

THE EUTAWVILLE LYNCHING.

A Preliminary Examination to be Held in Charleston.

Columbia, Nov. 20.—The half dozen white men who are being held on the charge of the Eutawville lynching will be given a preliminary hearing at Charleston on Friday next.

Under the statute law the prisoners are entitled to a preliminary hearing, and if no showing is made by the State they are entitled to their release.

Mr. Haynes and Mr. Dennis have been trying to have a preliminary examination in the hope of securing the release of the prisoners on bail, if not without bail.

Under the arrangement that has been made Magistrate McCoy will go to Charleston, and the hearing will be had there on Friday, as it is thought that the witnesses and the defendants can better go to Charleston than to Eutawville or any other point in Berkeley county.

The prisoners in the case will all go to Charleston at their own expense and under escort. They will hardly have anything to say, and the State will hardly develop more of its case than is necessary to hold the prisoners for trial at the next term of Court in Berkeley county.

Magistrate McCoy is one of the largest property holders and strongest men in Berkeley County, and the State is entirely satisfied to have him judge as to whether the State has not ample testimony on which to hold the prisoners charged with the Eutawville lynching.

If the prisoners are held they will be returned to the Penitentiary at Columbia for safe-keeping, and their next move will be to apply for bail.

Sicilian Prince Aground on Long Island.

New York, Nov. 21.—Despite the efforts of a half dozen tugs, the Prince liner Sicilian Prince which ran aground on Long Beach, Long Island, yesterday, has not yet been pulled into deep water. When the tide was at its height at six o'clock this morning all tugs were sent to work on the vessel, but failed to move her.

Trouble Brewing in Panama.

Panama, Nov. 21.—While everything appears serene on the surface, following the events of last week when General Hurler, the commander of the army resigned and army was disbanded, Americans are still watchful, and they distrust the Panama police which is made up largely of former members of the army.

The Kroonland Safe.

New York, Nov. 21.—A dispatch from Nantucket, Mass., announces that the Red Star liner Kroonland, with more than a thousand passengers aboard is safe. The steamer passed there this morning and the captain reported all well. It was rumored Sunday in London that the Kroonland had been lost with all on board.

New York, Nov. 18.—Twenty-one persons, were rescued from the big freight steamer Mohawk of the Central Vermont railroad's fleet which burned to the water's edge off Horton's Point, in Long Island sound, early today. The watchman, a Swede named Larsen, is believed to have been burned to death. All on board, including two women, were taken off the burning vessel by the freight boat Boston of the Fall River line shortly after 1 o'clock this morning and almost immediately afterwards there was a heavy explosion on the abandoned freighter, which apparently completed the destruction made by the flames.

Asheville, N. C., Nov. 20.—Fire which broke out at 10.20 o'clock tonight has wrought damage totaling between \$75,000 and \$100,000 and the losses may be further swelled before the flames are brought under complete control.

San Francisco, Nov. 18.—By unanimous vote the delegates to the American Federation of Labor today decided to aid the striking textile workers of Fall River, Mass., to the extent of \$25,000 per week for three weeks. If by the end of this time it is found that the strike is not broken the executive council will, if it sees fit, continue the donation. The money for the purpose is to be raised by an assessment of one cent each week levied on each member of every labor organization affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

GOV. HEYWARD COMING TO SUMTER

But Cannot Go to Charleston as He Finds It Impossible to Leave Columbia Wednesday.

Columbia, Nov. 22.—Gov. Heyward cannot go to Charleston on Wednesday on account of Ex Gov. Hugh S. Thompson's funeral at Trinity church, this city that day, but will keep his engagement in Sumter on Thursday. W. H. M.

Canadian Independence.

The recent Canadian election is interpreted by Collier's for November 19 as an open declaration for national autonomy. It says:

The triumph of Laurier and his party in this month's Canada elections was no direct expression of feeling either toward England or toward the United States. The Canadians voted on their own welfare. People who think that, because they do not wish to subordinate their own interests to those of the empire, they must therefore be anxious to become part of our country, are merely fantastic. The Canadians are loyal, in a constant but cool sort of way, to the empire of which they are a part; but they are loyal in a much warmer sense to their own home country.

