### \_\_\_ BY \_\_\_ B. LOVERIN

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#### 'FUR SHORE."

Death Came at Last to One Who Had Prayed For It. Within 200 feet of the crest of Mount Mitchell the rough road winding over the mountain runs close to the edge of a cliff, down which you can drop a \_ ambet for ver 100 feet At the base the waters of a creek dash furiously along toward the Catawba. As you peer over the edge of the cliff you can see the waters boiling and feaming among the rocks far below, and your flesh creeps and your blood runs cold at the mere thought of a fall.

An cour before sunset on a July day I sat on a rock by the roadside with this cliff at my left. My pipe was scarcely alight an, walking slowly by when an old woman, waiking slowly by the help of a cane, and her calico sunbonnet pulled forward to shade her weak eyes from the bright sun, came slowly down the mountain road. She saw me and peered and hesitated and finally came forward

"Howdy, stranger?"
"Howdy, grandma; going down the moun-To further, I reckon. This is the steep

place, hain't it?"
"Yes; there is a high cliff here." "I thought so, but my eyes are very poor.
Yes, I'm old and blind and of no use to
anybody. I've prayed to the Lawd every
day for a year to take me away, but he

day for a year to take me away, but he don't hear me."

"Is your husband dead?"

"Years and years ago, stranger."

"But you have children?"

"Yes, but I'm a burden to them, I'm no good any more. I've been fearful this long while, but it didn't come till this mawnip. I had my mind made up what I should de, and now I'm goin to do it."

"What is it, grandma; what has happened?"

"I've been fearful of William and Jane.
"I'liam is a good boy, but they is pore and lon't get along. This mawnin I heard them Jane says I'm too ole to work any more, and I must go to the porehouse. William waits a bit to think it over and then says there is no other way. He says he'll

says there is as see about it tomorrow."

"But the wants and needs of an old woman like you can't be much of a burden to she sighed, "but ole folks is in the way of younger ones. I've dun prayed and prayed, but the Lawd won't take me. Mebbe he thinks I ain't fitten to go, but

I've tried hard to live clus up to the good book. If I hain't fitten now, I never shall "But it's the duty of a son to care for his "I've heard that said, and I reckon I've

"I've heard that said, and I reckon I've dun read somethin like it in Scri'tur', but we is all pore critters. What we want to do is our dooty. What we don't want to do is our dooty. What we don't want to do kin be left fur somebody else."

"If your son has a home, he oan't have the heart to turn you out of it, even if it is a struggle to get along," I said as the poor old woman held her apron to her face.
"Stranger, do you know 'bout the Lawd's ways?" she asked through her tears.
"I'm afraid I don't—not as much as I ought to."

ught to."
"Don't he take old folks up thar in

"In his own good time, yes."
"I've bin ready fur this long time," she the Lawd orter take me."
"How far up the road does your son

Bout a mile, I reckon."

"Bout a mile, I reckon."
"Come, I'll help you along."
"Yo' gwine that way!"
"Yes."
"Then say to William if yo' see him
that I shan't trouble him no mo'."
I argued and protested and coaxed, but
she refused to move. I cautioned her to remain on the rock and started off up the road, thinking to call at the cabin and send some of the family down for her. A hundred feet away I halted to look back. She had left the rock and was standing on the brink of the cliff. I ran down to clutch at her, but when within 20 feet she called

out:
"Stranger, yo've come back, but it's too
late! I was troubled because the Lawd had
not called me. He has jest dun called!"
"Wait! Hold on! You'll be over!"
"Oh, Lawd! take a pore, lone ole woman
who's a burden on her children!" prayed
the woman with hands upraised, and as I
spreng forward and clutched at her dress
the feel cellies tors away in my hand, and

the faded calico tore away in my hand, and

the facied calico tore away in my hand, and she went down to death.

Not a cry of despair, not a shriek of alarm as she plunged downward. A dull sound came up to me, and when I peered over the edge of the cliff I saw the white waters carrying her mangled body down to the river beyond. At the cabin a mile away I found a man and his wife leaning on the fence in front. I told them what had happened. There was no alarm, no anxiety, no words of sorrow. They did not look at me—not even at each other. There was dead silence for a full minute, and then, with his eyes looking into the forest opposite, the son replied:

"Yes, that was mammy fur shore!"

"Fur shore!" echoed the woman as I

shore!" echoed the woman as on. M. QUAD.

At the time of the centennial celebration of the battle of Lexington the roads from Boston to Lexington the roads from Boston to Lexington were througed with carriages of every kind, for, though the railroads did what they could, it was impossible to transports omuch of the population of the country between 7 and 10 cyclock in the morning.

lation of the country between r and to o'clock in the morning.

The immense crowds and the unavoidable confusion gave rise to many amusing incidents on this memorable anniversary. One of these was in connection with the dignified and august tribunal of Massachusetts. At one time a trembling aid rushed up to the chief marshal and in a voice filled with awe said:

to "move on."

