SONNET.

There's that more precious than the diamond's flame
And beautiful as is the ruby's glow
Or bloom of pearls, which gold indeed may maim
And yet not easily again bestow,
Which giveth beauty grace like scent to flowers,
Without which beauty is a rootless bloom,
Which raineth bright dressed thoughts like vernal showers
The ... grass and gildeth sorrow's gloom.
It makes a beggar happy as a king—
A king who wants it is a fettered slave!
... very scepter—it may bring
... the hero, courage to the brave!
... tell us, pray, what is this priceless wealth?
... spendthrifts with, my friends—our health!

—J. G. Somerville in Chambers' Journal

A CZAR'S HUNT.

His majesty had listened with some interest to Von Holstein's description of how he had, under the auspices of the imperial huntsman Arnheim, laid siege to the hibernating den of a big bear and—again with the help of the huntsman, though Von Holstein did not dwell on this point—had succeeded in ... the brute.

"What—they make a house, as it were, for the winter and shut themselves up there?" said the czar, incredulously.

"Exactly so, majesty," said Holstein. "A very convenient arrangement for the sportsman."

"But stop—what do they do—how do they live? They must eat, I suppose, in winter as in summer?"

"It is a marvelous dispensation of nature, ordained for the comfort of ..., that these brutes require no food during the winter season, but sleep during the whole period, existing upon their own fat."

"Well, then what? You found this ..."—

"Arnheim's men knew of it," said the attache, "and I"—

"And you attacked the bear in his den and killed him—devil take it. I see there is danger in the sport!"

"Very little, your majesty; the beast is too sleepy to be fierce, unless it happens to be a female with newborn cubs. Well, then, the men and dogs laid siege to the den and drove the animal out, as I say. Well, there stood I, with Arnheim at my side, holding a ... gun and also a bear spear. The bear was not a fierce one, though large. It did not attack us. On the contrary, it endeavored to make off through the ..., I shot—batz! I shot again—... At the second explosion down fell the bear and rolled over. Arnheim handed me both guns. 'Load them quickly!' he shouted, 'while I keep him busy!' And with that he sprang after the bear with his spear."

"By St. Nicholas!" ejaculated the czar. "Arnheim is a brave man. I will remember it. Well, and then?"

"Then I quickly loaded the guns and ... close to Arnheim, who fought with the bear. Arnheim's spear was stuck into the bear's stomach, and the bear stood and pushed at one end and Arnheim at the other. 'Shoot!' said Arnheim. 'And don't miss, lord, for this one's too heavy for me!' ..., putting the nose of my gun close to the brute's ear and fired. He gave a terrible roar and pushed like 1,000 ... at the spear, and in an instant he and Arnheim were rolling together in the snow, but Arnheim be..."

"Lord have mercy upon us!" muttered the czar, crossing himself. "Well, Arnheim is dead, no doubt? And how did you escape? You ran faster than the wounded bear, I doubt not."

"There was no need, majesty. It was the bear that was dead and Arnheim ... unhurt."

The czar crossed himself a second time.

"And you tell me there is little danger in it?" he said reproachfully.

"I protest, majesty, by your favor, I was never in danger."

"Devil take it, Holstein, I think I will shoot a bear myself! I have nerve, you, unusual nerve and courage ... I will shoot a bear—that is, if you will accompany me. Arnheim shall go also, of course. What say you? Shall we kill a bear together?"

Von Holstein was quite pleased to accompany the czar upon a second bear hunting expedition, because there was some chance of glory, while, since his majesty would pay all expenses, the success of the day's sport was assured.

"Arnheim," he said, "his majesty wishes to shoot a bear. Go to him at once and make arrangements."

"Good lord!" ejaculated Arnheim. "The czar has never pulled a trigger in his life."

"Never mind, Arnheim," said the attache. "Go to his majesty. We'll pull the triggers, and, who knows, we may save the czar, in which case we shall be decorated."

Arnheim went to receive his orders, which were that his majesty would go shooting at 9 the next morning. It must not be a she bear with cubs, explained the czar, because he was informed that these are very dangerous. Moreover, Arnheim must find a bear close to the palace, because the czar desired to be back at 12.

"But your majesty, where am I to find a bear so close at hand that it can be tracked and shot within a couple of hours? The bears haunt wild, distant ..."

"...!" said the czar, growing angry. "Do you know there is a parade of the troops at 12. I will shoot this bear and be in time for the parade."

