

Most Remarkable Woman in the State.

Mrs. Mary Caroline, widow of the late Dr. Franklin F. Gary, is now living at Abbeville with her son Judge Frank B. Gary. She is in her seventy-ninth year, enjoying good health, and in the possession of her mental faculties. She is now the oldest graduate of Limestone Female College, which college in its day was one of the two leading colleges in the south, and she is perhaps the only woman who has had the distinction of having her three sons to preside over the courts of South Carolina at the same time.

She is the mother of Chief Justice Eugene B. Gary, who was elected to the Supreme Bench 1892, and who was recently promoted to the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

She is also the mother of Judge Ernest Gary, who was in 1891, elected Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, and who is now in point of service the oldest judge in the State.

Her youngest son, Frank B. Gary, was in 1912, elected Judge of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, after having previously served a term in the United States Senate.

Mrs. Gary is the mother of one daughter, Mrs. Marie G. Eason, of Charleston, who is thought by many to be the most remarkable member of the family, and of whom Mrs. Gary is, if possible, more proud than she is of herself. In Mrs. Eason's children Mrs. Gary recalls the truthfulness of the scriptures when it says that "children's children are an old man's crown."

The sole object in writing this piece is to extend hearty congratulations to this most remarkable woman, who has lived to see proud results of her motherly training. It is our sincere hope that she may yet live many years to enjoy the good things of life which she so richly deserves.

The mother of Judges, she may well point to her children, as did the mother of the Gracchi and say, "these are my jewels."

Looks Like Roosevelt.

In a convention held in Chicago on the 10th, instant the Roosevelt forces set the ball in motion to secure the re-nomination of the ex-president. There were present in the convention, the governors of eight republican states and representatives of twenty-eight states in all.

If Mr. Roosevelt forgets his obligation to the President, and permits his own nomination, in order to stand a ghost of a chance of winning, he will have to cut loose from his old friends the stand pat element of the Republican party.

The ex-president is so elastic, however in the matter of promises, that the "old guard" would prefer him with a show of hostility to Taft, who seems to have been doing something in the way of trust busting.

Mr. Roosevelt will swear eternal allegiance to the cause of Progressive Republicans, he can win against any Democrat except Harmon.

That so large an element of the Republican party is willing to throw down President Taft, after one term of service, and from a Republican standpoint, of faithful service, shows the desperate straits to which the party leaders are driven. Not to renominate Mr. Taft would be as humiliating to the Republican leaders as to Mr. Taft himself. But the appeal to Roosevelt is a case of "save Mr. Cassius or I sink."

There is no doubt but that the Republicans can elect any man who will harmonize their differences; but can Mr. Roosevelt do this? Will the tariff reform Republicans of the middle west again trust his elastic promises?

Governor Harmon comes from this very section and he is in hearty sympathy with the tariff reform idea. Ohio Republicans have been voting for him and they will vote for him as against Taft or Roosevelt and other states of the middle west will do likewise.

If we want to put up an able man and a profound thinker, Bryan would do us again. If we want to put up a scholarly man and one who every South Carolinian would delight to have we might put up Woodrow Wilson. If we want to put up a man who for geographical as well as other reasons, can win against the Republican field that man is Harmon. Betting on your favorites is all right but the horse with the record is the horse that usually wins. In many ways either Speaker Clark or Governor Wilson is preferable to Harmon but politically neither of them is as strong.

Hon. L. F. Livingston Dead.

Hon. Lou F. Livingston for 20 years member of Congress, representing the city of Atlanta and adjoining counties, died in Washington last Sunday morning. He was one of the best known men in Congress.

In the primary two years ago Col. Livingston was defeated for re-election and though he was an old man, 79 years old at the time of his death, disappointment rather than age, it is thought hastened his death.

New Buildings.

The contract has been let for a magnificent dwelling which Mr. E. B. Thomson will have built on the site of his present residence.

Mr. Lewis Ferrin, it is said, will in the near future build an imposing home on the site of his present home.

Mr. George White, Jr., it is said, contemplates building a splendid new home in a short while.

Hon. G. Howard Moore will build a residence shortly. This, too, will be a handsome residence.