"Evidently," said the other, "you don't know who I am. Sam the secretary"—

"Oh, yes," responded the policeman in differently, "we've had a lot of 'em round today," and the member of the cabinet was forced to "move on" and try his luck in abother quarter.—Lippincott's.

MYSTIC MESSENGERS.

SINGULAR APPARITION THAT MA-TERIALIZED IN THE FLESH.

The Intaugible Vision Drew Daughter an Mother to the Brink of Death, Whence Its Human Prototype Repelled Them-Mother In a Vision

The event's here related were told to me by persons intimately connected with them —persons who in the ordinary affairs of life would be believed. would be believed.

Miss A. was a strong, healthy English girl, exceedingly sensible, and one who was

Miss A. was a strong, healthy English girl, exceedingly sensible, and one who was a scoffer at ghosts. Like the other woman, she did not believe in ghosts, but unlike her she was not afraid of them.

She was invited to stay at a friend's house in Ireland, and this house had a haunted room. Miss A asked permission to sleep in the haunted room, and the permission was reluctantly granted, for those in the house thoroughly believed in the ghost.

It was nearly midnight when Miss A. went to the haunted room, which was situated in the front part of the house overlooking the carriage drive that led to the entrance. She looked around the room, which was furnished in a modern manner, and saw nothing to disquiet her, but as she

which was furnished in a modern manner, and saw nothing to disquiet her, but as she was preparing for bed she heard a carriage come up the drive and apparently stop at the front door. Astonished that any visitors should arrive so late, she parted the curtains and looked out. It was a lovely moonlight hight, the moon shining full on the front of the place, making the drive as light almost as day.

She saw standing opposite the door two black horses and a closed hearse. The driver had got down from his seat and was standing by the horses, looking up at her window, with his hat in his hand. His face was bloodless, nothing but skin and bone—the face of one almost but not quite a skeleton.

tiff's house about supper time

on the doorstep with your shoe off?".
"Yes, sir, there was a pebble in it that was too big to get out of the same hole it

was too big to get out of the same hole it got in at."
"Now, sir, I propose to prove that you made these tracks with your bare feet while you were stealing chickens from the plaintiff."
"You can't do it, sir," said the prisoner. mildly but firmly.
"And why not, pray?" asked the lawyer, with fine sarcasm.
"Because, sir, I've one wooden leg, sir,"

and he gave a kick that sent it clean across

the courtroom and almost knocked a constable senseless.—London Tit-Bits.

To Control the Piston. Engineers should apply the steam engine indicator at least once A week, and some rig for reducing the motion of the piston should be available which will admit of

easy attachment without stopping the en

gine. A unique arrangement of this kind has been introduced which consists of a

light brass wheel which has two diameters, the larger diameter being of such dimen-

the larger diameter being of such dimensions that the circumference will be one-half the stroke of the engine and the small er having a circumference one-half the length of the diagram.

A cord wound two or three times around the large wheel is attached to the cross head, and a cord from the wheel of smaller diameter leads to the barrel of the indicator when in operation or is hooked to an idler cord which passes over a leading pulley to a weight while the indicator is at rest. A clock spring attached to the side of the wheel causes the return motion after the cord has been drawn out by the moving

cord has been drawn out by the moving crosshead. This rig as a permanent attach-ment to the front head of an engine has

Couldn't Fool the Elephant.

An elaphant was sent to Nagerboil for the purpose of piling timber by the Dewan, who requested the wife of a missionary there to be good enough to see the animal fed, and thus prevent its keeper from abstracting its food. It was therefore brought to the house for this purpose, and at first all went on correctly, but after a time, it was suspected that the amount of rice who getting smaller and smaller, so one day the keeper was remonstrated with, and of course protested against the imputation of having taken it, adding in true native phraseology, "Madam, do you think I could rob my child?" The elephant looked on most sagaciously, and at this stage of the proceedings quietly threw his trunk around his keeper and untied his bulky waistcloth, when the missing rice fell to the ground.—Exchange.

Not What She Wanted.

Mamma—What has she done? "I wanted to practice a little, so I sent her to the music room for the 'Lost

"Well!"

Texas Siftings

Edith-Ma, that new maid is awful stu-

'She brought me the clothesline,"-

Sunlight and Shadow. "Do not sympathize with me," laughed

proved satisfactory.-Power

e. sir. I've one wooden leg, sir,"

a skeleton. It says much for Miss A.'s nerves that she did not call out nor faint. More than that, she staid until morning in the room, although she did not sleep, and next day although she did not sleep, and next day told them that she had seen nothing of a ghostly nature in the haunted chamber, attributing her paleness to lack of sleep. She also insisted on remaining in the room the second night in spite of the protestations of her hostess, who firmly believed she had seen something.

Next night exactly the same thing happened, but this time her nerves gave way, and she ran into the hall and fainted.

The result of this was a long illness, and whether Miss A. saw a ghost or not there is no doubt about the fact that her health has been permanently impaired by her two

has been permanently impaired by her two hights' stay in the house in Ireland. Last vinter she was so ill that her mother tool er to the Riviera in the hope that cha scene would obliterate the memory the man with the hearse. Apparently the stay at the south of France had that result, or Miss A, became almost her old self-gain. On the way home they stopped at large hotel. The girl became suddenly worse, and on being questioned told her mother with a shudder that she had met the hearse driver in the corridors of the lottel.

