The Newberry Herald and News.

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SARCASM IN SIGNS.

ADVERTISEMENTS THAT AT TIMES BECOME A MOCKERY.

Reminiscences of Men Who Had Been Worse Days and Irritating Announcements When They Were Hard Up and Out of Employment.

The advance agent met the leading man of another show the other night, and, as they had not seen each other in seven years, there was a warmness about their greeting that was refreshing.

"Dear old Tom!" said the leading man. "I was thinking of you not five minutes ago. Sit down, you dear old fellow! I passed a bakery not five minutes ago, and I thought of you. Why, here's Willis! I was just saying to him that I never see a baker's that I don't think of him. Tom and I were poor once! Mighty poor too. I remember that we had been turned out of different homes on the same cold night and met each other for the first time by chance. We shared the comforts of a butcher's wagon that night and went upon a rummaging expedition the next day. We halted in front of a German bakery, half starved and disgusted with life generally. There was a huge sign in the window which read, 'Where Is No Cake Like Ours.' We had a penny between us, but Tom went in and asked for a sample of cake. The Dutchman didn't appreciate the humor of the request, so he said, 'You may keep your cake, but, say, give me a chunk of it, quick, or I'll cut out your giz-zard.' I'll never forget that cake sign. It took us hours to get away from the police who were attracted to the scene by the baker's cries for help."

"But that was not my only experience with a peculiar sign," remarked an advance agent after a hearty laugh. "A year before I went on the road for the first time I was in as hard luck as any man was. I had pawned everything in sight and was almost starving. I found an umbrella in the hallway of a down town building, and the janitor told me to keep it. It was a very good rain shield, and I immediately carried it to mine uncle. I didn't like this particular relative, although I had formed the acquaintance of hundreds of his people. His place was on Fifth avenue, and he gave me 75 cents, which I gladly accepted. As he was making out the ticket he said:

'Do you want to save it from the wolves?'

'Yes,' I answered.

'That will cost you 12 cents. Perhaps you would like to have it insured? It is always advisable, but it will cost you 12 cents more,' replied my friend.

'All right,' I said. 'Take good care of it.' He could have eaten it for all I cared, for I never intended to redeem it. I was about to leave the place when I saw a big sign on the far wall. It read:

'No extra charge for putting watches and jewelry in the safe in the office.' Watches and jewelry! It brought the tears to my eyes, and as I crawled into my 10 cent bed that night I thought of diamond necklaces, pearls and rubies of priceless value and—cake. Oh, the curse of some signs! How they mock the poor!"

They were all silent a moment, but the one addressed as Willis was the first to resume conversation, and he said:

"There's my friend, Big John Smith. Let me introduce him. Since you chaps are talking of signs and hard luck, let me tell you of the time that I had to leave my trunk at the old Stevens House, on lower Broadway, and light by the shades of midnight to get away from a hotel bill that I couldn't pay. Everything I had in the world was locked up in that trunk, and as I didn't remove anything without extreme suspicion I thought it best to avoid a stay of jail by leaving everything behind me. I must have walked the streets at least a week famished and footsore. One afternoon I was passing along up town street, hoping to see something happened to look up and find a job as big as my hopes were when I read this sign read:

'Trunks Not Daylight Robbers. Trunks! From the Battery to Harlem Bridge to Your Room 75 Cents.'

Whether that sign was not the irony of fate in my case, I do not know what you call it."

"Oh, that's a small affair alongside of some of my experience," said Smith. "It is only a few years ago too. I had been unemployed for several months, and as I had six little shavers to take care of I did not have much trouble spending the little money I had saved. I didn't seem to have a friend in the wide world to turn to, and I spent my last copper for a paper to examine the employment column. It was about Christmas time, and I dreaded going back home to face the scolding landlord. I recall that I stopped in front of the Harlem office of a newspaper to see the holiday crowd go by, and as I did so I saw a sign that made my blood run cold. It said:

"'There Is No Reason Why You Should Be Idle. Insert a Want Ad. Four Cents a Line.'

"The pronoun was printed in immense letters, and I had the greatest trouble dissuading myself that it was not intended for me, and me alone. Of course it wasn't, but that sign burned into my memory, and I have thought of it innumerable times since."

"Oh, pshaw!" rejoined the leading man after a pause. "I suppose it is impossible to please everybody with public signs. I saw one in Buffalo once which said: 'Attention, blind men. Read this and be cured,' which referred to a new treatment for the blind. All signs cannot be expected to satisfy the ideas of everybody."—New York Mail and Express.

Matrimony in Gilbert Islands.

