VERDICT

THE PEOPLE.

BUY THE BEST!

MR. J. O. BOAG—Dear Sir: I bought the first Davis Machine sold by you over five years ago for my wife, who has given it a long and fair trial. I am well pleased with it. It never gives any rouble, and is as good as when first bought.

Winnsboro, S. C., Apri. 1883.

Mr. Boac: You wish to know what I have to say in regard to the Davis Machine bought of you three years ago. I feel I can't say too much in its favor. I made about \$80,00 within five months, at times running it so fast that the needle would get perfectly not from friction. I feel confident I could not have done the same work with as much ease and so well with any other machine. No time lost in adjusting attachments. The lightest running machine I have ever treadled. Brother James and William's families are as much pleased with their Davis Machines bought or you. I want no better machine. As I said before, I don't think too much can be said for the Davis Machine.

Respectfully,
ELLEN STEVENSON,
Fairfield County, April, 1883.

MR. BOAG: My machine gives me perfect satis-faction. I find no fault with it. The attachments are so simple. I wish for no better than the Davis Vertical Feed.

Respectfully,
MRS. R. MILLING,
Fairfield county, Apri', 1883.

MR. BOAG: I bought a Davis 'Vertical Feed ewing Machine from you four years ago. I am elighted with it. It never has given me any rouble, and has never been the least out of order. It is as good as when I first bought ii. I can cheerfully recommend it.

Respectfully,

MRS. M. J. KIRKLAND.

Monticello, April 50, 1883.

This is to certify that I have been using a Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine for over two years, purchased of Mr. J. O. Boag. I haven't found it possessed of any fault—all the attachments are so stuple. It never refuses to work, and is certainly the lightest running in the market. I consider it a first class meeting.

the lightest running, a first class machine, Very respectfully, Minnis M. Willingwam,

MR BOAG: I am well pleased in every particul with the Davis Machine bought of you. I tilink a first-class machine in every respect. You know you sold several machines of the same make to different members of our families, all of whom, as far as I know, are well pleased with them.

Respectfully,

MRS. M. H. MOBLEY,
Fairfield county, April, 1883.

This is to certify we have had in constant use the Davis Machine bought of you about three years ago. As we take in work, and have made the price of it several times over, we don't want any better machine. It is always ready to do any kind of work we have to do. No puckering or skipping stiliches. We can only say we are well received. we are well please and wish no better machine, CATHERINE WYLIE AND SISTER. April 25, 1883,

I have no fault to find with my machine, and don't want any better. I have made the price of it severa times by taking in sewing. It is always ready to do its work. I think it a first-class machine. I feel I can tany too much for the Davis Vertical Feed Machine. Мия, Тисмая Ямиги.

Fairfield county, April, 1883. Ms. J. O. Boag—Dear Sir: It gives me much pleasure to testify to the merits of the Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine. The machine I got of you about five years ago, has been almost in constant use ever since that time. I cannot see that it is worn any, and has not cost me one cent for repairs since we have had it. Am well pleased and don't wish for any better.

A is worn any, and the repairs since we have had it.

repairs since we have had it.

Yours truly,

KOBT. CRAWFORD,

S. C.

We have used the Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine for the last five years. We would not have any other make at any price. The machine has given us unbounded satisfaction. Very respectfully, Mus. W. K. TURNER AND DAUGHTERS Fairfield county, S. C., Jan. 27, 1883.

Having bought a Dayls Vertical Feed Sewing Machine from Mr. J. O. Boag some three years ego, and it having given me perfect satisfaction in every respect as a family machine, both for hoary and light sewing, and never needed the least repair in any way, I can cheerfully recommend it to any one as a first-class machine in every particular, and think it second to none. It is one of the any one as a first-class machine in every particular, and think it second to none. It is one of the simplest machines made; my children use it with all case. The attachments are more easily adjusted and it does a greater range of work by means of its Vertical Feed than any other machine. I have ever soon or used.

MRS. THOMAS OWINGS. Winnsbor), Fairfield county, S. C.

chine I have ever seen or used.

We have had one of the Davis Macaines about four years and have always found it ready to do al kinds of work we have had occasion to do. Can't see that the machine is worn any, and works as well as when new.

MRS. W. J. CRAWFORD, Jackson's Creek, Fairfield county, S. C.

