

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWSY LETTERS FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Some of Interest From all Parts of Sumter and Adjoining Counties.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Mail your letters so that they will reach this office not later than Monday when intended for Wednesday's paper and not later than Thursday for Saturday's issue. This, of course, applies only to regular correspondence. In case of items of unusual news value, send in immediately by mail, telephone or telegraph. Such news stories are acceptable up to the hour of going to press. Wednesday's paper is printed Tuesday afternoon and Saturday's paper Friday afternoon.

WISACKY.

Wisacky, April 20.—It is late, but not too late to tell of the beautiful Easter service at St. Luke's church. The church was filled with an intelligent and refined audience. Decorated in the most artistic style, with evergreen, lilies and other beautiful flowers. The whole exercise was conducted by the Sunday school children, under the direction of Miss Lottie DeChamp. The whole school entered the church in single file. The boys up one aisle and the girls up the other aisle, all were dressed in pure white and singing an appropriate song, accompanied by the organ, presided over by Miss Anna Belle DuRant, our accomplished organist. The music by the choir was of the highest order. Our pastor not being able to attend, Rev. H. R. Murchison of Bishopville made an excellent address which closed the service.

At 7:30 p. m., the Wells Sunday school celebrated Easter with a similar service under the efficient training and direction of Miss Jesse Player, one of our most charming young ladies, and was a grand success.

Last Friday marked the seventh birthday of Minnie S. Green and Hugh DuRant, Jr. Being friends and neighbors, they invited all of their little friends to join them in a party at Mr. T. D. DuRant's home. Quite a number accepted, each bringing an acceptable present. They were soon engaged in childish play and amusements until called to enjoy the refreshments provided for the occasion. The spacious dining room was handsomely decorated with ferns, evergreens and flowers and darkened and fully illuminated with candles, lamps and wax tapers. Seven tapers on each cake were used to express their ages.

The cotton crop is about planted. Lots of it up. Oats are doing nicely and promise well.

We have good stands of corn. And the most of ming weather.

LYNCHBURG.

Lynchburg, April 20.—Miss Annie M. Miller, who has been in this town on an extended visit to her brother, Mr. John M. Miller, for quite a while, after a long illness breathed her last today about 12 m.

Miss Miller, though of quiet and extremely modest manner, made many friends in this place. She was 79 years old, and her home was in Bennettsville. She will be interred tomorrow at her old home.

SMITHVILLE.

Smithville, April 20.—Cotton planting will soon be over. Quite a number planted the larger portion of their crop last week. Others planted their entire crop.

Mrs. S. E. Robertson spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mrs. Tom Caughman.

Dr. Foxworth and family spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Robertson.

Mr. J. W. Weldon passed through this burg last Friday.

Mr. B. R. Hatfield was in Camden Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robertson spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Foxworth.

DALZELL.

Dalzell, April 19.—We are having beautiful spring weather and all nature seems to have put on its new spring suit. I don't think any season of the year will compare with spring for beauty. The woods and the fields have a new awakening.

The young ladies and and young men, as well as a good many of the older ones, were out yesterday in their new spring suits, all looking their best and all seemed to be enjoying the beautiful day.

The farmers are now rushing their work. Some have finished planting cotton, while others have just commenced. We see some cotton up to a stand. Corn is generally up to a good stand and is looking well. Oats also are doing well.

The members of Tirzah church have been having the church recovered and some other repairs done on the building lately.

There is a part of the lumber and bricks on the new Methodist church lot at Dalzell to commence the building. The building committee hope to

soon have all the necessary material on the ground to commence the building.

The protracted meeting at Horeb Baptist church last week was well attended. The pastor was assisted by Rev. Mr. Huggins, whose sermons were highly complimented.

Rev. S. F. Whitlock was at his best yesterday, and preached a good sermon at Providence to an attentive congregation.

Mrs. H. L. Scarborough, of Sumter, visited Col. and Mrs. W. D. Scarborough on Saturday.

Mr. Brigman, our popular railroad agent, went to Sumter on Saturday afternoon. He goes right often on Saturday. Guess he has some attraction down there.

Messrs. W. S. Boykin and H. B. Boykin were in Sumter taking in the Carnival on Saturday.