Women of the Gilbert islands being merely regarded as cattle or any other property, writes Arthur Inkersley in The Overland Monthly, the matrimonial knot is easily tied and just as easily untied. If a man fancies a girl, he seizes her by the hair of the head, wherever she may be, despite her protestations, and drags her away to his home. Her resistance is not often serious, the pretense of refusal being due to the coquettishness inherent in the sex. When the couple reach the house of the groom, a wedding feast is furnished forthwith, to which all the immediate friends of the bride and bridegroom are invited. But an acceptance of the invitation implies the contribution of some viands to the entertainment. Matrimony is attended by no further ceremony than this. When a husband grows weary of his wife, he simply orders her to leave him, and if she does not he turns her out of doors.

Never Left the Road.

An old negro in a neighborhood town arose in prayer meeting and said: "Bredderin and sisterin, I been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap er ups and downs, specially downs, since I j'ined de church. I stole chickens and watermillins, I cussed, I got drunk, I shot craps, I slashed odder coons wid my razor, and I done er sight er odder things; but, t'ank the good Lawd, bredderin and sisterin, I never yet lost my religion!"—Blue Ridge (Ga.) Post.

The Moving Plant.

A very queer plant belongs to the pea family and is called the "moving plant" on account of the manner in which its leaves turn around of their own accord or go by jerks, without being touched or in any way disturbed. Sometimes only one or two leaves on a plant will be affected; at other times they will all perform jumps and gyrations simultaneously. It is observed that the movements are most energetic when the thermometer marks about 80 degrees.

The Englishman and His Order.

An Englishman at a Chicago hotel ordered a trap. He ordered it of an intelligent looking key clerk behind the desk. Then he went up stairs to his room to prepare himself for the drive. He waited half an hour for the announcement that the vehicle was below. He began to wonder if this was an example of the American hustle whose reputation had crossed the Atlantic.

Presently came a knock on the door. "Come in," bade the Englishman.

Entered a mechanical looking man in his shirt sleeves.

"Where's the hole?" was his question.

"Hole?" queried the Englishman. "I wanted a trap."

"Here it is," said the toiler, "and it'll catch that mouse sure."

The Englishman's mouth opened in astonishment. "Mouse! What do you mean? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm the hotel carpenter, sir, and I've brought up the trap you ordered!"

The Englishman glared. Then it penetrated his Saxon wits, and he roared.

He gave the carpenter half a dollar and swore the joke for once was on America.

A Beaver's Toilet.

It is an interesting sight to watch the outlaw at his evening toilet. To begin with, instead of sitting up with his large, flat, ribbed tail protruding behind him, he tucked it forward between his hind legs and sat upon it. Then with his hand he carefully combed his long hair, using both hands at the same time. There were many places, however, that could not be reached in this way, for his arms are very short and his body very large, so he combed these otherwise inaccessible places with his hind feet, using first one and then the other. The entire operation was performed with the utmost deliberation and care and occupied more than a quarter of an hour, so that by the time it was completed daylight had almost vanished.

My presence did not appear to disturb him in the least, though I sat on the ground within three feet of him that I might the better note his various attitudes, for it is not often one has an opportunity of watching a beaver at such close range.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Military Salute.

All salutes, from taking off the hat to presenting arms, originally implied respect or submission. Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head is generally believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights filed past the throne of the queen of beauty and, by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that her beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze upon.

The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position, with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the crusader's action in kissing the cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard. Raising the hand to the forehead has also been explained as a sign that the weaponed hand is empty and in an inoffensive position, but this reason does not seem so convincing as the others.

ROYAL HEARTS.

Sealed in Silver Jars in an Ancient Australian Church.

[Wm. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record Herald.]

Down in the glomy little crypt in the church of the Augustine friars at Vienna the sacristan, if you will give him a kronen, will let you look through a grating in the door and see the forty-seven cans upon a shelf that encircles the white-washed wall.

They look like an assortment of tinned meats or vegetables, but contain the hearts of the members of the imperial house of Austria.

For centuries, when an Emperor or an Empress, or any of the royal family dies, it has been the custom to cut the heart out of the body, seal it up in a little silver urn and deposit it in this church, which contains also a beautiful monument to the Archduchess Maria Christina, daughter of Maria Theresa—and the most beautiful sepulchre I have ever seem. It was carved by Canovas and represents the face of a pyramid with an open door, through which a processino of life-size marble figures is passing into the tomb—the poor, the lame, the halt and the blind—bearing laurels and offerings of affection and gratitude, while the angel of the resurrection leans upon the back of a lion and watches them.

