

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XX.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1884.

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 notices of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

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DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH
TERMS CASH.

The paper is stopped at the expiration of the term for which it is paid.
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IN THE STOCK OF
WINTER CLOTHING
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Men's, Boy's and Children's Suits and Over Coats, at a Sacrifice.
We desire to close out this Stock before moving to our large and commodious Store, which was formerly occupied by Bauknight & Co., one door north of our present location.

M. L. KINARD,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

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BY CHILD-BEARING WOMEN.
THE DREAD OF
AGGRAVATED MOTHERHOOD
DISPELLED, AND THE DANGER TO LIFE OF
BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD MINIMIZED BY THE USE OF THE
Mother's Friend.

Read and ponder the words of praise—unsolicited, voluntary testimonials—that have been sent to me, selected from hundreds received from grateful beneficiaries.
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Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sent by Express on receipt of the price.
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J. BRADFIELD,
No. 106 S. Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.

M. FOOT

Offers Extra Bargains!
You will Save Money.
By buying from his
Fall and Winter selected stock of
**Boots, Shoes,
Clothing, Trunks,
Hats, Notions,
Groceries, &c.**

42-11



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It is not a triumph of science, but a revelation through the instinct of the untutored savage, and is a complete antidote to all kinds of Blood Poison and Skin Humor.

Swift's Specific has cured me of Scrofula, which is hereditary in my family. I have suffered with it for many years, and have tried a great many physicians and all sorts of treatment, but to no purpose; when I began to take Swift's Specific I was in a horrible condition; but thanks to this great remedy, I am rid of the disease. There is no doubt that it is the greatest medicine in existence, and I hope any who doubt will write to me.
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S. S. S. has cured me of a troublesome Catarrh, which had baffled the treatment of all the best physicians North and South.
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\$1000 REWARD!
Will be paid to any Chemist who will find an Analogue of 100 bottles S. S. S. one particle of Mercury, Potassium Bichromate, or any other poisonous substance.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.
Drews & Anderson, Ga.

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J. S. RUSSELL'S,
Over Stock of
Bagging and Ties at
Bottom Prices.

ALSO
New Orleans Molasses,
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BOOTS & SHOES,
Sugar, Coffee, Tea and all kinds of Groceries.—I have no Store Rent, House Rent or Clerk Hire to Pay, and am not to be Under Sold. I will try and make it pay you to CALL ON ME.

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Dec. 12-3m.

2,000,000

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and accept of our Unparalleled Offer of the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, For 1884. A \$1.00 Periodical. A 600 PAGE DICTIONARY, 1000 Illustrations. "FOES OR FRIENDS?" Morris' 11x15 Superb Plate Engraving. "IN THE MEADOW." Dupre's 12x17 Superb Plate Engraving, or 12 PIECES OF SHEET MUSIC. In place of the Dictionary.

ALL FOR \$1.70

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Splendid Premiums for Getting up Clubs. Illustrations—"Gold Gift." Large-Size Steel-Engraving. Extra Copy for 1884.

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A Supplement will be given in every number for 1884, containing a full-size pattern for a dress, and a full-size pattern for a coat. Every subscriber will receive, during the year, twelve of these patterns—worth more, alone, than the subscription price.—*See*

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the best and cheapest of the lady's books. It gives more for the money, and contains greater merit than any other. In short, it has the Best Steel Engravings, Best Original Stories, Best Colored Fashion Plates, Flower Culture, House Decoration—in short, everything interesting to ladies.

Its immense circulation and long-established reputation enable its proprietor to distance all competition. Its stories, novels, etc., are admitted to be the best published. All the most popular female writers contribute to it. In 1884, more than 100 original stories will be given, besides SIX COPY-RIGHT NOVELS—by Ann S. Stephens, Mary J. Spooner, F. L. Benson, and E. C. Hawes, the author of "Jostial Allen's Wife," and the author of "The Second Life."

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"PETERSON'S" is the only magazine that gives these. They are TWICE THE USUAL SIZE, and are unequalled for beauty. Also, Household, Cookery, and other receipts; the "Golden Gift," or the large steel-plate Engraving, "Tired Out," to the person getting up the Club.

For Larger Clubs Greater Inducement! Address, post-paid, CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 25¢ Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

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Sampson Pope, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office-Opera House,
NEWBERRY, S. C.

In addition to a general practice pays special attention to the treatment of diseases of Females, and Chronic diseases of all kinds including diseases of the Respiratory and Circulatory Systems—of the Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Rectum, Liver, Stomach, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, of the Nervous System and Cancerous Sores and Ulcers. Correspondence solicited.