My wife is highly pleased with the Davis Machine bought of you. She would not take double what she gave for it. The machine has not been out of order since she had it, and she can do any kind of work on it.

Very Respectfully,

JAS. F. FREE.

Monticelle, Fairfield county, S. C.

Monticello, Fairfield county, S. C.

The Davis Sewing Machine is simply a treas Ridgeway, N. C., Jan. 10, 1883.

J. O Boad, Esq., Agent—Dear Sir: My wife has eeen using a Davis Sewing Machine constantly for the past four years, and it has never needed any repairs an i works just as well as when first bought. She says it will do a greater range of practical work and do it easier and better than any machine she has ever used. We cheerfully recommend it as a No. I family machine, Your tru.y.

A No. I Island, Your tru.y, JAS, Q. DAVIS, Winnsboro, S. C., Jan. 3, 1883,

MR. BOAG: I have always found my Davis Machine ready do ali kinds of to work I have had occasion to do. I cannot see that the machine is worn a particle and it works as well as when new.

Itespectfully,

MRS. R. C. GOODING.

Winnsboro, S. C., April, 1883,

Very respectfully, Fairfield, S. C., March, 1883.

A MODEL GARDENER.

Bill Hedger was a gardener Who earned his daily meat By toiling zealously all day— His zeal was hard to beat.

He was a man of tender parts, And thoughtful for his years— E'en when he cut his onions down His eyes would fill with tears.

He was so pitiful and kind
He'd dread to cut his lawn;
But though he'd never shock his friends
He'd often shock his corn.

A score of carrots oft he'd give To feed a widow's kine Such gems of charity are rare -Full twenty carats fine.

His wretched horse could hardly creep, Bill propped him while he grazed; He said he'd have a better steed When his celery was raised.

He'd sometimes cauliflower to him When he had done his work— He loved it stewed in buttermilk, Or boiled with greens and pork But Death at last moved William down And they planted him in loam, And gave him for his epitaph— "He found sweet pease at home!"

STRANGELY MET.

Well, I am really very sorry!" sighed Mrs, Evans, looking ruefully at the small pile of bank-notes in her lap, and then at her fair daughters, Bell and Augusta, who were standing near her, examining a wreath of flowers. "I'm sorry, too mamma," says Miss

"To be sure Elsie ought to be provided for her visit, but you know she

is the youngest, and we—"
"Why, we can't go out without decent dresses!" chimed in Miss Augusta. "I won't, for one, I know."

"Never mind my London visit," said little Elsie, the plain sister of these petted girls, as she quietly entered the room and overheard the conversation. 'I would as soon go and spent a week with aunt Laura, and that won't take much preparation."

"Would you really?" asked Mrs. Evans, hesitating between a selfish wish to please her beauties, and what was only justice to the young girl be-

"I really would, ma. I dare say I should not be at home among those city people. Just let me go to aunt Laura's, and give Gus and Bell all the finery.

"Well, that relieves my mind wonderfully!" said Mrs, Evans, with a very long sigh. I didn't know how to arrange for you all. Three girls are so expensive. "You can have my last winter's cloak, Elsie, for one thing." "No, she can have mine, mamma," eagerly cried Bell. "It's a littly out of style for me, but it will do you went for Elsie, and I'll get a new one." "Well, yours, then," agreed Mrs. Evans; "and I'll try to save enough out of the girls' shopping, Elsie, to get

"Then I shall be grand!" said easily-ntented Elsie. "May I go next contented Elsie.

"Go to work and get ready. Come girls. If we want to do any shopping to-day, we must go immediately."

"And I'll get dinner while you are gone," Elsie consoled them by adding. So while the mother, Gus, and Bell tossed over the glittering silks on snowy counters, patient Elsie heated herself in the kitchen—where her beautiful sisters would never go if they could help it—to have dinner all ready for thein. It was waiting when they returned, tired, and with good appetites, from their shopping. After it was eaten, Elsie followed them all into the sittingroom, to see the new purchases commented on and nicely displayed.

"Well, where's my black cashmere?" she asked, after the last bundle was unrolled, and not as much as a neckribbon given to her.

"Oh! I am so sorry, but really there wasn't a shilling left after the girls' shopping was done, and so-" "And so I got none, like Mother Hubbard's dog," suggested Elsie, trying to laugh but feeling inclined to cry. She had very much wished to go to London, and now she 'had given that up, she did think that she had a right to one new dress.

