

**Lynch Room Repartee.**

The young man with the iron cheek entered the quick lynch room and seated himself at the third table.  
 "Belinda," he called familiarly, "you look fresh this morning."  
 "Not half as fresh as some others," retorted the pretty waitress, with an elevation of her nose.  
 "Well, well! Have you calf brains?"  
 "If I did you wouldn't order them, for you have an oversupply now."  
 "My, but you are getting good for the matinee! With the high price of meats eggs come in handy these days, don't they?"  
 "No; they come in crates."  
 "Wow! Did you ever hear the story of the incubator chick? It's not out yet."  
 "That will do, sonny. Did you ever hear the story of the cold porridge? Well, it's on you!"  
 There was an unexpected tilting of a dish, and the young man with the iron cheek was showered with oatmeal.—Boston Post.

**Consolation.**

A little girl of thirteen or so found herself one day possessed of a new emotion—a desire to be pretty. She struggled with it, but finally went to the long mirror in the hall and for the first time in her life looked at herself critically from head to foot. She saw what most girls see at thirteen—a lanky creature, mostly legs and arms, hands and feet. It hurt her, and she went out of doors to think it over. Thought resulted in tears, and in tears she was found half an hour later by her particular chum, a boy near her own age. Anxious inquiry as to why she was crying induced her to speak.  
 "Oh, Harold," she wailed, "I've just looked at myself in the glass, and I'm so homely!"  
 The boy was puzzled, but sympathetic, and made an effort at consolation. He looked at her a minute, then awkwardly patted her, saying soothingly:  
 "Not homely, Alice; just funny looking."—New York Times.

**Doesn't Know Her Age.**

There is a glaring phase of unfairness in the position of the two sexes, despite all our struggles for the suffrage. A woman still dreads to tell her age, no matter how youthful she may look, while as long as a man looks youthful he is generally willing to admit and even to boast of how many milestones he has passed. There is at least one father who understood this problem in time and who gave his daughter a fair chance in life by never letting her know how old she was. He realized at her birth that a time would come when she would not want to tell her age, and he spared her the humiliation of having to prevaricate, so she was never told either her age or the place where she was born, and there were no birth records preserved in the family.—New York World.

**Tearing a Proverb to Tatters.**  
 One of our correspondents, to whom so far as we can remember we never did any injury, sends us the following: Carlyle said that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. We venture to think this definition appropriate to a clerk.  
 But in a doctor genius is an infinite capacity for slaking pains.  
 In a commercial traveler, for taking trains.  
 In a literary man, for raking brains.  
 In a sanitary engineer, for making drains.  
 And in a Don Juan, forsaking Janes.  
 Oscar Wilde's emendation of the proverb was at once briefer and more obvious. "Genius," he said, "is an infinite incapacity for taking pains."—London News.

**Shopping Troubles.**

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday, and I want to buy a present that will tickle her."  
 "We have a nice line of feather boas."  
 "No, no. I mean something that would make a hit with her."  
 "Anything in hammers?"  
 "You misunderstand. I want something striking that."  
 "Ah, you wish a clock."  
 "That's all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Permanent.**

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."  
 "I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success Magazine.

**Hardly.**

A Sunday school teacher, after reading the story of Ananias and Sapphira to the juvenile class, asked, "Now, children, why doesn't the Lord strike everybody dead who tells a lie?"  
 "Cause," answered a bright little fellow, "there wouldn't be anybody left hardly."—Chicago News.

**Must Be Rich.**

"He must have money."  
 "What makes you think so?"  
 "He never takes the thirty days' grace allowed on his life insurance premiums."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Fair Inference.**

Joe—For yours I used to get up at 6, breakfast at 8, dinner at 1, tea at 6 and bed at 10, and I never felt better in my life. Bill—Joe, what were you in for?—London Telegraph.

The slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others.—Fielding.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin.