Ten minutes later Arnheim appeared before Von Holstein. The huntsman was in tears and declared that he was ... was a dead man; he was off to ...

Von Holstein bade the fellow play ... There was no need to talk of ... until he had exhausted every ... in his search for a bear. But the next morning Arnheim rang up the diplomat once more, and ... a mere wreck of his usually ... "... only a mile from Samson bridge. I propose to make the berloga there."

"Good!" said Holstein. "The nearer the better."

The two sportsmen overtook the bear and his master by the river side near the Samson bridge. He was a fine, large bear, and he whined and moaned as he went along, for he was very hungry.

"I wouldn't have him fed at his usual time," explained Arnheim, "because he must eat a large meal in the lair and fall asleep there, otherwise he might not remain."

"Good again!" said Holstein. "You are a genius, Arnheim."

The wood, scarcely half a mile from the outskirts of the town, suited admirably. In the middle of it was a spot in which two or three trees had fallen over one another. Here Arnheim deftly dug in the snow a large hole, rooted by the chaos of broken branches and backed by the uprooted trunk of one of the pines—just such a spot as a bear would choose for his winter house. Into this den a huge supply of food was placed ready for bruin's use; the snow was carefully piled and hardened at the sides, and the berloga was ready.

"Stop; we must have the chain off," said Holstein. "Did you think of bringing a file, Arnheim?"

Arnheim had a file, but though the bear was glad enough to have the chain removed he absolutely refused to allow even his master to file away the ring at his nose, growing very angry and savage over the matter—so much so, indeed, that it was judged advisable to desist for the present.

"I can do anything with him when he's full," explained Ivan, his keeper, "but he's apt to be savage when his stomach's empty."

So the bear was fed, entering promptly and kindly into the wishes of those present by climbing straightway into the berloga and starting with a grunt of incredulous joy to demolish the provisions as though he had not seen food for a week.

"Stay with him, Ivan," said Arnheim, "and use the file when he is in a good temper. We shall be here at 10 tomorrow. If all is well then, you shall have your money down."

In the morning, soon after 9, the czar having ascertained that the bear's den had been found and all arrangements made and having assured himself further that the animal was a single gentleman or possibly a single lady—but, at any rate, not a married lady with a family—started upon his sporting enterprise, determined, but somewhat nervous.

Arnheim was shocked and alarmed to find, on arrival at the berloga, that, though Ivan, the bear keeper, was present, he was very drunk, so much so that it was impossible to get any sort of conversation out of him.

With the czar stood Arnheim and Von Holstein, each holding two extra guns—single barrels, of course, and of a type in use just 100 years ago, for the emperor was Paul, father of Nicholas I, and the date about 1800.

Two other men stood by with bear spears, wicked looking weapons of stout ash, with double edged steel blades of a murderous sharpness and thickness. There were even a couple of horses tethered to two trees close by, in case of accidents, the czar having explained that he desired horses in order that the bear might be followed up quickly should he escape, though there were those who believed that his majesty intended the animals for another purpose.

Ivan, the bear keeper, remained close to the lair, armed only with the stick with which he was accustomed to dominate his dancing friend.

"Who is that man?" asked the czar. "And why does he stand so near the berloga and grin in that foolish manner? Is he drunk?"

"He is the peasant who found the berloga," explained Arnheim. "It will be his duty to start the bear when your majesty is ready. It is a dangerous duty, and he is no doubt a little drunk. It is often necessary in big game shooting to produce artificial courage in those who occupy dangerous positions."

"Good!" said the czar. "He is a brave man. Stay! I, too, will take a glass of vodka! Now," he continued, having refreshed the inner czar, "I am ready. Stand prepared, you two, Arnheim and Von Holstein. Stay! Are you certain this is a single bear and not a she bear with cubs? I—I must remember my responsibility to the state. It is useless to run needless risks."

"Ivan is certain," said Holstein. "He actually saw the creature enter the den"—

"Yes, but it may have given birth to cubs since then," said Paul, looking very pale and anxious. "Here, you, Ivan," he continued. "Are you sure this is a male bear and not a dam with cubs?"

Ivan smiled inanely, but very pleasantly.

"Why, bless you," he said, "I ought to know! Only last night I"—

"He verified it last night," interrupted Holstein, with great presence of mind, "through a hole which he pierced in the snow wall of the den. There are no cubs."