The mother was shocked to find the old The mother was shocked to find the old lelusion, as she called it, returning. She inally succeeded in getting the girl to be-ieve it was only fancy, but when they re-urned to the hotel that afternoon and were about to enter the elevator to go to their come the girl drew back and said in a hor-ified whisper to her mother that the ele-cator man was the driver of the hearse. vator man was the driver of the header.
The mother saw that the man was a most
cadaverous looking individual, and he, seeing them hesitate, said:
"Are you going up, ladles?"
Two other persons were in the elevator

waiting.
"No," said Mrs. A., "we'll walk up stairs."
The man closed the lift door and went
up. At the fourth story the rope broke, the
elevator fell and killed both the visitors e who told me the story look upon warnings from the other world, and they think that what Miss A. saw in Ireland think that what wiss A. saw in freahing was the means of saving her life, quite ignoring the fact that if she had not seen the vision or whatever it was her health would not have broken down, she would not have been staying at that hotel and would therefore not have been in danger of going on that description.

fore not have been in danger of going on that elevator.

The events next to be related happened in London only a few weeks ago. Mrs. X. had been ill for some time, but was not supposed to be in immediate danger. She died suddenly and unexpectedly one night about 8 o'clock. So unanticipated was this event that her husband was from home at the time. He was sent for and arrived about midnight.

There were two children, little girls aged

about midnight.

There were two children, little girls aged 8 and 12. Their governess asked Mr. X. whether he or she would tell them of the said he would break the news to them, and he said furthermore that he did not wish them to see the body, but preferred they should retain the recollection they had of their mother from seeing her while she was alive.

Mr. X. went up stairs to the room of his little girls and found them awake. He told them as well as he could that their mother had had to go away, and that they would

"Yes," said the elder girl, "we know."
"How did, you know?" asked the father
surprise. "Who told you?" "Mother came in last night and woke us up did that she was going away. She kir and told us to be good little girls."

The larger girl corroborated this, and the direct, it seemed, had gone to sleep again quite contented. They had been talking over their mother's visit when the father entered the room in the morning. As far as Mr. X. could learn, 65 one had told the children of their mother's death.—Detroit Free Press. ther came in last night and woke us

About the Koran.

The Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans (usually spoken of by oriental scholars as the "Alcoran"), was composed by Mohammed (Mahomet) and is said to re originally been written upon the ached shoulder blades of sheep. The first bleached shoulder blades of sheep. The first edition contains 6,000 verses; the second and fifth, 6,214; the third, 6,219; the fourth, 6,230; the sixth. 6,226, and the seventh or "Vulgare" diffon, 6,225. The words and letters are the same in all editions—viz,77,639 words and 233,015 letters. The George Sale (common English translation) is divided into 114 chapters.—St. Louis Republic.

Let your charity begin at home, but do not let it stop there. Do good to your famile and connections and, if you please, to your party, but after this look abroad Look at the universal church, and forgetting its divisions be a catholic Christian. Look at your country and be a patriot. Look at the nations of the cavith and be a philanthropist.—Henry Martyn.

POSTAL CARDS OF THE WORLD. Eight Thousand Different Kinds Issued Since the Scheme Started.

It seems almost incredible that there should be 8,000 varieties of postal cards, but that is the extent claimed for the Watzon collection. These, however, include various issues of the same nation and denomination, and also cards issued for special carefact.

The immense crowds and the unavoidable confusion gave rise to many amusing incidents on this memorable anniversary. One of these was in connection with the dignified and august tribunal of Massachusetts. At one time a trembing aid rushed up to the chief marshal and in a voice filled with awe said:

"Sir, the entire supreme court of Massachusetts is waiting round the corner in an ox cart!"

During some parts of the day order seemed an impossibility. The president's barouche was separated from its escort, and some members of the cabinet were reported to be engaged in frantic efforts to get where they belonged.

The police, worn out with their exertions, were not prepared to indulge in any respect for anybody, no matter who it might be. It is said that one of the members of the cabinet approached one of these guardians of the peace and told him authoritatively to clear the way.

"Oh, yes, I'll clear the way, my man, and I'l begin with you," remarked the policeman promptly and exhorted the secretary to "move on."

"Evidently," said the other, "you don't know who I am. Saam the secretary"—

"Oh, yes," responded the policeman indifferently, "we've had a lot of 'em round' age. Another series was issued for of willians.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Toots, Str Isaac Walpole and Judge Cahoots to Bear Witness Against a Crying

gards are now rare, the used ones being searcer than the unused ones.