For the best varieties garden and field cane, milléts, kaffer corn, etc., see us. Amos B. Morse Co.

No candy like Haylor's for your sweet heart. They all prefer it. A fresh lot at Speed's Drug Store.

Miss Louise Allen Dead.

Miss Louise Allen, who has been attending the Woman's College at Due West, died in Knowlton's Hospital, Columbia, at four o'clock Monday morning, Feb. 12, 1912, as the result of an operation for appendicitis. Her remains were brought to Abbeville Monday. Funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church yesterday by Rev. H. C. Fennel, and her many friends filled the church to overflowing.

Miss Allen was a daughter of Mr. S. A. Allen, who lives between Abbeville and Warrenton. She was just 19 years of age and an only daughter. She leaves a father, mother and one brother.

Never have the people of Abbeville been more shocked by sudden death. Her illness was known to only a few and her death came as a distinct shock.

Miss Allen was beautiful and accomplished. Her beauty of person was rare and her lovely disposition made her a favorite with all who knew her. In her college course she was giving especial attention to the training of her voice. In the commencement exercises of the Woman's College at Due West last year her singing was the event of the occasion. The volume and sweetness of her voice captivated all her hearers.

That one so lovely, and so accomplished should be taken while in her tender years is one of the unfathomable mysteries of Providence. It strikes a chill to the heart to consider how little consequence are the beauty and grace and accomplishment of the creature in the plans of the Creator. Many who the world would say have nothing to live for reach their three score year and ten. But the gardener cuts the stem before time blighted them all away. And in this there is a lesson to those who have a vacant chair in the home. In after years they are remembered in the fullness of their virtues and accomplishments, free of the burdens and disappointments that come with every life.

Miss Allen's remains were carried from the depot to the home of her aunt Mrs. M. Harvey Wilson, in the city. Twice in a few brief months has this home been visited by the Dread Reaper, and in each instance the death was sudden and exceedingly sad. Mr. Wilson died of apoplexy only a few months ago. He with his wife idolized Miss Allen. That his death should be followed so soon by the death of one who of all her sorrowing friends and relatives, held the first place in her heart is sad indeed. Deepest sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Wilson.

Among those from Due West who attended the funeral of Miss Louise Allen were Col. E. C. Brownlee, Mr. D. S. Edwards, Misses Mary Boyce and Louise Brownlee, President R. L. Robinson, Miss Long, vocal teacher of the Woman's College.

Shortly before Miss Allen's death she said she wished so much that Miss Long could be present to sing "When I shall meet Him face to face," and then repeating the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," she expired. Miss Long sang the hymn most touchingly as a part of the funeral service in the Presbyterian church.

EAST END.

What "M" Sees and Hears on His Rounds About the City and Along Route No. 2.

We are glad to know that Mr. J. M. Lawton and family have decided to remain in Abbeville—Yes they are delighted for they are the best of neighbors and good citizens all in all. Abbeville would be better off with many such families and worse off without them.

Don't be uneasy Abbeville is all right and if her business men, and men of capital will do about a little she will march forward and reach out for greater and grander results than ever before achieved and why not? She is filled with a cultured and refined people—a city of churches and good schools—all these go to make up an enterprising and progressive city.

The sun shines as bright and the skies are as blue in our old historic city as anywhere. Financially speaking times are just now dull everywhere but remember there is no cloud so dark, but that it has a silver lining.

Mr. M. B. Syfan left last Monday for Charleston as one of a committee from the religious movement now in Abbeville—This great movement meets in Charleston this week.

Mr. J. W. Little of Clinton is in the city visiting his granddaughter, Mrs. Hitt—This old gentleman is a friend of Maj. Nance and paid him a visit also.

The third snow of this winter fell last Saturday night and was a beautiful soft snow from 4 to 5 inches deep; by Monday afternoon it had all gone.

Greenwood turned out last week about 200 strong almost storming the Opera House—The house was crowded and Greenwood had but share of the Grand Opera—Abbeville always extends a cordial welcome to the good people of her Sister City.

Miss Bessie Murry is visiting relatives in Atlanta.

OUR SICK FOLK.

Mrs. J. R. Thornton is much better at this writing and it is earnestly hoped that she will regain her usual health.