Their first wish is that Canada shall be prosperous. They will have no objection to Mr. Chamberlain's tariff schemes if those schemes can be executed without injury to Canada. On that possibility, they keep an open mind. They are willing to have reciprocity with the United States, but applaud Sir Wilfrid Laurier's determination to put Canada in a position to gain as much in any negotiations for reciprocity. Their attitude toward the railway, likewise, was a businesslike calculation of the relation of cost to value.

The people have trusted Sir Wilfrid and the Liberals because they like the method of pursuing, with clear heads, what is directly and tangibly to Canada's self-interest, and relegating sentiments, for and against England or the United States, to the background, to be considered when they shape in some question that is tangible. The result in Massachusetts, however, is to be taken as an indication of demand for reciprocity in New England. Douglas undoubtedly won primarily on his strength with organized labor, but he made a thorough and careful campaign of education along tariff lines, pointing out to the people the purely business advantages of certain changes, and his election will do something, perhaps considerable, to further the cause of Canadian reciprocity.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 20.—News was received in this city tonight of a double tragedy at Kennesaw, twenty-eight miles from Atlanta on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, in which J. R. Butler, of Augusta, an engineer on the Central of Georgia Railroad, had shot and killed Mr. Lola Green, of Atlanta, and mortally wounded himself with the same pistol. The tragedy occurred in a back in which the couple were riding to the depot to catch the train to Atlanta. The exact nature of the trouble which led up to the killing and suicide is unknown. Mrs. Green came to Atlanta from Greenville, S. C.

Batesburg, Nov. 19.—A very sad death occurred here about 12 o'clock last night. Carroll Hook, the little 11 year old son of Mrs. J. W. Hook, died after an illness of about four days. It will be remembered Carroll was bitten about two months ago by what was supposed to be a mad dog. Every attention was given him by the local physicians and he was carried to a mad stone and treated for some time, and he had seemingly recovered from the effects of the bite. For the last three weeks he had been in school performing his usual duties there. About four days ago he began to show symptoms of fever and complain of a pain in his arm. Drs. E. K. Hardin and W. P. Zimmerman were faithful in their treatment of the case, but all to no avail. It is the opinion of those who saw the little sufferer, and of the physicians also, that his death resulted from the bite received on the 21st of September.

New York, Nov. 20.—Capt. Van Wyck of the Long Beach, Long Island, life saving station reports the British steamship Sicilian Prince, from Marseilles, Naples and Palermo for New York, with 615 persons aboard, went ashore at 5 o'clock this morning about half a mile west of the life saving station. The steamer lies in an easy position. The sea is smooth.

Norfolk, Nov. 19.—The pay wagon of Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' Circus was robbed of thirty thousand dollars this morning at Tarboro, N. C. Every effort is being made by the circus people and the limited police authorities of the town to apprehend the robber, and several arrests have been made, but no trace of the missing fortune has yet been found.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 19.—The Missouri State building at the world's fair was destroyed by fire early this evening, resulting from the explosion of a hot water heater in the basement. Instantly the flames shot up through the rotunda and the north wing and copula were a solid mass of flames within ten minutes after the explosion. The loss cannot be estimated accurately, owing to the temporary construction material which has no salvage value. The principal loss is in the contents of the building. The building cost \$145,000 and in it were \$75,000 worth of furnishings, the most valuable of which were portraits of all former Missouri governors and supreme judges. These cannot be replaced.

New York, Nov. 20.—Smothered before they could reach the rear fire escape in a burning tenement building at 186 Troutman street in the Williamsburg District of Brooklyn, 12 persons met death shortly before 2 o'clock this morning. Two entire families, those of Maranio Triolo and Chas. Pologno are wiped out, the last living member of each being now in a hospital with no hope of their recovery. They are Chas. Pologno, 33 years old, and Tony Triolo, 13 years old, both of whom are terribly burned.

THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE.

Interesting Items Gleaned From all Over Carolina by Our Regular Correspondent.

Columbia, Nov. 21.—Commander R. H. Pinckney of the naval militia of the State has resigned for business reasons, because he is so frequently absent from his headquarters at Charleston. The officer next in command is Lieut. Commander J. J. Igee, in charge of the Lafayette company at Charleston. During the war with Spain the naval militia of this state did good work in manning the coast signal stations from the North Carolina line to the Florida gulf coast, but the most conspicuous service was that done by the "Celtic," which took part in the great naval battle which practically ended the war off Santiago. Of the 425 South Carolina naval officers and men who volunteered for the war with Spain the government accepted 227, the remainder being kept on the waiting list.

