THE LEGISLATURE.

THE BEGINNING OF A VERY IMPORTANT SESSION.

No Time Lost in Organizing the Senate and the House—All the Incumbent Officers Re-elected- Synopsis of the Proceedings.

COLUMBIA, S. C., December 1.—The first week of the Session of 1888 has passed without any event of importance in the Legislative halls. There is usually not much done the first week. It takes Tuesday and Wednesday to start the business on. Then comes Thanksgiving Day. On Friday and Saturday many measures are introduced, but none are acted upon—owing to the absence of reports from the committees. Below will be found a synopsis of the proceedings:

Senate.

This body met promptly at 12, m., being called to order by President Mauldin, who made no remarks except the simple announcement of the Senate's readiness for organization. The roll of Senators was called and answered to their names except Messrs. Alexander, of Kershaw, Buist, of Charleston, Howell, of Colleton, and Kennedy, of Chesterfield. Senators Buist and Howell appeared later.

The next step in the work of organization was the swearing in of the new Senators. These were seventeen in number and were all present. They ranged themselves in a semi-circle around the President's desk and took the official oath and the anti-dueling oath. They were as follows: Bell of Aiken, Mason of Oconee, Wilson of York, Ferguson of Laurens, Verdier of Beaufort, Pope of Newberry, Ready of Edgefield, Smith of Spartanburg, Dozier of Georgetown, Meetze of Lexington, Sojourner of Barnwell, Smythe of Charleston, Moody of Marion, Izlar of Orangeburg, Woodward of Fairfield, Donaldson, of Greenville, and Smith of Horry. Messrs. Mason, Wilson, Ferguson, Verdier, Pope, Ready, Smith of Spartanburg, Dozier, Meetze, Sojourner and Donaldson are really the new Senators. The other six are their own successors.

The election of a President pro tempore followed. Senator Smythe nominated Senator Izlar, who has held the office for a number of years, and he was unanimously elected, 28 votes being cast.

After he had taken the oath of office Senator Murray nominated for clerk the efficient officer of the last session, ex-Senator H. A. Gaillard. Senator Woodward seconded the nomination. Mr. Gaillard was unanimously elected clerk, receiving 31 votes, and was sworn in.

For sergeant-at-arms Senator Pope nominated Mr. J. D. Smith, of Newberry, a one-armed Confederate veteran. Senator Edwards nominated the sergeant-at-arms of the last session, Mr. L. B. Marshall, of Columbia, also a one-armed Confederate soldier. Senator Meetze nominated Mr. F. C. Caughman, of Lexington.

On the first ballot Marshall received 16 votes, Smith 14 and Caughman 3. There was no election, none of the candidates receiving a majority. Mr. Caughman was withdrawn and on the second ballot Mr. Marshall was elected, receiving 17 votes against 16 for Mr. Smith. It was a closer contest than one often sees. Mr. Marshall was sworn in.

For reading clerk, Senator Izlar nominated Col. A. D. Goodwyn, who has held the position for many sessions, and he was unanimously elected, receiving 32 votes.

The standing committees were appointed by the President.

The Governor's Annual Message was read, and referred to various committees.

Several bills have already been introduced—mostly of private or limited interest.

Senator Pope, of Newberry, has introduced the following:

A Bill to establish and maintain a Home for disabled soldiers and seamen of the Confederate States, and army and navy, residing in this State, and for the government of the same.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

Section 1. That a Home for disabled soldiers and seamen of the Confederate Army and Navy, residing in this State shall be established in or near the City of Columbia, South Carolina, when the citizens of Columbia shall donate at least twenty-five acres of ground upon which to establish said Home.

Section 2. That Wade Hampton, J. B. Kershaw, M. C. Butler, Johnson Hagood, John D. Kennedy, John Bratton, Samuel McGowan, Milledge L. Bonham, Ellison Capers, Alexander C. Haskell, Thomas J. Lipscomb, Edward McCrady, Jr., John C. Haskell, William H. Brawley, and John L. Irby, and their successors, together with the Governor of the State and the adjutant and inspector general, who shall be members ex-officio, shall constitute the board of governors of said Home. [Here follows provisions for the Board's meetings, procedure, etc.]

Section 3 appropriates $25,000 for the erection of necessary buildings, so soon as the land shall have been duly donated as provided in Section 1. An appropriation of $25,000 annually is provided for the maintenance of the institution.

Senator Pope at the same time introduced a bill to repeal the existing law giving pensions to disabled soldiers and the widows of deceased soldiers. The consideration of these two measures will bring up the whole question of the State's provision for her disabled veterans, and the discussion promises to be of unusual interest.

House of Representatives.

