# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON. ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1896. VOLUME XXX.---NO 33.



## Buying a Hat

IS a lottery unless you buy it of a dealer that is in the habit of telling the truth about his goods. A Hat may look well when new, and yet succumb to its first wetting. - - - - -

We have Hats from 25c. up to $3

Our $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 Hats are not the finest Hats made, and yet there's as much wear in them as in lots of other Hats at twice their price.

A new line just in.

Come in and get fitted.

Yours truly,

B. O. EVANS & CO.

P. S.--Mr. A. G. MEANS, Jr., Anderson's popular Clothier, is now with us. Come in and let him sell you your new Suit. B. O. E. & CO.

## ATLANTIC ACID PHOSPHATE,

ATLANTIC SOLUBLE GUANO!

And other brands of their well-known High Grade Fertilizers, for sale by - - - - - - - - -

D. P. SLOAN & CO.

## A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS!

BUT a Rolling-Pin gathers locks of hair sometimes. One of our customers was persuaded last week by some one to buy a Barrel of Flour under the representation that it was "just as good" as **Dean's Patent.** The natural consequence was bad bread, a bald head, and a man who had learned that a "rolling stone gathers no moss." Imitation is the best recommendation in favor of **Dean's Patent Flour** and **J. K. No. 2 Coffee.** Watch out for them both!!!

**Molasses, Sugar and Oats our Leaders!**

But we have inaugurated a genuine, bona-fide cut of ten per cent. on our large Stock of **SHOES** which must sell them in a rush. Also, sixty pieces of best **Wool Jeans,** and twenty five pieces heavy **Flannel.**

Nuffed,

DEAN, RATLIFFE & CO.

Standard High Grade Fertilizers and Acid Phosphates always on hand. Special rates in Car Load lots. Correspondence solicited. D., R. & CO.

STOP!.....THINK IT OVER!

## WILL. R. HUBBARD,

That runs the JEWELRY PALACE, next to Farmers and Merchants Bank, has, beyond a doubt, the Largest Stock of.....

Jewelry Silverware, Clocks, Watches and Novelties,

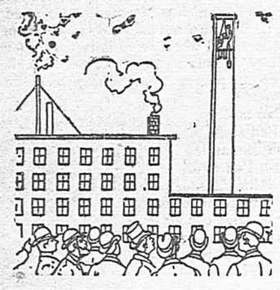
This side of Charleston. Competition ain't in it at all, as I cannot be undersold.....

☞ I bought these Goods to SELL, and if you fail to get your share it's not my fault. Drop in and LOOK, even if you don't want to buy.

Birthday, Wedding and Xmas Presents IN GREAT VARIETY.

☞ ENGRAVING FREE—Promptness in everything.

WILL. R. HUBBARD, Jeweler.



## ATTRACTING A CROWD

IS one thing; pleasing that crowd is another. We would rather have one small customer pleased than one hundred who had made large purchases and were not perfectly satisfied. That is why we have constantly refused to handle certain makes of Shoes which are of the "Made-to-Sell-but-not-to-Wear" quality. We won't keep anything in our Store that we cannot conscientiously recommend.

One Shoe that we CAN and DO RECOMMEND is the Selz Royal Blue, at $4.00 the pair. This is really a "Made-to Wear" foot covering, which is extraordinarily cheap, quality considered.

"There are others," too, but it is needless to specify. Drop in when you are in Anderson, whether you want to buy just then or not, and take a look at them.

THE YATES SHOE CO.

Masonic Building, Anderson, S. C.

## NEW JEWELRY STORE!

JOHN M. HUBBARD,

IN HIS NEW STORE.....IN HOTEL BLOCK

LOTS OF NEW GOODS.

NOVELTIES IN PROFUSION.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT.

ONE CENT TO $100.00.

☞ No charge for Engraving.

☞ The Prettiest Goods in the Town, and it's a pleasure to show them.

P. S.—If you have Accounts with J. M. HUBBARD & BRO. make settlement with me at above place.

JOHN M. HUBBARD.


## SARGE PLUNKETT.

**The Old Man Writes Interestingly Upon St. Valentine's Day.**

*Atlanta Constitution.*

I guess that everybody knows that the 14th of February is St. Valentine's day, but some of them were so anxious to give me a diff that they have sent me some already.

Some that I have received are hideous beyond description, and the most of the senders add a line at the bottom—"See yourself." Some of the big-nosed, warped-faced, out-of-reason monstrosities that I have received with the information that "it looks just like Plunkett," is enough to make a weak man commit suicide. And it is mighty unanimous to just be a joke. I have ruminated over them seriously, and Brown has took occasion more than once to quote in my presence Burns's little verse:

"O, wad some pow'r the gifts gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,
'Twad frae many a blunder free us—
And foolish notion."