MAX.

Max, April 22.—Misses Vivie and Dessie Brockington, while on their way to Lake City last Wednesday driving a gentle horse, was frightened by the horse dashing off in a run just as they were entering a bad place in the road. Fortunately they were in calling distance of gentlemen acquaintances and it was found that broken harness and muddy hats and cloaks were the worst damages.

Rev. B. K. Truluck's lecture last Friday night at the close of Miss Annie Brockington's school was made up of the sublime and ridiculous and was entertaining and laughable. He gave illustrations of how to keep wrinkles at bay; that worry had killed more than the Spanish-American war; that when other nationalities wanted to go to a better place they came to our beautiful America and if Americans go to a better place they go to heaven.

Several accidents happened around here recently. A young man walking in the dark, struck his face against some projection and was hurt. A girl mounted a horse intending to take a ride. The horse went off on a run and she was thrown off, spraining one of her ankles.

One little boy fell on a snag and was seriously hurt. Another little boy fell against a pitchfork which stuck in his leg and he had to have help before he could get it out. All are doing well.

John Mac Truluck is convalescing from a severe spell of measles.

Mr. Geo. Graham's children have measles.

Mr. J. C. Truluck went to Black River Tuesday and brought back a lot of fine shad and other fish.

The blossoms, greenery, and the balmy air, brings to mind that everything is lovely and only man is vile. Cotton is coming up rapidly. Tobacco is set.

STATEBURG.

Stateburg, April 20.—Seldom, if ever, has there been a more beautiful marriage in Stateburg, than was celebrated on last Tuesday, when Miss Julia A. Holmes and Mr. Francis Barton Harris were united in that holy bond of matrimony.

The ceremony was to have been at the historic old church, but owing to the indisposition of her mother, it was held at "Brookland," the home of her parents. The rooms were gorgeously decorated with roses of every hue; carnations and anilax arranged by the artistic hands of her sisters, and it looked indeed, a veritable cupid's bower, where naught but love and happiness could be found. Promptly at 12 o'clock the strains of Lohengrin were heard, played by Miss Emma J. Barnwell, and from the west room her two sisters, Misses Amelia and Annie Holmes, marched in and took their places at the left of the pretty footstools, bedecked with ribbon and lace, where the expectant bride and groom were to kneel for the final blessing. Then Mr. and Mrs. Holmes came in, and following them, the bride upon the arm of the groom, both calm and collected. Mr. Barnwell, the rector, stood in his immaculate robes, ready to receive them, and in the presence of a few friends, the two were made one.

The bride was attired in a lovely lingerie and lace directoire gown, with veil and orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of exquisite white carnations, ferns and satin ribbon. The groom wore the conventional wedding suit of black. The short but beautiful ceremony was soon over, and congratulations were showered upon them by all present. Delightful cake and wine was served by fair hands and Mr. Barnwell gave an appropriate toast to the newly wedded couple, to which every one added their best wishes. The presents of silver, cut glass jewelry and bric-a-brac were many and handsome. They were most beautifully displayed in the reception room among a wealth of roses.

As there was to be a reception that afternoon, the guests all left with a sweet remembrance of the beautiful scene they had just witnessed and a fervent hope that their future lives would never have a shadow of a care. Mr. and Mrs. Harris remained for a few days with her parents and left for Thomasville, Ga., where

they expect to reside.

Those who were present at the ceremony were: Mrs. W. H. Barnwell, Miss Emma E. Barnwell, Mrs. W. R. Flud, Miss Tillie Flud, Mr. and Mrs. DeSaussure Bull, Mrs. James S. Pickney and Mrs. A. S. Flud.

DARK CORNER.

Dark Corner, April 22.—It's warm and dry here today, rain is greatly needed as the gardens are suffering. Vegetables are withering for the want of moisture, and then we are needing rain to moisten the ground, so our cotton can come up. Some farmers are done planting cotton while others have not started to plant.

Mrs. Blanding Ardis was bitten by their own dog, which was supposed to have been mad, last Thursday night, the 15th. The dog was killed by Mr. Ardis. Mr. Ardis carried his wife to Dr. Sally at Pinewood Friday morning who advised him to either send his wife to the Pasteur Institute or send for the Dr. Koon treatment. So he sent for the treatment on Friday morning and received it Sunday morning.

