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FRIDAY JUNE 22

The entire convention at Chicago is trying to get a dispatch from Blaine instead of telegraphing to General Hamilton.

The Cincinnati Enquirer is of the opinion that no person this side of Scotland knows what is going to happen at Chicago.

"There is a dense political fog hanging over Chicago," says a correspondent. Fogs may be cleared away by any kind of a hot explosion. Why not fire off Forsaker?

A hasty summing up.

That is a pretty satire on the alleged patriotism of the Republican party that Judge Gresham would not be nominated because Gould would have him defeated on account of certain decisions of Gresham against the interests of Gould.

If a judge is to be terrorized by a financial pirate the people ought to be quick to see that the pirates are dealt with properly.

And it is a very poignant criticism that the fact makes on the Republican representative body.

CONGRESS.

Of course the two conventions stopped the legislative movement in Congress, but next week the Republicans will have finished their pow-wow, and the Democratic party may take the field and assault them at every point.

Congress should no longer play with the Mills bill. It ought to make a clear statement of the trade and manufacturing interests and then stop.

The lively shindy in the Committee on Credentials leads what Mahoneism and Wisconsin leads to.

It is said that there were cracked crowns and bloody noses.

Brady and Wise headed the riot on one side and Mahone with the colored cohort, performed on the other.

This is a pretty scene in comparison with the harmony of the St. Louis Convention.

General Mahone has been boss and autocrat long enough, and ridden his party to the brink of ruin. Democrats will regret it if he is deposed, but Wise as a boss will be an equally good canvasser for the Democrats, and save us a good deal of work.

The exact particulars of the scuffle are not known, but the Chicago papers describe it as a spirited affair with a dividend of black eyes.

CONSISTENCY?

The Republicans howl "free trade" because the Democrats want to reduce the war taxes to an average standard of 40 per cent. Now read what President Arthur said:

"I recommend an enlargement of the free list, so as to include within it the numerous articles which yield inconsiderable revenue, a simplification of the complex and inconsistent schedule of duties upon certain manufactures, particularly those of cotton, iron and steel, and a substantial reduction of the duties upon those articles, and upon sugar, molasses, silk, wool, and woolen goods."

The Democrats say the same thing exactly, and yet they are called free traders. Republican Secretaries of the Treasury, such as Folger and McCullough expressed the same ideas as those we have quoted from Arthur.

But when these come from Democrats they are "free trade."

The Republicans give themselves deal away when they gabble about free trade, especially when they charge Governor Hill with it. Governor Hill left no doubt as to his meaning. He said: "I believe in an intelligent, fair, honest revision of the tariff—a revision in the interest of the people and not of monopolies. I believe in protecting labor in every legitimate and proper way; but unnecessary burdens upon commerce do not afford any assistance or protection to workmen."

The adverse vote in the House of Commons on Tuesday night was a serious defeat for the Tory Government. The question at issue was in itself important, involving the method of appointment of the chief constables. The majority of thirty against the government was made up by adding to the votes of the Home Rulers those of Lord Hartington and other Liberal-Unionists who have been brought to reason by the Ayr election.

THE CONVENTION.

When the Sherman boom was turned on yesterday at Chicago the spray of cold water on the Blaine men sprinkled and evaporated by the heat of the excitement and the high temperature of the weather. But still the convention is ticketed for Blaine, and all the delegates know that Blaine has no worse record than Sherman and much more audacity and "magnetism." There are prominent men in the Republican party who have clear records, and the fact that the convention holds on to the issue between two very big corrupt men is the best proof of the certain gravitation of the party to ruin.

It has long been sliding down the slippery incline, and came near the bottom in 1884, by reason of the popular recognition of its dangerous doctrines of rig rule and centralized power, monopoly, and land steals. The people still need to be reminded of the horrible and ghastly blot on our history, stamped there by the burglarious steal of the Presidency by the Hayes conspiracy, and the people ought to consider whether their rights are safe in the hands of a party that thus committed criminal outrage on the honor of the Republic, and violated the chastity of her institutions.