I can't convince Brown that such ugly things are just sent in a spirit of fun. He argues with me that "from the abundance of the heart the lips speaketh," but I refuse to accept them that way. If I was certain that these valentines were in truth the way that people look upon me, I would not trouble the world with my poor downtrodden presence much longer. I would choose some easy way of departing this life and depart. But it is just a joke, Brown to the contrary notwithstanding.

I am fortified in the belief that people don't mean what they say in these valentines by past experiences. When I was young I used to get them in a very different tone to the ones that I receive now, and I learned then that it was just a joke. One of the sweetest and prettiest girls in Georgia sent me the following on a Valentine's day of the long ago:

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
Suger's sweet,
And so are you."

When I received the above I was carried away, for I knew the handwrite and loved the girl. It encouraged me to advance. Wherever that girl went I was sure to go, after that. I dogged her steps till folks said I was a fool. I thought they were mistaken, but I finally agreed that they were correct, when, upon one summer day, this sweet girl asked me if I couldn't take a joke. It liked to have killed me then to find that folks did not mean what they said in valentines, but it is mighty consoling at this writing.

Though I am considerably disfigured so far, I live in the hope that I may receive some sweet ones before the season is over. The day is too sweet to spend in making people feel bad. Make everybody feel good and you will be in touch with the occasion and feel much better yourself. Tennyson gets into the old-time spirit of the day when he says:

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes
upon the robin's breast,
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets
himself another crest;
In the spring a lovier iris changes on the
burnish'd dove,
In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

There is nothing in these sweet lines that could be in touch with these ugly comic things that some folks delight so much in sending out—never make a man feel bad, never joke on facts, is my advice, after a good deal of experience and a long life of observation.

If the valentines that I have lately received represent the feelings of senders, I would remark that there are a great many mistaken people in this old world. Most all of them deal with me as if I was a drinker—a drunkard. This needs no defense from me, for all who know me personally know that I have long since declared against the vile stuff called whiskey. I used to take a little just for "the stomach's sake," but not a drop can be got down my throat now. I cannot see to save my life how the feeling got to be so unanimous that I am a drinker, as indicated by these comic valentines, unless it be that I am mistaken for Brown—we look considerably alike when there is no rumors of war in the land, and this may account for my having to bear the stigma of drinking. I am in a good way of reforming Brown at this writing, and then I hope that my traducers will have no other chance for an honest mistake.

There are other features and changes than this comic valentine craze that have come to Valentine's day. Once it was the custom for young people to meet and kiss and mate off a year on the morning of this day. The custom gave privileges to the young men that found no laggards in those days. Just think of a young man being privileged to kiss the first girl he meets on this morning—don't you think there would be some active stirring? Besides, the couple that met each other first in the morning were mated for a year, they were sweethearts till next St. Valentine's day, with privileges that no other fellow could have for that time. This made the mornings of St. Valentine's mighty lively then, as it would now; and then, as it would be now, the girls were not caught and kissed by every fellow that came along.

It was generally arranged beforehand who should meet one with another, and this made it all the more pleasant, and most always ended in a marriage before another St. Valentine's day would roll around. After a day of fun and frolic the night would usher in a good old-fashioned party that wound up by a kiss all round among the mated couples.

These old customs are gone; these innocent privileges are no more. They don't write the sweet little verses that they used to write and the kissing would not be innocent now. It takes money now to celebrate the day—it takes money to do anything. Even lovers—with all their boast of education—sail away to the stores and pick out something according to its money value as a gauge of hearts. The valentine that cost the most money is now the valentine that expresses the warmest feeling of the heart. By many the happy day is passed unnoticed in the greed of business. Others make it an occasion for the pouring out of the vials of their wrath upon poor down-trodden folks like me through the medium of the comic valentine. It takes no talent to reach whom you would reach through these comics. A nickel spent is enough to vent your spleen. Me-thinks that anybody, even an Englishman, would feel bad in taking the advantage that these comic valentines offer.

How much better does the old way of celebrating this day seem to me! There is no outpouring of love from the store-bought things, and there is nothing in their elegance that has the touch of sincerity that is craved by the heart. In this age of progress and learning it seems that young people could find an original way and a more sincere way than can be bought of expressing themselves. Some of our old ones might be laughed at now, but they were very often fair expressions of the heart. One of my favorites of the olden times ran thus:

"As sure as grass grows round the stump,
You are my own sweet sugar lump."

Or, for the sake of variety:

"As sure as the grass grows round the
vine,
I'll be yours if you'll be mine."

I know that such as this is not in keeping with these progressive times, but they were the innocent outpourings of sincerity, and made such days looked forward to with joyful anticipation.