The czar planted his feet bravely and held his gun firmly; he crossed himself with his left hand and muttered a prayer.

Then Ivan lifted up his voice and roared at the bear, using the usual endearing words in which he was accustomed to address the animal when inviting him to dance.

There came a moaning and a groaning from within, for, as a matter of fact, the poor old gentleman, comfortably ensconced in the den, was lying full of food, intensely happy, altogether disinclined for dancing or any other foolishness involving movement or exertion.

Ivan beat the side of the den with his stick. At the third call, emitting as he came a moan of profound, unspeakable anguish, out rushed poor bruin, and, obedient to his training and to the voice of his master, rose upon his hind legs straight. Down fell bruin, dead or dying.

Then drunken Ivan fell also over the body of his beloved companion and wailed and howled aloud, crying out, with many Russian adornments of speech, that his dear friend and the source of his very living had been taken from him to make sport for kings.

"What does the fellow mean?" cried the delighted czar. "Did he not sell us this berloga?"

"Certainly, majesty," said Arnheim. "He is drunk, and knows not what he is saying."

"Then pay him and take him away," said the czar, and Ivan was led blubbering from the field.

Meanwhile Arnheim plied the file upon the nose ring and was able to remove this before the czar had done with Ivan.

But Paul, examining the bear, presently noticed the score in bruin's nostrils and inquired what the mark meant. Holstein rose to the emergency.

"That must have been your majesty's first shot," he explained. "I thought you could scarcely have missed, judging from the accuracy of your second attempt."

Paul had never been seen in so amiable a frame of mind as on that day. He rewarded and decorated all concerned, and the matter would have passed off magnificently had it not unfortunately occurred to his majesty a couple of days later to send for Ivan. He would shoot another bear, he said; Ivan should find him another.

So Ivan, still very drunk, was ushered into the presence and left alone with his majesty.

What passed at the interview cannot with accuracy be described, but it is certain that Ivan presently departed with orders to take the huntsman, Arnheim, for a bear dance around the town. Ivan was to lead him with a halter around his neck and make him dance at 25 principal corners. It is, moreover, an ascertained fact that Van Holstein from this hour was no longer a persona grata at court and soon left for Berlin.

But the bearskin remained to prove to all and sundry that, though a czar and unable to devote his time, which belonged to the state, to such pursuits, his majesty could face the fiercest of wild beasts, if he liked, as bravely as another—aye, and overthrow him with the best.

Moreover, there was not a trace of a ring mark about the snout.

And the friends of Professor Dubinof of the Academy of Arts all agreed that the czar was ever ready to reward magnificently the work of those who served him well, for his majesty decorated that eminent scientist, who superintended the curing and setting up of the bearskin, with the order of St. Anne of the second class.

The skin certainly was beautifully prepared, and what is still more to the credit of the professor is that instead of shrinking, as some skins do in the curing, the czar's bear had gained at least a foot in length since death.—Longman's Magazine.

A Little Behind the Times.

Le Petit Journal of Paris imparts this curious misinformation to its readers:

"The 'press gang,' in vogue in France under Louis XIV and suppressed by Colbert, still flourishes in England to this day. The 'press gang' is the means used for recruiting the royal navy, is an organized service and is officially recognized. The system consists in carrying off by force men capable of making sailors. Strategy and violence are all it costs. In times of war the sailors specially charged with this service patrol the streets of London, enter the taverns and take possession of men they consider sufficiently strong. If the latter resist, cudgels are freely used, and finally knives are requisitioned in case of necessity. The prisoners are then carried aboard ship. By this means the recruiting of the British navy is assured."

He Proved It.

Bob burst into the house in a state of high excitement. His hands and clothing were smeared with a liberal amount of sticky substance, and his face wore a glow of triumphant satisfaction.

"I say, mother. Those new people across the road don't know much!" he exclaimed. "They've got a notice on their front door that says 'Wet Paint.'"

"And you've been getting into it! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said his mother severely. "That notice was put up to warn people to keep away from it."

"Yes, I know," persisted Bob, with the enthusiasm of a rightly rewarded investigator. "But it wasn't paint, and I proved it. It's only varnish!"

Typewriters and the Blind.

"You will often hear people say that the typewriter is a great boon to the blind," remarked a gentleman who knows a good deal about the business, "and so it is in a certain sense of the word. It is comparatively easy for a blind person of average intelligence to learn the lay of the keys, for, as a matter of fact, the ordinary operator never looks at them anyhow, and after that a great vista of amusement and usefulness opens up.

