THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

At Newberry, S. C.

BY THOMAS F. GRENEKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

Terms, $2.00 per Annum,

Invariably in Advance.

The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid.

The ✕ mark denotes expiration of subscription.

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. XVII. NEWBERRY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1881. No. 9.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent. on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid, and charged accordingly.

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—:o:—

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

Pianos and Organs.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

J. & C. FISCHER'S PIANOS,

NEW YORK,

—AND—

PIANOS

ESTABLISHED 1846.

ESTEY ORGANS!

GATE CITY PIANOS.

SEE HERE!

I WANT YOUR TRADE.

I Can Give You Satisfaction Both as to Prices and Terms.

These Instruments are offered in competition with the many cheap, trashy wares foisted upon an unsuspecting public by unscrupulous manufacturers of mushroom growth.

Those Organs and Pianos can be purchased on easy terms for a small cash payment, and balance to be paid in installments. Specimens of these Instruments can be seen at Mrs. Redus & Daniels' Millinery Store.

W. M. SHACKLEFORD.

Nov. 24, 48 6m.

Drugs & Fancy Articles.

DR. E. E. JACKSON,

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Removed to store two doors next to Wheeler House.

A full stock of Pure Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumeries, Toilet Articles, Garden and Field Seeds, always in store and at moderate prices.

Orders promptly attended to.

Apr. 11, 15—tf.

Miscellaneous.

A TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES.

Containing an "Index of Diseases," which gives the symptoms, cause, and the best treatment of each; a table giving all the principal drugs used for the horse, with the ordinary dose, effects, and antidote when a poison; a table with an engraving of the horse's teeth at different ages, with rules for telling the age of the horse; and other valuable information. Call and get a copy. For sale at

HERALD BOOK STORE.

Aug. 18, 34—tf.

BENJ. F. GRAFTON, STORY B. LADD, HALBERT E. PAINE.

Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

PAINE, GRAFTON & LADD,

Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents.

412 FIFTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United States. Pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp for postage. Sep. 1, 1880 39-tf.

Preserve Your Old Books!

E. R. STOKES,

Blank Book Manufacturer AND GENERAL BOOKBINDER.

Has moved opposite the City Hall, where he is fully prepared, with first-class workmen, to do all kinds of work in his line.

BLANK BOOKS RULED to any pattern and bound in any style desired.

My facilities and long acquaintance with the business enable me to guarantee satisfaction on orders for Bank Books, Railroad Books, and Books for the use of Clerks of Court, Sheriffs, Probate Judges, Masters in Equity, and other County Officials.

Pamphlets, Magazines, Music, Newspapers and Periodicals, and all kinds of publications bound on the most reasonable terms and in the best manner.

All orders promptly attended to.

E. R. STOKES,

Main Street, opposite New City Hall,

Oct. 8, 41—tf. Columbia, S. C.

NEWBERRY HOTEL,

—BY—

A. W. T. SIMMONS.

This elegant new Hotel is now open for the reception of guests, and the proprietor will spare no effort to give satisfaction to the travelling public. Good airy rooms, comfortable beds, the best of fare, attentive, accommodating servants, and moderate charges will be the rule. June 9, 24—tf.

Miscellaneous.

J. B. LEONARD,

Dealer in

GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, Segars Tobacco, &c.

Respectfully informs the public that his stock is full and complete in all lines.

Choice Goods, Low Prices,

POLITE ATTENTION.

Main Street, Newberry, S. C.

Nov. 24 48 tf

NATURES OWN REMEDY

CURATINE

A VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR THE BLOOD, LIVER & KIDNEYS.

CURATINE, For Blood Diseases.

CURATINE, For Liver Complaints.

CURATINE, For Kidney Diseases.

CURATINE, For Rheumatism.

CURATINE, For Scrofula Diseases.

CURATINE, For Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches, etc.

A medicinal compound of known value—combining in one preparation the curative powers for the evils which produce all diseases of the *Blood*, the *Liver*, the *Kidneys*. Harmless in action and thorough in its effect. It is unexcelled for the cure of all *Blood Diseases* such as *Scrofula, Tumors, Boils, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Mercurial Poisoning*, also *Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Retention of Urine, etc.*

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

THE BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, Md.

Wholesale by DOWIE & MOISE, Wholesale Druggists, Charleston, S. C. 15—1y.

NEVER FAILS

To Give Entire Satisfaction.

A pill that has become standard and is having an unprecedented sale throughout the South, is

GILDER'S Liver Pills,

They are honest,

They are certain,

They have no equal,

And are recommended by thousands as being and doing all that the proprietors claim for them.