And St. Valentine's day was the coming of spring, too. And it was the time for the coming of the birds. Maurice Thompson writes sweetly on this:

"The blue birds will come with the coming of spring,
And I feel a new song in my mouth—
A song that my lips are a hungry to sing
In the warm dim woods of the South."

The birds do not come much now—especially the blue birds—and there is mighty little mating except among the English sparrows. I can well remember when the trees used to hang with birds' nests and when every hollow stump was occupied by the pretty mated blue birds. They tell me that progress and the English sparrow has exterminated the birds, but I don't know as this is correct. It strikes me that perhaps the birds got imbued with what they call progress and tired of the good old ways. The mother birds lost the cravings they once had, tired of making nests and wearying over baby birds, and so the decrease, and sometimes I am afraid that the human family will be exterminated upon the same idea. It is distressing to know just how many human beings have come to dread the buildings of nests and the worrying with the babes. They tell me that France is decaying from this, and that just in proportion as this natural and most affectionate feeling departs comes the blight of sin and immorality.

But we are all happy in the country. The plowboys are singing in the fields and all look forward with hopeful hearts for a good crop to come. One more good crop year will set the farmers in good condition and with the farmers blessed all the world is benefited.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

### The Clemson Dairy.

While the Legislative investigating committee is investigating conditions and affairs at Clemson College it should not fail to look into the conduct of the College dairy, under the direction of Prof. Hart, and render a full report of its observations in that interesting institution.

The dairy is well worthy of such attention according to all the accounts we have of it. Its fame has already extended far beyond the limits of the State. Its cheese and butter products received high commendation, and some prizes, we believe, from the authorities at the Atlanta Exposition. Competent judges have pronounced its cheeses among the finest made in the United States, and a Northern visitor declared that he was paying 50 cents a pound at home for butter of the same quality as that made every day by Prof. Hart. As was reported in the *News and Courier* recently, the owner of one of the largest and finest herds of dairy cattle in the South, a Northern man, visited the College a few weeks ago for the express purpose of employing one of Prof. Hart's graduates to take charge of his dairy business, and was much disappointed to learn that there were no graduates yet. The butter of the dairy is shipped to Atlanta and other distant points, and finds ready sale in competition with the best grades in the market. A sample that was exhibited in Charleston last week received the highest praise from housekeepers and other experts who examined and tried it. It was firm in texture, of a golden yellow color and of a flavor that hinted at clover fields and carried conviction of scrupulously clean cans and pans and churns, and of knowledge and skill employed in every stage of its manipulation. Such butter is made at the dairy every day, and one of the most interesting facts in connection with its making is that it is made from milk furnished to the dairy by the farmers generally in the neighborhood of the College. What is being done for them by the College dairy could be done for the farmers of any district in the State by a central dairy of their own establishment, conducted by a competent manager. The main purpose of the College dairy is to train such managers from among the boys at the College, to direct dairies in every part of the State to the great advantage of stock growers, and the great satisfaction of consumers of dairy products. It is a pity that every butter making farmer, and his wife, in the State cannot visit the College dairy and see for themselves the products it turns out. The next best thing to such visitations is to make the good work of Prof. Hart widely known, and to give him all the support he needs in it. The Legislative committee can contribute a good deal to this end by investigating this department especially, and reporting simply what it sees and learns there for the information of the Legislature and of the people of the State generally. It is an important adjunct of the College, is doing practical work, and work that will be immensely valuable to the State in a little while. It deserves official recognition and liberal support, so that it may not be crippled for means to carry on its work in the best way. The committee should not look for faults and shortcomings only in the management of the College. It should give the institution full credit for every success achieved as well, and a notable one is in the establishment and conduct of its dairy department.—*News and Courier.*

— "Courting sticks" were in use in New England about 100 years ago. They were wooden tubes, through which lovers could whisper to each other when the presence of other persons interfered with the secret exchange of endearing expressions.


### $100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.


## COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

**Gangs Recently Caught and How they were Working.**

"Examine your $2 and $5 bills" is the order that has gone quietly to all the cashiers of the retail dry-goods stores. The country is flooded with counterfeits in these denominations, and from the facts brought out by the recent arrest of counterfeiters in different parts of the country, it is deluged with bills of different figures as well.

There are specific directions given to the cashiers of stores and to the receiving tellers of banks that aid them in detecting bad money. They can do so at a glance when forewarned. But in the latest cases of counterfeiting the bad bills are so cleverly executed that the commoner, though he may be on the lookout for them, will be deceived.

The day that fourteen Italian counterfeiters were arrested in New York special notes were taken of the bad bills and a few interesting points ascertained that may help to tell when a bad bill is presented.