Dr. Birnie of your city, was here last Thursday night in his automobile on a visit to Geo. W. Mackey, colored. Mackey died Friday night. He was a hard working, honest negro, so far as I knew, and one far above the average in intelligence.

All of our sick are better.

A Presbytery met at Pinewood last Sunday night, the 18th, and organized the Pinewood Baptist church with thirty-three members. The Presbytery consisted of Dr. T. M. Bailey, of Greenville, chairman; Rev. Wm. Haynsworth, of Bethel, Privater, secretary; Revs. J. N. Tolar, of Summertown, M. J. Kizer, of Paxville, with Deacons W. E. Kolb, H. H. Wells and W. D. Lynam, of Bethel; J. J. Broadway and W. L. Tisdale, of Paxville and Louis Broadway, of Homebranch. Rev. J. N. Tolar was elected pastor, and Brother Silas B. Kolb, clerk of the church. At the next meeting election of deacons will be held. Dr. Bailey said that made the one hundred and ninety-second church he had assisted in organizing in the last twenty-four years in this State, and that there was one hundred and twenty-three thousand white Baptists in this State. A pretty large family isn't it.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Osteen and daughter, Miss Eunice, of the Sycamores, and W. J. Ardis, of Elm Hill, attended the organizing at Pinewood Sunday night.

W. J. Ardis visited Mr. L. A. Graham at Pinewood last Sunday evening.

It was my privilege to hear a fine sermon by the Rev. Waddy Duncan of your city, at the Methodist church in Pinewood, last Sunday evening at 4 o'clock.

There were fine congregations at the Methodist church and at the organization of the Baptist church in Pinewood Sunday evening and night.

Dr. Bailey preached at the Baptist church Sunday night and Calvary Sunday a. m.

Three Sabbaths Each Week in Tangier.

Morocco is a country of many Sabbaths. The first three days I spent in Tangier were all Sabbaths. Arriving on a Thursday night, the next day was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath which was followed by the Jewish Sabbath—the Hebrew element in Tangier is considerable and strict in religious observance—and that in turn by the Christian Sunday. Subsequent comparison, however, revealed little difference between any days of the week. On the Mohammedan Sabbath a black flag is hoisted on the minarets at the prayer of dawn. Instead of the white flag that announces the time of devotions on other days. It remains up until the middle of the forenoon by which time everybody is supposed to have found out what day it is.—New York Post.

Odd Blunders.

Anthony Trollope was heartily laughed at by his acquaintances for causing Andy Scott to "come whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth." But what is a slight error of this sort in comparison with Amelia B. Edwards' description in "Hand and Glove" of her hero "passing backward and forward like an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

Is This the Average Man?

The average man is still jealous of his helpmeet and partner. His ideal at heart is still the farmyard cock strutting about with all his worshipful hens around him. He is willing to find them nice little bits, but they must not be able to find them for themselves.—London Saturday Review.

Stuck to it.

Her Husband—If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will live to regret it. His Wife—During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me. Her Husband—Well, you heard what I said.

Easy.

Jack—The fortune teller said I would marry a blond. Belle—Did she say how soon? Jack—In six months. Belle—(coolly)—I can easily be a blond by that time. Jack.—Sketch.

Any man may make a mistake. None but a fool will stick to it. See our thoughts are best, as the proverb says.—Cheeto.

Poor Air and Poor Living.

When Jim Bridger, the one time famous scout of the plains, grew old he thought he would like to retire from the somewhat arduous life of a plainsman and settle down to the ease of "the east," which to him meant Missouri. So he used his best endeavor to find a competent man to fill his place and went back to Missouri.

A year or two passed, and one day Captain Russell, the commandant of the post which Bridger had left, was surprised to see the old scout leave in sight. When he came in the captain asked:

"Well, Bridger, what brings you back here?"

"Captain," said Bridger, "I want to go back to scouting again."

"Indeed? Why, I thought you had settled down in the east for the rest of your life?"

"Well, cap'n, I'll tell you how it is. I went back to old Missouri, and if you'll believe it they've got a railroad station within ten mile 'o' the old place—yes, sir, a railroad station! And, what's more, they've got a ranch now in every four mile. I tell you what, cap'n, the air ain't pure down there no more!"