At 12 M., precisely, Clerk Sloan, by a rap of the gavel, formally opened the session of 1888–9, and immediately thereafter Mr. Brawley, of Charleston, nominated Mr. James Aldrich, of Aiken, as Speaker pro tem, and that gentleman was unanimously chosen to fill that position and proceeded in impressive manner to administer the oath of office to the members-elect, after which nominations for Speaker were declared to be in order.

Mr. Harrison, of Greenville, nominated W. C. Benet, of Abbeville. He made no speech, simply saying that Mr. Benet was too well known to need eulogium.

Mr. J. Frank Wilson, of Sumter, nominated James Simons, of Charleston, and referred in highly complimentary terms to his peculiar adaptability for the position, his long familiarity with legislation, his wonderful knowledge of parliamentary rules, business-like methods in the dispatch of business and strict impartiality in the past discharge of the important duties of the speakership.

As Mr. Wilson took his seat Mr. Benet rose and begged to decline the nomination and seconded the nomination of Mr. Simons.

On the call of the roll 112 votes were cast, Mr. Simons receiving every one, and, on motion of Mr. C. J. C. Hutson, that gentleman's election was at once announced to him, and he was escorted to the Speaker's seat by Messrs. Hutson, Wilson and Cleveland, where he met with an eloquent welcome from the Speaker pro tem, one which evidently expressed the sense of the members of the House.

Speaker Simons spoke feelingly in response, and said that he was indeed deeply grateful to his brother members for this renewed expression of their confidence, having already occupied the chair, and fully conscious of his intent to discharge its duties faithfully, industriously and with absolute impartiality, he accepted his re-election as a gratifying indication that his efforts had not been in vain. He closed with a tribute to the intelligence and patriotism of the Legislature of South Carolina, and invoked the co-operation of members in the prompt dispatch of business.

The work of organization then went on until completed by the re-election of the old officers of the House. Clerk Sloan was nominated by Col. McKissick, who facetiously remarked that he was one with whom some of the members were acquainted. Sergeant-at-Arms Browne was nominated by Judge Maher, and his nomination seconded by Messrs. Raysor and O'Brien. He had an opponent in the person of Mr. B. H. James, of Fairfield, who was placed in nomination by Mr. Buchanan. Mr. James received 17 votes, Browne 94. Mr. Raysor nominated Mr. R. M. Anderson for re-election as reading clerk, and his unanimous choice by the House completed the work of organization, and the customary messages were sent to the Senate and to the Governor.

Messrs. Childs, Abney and Adams, of Richland, were appointed as a committee to arrange for daily prayers on the opening of the House, the first named gentleman of the committee having offered a resolution to that effect.

The Governor's Annual Message was received, read and made the special order for Monday, the 3d inst.

Some debate arose upon Gen. McCrady's motion to change the rule as to the seating of members, so that the different delegations shall not sit each to themselves, but shall be scattered. The amendment was defeated by a decisive vote.

A new committee, to be known as the Committee on Public Schools, was added to the present list; and the membership of the Committee on Enrolled Acts was increased by the addition of two members.

A number of new bills were introduced in the House—mostly of local or limited interest. Gen. McCrady has introduced a bill to regulate political primaries and punish frauds therein. (Senator Buist of Charleston, has offered a similar measure in the Senate.

JOINT ASSEMBLY.

The two houses met in joint assembly on yesterday, to receive the returns of the vote for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. John Peter Richardson was declared elected Governor and William L. Mauldin, Lieutenant-Governor.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Both Houses adjourned from Wednesday afternoon till Friday noon—Thursday being Thanksgiving Day. Most of the legislators and attaches went over to Augusta to take in Carolina Day at the Exposition. They returned the same night, after spending a most enjoyable time. The trip was made in a special train tendered by the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad Company.

SLAUGHTER OF FOWLS.

A Difference Between Amateur and Professional Work—The Chicago Way.

Killing a chicken is a feat that few men care to undertake a second time. It is not half so easy as it looks. A man without experience may approach his victim confidently, seize it by the neck with a vise-like grip and swing it round his head and shoulders until he is tired or until poor "chick" ceases to flop her wings or wriggle her feet, and the chances are that the half strangled bird will go cavorting all over the back yard the instant it is laid on the ground. Its slayer, tired and sweaty and covered with dust and feathers, chases it around a circle, and finally, after a number of desperate plunges, regains his grip on the limp but unbroken neck.