"Well, it does seem too bad!" confessed Augusta, "but you can be pretty well dressed out of our things. see, ma. "She might travel in her black luster, and have my gray poplin tor best "

"No, I'll travel in the gray poplin, and spoil it as quickly as I can!" Hashed Elsie, roused for once.

"Why, Elsie?" mildly reproved Mrs Evans. "Well, mammal you know I look horrid in gray. My waterproof will cover it up when I travel, and my black uster will do for best, but I wish-" she only finished her sentence with a sigh. She would not say, "I wish you in the ill-fated train, and they gave had got the cashmere," it would seem too much like blaming her mother.

Mrs. Evans thought it best not to notice the abruptly-ended sentence, but proposed to the girls that they let her dress their hair at once.

There was a party on the cards for a gift in that line, often acted as hairdresser to her levely maidens. They train which was to carry them on arwere ready, in their dainty robes and snowy gloves (four buttons, too), when their cavaliers arrived, and away they went so gaily, while Elsie, at home, mended her old gloves, and made her simple preparations for her journey. She was asleep long before they came home. But at breakfast the next morna delighted party!" And especially hostess, "such a splendid fellow! So need not fear to trust me," very handsome, and worth thousands,

think of that!" "Of course he would look handsome. then if he were really hideous," observed Elsie coolly.

MR. Boad: My wife has been constantly using the Davis Machine bought of you about five years ago. I have never regretted buying it, as it is always ready for any kind of family sewling, either neavy or light. It is never out of fix or needing the light of the light he promised to call when he comes back. declared Miss Bell, without noticing Elsie's caustic remark, "he's so hand-

some! "It makes very little difference to me

whether he's handsome or homely. "I'm going to be an old maid," returned Elsie, buttering a roll. "Well, I'm not, if I can catch Archie Lovell," averred Miss Bell, sipping her

Mr. Lovell was dropped, just then; but Elsie, two or three times that day, wondered if he were really so very handsome, or so rich, or if she would ever see him.

Elsie, herself, was a pleasant thing to see, if she was not a beauty, as she stood upon the platform at the station, ready for her journey. Her face was so bright and sweet, and her manner so winsome that no one would fail to turn for a second look.

The carriages were well filled, and the only vacant seat was very near the hot stove. Here Elsie bestowed her-self and her belongings, and began to glance about at her neighbors. A finelooking fellow, and a poorly-dressed little girl just in front of her, attracted her most.

The gift of a golden orange from her lunch-basket won the little one's favor and Elsie was soon chatting merrily with her, and had learned that she was on her way to live with her grandpa, because her mamma was too poor to keep them all in the city. After a while the heat grew overpowering, and Elsie tried to raise her window; but it was fast. She tugged hard with her soft fingers-soft and white in spite of her kitchen work—all in vain, until a black-sleeved arm was reached over hers, and a pleasant voice said, "Allow me, please. My hands are stronger than yours,"

Elsie looked up, and met the gaze of a fine pair of dark eyes, belonging to her neighbor.

The window was quickly raised, and Elsie thanked him, as the welcome air rushed in. They chatted a little now, politely, as traveliers may do, and Elsie decided that he was very pleasant for a passing acquaintance.

Before long the giri in the next seat fell asleep, her little curly head bumping about uneasily. In a twinkling Elsie had unstrapped her shawl, and, rising, slipped it under the small brown "Is she traveling under your care?"

asked the stranger. "Oh, no! I never saw her before. "But she is so little to be all alone,

and her head did bump so! "She can rest easier now." The stranger said no more, and as Elsie was busy folding up her shawlstraps, she did not see the glance of

earnest admiration which he gave her, nor know that the outspoken thought of his heart would have been -"You good, kind-hearted little girl." When they stopped for refreshment, the stranger neiped Liste out and escorted her to the room. As they were

leaving their seats, he said to her— "Suppose we take your little friend here, too?" Oh, yes!" assented Elsie, flashing him a b. ight glance of approval. So they took the little thing, and brought her back warmed and fed, to resume her journey. And it was a pity

some good angel could not have whisp-

ered to the anxious mother, who, in

the distant city, feared for her child's lonely journey, what kind of hands the little one had fallen into. On rattled the train, until, about the middle of the afternoon, there was a heavy jar, a hissing, crashing noise, and the train, a perfect wreck, lay over an embankment, with its living freight. At first Elsie was so stunned and startled she was conscious of nothing, heard nothing except moans and cries mingled with the jingle of shattered glass and the sound of escaping steam. Then her

strong arms lifted her, and the voice of her stranger friend said: "Steady, now! I think I can get you out safely. Are you hurt?"