Bogus $5 bills are by far the most numerous of any at just this time. It is thought that, previous to the arrest of the Italian gang, they or their pals, as yet undetected, had been very successful in "shoving the queer," as getting rid of bad money is called in professional talk.

This bad $5 bill is an imitation so clever that only experts could have discovered it in the first place. It has been passing for years, it is thought, as the plate is so well worn that it must have been printed over and over again many times.

Upon the bill is a portrait of Gen. Grant. The picture of the general is good, but it is bare in spots. Good bills always have a clear-cut face upon them.

But the main thing is the shirt bosom. Grant wore his shirts open in front. The front opening frequently bulged a little, in the old-fashioned way, leaving no doubt where the shirt opened. In the counterfeit the shirt bosom is plain, as plain as a piece of muslin. This is a point, which, being known, is of the greatest assistance in detecting the bogus bills, though the portrait is so tiny that a close inspection is necessary even then.

Another point in this bill is the heaviness of the Treasury numbers. They are far too firm in the counterfeit, and are almost a jet black in color. The panel upon which the numbers are printed should be a white scroll with curled corner. In a bad bill it is a panel of irregularly ruled lines. There are several other differences as guides to detection, but these are sufficient to aid the layman in his search for the good only.

There are several counterfeit $2 bills going the rounds. One has a portrait of Windom upon it. The true face of Windom is full and vigorous, but in the bad bill the cheeks are fallen and the chin does not have the right appearance. There are other points about this bill.

For one, the note is signed by W. S. Rosecrans. But in the counterfeit the name is spelled "Roscerans." And on the back of the bill the word "Customs" is spelled "ostums." And "Treasurer" upon the face is spelled "Treasurero." There are also other misspelled words.

Oddly enough, when a counterfeit bill is presented to the average man his first look is at the color of the bill and the signature. Color and signature are rarely at fault. They are easy to imitate. But it is in the minute detail work of a bill, in the spelling, in the copying of the excellent likeness, in the periods, scrolls and dashes that the counterfeiters err. It is said that there was never any bad bill so perfect that it did not have glaring errors in its minutia

There is a $20 counterfeit upon the market. There have been several found, and it is thought many more are in circulation. This $20 counterfeit has a picture of the battle of Lexington upon it. The quickest way to detect this bill is by this picture.

There is a figure of a woman stooping over a wounded soldier. In the original this woman has a sweet, grieved, sympathetic look, the face of a Madonna. In the bad bill she is frightened and wears an expression of fear, as though about to flee from the scene.

This is one of the most dangerous counterfeits in existence, as there is little else besides the poorness of the figures in the pictures upon the bill to aid in its detection. If a person is handling money he should examine the picture upon a genuine $20 note, and so be quick to see the change for the worse in the counterfeit.

There is another $20 bill that is being quietly but persistently circulated. It bears a portrait of Daniel Manning. But the counterfeit fails to show Manning's mustache as it was. The original of the bill had a mustache with curled ends, quite a Beau Brummel mustache. But the counterfeit ends in stubby points, sticking straight out at the side. The bill is also the least trifle smaller than the genuine, and if you rub the seal upon the counterfeit with wet fingers it will "crack off."

There is a counterfeit $5 with picture of Garfield in circulation. It is what those who detect counterfeits know as a "photographed bill," and is all the more dangerous on this account, as it is sure to be accurate. The principal defect in the bill is in the grayness of the ink with which it is printed, while the genuine is black as jet. This is a bill that can be readily passed upon an unsuspecting public.

The law regarding the passing of counterfeit money is not understood by everybody. If you pay for goods in a store with a bill, and you have your bill brought back to you as "not a good bill," your felling is one of indignation, and your next thought is that you will try it somewhere else. You took it as good, and you will use it as though it were good.

Now, the law does not allow this. You are liable to arrest for offering a counterfeit bill, and if the shopkeeper chose to prosecute you for trying to pass one off on him, he could do so, in spite of your plea that you did not know it was bad. Ignorance of the law is no excuse, and you are held guilty until proven innocent.

Justice, however, takes prompt note of the cases of the really innocent, and you can always clear yourself, provided you do not try the same bill twice. If you find you have a doubtful bill your first act is to go to a bank to make inquiries regarding it. If it is a counterfeit you lose the money.

In the recent raids in New York, St. Louis, Pennsylvania and Long Island a most startling discovery was made, and that was that the bills were being printed in Italy and sent over here. This was first suspected from the fact that the words were misspelled and put together in an Italian manner. Afterwards it was found that the bills were coming over in boxes of maccaroni and in canned vegetables.

It is thought that the counterfeit $10 bills that were found like spatter in the West were done in the East and sent West by express. They bear the portrait of Secretary Windom and have been changed from $2 to $10 by erasing the figures and putting others in their places. Close scrutiny at the denomination of the bill shows the erasure.