April 5, 14-17.

Poetry.

CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

BY W. B. FOX.

O, Fleeting Time! Give back to me
The joys of childhood's happy years!
Give back the hours from anguish free
And take these bitter sighs and tears!

For I am weary and would fain,
Forget the dreams that round me cling;
O' hopes I cherished, crushed and slain,
That o'er me now their shadows fling.

Slowly the pain-fraught years go by,
Watching life's flowers fade and die,
I count them not, however they flee,
For life is but a dream to me.

Long, long ago with trust betray'd
I saw from life the sunshine fade—
And earth grew drearier, day by day,
As all that cheer'd it flew away.

Love's holy vows I've found untrue,
And soon forgot for a face that's new.
If honor and wealth fills the offer'd hand,
It matters not for the heart's demand.

Low, at the gilded shrine of Fame,
I've seen the faithless heart bow down,
To win the praise of a favor'd name,
Which paltry greatness gave renown.

Selected Story.

AN INCIDENT FROM LIFE.

How damp and cold and foggy it was in Lambeth Palace Road one December evening, for it was terrible noisy too, for huge carts, laden with heavy goods from the Southwestern Railway terminus hard by, rattled incessantly over the stones, and everybody hurried along to be out of the thoroughfare as soon as possible.

Three little urchins formed an exception to the bustling crowd, for they lingered for more than an hour around the big iron gates of St. Thomas's Hospital in spite of the constant knocks and pushes they received, custom having made them almost unconscious of such treatment. Besides, the attraction which kept them there was a powerful one. They had actually witnessed, while they waited, the arrival of no less than three Christmas trees. Two of them, it is true, were only young fir trees dug up from a plantation somewhere in the country and sent straight to the hospital there to be dressed up in all their attractive finery, but the third tree was a present from the wife of one of the consulting physicians and was already trimmed and decorated and covered with toys.

There was some delay in moving it from the light cart and carrying it into the building, and so the three small boys outside had time for a long look at it in all its beauty. One must be a child to understand what that beauty is; colored flags, gold and silver balls, dolls, trunks, candles, crackers, sweeties—they need a child's imagination to be appreciated, but we may perhaps, happily have enough of it left in us to know how much they convey to him.

The boys on their sticky pavement outside gave a long-drawn sigh as the beautiful tree went out of sight and they turned away to their own usual surroundings—mud, fog, cold, discomfort, such as they had become accustomed to all through their short lives.

"My!" said one of them, Jimmy by name; "wouldn't I just like to be sick in there and 'ave that there tree to play with!"

It was a sentiment echoed by the other two, as they edged themselves along the railing of the hospital, making their way back toward the room they usually slept in in Lambeth.

"Well, we ain't sick," said another of them, called Peter, although the harsh, dry voice he spoke in and white, was face might have told another tale.

"And so we ain't got no tree!" said the third boy, Dill. They had almost reached the corner of Westminster Bridge, in depressed silence, when Peter—as he was commonly called—suddenly stopped, and with a smile that was pleasing enough to see, although his companions did not notice it, exclaimed:

"Ain't I got a hidea!"
After which statement he propounded to his attentive audience, ideas being, if not rare, always interesting to boys. And certainly Peter's was original and worthy of consideration.

He suggested that one of them should feign to be ill; should get taken into the hospital, and when once there should see the tree in all its glory.

The plan sounded delightful, the only objection to it being that they could not all play the principal part in it. They decided who should be

the lucky one by the all-popular method of tossing, and Pet won the toss. This was fortunate, for besides having distinctly the first right to his own idea, which the lad did not think of, he was the only one of the three who would have been capable of acting his part; but yet did not know this either.

He only gave Jimmy and Bill a few hints as to what they were to do, how they were to look as scared as possible when Bill's father came home at night, and how they were to say they knew nothing of Pet, except that he was suddenly "took bad."

Whereupon the "taking" promptly occurred, and with a thud that was unexpected even to Jimmy and Bill, Pet threw himself down at full length on the pavement. A small crowd instantly collected round them. Most of the people only stared a moment and then passed on; one or two expressed pity; and after a few moments the inevitable policeman arrived and pushed his way up to Pet's side, roughly questioning Jimmy and Bill. They whimpered a bit and looking frightened—to order, and the policeman, after rolling Pet over with his foot and finding him apparently altogether unconscious, said he must go to the hospital, and, with the help of a good-natured bystander, himself carried him there, Jimmy and Bill and several others following.

