

A Confederate Note.

The following poem has been printed in southern newspapers. It was found written on the back of a \$500 bill, presented to the young lady by the author, Major S. A. Jones, of Mississippi.

Representing nothing on God's earth new,
And naught in the waters below it—
As the pledge of a nation that's dead
and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this trifle can tell;
Of Liberty born of the patriot's
dream.

Of a storm-cradled nation that fell,
Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
She issued today her promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on, and weeks became years,
But our coffers are empty still;
Coin was so scarce, that the Treas'r'd
quake

If a dollar should drop in the till,
But the faith that was in us was
strong indeed,

And our poverty well we discerned;
And this little check represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We know it hardly had a value in
gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received
it;

It gazed in our eyes with promise to
pay
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price
or pay,
Or of bills that were ever due;

We knew if it bought us our bread
today,
'Twas the best our country could
do.

Keep it, it tells our history over,
From the birth of the dream to the
last—

Modest, and born of the angel of
hope,
Like our hope of success, it passed.

CONQUERING AN ELEPHANT.**How Robinson's Old Chief Was Made to Know His Master.**

New York Post-Dispatch.

Gil Robinson, the famous circus man, has been in town for the past fortnight, "laying off" on one of his periodical trips around the world, and as usual he is full of reminiscences of the old circus days when he, with his father, the late John Robinson, were making the family fortune with Robinson's circus. An elephant story in a daily paper brought some of "Gill's" recollections of his days as an elephant trainer, especially as related to one huge pachyderm who revealed in the name of Chief.

"Chief," said Mr. Robinson, "was one of our best, and at the same time, worst elephants. He was a great performer and very kind to the children, but he had little use for men. Familiarity with them had bred contempt in his leathery head. One day in an Ohio river town Chief lost his usual good nature toward children, too, and killed a boy who had got too near him. We didn't want to kill the elephant, for he was valuable, so we hustled him out of town with the show. But he had to be taught a lesson, and my father put it up to me to teach him one.

"I had Chief taken to the dock by the river in the next town and a chain fastened around one of his hind legs. Then with a big derrick, we hoisted him clear of the ground. Next I made all the men get big clubs and start in to beat the everlasting nerve out of the elephant. They beat, plugged, pounded and jabbed, but Chief never let out a whimper. And if you can't make an elephant holler when you punish him he is still defiant. When he gives in he whimpers.

"Finally I got a bale of hay, and spreading it under Chief's swinging frame, set fire to the loose hay. In a minute he was conquered. He let out a cry of defeat and there was no mistaking it, and they cut him down. I led him back to the tent by the trunk, as docile as a kitten. From that day on he was frightened to death of me, and it was pitiful to see his fear. I used to laugh when I

thought of that mass of flesh and strength being scared of a little being like me, when if he had known it he could have blotted me out with a wiggle of his trunk or one stamp of his enormous foot. But he was just plumb afraid of yours truly.

"One night I was at a prize fight in Cincinnati when a boy came down the aisle and whispered in my ear, 'the big elephant's loose. Mr. Robinson,' was all he said, but I knew what that meant, and I followed him. Chief, it seemed had got away from the show, and was out in the suburbs pushing over houses.

"I followed his trail easily, and soon came upon him. Chief was the boss of a little cottage settlement, which he was rapidly exterminating. All he had to do was to lean heavily against a house and over it would go. Then he would proceed to the next, and in that manner had disposed of seven or eight frame dwellings. As I drew near he was wrestling with another, and the terrified family, at a safe distance, were weeping and wailing. Chief seemed to be enjoying the affair hugely, and I could almost see his huge sides shake with laughter as I approached from behind.

"I ran up alongside of him and gave him a slap. 'Here, you lopsided, leather-headed, moth-eaten old rascalion,' I shouted, only those were not quite the names I called him. What the dickens do you mean?"

"Chief turned and saw me. His face fell. He began to tremble, and he let out a yell of fear that shook the neighborhood. It was like a mother catching her youngster in the jam closet.

"I grabbed him by the trunk, gave him a yank or two, and lugged him back to his tent, calling him down all the way. And he whimpered and bawled like a baby. Once at home I had him soundly punished.

"Chief was like that till the day of his death, and I have the satisfaction of remembering that at least one inhabitant of this earth lived and died in abject fear of yours truly."

His Cause of Complaint.

"Good gracious!" said Miss B., the typewriter, who works for a firm of lawyers with offices not far from Broad and Chestnut streets, according to the Philadelphia Press. "The chief is in a horrible humor today. I've never seen him like this before. He snapped at me horribly when I went in to take some dictation from him this morning. And when he spelt 'axletree' wrong and I corrected him he flew into a rage and threatened to discharge me."

"I saw it this morning when he came in," said the office boy. "And you bet yer life I'm keeping out of his way."

Just then Mr. — opened his office door and chillingly said:

"Miss B.—, if you are not too busy talking to that boy, I'd like to give you some dictation."

In half an hour she came out flushed and excited.

"Oh! he treats us just like dirt," she said, almost crying. "I wish, I wish I had stayed with that lumber company on Front street."