senses seemed to return, and she was

trying to raise herself to her feet, when

"No; I think not. I don't feel any njury." "Are?-oh! you are!" as, looking up,

she saw that his forehead was bleed-

"Oh, that is nothing! A mere scratch with a bit of broken glass," he said, smiling at her horrified tone.

"I hope it will prove so," answered little Elsie. "Ohl-our poor little girl! Where is she?"

"I don't know. "Thank you for remembering her. We will find her."

"Put me down, please. I can walk "Let me help you," pleaded Elsie. He obeyed her, and they found the little creature lying upon a broken seat, moaning with pain. The stranger car-ried her out, and laid her upon a spot of dry grass, and after a slight examination, told Elsie that her arm was broken, and one side bruised. There chanced to be two or three physicians their best skill to the wounded, our little girl among the rest. Elsie held her in her lap while the little arm was set and bandaged, and then laid her on the hastily-prepared bed in the station, near which the accident had happened and watched over her, assisted by the the evening, and their mother, having strange gentleman, who seemed now like an old acquaintance. When the

> rived, Elsie said: "I shall not leave this little thing until she is with her grandfather. has told me where she was going. It is a little off my route, but I am going with her.'

"So am I," added the stranger, with his pleasant smile. Humanity allows ing, they went into raptures over "such | me to do as much as you can, in spite of conventional rules. "I appoint myself over Mr. Lovell, the brother of their to take care of both of you, and you "I do not; and I thank you," res

ponded Elsie, with simple dignity, So they both waited for the train on the other line, and cared tenderly for the little one, until, late at night, they "He's going away for a few days, but left her in the care of her grandfather, who gave them his warmest thanks and

"Would you prefer to stop here for the night (there's a hotel, I suppose) or go on?" asked Elsie's friend. Oh, go on, if possible. My aunt Branch Mint at Denver,

will be much alarmed because I did not come to-day. Is there a train?

"I am told one passes in about twenty minutes.

"It shall be just as you wish." "Let us go on, then."
"Very well. And now I am going

to let you know whom you are traveling with. 'No name" is inconvenient, and I am willing you should know mme.

"I hope you will be as frank with me." He gave Elsie a card, bearing the name "Archie Lovell."

For an instant Elsie was puzzled, then a light broke over her face. She produced her own card, saying, smilingly— "I have heard that name quite often

before. And I think you know mine. At least, you know my sister." Mr. Lovell glanced at her card. it possible? Are you a sister of the Misses Evans who visit my sister."
"Yes. I am the youngest sister."

"Then I declare myself well acquainted with you. And I consider this a

most lucky meeting, Elsie."

"And I am sure I don't know what I should have done but for your kindness, Mr. Lovell. Isn't that the train?" "It is. Now we go, and I shall see you safe in your aunt's hands before I leave

you, Miss Elsie."
Elsie's one week at aunt Laura's proved to be three months. And when she came home, Gus and Bell were still talking about Mr. Lovell. "He's been away on business," explained Bell, "but he returned on Monday, and he done with a fine needle and a cotton is going to-night."
"Yes, he told me he would," con-

essed Elsie demurely. "Told you! Why, you never saw him in your life!" cried the girls.

And then the whole story came out. and Elsie had to explain that already, on three month's acquaintance, she had promised Mr. Lovell to marry him, if ner mother consented, and he was coming to ask for her that very night.

"I never!" panted Bell. I never "I'm sorry, Bell," said Elsie de-murely still, "But you know you stead of the city, and so I met him,

and—I can't help it now."
"Well, we shall have him in the family, anyhow, and that's some comfort," was Bell's sole consolation.

Nature's Ornaments.