It is an ugly old church and was built way back in 1333, but it is famous for being the Court chapel and having one of the finest choirs in the world. An appointment to this choir is the highest prize offered by the Imperial Conservatory of Music, and, although the salaries are not large, compared with those paid by fashionable churches in the United States, the appointment is for life and commands a pension when the singer has outsung herself.

Bride's Superstitions.

Relative merits of the various months with regard to matrimony are set forth in the old rhyme which runs:

"Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true;
When February birds do mate
You may wed, nor dread your fate.
If you wed when March winds blow
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man;
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day;
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.
They who in July do wed,
Must labor always for their bread.
Whoever wed in August be,
Many a chance are sure to see.
Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.
If in October you do marry,
Love will come, but riches tarry;
If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember;
When December's snows fall fast
Marry, and true love will last."

Of the days in the week, Wednesday is the best and Saturday the worst on which to get married. The old rhyme runs:

"Married in white,
You have chosen all right.
Married in gray,
You will go far away.
Married in black,
You will wish yourself back.
Married in red,
You had better be dead.
Married in green,
Ashamed to be seen.
Married in blue,
You'll always be true.
Married in pearl,
You'll live in a whirl.
Married in yellow,
Ashamed of the fellow,
Married in brown,
You'll live out of town.
Married in pink,
Your spirits will sink."

Five Babes in One Cradle.

Texarkana, Tex., Dec. 18.—Mrs. William Walker, the wife of a cotton raiser living near Texarkana, gave birth yesterday to five children, four girls and one boy.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

One of the Tricks Performed by the Fakirs of India.

The fakirs of India perform some remarkable tricks. The following one was witnessed by an Englishman who was himself an excellent prestidigitateur:

The apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illuminated by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body.

She then began to move around and around, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this, and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillarlike form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned and began to mold the light with her hand, and, though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs all molded and finally the face and headgear. She next called for a light, and, the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seemingly, evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand. His hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit.

After he had talked and drunk a glass of arrack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about. The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few minutes the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time before the eyes of at least 50 people and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward.

CARE OF LACES.

Iron lace on the right side first, then on the wrong side to throw up the pattern.

When putting lace away, fold as little as possible. A good plan is to wind it round a card, as they do in the shops.

When ironing laces, cover them with clean, white tissue paper. This prevents the shiny look seen on washed lace.

Use cornflour instead of ordinary starch for stiffening laces. This makes them firm and does not detract from the lacy appearance.

Laces and other delicate trifles should be placed in a muslin bag before being boiled. This prevents their getting lost and torn in the wash.

After "getting up" laces do not leave them to air in a damp place—round the fire when the kettle is boiling, for instance. This robs them of their freshness and makes them look limp.

All laces before being ironed should be carefully pulled out, each point receiving attention. You will be repaid for your trouble, as the lace will look twice as nice and last clean a much longer time.

Too Suggestive.

An English clergyman had married a young woman with a reputed dowry of about £10,000, while he himself had "great expectations." Needless to say, every soul in the village knew about it. It was the first Sunday after their return from the honeymoon, and when the sermon was finished the parson proceeded, as usual, to give out the hymn, verse for verse, to his rustic congregation.

All went well until the fifth verse was reached, and the parson began, "Forever let my grateful heart," when suddenly and with some confusion he exclaimed, "Omit the fifth verse!" and immediately began to recite aloud the sixth verse instead. Those who had hymnbooks promptly read the fifth verse:

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now
And bids me hope for more.

Purchasing an Elephant.

Any one who has once followed a traveling elephant will not show any undue haste to repeat the amusement. They sail along at an average pace of six miles an hour, regardless of the country, and stop for a bath or a short siesta perhaps once every three days. Anything more exasperating than following very fresh spoor at a dog trot, hour after hour in a blazing sun, only to find at a late hour in the afternoon that one was 40 miles from camp, with no food or water, only that the elephant had increased his lead from one mile to ten, it would be difficult to imagine.—Everybody's Magazine.

Four Good Habits.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second mistakes the most hurtful to your own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done, and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

Dont's for the Table.

Don't eat too fast.
Don't eat too much.
Don't eat between meals.
Don't drink tea with meat.
Don't eat fish with a knife.
Don't drink much at meals.
Don't eat ices with a spoon.
Don't overdecorate the table.
Don't serve oysters after fish.
Don't eat much for breakfast.
Don't drink when overheated.
Don't bite off a piece of bread.
Don't eat after 10 o'clock p. m.
Don't eat much when traveling.
Don't serve bacon without toast.
Don't eat too soon after exercise.
Don't always drink when thirsty.
Don't serve asparagus with meat.
Don't use a knife for green salads.
Don't eat everything that you like.
Don't drink cafe au lait for dinner.
Don't drink ice water with hot food.
Don't drink water from a city river.
Don't serve soup twice to any guest.
Don't eat boiled eggs from a tumbler.
Don't scold the servant at the table.
Don't eat anything that you don't like.
Don't serve hot entrees on cold plates.
Don't eat to please anybody but yourself.
Don't serve boiled fish without potatoes.
Don't overload the table or the guest with food.
Don't serve more than two vegetables with one meat.
Don't use strong scented flowers for table decorations.