They have never failed to have the desired effect where other pills have been unsuccessfully tried.

—AT—

W. E. PELHAM'S.

Dec. 15, 47—1y.

FRED VON SANTEN,

279 KING ST., CHARLESTON, S. C.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Children's Carriages, Velocipedes, Croquet, &c.,

IN and OUT DOOR GAMES,

TOYS, at Wholesale and Retail,

French Confectionery, Home Made Cream and Stick Candy,

Rubber Goods, such as Clothing, Nursery Sheeting, Eurekas, &c., &c.

Orders from the country receive prompt attention.

Jan. 19, 47—6m.

1880. 1880.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

(Formerly the Wheeler House,)

COLUMBIA, S. C.

THOROUGHLY RENOVATED, REFURNISHED AND REFITTED.

TERMS, $2.00 TO $3.00 PER DAY.

JOHN T. WILLEY, Propriet'r.

Nov 10, 46—tf.

HENRY BAYER,

IMPORTER OF

BANANAS, COCOANUTS AND ORANGES,

And Wholesale Dealer in

Apples, Potatoes, Onions, &c.,

215 EAST BAY,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Prompt attention given to country orders. Nov. 17, 47—6m.

PAVILION HOTEL,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

This popular and centrally located House has been entirely renovated during the past summer and was REOPENED to the traveling public on August 16, 1880.

Terms, $2 and $2.50 per Day.

E. T. GAILLARD,

Nov. 17, 47—tf. PROPRIETOR.

Poetry.

I thought the deacon liked me, yet
I wa'n't adzackly shore of hit—
For, mind ye, time an' time agin,
When jiners ud be comin' in
I'd see him shakin' hands as free
With all the sistern as with me!
But jurin' last revival, where
He called on me to lead in prayer,
An' kneeled there with me, side by side
A-whisper'n he felt sanctified
Jes' tetchin' of my garment's hem'—
That settled things as fur as them
Thare other wimmin was concerned!
An'—well!—I know I must a-turned
A dozen colors! Flurried?—la!—
No mortal sinner never saw
A gladder widder than the one
A kneelin' there an' wonderun
Who'd pray! So glad upon my word,
I railly couldn't thank the Lord!

—Indianapolis Journal.

Selected Story.

THE CALLED MEETING.

BY JENNIE WOODVILLE.

Immediately after the Proclamation of Emancipation the fires were burning high on the altar of liberty, and, guided by their illusive light, Aunt Milly set out in the pursuit of happiness—to be found among her cousins in Philadelphia.

Now, Aunt Milly was nearly seventy years old and had never been a dozen miles beyond her native village; but the wiry little black frame was a flat contradiction to her supposed age, and the cheerful confidence with which she started on her journey would have suggested to a superficial thinker greater experience as a traveller than the old lady could boast. She was prominent and active as a sister in the church, but generally unpopular, being variously estimated as the 'stuck-uppidis nigger in town,' 'a powful wukker in de feel o' grace,' 'dat meddlesome nigger o' Jedge Brent's,' a 'fier-y pillar o' de chuch,' etc. But when it was announced that Aunt Milly had cousins in the North who had invited her to make her home with them, the voice of censure was silenced, the spirit of opposition was broken. Aunt Milly was meddlesome and scornful to her heart's content, and no man molested or made her afraid.

On the morning of her departure she went up to the 'House' to say good-by, and was asked by Belle, a girl of about fourteen, whose 'mammy' Aunt Milly was, what she expected.

'Well, honey, I dunno myself 'zactly, I had 'nuf ter eat an 'nuf ter war, but when dey said I were free, I wondered how freedom were gwine ter feel. I sot down an' waited. I didn' git no whiter, an' I didn' git no smarter, an' I didn' git no richer, 'cos I ain't nuvver rid on dat mule yit, an' I ain't had no forty akers to set him ter plowin'; so I leffen you all an' went out to sarvice. Still, dat didn' hope me none, 'cos soon's I gits my wages I can't put 'em in de ole stockin', I got ter put 'em in some'n n' ter war, an' some'h'n' ter eat, an' some'h'n' ter rub wid, and some'h'n' ter pay somebody ter ten' ter me, which ennybody knows how niggers is bout takin keer wun 'nudder. Freedom ain't done me no good yit; so I'm gwine ter try it up dar whar it's come from. But I misdoubts sometimes,' said the old woman, shaking her head reflectively. 'When I use' ter git a little money by dis, dat or t'other, I put it in de ole stockin', an dar it stayed; de doctor didn' hold me 'sponserbul for Jedge Brent's nigger hab'n' de rumertiz; an' if I hadn' a had no cloze, I would a looked on it as Jedge Brent's affar,—'twarn't *my* nigger as was gwine ragged; an' if I had a got hoengry—well, well, I spec' in dat case I would a looked on Jedge Brent's nigger same ez if she had a been mine.'