Let us give this question a still further view, and see whether the Republican party with such a political crime on its conscience can be trusted. This is the age of mechanism, and the genius of inventions and of organization has so far developed that great corporations have a power that must be curbed by legislation, that even the constitution made by the patriot fathers did not foresee as necessary. Vast combinations use such gigantic power that every thinking citizen sees that the telegraph first and perhaps the railroads must be put under Government control.

Now can the Republican party with its false ideas be entrusted with a Government that must have so much power and the privilege to abuse it?

We should emphatically say no.

No patriotic man of true American ideas would be willing to trust the Government of the United States in the hands of people who did not thoroughly acknowledge the representative character of popular Government.

It cannot be denied that the victory of the Democracy in 1884 was won because the people saw the danger of Radicalism. Star Route jobs, Bill Chandler deals with Roach, and land steals. There is an instinct in the popular mind that moves the masses, and it is moving them now towards the popular assertion of right which, according to the President's message, is freedom from the tyranny of war taxes in time of peace. The people have long been blindfolded, but they begin to see that the American ought to be allowed to work for the markets of the world instead of being confined to the home market manipulated by the monopolists who control it through the high tariff.

We do not ask anything better for the Democrats than the declaration by the Chicago Convention for protection at war rates, and the citizen made to pay twice as much for all his clothing as his neighbor in Canada.

PROTECTION IT IS!

The Republican Convention has declared for high protective tariff. That is, the war taxes laid on to carry on the war must be maintained in time of peace, and the 50,000,000 made to pay tribute to the 10,000,000, though the Republicans promised when they laid on those taxes to relieve the people of the burdens as soon as the war was over. What is this for?

Not to carry on war and not for revenue; because we have no war, and we have \$155,000,000 more revenue than we can spend. So it is for protection. Then why do the Republicans insist on doubling the duty on tin when there is no tin made in this country?

The simple truth is that the Republican party has no principles, and it wants to foster monopoly in order to get money enough to buy out a presidential election.

Mr. Flanagan, one of the vice-presidents of the convention, wanted to know, "What are we here for, if not for offices?"

If that is all, they had just as well get up and get, for they will not get any from Blaine and Sherman even down to Flanagan.

The Republicans are gone clean dirt to suppose that they can win with all the advantages against them after they lost with all the advantage on their side.

The New York Star produces an alleged mining report, from which we clip the following: "A cave-in is reported in the Gresham. The Allison mine needs retubing. There are vague rumors flying about of immense discoveries of rich ore in the Dark Horse country, about 500 miles away from this point. The 'old miner' who brought in the specimens is kept carefully out of the way by a secret syndicate of capitalists, who propose to scoop in the entire Dark Horse region, which is reported to be about two days' travel from Mortonville."

What we want for our prosperity, therefore, to increase our exportation and make our farmers rich, is to extend our commerce. The highest prosperity this country has ever had was when you have had heavy importations and heavy exportations.

CREAM OF THE PRESS.

MANY VARIOUS OPINIONS ON THE CHICAGO CIRCUITS.

Low Politics—Signs of Promise—What Are They There For?—Gavel and Gabbles, Corporation Hits—Free Trade Spooks, Rivers and Harbors.

Low Down Politics.—We see no sign of that elevation of tone which should mark a convention of American gentlemen assembled to perform a sacred duty. Thousands of Republicans will read with sorrow that the Governor of an American State could delight applauding thousands by intimation that the President of the United States is not a gentleman. That is what was done last evening by Governor Forsaker of Ohio, and it seems in all seriousness to mark the lowest water mark in our modern American politics.—N. Y. Herald.