"Take the ax and cut its head off, John," suggests his wife, who has been an interested but silent spectator of the attempted slaughter. John acts upon the advice with a promptness that proves that he knows a good thing. The ax is procured, and again the wriggling bird is imprisoned. John carries it in triumph over to a block of wood, lays its neck out as evenly as the muscular contortions of its body and legs will permit, and then raises the keen blade for the fatal blow. It descends with unerring aim, and the severed head rolls off the block. But before John has time to congratulate himself on the success of his expedient the head gives one flutter that is its last, and a tiny stream of blood hardly bigger than a darning needle spurts from the gaping wound like a geyser, and stains his white shirt front a deep red. Then he vows in language that will hardly bear reproduction that he has killed his last chicken. If the victim is an aged and tough hen with a steel spring neck and extraordinary vitality the work of slaughter is even more difficult. This is the way a man kills a chicken intended for his own table.

Down in South Water street there are fourteen chicken slaughter houses that turn out an average of about thirty thousand dead birds every twenty-four hours. The process is simpler and more rapid. There is an institution near the corner of Clark street which alone is ready to kill off the feathered tribe at the rate of 10,000 a day if the consumption of chicken meat warrants the wholesale slaughter. The chickens are brought to the place by thousands and turned loose in immense coops that occupy whole floors, and there they crow and cluck and eat corn until the remorseless hand of the professional butcher closes on their necks. When this happens there is no time for another crow. The needle-like point of the keen knife that the butcher carries in his right hand is deftly inserted behind the victim's ear, and the next instant its lifeless body is shooting through a spout that leads to the floor where the "plumping" room is located. It is all done in the briefest part of a second, as will be more readily understood when it is stated that this butcher, single handed and alone, can stab 10,000 chickens in a day of ten hours. It does not make any difference to him whether the victim is a spring chicken or a full fledged hen. One falls as easily before the plunge of his knife as the other.

But it is in the "plumping" room that the hen has a chance to exhibit its vitality. In one corner of this apartment, which is always half filled with wet feathers, is a big iron tank full of boiling water. Into this the bodies of the birds are thrown as fast as they fall from the butcher's spout, and after they have been there half a minute they are hauled out by the legs and stripped of their feathers. This process requires but two sweeps of a hamlike hand, and the bird, denuded, is flung into a cooling box. From there they go downstairs to another cooler, and then they are packed for shipment.—Chicago Herald.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who died in England on Monday, was the wife of the Duke of Sutherland, who is now in this country on his way to Florida to spend the winter. The Duke is accompanied by Mrs. Blair, on whose account the Duchess was separated from him some years ago.

It is rumored that Miss Daisy Hampton, daughter of the South Carolina Senator, is writing a novel to be entitled "Slave Days in Dixie," which will appear in the early spring, bearing the well known imprint of Harper Bros.

North Carolina Democrats claim that one hundred colored women solved the sex problem in Pitt county election day by dressing in men's clothes, going to the polls and voting the Republican ticket.

Honesty is best policy, but policy not always best honesty.

The loss of "a long light colored lady's pocket-book" was one of the humors of advertising found in a Providence paper recently.

TRADE IN DOG-SKINS.

An Important Item in the Export Business of China.

Mr. Edgar, the Commissioner of Customs at Newchwang, in Mantchuria, in the last Chinese Customs Yellowbook, referring to the trade from that port in robes and mats made of the skins of dogs and goats, says it is generally supposed that dogs are picked up promiscuously wherever they may be found straying, destroyed, and their skins sold to dealers. This, however, is not the case, for, although the business may have had its origin in this way, it is now as systematically carried on as sheep-farming. There are thousands of small dog and goat-farms dotted over Mantchuria and the eastern borders of Mongolia, where from a score to some hundreds of dogs are annually reared on each farm, and where they constitute a regular source of wealth. A bride, for instance, will receive as dowry a number of dogs proportionate to the means of her father. It is probable, says Mr. Edgar, that in no other part of the world are there to be found such splendid dogskins for size, length of hair, and quality, the extreme cold of these latitudes, where the thermometer registers 30 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, developing a magnificent coat. It is difficult to understand how the dog-farmer can afford with profit to rear the animals when the price of the robe is taken into consideration. For one full-sized robe, say 80 inches by 86 inches, at least eight animals are required. Putting the price realized at $3.60 for a robe, this would only allow about 45 cents per skin, including the selection, for the skins must match in color and length of hair, and cost of sewing. The animals are generally strangled in mid-winter, but not before they are eight months old, and then the skins taken in a frozen condition principally to Mukden and Chinchow, where they are cured, assorted, and made into robes, mats, etc. Last year the robes are said to have been decidedly inferior in quality. The reason given is that orders went forward too late, and the farmers, waiting till they had news of some demand, kept the animals alive until their winter coats began to fall off. The value of the trade from Newchang last year was about £40,000, against nearly £60,000 the previous year. The decline was due to depreciation in value and a decreased demand from the United States.—*London Times.*

STEAM VERSUS MUSCLE.

The Immense Gains in Force of the Men of the Present Time.