'You are not going to wear your black satin, are you?' asked Belle.

'Hy, chile! course I is! What would de people in de Norf say ter see me comin' up dar wid a ole half-cotton? Lor', honey, you ain't bin dar; you dunno nuffin. Dat black satin kum from de Norf. Yo' gramma gimme dat mor'n forty year ago. It's de hite o' de fashion.'

'By the way, Aunt Milly,' said Mrs. Brent, 'where are you going?'

'To de Norf, ma'am. Ain't I done tole you?'

'But to what part of the North?'

'Whar Sary Ann lives.'

'But where is that?'

'I forgits 'zackly. Up Norf.'

'But how will you get your tickets?'

'I jes' gwine tell de car man I wants to go to de Norf; an' den, if I pay my money, it's his bizness ter take me dar bedoubt no mo' foolishness. What's dat to him whar Sary Ann lives?'

'But that is where you wish to go.'

'An' dat's up Norf; an' dat's all I gwine tell him.'

'But it may be at some little place. You must ask him to let you know when you come to it, so he can put you off.'

'Put me off? Off o' what?' the blue-white eyeballs rolling defiantly.

'Off where you want to stop,' said her ex mistress soothingly. 'Off the car.'

'Put me off de kyar? *I* say put me off! Ketch me lettin' him nur nobody else put me off o' nothin'! Jes' let him try! Howsomdever, I got one good holt on him; he dunno whar I keeps my money.'

'But you will have to give him your money before you go.'

Aunt Milly put her head between her knees and indulged in a low, cackling laugh: 'Now, Mis' Lucy, I wonder ef you is dat innersunt sho' 'nuf ter b'leeve I gwine truss dat strange man wid my money fo' I gits de wuf uf it in ridin'? Hy! S'pos'n he puts me off an' I ain't rid but a mile? Er s'pose de kyar blows up, an' we gits kilt, an' I ain't got no ride ter speak of—maybe ain't even et my snack, an' dat all gits 'stroyed too.—is he gwine gimme back dat money to git mo' snack an' pay de doctor?'

'Well, Aunt Milly Judge Brent will be home presently, and I want you to wait for him to go to the depot with you, to see that they deal fairly by you.' So as a favor to Mis' Lucy, Aunt Milly consented to wait; and in due time Judge Brent, having examined 'Sary Ann's' letters, took the old woman down to the depot and bought her tickets to Philadelphia, making himself personally responsible for the integrity of the 'car man.'

'By the way, Milly,' said he as the cars were about to move, 'here is my sister's address, where she lives in Philadelphia. You must tell her I told you to go to her if you needed anything.'

After an absence of about two years—during which Judge Brent lost his wife—Aunt Milly reappeared suddenly, just before Christmas, in the judge's study, where he was sitting with Belle. 'Well, Milly,' said the judge, 'how did you get on with your relations, and what do you think of Philadelphia generally?'

Aunt Milly settled herself in her chair and planted her valise square in front of her on the floor. Then she cleared her throat and glanced cautiously around the room. 'I ain't gwine ter holler it out at de market-house dat I was dis'p'inted in my kinfolkeses, but, Mas' Jeems, I nuvver got so tuk in since I were born. Talk 'bout sellin' niggers! Here sets a nigger dat she were sole out and out by her cousins in Fillymydelphy.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed the judge, half laughing; 'how was that?'

'A cousin in de Norf ain't no better'n a cousin nowhar else, ef he's a nigger. I tell you what, Mas' Jeems, a nigger is a nigger, an' nuffin *but* a nigger! You may bile him, an' you may scrape him, an' you may whitewash him, but ef he was ter die wid de whitewash on him he wouldn't be a white marble stachwery like he peared; de fust rain would wash him back to a nigger,—a dead nigger,—like he railly was.'

'Why, what would your society and your church members say, and all the rest of your friends, mammy, to hear you talk so?' remonstrated Belle.

'Dey ain't gwine ter hear me, 'cos I ain't gwine ter talk so whar dey *kin* hear me; but, ef dey was ter, de would jes' say de trufe,—dat I were a ole fool for gwine, an' got what I 'zarved.'