The way sleek counterfeiters work is by any method that will escape suspicion. You find their den like that of Nicola Taranto, the alleged head of the Mafia in this country, in the basement of a second-hand clothing shop, or you find it upon the most fashionable avenue of the town.

For small bills the poorer quarters are chosen, and the richer ones for the larger denominations. The bills are sent to some one who is the recognized head, and he distributes them to his different branches in the most secret of ways.

A very skillful detective of the secret service tells how he repeatedly tracked counterfeit bills to one aristocratic neighborhood, and finally suspicion pointed to one man. He was a well-dressed, handsome young fellow, passing as a law student. He had a room in a fashionable boarding house.

The secret service detective took a room in a rear house and fitted a telescope in the blind. For many days he waited in vain, though always hearing of new counterfeits in that part of the city. The blinds opposite were always closed. One morning a gust of wind blew them open, just in time to reveal a swagger group standing before the table in the young man's room.

There was a fashionably dressed young woman, a very dapper young man and a tramp, all receiving an assignment of bills. The young woman, it seems, passed as the "sister" of the young man and came to his room at will. The dapper caller was a friend, and the tramp was none other than a boarder in the house who was also one of the gang, and who disguised himself as a tramp and got in and out of the house protected by his coat-collar and his friends.

Their plan was to "paste" a certain neighborhood, then move to another. Each day the gentlemanly head of the concern, the bogus law student, bought cigars with a bogus $5 bill at the different cigar stores and received a handful of good bills and silver in return. In a wealthy neighborhood a bad bill goes unnoticed until time to deposit it at the bank, when the cigar dealer has no idea where he received it

There is a $1 bill with the head of Washington upon it, in which the face of the Father of His Country is so poor that you ridicule it at once. This is a counterfeit bill. And there is a $10 bill that has Lincoln's face upon it, badly drawn. The eagle, the emblem of liberty, is a sorry-looking bird, draggled and scratched instead of being spirited and clear.

There is a $10 bill of Gen. Sheridan's face. The star on his epaulet is four-pointed when it should be five. And there is a $100 bill in which the eagle bird has almost no tail. It is thought that in mounting the plate the eagle's tail did not "come up well," as printers say.

If a list of all the known counterfeit bills were given, it would look so long that eyes of suspicion would rest upon every bill, for the game of counterfeiting has been going on ever since money began. But in the United States counterfeiters are pursued as nowhere else, and the bills are tracked and gathered up before they do half the damage they work in other countries.

JAMES BARTON.

### Shall we Read Newspapers.

Are men wise who read history, but decline to read newspapers? Nay, verily. They pore over the event of two thousand years ago with intense interest, but do not consider that grander events are occurring all around them than occurred two thousand years since. They study the dead past, and ignore the living present. The affairs in which Demosthenes, and Cicero, and Pericles, and Cæsar were directly interested are of thrilling interest to them; but the affairs that immediatdly concern them, and directly affect their weal, are to them insipid. Whence this stupidity? Surely distance lends enchantment to the view. Men go thousands of miles to see the Mammoth Cave, while, it is said, there is a man within a half mile of it that never saw it. It is not possible that men can be found, who all their lives have heard the thunder of Niagara, that have never had the curiosity to go to see it. The Queen of Sheba went a great distance to hear the wisdom of Solomon, while hundreds had no curiosity to hear a greater than Solomon in their midst and teaching on their streets. How little do we know of the grandeur of the daily occurances around us! How little do we realize that we and our contemporaries are making a history, which posterity will study with eagerness and wonder! How foolish one is to know all about Greece and Rome, and to live in ignorance of our own land—a land far grander than Greece or Rome? How foolish to know all about ancient times and to live in ignorance of our own times—times more momentous that any in the history of the race!—*Holston Methodist.*

### Locomotives Trained.

It may not be generally known that locomotives intended for express trains require as much training as race horses. The Pennsylvania railroad company builds its own engines and those built for express trains are known as class P. They are very large and built, with slight variations, after the pattern of the big English engine imported into this country several years ago and which at that time was a curiosity in its way.

When one of these big engines is taken out of the shops to be placed on the road instead of putting it to the work it is intended for at once, it is run for two or three weeks on some one of the local branches in order to train it, so to speak, for faster running. By this means all the bearings and journals connected with the runnings gear becomes settled to their work, for should anything about the new machine not work harmoniously there is ample time to adjust the defect.