**An Indian's Joke.**

Indians extract no little quiet enjoyment from what seem to them to be oddities in the speech, manners and customs of white people. An Arapahoe stepped into the store of a trader one day to purchase some tobacco. The trader's son was in charge of the place. Now, this son was at that embarrassing stage of growth when the voice is changing, so that he never could tell whether tenor tones would issue from his lips or babylike falsetto or de profundis bass. On this occasion when the Indian asked for tobacco the youth's bass notes held the right of way, though they were speedily followed by ascending tones up to a squeaky falsetto.

He asked the Indian, "Will you have fine cut tobacco or a plug?" beginning in a growl and ending in birdlike soprano.

The Arapahoe listened gravely to this vocal variety and then without a smile reversed the process and, beginning with the youth's highest note and ending with his lowest, scaled, "I think I'll take some plug."—Southern Workman.

**"Exercise and Rest."**

What is the relation between exercise and rest? Work is that at which we must continue, whether interesting or not, whether we are tired or not. It used to be thought that the prime requisite of rest was the use of faculties other than those involved in the labor of the day. But there is such a thing as fatigue which goes deeper than daily work. We can work so hard as to become exhausted—too exhausted for any kind of work. Perhaps this is will fatigue. It is coming to be regarded as fundamentally true that rest from such fatigue demands continuity; that, for example, four periods of fifteen minutes each of rest is not the equivalent of one hour's rest; that a man who goes on a vacation and takes half an hour of his business work every day is doing the same thing as the man who had a horse with a sore back. He kept the saddle on only a few minutes each day, but the sore did not have a chance to heal. Rest periods must be sufficiently consecutive to overcome consecutive fatigue.—Luther H. Gulick in North American Review.

**Cheerfulness and Cholera.**

A cheerful disposition is held by some doctors to be the best protection against cholera. When this disease first visited Paris in 1832 a notice was issued advising the inhabitants "to avoid as far as possible all occasions of melancholy and all painful emotions and to seek plenty of distractions and amusements. Those with a bright and happy temperament are not likely to be stricken down." This advice was largely followed, and even when cholera was claiming over a thousand weekly victims the theaters and cafes were thronged. The epidemic was in some quarters treated as a huge joke, and plays and songs were written around it. Rochefort wrote a play, "Le Cholera Morbus," which proved a big success, and another production on the same lines, "Paris-malade," also had a long run.—London Chronicle.

**Ether Toppers.**

Ether is consumed by gallons to get drunk on in a small part of Scotland. The origin of this peculiar and limited abuse is strange. In 1848 a bad epidemic of cholera broke out in Glasgow. Among those flying from it were some who came back to Draperstown, their native place. With them they brought a cholera mixture which they found "exceeding comforting." A rascally doctor, knowing that the comfort proceeded from ether, laid in a whole cask. He made his fortune and started the habit that lasts till yet. Ether is sold over counters in Scotland, the penny a drink. An old ether toper can drink two or three ounces a day, but one-half ounce is one big dram in water. The drinker gets hilarious in a minute. It is far wilder and more dangerous than alcohol.

**How Tortoise Shell is Worked.**

The soldering of two pieces of tortoise shell together is effected by means of hot pinchers, which, while they compress, soften the opposed edge of each piece and amalgamate them into one. Even the raspings and powder produced by the file, mixed with small fragments, are put into molds and subjected to the action of boiling water and thus made into plates of the desired thickness or into various articles which appear to have been cut out of a solid block.

**Inconsistent.**

A man who took his infant daughter to be baptized told the clergyman to call her Venus.  
 "But I refuse to call her Venus," said the clergyman indignantly. "Venus is the name of a pagan goddess."  
 "Well, how about your own girl, Diana?" said the man.

**Hair Raising.**

Husband—I feel in the mood for reading something sensational and startling—something that will fairly make my hair stand on end. Wife—Well, here is my last dressmaker's bill.