Dr. C. A. Millford who was quite sick last week is now much better as all symptoms of pneumonia have gone and he hopes he will soon be himself again and at his place of business.

Our Postmaster is improving and we hope will soon be at his duties in the Post-office.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Allen have the deepest sympathy of hosts of friends in their great and unexpected sorrow in the death of their daughter, Louise in Columbia last Monday morning—The deceased had only gone to Columbia last Friday, and was operated on for appendicitis and was thought to be doing well, when she gave way and the end came suddenly and without warning; her death is sad in the extreme and was a great shock to her parents, as well as her many friends—How true—"In the midst of life we are in death."

NEWS ON ROUTE 2.

A great number of farmers were selling cotton seed last week, owing to the advance in price.

Mr. Edwin Parker and family attended the opera last week and were much pleased.

Mr. James E. Evans is building a nice double tenant house on his plantation.

EXCITEMENT IS RAPIDLY SPREADING

New Root Juice Medicine Apparently Creating the Same Interest and Enthusiasm Here That It Has Elsewhere.

If one can judge by the crowds that are almost continually swarming the drug stores to investigate and purchase a supply of the new Root Juice medicine which for the past few weeks has been creating a sensation in all parts of the state, our home people are fast becoming as enthusiastic over it as those of other places in which it has been introduced.

So many reports of the most astonishing cures effected by Root Juice have been published and so much has been said of the excitement the medicine has created in other cities, it is not strange that local sufferers from indigestion, belching, pains after meals, loss of appetite, nervousness, backaches, weak kidneys, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervousness, and other similar ailments for which it is recommended, should be anxious to follow the examples of those who claim to have been almost miraculously cured by its use.

At the drug stores it is said that the sale of Root Juice has far exceeded all expectations and although there is still a good stock on hand some fear is entertained that there will not be enough to supply the constantly growing demand, for it is said that the main laboratories at Fort Wayne, Ind., are working to their fullest capacity and are still far behind on their orders.

Good reports are still coming in from those who have purchased the medicine and stories of some truly startling results right here in town can be heard every day.

The medicine can now be had at any good drug store or can be obtained by writing to the Root Juice Laboratories at Fort Wayne, Ind. Large bottles holding nearly a pint cost only one dollar.

THE CORN CLUB AND TOMATO CLUB.

Speeches by Prominent Citizens

On last Thursday Prof. W. H. Hand, Miss Marie Cromer, Mr. O. B. Martin and Mr. J. M. Lawton, addressed a meeting in the Court House on the subjects of corn clubs and tomato clubs and education.

The meeting was presided over by the Superintendent of Education, Mr. Foster Hammond.

The first speaker introduced was Prof. Hand, Superintendent of High Schools. He spoke along educational lines. Every man needs a good mental training. The farmer is no exception to the rule. The farmer endeavors to run his farm as long as possible, and in many cases he tries to run the school as short a time as possible. The time a school runs is important, but not so important as the kind of teacher that is at the head of the school. A good teacher will do more in a year than a poor teacher in three months. Mr. Hand told the story of the mother who on being asked about her children said: One is living, one dead and one teaching school, pinning the pedagogue outside the rails of the living one.

People will go back to the country when the country offers the proper attractions. Not before. The low rate of returns of property for taxation is one cause for lack of funds. There are many other things Prof. Hand said.

The next speaker introduced was Miss Marie Cromer. Miss Cromer is an Abbeville girl and Abbeville is proud of her. After graduating at the Abbeville Graded School she went abroad to teach, and most successfully conducted schools in Aiken county, where she was at work when she was inspired with the tomato club idea. She is a young and beautiful woman of good sense and splendid intellect, and her work is making its impress not only on South Carolina, but as well on other states. There are now tomato clubs in India!

Miss Cromer saw what was being done for the boys in the way of corn clubs and felt that there was a need for something of the same kind for the girls. With this idea before her, she went to work. At first it was uphill business. In her talk she said she had a hard time getting the girls to get any one to offer prizes. When she could not prevail on any of her rich acquaintances to help her, she offered the first prize herself. Think of that. A little school teacher went to the school to promote the welfare of the girls in her community. But that is the kind of stuff Miss Cromer is made of and when she had set her heart to accomplish something, nothing could have prevented her.