If you have a corner that is too far away from the centre of the room to form a sociable position for a seat, get a large trumpet-shaped vase (they may be had to the height of six feet, and almost of any price), and fill it with branches of horse chestnut. With a few of the largest and course. If our woodland terns arranged so as to hang over the sides of the vase, and some bullrushes stretching their long brown heads high above the chestnut follage, your bare instead of an eye-sore. These vases so lops of three petals each, and buttonfilled may also be placed with advantage to show above the pretty Japanese brown and blue, all hand work it must screens that abound in modern drawingrooms. At this season all water plants | too, by the way, that the most skillful such as yellow trises (commonly called needlewoman could not do in a week flags), rushes, reeds, etc. -- are in their working ten hours a day. It would be prime, and nothing looks better in a an utter impossibility to make these large vase, or more especially a Japan-ese jar, than any of these, or a variety But, coming as they do from the Old prettily grouped. Taking care to arrange World, where labor meets with paltry your flowers as much after the fashion of remuneration, the case is different. Innature as possible, is the golden rule of all side of the petal-lined edge was a fence successful floral decorations. Thus, suposing the above named aquatic plants are used, and, in addition, water lilies, forget-me-nots and ragged robins, which are all low growing flowers, and you are oing to arrange them in a shallow wooden tub filled with damp sand-place the water lilies around 'the edge, and again, the ragged robins, mixing with them any of the leaves of about the same height which may be found in abundance in marshy places; behind these, again, group your irises, with their sword-like leaves and, as a centre, have a mass of builrushes and reeds, with common rushes to give lightness to the whole, avoiding any stiffness in the arrangement by placing a good many flowering grasses here and there over the whole, allowing them to top the forget-me-nots and water-lilies by as much as they would do when growing naturally. For high decorations use tall-growing flowers, for low ones such as are stunted in their growth. Growing avy trained over a cane screen has often been recommended as a decoration; but owing to the necessary damp earth and the likelihood of creeping things (such as earwige) handkerchief." accompanying it, I cannot say that it is a good thing. Long gathered sprays of 1vy the exasperated interviewer. look just as well, and can be kept clean a long time by sponging them every day. In gathering ferns (natdenhair especially) care must be taken to select the old fronds. and they will last twice as long if part of Trade on a rainy day. One dollar and the frond as well as the stalk is in the a quarter each; all linen, and warranted water; it is also a good thing to immerse fast colors." them every day (over head) in water. Such is often used instead of mere water bric with a checker border made by to arrange flowers in; and when this is the hemstitching little blocks of white on case it must be looked at every day, as it the red border with white cotton. A is apt to dry very quickly. Small baskets black handkerchief had the applique in gilded with Judson's gold paint (which is red, blue or orange, a delicate pink one clear and effective), and with ting made to was blocked with maroon, another with fit them, are very pretty, either in the blue, and one of the solid true blue lawn drawing-room or on a dinner table. The formed a most effective background for small round baskets, formed like gypsy blocks of orimson red. kettles, and which can generally be sup-

enough used for house decoration." -St. Louis wants a U. S. Mint established within her confines. There —Philadelphia, New Orleans, San colors on a white ground, \$18 a dox-Francisco and Carson City, Nevada. en." The assay offices are five in number-

Our Handkereniets.

"Lace handerchiefs," said a fashionable storekeeper, "We don't sell one in a month. There is no call for them, and most of the goods are locked up in the camphor cases. Occasionally some-body will come in for a duchees cr rose point for a bridal or birthday present, but for general use they are out of style, and as rarely seen in society as a vinaigrette. You see, a lace handkerchief wants to be worn on a holder, which is out of the question nowadays, because of the glove craze. You can't understand those thnigs, but a pretty matron is never quite so angelic as when she comes down to the dining room in one of those long, white wrappers, with a lace cap trimmed with a blue bow or rosebuds. It serves a double purpose—makes her look pretty and hides the un-

sightly curl papers. 'What do the ladies wear now?" ask-

ed the reporter. "Here you are, if you want to see something nice," replied the clerk. "These goods come from Paris, and are embroidered by the French nuns. Here's a beauty. Just look at it. Per-haps you won't believe it, but it's so, just the same; it took a nun sight months to embroider these flowers, and you see the work is just as nice on the wrong side as it is on the right side. Take it in your hand-it's not too delicate to bear examination. The goods thread. They don't use linen, because it fills up in the wash, just a trifle, but enough to spoil the flowers. Now, see here, did you ever see such a natural looking rose in your life, off a stem?
Why, I tell you the thing 12 worth a cabinet. And see the filling of the pattern, All of that 'frosting' is hand work, and must have cost a deal of optic nerve. This is an heir-loom, and no mistake about it. I doubt if there is a piece of point lace in the house with finer work on it."