**Her Career.**

"Well, has your college daughter decided upon her career?"  
 "Yes; he has blue eyes, brown hair and works in a hardware store."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Carries On.**

Woggs—So young Saphed and his father are carrying on the business?  
 Boggs—Yes. The old man does the business, while young Saphed does the carrying on.—Puck.

We talk little if we do not talk about ourselves.—Hazlitt.

**The Ancient Use of a Kiss.**

A Roman woman in the ancient time was not allowed to drink wine except it were simple raisin wine, and however she might relish strong drinks she could not indulge even by stealth—first, because she was never intrusted with the key of the wine cellar and, second, because she was obliged daily to greet with a kiss all her own as well as her husband's male representatives, down even to second cousins, and as she knew not when or where she might meet them she was forced to be wary and abstain altogether, for had she tasted but a drop the smell would have betrayed her. So strict were the old Romans in this respect that a certain Ignatius Mercurius is said to have slain his wife because he caught her at the wine cask—a punishment which was not deemed excessive by Romulus, who absolved the husband of the crime of murder. Another Roman lady who under the pretense of taking a little wine for her stomach's sake and frequent infirmities indulged somewhat too freely was mulcted to the full amount of her dowry.

**Among the Honors.**

One of the last times that Bishop Burgess of Long Island dined out was at the Press club, where the waiters are all negroes. The head waiter bowed Bishop Burgess and his host profusely to their places. "This way, admiral," said he. "Tek this table. You get a better view of the harbor heah, admiral."  
 "I am not an admiral," said Bishop Burgess, smiling.  
 "My mistek, suh," said the head waiter. "Ah mout er known all the time I was er talkin' to a military man. You like dis table, colonel?"  
 "I am not a colonel," said Bishop Burgess, smiling more broadly. "I am a bishop."  
 "To be suah, suh," said the head waiter. "To-o be suah! Ve'y sorry for mah mistek, suh. I got dem titles of admiral and colonel wrong, suh, but Ah was all right on de main issue. Ah knowed soon as Ah saw you dat you was one of de face cards of your profession, suh."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

**Purely Hypothetical.**

"Uncle Henry, I want to ask you advice."  
 "Well?"  
 "But you mustn't mention it to a living soul. Suppose you were a young girl of my age and three men had proposed to you, one of them a young preacher, fine looking and well educated, the second one a handsome young man in business, swell dresser and thinking the world of you, and the third a rich foreigner with a distinguished air about him and well spoken of by everybody. Which of the three do you think would make the best husband?"  
 "Why, Annabel, child, consult your own heart. Which of the three do you love best?"  
 "Mercy, Uncle Henry! Nobody's proposed to me yet. I'm only trying to get pointers, so I'll know the right man when he comes along."—Chicago Tribune.

**The Preparation of Parchment.**

Parchment is the skin of sheep or other animals prepared in sheets to render them fit for being written upon. The heavier parchment, used for drumheads, is made from the skins of asses, older calves, wolves and goats. All these are similarly prepared. The skin, being freed from the hair, is placed in a lime pit to cleanse it from fat. The pelt is then stretched upon a frame, care being taken that the surface is free from wrinkles. The flesh is pared off with a circular knife, after which it is moistened, and whitening spread over it. Then the workman, with a large pumice stone, rubs the skin. He next goes over it with an iron instrument and rubs it carefully with pumice stone without chalk. Finally the skin is gradually dried, tightening being occasionally required.

**A Fast Express.**

The slow train is still the target for the shafts of the humorist. Recently an English wag sent the following letter to the editor of his local paper: "Sir, is there no way to put a stop to begging along the line of the railway? For instance, yesterday an aged mendicant with a wooden leg kept pace with the afternoon express all the way from Blankton to Spaceley and annoyed the passengers exceedingly, going from one open window to another with his importunate solicitations."