'What was that, mammy?' asked the girl tenderly.

'Never mind now, honey; some time I gwine tell you how 'twarn't nothin' but mistakes and miz'ry on 'count o' ignunce; an' my black satin dat yo' gramma gim me mos' clean done wore out; an' ef I was to die ter-night, Gabr'l would sen' me in de groun' agin, and say he warn't blowin' fer skeercrows.'

'Did you see my sister, Mrs. Rossiter?' inquired the judge.

'Yes, sir,' briefly.

'What kind of girl is Bertha?' eagerly asked Belle.

'A mighty oncumfitubble sort o' gal to be wid. She seed me talkin' to her ma, an' she jumped back an' holered, an' put her han's ober her face and sez, 'Oh, ma! is it a 'riller 'scaped from Zoo?' an' arter dat, every time I seed her dats de way she goed on. I ain't got no use for her.'

Evidently the old woman had been roughly handled, and was deeply sensible of having been 'tuk in;' so Judge Brent changed the subject, saying, 'Well, Milly, Arthur has gone to college, and Belle takes care of her old father now.'

'Ain't Mas' Arthur comin' from de unibursity Crismus?'

'No; he hasn't the money. You see, losing so many slaves was losing so much money, and land now is only trees and dirt, representing nothing. I can hardly pay the lad's college expenses.'

About a year after mammy's return, Judge Brent received information of the death of his sister, Mrs. Rossiter, and of her desire that he should assume the guardianship of her daughter Bertha, having her spend her holidays and vacations with his family; whereat Aunt Milly made an expressive grimace, and commenting on Belle's anticipation of pleasure on seeing her cousin, said grimly, 'Oh, yes, I were mighty keen ter see *my* cousins in Fillymydelphy too, an' de upshot of it was, I *seed* 'em,—seed clean fru 'em!'

Influenced, perhaps, by Aunt Milly's estimate of Bertha, Belle was conspicuously deficient in affectionate demonstration, and, influenced perhaps in turn by Belle's lack of effusion, Bertha made no resistance to the feeling of repulsion which sprang up in her heart against her cousin. Thus neither made any effort to conciliate the other, and the result was an amicable, but most uncousinly coolness,—a state of feeling amply illustrated in the fact that, though they occupied the same chamber, each girl scrupulously used her own hairpins. Eventually, and with the same amicable coldness, they selected separate bedrooms.

Another year passed, and the Christmas holidays were again approaching. Arthur had come home this time, bringing with him a class-mate, Oscar Lee, a gentleman, a scholar, and the owner of a bank-account. We speak of him with due reverence in the latter character, and only mention incidentally, as minor facts, that he was relliable as a friend, courteous as a gentleman, and oh, so handsome!

Bertha and Belle had also some young friends staying with them; so the old country-house promised to be quite alive during the season, and the exciting diversion chosen for Christmas-eve was tableaux.

'Oh, pshaw!' exclaimed Arthur; 'that means keeping twenty or thirty people waiting an hour while a half-dozen of you are laughing and painting your faces and playing jokes on each other behind the scenes. I move that the guests be allowed to walk about, talk, laugh, sing, or even dance, behind the scenes, if so inclined.' Carried.

On the morning of the 24th, Belle was standing by the library-window, looking at the trees and shrubbery gleaming with icicles, when she was joined by Bertha and Mr. Lee.

'Sentimentalizing?' asked Bertha mockingly. 'Nature's diamonds,' 'radiant fringes,' 'poor men's jewels,' etc.?'

'Somewhat in that vein,' replied Belle quietly. 'Not exactly.'

'What were your thoughts, Miss Belle?' asked Mr. Lee gently; for the girl's voice had a touch of pathos in it.

'I was thinking,' Belle answered slowly, 'how sad it is, how mournful, how pitiful, how *distracting*, never to have owned even one little diamond; and I do want a ring so dreadfully!'

Mr. Lee laughed; so did Bertha; so, finally, did Belle.

'I should like to show you a ring I have got as a Christmas gift for my sister. I should like to have your opinion of it,' said Mr. Lee presettly.

'I should like to see it,' returned Belle, half laughing still; 'and if it be a diamond, I wish I were your sister.'

'I don't want you for a sister,' said Mr. Lee.

'Though I am sure it was not intended. Belle,' said Bertha irritably, as Mr. Lee walked off and joined a group of young ladies, 'that speech of yours sounded so like a hint that I almost expected Mr. Lee to offer you the ring.'

