

How They Farm in Rowan.

Chairman W. L. Klutz, of the county commissioners, went down the Bringle's Ferry road yesterday to see how the convict force was getting along. Away down the road in the "Piney Wood" section he saw something that has been heard of before but is very seldom seen in this part of the country. In a large cotton patch a woman was plowing. That would not have attracted much attention of itself but at the other end of the plow instead of a horse the woman's husband was hitched up in harness and pulling the plow. As submissive as a lamb but with a dexterity that would have made a horse blush, he pulled and tugged at the plow, obeying explicitly the "gee" and "wohaw" of the woman between the handles.—Salisbury World.

Luck.

"There is no such thing as luck," said Colonel North once. "Everybody in this world has chances—yes, everybody—from the working collier who strikes a seam of coal which was never thought of by the mining engineer to the colliery proprietor who gets information regarding that seam and resolves to work it. What people call luck simply means that a man sees his chance, holds on to it, and at the right moment works it for himself. Luck? Nonsense! Luck is simply the faculty of seizing passing opportunities."—Exchange.

It will astonish you how quickly Johnson's Magnetic Oil will kill all internal aches and pains for man and beast. \$1.00 size 50 cents; 50 cent size 25 cents, at Hargrave's.

Death of an Eccentric Citizen.

Lewis Click died Monday at his home, near Hot Springs, aged 88. He was a respected citizen, but eccentric. It is related that he once sentenced his dog, after going through the regular form of a trial, to eleven years' close confinement for killing a chicken. The dog was imprisoned for seven years in an old crib, till finally some one carried the animal away and it was never seen afterwards. Another time Click sentenced an ox for three years to a pen ten feet square for pushing down a few panels of fence. The ox served the sentence.—Charlotte Observer.

TIRED MOTHERS find help in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives them pure blood, a good appetite and new and needed **STRENGTH**.

Nothing but politics; people talk it, oftentimes to the detriment of their business interests, politicians make speeches about it, mostly full of froth, wind and falsehoods, newspapers are full of it, to the exclusion of almost everything else. Business will, to a great extent, be paralyzed until after the election, and the result will be that one set of incapables will be turned out and another set equally incapable will be put in. Politics are a curse to this country anyway.—Argonaut.

Texas is not only the biggest State in the Union, but lays claim to the biggest hog ever raised in the United States. The hog weighs 1,430 pounds and is eight feet three inches long. He measures six feet around the neck, eight feet around the body and stands four feet one inch high. His feet are as large as those of a common ox and the leg bone larger than that of the largest steer. He is Poland China and Red Jersey. He eats corn like an ox, takes the whole ear in his mouth at once and eats the cob as well as the corn, eating from forty to fifty ears of corn at a time. There seems to be no surplus flesh on him and physicians who have examined the hog say he can easily be made to reach 2,200 pounds. The owner, T. Ratigan, paid \$250 for the hog and has been offered \$1,500 for him. He has a fire policy on the animal for \$5,000. No other hog, it is said ever reached such tremendous proportions.

Words of cheer.

Don't be afraid to speak them. Some of your friends are hungry to hear them. You can find no better way of helping people to do better than by speaking words of appreciation for what they have already done. Your wife will cook a better dinner to-morrow if you praise her a little for the well-cooked dishes of to-day. The parson will preach with new fire and force, if you can honestly shake his hand, and say that his last sermon went straight to your heart, and inspired you with better purposes. The mechanic feels in a better mood for his work, if he is sure his skill will not go unappreciated. It seems a pity, since God has made man with such a deep hunger for praise, that some of them get so little of it. Remember, there is no one in whose actions something cannot be found worthy of commendation. Cheering words give wings to weary feet, and new life to the lagging purpose. Don't grudge the help you can afford your fellow men by giving them the praise and cheer they have fairly earned. They are discouraged for lack of somebody's frank and honest approval. Give them yours in a hearty way and it will set them on their way again.—Ex.

The oldest ex-United States Senator living is Hon. James W. Bradbury, of Augusta, Me., who celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday a few days ago. His health is excellent and his interest in politics keen. Mr. Bradbury has been a lifelong Democrat. He was sent to the United States Senate in 1846, and occupied a seat next to that of Jefferson Davis. With him in the Senate were Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Hamlin, Mason, Benton, Hale, Seward and Chase. Mr. Bradbury was graduated from Bowdoin in the famous class of 1825, in which were Longfellow, Hawthorne, Horatio Bridge, George Berrett Cheever, John Stevens, Cabot Abbott, Jonathan Cilley, killed in a duel in Bladensburg, Md., by William J. Graves, of Kentucky, and others who became men of note. Mr. Bradbury considers Daniel Webster the greatest man he ever knew.

What He Needed Most.

A story is told of a now famous American artist who had hard luck in his Paris student days. One day he was seen in the street with his clothes in the last stages of rags and his shoes tied with twine. There was a wild gleam in his eye when he caught sight of a friend across the street. "I've got \$100!" he cried, waving the bill in the air, oblivious of the crowd. "One hundred dollars; and I'm going to buy some shoe-strings."—Chicago News.

The Landmark says that a phase of the new woman business in Statesville is that she gets drunk and fights the coppers. For the good name of the town and the peace and dignity of the State, to say nothing of the new woman herself it is to be sincerely hoped there is not many of her representing this particular phase of the business.—Ex.

The Ideal Ear.