Usually a new engine proves troublesome on account of it propensity to make fast time and at almost every station the train is found to be a little ahead of schedule time and must wait from ten seconds to a minute.—*Philadelphia Record.*

## THE HAPPY HOME.

**An Earnest, Practical Sermon by Rev. J. T. Keelty.**

*Augusta Chronicle.*

The second night of the mission at St. Patrick's church proved in numbers and interest as great as the one previous, and the words as they fell from the lips of the earnest speaker found an echo in the hearts of the earnest listeners present, and will abide with them, and if rightly followed will lead to great and good happiness. Rev. J. T. Keelty was the speaker. He took for his text:

"And he came to Nazareth and was subject unto them." These brief words from the second chapter of St. Luke has given us the story concerning the childhood days of the infant Savior. The source of this meditation starts a train of thought in my mind of the days of the childhood of Jesus Christ and His home in Nazareth. What a happy family this must have been, and what a charming home. St. Joseph, the head of the house, was a just man, possessing sublime qualities and an exalted mind fulfilling all duties relating to his station humbly and cheerfully. Mary, the mother, the beautiful and spotless one, born without sin, in her were found the virtues of humility, purity, innocence; in fact, she is the grandest model of a mother, and the one given in all times as an example of that grandest and highest blessing. In this Christian family God was the child who came to make this place an abode of joy, and here His childhood was spent in making home happy. This subject brings back the thoughts of the old home with its joys and its sorrows past and present, with its story yet untold. When we picture the home of the infant Jesus do we ever form comparisons between that and our home? Are they alike or are they different? Is your home like the home of Jesus, a happy one, or is it different, where your children, instead of being obedient are disobedient, where you, the parents, are engaged in foolish and degrading thoughts, in vile drinking, or in cursing and swearing? If such is your home God pity you, for unfortunate and unhappy is such a home beyond expression. Listen for a moment to my words, and if they succeed in rendering one home more cheerful and happy, one life better, well will I have fulfilled my mission.

Consider again the little home at Nazareth, presided over by the best of parents, where no quarrelings, no bickerings were ever heard, nay, every action and deed edified the world, and where the child waxed strong in wisdom and goodness before God and man where this child, kind, beautiful and obedient did all to please these humble parents, for on him depended the happiness of this home. On you, parents, the peace and happiness of the home depend, and on you rests the duty of teaching and correcting the little lives entrusted to your care. It rests on you to set the example, for as our Lord said to His disciples, "I have set the example, go thou and do likewise."

Endeavor to make your children understand the important duty of making the fireside cheerful by always bringing into the home circle happy faces and bright smiles. Let your children realize the true meaning of the sweet words, father and mother, and teach them to lay open their minds and hearts to you who are the best friends they can ever possess. Too often we find a father instilling into the breast of his little child fear, and the desire to leave his presence, by a habit which has cursed his life, to seek in bar rooms, gambling saloons or other places that happiness which has been denied him at home.

If the home were rendered more attractive we would hear of fewer ruined characters, less drunkenness and other evils and crimes that come forth like evil birds of prey when night shrouds all things in darkness.

Let this thought be with you that should your children go to perdition through your fault, there will come a day of reckoning when you will be called to give an account of your stewardship, and that very life you have wrecked by your evil example will rise up to accuse you of your crime.

Spare not the rod, less by this means you withdraw not his soul from God. Punish your child whenever guilty, but do so that your child when corrected for his fault will yet retain the love which is necessary at all times between a parent and child. Reprove your children without losing your dignity, but in such a manner that while showing your grief you let them understand that it is a necessary duty. In this way your reproof will bear fruit, and the child will grow up an example of filial respect, and the love which will exist between this child and its parents will render happy any home, no matter how humble. By an ungovernable temper many parents render home a hell on earth rather than a heaven; such people as these are no more fitted for the important office of governing a home than the beasts of the field. Like maniacs many parents become when correcting their children, and in passion and anger, teach that child whom God gave them, by curses and blows, rather than lead them by kindness and love. The consequences will be more horrible than if they were left uncorrected, for they will grow more wicked, will hate and despise those whom God set over them; they will even go so far as to set themselves up against parental authority, or even dare to raise their hands in anger against their parent, and when misery enters the home, and curses and anger descend upon it, remember fathers and mothers you urged them, you taught them by your own example. As sure as God is in heaven, you will feel the effects, for as the Angel of Unity departs, the demon of discord takes his place. If there were better examples given, there would be fewer aged fathers and mothers praying God to take them to Him; fewer aged fathers and mothers tottering with trembling footsteps to the grave.