In a small room in the Olympia cotton mill here, shut off from the sight of all but a trusted few, is a small machine which means more to the cotton manufacturers of the world than any improvement in cotton mill machinery since the invention of the Draper or Northrop loom, and which marks a distinct period in the development of the cotton manufacturing industry. This new machine's name is the Barber Warp Tying machine, invented by the originator of the Barber Knotter. The function of the Warp Tying machine is to supplant the slow, tedious and expensive method of "drawing in" by hand, and a three months test has proved that it is a decided success.

Ex-Governor Hugh Smith Thompson of South Carolina is dead at his New York home, where he held a prominent position with the New York Life insurance company. Governor Thompson was a native of Charleston, but was reared on the farm of his father, Henry T. Thompson, in Greenville county. His grandfather Chancellor Waddy Thompson, was for 28 years an equity judge in South Carolina, and his uncle Gen. Waddy Thompson, was for a number of years a member of congress and afterward minister to Mexico. During most of the civil war Gov. Thompson did duty in Charleston in defense of the city in command of the cadets. He is the last survivor of the Hampton ticket, for which he did splendid service as an orator in reconstruction times. At Hampton's funeral he walked with the only other survivor of the ticket, General Moise, who has since died. While for 18 years, from 1876 to 1892, he held many positions with the State and national governments he never once sought office. He was three times unanimously nominated for State superintendent of education and would have been offered a fourth term, but declined to let his name be used because the South Carolina college trustees wanted him for president.

Columbia, Nov. 22.—In a drunken row at the home of Claudia Long near Donalds yesterday morning Bennett Haynes was shot through the heart while he was about to strike his aunt with a piece of scantling. The woman, who is young and pretty, was carried to the Abbeville jail with her infant.

Julius Drill, a negro driver, was found with a bullet through his heart in front of what is known as the Rock House near Greenville yesterday. The team he had been driving was picked up before the body was found, some distance away. There is no clue. He had only 25 cents in his pocket on the trip.

Alex Joseph a 12-year-old negro is in jail at Rock Hill charged with two cases of arson. He was caught setting fire to a farmer's barn.

Congressman John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, the popular national democratic leader, will speak from the Wofford college auditorium in Spartanburg on the 2d of December, under the auspices of the college Y. M. C. A.

Complete federal election returns from all but Abbeville county shows that Roosevelt received only 26,254 votes in this State against 54,635 for Parker. The biennial sessions proposition carried every county in the State.

Actual work has begun on the construction of the Saluda Valley railroad, a 25 mile spur out of Greenville toward Caesar's head. It is the intention to ultimately—very ultimately probably—to extend the road to Knoxville, Tenn.

The first intimation of the arrival in this State of an organized band of safe-crackers and burglars, of which South Carolina police departments have been warned as headed this way from North Carolina, is the breaking into and robbery of a general merchandise store at Campbello, where much booty was secured. There is no clue.

The Saluda mystery is still unexplained, though explanations have been up to several prominent people over there for several days. Their statements are much overdue. A ray of light was shed on the situation yesterday by a long distance telephone interview your correspondent had with Mr. N. G. Evans, whom the Sheriff Rhoden accused in his statement of obtaining his signature to a receipt for the person of Henderson under false pretenses. Mr. Evans said that he not only did not present this paper to Mr. Rhoden for his signature, but he had nothing to do with its preparation. Rhoden, it will be remembered, signed the certificate without looking at it when Mr. Evans presented it to him with the explanation that it was only an unimportant paper in an application for bail. This was the paper on which the governor paid "Maj. R. S. Anderson the \$100 reward offered for Henderson's capture, although according to Sheriff Rhoden's statement there was never any necessity for offering a reward, as Henderson has all along been under his guard. The last publication here concerning the affair asserted that Henderson was not then in jail. Mr. Evans said "most emphatically" to me that Henderson was in jail, and that he would apply for bail for him on Thursday. Mr. Evans gave me permission to see a copy of a statement which he said he would mail to The State newspaper last night, but it has

not arrived this morning. The wires were not working well and my interview over the long distance phone was very unsatisfactory. Sheriff Rhoden seems to have altogether ignored the governor's request for an explanation.

HORSESHOE LUCK.

A Superstition Common to Nearly All Races and Nations.