And the handkerchief was deserving of all the praise bestowed. The border murely still, "But you know you was some six inches deep and made of would make me go to aunt Laura's inbuds and fern leaves for filling, all done in filigree work, and so skilfully and artistic that it was hard to believe that they were not appliqued. The edge was raw and intended to be trimmed with

"It's worth \$50," said the salesman. Yes, we sell quite a number at the holidays or wedding season. But they are always bought by the gentlemen or old aunts for brides. There is a classor goods similar in design, but a little coarser, that we sell at \$10 each. They go like hot cakes. Everybody buys them superially ledies for their quick to admire fine needlowerk."

The goods in question were imported, made on fine Irish linen lawn, with very deep embroidered borders of colored thread. The edge was cut in ecalhole-stitched with three colors, rod, be remembered, and a piece of work, border, the lines consisting of a delicate fern pattern made in colors, with the bars overrun with climbing vines and tendrils, as true to nature as paint could make them. At times the pattern was broken for the insertion of a dice or medalton, in which a unit of design was taken, making a symmetrical composition of the most artistic accuracy. the corner the work became more intricate, and formed a lovely relief for some little blue birds with red wings and yellow crests. In this, as in the plain white, the work was of the most

perfect kind, and not a knot or a stray end of thread was to be found. "Yes," said the salesman in response to an inquiry, 'the colors are fast, the goods the best made, and, with such care as a lady will give it will last a lifetime. These are the goods that ladies wear in the bosom of their drosses and hanging over the edge of a reticule. They are not intended for actual use, and you may be sure nobody ever submits them to the vulgar duties of a 250.

"Haven't you something new?" asked "Here's the latest novelty in stock. and the 'takyest,' as we say in the trade. When they are once floated they'll go like tongue sandwiches at the Board of

The novelty was a deep cardinal cam-

kettles, and which can generally be supplied with a broken cup or claret glass as a flower-holder instead of a shaped tin, are very effective, when arranged as we so often used to see them—pendant from three sticks, kettle-tashion, the whole being covered with silver paper, er, better still, gilt. The small baskets in which we buy strawberries are useful for holding flowers, either painted or gilt, and a garden saucer does very well to hold the water. Bottle baskets divided into comwater. Bottle baskets divided into comwater that a lightly supplies a supplied to the same and the same "The reason why we'll sell so many other blood-curdling, flesh-creeping arpartments about six inches square look ticulates has been an incentive to print partment and an ivy trail round the handle. Creeping plants are not half and cambric handkorchiefs, and you well with a small flower pot in each comhave only to name your bug and here

"I choose butterflies." "Here you are, in every stage of deare four government Mints at present velopment, 'cat,' 'chris,' and 'but,' high

It was not a bad collection to begin New York, Helena, Montanta; Boise the study of insectology with. The but-City, Idaho; Charlotte, N. C., and an terfly napkins had the corner reserved

out with field daisies, and tiny, golden-winged insects, some of which were posed on clover heads, presumably sipping honey. The grashoppers, legs, wings, intenne, and the proverbial spit tobacco' were selected from the healthy, hardy, well-fed Kansas class, and arranged diagonally across the corners, were large as life and most effective in skeleton needlework. It would be an endless task to write up the box, which included the whole class of insects, from

the tiny fly to the devil's darning need-le. The writer remarked that some chicken-hearted females might have serious objections about touching their pretty faces to these horrors, any one of which would produce hysteria. "I guess not, Woman will tolerate

more from art than she will from nature, and though I never saw a girl in my life on intimate terms with a centipede, I should not like to risk a refusal of this box of miscellaneous insect kerchiefs. The regular goods are made of various qualities of goods and run from 25 cents to \$5 eroh. You can get a pretty nice napkin for a quarter, with a faucy border stamped in fast colors, good enough for common wear. But nearly every lady has a couple or more of nice ones that cost, say, \$2 or \$3. They are petted, though, and worn mostly in the front of the dress. A fine cambric can not be bought under \$2 or \$2.50; that is, if it's handmade.