What science and invention is doing for the human race was tersely and plainly presented. Note the following illustration:

Compare a galley, a vessel propeled by oars, with the modern Atlantic liner, and first let us assume that prime movers are non-existent and that the vessel is to be propeled galley fashion. Take her length as some 600 feet, and assume that place be found for as many as 400 oars on each side, each oar worked by three men, or 2,400 men; and allow that six men under these conditions could develop work equal to one-horse power; we should have 400-horse power. Double the number of men and we should have 800-horse power, with 4,800 men at work, and at least the same number in reserve, if the journey is to be carried on continuously. Contrast the puny result thus obtained with the 19,500 horse-power given forth by a large prime mover of the present day, such a power requiring, on the above mode of calculation, 117,000 men at work and 117,000 men in reserve; and these to be carried in a vessel less than 600 feet in length. Even if it were possible to carry this number of men in such a vessel, by no conceivable means could their power be utilized so as to impart to it a speed of twenty knots an hour, weighing as it would some 10,500 tons gross.

Prime motors can do what human muscle can never accomplish. Take a railway locomotive—500 horse-power developed in a wagon which does not occupy fifty square yards of space, and that flies at the rate of sixty miles an hour with its heavy train! How weak and puny human muscle toward attaining such results!—*Sir Fred. Bramwell to the British Association.*

A Spider That Was a Spider.

A correspondent of the Calcutta *Englishman* sends a description of an enormous spider which was killed in a house. The creature was found clinging to a door curtain, and when alarmed emitted a grating sound, but whether with its mandibles or with its feet could not be ascertained. It showed no disposition to run away, or even to move from the spot where it was till it was thrown down, when it was killed with a blow of a stick. It is quite two inches in length and half an inch in breadth, and the two segments of the body are equal in size. It is distinctly short legged for a spider, but the eight legs are very strong and heavy. The body, too, is covered with fine short hair, and is all of a dark-brown color. The two fangs are like a sparrow's claws, and exceedingly sharp, and if stretched out straight would, with the fleshy part, measure nearly half an inch each. I find it difficult to convey an adequate impression of the terrible and formidable appearance of the monster. The common large running spider, to be found in every house in Calcutta, unhesitatingly tackles and destroys the largest cockroach. Judged by this standard this spider ought to make its prey of a small bird or mouse.

Hanged at Aiken.

AIKEN, Nov. 30.—James Woods, colored, was hanged today for a murder he committed on the 8th of last July by shooting Robert Ollie. When taken to the gallows he was asked if he wished to say any thing. He replied: "No, I have nothing to say, but please kill me just as quick as you can!" At half-past 12 he was swung off, and after hanging for twenty minutes the body was cut down.

The newest thing in dinner favors is a jewelled dagger, not a papier-mache affair, nor yet a stage weapon, but a keen-bladed dagger, which if your neighbor at dinner be not to your liking, or prove tiresome in conversation, you may use upon him with speedy and fatal effect. In the meantime, no murderous tendency taking possession of you, you are expected to use this weapon to cut up your meat. The fashion is an expensive one, because it is important that the hilt be jewelled.

She had auburn hair, and he wanted to say something very cutting, so he observed "In some parts of the West, I believe, they light the streets with red-headed girls." "Humph! That never would do in your town," answered the girl. "Why not?" asked the young fellow. "Why, you'd be hugging the lamp-posts all day, as well as half the night," was the crushing reply.

Cattle are now slaughtered by electricity in Russia.

FULL OF FUN.

—Dreams go by contraries. But this is something a fellow never can seem to remember when he is asleep. —*Burlington Free Press.*

—"I received two orders to-day—one for a full morocco, the other to get out," wrote a book canvasser to a firm of publishers employing him.

—"You have heard a cat purr, I suppose?" asked the Judge. "Yes," replied the Major. "But, outside of poetry, you never heard a Cowper."

—Sweet Girl—"Mercy! It's ten o'clock. Has time ever passed so quickly with you as it does now? Devoted Lover (a traveling salesman)—"Never, except at a railroad dining station."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—"I'm so sorry you spilt the ink," said the poet's wife. "Has it gone over your poem?" "No, confound it!" returned the poet, sadly, "it went over my postage stamps."—*Life.*

—Masher—"My dear Miss Rustic, you have the most blooming cheek I have ever seen. Let me congratulate you." Miss Rustic—"Well, you have the most blooming cheek I have ever seen, but I can't congratulate you on the fact."—*London Punch.*

—Miss Clara—"Yes, I enjoyed the opera last evening very much, Ethel, and afterwards, the supper at Delmonico's. Mr. Featherly is a delightful escort." Miss Ethel (a bosom friend)—"Do you know, Clara, I think you would make a very skillful violin player." Miss Clara—"Why?" Miss Ethel—"You have such a natural aptitude for working a beau."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