'Mr. Lee is a gentleman and could not have done so offensive a thing,' replied Belle. 'In what character should I accept a ring from Mr. Lee? He is hardly my friend. It would have been insolent.'

At nightfall, when Aunt Milly came to help her dress, she said, 'Mammy, have you been to the young ladies' room? What is Bertha going to wear? How does she look?'

'Don't ax me how Miss Burfur look, chile! She ain't nuvver looked fa'r nor hansum to me since she called me a riller from de Zoo; which it didn' do her no credit to be makin' little of a ole creetur dat were low down 'nuf a'ready. I 'spises her.'

'I don't blame you, mammy, for feeling so,' said Belle, patting the bony black shoulder; 'but you know you must not talk so to me, because I ought not to permit it. I am not fond of Bertha myself, but she is a lady—'

('I dis grees wid you, honey.')

'A lady, and my kinswoman. Therefore I never say anything against her.'

'Hy! You jes' now done it;' and the childish old woman cackled triumphantly.

'Oh, that was just intended as a delicate little compliment to you, mammy, not to prejudice you—'

'Lor' chile! You can't tell me nuffin' 'bout dat gal. I knows her from de frizzles hanging over her for'head down to de high-heel shoes, which dar ain't hardly room 'nuf in 'em for her big toe.'

'She is certainly the prettiest girl in Easton.'

'I dis'grees wid you agin, honey, an' so do Mr. Lee, ef she would let him show it; but every time she see him makin' up ter you she come up: 'Oh, Mr. Lee, ain't de sunset on de mountains a squizick picshur? Come to de winder.' I kin see fru a pane o' glass, ef I is a 'riller outen de Zoo.'

'Well, what is she going to wear?'

'I calls it a red silk. She calls it ornit. All bunched up wid red satin, an' red satin pleets fol'it 'cross de lap like tucks turnt upside downwards. I ain't sayin' de dress ain't pretty.'

'Oh, yes,' said Belle, with a little sigh that cut mammy to the heart and made her hate Bertha more cordially than ever, 'I have seen it. It is lovely.'

An hour later she was standing beside Bertha in the crowded parlor, when Mr. Lee joined them, carrying in his hand a little box, and 'Oh, how beautiful! how *very* beautiful!' exclaimed Belle as her eyes rested on the ring it contained.

Her exclamation arrested attention, and soon a little crowd had gathered to survey the superb trinket. In the midst of these comments, and while the ring was still in Belle's possession the lights were extinguished and the curtain rose on the time-honored representation of Pocahontas and Captain Smith.

When the room was relighted Belle said to Bertha and Mr. Lee. 'Please step back and be careful. I have let the ring fall.'

'How careless!' exclaimed Bertha.

'No, Bertha,' said Belle; 'yon brushed it from my hand when you passed in front of me. Of course it is on the floor; but I fear some one will crush it.'

Every one stepped aside, and the floor was carefully searched; but the ring remained in its hiding-place.

'It is *very* singular,' said Bertha, with unpleasant emphasis. 'I do not recollect having brushed against you, Belle.'

'I do,' answered her cousin with decision.

'Well, the ring is missing, and it is too valuable to be given up without an effort to recover it. I mean no reflection on any one in particular when I propose that we each and all submit to be searched.'

Belle cast a startled glance at Bertha, and exclaimed with great agitation, 'Oh, no! Never! It would be disgraceful!'

'Disgraceful to whom?' asked Bertha, significantly.

'I agree with Miss Belle,' said Mr. Lee, looking pale and very thin about the nostrils, 'and oppose it positively as one who should have somewhat to say in the matter, being owner of the ring.'

'And I,' said Arthur, 'agree with Bertha, and insist upon adopting her suggestion. I being the representative of the house. I am sure that none of our guests will feel they are reflected upon when we all submit to the same ordeal.'

'Oh, Arthur! I cannot! I will not!' said Belle, her face aflame and her eyes brimming with tears.

'You can, and you shall!' said Arthur imperiously; but the agitation of his sister became so painful that Mr. Lee again interposed: 'Arthur, if this is allowed to proceed, you must not count me your guest longer than it will take to pack my trunk. An accident has occurred to which any of us was liable who held the ring; and the ring is probably now lying in safety within a few feet of us.'

'Very likely,' said Bertha, in suggestive *sotto voce*

'Doubtless it will turn up to-morrow under the piano or between the back and front of the sofa,' said one of the girls, 'or in some place where any of us might find it if we only knew where to look.'