Signs of Promise.—Yes, it is an intensely deliberate body, anxious to do the right thing and the safe thing, this Chicago Convention. That is a good sign, and the more patient and calm the deliberation, the more ground for confidence there will be in the excellence of the harvest. Anxiety is in order—great anxiety not to throw away by any mistake the glorious results which are within the reach of the Republicans. Even disheartenment would be in order, if there were many men governed by the temper which a few manifest—the temper to prefer a nomination probably fatal to one which does not suit their prejudices or their local convenience.—N. Y. Tribune.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?—Another notable achievement was the generous reception accorded to Flanagan of Texas, the one statesman of the Republican party who, in a critical moment, struck the foundation stone of its being what he is, a man of honor. He is a man of honor, and he is in any way retrograding toward that better class, the traitors. He proceeded to explain, "You see, my wife's brother is a young physician, and my wife's father is an old physician. My own father reads medical works and talks a great deal about them. A near neighbor of ours is a rising young doctor, and through him a number of medical men have visited us, and we have met the M. D.'s also at his house. Now in such an atmosphere of wisdom you would think me safe. But I feel I am not. About everything I do from the time I get up until I retire, in the way of drinking, washing, riding, or walking is dangerous! I say 'Mamma, because that is the term they, the doctors, use. I am most alarmed about bathing. My father has found it in the books that it is dangerous to bathe while warm. My wife's father says it is dangerous to bathe while cold or chilly. Her brother asserts that the strongest persons dare bathe on arising without first taking food. The same wise young doctor says it is dangerous and debilitating to bathe just before retiring. They all agree that it is dangerous to jump into water just after eating heartily. Nothing has been said about getting up in the middle of the night and taking a light lunch and a bath, nor about leaving business in the middle of the afternoon and going to a bathing house for an hour, but as both these times are very inconvenient for me to indulge in, I have decided on the only other alternative, not to bathe at all."—Chicago Journal.

He Was Forgiven.—A very busy Chicago banker was to marry to an Omaha girl, and the day fixed was June 4 at high noon. The day came, but the groom did not materialize, and at 9 a. m. this telegram was received: "For heaven's sake tell us what is the matter. This is your wedding day, and the hour approaches." He was scared half out of his wits, and hurried around like a hen with her head cut off. Then he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this answer: "Thought I had three days of grace. Don't let it go to protest. Coming on the next train." The wedding was late, but it was a merry one, and all was forgiven.—Washington Critic.

A Carefully Worded Guarantee.—Irate Dame—I don't see what you mean by selling me that refrigerator. It's perfectly awful! It's a regular swindle. It's only a boiler—didn't the vegetables keep in it? "Oh, they were all right enough, but, dear me, I put in enough ice to last a week, it seemed to me, and every ounce was gone in one day. It uses up ice as a stove does coal. You warranted it, and I want my money back, sir. I can't afford to buy ice by the ton, sir." "Madam, I did not warrant that refrigerator to preserve ice, but to preserve vegetables."—Omaha World.

Pearls Before Swine.—"My poor man," said the sympathetic visitor to the convicted burglar, "I pity rather than blame you. If you had had the advantage other men have had your career might have been so different! You were reared amid scenes of vice and have passed your life in moral darkness—is it not so?" "I can't deny it, mum," replied the burglar. "I've allus been obliged to do most of my work in the dark."—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing Bad Enough for Him.—The man who sent a dollar for "a certain cure for a corn, and money refunded if it doesn't disappear," and received a card on which was printed "cut off your toes," thinks he was swindled, and wants the advertiser arrested. If, after following the directions prescribed, the corn did not disappear, the advertiser deserves to be punished.—Norristown Herald.

Soulless Corporations.—By the roadside: Tramp No. 1.—I say, Jim, I've got a dandy new name for me old shoes. Call 'em "corporations" now. Tramp No. 2.—Fer why, me boy? Tramp No. 1.—Cause they've got no soles.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Wanted.—We quote from The Tombstone Warbler the following double headed editorial: "Hi Nola Twigg, the servant girl in Portland, Ore., who recently fell heir to \$300,000, will call at this office, she will hear something greatly to her advantage. We are a batchelor."—Brief.