—Looking out of the window into a rainstorm, little Willie inquired: "Mamma, where does all the rain come from?" "From the heavens." "And do people drink all that water?" continued the little fellow. "Yes," was the reply. "Well," rejoined the small wit, "I should think it would be very unhealthy to drink, there are so many dead people up there!"—*Boston Budget.*

—Guest (registering, to Hotel Clerk)—"I am Editor Styggles, of the Buckville *Gazette*, but I haven't—er—any baggage with me." Clerk (hospitably)—"Glad to see you, editor; that won't make the slightest difference." Guest—"My not having any baggage?" "No, your being Editor Styggles, of the Buckville *Gazette*. Two dollars, please."—*Epoch.*

—Briefless (entering the office of a fellow-disciple of Coke and Blackstone)—"How goes it with you, Quibble? It's as dull as ditch-water with me; I'm not making a cent!" Quibble—"Same here. Nary client." Briefless—"Suppose we go into partnership? We might make a more respectable appearance as a firm." Quibble (forgetting above mutual admissions)—"H'm! I don't know about that. You see that scheme would divide profits and double expenses."—*Judge.*

—Customer—"That was splendid insect powder you sold me the other day, Mr. Oilman." Mr. Oilman (with justifiable pride)—"Yes, I think it's pretty good—the best in the trade." Customer—"I'll take another couple of pounds of it, please." Mr. Oilman—"Two pounds?" Customer—"Yes, please. I gave the quarter of a pound that I bought before to a black beetle, and it made him so ill that I think if I keep up the treatment for about a week I may manage to kill him."—*Fun.*

SAW THE CONNECTION.

Adventures of a Man Who Had No Squash in His Eyes.

"Is that check good for any thing?" asked a passenger off the Lake Shore road of the policeman at the Detroit & Milwaukee depot yesterday.

"No, sir," replied the officer, after an inspection. "That's a confidence man's check. How much did you let him have?"

"Thirty dollars."

"Well, you have been swindled. Didn't you ever read of their games?"

"Lots of times."

"And you were roped in?"

"Yes."

"I can't help you any."

"I don't want you to. I want you to look at this."

He handed the officer a parcel which, upon being opened, was found to contain a large bunch of human hair which had been pulled out by the roots, together with a piece of a man's ear

"And count this," added the man, as he held out a roll of money.

"Here are seventy dollars, and what does it all mean?" asked the officer.

"I'm the man that was swindled. This truck belonged to the chap who thought he had caught a sucker. See the connection? Closely observe my left eye. See any squash in there? Feel of my head. Any soft spots anywhere around? Tra-la, old boy, and tell 'em not to weep for yours truly!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Evidence of Insanity.

"Mr. Yoder, your daughter Irene has given me her permission to ask of you her hand in marriage; but before I ask for your formal consent you will pardon me if I make the inquiry, as it is a matter of lifelong consequence to me, whether or not there have ever been any indications of insanity, so far as you know, in your family?"

"You say Irene has accepted you, Mr. Hankinson?"

"I am happy to say she has."

"Then, sir," said the old man, shaking his hand dejectedly, "it is my duty, as her father, to tell you that I think Irene is showing decided indications of insanity.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Accident at Ashepoo Crossing.

An inquest was held by Coroner DeVeaux yesterday morning on the body of Silvia Ann Murray, who was accidentally killed at the Ashepoo Crossing, on the Northeastern Railroad, on Thursday morning. The conductor of the train and also the engineer were present at the inquest and testified that the woman had ample time to get off the track, and did not do so. The jury of inquest returned a verdict that Silvia Murray came to her death by engine No. 21, train No. 52, on the Northeastern Railroad, while trying to cross the track of the said railroad at the Ashepoo Crossing.—News and Courier.

The Steamer Nacoochee.

BEAUFORT, N. C., November 30.—The steamer Nacoochee, from Savannah for New York, before reported ashore at Point Lookout, lies easy. Over 1,200 boxes of oranges have been thrown overboard. A wrecking steamer has arrived, and lighters are coming to take the cargo. Everything is favorable. The steamer is not damaged.

Principal—What part of speech is "kiss?" Chorus of Graded School Girls—A conjunction.

Almost everybody seems to be engaged in making a cabinet for General Harrison except General Harrison himself.

There is no doubt about the fur, feather and other kinds of boa holding its own throughout the winter season.

MANAGING CHILDREN.

Why They Should at All Times Be Given Something to Do.