"Is that possible? But I thought you'd like the good things to eat they have down there. You like good things to eat, I remember."

"Good things to eat! Why, cap'n, I didn't have a briled beaver tail the whole time I was there!"

The First Cookbook.

To the Romans belong the honor of having produced the first European cookery book, and, though the authorship is uncertain, it is generally attributed to Caerulus Apleus, who lived under Trajan, 114 A. D. Here are two recipes from this ancient collection:

"First, for a sauce to be eaten with boiled fowl, put the following ingredients into a mortar: Aniseed, dried mint and lazer root. Cover them with vinegar, add dates and pour in liquamen (a distilled liquor made from large fish which were salted and allowed to turn putrid in the sun), oil and a small quantity of mustard seeds. Reduce all to a proper thickness with sweet wine warmed, and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in aniseed water."

The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of ingredients: "Take a wheelbarrow of rose leaves and pound in a mortar; add to it brains of two pigs and two thrushes boiled and mixed with the chopped up yoke of egg, oil, vinegar, pepper and wine. Mix and pour these together and stew them steadily and slowly till the perfume is developed."—Chambers' Journal.

Which Foot Walks Faster?

You may think this a very silly question to ask, but it isn't. It is a simple, demonstrable fact, which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes. If you will take a pavement that is clear, so that there will be no interference, and walk briskly in the center, you will find that before you have gone fifty yards you have veered very much to one side. You must not make any effort, of course, to keep in the center, but if you will think of something and endeavor to walk naturally you cannot keep a direct line. The explanation of this lies in the propensity of one foot to walk faster than the other, or one leg takes a longer stride than the other, causing one to walk to one side. You can try an experiment in this way by placing two sticks about eight feet apart, then stand off about sixty feet, blindfold yourself and endeavor to walk between them. You will find it almost impossible.

Why Not Be an Egotist?

There is much mistaken sentiment as to the sin of egotism. The fact is egotism is not a sin. On the other hand, it is somewhat of a virtue and an indispensable element in all real progress. Some phases of egotism are unpleasant to the beholder and unfortunate for the possessor, but if all of self love, or, rather, the love of other people's admiration and good will, were to be extinguished there would be little to hold society together and less to give impetus to the great enterprises which spring from individual thought and culminate in personal profit.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Jews and Thirteen.

Commenting on the thirteen superstitions in the Oesterreichische Wochenschrift, Jacob E. Ehrlich, a Jewish writer, says: "The number thirteen is surely not a bad one for us. The holy writ tells of the thirteen attributes of the Most High, and we have thirteen feast days in each year. Our great arch-enemy, Haman, was hanged on the 13th of Abas. The thirteenth birthday of our sons is a day of joy because on that day the child becomes a member of the religious community. The dream of Joseph was of thirteen—the sun, the moon and eleven stars—and Jacob had thirteen children."

Southern Spoon Corn Bread.

Four two cupfuls boiling water over a cupful cornmeal; cook five minutes, stirring continually; add a tablespoonful butter, two eggs well beaten, a cupful milk, a teaspoonful salt; beat thoroughly, pour into a well greased baking dish and bake thirty-five minutes in hot oven. Serve from the dish in which it is baked.—What to Eat.

The Word "Charlatan."

"Charlatan," says a writer in the London Chronicle, "is companion to 'quack' in our vocabulary, and of this word the origin is certainly Italian. It is 'ciarlatano,' merely a chatterer, and describes the traveling doctor in his cart who used to offer in an overwhelming torrent of talk his pills to villagers in the market place. He was a dentist as well as a physician and wrenched out the tooth in public. The genus is not yet entirely extinct."

Spider Cures.

In China spiders are highly esteemed in the treatment of croup. You get from an old wall the webs of seven black spiders—two of which must have the owners sitting in the middle—and pound them up in a mortar with a little powdered alum. The resulting mixture must then be set on fire, and the ashes, when squirted into the throat of the patient by means of a bamboo tube, are said to effect a certain and immediate cure.