Watered Stock.—Guest—Do many people visit this beach? Landlord—We have quite a floating population during the bathing season.—The Idea.

Where Experience is Needed.

Druggist—Yes, I want a prescription clerk. Have you a diploma? Applicant—Not exactly, sir, but— Druggist—Can you run a soda fountain? Applicant—Not very well, sir, but I can learn.

Druggist—No, I guess you won't do. I might let you practice putting up prescriptions, but I can't afford to risk an inexperienced hand at the soda fountain.—Detroit Free Press.

To Relieve Her Eyes.



Concocted Young Man—I wonder why that beautiful young lady before you looks at me so much. I guess she is trying to make an impression.

Sarcastic Young Lady—That is not the reason. She has weak eyes, and the doctor has told her to relieve them by looking at something green.—Texas Siftings.

No Baths for Him.

"I am going to stop bathing," said a friend of mine, of good habits, this morning. The statement staggered me, for I knew he did not belong to the "great unwashed," nor was he in any way retrograding toward that better class, the traitors. He proceeded to explain, "You see, my wife's brother is a young physician, and my wife's father is an old physician. My own father reads medical works and talks a great deal about them. A near neighbor of ours is a rising young doctor, and through him a number of medical men have visited us, and we have met the M. D.'s also at his house. Now in such an atmosphere of wisdom you would think me safe. But I feel I am not. About everything I do from the time I get up until I retire, in the way of drinking, washing, riding, or walking is dangerous! I say 'Mamma, because that is the term they, the doctors, use. I am most alarmed about bathing. My father has found it in the books that it is dangerous to bathe while warm. My wife's father says it is dangerous to bathe while cold or chilly. Her brother asserts that the strongest persons dare bathe on arising without first taking food. The same wise young doctor says it is dangerous and debilitating to bathe just before retiring. They all agree that it is dangerous to jump into water just after eating heartily. Nothing has been said about getting up in the middle of the night and taking a light lunch and a bath, nor about leaving business in the middle of the afternoon and going to a bathing house for an hour, but as both these times are very inconvenient for me to indulge in, I have decided on the only other alternative, not to bathe at all."—Chicago Journal.

Not Comforting Assurance.

A little girl while on a visit to her grandmother had been seriously ill, and, as she grew better, was spoken of as convalescent. Thinking it would be very smart to use a long word, she wrote home: "Dear mamma, I am happy to say that I am convalescent."—Young People.

Quieting.

A little Burlington girl persisted in saying while her grandfather was taking his nap. She explained that she was "trying to sing grandpa's nose to sleep."—Exchange.

Couldn't Keep a Secret.

Henry Drayton was always suspicious of everybody except himself, and his own shortcomings he would always lay at the doors of his neighbors. One day he said an unhappy looking, cross-eyed pup to one of his neighbors, a miller, who was especially enjoined to keep the price he paid for it a secret. One rainy day a number of the miller's friends were in the mill teasing the miller about the pup, and trying to get him to commit himself as to the price he paid for it.

Some Georgia Items.

The hide tanning factory is doing well in Smithville. It would be a good idea to try it on some of the small boys about town.

We are in receipt of a valuable book entitled, "How to Build a House." But how to pay the rent on the one we're in is what is bothering us just now.

When our choir sings "I Would Not Live Always," every man in the congregation, with one hand on his hat and the other vaguely feeling for his umbrella, shouts in chorus, "I ask not to stay."—Lee County (Ga.) News.

A Clever Fellow.

"I say, Harrison, don't you think that fellow Jones is very bright? I wonder where he gets all the good things he says?" "Bright! He ought to be bright. He's proof reader for Plummy Phoxe. Whenever you hear Jones say a good thing, just watch Plummy Phoxe the next week. Then you'll know where he gets his wit."—Harper's Bazar.

The First Instance.

Merriman—Most remarkable thing I ever heard of! You'll say so, too. Graves—Indeed! What is it? Merriman—Friend of mine got married the other day, and there wasn't a single butter dish among the presents.—Judge.