"The sightless operator can beguile the darkness by keeping an elaborate diary or by writing a book or engaging in lots of correspondence—in fact, there are a hundred and one ways in which the writing machine makes life brighter and more cheerful for such unfortunates. But, oddly enough, all these advantages are to a considerable extent offset by a little bit of a stubborn fact which was overlooked by the original enthusiasts. I refer to the hardening of the finger tips, which forms one of the inevitable and unavoidable results of working on any machine.

"Now, the finger tips are the eyes of the blind and anything that effects their exquisite sensitiveness is a disaster. If the skin becomes the least callous, it is impossible to read the raised

RESCUED BY A NOSE.

HOW A HUMAN BLOODHOUND SAVED A KIDNAPED GIRL.

The Dramatic Climax to a Search That Restored the Young Woman to Her Friends and Unmasked the Villain In the Case.

Provoste Paratole of middle Texas is a human bloodhound, says the New York Press. His amazing power of scent, for a long time exhibited for the amusement of his friends, was once put to practical test and resulted in running down the kidnaper of a young girl. He is an Australian by birth and passed his youth among the bushmen of the interior of that continent, acquiring from them his wonderful nasal equipment, which, to look at, is not different from the nose of any one else.

Sallie Mayne, a neighbor of Paratole, disappeared. She had left a neighbor's house about sundown to go half a mile to her home. Forty or 50 persons, among whom was Paratole, began to search the woods the next morning when it became known that Sallie had not returned. She had several admirers, including a young man named Shade and a rich old bachelor named Gadson. She had recently quarreled with Shade, who had seemed to be her favorite.

Shade did not join in the search, though Gadson did. This helped to throw suspicion on the young man, and no one thought ill of the rich bachelor.

Paratole, with his nose close to the ground, followed the path that the girl was supposed to have taken. He stopped suddenly in the woods and began to smell of the bushes.

"It occurred right here. I smell Shade!" exclaimed Paratole. "Where is he? He had something to do with this business."

"Oh, we will find him!" shouted Gadson and a dozen others, and they set out to arrest Shade. Paratole kept smelling of the bushes, and finally turned aside from the path and went out into the woods. "Cooie! Cooie!" (the cry of the Australian bushmen) he shouted. "Here is a mess. I don't smell Mr. Shade any more. I smell another man. Can't quite make him out."

Away they went through the woods for a mile or more, until they came to the shores of Polloy's lake. While searching along the banks and peering into the water, fearing that they might find the dead body of the girl, another crowd came up with Shade. The young man was nearly scared to death. He admitted having met Sallie in the path, and said that they had a long talk and had made up.

"I believe every word he says," said Paratole. "He met Sallie, but some one else brought her out here." They were standing on a little cape that extended into the water 50 or 60 feet. A great ledge of overhanging rock protruded far out. The man with the bloodhound nose kept smelling of the bushes and the rock.

"That girl was here not many hours ago," he said, "and I believe that, dead or alive, she is not far away right now."

At that instant he happened to pass near Gadson, and sniffing the air like an animal he sprang at the man's throat with fury.

"A rope—a knife!" he roared. "Bring me a knife! He knows where she is!" Gadson's friends at once rallied around him and resented the accusation.

"Stand back!" snarled the Australian. "He knows. Produce the girl," he shouted, "or I'll tear your heart out!" Gadson fell on his knees and pointed to the ledge, and there they found Sallie bound and gagged. When released, she confirmed Shade's story and told how a few moments after she left him she met Gadson, who had a gun on his shoulder.

"He threatened to shoot me dead," she said, "and made me go off into the woods and brought me to this place, where he bound and gagged me and then told me to lie still and he would come for me in a boat during the night and carry me off to old Mexico." And then the girl threw her arms about Paratole's neck and kissed his wonderful nose. Gadson escaped by the skin of his teeth. The girl interceded for him, and he was permitted to leave the country.

Paratole was born in the far interior of Australia more than 1,000 miles from the coast. He is pretty sure that his father was a Frenchman. As to his mother, he doesn't know. Neither does he know where his father settled among the naked savages, with whom the boy grew up. They were fond of the boy, and he frequently staid for months in their villages. He says he does not remember when he learned that he could scent and trail an animal like his little playmates.