Another card of equal rarity and also a reminder of the same war is the balloon postal card issued by France during the siege of Paris. The cards were sent up from Paris in balloons, and the mail bags were thrown off into the surrounding country where there was the least possible opportunity of their capture by the enemy. They were smaller than the postal card now in use and were covered with warlike expressions, as "Paris defies the enemy!" "Glory and conquest signify crimes; defeat signifies hate and a desire for vengeance," "Only one war is just and right—that for independence." ROTHER GARDNER MAKES A FEW REMARKS ON ECONOMY.

[Copyright, 1898, by Charles B. Lewis.]
"I hold yere in my hand," said Brother Gardner at the regular meeting of the Lime Kiln club the other night, "a letter from Gineral De Soto Jones of Mississippi, who am a white man, axin me if I hev obsarved a tendency on de part of our people toward economy. In fact, he wants to know how many members of dis club I kin pint to as practical economists. I shall be obliged to really dat we haven't one single member. The United States was rather backwa The United States was rather backward in adopting the postal card system and did not use them until 1873. The first issue printed was of reddish color, with the head of Liberty in the right hand corner. As a rule Uncle Sam's cards have been inferior to those of other countries in excellence of engraving. The designs also have not been very artistic. The blue card, bearing the portrait of General Grant, is the finest specimen of art work issued by the United States government.—New York Evening World.

practical economists. I shall be obliged to reply dat we heven't one single member. De tendency of our people am right in de opposite direckshun, and whar it am gwine o stop no man kin tell. It has bin a so of sorrow and disappointment to me fur a y'ar or two past, an I feel it my dooty to make a few remarks on de subjeck. Brud-

ler Bebee, stand up!"
Brother Bebee bobbed up with a scared ook in his eyes, and the president regarded nim for a moment over the top of his specacles and then said: A Confident Prisoner.

It was a case of chicken stealing, and the prints of bare feet were found in the gravel around the henhouse. The lawyer for the prosecution was one who, if he had been a Napoleon, never would have crossed the Alps. He would simply have pulled them up by the roots and thrown them over the fence. The prisoner was an unknown tramp, and lame at that.

"You say you don't know anything about this theft?"

"That's what I swore to. sir." said the tacles and then said:

"A few eavenins ago I met yo' in de groeery. Yo' had bin buyin Spanish mackerel
and Bermada onions, an when yo' went out
de grocer axed me how many miliyon dolars yo' was wuth. Spanish mackerel an
Bermuda onions on a salary of %9 a week!
Whar do yo' expect to eand up, Brudder
Buber?"

"That's what I swore to, sir," said the "Yes, sir."
"You know the location of the henhouse?"
"Yes, sir."
"You were seen on the road in front of
the house some time after dark?"
"I was there, sir."
"You were in the yard after dark?"
"Yes, sir, and after supper also, sir," replied the prisoner, with a wan smile at his
innocent little joke in such a place.
"And you were seen by the cook sitting
on the dowrsten with your shee off"

"So I see. What happened at yo'r cabin de odder night, elder", "Ye-s! Yo' had ice cream, angels' food, coffee an coco. Befo' givin de party yo' had to buy some new furniture. One of de articles yo' bought was a chiny spitbox dat cost 75 cents. Yo'r income am from 8'r to 89 per week. Yo' owe two months' back rent, yo'r pew rent am way behind an Brudder Watkins am threatenin to sue yo' fur borrowed money. De president of de United States am satisfied to spit outer de kitchen winder, but yo' must hev a chiny spitbox! De guv'nor of New York can't afford anythin better dan gingerbread when he gins a leetle party, but yo' must set out angels' food, an pass it around twice! Sot down, lectic party, but yo must set out angels food, an pass it around twice! Sot down, Elder Toots! You's got sich a goneness in de head jist at present dat yo' can't think of any excuse. Sir Isaac Walpole, will yo'r iz np fur a minit? I want de people to see yo' in all yo'r glory. How much did datred reachts a cert ??"

"Six bits, sah."
"Yes, sah."
"Yes, sah."
"Yes, sah."
"An yo'r suspenders cost 50 cents a pa'r?"
"Yes, sah."
"An I am told yo'w'r a reg'lar chist

"An I am told yo' war a regiar chist purtector, bought at destore?" "Y-yes, sah." "H'm. De guv'nor of No'th Cariliny goes over to wist de guv'nor of South Cariliny w'arln a 2 bit necktie, cottonseed ile on his



"DE GROCER AXED ME HOW MANY MILLYON DOLLARS YO' WAS WUTH."
h'ar an his trousers held up by a piece of n'ar an instrousers lied up by a piece of rope. You's got to be a great man, Sir Isaac—a werry great man! How do yo' manage to do all dis on an income of \$6 or \$7 a week?"