Black spiders are evidently full of medicinal virtue, for they are largely employed in the treatment of ague as well. In Somersetshire, if one is afflicted with the unpleasant ailment, the way to get well is to shut up a large black spider in a box and leave it there till it dies. At the moment of its disease the ague should disappear. In Sussex the treatment is more heroic; the patient must swallow the spider.

Perhaps, after all, this remedy may not be so disagreeable as it appears, for a German lady who was in the habit of picking out spiders from their webs as she walked through the woods and eating them after first depriving them of their legs declared that they were very nice indeed and tasted like nuts.—London Chronicle.

Asked Too Much.

In R. F. Johnson's book, "From Peking to Mandalay," the author tells the story of a poor Chinese scholar noted for his piety, who heard the voice of an invisible being who spoke to him thus: "Your piety has found favor in the sight of heaven. Ask now for what you most long to possess, for I am the messenger of the gods, and they have sworn to grant your heart's desire." "I ask," said the poor scholar, "for the coarsest clothes and food, just enough for my daily wants, and I beg that I may have freedom to wander at my will over mountain and fell and woodland stream, free from all worldly cares, till my life's end. That is all I ask." Hardly had he spoken than the sky seemed to be filled with the laughter of myriads of unearthly voices. "All you ask," cried the messenger of the gods. "Know you not that what you demanded is the highest happiness of the beings that dwell in heaven? Ask for wealth or rank or what earthly happiness you will, but not for you are the holiest joys of the gods."

The Ungrateful Cuckoo.

To hear the cuckoo's cheery note you might think he had the clearest conscience in the world. He can have neither memory nor moral sense or he would not carry it off so gaily. We say nothing of the "traptores," who are a race apart, but the most disreputable of birds, as a rule, are guilty of nothing worse than peccadillos. The jackdaw will steal for the mere fun of the thing, for he can make no possible use of plate or jewelry, and sometimes under temptation may make a snatch at a pheasant chick. Sparrows are, of course, notorious thieves, but they rank no higher in crime than the sneaking pickpockets. But the cuckoo, so to speak, is a murderer from his cradle. He violates the sanctity of a hospitable hearth. His first victims are his own foster brothers, and before he tries his wings on the first flight he is imbrued in fraternal blood, like any Anurath or Bazajet.—London Saturday Review.

Expected Some Cussing.

A West Philadelphia husband had just comfortably seated himself for his after dinner cigar the other evening when his good wife arose and took the parrot from the room. This done, she picked up a couple of envelopes and approached the old man, all of which occasioned that gent considerable surprise.

"Mary," said he, "what in the world did you take that parrot out of the room for?"

"I was afraid that you might set him a bad example," answered wife.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wondering husband.

"I mean," answered wife, handing father the envelope, "that I have just received my dressmaking and millinery bills."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Diving Bell.

The celebrated philosopher Aristotle speaks of a diving bell which was put over the head of the diver, but there is no proof of the use of the bell in ancient times. John Jaesler, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, makes the earliest mention of the practical use of the diving bell in Europe. In all probability the first real practical use of the diving bell was in the attempt at rescuing the treasures of the Spanish armada off the English coast, 1590 and on.

Six His Limit.

To the man who has a horse to sell considerable leeway is allowed in the matter of getting forth the animal's merits. "I've got the very horse you want," said Gideon Lane, the Bushby livery stable keeper, to one of the summer residents.

"He has no bad tricks?" queried the gentleman. "Safe for the family?"

"Lauzee, yes," returned Mr. Lane heartily. "Any lady can drive him, and half a dozen children could get on his back and he'd never notice 'em. Not a trick to his name."

"Ah," said the summer resident, "I don't wish a horse without any spirit!"

"Spirit!" echoed Mr. Lane. "Well, you just ought to see him on circus day, that's all. And I'll tell you confidentially 'twouldn't be well for too many people to get on that horse at once."—Youth's Companion.

Overburdened With Memory.

"Your son tells me that he is going to take lessons to cultivate his memory."

"I hope not," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "He can remember every fool tune that was ever whistled."—Washington Star.

Smart Set English.

The speech of the smart man and woman sufficiently betrays the modern attitude. To speak good English is middle class. The modern vocabulary is very small, and the greater part of it is composed of slang.—Black and White.

Another Way Out of It.