When Prevoste was 20, his father moved to California and died there. While in that state Prevoste married a Texas girl, who had inherited a large tract of land in middle Texas, and there the young couple went. His powers of scent were amusing to their friends. He would pick up an envelope and smell it and say, "That is from your uncle in California." By taking hold of his wife's hand he could tell with whom she had last shaken hands. He could call over the names of those who had been in a room within a few hours. By the smell of a gate he could tell who had last passed through it. Occasionally his friends took occasion to verify his statements, and always they were found to have been correct.

Shellfish Silk.

A shellfish of the Mediterranean has the power of spinning a viscid silk which in Sicily is made into a very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish for the purpose of attaching itself to the rocks. This material is gathered at low tide, washed in soap and water, dried, straightened and carded.

NOTABLE "SCOOPS."

How Some Great Facts Got Into the Newspapers.

Of the long list of important bits of news caught by chance in the journalistic world none surpassed the manner in which a New York paper secured the account of the sinking of the British man-of-war Victoria some years ago. As may be remembered, the unfortunate craft was rammed in a naval maneuver off the coast of Algiers. A coasting vessel brought the news to a little station of a Dutch cable company, which promptly sent the news to its headquarters. The European correspondent of the New York paper caught the tip from a friend in the employ of the company, and, hastening to the British admiralty office, laid the catastrophe before it. He was laughed at for his pains, but nevertheless cabled all he could get on the matter to his paper. Two days after the thing was world news, but the London papers had been obliged to copy from an American contemporary the most startling piece of news of the year.

When the news of Gladstone's intended resignation was first published, few people in all England believed it to be true. No one could realize how he could relinquish his commanding position. However, the premier was in earnest and confidentially mentioned his determination to a friend at a restaurant. A waiter happened to overhear him, and, hastening to the office of a leading daily, offered to sell his news. It is said that he received $1,500 for it.

When Lord Randolph made up his mind to resign his portfolio under Salisbury, he drove to the office of the London Times and made known his decision. He had shrewdly calculated that after being so kind as to bring in such a "scoop" in person the paper, although on principle opposed to him, would hardly censure his action. But the editor of the greatest paper in the world preferred principle to news. On hearing of Churchill's plans his indignation knew no bounds. He took no pains to conceal his abhorrence of the scheme.

"This news is indeed enormously important," he said; "it will make a great sensation. But if you choose to have it so you may take it to some other paper, and not a line shall appear tomorrow in ours. The Times cannot be bribed!"

The nobleman left in a towering rage, and The Times scored him unmercifully in its announcement of his resignation.

Bismarck himself revealed to M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, a scheme to overthrow the French empire. The German government, jealous of the increasing power of France, intended to pick some petty quarrel with the other, invade Paris and level the city to the ground. The Iron Chancelllor had long opposed the plan, and now, being utterly unable to cope with his enemies, divulged the matter in hopes that England might interfere. England, long watching the growing power of Germany, did interfere. The balance was maintained.

A piece of information of the gravest importance to Great Britain leaked out at a dinner table. The editor of a London paper, staying when the hours were small and the bowl had somewhat freely flowed, overheard the French embassador say that the khedive was about to sell his shares in the Suez canal. The journalist left the table immediately and hastened to Lord Derby with the news. Rothschild, when appealed to, readily found $20,000,000, and the shares were in a week the property of England. Had the strip of land comprised in the khedive's claim been transferred to France international complications of incalculable importance might have resulted.

Italians and Music.

The Italians cannot give the artists large sums of money, for they haven't the money to give, but they can give discriminating approbation. With them the love of music is not a forced culture, propagated by societies and clubs, and affected as a fad by society people who go to an opera to talk over their troubles. No, it is genuine, sincere, indigenous to the atmosphere and the national life. The artist does not receive so many invitations to dine with rich enthusiasts who are less than one generation removed from "Old Dan Tucker" and "Jay Bird," but he is sincerely worshiped by all classes. Even the ragamuffins in the street take off their hats to him.

If I lived in Milan and loved adulation, I should want to be a great tenor.—Milan Cor. Chicago Record.

Book Name Blunders.

A London publishing house has for a long time kept a book in which are noted the curious blunders made by those who come and ask for books. "Worcester's Diseases of the Colander" was asked for; "The Worcester Diocesan Calendar" was what was required. "River Frozen, Silent Gold and Unstepped Lands" was demanded; the book wanted was Rev. Frazer's "Silent Gods and Sun Steeped Lands." "Play Actress," by Crockett, Pseudonym Library, was turned into "Play Actress and Cricket In the Pandemonium Library." "The Boy Hero," by Walsham How, was wanted, but the collector asked for "The Boy Hero of Walthamstow," and the same genius turned "Frondes Agrestes" into "Bounders and Heretics."