Sir Isaac's legs began to wobble about, and he sat down. Judge Cahoots just then made a sneak for the door, but the president stopped him with:
"Excuse me, Jedge, dat I didn't see yo'

me, Jedge, dat I didn't see yo' ahead in de world. Fur a man who has bin outer work half de time fur de last y'ar yo' am pushin to de front powerful fast. Dey tell me yo'r wife has dun bought six plates on which to sarve raw oysters. As I passed yo'r cabin de odder day I noticed a doahplate on de doah. It has also cum to my ears dat yo' has got a regular fire screen in de parlor an an eight day clock. Can't you giv de rest of us a pinter on how to git rich on nuffin? De guy'nor, of Texas am glad 'nuff to git a one day clock, but yo' feel obleeged to go him seben better. De king of Portugal eats his oysters off a pie tin, but dat hain't style 'nuff fur yo'! Sot down, Jedge Cahoots. We can't offer yo' no silk upholstered cha'r, but yo'. Sot down, Jedge Cahoots. We can't offer yo' no silk upholstered cha'r, but mebbe yo' kin stand it fur a few minutes. Dar am a score of others heah who could be called down in de same fashion, but it would be time frown away. De fact am, we is follerin in de futsteps of de white race. If we hain't got no sense, we ain't to blame fur it. Seben outer ebery ten white men in dis kentry am dodgin creditors. Sebenteen outer ebery twenty am libin beyand der incomes. De man who owes de most ginerally dresses de best. De wife of a man airnin \$12 a week has mo' diamonds dan de one airnin \$50. Fo'-fiths of de people givin "Do not sympathize with me," laughed Miss Benson, one of the instructors in the Western Pennsylvania Institution For the Blind. "Remember, I do not know fully what I miss. I have always been sightless and never think of my deficiency as a calamity. Of course there are times when I long for sight with a longing that is almost a pain, and yet, withal, I am such a coward that I will not submit to an operation that might possibly benefit one of my eyes at least. I say possibly, but I really feel there is no hope.

"The possibility is simply based on the fact that with my left eye I can distinguish colors—that is, if a brilliant tint is held before that eye I know that there is a differ-"The possibility is simply based on the fact that with my left eye I can distinguish colors—that is, if a brilliant tint is held before that eye I know that there is a difference from the monotopous shadow. The same if I go into the sunlight—I know that there is illumination. I was born with sight, but when a little child I was stricken with measles, which disease left me blind. I have grown up in darkness and am so accustomed to it that I seldom think of blindness as an infirmity.

"Were I incapable of taking care of myself probably I would feel more keenly the loss of sight." I have always been of a light hearted disposition, prone to look on the bright side of things, if you will excuse the pun, and really do enjoy my mission in life. My eyes do not pain me or burn, as do those of so many of the blind. Indeed one reason why I am afraid of undertaking the operation for the left eye, which some of my friends so much advise, is the fear lest some injury be done that will mean future misery. If I undergo any operation, it will as a median of careying the minit tiles.

"Were 1 incepts of sight, I have always been of a light learted disposition, prone to look on the right side of things, if you will excuse the sun, and really do enjoy my mission in life. An Exciting Episope.—Four weeks ago The Kicker indulged in half a column of enthusiasm over our success in introducing a pair of \$2\$ russet shoes to the population of the left eye, which some of my friends so much advise, is the fear lest some injury be done that will mean future misery. If I undergo any operation, it will only be to please my friends. I have no hope of sight myself this side of the grave."

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Mad Enthusiasm That Had to Be Checked.

An Exciting Episope.—Four weeks ago The Kicker indulged in half a column of enthusiasm over our success in introducing a pair of \$2\$ russet shoes to the population of this town. In the same article it was also announced that one of our leading as a medium of conveying the mint julep from a swelling tumbler to the spot where tweet where the world do the most good. We felt to replice over these evidences that civilization had at last hit us with a bang and that the distance between us and New York the distance between us and New York and the rawboned man as he pate on his hands and waved his arms about.

"Gir ready," I say!" yelled the rawboned man as he spat on his hands and waved his arms about.

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A Mixture In the Manuals.

A Mixture In the Manuals.

Manuals of correspondence or "complete letter writers" are dangerous things to depend upon. Some time ago a young man who wished to win the hand of a young lady mused long over the proper and most effective way of addressing her. At last he found in a manual somewhat wide circulation, a form for a letter which pleased himmuch. The letter bore the title "From a young gentleman to a young lady, making an ardent but dignified offer of marriage."

He copied out the letter, signed it with his name and sent it to the lady.

After some days of anxious waiting he received a letter. He tore itopen and read:

"Turn over the left in your manual. You will find my answer at the top of the opposite page."

He selzed his manual, and in the place indicated found a brief and sharply formal letter entitled "From a young lady to a gentleman peremptorily refusing an offer of marriage."

He selzed his manual, and in the place indicated found a brief and sharply formal letter entitled "From a young lady to a gentleman peremptorily refusing an offer of marriage."

She was the possessor of a copy of the same manual.—London Tit-Bits.

Jokus Glasses In Coffins.

Jokus Glasses In Coffins.

Jokus Glasses In Coffins. Looking Glasses In Coffins.

One of the ancient customs connected with Swedish funerals was to place a small looking glass in the coffin of an unnaried femile, so that when the last trump sounds she might be able to arrange her tresses. It was the practice for Scandinavian maidens to wear their hair flowing loosely, while the matrons wore it bound about the head and generally covered with some form of cap. Hence the unmarried woman was imagined as awakening at the judgment day with more unitdy locks than her wedded sisters and more in need of a glass.