A Great Discovery.

"I don't believe in these secret societies," said one Austin lady to another. "That's very singular," replied the other; "your husband is a Forester, a Knight of Pythias, and a Knight of Honor, and you will have at least \$10,000 when he dies. 'But what good does all that do me?' was the tender response, 'when he never dies' and the poor creature burst into tears.—Texas Siftings.

Knew When to Stop.

A New England man has beaten the green goods sawdust men at their own game. He got one of their circulars, and in reply asked for a sample of their goods. They sent him a genuine \$1 bill, and the gentleman stopped the correspondence then and there.—New York Sun.

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Judge Haro, of Philadelphia, recently gave this advice to a wife beater who was discharged upon the appeal of the abused wife. "When you find yourself getting angry again, fill your mouth with water and keep it shut till you cool off."—Chicago Herald.

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There are in England 347 female blacksmiths who actually swing heavy hammers, and 9,138 women employed in nail making.—The Epoch.

ON LIFE'S THRESHOLD.

Little Eunice, between 3 and 4 years old, had to be punished one day, her mother preferring the operation with the remark that she was sorry to do it; she only did it because she loved her so much, etc. At night, after the little girl was in bed, she called her mother to her, threw her arms around her neck and said: "Mamma, we love one another, don't we, 'do you, dear?' " "You don't like to punish me, do you?" "No, I do not." "You would rather punish your own self, wouldn't you, mamma?" "Yes," "Well, then, mamma, I wish you would."—Chicago Advance.

A Dust Item.

"Pa," asked a speculative youngster, "was I made of dust?" "Certainly, my son; we all were." "Just common road dust like that ragged boy out there?" "Yes," admitted the puzzled father; "just the same. Why do you ask?" "Oh, I thought maybe as I was such a nice little boy I might be made of diamond dust."—Detroit Free Press.

A Figure of Speech.

Fond Mother—And so you saw a little black baby, Ethel! And what did it look like? Ethel—Oh, so funny, mamma. It was black outside; when it rolled up its eyes and showed its little teeth, then I saw it was white inside. Guess a black baby is just like a cream chocolate.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Sample Bit of Misery.

A small boy who happened to bruise his leg said to his mother: "Oh! mamma, how awfully it must hurt to be a colored man?" "Hurt, my dear? Why, what do you mean?" "Why, don't you know, I tumbled down this morning and I made that black spot on my leg, and it's just as sore as it can be all the time."—Youth's Companion.

She Saw the Gold.

"Mamma, I know it's true about the golden streets in heaven." "Why, how do you know, Maud?" "Because, when I was on deck with nurse last night something made a noise and the sky split clear across, and then I saw the gold shining through."—Electrical Review.

A Natural Mistake.

Nature appears in a very similar garb to the youngsters, no matter in what department she shines. Little 3-year-old was out in the fields the other day and came running in with, "I saw a pansy and I was going to pick it, and it was a butterfly and it fled away."—Hartford Post.

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LONG LIVE THE KING.

The velvet put with its thick silver fringe. On the cold marble pavement streams. The guttering candles burning by the tier. Flare in the gusts; and as he nods and dreams. A thrushy monk prays for the soul's repose— Throws his lean fingers in his sleeves of serge. Watching alone, the hour is not yet come. For knell and requiem and funeral dirge.

"Long live the king!" The smiling courtesans pause amid the feast. And pledge their vows to their new lord in wine; O'er nodding plumes and silks and tawny gowns. A thousand tapers with soft brilliance shine; Laughter and jest blend with the sound of flutes. Of harp and viol, and the heavy air Is sweet with music; only a little page Weeps as he waits without upon the stair.

—M. H. K. in America.

Just What a Whang Is.