The origin of belief in "horseshoe luck" is so ancient that it never has been determined with certainty, and no superstition is more universal. Ever since horses began to wear shoes those crescents of iron have been accounted lucky emblems of all peoples, races and nations that have been acquainted with their use.

The Chinese, for instance, say they nail them up over their doors as a charm against evil spirits because of the close resemblance in shape between them and the arched body of the sacred snake, Nagendra, one of their principal deities.

Ask a Turkish Mohammedan for information on the subject and he will tell you that it is because they are in form like a crescent, the sacred emblem of Islam.

A Polish Jew will explain that at the passover the blood sprinkled upon the lintel and doorposts, in the manner directed by their ritual, forms the chief points of an arch; hence, obviously, the value of arch shaped talismans such as horseshoes are.

The stolid and unimaginative Russian peasant, on the other hand, maintains that the luck associated with the horseshoe is due chiefly to the metal, irrespective of its shape, iron being traditionally a charm wherewith to nullify the malevolent designs of evil spirits and goblins.

Very different is the story by which the Irishman seeks to account for his liking for the same talismanic symbol. The name "Ironland" or "Ireland," he will tell you, originated as follows:

The whole island was once submerged in the sea, out of which it only rose once in seven years, and then only for a very short time. Many attempts had been made to break the spell and induce the country to remain permanently above the waters, but all were vain until one day a daring adventurer threw a horseshoe from a boat on to the topmost peak of the Wicklow mountains just as they were disappearing beneath the waves. Then at last was the ban removed. The Emerald Isle began forthwith to rise again from the ocean depths into which it had sunk. And it has been dry land—more or less—ever since.

In England, up to comparatively recent times, horseshoes were extensively used almost everywhere as anti-witch charms, and the custom is not even yet an extinct one. No witch, it used to be said, could enter a building over the door of which a horseshoe, or, better still, three horseshoes—had been affixed, prongs downward.

The origin of this particular belief is referable to the old legend of St. Dunstan. This versatile English ecclesiastic was a skilled farrier, and one day while at work in his forge the evil one entered in disguise and requested Dunstan to shoe his "single hoof." The saint, although he at once recognized his malign customer, acceded, but caused him so much pain during the operation that Satan begged him to desist. This Dunstan did, but only after he had made the evil one promise that neither he nor any of the lesser evil spirits, his servants, would ever molest the inmates of a house where a horseshoe was displayed.

THE SKYLARK'S SONG

AN ASTONISHING FEAT FROM MAN'S POINTS OF VIEW.

Not Alone Is It a Wonder of Melody Tone and Quality, but Its Volume Is Astonishing and Its Circumstance of Utterance a Physical Marvel.

For its music alone the song of the lark is almost the most melodious of any bird's. The tone and quality are admirable and the volume of sound astonishing. It can be heard clearly when the lark has mounted, as it sometimes does, beyond recognition by normal eyesight. The volume of sound is also most noticeable when a caged lark is heard, singing as it does far nearer to the hearer than the bird in the sky. But apart from the quality and music of the song the circumstances in which it is uttered render it an astonishing feat.

Every other considerable songster is quite aware that singing entails much physical effort. Consequently it takes care to secure a good platform to sing from. A thrush or a blackbird or a robin nearly always selects a top shoot or projecting bough, preferably a dead one, on which it sits and sings, never moving its position, and without any objects round it to hinder the carry of its voice. The blackcap and nightingale and some of the warblers sit in a bush to sing, but the whitethroat and even the hedge sparrow choose the topmost twig. The whitethroat sometimes sings when descending, and some of the pipits and the wood lark do the same, the meadow pipit singing a feeble little song as it makes a short ascent and descent.

But to the strain on its lungs of long protracted song the lark adds the great muscular exertion of a steady upward flight, usually carried out not by scaling the air in gentle circles, as in the soaring of the larger birds, but by a vertical climb made by the incessant beating of its wings. Wordsworth's recognition of it as the

Type of the wise who soar, but never beam. True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

is often almost literally correct. After two or three spirals the bird goes up almost as if it were drawn heavenward by a cord, and then, closing its wings,

descends like a falling stone to the very point from which it rose. The strain upon the muscles and the lungs would be great if during all this time it were silent. But it chooses to add to the exertion of soaring that of pouring forth a continuous flood of sweet notes with no intermissions or breaks whatever.