This excited the rest of the office and one of the other stenographers declared:

"He's generally the kindest man I ever knew," and even the office boy said 'yes' to this. But by noon the office force was in a state bordering on panic. When for the tenth time they heard him murmuring through the closed office door, the astute office boy said:

"I guess he'll fire us all now, sure 'nough. He would not listen to Mr. W.—, that rich man who comes in here so much, just now."

The lawyer stood at the phone a long time, but when he opened his door later he came out beaming, looked around and smiled tremulously.

"She came out of it beautifully," the doctor said. The anesthetic wore off and she walked like a baby. And he says the cut in her throat can be covered by a string of beads."

"What are you talking about?" asked his partner.

"My little girl has just been operated upon at the hospital. It's Wednesday and you can all take a holiday and go to the matinee, and here's the money for seats."

The two stenographers wiped their eyes. The clerks cleared their throats but the office boy glared around on all belligerently and said:

"Say, didn't I tell you the boss was all right?"

TILLMAN THE PUZZLE.**In Reality Senator Tillman is Level-Headed and a Model of Sobriety.**

In chronicling the work of the recent congress the Washington correspondent of the New York Times gives the following estimate of Senator Tillman:

It is a good time to tell the truth about Tillman, though he will not tell it about himself, and though he delights to say things that make it well nigh impossible for even his well-wishers to ascertain it, this instance is a genuine picture of it. So serious was that throat trouble, at which so many people scoffed, and which few people in the north believed that Tillman had long been down in South Carolina battling with it, withdrawn from a scene which he delights, and where he would rather be, warpaint on, than anywhere else in the world. Boracic acid has given way to more stringent remedies, and Tillman is fighting, if not for life, at least for health.

It affords a sidelight on the whole. Deliberately Tillman holds out his worst side to the public.

And all the time he is as good a fellow, as sensible and decent a citizen, and as wise a man as one could wish to meet. The proof? If proof be asked, what more convincing could be offered than the fact that his warmest admirer in the senate is George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts? Like seeks like, even though it be disguised by a rough outside and a savage mask, and Hoar knows Tillman to be a man. The Pilgrim announces to the Palmetto as old Butler and Hampton and all those cavaliers were never able to make him do.

Why did Tillman deliberately seek to spread abroad the impression that he retired from banquets in delirium, that his sobriety was only for the senate? The question is the despair of his admirers, all the more their despair for the reason that the man is absolutely sober, temperate, in every way decent and respectable. But the deeper questions: Why does he spread abroad the idea that he is a wild man politically; that he drinks blood and eats raw meat, when he is level headed and sane a man as the world ever saw? Why does he pose as a Wilkes and seek that place in history when his friends know better?

It is not long ago that Tillman, rising from his place in the senate, declared that Abraham Lincoln was the greatest of modern heroes. "And I," he said, and then paused and looked upon the men who remembered South Carolina's outbreak which established the Southern Confederacy—"and I, and I, from South Carolina—and he emphasized the name of his state, and paused and waited—"I, from South Carolina, tell you so, and feel honored in doing so."

This man, the bitter enemy of the negroes, according to common report, is better loved by negroes than any man in Washington. There is not a negro who has ever met him whose face will not light up if you mention Tillman's name. In moments of unusual candor Tillman has himself admitted that he loves the negroes and is proud of their love. That he is more liberal toward the north in his candid movements than any other Southern senator is a fact well known.

Is it not strange, then, that some peculiar mental twist impels this man of gentle life, of broad views and of soft and kindly character to hold himself out as the worst representative of savagery and the reactionary element in civilization? Yet it would be unfair to call Tillman uncandid, and a poser; when he is uttering these things he is believing them.

A strange combination of characteristics is Benjamin Ryan Tillman now recovering from his illness on his South Carolina plantation. A strange man little known even by his colleagues. He will be fortunate if this generation learns him aright; it will be a miracle if posterity ever knows the real man.

A Puzzle Story.

This is a puzzle story, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

John Stubbs is a hard working man five and a half days in the week. From Monday morning until Saturday noon he bones in at his office, looking forward with increasing pleasure as the time draws nearer

when he can devote his day and a half to rest and recreation.

Last week was an especially busy one for Stubbs. By Friday night he was so tired that he told his partner he would not be at the office at all next day.

"It will take me two whole days to rest up for the next week," he said. So much for Mr. John Stubbs.

Now for Mrs. John Stubbs:

When a neighbor dropped in for a bit of gossip with her late Friday afternoon she found Mrs. Stubbs fidgeting with a van man, who had called to give her a price on the moving of her household effects.

"Yes," said Mrs. Stubbs, after the bargain had been made and the man had gone, "we are going to move tomorrow. I found the cutest little

house today and hired it on the spot. I know John would like it ever so much. And I have made all arrangements to move tomorrow because, you know, he doesn't have to be at his office Saturday afternoons or Sundays, and he can help me settle the new place."

This is the puzzle: Guess whether Mr. John Stubbs spent Saturday and yesterday in rest and recreation.

Actress: "I am going to give you back our engagement ring. I can't never marry you. I love another."

Actor: "Give me his name and address."

Actress: "Do you want to kill him?"

Actor: "No; I want to try to sell him the ring."

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