It was something to be inside those great walls, as Jimmy and Bill and Pet, too, thought, while the latter was being carried by the reporter on a stretcher into the casualty ward and a big bell was rung for Number One—that is, a young dresser always handy, who sees a case first, and, if it be trifling, attends to it without sending for the house surgeon. But of Pet the dresser could make nothing at all, and he soon called the house surgeon, who came running down from the top of the high building and applied himself with the rapidity of a hard-worked man to the consideration of the case before him. He did not look over thirty, but there was an amount of decision, a firmness and a gentleness in his touch of Pet, which spoke well for the use he had made of his head and his heart. The policeman stated what he knew and was dismissed, while the surgeon looked for all the most likely symptoms in Pet, and was able to find none of them. The patient was simply unconscious. The boys were asked whether Pet had been ill before he fell down suddenly, and they said: "No, only the cough!"

And as they both cried, or howled steadily, all the time, the dresser sent them away, telling them they might come the next morning to hear what is the matter with their friend. They, not sorry to get their dismissal after the surgeon had arrived on the scene, scampered off.

Then the surgeon, systematically and very patiently indeed, began at Pet's head and examined him down to his feet to find some cause of this extraordinary unconsciousness, and could find none. Disease was found indeed, for the poor little fellow's lungs were half gone, but as he said to the dresser: "Boys don't drop down unconscious from that!" Being strangely baffled, the surgeon ordered Pet to be taken to the children's ward, undressed and put to bed.

"We'll see what we can make of him then," he said.

It was not by any means easy for Pet to keep up his acting, especially when strong ammonia was put under his nose and almost boiling water to his feet, but he managed it, more now from pride than from longing after the Christmas tree, even. Only when he was lifted by the nurse into a soft clean, warm bed, such as he had never dreamt of before, that small closed mouth of his involuntarily parted, and something very like a smile, like the ghost of a smile, stole over his face.

The surgeon, noticing it, was struck with the idea that the boy might be shamming.

"Fetch the battery here," he said.

Pet did not know what a battery meant, or his smile, would certainly have disappeared as involuntarily as it had come.

The surgeon waited by his side, holding his small hand and thinking to himself that, shamming or not shamming, Pet had the most pathetic face he had met with in all his experience of sadness and suffering.

Then the battery was brought and a slight shock was administered from it down Pet's back.

"Oh! that was horrible!" thought the lad. "What was it? Would it come again?"

He managed not to wince under it the first time. A second and a harder shock was given. Pet did not quite scream, but he pressed his fingers so hard into the house surgeon's hand that the latter knew he was right in his conjecture.

Then a third shock was given—a stronger one, and this time Pet sprang out of bed with tears starting to his eyes and exclaimed:

"Oh! don't do it again; don't do it again!"
One or two students round were laughing, but the surgeon did not see anything but pathos in the scene, as he said, gravely:

"Then you are not ill, and have been giving us all this trouble for nothing. Why did you do it?"
He wanted the lad to tell the truth, and of course to him Pet did. "Please, sir," he said, not crying now, but looking straight with his gray eyes into the doctor's face, "I was the tree, the Christmas tree, as I wanted to see so awful bad! Me and Jimmy and Bill, we seed it—carried into here, all beautiful, and—and—I did want to see it again!"

"And so you pretended to be ill, that you might come in here, and—"

"Yes, sir."
"And what am I got to do with you now, do you think?"
"Turn me out again," said Pet promptly.

There was something very like a quiver in the surgeon's voice as he said with infinite tenderness: "No, my lad, I shan't do that to you, you shall see the Christmas tree in here. You are not what you pretended to be, but you are quite ill enough to stay in the ward until after Christmas time, and then we will see!"
And so Pet had his Christmas tree, and Jimmy and Bill came in at the surgeon's invitation to see it, too, but Pet did not go back with them to Lambeth. He never left the hospital again, for consumption ran a rapid course with him, and before three months were over he died in the ward.

Miscellaneous.

TOO UTTERLY GOOD.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE MARRIAGE OF A WOMAN BORN WITHOUT ARMS.