Digestibility of Cheese.

Digestibility of cheese has been carefully tested by a German chemist, who placed the samples in an artificial digestive fluid containing a considerable proportion of fresh gastric juice. Cheshire and Roquefort cheese took four hours to digest, Gorgonzola eight hours, Romadour nine hours and Brie, Swiss and ten other varieties ten hours. As an ordinary meal is digested in four or five hours, the common belief that cheese aids digestion appears to be erroneous.

How We Spend Time.

A man with a taste for figures has been apportioning the life of a man who lives 70 years. He finds of that time a man spends nearly 25 years in bed, nearly 12 years each in work and play, nearly 6 years in eating and drinking, 6 years in walking about, nearly 3 years in dressing, 1 year and 5 months in illness, the same in reflection, in gossip and an equal amount of time is wasted.

There is about one hour a day which is wasted or given over to odds and ends at small duties. The mere act of putting on one's shoes is not considered worth mentioning, yet in his lifetime a man of 70 spends five minutes a day, 30 hours a year, or more than 12 weeks of a lifetime! Who would want seriously to sit down and do nothing every minute for three months but put on and take off his shoes?

Until one analyzes his day he will have no idea of the amount of time spent in locomotion in getting from one place to another. Two hours a day is a conservative estimate of the time used this way. If a person spends but an hour each day on his toilet, in 70 years he will have devoted three years to this duty, and as for women one hour is entirely too short a time to allow them: three is nearer right.

Washington Monument Figures.

Height above mean low water, 597 feet 3 inches; height above doorsill, 555 feet; side of base, outside, 55 feet 1½ inches, inside, 25 feet; foundation depth (sand and clay), 38 feet; foundation size at bottom on a side, 126½ feet; foundation area, 16,002.25 feet; top, side of monument, outside, 34 feet 6 inches, inside, 31 feet 6 inches; wall thickness, base, 15 feet one-quarter ...; top, 18 inches; weight of ca[pstone] ...,300 pounds; weight of whole [mon]ument, 81,120 tons; mean pr[essure] ... of monument at base, 5 tons per square foot; pressure on foundation nowhere greater than 9 tons per square foot and near edges less than 3 tons.—(Coast Survey Report, Dec. 1, 1884.) Taper of monument, one-quarter inch to 1 foot; memorial stones, beginning at 30 feet, ending at 280 feet, 179; steps, 898; landings, 50; windows, at top only, 3 feet by 1½ inches, 6; 3 feet by 2 inches (east side), 2; time to ascend in elevator, 9 minutes; time to descend in elevator, 8 minutes; elevator tested at 10 tons; load allowed, persons, 35; cables, diameter, 1½ inches; cost $1,300,000; cornerstone laid July 4, 1848; capstone set Dec. 6, 1884; dedicated Feb. 21, 1885.—Washington Star.

Grant and the Manager.

Stuart Robson told the following story in which the late President Grant occupies a prominent place:

"I was playing some years ago in a well known manager's theater outside of New York. The first act was over and I was chatting in the wings with my manager when a boy rushed in on the stage to tell us that General Grant and his family were in one of the boxes. A flush of gratified pride mounted to the managerial face, followed by a look of agonized doubt as he evidently reflected that perhaps the general had 'dead headed' into the box. 'Did you send him a box?' he asked me, and on my replying in the negative he pulled out a card from his pocket and, scribbling a line on it, told the boy to take it to the box office and bring back an answer.

"The boy rushed off, his head full of the general, and returned in a few minutes with the card, which he handed to Mr. Manager. A ghastly look crossed his face as he read it, and without a word handed it to me. The first line read, in the rather shaky managerial caligraphy: 'Did General Grant pay for his box?' while underneath appeared, 'No, but my son Fred Grant did—U. S. Grant.'"

... Cemeteries.

... ...s ... were always ... the ... of a city or town. In..., before the time of Christianity it was not lawful to bury the dead within the limits. About the end of the sixth century St. Augustine obtained of King Ethelbert a temple of idols—used by the king before his conversion—and made a burying place of it, and St. Cuthbert afterward obtained leave of the pope (A. D. 752) to have yards made to the churches suitable for the burial of the dead.

