump of coal which he had just dug out from the sirlion steak.

"The landlady slightly flushed. "I suppose the poor cows sometimes stray along the railroad track," she said. "But you must admit the steak is tender."

He thumped the coal with his knife. "Yes," he said harshly, "locomotive tender."

And the meal progressed in silence. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Making a Bolt For It.

The monotony of crime in the police stations is relieved oftener than is generally supposed by an infusion of unexpected humor. This happy faculty of tickling the magistrate's sense of humor won a prisoner in a police station his liberty the other day. The prisoner had told the magistrate that he was a locksmith by trade, and the magistrate asked:

"Well, were you on business in this gambling house at 2 o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the prisoner calmly. "I was making a bolt for the door."

The Jews and Thirteen.

Commenting on the thirteen superstitions in the Oesterreichische Wochen-schrift, Jacob E. Ehrlich, a Jewish writer, says: "The number thirteen is surely not a bad one for us. The holy writ tells of the thirteen attributes of the Most High, and we have thirteen feast days in each year. Our great arch enemy, Haman, was hanged on the 13th of Abas. The thirteenth birthday of our sons is a day of joy because on that day the child becomes a member of the religious community. The dream of Joseph was of thirteen—the sun, the moon and eleven stars—and Jacob had thirteen children."

The Retort Coudeous.

"Camp Meeting" John Allen was a famous Methodist preacher and revivalist of the old days down in Maine, and, like most successful pulpit orators, his sense of humor was equal to his gift of speech.

It is recalled by the Boston Journal that on one occasion the old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not as gallant, John, as when you were a boy," she exclaimed in gentle rebuke.

"No," was his ready response, "and you are not as buoyant as when you were a girl!"

And no one ever suspected that Catonsville was in the earthquake belt.

Statesville, N. C. Social News.

Statesville, April 22.—Mrs. C. V. Henkel was the charming hostess to the Eclectic Book Club at its last meeting, at her handsome home on West Broad street. Nearly all the members were present, and quite a number of special guests.

After the president, Mrs. Dorman Thompson, had called the roll which was responded to, by references to Greek art, Miss Mary Henkel of Lenoir sang a delightful little ballad, in her clear, well trained soprano voice.

The programme including two sketches on Greek life and Byron's "Ode to Greece" was carried out by Mrs. A. J. Evans, Mrs. R. B. McLaughlin and Miss Louise Hall.

The hostess, assisted by her attractive little daughters, Misses Virginia, Lila and Dorothy, and by Misses Mary Henkel and Mary Lois Miller, served delicious refreshments in two courses. The other out-of-town guest, besides Miss Henkel, was Mrs. Charles Kingman of Sumter, S. C.

Miss Louise Siddall delightfully entertained the Round Dozen Embroidery Circle Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Charles Kingman, of Sumter, S. C., in the parlors of the college.

Mrs. Nannie Bonner received the guests at the door and escorted them to the second parlor where they were introduced to Mrs. Kingman, who is here spending several weeks with her daughter Miss Eva, a pupil of the college. Besides the guest of honor there were quite a number of special guests.

In a number of progressive games, Mrs. S. B. Miller won the prize, a dainty volume of "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Miss Siddall, assisted by Misses Fleming and Kingman, and little Miss Sidney Kingman, served delicious refreshments, after which all made their grateful adieu to the popular hostess.—Charlotte Observer.

WHY SUFFER? If you have rheumatism, catarrh, kidney disease, skin diseases or any trouble arising from impure blood give Rheumacide a thorough trial.

By purifying the blood Rheumacide neutralizes the acids, starts the kidneys into healthy action and helps to build up the nerves and the entire system. Rheumacide is put up in liquid form, also tablets. At druggists, 25c and 50c bottles. Tablets by mail, 25c. Bobbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md. 12

A \$5,000 fire came near destroying the town of Williston at 11 o'clock Monday.

The annual conference of Epworth League chapters for the Orangeburg district is being held in Denmark.

Advertisement for SIBERT'S DRUG STORE featuring 'Are Your Poultry Sickly or Healthy?' and 'Golden Chain Remedy Co., Inc., Evansville, Ind.'

Advertisement for Nunnally's Candy, stating 'No Other Candy Takes the place of Nunnally's. It's first in the hearts of the candy lovers of the South because it's so supremely good and pure.'

Advertisement for 'KILLING COUGH AND CURING LUNGS' and 'WILLIAMS' NEW DISCOVERY' for 'CURE FOR COUGHS'.

Advertisement for 'Are You Looking for a Position?' from The Butterick Publishing Co., offering 'We can offer you good Paying Employment that you will enjoy and at home. Write to-day'.

Advertisement for 'PATENTS' with text: 'PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo. For expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc. IN ALL COUNTRIES.'

Advertisement for 'PATENTS' with text: '60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS ETC. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether his invention is or is not patentable.'

Large advertisement for 'New Jewelry Store' featuring 'The largest line of Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Silverwear and Art Goods ever shown in Sumter, also full line of Tapestry and Hand Painted China, Ivory Screens, Fire Screens and Track Wood Furniture.'