We were reading in an exchange the other day of the marriage of a woman in England—who was born without arms, but who can use her toes with remarkable dexterity. She can sew, knit, crochet, use a knife and fork, and scratch her head with her toes with as much ease as more fortunate mortals can with their fingers. After reading the article we leaned back in our easy chair, closed our eyes and allowed our thoughts to go off on an excursion across the water. We followed that girl from the day when she first snared a beau until her marriage, and some of the mental pictures we drew were indeed queer ones. When her lover would call, of course she would receive him as other ladies would, and just imagine how odd it would be to see her reaching up her foot, taking his hat between her toes, placing it upon the table and motioning him to a seat. She would sit by his side talking all the little nonsensical things that lovers usually talk, even and anon slapping him lovingly on the cheek with the sole of her foot when he would get off joke at her expense. She spies a hair on his collar, and with a dexterity bordering on the marvelous, reaching up with witching grace, takes it in her toes and casts it away. We can see sitting there with her foot in his hand responding to his tender sighs, or coyly toying with his whiskers with her taper toes. Mayhap he may hint that he doubts her constancy, when, with an injured look upon her face, she puts her foot upon her heart and assures him that it beats only for him, that at every pulsation the bounding blood murmurs his beloved name. Then he smiles, takes the lovely foot in his hand, kisses it fondly and assures her that he would as soon doubt the purity of a babe as to doubt her love. If the necktie becomes loosened how gracefully she would tie it with both feet, tapping the tie neatly down with a big toe when the job was completed. We can picture her screaming with laughter and clapping her feet in glee over some funny story, or wiping away the unhidden tear with her toes at a recital of want and suffering. When about to part he would kiss and ask her for just one loving embrace, and with the light of love beaming in her eyes she would—but no, that is not the question. We forgot for a moment her unfortunate condition. He would have to do all the embracing himself. She would hand him his hat, escort him to the door, give him a good-night shake with the foot and then sit down by the fire and draw a beautiful picture of the day when he would fall upon his knees before her and ask her for her foot and heart. Then she would retire to her chamber, undress, sit down on the floor and bury her face in her feet and say her prayers as all good girls should and go to bed to dream of a future frescoed with bliss and doted with supreme happiness.

And the marriage ceremony!

Of course the bride could not enter leaning upon the arm of the groom as is customary, for it would be rather unique and odd to see her hopping in on one foot, and she might attract undue attention.

They approach the altar and the ceremony begins. Where right hands are usually joined she must give him her right foot, and at the words "with this ring I thee wed," the peculiar circumstances of the case would compel him to place the golden band of love upon one of her toes. Of course it would tickle her and she might flinch and wiggle her nearly toes, but this need cause no serious hitch in the proceedings. After the ceremony friends would crowd up and shake her foot and rain down blessings and kind wishes upon her head, and under propitious skies they would set forth upon the journey of life foot in hand.

If the union should be blessed with children how exhilarating it would be to see her spank an obstinate youngster. She would snatch him up with her toes, lay him across her knees and smack the holy delights out of him with the sole of her foot. Then she would release him, shake her toe at him sternly and tell him that if ever he disobeys her again she will make him think he has been sitting on a hot stove lid. As to kneading dough for the morning biscuits—well, we will drop the curtain of curiosity and pursue her no further.

PENALTIES.

The penalty of popularity is envy.

The penalty of thin shoes is a cold.

The penalty of a tight boot is corns.

The penalty of a baby is sleepless nights.

The penalty of a public dinner is bad wine.

The penalty of marrying is a mother-in-law.

The penalty of a pretty cook is an empty larder.

The penalty of a good-father is a silver knife, fork and spoon.

The penalty of kissing the baby is half a dollar (one dollar if you are liberal) to the nurse.

The penalty of interfering between man and wife is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows from both.

The penalty of buying cheap clothes is like going to law—the certainty of losing your suit, and having to pay for it.

The penalty of remaining single is having no one who cares about spring being the most beautiful season of the year—the time when the tender blades of grass, kissed by the dews of heaven and warmed by the kindly rays of the sun, peep forth, at the first timidly, and then in all the royal splendor of their vivid colors, from the bosom of the earth that was such a while ago wrapped in the mantle of snowy whiteness and fast bound in the chilly arms of the hory-headed old winter. Then say as the glad sunshine leaps through the bits of foliage that begin to come out and cast their grateful shade upon the earth, they fall upon the buds that are loading fruit trees, and soon on every branch the buds ripen and burst forth in a wealth of floral loveliness. Then compare the maiden just stepping forth from the precincts of the school, and gazing with wistful, eager eyes out into the world with the little bud upon the tree, and say that she, too, by the aid of the sunlight which comes from education, will soon develop into a woman, that priceless gift of God to man, and ever cast about her the holy light of love. That ought to fetch 'em."

RIDE FOR A JUG OF LIQUOR.