She spoke enthusiastically of her work, how the purpose of the clubs was not alone to eat tomatoes, but to do anything that can be canned—and there are few things that cannot be canned—and also to promote industry and thrift among girls. Miss Cromer was listened to with rapt attention.

The other speeches were a rehash of what has been said in the Court House many times before.

Estate of A. F. Carwile, Dec'd.

Notice of Settlement and Application for Final Discharge.

Take notice that on the 22nd day of February, 1912, I will render a final account of my administration as Executor of the estate of A. F. Carwile, deceased, in the office of Judge of the Probate Court of Abbeville County at 10 o'clock a. m., and on the same day will apply for a final discharge from my trust as Executor.

All persons having demands against said estate will present them for payment on or before that date proven and authenticated or be forever barred.

P. B. CARWILE, Executor.

A FAIR OFFER.

Your Money Back if You're Not Satisfied.

A Chain of Evidence It Convicted a Man of a Crime He Had Not Committed.

By MARGARET BARR

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In January, 1908, Gustav Jinsinger, a literary man, and his wife, Mary Jinsinger, rented a house at 145 Croker street, in the city of London. They lived apparently happily together till the husband took in Ruth Kirkwood, a typist and stenographer. From that time the author and the typist were seen by the neighbors to be frequently together, and Mrs. Jinsinger was observed often in tears. She was in poor health, and a specialist in brain diseases was seen to make visits to the house.

On the 10th of March, 1908, Mrs. Jinsinger was seen for the last time at her home. Miss Martha Ellison, living opposite, saw her enter her house and close the front door behind her. No one after this date saw her come out. Her husband and Ruth Kirkwood were seen to come out and go away, both separately and together. On the 30th of April vans appeared before their door and removed the furniture. Miss Ellison saw Mr. Jinsinger and the typist leave the house together.

The next occupants of the house were Peter Hartigan and John Flynn. They were old men, living exclusive lives, wearing the meanest clothing and evidently very poor. They left the premises after occupying them three months, never having paid any rent. The agent for the house reported that he went to it and found it deserted. No one saw them move out, and it was supposed that they had done so at night when no one was about.

During the autumn of 1910 No. 145 Croker street was razed to make room for a business block. The cellar was widened and deepened to fit the new structure. Several feet under the old cellar, floor the excavators came upon a human body, or, rather, the remains of a body, that had been considerably eaten away by quicklime or some destructive agent. The place of burial and the attempted destruction of the body excited suspicion. The case was reported to the police, who made inquiries as to the past occupants of the premises, and the doings of the Jinsingers came to light. On chemical analysis the body was found to contain traces of arsenic.

The case at once arrested the attention of detectives. The appearance of the typist, the facts of Mrs. Jinsinger's depression and that she had not been seen to leave the house seemed to indicate that Jinsinger and Miss Kirkwood had been lovers and that they had removed Mrs. Jinsinger that they might marry. If Jinsinger could be found living with the typist there would be sufficient evidence against him to convict him before any jury.

A hunt was made for the author, but for a long while nothing was heard of him. At last it was learned that he, accompanied by a girl, had sailed for America. A detective crossed in a faster steamer, arrested him and the girl, who proved to be Miss Kirkwood, and took both to London for trial.

Jinsinger was convicted principally on the evidence that has been stated here. Miss Kirkwood was acquitted of being an accessory to the murder after the fact. Jinsinger was sentenced to be hanged, according to the English law, about three weeks after his conviction.

One morning in the spring of 1908 Edward Burnes, a tinner living on the outskirts of London, on going out to work found a woman lying unconscious before his door. He carried her into the house and put her under the care of his wife. She soon regained consciousness, but could give no account of herself. She could not even remember her name. She was permitted to spend the day in the tinner's house, and when he returned in the evening he reported the case to a physician. Through the doctor's influence the woman was removed to a hospital, where she was entered as a permanent patient. Two years after her going there one morning on taking up a newspaper she gave a shriek. She had seen a notice of the coming execution of Gustav Jinsinger. A number of persons collected about her and learned from her that the name Jinsinger had brought back her memory. She said she was the woman for whose murder Jinsinger was to be executed.