— Bobby (at the breakfast table)—"Maud, did Mr. Jules take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?" Maud—"Why, of course not! Why should he?" Bobby—"That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say when he was going out: 'I am going to steal just one,' and—Why, what's the matter, Maud?"

A Wife Says:

"We have four children. With the first three I suffered almost unbearable pains from 12 to 14 hours, and had to be placed under the influence of chloroform. I used three bottles of *Mother's Friend* before our last child came, which is a strong, fat and healthy boy, doing my housework up to within two hours of birth, and suffered but a few hard pains. This liniment is the grandest remedy ever made."

Mother's Friend

will do for every woman what it did for the Minnesota mother who writes the above letter. Not to use it during pregnancy is a mistake to be paid for in pain and suffering.

COTTON is and will continue to be *the* money crop of the South. The planter who gets the most cotton from a given area at the least cost, is the one who makes the most money. Good cultivation, suitable rotation, and liberal use of fertilizers containing at least 3% actual

Potash

will insure the largest yield.

We will send **Free**, upon application, pamphlets that will interest every cotton planter in the South.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

The Exercise Cure.

There are wonderful stories afloat about the cures effected by Dr. Gruby, though the medical fraternity decried him as a charlatan. His method was the simplest in the world. Instead of giving his patients a list of things which they were forbidden to eat he gave them a menu of the things which they might partake of, with small changes in that diet. He exercised a sort of mysterious influence upon his patients. He did not write out the prescriptions himself, but dictated them to his patients. Nor did he permit any contradiction. "You need not write down what I dictate, but in that case you must not send for me."

To a lazy man suffering with dyspepsia he gave the order "to eat an apple every morning under the Arc de Triomphe," or to drink a certain sort of Malaga wine which he was to purchase himself, a bottle at a time, at a certain store. The man needed exercise, and he thus compelled him to take it. To a certain deputy he gave the advice, as the only means to save his life, to take several times a week the meat of an ibis. It meant that the deputy in question must take a trip to Egypt and to spend his time in going ibis shooting, thus enjoying the benefit of the Egyptian climate and the attendant exercise of the hunt.—Minorah Monthly.

NOTICE.

NOW is the time to have your Buggy Revarnished, Repainted, and new Axle Points fitted on. We have the best Wagon Skeins on the market. All kinds of Fifth Wheels and Dashes. Headquarters for Carriage, Buggy and Wagon Repairs.

PAUL E. STEPHENS.

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administrators of the Estate of J. C. Williams, deceased, hereby give notice that they will on the 22nd day of April, 1899, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from their office as Administrators.

A. N. CAMPBELL,
A. B. SHIRLEY,
O. P. WILLIAMS,
Administrators.

March 22, 1899 39 5

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of David Sadler, deceased, hereby give notice that they will on the 24th day of April, 1899, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from their office as Executors.

J. A. GRAY,
A. S. SADLER,
Executors.

March 22, 1899

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AUGUSTA AND ASHEVILLE SHORT LINE

In effect January 8, 1899.

Lv Augusta	9 40 am	1 40 pm
Ar Greenwood	11 50 am	
Ar Anderson		6 10 pm
Ar Laurens	1 20 pm	6 50 am
Ar Greenville	3 00 pm	10 15 am
Ar Glenn Springs	4 05 pm	
Ar Spartanburg	3 10 pm	9 00 am
Ar Saluda	5 33 pm	
Ar Hendersonville	6 03 pm	
Ar Asheville	7 00 pm	
Lv Asheville	8 28 am	
Lv Spartanburg	11 45 am	4 10 pm
Lv Glenn Springs	10 00 am	
Lv Greenville	12 01 am	4 00 pm
Lv Laurens	1 37 pm	7 30 pm
Lv Anderson		7 00 am
Lv Greenwood	2 37 pm	
Ar Augusta	5 10 pm	11 10 am
Lv Calhoun Falls	4 44 pm	
Ar Raleigh	2 16 am	
Ar Norfolk	7 30 am	
Ar Petersburg	6 00 am	
Ar Richmond	8 15 am	
Lv Augusta		1 00 pm
Ar Allendale		3 00 pm
Ar Fairfax		3 15 pm
Ar Yemassee	9 45 am	4 20 pm
Ar Beaufort	10 50 am	5 20 pm
Ar Port Royal	11 05 am	5 35 pm
Ar Savannah		6 15 pm