A lark will soar and sing during a space of ten minutes consecutively. The rapidity with which the pectoral muscles are working during this period may be judged from the fact that the bird makes not less than from five to six beats of the wing per second. The beats are usually in sets of from three to five, the bird pausing for a moment as if to take a fresh start after the interval. When chased by the merlin falcon, skylarks make their finest exhibitions of flight, ascending into the air to heights which have been estimated as being not less than a thousand feet. Sometimes the bird uses the same means of ascent as when it is soaring and singing, rising vertically by incessant beats of the wing. In the language of the falconer, these are termed "mounting" larks, and their object is to outfly the hawk directly, shaking off its pursuit during the ascent. Others prefer to rise by flying in a spiral, which the falcon imitates.

Mr. E. B. Michell, in his volume on "The Art and Practice of Hawking," says: "The one bird may be circling from right to left and the other from left to right, and neither seems to guide the direction of its rings by any reference to those which the other is making. It is now a struggle to see which can get up fastest, and it is astonishing to see to what a height such flights will sometimes reach. As soon as a lark is 800 feet high it can drop, almost like a stone, into any cover within a radius of 200 yards from the spot just under it, allowance being made for the effect of the wind. But 800 feet is not high for a ringing flight; at least there is nothing unusual about it. A lark does not go out of sight until it is much above that height, and it is no extraordinary thing for it to do this."

The lark seldom sings late in the day. It can be tempted to rise in a burst of melody for one final ascent if the evening sun breaks through the clouds after rain, but as a rule it is silent long before the sun has descended into the western bed of cloud. We have Milton's authority that it is up and in song before dawn. But those who have

heard the lark begin its flight and singing startle the dull night are not easily found, though in the height of the pairing time it may very possibly be beforehand with aurora in greeting its mate. But as a rule the lark sings at sunrise, as the ortolan eats. Darkness depresses it and keeps it mute, but a gleam of sun is the signal for it to ascend. Obviously rain would make it most difficult for it to soar, both by adding to the weight of its body from the moisture caught in the feathers and by wetting the webs of the pinions, so the lark only soars in the dry as a rule. It is one of the most sensitive and best of nature's weather gauges, for when the larks begin to sing it is almost certain that rain has ceased for some time, if not for the day. It is the cock lark which sings.

William Cobbett noted that one was just soaring and beginning to sing when the hen flew up and evidently told him to stop, for she fetched him down again—"an instance," says Cobbett, "of that petticoat government which is universal."—London Standard.

ENGINEER'S LAST RUN.

His Story of How He Lived His Life All Over in a Flash.

"Drowning is not the only experience that causes a man to read his own biography in the flash of a second," said F. C. Roberts, a locomotive engineer.

"I was running on the passenger trains between Atlanta and Macon several years ago, and I was to meet the northbound train at a certain station on the road. Well, it was all my fault. I hadn't slept any for five nights, and the only rest I had was in my cab. The last stop that we made before this experience of which I speak the fireman had to wake me up when the signal to go ahead was received. I had gone to sleep in my cab. "As we approached the next station the conductor may have signaled me, as he claimed he did, but we dashed through the town at about forty miles an hour before I heard the down break signal. The minute I heard it I saw the headlight of the northbound train less than 300 yards away, coming around a curve. I threw on the air brakes and reversed, but it all looked too late. The fireman jumped, but I was paralyzed. The two great engines, one bearing a special train, rushed together like angry bulls, and I was frozen there, and while those trains rushed together I saw every incident of my life just as plainly as the day it happened. That's all I know about it. "They took me to the hospital, and nine days later I woke up after a spell of brain fever. The trains stopped so close together the pilots were sprung out of place, but otherwise there was no damage. They had to get a new engineer before my train pulled out, though, and that was the last time I ever pulled a throttle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHEN STAMPS WERE NEW.

Trouble in Getting People to Stick Them on the Envelope.

"When postage stamps first came into use," said a veteran postal clerk, "the public didn't know how to handle them. You remember how, when tea and coffee first appeared among us, the people fried the tea leaves and the coffee berries and served them with salt and pepper? Well, the people treated their stamps as absurdly in 1854.

"Some folks would put the stamps inside their letters, out of sight. Here is the official notice that we issued to stop that practice."