Advertised Letters

Remaining in the postoffice at Newberry, S. C., for week ending Dec, 19th.

A—Willie Anson, care of Lea Fellows.

B—J. C. Badger, Miss Sallie L. Baker, R. B. Bearty, Miss Susie Akin, J. W. Brooks, Mrs. Eddie Boyd, Edward Buchanan, Miss Maggie L. Brown, Miss Mary Campbell.

C—H. S. Cannon, (2) Mrs. Rebecca Clark, Jno. E. Crosby, Mrs. Sarah Caughman.

D—Taylor Darby, W. S. Dobbins, J. S. Dominick, J. P. Dominick, Mrs. Mary C. Dobbins, James L. Duckett, Miss Lilla M. Duckett.

E—Mrs. Fannie Eargle, J. Kinard Epps, Mrs. I. H. Evans.

G—Jonas Gary, Thomas Galman, G. W. Galman, Mrs. Julia Green, Lottie Griffin, Tom Gary, care of Pink Johnson.

H—Harriet & Warren & P. Co. Miss Minnie Hawkins, N. C. Harmon, G. W. Henderson, Miss Hettie Hentz, G. P. Hill, Earle Hunter.

J—Miss Elen Jackson, Miss Sallie Jones, Hall Johnson, Rosetta Jones, care of Mary Jones, Mrs. Sallie Jones, Milton Jackson.

K—Miss Connie Kibler, M. W. Keels, Mrs. Amanda King, Miss Nancy Kinard, Miss A. L. Koon, care of Luther Williams.

L—Samuel Lemon, J. W. Luter.

M—J. G. Mason, E. T. Mayer, F. C. W. McCrackin.

N—Lucilla Nelson.

P—Mrs. Ella Pen.

R—Rev. B. J. Ramsay (2), Miss Jessie Ray, Rev. W. F. Rice (2), J. F. Riser, Mrs. Anner Rite, G. A. Robertson, J. W. Russell, O. H. Ruff.

S—Miss Lizia Sallie, George Shepperd, George Spearman, T. D. Shealy Mrs. Ahady Spearman, B. E. Smith, L. C. Singley, J. L. Schumpert.

T—J. H. Todd, Miss Louiser Tobias, Miss Sallie Turner.

V—G. J. Vimont, Miss Ida Viell.

W—Adam Wallace, Mrs. C. E. West Mrs. S. K. Werts, Chick Loney Williams, Jno. B. Wilson, Calvern Wilson, Lew Williams, care of Joe Clutten.

Persons calling for these letters will please say they were advertised.

L. F. Bynum, Acting P. M.

Lie, Steal, Drink and Swear.

A Kansas paper has nailed to its masthead the motto: "Lie, Steal Drink and Swear," but the editor adds the following explanation: "When you lie, let it be down to pleasant dreams; when you steal, let it be away from immoral associates; when you drink, let it be pure water; when you swear, let it be that you will patronize your home paper, pay your subscription and not send your job work away from home."

Food Preservations.

[London Chronical.]

We all consume a considerable quanity of drugs every day of our lives without being aware of the fact. So at least we gather from the report of the committee on preservatives and coloring matter, who estimate that very nearly 50 per cent of the food products sold in this country contain chemicals to preserve them from decay or to improve their appearance. Many of these chemicals are harmless, but others are not so, and the committee has issued a list of drugs that should be absolutely prohibited. Formalin, which is a potent substance used chiefly for preserving milk, should be absolutely prohibited; salicylic acid should only be permited in very small quantities; and no preservative whatever should be allowed in milk. Only a small quantity of boric acid should be allowed in cream or butter. No preservatives whatever should be allowed in foods intended for invalids and infants. Copper salts for greening preserved vegetables should be prohibited, and, finally, a Court of reference should be established to adjudicate on the food offered for public consumption.

What is a Kiss?

Some years ago the following definitions of a kiss were published, and they are here reproduced, being considered well worth the space given them:

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.

The sweetest fruit of the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

The food by which the flame is love is fed.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

Nothing divided between two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only agreeable two faced action under the sun, or moon either.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband or console the griefs of childhood.