Nobody had ever had reason to accuse Abel Pond of being dishonest, but he was as sharp a man in a bargain as could be found in the county. When the building committee applied to him for a site for the new library he was ready to sell them a desirable lot, but not at their price.

"I couldn't feel to let it go under \$600," he said, with the mild obstinacy that characterized all his dealings with his fellow men. "It wouldn't be right."

"You ought to be willing to contribute something for such an object," said the chairman of the committee. "If it's worth six hundred, why not let us have it for five hundred and call it 'you've given the other hundred?'"

"M'm—no, I couldn't do that," said Mr. Pond, stroking his chin, "but I tell you what I will do. You give me seven hundred for it, and I'll make out a check for a hundred and hand it over to you, so's you can head the list of subscriptions with a good round sum and kind of wake up folks to their duty."—Youth's Companion.

A Real Apology.

"When the late Joel Chandler Harris was an editor here among us," said an Atlantan. "I called on him one day and found him very willing to correct an error about me that crept into his columns.

"We talked about newspaper contradictions, public apologies and the like, and 'Uncle Remus' took down a scrapbook and read me an apology that was an apology indeed. It had happened, he said, in a Transvaal paper. I'll never forget it. I agreed with Mr. Harris that it was the finest specimen of the public apology and retraction extant. It said:

"I, the undersigned, A. C. du Plessis, retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout, calling myself an 'infamous liar and striking my mouth with the exclamation: 'You mendacious mouth! Why do you lie so?' I declare, further, that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout. I call myself, besides, a genuine liar of the first class."

His Cough Cure.

"In my boyhood there came to our town," said a clergyman, "a gentle minister who, the very first Sunday of his incumbency, stopped effectually his coughing congregation.

"It was a congregation, too, singularly addicted to coughing. Rattling volleys of coughs ran over it every few minutes. The minister, indeed, that first Sunday could hardly make himself heard. He had rather a weak voice.

"Well, after his sermon had proceeded for ten or twelve minutes, now audible enough, now drowned under great waves of coughs, he took a resolution, and when the next outbreak was at its height he ceased preaching.

"At once the coughing ceased. There was a profound silence. The minister smiled.

"My friends," said he, "it seems that when I stop you stop."

"From that day in that church they coughed no more."

Queer Wedding Effigy.

There is a curious custom still prevalent in the Bellary district of India in connection with the wedding ceremonies among certain Brahman families. Just prior to the close of the feasting a hideous effigy of a male figure, fantastically robed in rags, supposed to represent the bridegroom's father, is carried along the streets in procession under the shade of a sieve adorned with tassels of onions and mango leaves. Every few yards during the procession the feet of the effigy have to be reverently washed and its forehead decorated with a caste mark by its living spouse, the bridegroom's mother. The bridegroom's other female relations have several mock attentions paid to them by the women of the bride's party.—St. James' Gazette.

Restaurant Affiliation.

The waiter in the light lunch cafe looked expectantly at the first of five men who had just entered.

"Bring me a coffee cake and a cup of coffee," ordered the first man.

"I'll take some milk biscuit and a glass of milk," said the second.

"Tea buns and a cup of tea, please," remarked the third.

"A piece of cocoanut pie and a cup of cocoa," said the fourth.

The waiter passed on to the fifth man.

"Don't say it, don't say it!" he pleaded. "I know what you want. You want a slice of chocolate cake and a cup of chocolate."

"No; I do not," protested the fifth man. "I want a plate of ice cream and a glass of ice water."—Judge's Library.

An Odd Legacy.

Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Jefferson family of actors, was remembered curiously in the will of Weston, who was himself an esteemed member of Garrick's company. Weston's will contained this item:

"I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson at Richmond and received from him every politeness. I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of."

A Source of Joy.

"What seems to be the matter with Mrs. Brown that she's ailing so?"

"Why, poor thing, she's got one of those newfangled diseases."

"She has? My, how fortunate she is, to be sure. Here I've had nothing more stylish than lumbago, and I'm three years older than she is."—Detroit Free Press.

Smart Set English.

The speech of the smart man and woman sufficiently betrays the modern attitude. To speak good English is middle class. The modern vocabulary is very small, and the greater part of it is composed of slang.—Black and White.