An important point in managing children is to always have ready something for the little hands to do at those times which come quite often on rainy and other days when, tired of play, they listlessly gaze through the window or wander aimlessly about, not knowing what to do with themselves. Children at such times are a great trial to the busy and often nervous people of the house, and are quite likely to be scolded, though such a course is so unwise and unjust that it can lead only to the worst results in the child's future. Calm and reproving words, kindly spoken, are necessary with all bright children and are usually very effective, but words uttered in a sharp, scolding tone must in most cases work an injury to the child's disposition. It is all the more sad, because the matter could be so easily managed by a very little attention on the mother's part.

How often we hear mothers or older sisters say to some little child who is full of desire to do right if it only knew how: "Do get something to do; how lazy you are; I never saw such a good-for-nothing child. I am sure I don't know what is to become of you," and a great deal more of such talk, which, alas, most people have heard too often. The child at such times is not in fault. It is the mother's duty to see that suitable work is always ready, and she should require the child to do a moderate task for which she should not be afraid to give a due measure of praise after it is done. Always be careful to see that the child is not kept too long at one task as such a course would be worse than idleness.

It is worthy of note that the work given to a child has a great influence in molding the mind and taste. A child kept always at knitting stockings or cutting carpet-rags will be very practical, perhaps too much so. A wise mother will have a variety of work, both useful and ornamental. Some parents think it useless to teach boys to sew or knit. It is not, however, for there are many times in a boy's life when such knowledge may be useful. I have often observed that many college boys could mend their own clothes while they were quite up in their classes. I think the subject should be thoughtfully considered by parents, seeing to it that time should never hang on their children's hands for want of something to do.—*American Agriculturist.*

LAWYER AND JUDGE.

An Old-Time Missouri Attorney Who Was Not Easily Put Down.

Mr. Peyton R. Hayden was in his time one of the prominent lawyers of Missouri; but he seldom read any thing outside of his profession, and was laughably ignorant of history and geography. Once, in cross-examining a witness, he said: "State, if you please, to what nationality you belong."

"I am a Dane, sir," answered the witness.

"You are a Dane, are you? Now, will you be so kind as to tell us when you left Dane?"

"I never left Dane, sir; I left Denmark."

Every one in the room laughed, and the cross-examination came to a sudden end.

Mr. Hayden was not always so easily put down, however. He seldom used the terms plaintiff and defendant, but spoke of the parties by name. One day he was pleading the case of a Mr. Jones, and as he went on repeated the name again and again. Finally the judge interrupted him.

"Mr. Hayden, will you do me a favor"

"Certainly, your Honor, with pleasure."

"I thought," said the judge, hesitatingly, "if you have no objection, you might be willing to tell me the *name* of your client."

A general roar greeted this sally, but Mr. Hayden at once replied: "Of course, sir; my client's name is William Jones, sir. He lives down on the Moro, sir, just below Jefferson City, sir. His name is William Jones, sir."

"I thank you," said the judge; "proceed with your argument."

Mr. Hayden proceeded, and taking up a certain point, went over it and over it, till the judge again grew impatient.

"I wish to know, Mr. Hayden, if you will do me another favor."

"Certainly, sir."

"Then I wish to know whether you don't think that when a lawyer has said the same thing one hundred and fifty times it would be well for him to move on?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Hayden; "I don't think any such thing, and I will tell you why. I suppose, sir, that if I had mentioned the name of my client once, I had done so a hundred and fifty times; but after all, your Honor, sir, forgot his name, and was obliged to ask me what it was. So, now, my plan is not only to say a thing, but to rub it in if I can."—*Youth's Companion.*

Debtor and Creditor.

Bobley (as his friend rushes past)—Good gwacious, Tom! What's your hurry?

Wiggins—Don't stop me, please. I'm going down town to settle a bill.

Bobley (stupefied)—Running to settle a bill? Impossible!

Wiggins—Yaas, dear boy; I owe Charley Grafton five dollars and he owes me ten, y' know. I want to settle! —*Judge.*

Fire Near St. Matthew's.

ST. MATTHEW'S, November 30.—The gin house of Mr. R. J. Manning, three miles north of here, was burned last night. Loss about $5,000. Cause supposed to be incendiary. No insurance.

The latest conundrum: Why is a widower like a baby? Because he cries for the first six months, begins to notice during the second six months, and it is hard work for him to get through the second summer.

Ambition sufficiently plagues her proselytes by keeping them always in show, like the statue in a public place.

Horseback riding has become a craze with the fashionable women of New York, and the liverymen are turning it to good account.

Let the girl of the period remember that the best thing for the complexion is cold water and plenty of exercise, with not a great deal of either tea or coffee, and abundant sleep.

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, stimulates the secretions, and imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. For nearly half a century it has remained unrivaled as the best blood medicine ever discovered. Be convinced by a trial.

PROFITS OF AUTHORS.