—Westminster Review.



WE WERE ASS ENOUGH TO THINK WE LOOKED FURTY.
To get off while being carried around on the shoulders of the applauding multitude.
When all was ready, we stepped forth.
Not 20 feet from the door of THE KICKER office we met old Bill Wheeler. He jumped eight feet into the gutter and uttered a wild yell. We were idiot enough to take it as a compliment. At the corner of Abache wild yell. We were filot enough to take it wild yell wild yell. We were filot enough to take it was a compliment. At the corner of Apache as an expense we neculated Colonel Fox. He was true we encountered Colonel Fox. He was true we encountered Colonel Fox. He was druw, as usual, but not so far gone that he couldn't realize that something had busted. In his efforts to get away he fell town and broke his arm, and of course we shall have his doctor bill to pay. Haif a block fatther down we met Mrs. Major O'Donnell, who uttered one long, lingering yell and collapsed in her tracks. With that assinine persistency which some folks call pluck we pursued our way to Cochise and cost. A dog fight and a jumplic we pursued our way to Cochise and town and outs. The first man to subsequently took place is like a dream us. We think we were slammed again walls and billboards until limp and har bied. We judge that we were tossed in

bled. We judge that we were tossed in a blanket until we felt at home half a mile above ground. We have a shadowy recollection of being carried around on a pole without any saddle blanket, and of hearing hundreds of faraway voices crying out, "Durn the critter, but hel's bury him in his own private graveyard!"

"When we came to, the shadows of night had fallen, and we were lying on our own cot. After the crowd had played with us for a couple of hours they permitted, our agricultural and marine editors to carry our mortal remains home in a blanket. our mortal remains home in a blanket our mortal remains home in a blanket. Those remains are now just able to sit up and draw a long breath at wide intervals. They are not saying anything, but at the same time doing a heap of thinking. We expect them to ultimately recover, and we have hopes that the sad experience will prove a ugoral lesson never to be forgotten while life shall last. We are now perfectly satisfied that we tried to jump this town 100 years too, soon, and that the babe of to-day world him long and that the babe of to-day world him long and that the babe of to-day world him long and that the babe of to-day world him long and that the babe of to-

THE COINCIDENCE GOT LOOSE An Innocent Ventriloquist Who Made the Mistake of His Life.

Among those on the platform of the de pot waiting for the train was a ventri quist with his machine. Some one aske him to exhibit his powers, and sitting dow on a trunk, with his dummy on his knee, h



"FUR JOSH HAYSEED AR' A-COMIN." as soon entertaining the crowd. Alm

here Josh Hayseed is?"
"He is right here," replied the manikin"
"Has he got his bottle of buttermilk wit

"Where is he going? "He is going down to York to ask his signer Sally if it is time to make soft soap and This had gone thus far when the rawbon man got up off the baggage truck and ad vanced upon the ventriboquist and said: "Look a-here, stranger, if you are achi-

vanced upon the ventriloquist and said:

"Look a-here, stranger, if you are achin
fur a row you couldn't hey cum to a better
place to git one."

"What's the matter with you?" was
asked.

"The matter is that no human byena kin
pitch into me slam bang like you hev and
not git hurt!"

"Why, I haven't pitched into you!"

"Yas, you hev! That's what all the boys
call me—Josh Haysced, I am here. Here's
my bottle of buttermilk, and I'm goin
down to York to see my sister Sally. I
hain't goin to ask her about soft sonp and
sunflowers, but I want her opinyun about sunflowers, but I want her opinyun abo killin worms on apple trees and payin \$7 for a well pump. Stranger, I don't allow no livin man to make fun of me without

no livin man to make fun of me without resentin it."

"Why, my dear man, you are mistaken—entirely mistaken," protested the ventriloquist. "I was simply entertaining the people and had no thought".

"Git ready!" shouted the rawboned man as he leaped up and cracked his heels together.

"But, my dear sir, I tell you".—

"Git ready! I saw!' relied the newboned.

A Brave Man. Guard (to passenger who was getting into ladies' compartment by mistake)—Beg pardon, sir, that compartment is for ladies

Some slight sense of regret and reminders of debt Give his face an expression of care, But his sorrow all sinks, and he smiles when

MR. THOMAS ON PRONUNCIATION. The Playwright's Father Had Decided Views as to the Word Missouri.