**Prince Henry, the Navigator.**

The kingdom of Portugal counted in its royal house one of the men who hold first rank in scientific attainment and practical application. He was the son of John I. of Portugal and Queen Philippa (who was an English princess); he spent his life in sending out ships on voyages of discovery, and it was through this Prince Henry, called "the Navigator," that Columbus got his idea of seeking for a new land across the sea.

**Our Friendships.**

Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere and eternal—of one web with the laws of morals and of nature.—Goethe.

**Nature's Ways.**

Nature turns over a new leaf in the spring, but in the fall she always paints things red.—Philadelphia Record.

Diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck.—Smiles.

Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.—Cicero.

**POSTAL DEFICIT REDUCED.**

**POSTMASTER GENERAL SUBMITS REPORT TO CONGRESS.**

Saving of Eleven and a Half Millions Made over Previous Year's Figures, Notwithstanding Considerable Extension of Service, Says Mr. Hitchcock.

Washington, Dec. 13.—In the space of twelve months a reduction has been made in the deficit of the post-office department of \$11,500,000, according to the annual report of Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock.

While a year ago the fiscal records of the postal service disclosed a deficit of \$17,500,000, the largest in the history of the country, the excess of expenditures over receipts for the year ended June 30 last amounted to only \$5,848,566. In commenting upon this reduction Postmaster General Hitchcock says in his report:

"It is most gratifying to report that this unprecedented reduction has been made without any curtailment of postal facilities. On the contrary, the service has been largely extended.

"The policy of the present administration has been to wipe out losses by increasing the postal business along profitable lines, and while thus enlarging the department's income to reduce as far as possible the rate of expenditure by cutting out wasteful processes, by simplifying and rendering more effective the methods of handling postal business, and by raising to the highest possible standard the efficiency of officers and employees.

"The more quickly mail matter can be handled the less expensive is the process. The department, accordingly, has devoted itself with great earnestness to the work of increasing the efficiency of the mail service, considering this the surest method of making the postal establishment self-supporting."

Better it is to be envied than pitied.—Herodotus.



**Bath Robes**

Any man would appreciate a bath robe.

There's a world of comfort in them. He generally says, however, "Oh well, I'll wait. Some one will give me one for Christmas."

BLANKET ROBES, THAT CAN BE USED FOR DRESSING GOWNS OR ANY SORT OF LOAF.

\$6, \$7, to \$8.50

With Slippers to Match.

To complete the Comfort of the Home, see that He has a Bath Robe.

**The D. J. CHANDLER CO.**

PHONE 166 SUMTER, S. C.

**Holiday Goods!**

Our line is larger and better this year than ever before

- Toilet Sets to - - - \$40.00
  - Candy, in fancy boxes & baskets to 15.00
  - Hand Bags to - - - 10.00
  - Perfumes, in cut glass bottles, to 5.00
  - Hudnut's Toilet Water, in Fancy Boxes, - - - 75c & 1.40
- Many other things to select from.

**Sibert's Drug Store,**  
 W. W. SIBERT  
 Phone 283. 8 S. Main St.

The clean skin and the goodness within are the best precautions to take to insure good health and happy living—disease and the devil desert you.

We must laugh before we are happy, or else we may die before we ever laugh at all.—La Bruyere.

Habert Latham, the aviator, says that he is going to hunt big game from an aeroplane. Will nothing make the Colonel talk?—Washington Herald.

Secretary Ballenger was completely exonerated in the report by the committee appointed to investigate the Puffer-Pinchot controversy, said report being adopted by the Republican majority of the committee over the protest of the Democrats and one insurgent Republican.

The parcels post, if established, will be the handmaiden of mail order and department stores.—Racine (Wis.) Journal.

Probably there is nothing more certain than that the young man who tells it that he has "accepted a position" is in a fair way to lose his job.—Dallas (Texas) News.

The Republican House will have eight weeks in which to do business. It ought to get something started in eight weeks, whether it is finished or not.—Rochester Herald.

Without tact you can learn nothing.—Disraeli.