A reprieve was granted to Jinsinger, who, on proof of the identity of his wife, was released. Subsequently the detectives made a hunt for Peter Hartigan and John Flynn. After a long search they found Hartigan and demanded to know what had become of Flynn. He contradicted himself in his replies and, being further questioned by experts in such cases, finally told that while the two lived together at 145 Croker street the house had been infested with rats. Hartigan had bought arsenic with which to poison them. One night Flynn, being ill, arose in the dark for some medicine he had been taking, got hold of the arsenic by mistake and died from taking a large dose. Fearing that he would be accused of having poisoned Flynn, Hartigan had endeavored to destroy the body with quicklime; but, failing to do so entirely, he had buried what was left of it in the cellar.

Hartigan, being asked why he had not called in medical assistance for Flynn, gave two reasons for his failure to do so—first, Flynn had died very soon after taking the arsenic; second, Flynn was a miser with £10,000 hoarded. Hartigan, after Flynn's death, secured this money and left the premises in the night.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Adjutant Bird

Did you ever see an adjutant bird? Well, it is a peculiar looking bird that has been given its name on account of its military appearance.

I shall tell you a story of the adjutant bird. He felt so much like a soldier that he began to think that all the birds should become soldiers and go to the bird store and release the birds that were in captivity. Well, he paid a visit to all of his friends and urged them to join in this scheme, but none of them was in favor of it. "It is of no use to try any such plan as that," they said to him. "We will



BUCKLED ON HIS SWORD AND STARTED OFF.

all be caught or killed. We cannot do any good by making any such attempt as you propose."

He talked and talked to them, but they would not believe that the idea was a good one.

"Well, then, I know what I will do," he cried boldly. "I will go alone and release all the birds that are kept in cages in the bird store and at private homes."

So he put on his uniform and buckled on his sword and started off, feeling that he was a very mighty fellow indeed.

Now there isn't very much more to my story except this: As soon as the bird store man saw him coming he got out a big net and threw it over the adjutant bird's head. Then he took off the bird's sword and pretty uniform and put him in a cage with his other birds. And not long after that the adjutant bird was sold to a lady, who hung him up in her parlor to show her friends what a fine creature he was.

Moral.—Don't try to do too much by yourself.—Detroit Journal.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

This Pig Went to Market

You have heard many stories about pigs and probably a story about this pig, for this is the one that went to market.

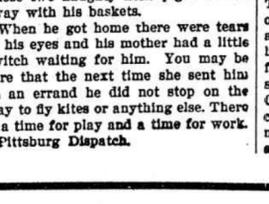
He was a funny little fellow, who was fond of fun, and because he liked to have a good time he got into trouble.

At the market he got his baskets filled with apples and potatoes and peaches and pears and berries and other good things that his mother had told him to get and then started for home.

He had not got very far when he met two other little pigs. One of them was tying a kite and the other was watching him.

"Oh, what great sport!" exclaimed our little pig. "How I should like to fly that kite!"

Then the other pigs said he could do so, and he set his baskets down and



THIS PIG WENT TO MARKET.

took hold of the cord upon which the kite, away up in the air, was pulling as hard as ever it could pull.

"This is great fun," said he. "Hold tight!" cried the other pigs. "I will," said our pig.

After awhile he became tired, and he called the other pigs to come and take their kite, but they did not come.

AUNT SUKIE'S SANTA CLAUS

A Christmas Story

OLE Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, Ole Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, Ole Ann' Sukie Blueskin She fell in love wid me, An' she axed me down ter her house Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang Black Caesar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat—I tell yo' er fac', by Jol' Ef I didn't git in de lammies' scrape er Christmas time! Davus de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter play er projick on Unc' Ike an' Ann' Sukie.

"Long time 'fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws, 'fom Ann' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Won'er w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fetch me Crismus. Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leaser' bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bettah min' w'at yo' 'bout. Fuses fing yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars' dem by 'n' nev' so much es no dice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' pea in 'em."

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n' good shape. We all know ole Ann' Sukie ain' got no sense ter trow 'way nobow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Ann' Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n' dey eben senses.