'Ah! that's really bright!' exclaimed Bertha, satirically; 'and I think if the rest of us set our wits to work as vigorously we might accomplish something. I, for one, am anxious to remove so—so unpleasant an association with Uncle James'—a—Uncle James' family; and if searching me will contribute to that end, I am sure I shall not feel humiliated. I cannot imagine why Belle should take such a view of it.'

'I insist upon it,' said Arthur, mortified and excited—'I insist upon it that Belle shall prove—that Belle shall be the first to allow herself—'

Whereat Belle uttered a cry of dismay and ran to her chamber, where she threw herself sobbing on the bed.

The tableaux were a failure. There was no laughing behind the scenes, and little appreciation in the audience; for Belle was the darling of the village, and her present painful position was almost equally distressing to her guests. They missed her bright, sympathetic ways; they missed her ready assistance; and each one resented what the rest were supposed to think. Arthur made a final effort to induce his sister to go down again to the parlor; though he added, that would prove nothing unless she produced the ring, for any one could have concealed it in a hundred ways during the length of time she had been absent. Belle was weeping silently.

'Do you know where it is?' he inquired roughly.

'Oh, Arthur! No!'

'Are you willing to be searched?'

'Yes.'

'Ye-es,' he drawled contemptuously. 'An hour ago that would have been sufficient; now it is a deception. You had better stay in your room.'

Some one came groping through the darkness, and Belle felt Aunt Milly's hard hand pressed against her hot forehead.

'Oh, mammy, dear old mammy, where can that wretched ring be?' sobbed Belle, despairingly.

'Honey,' said mammy, in a tone of gentle reproach, 'what make you ak so? Why wouldn' you let 'em sarch you ef you knowed de ring warn't 'bout you? But it looked mighty bad for you ter cry an' say how you wouldn' do it for nobody.'

'Oh, mammy I w it! I know it looked dreadful.'

'What you do it fur, den, honey?' asked the old woman, tenderly.

'Because I couldn't help it, mammy! Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't!'

Mammy placed her mouth close to Belle's ear and whispered low, 'You dunno whar 'tis, does you, chile?'

'Oh, mammy, how can you think so?'

'I don't, honey, nor Mr. Lee, nudder. I know he don't.'

'He does not know what to think. It isn't the loss of the ring he minds,' said Belle, unconsciously betraying herself. 'Bertha and Arthur think—the worst.'

'Course she does; and she gwine ter make Mr. Lee take de wus view uv it ef she kin.' And Belle's tears came in a renewed shower.

(Concluded next week.)

Miscellaneous.

SOME NATURAL HISTORY—THE EDITOR.

'What ferocious looking animal is this?'

'That is the editor.'

'Indeed! And are they very dangerous?'

'Sometimes. When cornered up they have been known to be quite combative, and again they have been known to go through a convenient back window. Generally, they are mild and passive.'

'When are they most dangerous?'

'When intruded upon by a book agent who wants a forty-line local for a seventy-five cent book, or by a poet with verses about gentle spring.'

'Are editors cross to each other?'

'Only when separated by several blocks of buildings.'

'Do they often have fearful combats with each other?'

'Occasionally, when they go out in opposite directions and come upon each other by accident.'

'Are editors ever cowhided?'

'Sometimes the small ones are, but the big ones are rarely molested.'

'Do editors eat?'

'They do. It was formerly supposed that they ate at long intervals and upon rare occasions, but it is now a well authenticated fact that they can eat a great deal when they can get it.'

'What kind of food do they like best?'

'They are not very particular. While they won't refuse quail on toast, fried crab or roast turkey about Christmas time, they have been known to make a hearty repast off a dish of cold turnips and a consumptive herring.'

'Can they eat concert tickets?'

'We believe not. Some people have gained this erroneous impression from false teachings in early life, but no authenticated instance of such a thing is on record.'

'Do editors go free into shows?'

'They do when they give a dollar and a half local for a twenty-five cent ticket.'

'Are all editors bald, like this one?'

'No; only the married ones are bald. But let us pass on—the editor does not like to be stared at.'

It used to be said that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but the *Jeannette* grab doesn't prove it. The sum first asked to bring Mr. Bennett's ship home was $81,000, when it left the committee it was $100,000, now as it goes to the House the bill calls for $175,000, and when it reaches R. B. Hayes for signature it will be $200,000. Really this isn't handsome of Mr. Bennett, with his million a year income from his paper to ask the taxpayers to pay for his caprice.