Literary Men Who Have Made Fortunes by the Labor of Their Pens.

It is often said that literature is not a profitable calling, and that a very large majority of those who have devoted themselves to it have found this saying to be true. There is little doubt that the average earnings in the law and medicine, and even in divinity are larger than in the profession of authorship. Yet, on the other hand, to a very limited few writers of genius or talents the writing of books has been a source not only of profit, but of fortune.

It is only a little more than a hundred years since Dr. Samuel Johnson taught his brother authors to look for their profits, not to the rich patrons who paid them a larger or less sum for fulsome dedications, but to the fast-increasing public of readers. Yet long before Dr. Johnson's time there lived, now and then, an English author whose work was well paid for.

While Milton received only $5 for "Paradise Lost," the poet Pope, not many years after, received no less than $40,000 for the far less laborious task of translating Homer. Similar inequalities of rewards to authors appear at a little later period.

Gay got $5,000 for a small volume of poems, $2,000 for his "Beggar's Opera" and $5,000 for his play of "Polly," while a far greater poet, Gray, only gained $2,000 for all his poems, and actually gave away his immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" to his publisher. The publisher made $5,000 on the poem.

Goldsmith, considering his genius, was very poorly paid. The "Vicar of Wakefield" brought him only $300, and his poem, the "Traveler," yielded only $105. Johnson himself had to be content with moderate rewards for his work, for "Rasselas," which was written in a single week in order to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral, brought him $500, while the "Lives of the Poets" only yielded $1,000.

It is interesting to note that now and then prose works brought substantial rewards in the last century, and early in the present. For his novel, "Amelia," Fielding received $5,000, and Hayley received for his "Life of Cowper" no less than $55,000. The life of the philanthropist, Wilberforce, brought its author $20,000.

As we approach more recent times we find yet larger sums pouring in upon the few popular authors who have succeeded in gaining a wide public hearing. For instance, Sir Walter Scott made, and, it is sad to say, squandered, a brilliant fortune, solely the labor of his pen. He is believed to have made out of his poems and novels as large a sum as $1,500,000. Yet he spoke of authorship as "a good walking-stick, but a very bad crutch!"

An eminent publisher offered Tom Moore $15,000 for a poem as long as Scott's "Rokeby," and the result was the production of his famous "Lalla Rookh." When Thomas Campbell was only twenty-one years of age he got $3,000 for his "Pleasures of Hope."

The English historians of the highest rank have fared well in a pecuniary sense, and the same may be said of the three or four leading American historians. Hume got $3,500 a volume for his "History of England," and Macauley received once a check for $100,000 on account of three-fourths of the profit on his history. Gibbon's receipts from the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" were probably not less than $50,000. Robertson's prosy "History of Scotland" brought him $30,000; and Lingard received $23,000 for his history.

Charles Dickens is believed to have made a yearly income of $50,000 by his novels. It is certain that he made, and by lavish living spent, several goodly fortunes.

Bulwer is said to have made $400,000 by his novels, and Disraeli, for "Endymion" alone, received $60,000.

Three or four American authors, who are still living, have made large fortunes by their books. Sometimes a single work—like the life of Grant and Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," and General Wallace's "Ben Hur"—has earned a fortune for its author.

These instances, however, are the rare exceptions. Fortunes come much more seldom to authors than to other workers in intellectual fields; nor should such cases as have been described delude young people into thinking that authorship is the pathway to wealth.—*Youth's Companion.*

Reviewing the Sermon.

Mrs. Smith—How did you like Dr. Pulpit's sermon last Sunday?

Mrs. Brown—I thought it was perfectly grand, didn't you?

"Yes. The way he pitched into people for talking about their neighbors did my heart and soul good. Did you notice how that contemptible, cross-eyed thing, Mrs. Bejones, colored up? And no wonder, for I'm sure—don't you breathe a word of it, though—that she is not one bit better than she ought to be. Why, her husband goes away and leaves her for weeks at a time. She says he's a traveling man. I'd like to know where he gets the money to travel on."

"And look at the way she dresses!"

"Oh, it's awful! She ought to be churched."

"That's just what I think."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The question is asked, why women always (with exceedingly rare exceptions) button from right to left, and men from left to right.

Can Your Boy Swim?

Can your boy swim? No? Then do not trust him in any sort of boat until he has learned the art, and feels as much at home in the water as upon dry land. You might just as well send him out alone into a crowded street before he had learned to walk. He might possibly creep along all right, and reach home alive, or somebody might pick him up and care for him, but the chances would not be in his favor. So in boating, the boy who cannot swim may get along very comfortably for a while, and not suffer from this defect in his education, but the time will assuredly come when he will have cause to bitterly regret it. It is one of the simplest things in the world, too, and can be learned in three or four intelligently directed lessons, such as can be had in any city swimming school or from the experts in any country village. By all means talk swim to your boy before you talk boat, and stipulate as one of the conditions of his having a boat that he shall first be able to swim a quarter of a mile without resting.—Harper's Young People.