"Don't some of the designs fail to lease the ladies?" "Oh, yes. Here is a nobby thing. These goods come in all colors. They were intended to be worn on the wrist, run through the bracelet. But the style didn't take. No girl is going to pay \$1.50 or \$2 for a fluted handkerchief to nide a \$40 bangled bracelet. No sirce, Girls don't get bangles to hide under cambric. Not while there is such a handy place round as a good-fitting basque. I don't like to see a handkor-chief in a girl's bosom. It makes me envious of the rag. But a pretty handkerchief gives a touch of the picturesque to a lady's toilet. It is cheaper than ribbon or a bouquet, and while it answers the same purpose I guess they will continue to wear it there. You must know, of course, that a corsage handkerchief is used decoratively only. They have a business napkin in their pocket. Besides, it takes three or four buttons to get the thing in proper shape, and to pull it out for a sneeze or a piece of soot would be a regular exposition. Here's nice yellow mull. See the beetles! Recognize them, don't you? Now yellow's the go; so are beetles. Teke a box for your girl. Give them to you, seeing you are in the profession, for

"Have no girl; much obliged for your facts. Adjeu."

A Refractory Audience. A very sad thing ocurred at a late on the boiler midway between the performance given at Laramie City. At the close of the last act one of the principal performers is instantly killed. It the drive wheels. When the rapid and s then the duty of the audience to rise, pick up its umbrella and walk home. Sometimes, however, the audience is not familiar with the play and does not go home. It waits for more death and carnage before its awful thirst for blood

is glutted. That was the case at Laramie two vecks ago. The stage hired man, who hauls the dead off into the dressingroom, waited patiently, but the people would not go. In order to get the full value of their dollar they desired to see the post mortem examination. They could not go home until it had been settled that the villain was fally and thoroughly dead. There he lay, with his ear against

kerosene footlight, suffering, at \$9 per week, and the audience absolutely refusing to go home and allow the man to revive or to requiescat in pace. The curtain, though loaded at the bottom with a telegraph pole, failed to come down, and the legs of the avenger and other members of the troupe flitted past the space left by the unruly curtain, and the dead villain lay on his back, having yielded up his life four times that same week, in the same manner. beside carrying the heavy trunks of the beautiful actress up two flights of stairs for her in three different towns.

As there were no programmes people looked at each other and wondered. They knew that the man was undoubtedly dead, but whother the company had a fresh one or not was the mas-

Finally two adult member of the troupe came forward and pulled down the refractory curtain. Then the manager advanced to the front of the stage and in a voice choked with emotion, soid:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we would be

glad to massacre some more of our troupe if we could, but we cannot afford about all that we can yield up to the cold embrace of death. Our printing is high, and we have to pay \$15 for the hall. Therefore, we regret to announce that the play is now over. You can go home with safety and we will attend to the remains. We have every hope that the young man will be able to draw his salary next week, and this oil is crude petroleum. The Lake that we may win him back to joy and health again. He has a good constitution, a fair appetite, and we feel like trusting 16 all to the future. We regret to see you go, but as the janitor is now blowing out the lights, and it is getting pretty well along into the shank of the vening, we must say good-bye to you, loping that during our absence the Laramie Opera House Company will decide to assess its stockholders, purchase some wicks for the footlights, put the old piano out of its misery and stick another pair of overalls into the broken window of the ladies' dressing-room, so that the actresses who visit your town will feel more segregated, as it were, and separated from the great, vulgar world.

-The present form of the Corinthian column first appeared about 150 B. C., n the temple of Olympian Zeus in Athens. It was built under the direction of Cossutius, a Roman, and soon after its completion Sylea carried his hands and went to the master meassay office called the United States for gorgeous specimens done in embroi- the columns away and used them to resdery, the fanciful borders were picked | tore the temple on the Roman Capitol. | wretch had put emery in the oil,

Locomotives and Sand.