Something rather dangerous,
Something rather nice,
Something rather wicked,
Though it can't be called a vice.
Some think it naughty,
Others think it wrong,
All agree it's jolly,
Though it doesn't last long.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

The thunder clap of the lips, which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet"

What the child receives, what the young man steal and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

That in which two hearts are better than one.

That which we all enjoy.—Cincinnati Enquirer

A woman can sew, read a love story, tend the baby, and hear her own son recite his lessons all at the same time, but when it comes to listening to a choice bit of gossip she sets right down to that business and nothing else.

TELLTALE PICTURES.

PAINTINGS THAT HAVE DONE THE WORK OF DETECTIVES.

Instances Where the Canvas of an Artist Has Led to the Confession of a Criminal—A Portrait and a Stolen Diamond Pendant.

An artist who had suddenly become almost famous by his production of a painting exhibited at the Royal academy was one day called upon by a man whose visit was productive of the most extraordinary and undreamt of consequences.

The picture represented a lonely stretch of beach, upon which the sea was beating in long, creamy rollers. In the foreground, bending over a dead body, was a man with a wild expression on his face and with a naked knife in his hand. A ship's boat, evidently just beached, was also in the picture, and by the side of the murdered man was a bag of gold. The picture portrayed the advent of two castaways upon a friendly shore. The one had murdered the other so that the treasure might be his.

The painter's visitor was a gray haired, wild eyed man.

"In heaven's name, sir," he gasped out, "how did you learn the dreadful story that you painted? I see you know all. I murdered my mate Bill to get the money that was his. I threw his body into the sea. I don't know what impulse led me to the Academy. The first thing I saw was your picture representing the scene that took place 30 years ago."

Needless to say, the picture had been the outcome of imagination. Yet murder will out, and the guilty conscience of the man who had killed his comrade for lust of gold had convinced him that the painting was no coincidence, but was indeed the actual portrayal of a dastardly and unwitnessed crime.

There is probably no picture better known in England than "The Doctor," by Mr. Luke Fildes, yet there are probably very few people aware of the fact that that selfsame masterpiece was the means of bringing to light the perpetration of a crime that would otherwise never have been known.

A certain doctor in a large town committed suicide, and among his papers was a letter which ran as follows: "I have today seen Luke Fildes' 'Doctor.' The picture represents a medical man watching by the bedside of a child. It has so haunted me that I am going to take away my own worthless life and make a confession at the same time. When Arthur's"—his brother's—"boy died, I came into money that my dead brother had settled on him. He died as all the world thought of acute pneumonia. Yet his life might have been saved had I acted, as Fildes' 'Doctor' is so evidently doing, with the use of all the skill that lay in my power. I hastened the boy's end and so got the money. I can bear it no more."

A well known artist was commissioned to paint the portrait of a lady in exalted circles, who boasted the possession of a most unique jewel in the form of a pendant. The lady was very anxious that this heirloom should be included in her portrait. The artist, of course, complied with her request.

Shortly after the painting had been completed a daring burglary was perpetrated, with the result that the lady lost her heirloom, and no trace of the thief or thieves was forthcoming. Year passed by, and the lady gave up all hope of ever seeing the precious heirloom again.

Now, it so happened that the artist who had painted the portrait of the lady mentioned had occasion to travel in India.

In the course of his wanderings he came to Bombay and, as every visitor to that place does, strolled through the native bazaar.

Suddenly his attention was riveted by a piece of jewelry in a jeweler's shop that seemed familiar to him. It was a diamond and ruby pendant. Where had he seen it before? He ransacked his brain, but could not remember.

He returned to his hotel and happened to take from his portfolio a sketch of the portrait he had made years ago of the lady with the pendant.

In a moment the enigma was solved. The piece of jewelry he had seen was the peculiar pendant that his fair sitter had been so anxious he should include in his portrait.

He hurried off to the chief of police, and told that worthy what he suspected, namely, that the bazaar he had visited contained the long lost jewel of the English lady. Inquiries were at once set on foot with extraordinary results. The jeweler in the bazaar confessed to having given years ago a quite insignificant sum for the jewel, which he had bought from a stableman in the employ of a neighboring rajah. The stableman was sought for, and turned out to be none other than a famous English cracksman, who had apparently turned honest, but who, nevertheless, confessed to having been the thief of the jewel that had been so miraculously discovered.—Pearson's Weekly.

In the Dumps.

There was once upon a time an Egyptian king, so it is said, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy. His name was Dumops. The memory of his tragic history is perpetuated every time we say we are "in the dumps."

Accommodating.

Jinks—Have you got quarters for a dollar, old man?

Winks—My vest pocket is rather crowded, but pass it over, and I'll try to make room for it.