In the wisdom of the ages there has come to be something in a name. A good housewife in a suburb of Lewiston, whose reputation is of thrift, and whose wits are as keen as the razor's edge, issued cards not long ago, it is said, for an afternoon party at her home, terming it a "whang." A whang is an unknown term in that vicinity, although they had heard it employed in a metaphorical or symbolic or hyperbolic sense many times to the contrary in the course of various kinds. The good ladies who were summoned didn't know what to do or how to dress, but they went just the same, full of curiosity, and in their most stunning toilettes. The hour was early—viz., 1 p. m.—when the larger party of them started. Bets were even against the field that it was an aquatic bet, one to three that it was a rug bet, and even against the field that it was just an ordinary party. When they got there they found the house in disorder, and everybody scrubbing for dear life. A whang is a housecleaning party, and some of the ladies are sorry they didn't dress accordingly.—Lewiston Journal.

The Increase of Mendicancy.

The growing tendency to believe that charity is the mother of pauperism, and that our easy and disorderly dispensing of aid to mendicants is increasing beggary, is confirmed and strengthened by the experience of the city of Brooklyn. In the five years from 1874 to 1878, inclusive, the number of persons who asked and received outdoor relief from the city increased between 30 and 60 per cent, while population was increasing less than 14 per cent. The inference seemed fairly to be drawn that the masses were growing relatively poorer and poorer. But in 1878 outdoor relief was wholly put an end to. It was feared by many that this would lead to vast suffering; but it did nothing of the kind. Not only was the \$3,000,000 drawing from the authorities dropped, but this dropping caused, or was accompanied by a decrease of applicants to the public and private societies. The true inference was that our system of charities encourages beggary and creates mendicancy.—Globe-Bulletin.

Not Hard to Hit.

The following anecdote admits of wide and varied application. Most of us can apply it to ourselves if we will. It was a story of a minister who, preaching in the pulpit of a brother clergyman, said some strong things about racing and fast horses. He was told after the sermon that he had touched one of their best members at a tender point.

"Well," said the preacher, "I cannot change my sermon for him." In the evening the man was introduced to the minister, who said, "I understand that what I said touched one of your weaknesses. I assure you that I was altogether unconscious of the weakness when I said it. 'Oh, never mind,' said the man. 'It is a poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere.'"—Youth's Companion.

To Save Drowning Men.

A United States navy officer has invented a life saving device for the distressed emergency of "man overboard" which promises to be of value. A raft buoy of sufficient size to support a man is attached to the vessel by a long and strong but light wire rope. The buoy is stocked with a small supply of provisions, and is furnished with a potassium compound which upon contact with the water ignites and burns brilliantly for twenty minutes. If the drowning man, aided by the flame, succeeds in reaching the raft he can be drawn to the vessel without the necessity of lowering boats. Should the rope break and his own vessel lose track of him, he has, with the provisions, a chance of sustaining life until picked up by others.—Frank Leslie's.

An African "Waker."

According to news from the west coast of Africa there have been some human sacrifices in consequence of the death of a son of the king of Grand Gaid. Selected victims were obliged to drink "wass water," a poisonous liquor, and were then pitched into the surf on the seashore. When the rollers dashed them ashore men, women and children cut at them with knives until they were dead. The chief of the tribe tells the British flag, and the captain of a trading vessel remonstrated with him in vain.—London Standard.

The Editor's Insomnia.

Patient—I wish you would prescribe for me, doctor. I am nervous and restless and my sleep is disturbed by nightmares hideous enough for delirium tremens. Doctor—Possibly your heart is diseased. Do you lie on the right side? Patient—Great Scott, doctor! I thought you knew that I am running an independent newspaper and have to lie on all sides.—Detroit Free Press.

A Disconsolate Wife.

"I don't believe in these secret societies," said one Austin lady to another. "That's very singular," replied the other; "your husband is a Forester, a Knight of Pythias, and a Knight of Honor, and you will have at least \$10,000 when he dies. 'But what good does all that do me?' was the tender response, 'when he never dies' and the poor creature burst into tears.—Texas Siftings.

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