Sighing for Union Square.

"The world is mine," exclaimed the tragedian, in "Monte Cristo," and the comedy man waiting for eight weeks' back salary, murmured faintly: "Cut me off a piece of New York, please."—The Idea.

"Talk is cheap." The lawyer's client doesn't think so.

A REQUEST.

WE trust the reader of this paper will glance over the testimony given below concerning Atlanta's great gift to suffering humanity, the Botanic Blood Balm. Sufferers should write to the Blood Balm Co., of Atlanta, Ga., for their illustrated "Book of Wonders," filled with additional true testimony of wonderful cures. At their office in Atlanta, the Blood Balm Co. will be happy to show seekers after truth thousands of letters in the original manuscript, received from happy persons made well by using B. B. B.

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

O. P. SHELL, Warrenton, N. C., writes: "My eyes gave me great trouble and when rubbed would inflame and become swollen. Two bottles of Botanic Blood Balm made a firm cure."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

MRS. BETTIE GRAVES, San Saba Texas, writes: "Our little daughter was afflicted with white scabs and dandruff and small sores on the front of her head. Botanic Blood Balm healed the sores, improved her general health, and she is now getting as fat as a pig."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

W. H. HENDERSON, Macon, Ga., writes: "I suffered six years from blood poison. Four bottles B. B. B. did me more good than all other medicines I have ever taken."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

DR. A. R. JAYNES & SON, Lutesville, Mo., writes: "We sell twelve bottles of B. B. B. to one of another blood purifier ten times as widely advertised."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

R. S. ELSON, Clover Bottom, Tenn., writes: "I had an ugly running sore on my leg. My daughter had a similar sore below her knee. B. B. B. cured us both. It is the only remedy that ever did her or me any good."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

H. L. CASSIDY, Kennesaw, Ga., writes: "My wife was a great sufferer from scrofula. Three bottles of B. B. B. has made her a perfectly healthy woman."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

A. H. PARKER, Willow City, Texas, writes: "I have taken B. B. B. for paralysis, and received great benefit."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

SAM M. LEEMAN, Ridgeway, Tex., writes: "I was afflicted with sores and boils all over my body; heard of Botanic Blood Balm, and gave it trial. Under its use the disease entirely disappeared."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

J. R. WILSON, Glen Alpine, N. C., writes: "My leg was amputated below the knee on account of blood poison and bone affection. A big running sore, four inches across, came on me after it was cut off. I was given up by the doctors but have got well by using Botanic Blood Balm, and also gained very much in weight."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

MRS. B. O. SHEPHERD, No. 302, East Main Street, Norfolk, Va., writes: "I received so much benefit from a use of B. B. B. It is a great medicine."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

W. SOUTHERLAND, Ky., writes: "I never found anything to do me so much good as Botanic Blood Balm."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

W. W. ALEXANDER, Madisonville, Ky., writes: "One bottle B. B. B. cured me of severe rheumatism."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

J. H. OTLAW, Mt. Olive, N. C., writes: "One bottle of B. B. B. entirely cured me of rheumatism."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

LEW JOHNSON, Belmont Station, Miss., writes: "My body, neck, face and ears and scalp, were all covered with sores, and my hair came out. I lost my appetite and was very feeble. I am using B. B. B. and the sores are all healing and going away."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

JOHN MATTINGLY, Louisville, Ky. writes: "I suffered from pains in back and severe kidney disease. All the medicine I had taken did me no good. I took one bottle of B. B. B. and have not had a pain since."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

M. E. ROBERTS, Bloomingdale, Ala., writes: "B. B. B. healed thirty-three running sores on my body, and I feel very grateful for the good it has done me."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

G. W. MESSER, Howell's X Roads, Ga., writes: "B. B. B. cured me of chronic sores that had troubled me for years, and which other remedies did no good."

B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B.

J. A. CAYCE, Pulaski, Tenn., writes. "I have used B. B. B. in my family and consider it a valuable blood purifier. (4)

PITTS CARMINATIVE!

FOR INFANTS AND

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An instant relief for colic of infants. Cures Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera Infantum or any diseases of the stomach and bowels. Makes the critical period of Teething safe and easy. Is a safe and pleasant tonic. For sale by all druggists, and for wholesale by HOWARD, WILLER & Co., Augusta, Ga

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The Republicans here are so ele the Presidential victory that they already made arrangements, not on apportioning out the Federal office have also put out a State ticket for A conference of the big wigs of the was held here