Mr. Thomas, the author of the play "In Mizzoura," has given an interesting incident in his early life recalled by the title of his play. The spelling of the name gives a fair idea of the local pronunciation. This pronunciation, particularly of the name of the atate, is a sensitive question with the natives. Speaking of the matter the other day, Mr. Thomas said:

"You know that just south of Missouri the people of Arkansas, annoyed beyond en-

"You know that just south of Missourithe people of Arkansas, annoyed beyond endurance by the various pronunciation of the name of their state, brought the subject to the attention of the legislature, and that body by special enactment fixed the pronunciation Arkansaw. Missourians feel the same way about Missouri. They detest the effeminate aspirant that Boston has tried to fix upon them and the diminutive sound of the termination. I remember well when I was a schoolboy in Missouri and anxious to show my acquirement at home I pronounced the name of the state Missouree. My father overheard me and told me never to call it so again. Obeying him. sou-ree. My father overseast in the never to call it so again. Obeying him, the next day at school I gave the real trans-

the next day at school I gave the real transmississippi sound to it in recitation and was called down by the teacher. I explained that paw had—

"But that makes no difference. I'm teaching this class. Your "paw" isn't. You must say Miss-sou-reel'

"I told my father at supper how the teacher had figuratively wiped up the floor with him before the geography class. The gov'nor pushed back his pie—they ate pie for supper there—and went out and chewed tobacco on the back porch. He thrashed around in bed all night, and when morning came he was up at daylight trying to around in bed all night, and when morning came he was up at daylight trying to push the time ahead to 9, when the school opened. Then he took me by the hand, and we went into school together—a trifle late for effect. The gov'nor has a good eye for stage business. He planted his progeny in the center before the astonished teacher.

"That's my boy." The young woman looked us both over and seemed inclined to grant it. Impressive wait. Then the gov'nor continued: "He was born in Mizzouraw. Where are you from?'

"The young woman said 'Boston' and gave a drowning man look for her diploma "The young woman said 'Boston' and gave a drowning man look for her diploma that was somewhere under the map of Asia, but the old gentleman was setting a faster pace.
"'What's Boston got to do with it? What

do you say the name of this state is? do you say the name of this state is?"
"Why, I thought Miss-sou-ree"
"Not at all. Tom Benton said Mizzouraw when he addressed the senate of the
United States. General Shields says Mizzouraw. Nathaniel P. Lyon, who died at
Wilson's creek, said Mizzouraw, and
Frank Blair says it. Understand?"
"She understood.

"She understood.
"'And years ago, on the first survey map,
it was printed as the Indians call it, full of
's.' The teacher was wincing as I'd seen
her do when a boy scraped his pencil edgeher do when a boy scraped his pencil edgewise on a slate, and paw went on:

"'And every boy here that respects his
parents and the constitution of the United
States will always say Mizzouraw.'

"He went home, and I don't think I ever
said Miss-sou-ree again."—New York
World. The Medicinal Value of Water.

The human body is constantly undergo-ing tissue change. Worn out particles are cast aside and eliminated from the system, while the new are ever being formed, from
the inception of life to its close.
Water has the power of increasing these
tissue changes, which multiply the waste
products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides
fresh nutriment. Persons but little accustomed to drinking water are liable to have
the waste products formed faster than they
are removed. Any obstruction to the free
working of natural laws at once produces
disease, which, if once firmly seated, requires both time and money to cure.
People accustomed to rise in the mornwhile the new are ever being formed, from

quires both time and money to cure.
People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in
the imperfect secretion of wastes, which
many times may be remedied by drinking
a full tumbler of water before retiring.
This very materially assists in the process
during the night and leaves the tissues
fresh and strong, ready for the active work
of the day.

of the day. Hot water is one of our best remedia agents.

A hot bath on going to bed, even in the hot nights of summer, is a better reliever f insomnia than many drugs.
Inflamed parts will subside under the lticing of hot water. continual pouticing of hot water.

Very hot water, as we all know, is a
prompt checker of bleeding, and besides, if
it is clean, as it should be, it aids in sterilizing wounds.—Hall's Journal of Health.

his face.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind of items. What have you?"

"Why, it's this way," said the caller, party last night, and I'm willing to pay to have this writeup of the affair put in your paper."
"We don't charge anything for publish-

A Doctor's Views on Marriage.

A St. Louis physician is querying to know why marriage ceremoules should not be performed by doctors of medicine in stead of having the authority lodged in the hands of doctors of divinity and other ministers. He thinks it would be a good thing for this country if the doctors were given the power and exercised it properly. "If I had my way," he says, "no two persons should be united for life unless they had good, strong and sound physical makeups, Then I would never marry two blonds, but would always require a blond to secure a brunette for a partner. If this "Mon's Spilt Boots worth 3.00, for 2.70 Mon's Spilt Boots worth 3.00, for 2.70 Mon's Spilt Boots worth 1.00 for 35c per gal. secure a brunette for a partner. If this were done, we should become more beautiful as a race and stronger and longer lived."

Fossil Ferns From the Skagit. Superintendent T. B. Corey of the Oregon Improvement company's coal mines has some of the most nearly perfect fossils ever found in this state, which he picked ever found in this state, which he placed up on Day creek, a tributary from the Ska-git river. One is a mass of shale in which complete pain leaves can be easily traced in one layer above another, the pealing off of one revealing another. There are equally well defined fern leaves, with every liber clearly marked.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

He stopped Hoarding.

Mrs. Snaggs (reading)—A man in South
Duxbiry, Mass., has coughed up a 10 cent
piece he swallowed some time ago.