The clerk took from the drawer an aged bulletin that said: "The stamps upon all letters and packages must be affixed on the outside thereof and above the address thereon."

He put back this bulletin and drew forth another one. "People would pin the stamps on their letters instead of gumming them," he said, "and when they did gum them they would not do it right; hence this second bulletin," and he read: "Persons posting letters should affix the requisite number of stamps previous to depositing them in the letter receivers, as when posted in a damp state the stamps are liable to rub off and thereby cause the letters to be treated as unpaid. Do not pin on the stamps."

"Still," said the clerk, "the public didn't understand. Think of it—it didn't understand the simple matter of sticking a postage stamp on a letter. So we got out a third bulletin."

The third bulletin, in big, impatient letters, said: "The simplest and most effectual method of causing stamps to adhere firmly is first to moisten well the outside of the stamps and afterward the gummed side slightly, taking care not to remove the gum."

The clerk said that a philatelist had offered him \$12 apiece for these three queer bulletins.—Galveston Tribune.

COTTON SPINNING.

The Scheme by Which a Workman Kept His Bobbins Clean.

The father of the famous Sir Robert Peel was a cotton spinner in a comparatively small way until he suddenly went straight ahead of all his competitors. The earliest cotton spinning machinery gave serious trouble through filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins, thus involving frequent stoppages to clear the machinery. The wages of the operatives were affected by these delays, but it was noticed that one man in the works always drew full pay. His loom never stopped.

"The onlooker tells me your bobbins are always clean," said Mr. Peel to him one day. "Aye, they be," said the man, whose name was Dick Ferguson. "How do you manage it, Dick?" "Why, you see, Mester Peel, it's sort o' secret! If I tow'd yo', yo'd be as-wise as I am."

"That's so," said Peel, smiling in response to Dick's knowing chuckle. "I'd give you something to know. Could you make all the looms work as smoothly as yours?" "I've one of 'em, mester!" "Well, what shall I give you for your secret, Dick?"

The man smiled and rubbed his chin. "Well, Dick, what is it to be?" "Come, I'll tell thee," was the reply. "G'f me a quart of ale every day as I'm in the mills and I'll tell thee all about it."

"Agreed," said the master. "Well, then," returned Dick, beckoning Mr. Peel to come closer and let him whisper in his ear, "chalk your bobbins!"

That was the entire secret. Machinery was soon invented for chalking the bobbins, and Dick Ferguson was given a pension equal to many daily quarts of beer.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Although Called a Tideless Sea, Its Water Rises and Falls.

Why are there no tides in the Mediterranean? asks a reader. As a matter of fact, there are tides in the Mediterranean. The general rise and fall are, however, so insignificant, owing to the comparatively small area and the mass of water involved, as to have escaped detection until scientific methods were brought to bear, and hence the Mediterranean has come popularly to be looked upon as a tideless sea.

A similar want of knowledge and experience of tidal phenomena cost Caesar the loss of most of his fleet on his invasion of Britain in 55 B. C., when his vessels were dashed to pieces upon the coast.

At Algiers a self recording tide gauge was set up by Aime, and from its records he deduced a rise and fall of eighty-eight millimeters, or three and one-half inches, at spring tide, and half that amount at neap tide, a fluctuation which would escape ordinary observation, as it would be masked by the effects of atmospheric disturbance.

At Venice and in the upper reaches of the Adriatic the true lunisolar tide seems to be more accentuated than at other parts, but here also its effects are subordinate to those of the wind.—London Answers.

A Dig at the Satriata.

The instinct of mankind against satire is really a very sound instinct. Satire is always dishonest, for it is always the expression of hatred for a thing hopelessly coveted. Who satirizes humanity? None but he who not having the common human advantages, is possessed with admiration of them. Who satirizes piety? The pauper who is wanted by the notion of wealth. Who satirizes piety? The man who wishes to be but has been shut out of a factory which he has not the means of entering, who has the means of entering, but wishes to be shut out of his wife's bosom.

—Boston Herald-Saturday Review.

Darkaway—Did you make love to any of the girls?

Cleverton: Yes; one from Boston and one from New Orleans. "How was it?" "Did you ever have chills and fever?" Smart Sam.

The Other Way.

Proud Lingo: I can tell you how you could think of marrying into such a commotion. I say, as that Romantic Dumbster said, "I'm not going to marry into his family. He's going to marry into our family."