At the office of the master mechanic

of the Bee line, Cleveland, Ohio, the following interesting facts regarding locomotives in general were obtained. The master mechanic doesn't look at an engine with the eyes of an artist, but with the critical gaze of a mechanic and statistician. To him the boiler of a lo-comotive is not a glittering body of Russia iron with brass bands around it. In tact, the public never sees a locomotive boiler It is a rough, unpolished mass of steel. Over this is a complete casting of wood, matched like flooring and over all an ornamental sheath of thin Russia iron with brass bands, called a jacket. The casting is to proteat the boiler from the cold blasts of winter, which, blowing on the surface of the mass of iron, would tend to chill it and condense the steam. Indeed, it is much more difficult, even with the easing of wood and iron, to keep up steam in an engine on a cold day than in warm weather. The boiler of a standard locomotive, like those built by the Lake Shore read, for instance, is traversed its entire length by 178 tubes two inches in diameter leading from the furnace. These tubes are traversed by the heat and smoke, and around them in the boiler is the water. At least it should be around them, and if it isn't, the engineer had better climb out for tall timber and safety. In the engines on the Bee line these tubes terminate in the extension fronts. The steam rushing up through the smoke stack sucks the smoke and cinders through the tubes with terrific force. The smoke sails out over the city to the intense disgust of the smoke inspector (who, by-the-way has served a notice on all the railroads in the city that they must try and abate the nuisance in a measure), but the greater portion of the cinders are caught under a slanting screen in the extension fronts aforementioned. At the end of the trip the cinders are drawn off through an opening in the chamber, and not infrequently ten bushels or more are taken out. With ten bushels of cinders flying around a train drawn by an engine that doesn't catch its own slobberings, what wonder that a passenger sometimes gets an eye full! Some idea of the importance of this matter of cinders can be obtained when it is known that in a year about nine car-loads of them are taken from each locomotive at an expense of from \$3 to \$5 a car. They are mainly used as ballast for the track, although the Bee line is making experiments to ascertain if they contain any virtue as fuel. In the ordinary locomotives used on the Lake shore line road the screen is placed in the dome at the

The small boy who draws his picture of a locomotive knows that the dome the drive wheels. When the rapid and spasmodic puffling of an engine indicates that she is slipping, the engineer pulls a small lever and a fine stream of sand is deposited on the track. The small boy aforesaid and the public doesn't probably realize how much sand this dome holds and how much trouble and expense is occasioned in keeping it filled. Great care must be exercised in selecting the sand. It must be fine and contain no clay. The Lake Shore ron' gets its sand from along the lake shows, the best coming from Lake Michigan near Chicago, and the Bee line from Lake Erie or from a sand bank on the line of the I, and St. L. road. It costs the latter line from 50 to 60 cents a cubic yard loaded on the cars, or about \$8 a car. It is estimated that at least 400 car loads of sand are required to run the Bee line engines a year. Thus the simple item of sand alone occasions that road an expense of over \$3,200. The sand box on the boiler of a locomotive holds about 10 bushels, and is replenished at every trip. It is a sad fact that while ample provision is for sanding the track ahead of the drive wheels of a locomotive, no sand can be

deposited behind them. This neglect in the construction of a locomotive once caused the absolute failure of a Republican convention in New Jersey. It was to be held at a small town on a line of railroad. There was no turn-table there, and the engine that pulled the train ran backwards in order to bring the train back from the convention pilot ahead in fine shape. Alas! some Democratic wags had soaped the track a few miles out from the convention town and the sand from the sand box did no good for it fell behind the drivers of the reversed engine. The determined Republicans left the cars, caught the sand in their hats as it ran from the tube and sprinkled it along the rails. It was three hours In a one-stand town one man is before the engine was coaxed over the soaped stretch of track, and when the convention was reached it was learned that the impatient delelegates from the opposite direction had gone home, The convention was abandoned. Another important item is oil, of

which an engine uses a pint to each 17 miles of distance traveled. The base of Shore road gives each month a first prize of \$10 and a second prize of \$7 to the engineers making the best time with the most economical use of oil as fuel. Two prizes are also distributed to the firemen. A pound of cotton waste is allowed each engine on each trip for the use of the fireman in wiping the jacket and shining steel and brass work in the cab. The machinery proper is kept clean by men employed at the round houses and known as hostlers. The height of a fireman's ambition is to obtain an engine to run and to the disgrace of the employes be it said; some despicable tricks are resorted to to get an engine away from a man. A man got an engine to run on the Nickel plate shortly after it was opened. He started out on his first trip with plenty of oil in the oups and bearings. When he stopped-ne found to his dismay that the brasses were cut out. He ran his engine on a side track took the cups in chanic's office where it was found some