Think of the influence of example over strangers, and what it must be over children who imagine parents can do no wrong. A father and mother have been compared to a book, and as they are so will their children be. They will engrave on the pages of their young hearts the virtues practiced and pointed out by these loved monitors. This thought should be constantly before you. As many children as you have so many disciples do you have to follow you. Remember then that as your life is evil or good, so will be that of those little lives entrusted to your care. As to children, so horrible was disrespect looked upon in the old law, that a child guilty of this crime was stoned to death. Yet the law of nature appeals to this love, and the child who repels its dictates is not worthy of the name. Children, men and women, whoever you may be, all your strivings could never make home as happy as it should be, and the love which you should bear great enough to pay for the sacrifices which your parent leaves home to work early and late for your pleasure, often at much sacrifice to himself. Mother's love is mutely told by her silvered hair, the furrows on her face, lips that have kissed the tear of sorrow from your infant cheek sunken and hollow, eyes that have watched with love your first tiny step now dimmed. If by your wild, wayward life you have brought sorrow to this aching heart, pause; it is not too late to amend, and yet bring joy into that life. Remember she is your best friend; no prison walls are too thick to prevent her passage, no scaffold too high to keep her from climbing it. If lying on the roadside unnoticed, she would not hesitate to carry you home, and nurse you, forgetting all else in her faith and trust, believing in you to the last, even should the whole world turn from you. Who are you that in their declining years rather than cheering and brightening the short journey that yet remains you should bring sorrow and disgrace upon them. There will come a day, however, when the shadow of death will fall upon the loved face, and for the last time you will look upon her who was dearer than all, and your heart will ache that you caused unhappiness to that mother's heart, and the love will come too late. Stop and think now before entering the threshold, and resolve that no cruel word will fall from your lips, remember again that mother's step is slower than it used to be. She has grown old in striving to make you happy, make then the few remaining years bright and happy, ask God to help you, and He will bless every member of your little family, here and in the home above there will be a reuniting in heaven where peace and happiness will be yours forever.

### Mrs. Cleveland Popular.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Mrs. Cleveland's frequent social appearances lately have shown very clearly that the strong fascination which her presence always exerted among women has not lessened the veriest jot. She is the most interesting woman in this country to-day in not only every possible way, but particularly in the fact that people never tire of looking at her. No one was ever yet heard to say that he had been able to watch her quite as long as he would have liked. A great many people now know her intimately and are able to see her frequently; but for the great majority, to whom this intimacy is denied, the only opportunities come with the important functions at the White House.

At Mrs. Cleveland's tea last Saturday perhaps 1,000 women had the pleasure of shaking hands with her, and, at the same time, enjoying a little chat. It would have been hard to find any woman in all this number who, after this enjoyment, did not find some point from which she could stand and feast her eyes again on her hostess. Every detail of her appearance, every ornament she wore, and every word she said was discussed and admired.

"Don't you think she is handsomer than ever?" said one.

"I wish I could wear my hair as simply arranged as Mrs. Cleveland," says another, while still another chimes in with: "She seems to fascinate me. I can't take my eyes from her."

So it went, the same admiring comments and the same pleasure taken in even looking at her, as everybody remembers so vividly the first years of her residence in the White House.

In evening dress Mrs. Cleveland is the handsomest woman to-day in Washington. She has a beautiful neck and well-rounded shoulders, and, with the sparkle of her jewels, makes a picture of a White House mistress which is simply regal. Her smile is contagious, for her manners are always agreeably gracious.

Ruth and Esther and Baby Marion are miniatures of their mother. The two elder girls love to get a glimpse at the grand daylight doings in their home, and to do it have to peep through the balusters of the big stairway, which is their tower of observation. They can talk German with their Fraulein with the greatest ease.

Mrs. Cleveland is seen on the street occasionally, walking in the mornings or driving around among the shops. She is the most devoted of mothers, and is never away from the children at night. This has done away with the little shopping jaunts to New York which used to give her so much pleasure during her first residence here. When Lent comes she will be able to devote pretty much all of her time to the little people, and that is precisely what she likes.

All this month Mrs. Cleveland has been receiving Monday afternoons at 5 o'clock. The occasions are made very pleasant for the friends who drop in. Some young ladies preside at the tea table, and if a noted singer or performer happens to be among the guests, or a friend with musical ability, there is singing or playing of a most delightful character.—*N. Y. Times.*

### A Defect In His Makeup.

On the 22d of last February little Ike and his brother Morton were taken to a celebration of Washington's birthday, and were so interested in the event and its cause that their father gave them quite a history of the man and hero, especially emphasizing that portion relating to the perfect veracity of the Father of his Country for the benefit of Ike, who was somewhat given to undue stretches of the imagination, and would probably have laid the entire blame of the famous cherry tree on his brother Morton, had the incident occurred in experience.

"Remember, boys, that one of the noblest traits in the character of this great and good man was his perfect truthfulness," said the father, in an impressive conclusion. "He could not tell a lie!"

Ike looked soberly at his father for a few seconds, and then wonderingly asked: "Pa, what was the matter with him?"—*Harper's Bazar.*


### Throw Away His Canes.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him great pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all other medicines and treatment put together. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Hill Bros.