"Two er free days 'fo' Crismus we was er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de fish wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's w'at do yo' snapp, Ole Sukie had 'fo' snapp, An' it's w'at do yo' snapp, Ole Sukie had 'fo' snapp, An' it's w'at do yo' snapp, Ole Sukie had 'fo' snapp—Apple sass an' sparrer grass An' hominy an' buttin."

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she roll out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid 'natts' an' I dunno w'at all.

"Unc' Ike, he Ann' Sukie's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spitefules' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grumblin' 'bout sumpin. He couldn't res' easy less'n he studiy' up some kin' er meanness. I don't see w'at me ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place 'fo' nobow, 'case he ain' fitten 'fo' nuffin' but ter prow' erroun' an' hunt ben-nesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out 'n' it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er larrupin', wid 'ole ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'lieves ev'ry wo'd Unc' Ike say, mek' no diffe'nce how much de ole scoun' stretch de blanket. But we done made up our min' ter git eben wid ole Ann' Sukie an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des' tause dem ole pussions twel dey mos' have er it.

"Useter sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er comin': 'Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go; Sukie bake de ashake slow, Dat's so; Sukie bake de ashake slow, Too slow; Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go! 'Lo'd massy! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggab w'en we sing dat song. He look so v'gus dat yo' fink ole

Not a Rehearsal.

The inquisitive man saw a hearse start away from a house at the head of a funeral procession.

"Who's dead?" he asked the corner grocer, who was standing in his door watching the funeral start.

"John Smith!" exclaimed the grocer. "You don't mean to say John Smith is dead?"

"Well, yo' golly," rejoined the grocer, "got you dink dey doing mit him—fractickin, hey?"—New York World.

A Substantial Bene.

So many witnesses had quered his clients' cases by swearing that the shots they had heard in a shooting affair were only thirty seconds apart that when pressed to tell what they were doing when each report was heard, naming actions so dissimilar that it must have taken at least ten minutes to switch from one to the other, the criminal lawyer swore that he would maintain consistency above all things in his latest case. Gustave, the Swedish janitor, had heard two shots fired at the injured man, and the lawyer impressed upon him the importance of swearing that he was engaged in the same task at each shot.

In the course of the trial it was brought out that the shots had been fired a month apart, the first being merely a little target practice that did no harm, the second inflicting a serious wound. But there was no time to coach Gustave anew. Said the lawyer:

"What were you doing when the first shot was fired?"

"I was sitting in the kitchen gnawing a chicken bone," said Gustave.

"And what were you doing when the second shot was fired? Be careful how you answer."

"I was sitting in the kitchen," said he, "gnawing that same chicken bone."

The Scrap Book

A National Dish.

When Mrs. Elizabeth King was traveling through Germany, in 1840, she had an experience which left her hungry as well as amused at a hotel in Nonnenworth. In "Lord Kelvin's Early Home" Mrs. King tells the story: "There was a very large company in the hotel, and at 1 o'clock the guests assembled in a great hall for dinner. About 150 sat down at the long, narrow table, we as the last corners at the very bottom.

Far from us on a platform in the middle we saw a very stately decorative dish. Dr. Nicoll told us it was boar's head stewed in burgundy wine, a famous national dish. He said we must dine on it, so as each course was offered he refused and made us do the same. At length two waiters removed the stately dish, and as it was carried off he rubbed his hands, exclaiming, "Now we shall have some dinner!" But, alas, it disappeared, and the company rose and scattered. It was simply an ornamental centerpiece of wood!

Misappent Time.

There is no remedy for time misappent. No healing for the waste of idleness. Whose very language is a punishment. Heavier than active souls can feel or guess. Hours of idleness and discontent. No now to be redeemed, ye sitting not less. Because I know this span of life was lent For lofty duties, not for selfishness. Not to be whiled away in endless dreams, But to improve ourselves and serve mankind.

Life and its choicest faculties were given. Man should be ever better than he seems And shape his acts and discipline his mind To walk adoring earth with hope of heaven.

Shooked His Dad.

A pious and strict father, whose small son balked at going to church, showed the irreverent boy one day a history of New England.

"Here is a picture of the Puritans going to church," said the father. "What good and pious men! Notice their sugar loaf hats. They walk in single file through the deep snow,