One night a Carolina judge had been out very late and on his return, after stabling his horse, he kept vigil even later with some sympathetic friends. On rising in the morning and descending to the breakfast room, his throat very dry, what was his surprise to find the demijohn that stood on the table in a similarly arid condition.

"Sambo!"
"Yes, sah."
"Take this jock—saddle the mare, and ride down to the Corners and get it filled as quickly as you know how. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sah."
His order given, and the slow and stammering Sambo from the room, the thirsty son of Baccus and Minerva sat himself down, watch in hand, to await the committing of his commission. "Two minutes," he murmured, brokenly, gasping as chickens do when their porridge is too dry—"the mare is bridled—saddled—and Sambo is on her back. Now he is down the path, out the gate and on the highway. Good old bossy! How she flies along! Now they are by the willow tree. Now they are crossing the brook—now—and now—the two miles are finished and they are at the store. Two minutes for the boy to finish waiting on the customers already there—two minutes to draw the—for Sambo and it is on its way. Here it comes. Over the brook and by the tree—along the road—along the lane—through the gate—up the path—and here it is with Sambo!"

"I say m massa, I c can't find that ere bridle any-whal Why, h here it is, massa, behind your chair! Guess you must ha' brought it in last night!"

There is but one road to lead us to God—humility; all other ways would only lead astray, even were they fenced in with all virtues.

THE BUD OF PROMISE.

"Is this the place?"
A prepossessing young lady stood in the doorway of the editorial rooms and was gazing around the apartment in a friendly but somewhat mysterious manner.

"It depends on what you want," replied the horse reporter. "If you are on a wild and fruitless search for a piece of plum-colored satin to match a dress, or a new kind of carpet-sweeper that will never by any possibility keep in working order three consecutive days, you are joyously sailing away on the wrong track, but if you would like an editor—"

"That's it," said the young lady. "I want to see an editor; I guess it is the literary editor. I saw such a sweet verse in the Tribune the other day. It went like this: 'The bloom on the heather is fading, dar-ling. The meadows are crimson gold, God grant we may live together darling. Together till we grow old.'"

"Well," said the horse reporter, "our bloom-on-the-heath editor is just out now, but maybe some of the rest of us could attend to your case. What is it you want?"

"I am going to graduate next month sir," said the young lady, "and I've got to read an essay. Isn't it funny?"

"It will be very," responded the personal friend of St. Julien.

"And I thought," continued the young lady, "that perhaps the literary editor would give me some advice about the subject of my essay and the general manner in which it should be treated. But possibly you could do it just as well, and the coming graduate smiled a sweet encouraging smile.

"I guess likely I could," was the reply. "You've got your white dress made, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."
"Well, that's a good deal. What were you thinking of writing about?"

"I don't exactly know, sir. That was what puzzled me."
"The bud of promise racket is a pretty good one," said the horse reporter.

"The what?"
"The bud of promise racket. It's a daisy scheme for girl graduates."

"Could you tell me," asked the young lady in a hesitating manner, "about this—"

"Racket?" suggested the horse reporter.

"About this racket."
"Oh, certainly. You want to start the essay with a few remarks about spring being the most beautiful season of the year—the time when the tender blades of grass, kissed by the dews of heaven and warmed by the kindly rays of the sun, peep forth, at the first timidly, and then in all the royal splendor of their vivid colors, from the bosom of the earth that was such a while ago wrapped in the mantle of snowy whiteness and fast bound in the chilly arms of the hory-headed old winter. Then say as the glad sunshine leaps through the bits of foliage that begin to come out and cast their grateful shade upon the earth, they fall upon the buds that are loading fruit trees, and soon on every branch the buds ripen and burst forth in a wealth of floral loveliness. Then compare the maiden just stepping forth from the precincts of the school, and gazing with wistful, eager eyes out into the world with the little bud upon the tree, and say that she, too, by the aid of the sunlight which comes from education, will soon develop into a woman, that priceless gift of God to man, and ever cast about her the holy light of love. That ought to fetch 'em."

"It sounds nice, doesn't it?" said the young lady.

"You bet it does, sir. Of course, you and I know that when a girl graduates she is as useless as a fan in a cyclone, but it won't do to say so. You just give it to 'em the way I told you and you'll be all right."

"Thank you very much, sir," said the young lady, starting for the door.

"Don't forget to tie your essay with a blue ribbon," said the horse reporter.

"No, sir, I won't."
"And tell your papa to buy a bouquet to fire at you."
"Yes, sir. Good-bye."