### All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— An evil habit is never conquered by yielding to it.

— The right side always turns out to be the bright side.

— The human skeleton, exclusive of the teeth, consists of 208 bones.

— No man is so significant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

— New Orleans has 255,000 people and extends over 60 square miles of territory.

— Many a man who is waiting for a chance has been standing on the wrong corner.

— Endeavor so to live that when you come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.

— Truth is mighty and will prevail unless superior inducements are offered the other way.

— Men are willing to work for the devil, but object to accepting his method of payment.

— Asia is the most populous quarter of the globe; it is reckoned to contain 500,000,000 of people.

— The easiest money to spend and the hardest to save, is that which we have not yet earned.

— The division of time into months and weeks is so old that its origin cannot possibly be ascertained.

— If you allow your happiness to depend on the favor of men, you will very soon be a miserable man.

— The love of pleasure betrays us into pain; and many a man, through love of fame, becomes infamous.

— Very few people know the sound of their own voice. When they hear it in a phonograph they are much surprised.

— It is a most mortifying reflection for any man to consider what he has done, compared with what he might have done.

— Why should you be unwilling to grant liberty of opinion to your brethren, when you insist upon it so strenuously for yourself?

— An English judge decides that throwing rice at a newly-married couple is an assault, whether the eyes of either of them are put out or not.

— A Chicago man says he contracted to murder a reputable citizen, whom he had never met, for $20. Such a fellow is too enterprising to be at large.

— "Mankind," says an observing philosopher, "is divided into two great classes—those who want to get into the papers, and those who are only anxious to be kept out.

— The cotton mills of North Carolina use up more of the raw material than the St. produces. Her citizens have over $16,000,000 invested in the manufacture of this staple commodity.

— A Missouri farmer figured it out one rainy day that he had walked 300 miles in cultivating one acre of corn. He thereupon sold his farm and moved to a town, where he walked 600 miles to find a job.

— The 93 big guns contracted for by the government for the coast defenses will cost rather more than $50,000 apiece. Mortars are more within the reach of poor families, as they come at about $14,000 each.

— "I'm afraid that the man who aspires to your hand is too weak-kneed to make you a good husband," said her father. "Oh papa, he's not that. He's held me on them for hours at a time?"

— Close estimates of the crop of oranges in Southern California this season, made by the president of the Southern California Fruit Exchange, puts it at 9,000 carloads, or 2,700,000 boxes. This is an increase of about 400,000 boxes over last season.

— The teacher asking questions—teachers are quite apt to ask questions and they sometimes receive curious answers. This question was as follows: "Now pupils, how many months have 28 days?" "All of them, teacher," replied the boy on the front seat.

— The Rev. Mr. Paradise and the Rev. Mr. Eden met in Lincolnton, Ky., recently. After they were introduced the latter said that "Mr. Paradise was as near Eden as he ever would be;" whereupon the other declared that his brother clergyman "was nearer Paradise than he was ever likely to be again."

— "Instead of colds coming from atmospheric changes, as people generally suppose," says a noted physician, "they generally originated, in my opinion, by breathing impure air. Ninety-nine of what are termed colds are nothing more nor less than the poisoning of the mucous membrane by bad air."

— Our people are growing more and more in the habit of looking to Hill Bros. for the latest and best of everything in the drug line. They sell Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of bad colds, croup and whooping cough. When in need of such a medicine give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result.

— Corn meal is a convenient, and we may say staple, article of food in the barnyard, yet it is not the best food for chickens. It is a very good food in winter, as it is heating, but for young chickens it is not sufficiently growing. Very young chickens that are fed on corn meal exclusively are liable to be troubled with bowel disease. Give a variety of food, give plenty of range, and above all, give clean quarters.

— Thomas Allen, one of the oldest men in the world, celebrated his 150th birthday on Sunday last. He lives near Morgantown, at the little village of Flemington, in Taylor county, West Virginia, and to see him walking about his premises one would not suspect, says a correspondent, he was more than 75. He is a war veteran of more than ordinary distinction, having been a messenger to the Duke of Wellington at the battle of Waterloo, and served in the English army in their campaigns against Spain, France and Portugal in the early part of the country. He was a soldier in the United States army during the war against Mexico and fought in the Third Virginia regiment during the Civil war. He was never married.

— The little daughter of Mr. Fred Webber, Holland, Mass., has a very bad cold and cough which he had not been able to cure with any thing. I gave him a 25 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says W. P. Holden, merchant and postmaster at West Brimfield, and the next time I saw him he said it worked like a charm. This remedy is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases such as colds, croup and whooping cough, and it is famous for its cures. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Hill Bros.