Mr. Snaggs—Yes, I've noticed other indications that the hoarding of money is coming to an end.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Good Teacher.



adful!. And has the baby learned

he thinks
Of the great time he had at the fair.
Washington Star.
Washington Star.

Value of the product of the star of the sta

Mantles.

Ready made, latest styles, best fit, and good materials. Come and see or yourself. Mantles made to order. for yourself. Mantles made to order, and all cicths cut and fitted free of

Dress Goods. Pure wool serges, all colors, 25c up. We direct our efforts specially to-Pure wool serges, all colors, 25c up.
Heavy navy and blk. Wool Serges,
57\frac{1}{2}c up. Ombre and shot Whip
Cords and Hopsackings. Fancy 42
in. Tweeds, 25c, 42c, 55c 75c. Stanley Tweeds 98c, worth \$1.25. 44 in.
Cashmeres, black and colored, 25c,
45c and 75c.

We direct our efforts specially towards Black Goods, and our sales in
this line are every year increasing.
HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.
Ladies' blk. wool hose at 20c, 25c,
30c, 39c, 50c, 60c, and 75c. Ladies',
Child's and Men's Cashmere Hose

Staple Dep't ls kept moving by low prices. Best 5c cotton, white and grey. Grey Flannels 10c up. Blue Flannels 13c up. Ducks and Denims 10c up. Shakers 5½c. Towellings 5c up. Meltons 8s up. Towels 4c each.

Child's and Men's Cashmere Hose 25c up. Special heavy wool Hose and Overshoes for Girls and Boys. Men's Underwear 50c Suit. Ladies' Ribbed Vests 25c. Child's all Wool Vests 25c.

Men's Wool Socks 121c.

Coats from \$5.50 up.
Last season's Coats, \$2 00 up.
Beautiful Tweeds, 78c up.

Curles, Grey and Blk, \$2.25 up.

This is the pivot department and

will be found full of choice novelties.

Sealettes \$4.00 up.

avers and Cheviots \$1.50 up.

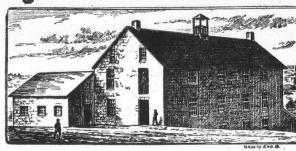
We want 1000 lbs. best goose feathers and will pay 30 to 50c, according quality. Bring in all you can get hold of. Old feathers just as good, if an. Also, mitts, socks and yarn taken in trade at

# O'Donahoe Bros.

OPPOSITE MARKET SQUARE

N.B .- Special Bargains in Carpets this month.

# Lyn Woollen Mills



Have a good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will as all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

To Our Customers and the Public:

Tea worth 25c.....

Tea worth 40c ..... for 35c

Lardine Oil . . . . . for 35c per gal. Seamless Grain Bags for 2.25 per doz. Men's Kip Boots worth 3.00 . for 2.70 Men's Split Boots worth 1.75 for 1.40

Men's Lace Boots worth 1.50 for 1.25
Ladies Dongola Boots for 1.20
Ladies Rubbers 55
Men's Lined Rubbers for 60e
Men's Lumberman's Rubbers for 1.00

and all sizes in childrens' Boots at

overcoats and suits to be sold out

the same reduction.

A complete stock of men's and boys'

R. WALKER

#### AN OPEN LETTER

ATHENS, Sept. 25, 1893.

After nearly twenty years' experience with a credit business, we have no hesitation in saying that it is a very unsatisfactory system for both buyer and seller, as goods cost twenty We have there or twenty-five per cent more than for cash. fore decided to adopt

### THE STRICTLY CASH SYSTEM

We shall close our books on the 1st of October, when we will commence to sell for cash or produce only. We shall expect all accounts to be settled by 1st Nov.

During our time in business we have sold to a great many who have never paid their accounts, and our loss in that way has been considerable. We have also met very many with whom it was a pleasure to do a credit business, who paid their accounts promptly, and always endeavored to carry out the GoldenRule. To such of you, we are thankful, and trust you will appreciate and approve our forward step, and that we may have the pleasure of counting you among our Cash Customers, when we will endeavor to make it clear that it is to your advantage to buy For Cash. Our present stock, which was marked at credit prices, will be Reduced to cash marks, and all new goods as they come in will be marked at cash prices, and "We don't charge anything for publishing society items," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.
"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line or two that says, 'Mr. Halfstick assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs if a line. I want my friends to know, by George, that I still belong to the family?"—Chicago Tribune.

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PHIL. WILTSE.
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Thanking you for past favors, and trusting to see you among our cash customers, we are

Yours truly, PHIL. WILTSE & CO.

"Well, Johnny, how are you? Do you find dollars scarce, as every one else does?" N.B.—You can save money by taking advantageof the close "I'm worse off than that, I even find half dollars scarce."—Brook half half dollars scarce."—Brook half half dollars scarce."—Brook half half dollars scarce."—Brook half half dollars scarce.

ARE YOU A HUNTER?

Winchester Rep uting Rifles

.44 WINCHESTER MODEL 1873

Repeating Shot Guns Ammunition

WINCHESTER REF ITING ARMS COMPANY, NEW LVEN, CONN.