An ear to be perfect should be daintily and delicately formed, with the curves all artistic and pretty. It should be neither too thin nor too fat, but a pleasing medium between the two. It should be delicate rose color on the inside and pure white on the outside. The lobe of the ear should be small and well shaped and should curve up toward the cheek, not hang down in an inartistic manner. A small ear is usually a sign of birth and good breeding, but, like everything else, there are vast exceptions to this rule.—New York World.

He Had Her.

Mrs. Nowwife—You promised that when we were married you would grant my slightest wish, and now you refuse me a \$50 bonnet. Mr. Newwife—Remember, my dear, I said slightest.—Detroit Free Press.

ROYAL JOKES.

Stories of Playful Capers Indulged In by Monarchs and Princes.

Royalty dearly loves a joke, and nowhere are practical jokes so much in vogue as in the palaces of the old world monarchs. Curiously enough, their idea of joking, like their conception of wit, is inclined to roughness and even to downright coarseness, as well as vulgarity, rather than to delicacy, and many a practical joke has been perpetrated in a palace that would never have been tolerated in a private house.

One of the most peculiar practical jokes was that organized in the council chamber of the late King Alfonso of Spain by his intimate friend and favorite companion, the Duke of Tamames, who accompanied the Infanta Eulalia to this country in 1893.

It was during carnival time, and the king had complained to the duke that it was a very dreary affair and entreated the nobleman to do something to liven things up a bit. The following morning when the king entered his council chamber he was almost pitched over by a most extraordinary apparition. It appeared to be a bag such as millers use for flour, and it was terminated by a pair of bowlegs that were prancing about in every direction. The architecture of these legs at once revealed to the king the identity of the human flourbag. It was no other than the little minister of agriculture, who, with the assistance of the Duke of Tamames and the apparently grave and austere minister of foreign affairs, had dressed himself in his odd rig. The king joined so heartily in the laughter provoked by the extravagant antics of his cabinet officer that the tears streamed down his face, nor was his mirth diminished when the minister, after having finally extricated himself from the bag, showed himself with his hair, his beard and his uniform literally covered with flour.

Another monarch who is very fond of practical joking is Emperor William of Germany. On one occasion about a year after he ascended the throne his right hand was seriously injured during the rough horse play that takes place every St. Sylvester of New Year's eve in the streets of Berlin. On that night no citizen ventures to appear upon any public thoroughfare wearing a tall hat or even a derby. The students have from time immemorial had a sort of unwritten right to bonnet any civilian thus arrayed by smashing his hat with a sharp blow of the fist upon its crown.

The kaiser, who had always joined in this form of sport before his accession to the crown, on the first New Year's eve that followed the death of his lamented father walked out with the collar of his coat well turned up and a fur cap drawn down over his eyes so as to conceal his identity. He soon had several badly wrecked hats to his credit. He then encountered an elderly citizen of portly figure and benevolent demeanor, whose looks, however, belied his character. He had been bonneted in previous years and was resolved to teach his tormentors a lesson. So he had made a sort of leather skullcap, thick in texture and studded with long, sharp nails.

So when the emperor brought down his fist with all his might on the inoffensive looking tall hat his hand was pierced in many places by the nails and covered with blood, the injuries at one time threatening lockjaw. The citizen was arrested and imprisoned pending a decision as to whether he should be prosecuted on a charge of "leze majesty." He was, however, released, as his offense was entirely an innocent one.—San Francisco Examiner.

In the Same Handwriting.

A gentleman at the Riggs House was responsible for this story: "I reached home after business hours the other day for supper and was handed two telegrams from the same telegraph company. After I had read the first I handed it to my wife. It was from a brother out west, who was coming to pay me a short visit.

"What did he send the other one about?" asked my wife, as she read the first one and looked at the writing on the envelope of the second. I opened it and told her it was not from him, but was from another business man.

"That's funny," she said. "They are both directed to you in the same handwriting."—Washington Times.

A fabric made of pine and spruce wood pulp is made into overcoats in Leeds, England. It looks like frieze.

LUCK OF OLD BOATS.

In Collisions on the Lakes the Valuable Vessels Fare the Worst.

"Did you ever notice," said an old mariner, "that when a collision occurs on the lakes the better boat, in nine cases out of ten, gets the worst of it and generally goes to the bottom? On the other hand, the old boat—for in a great many instances it is an old boat—receives little damage, if any. If she is damaged, her owners send her to some drydock to be patched up.

"I have always found that to be the case," continued the old man who for the past 40 years has earned his livelihood on the lakes. "In all the collisions that I can remember between a new and an old boat the old one, somehow or other, managed to stay on top of the water. Take, for instance, the sinking of the Lehigh Valley liner Cayuga, which occurred on the 10th of last May. She collided with the steamer Joseph L. Hurd and was sunk in Lake Michigan, near Skelligalee light. The Cayuga, which was one of the best steamers on the lakes, was bound down with a load of grain and merchandise. The Hurd was an old lumber barge, which had been condemned once and then rebuilt. She was not worth much, while the Cayuga was worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

"At the time of the collision the fog was very heavy and lay close to the water in banks. A fog bank is a peculiar thing to run up against, because one minute you are right in the midst of it and the next you are through it, only to meet another. For this reason they are very puzzling and have a tendency to get a fellow rattled for a minute. A minute is not very long, but a man is likely to lose his boat as well as his life in that short space of time. A captain has no business to get rattled, and especially when running in a fog. The best of them will lose their heads, and when in that state are liable to give orders they ought not to have given.

"That was the way the fog acted on the night that the Cayuga went down. The right signals had apparently been given, but with hardly a minute's warning the Hurd took a sheer and struck the Cayuga amidships. The Cayuga went down in about five minutes, and the Hurd made for the land, which was not very far off, where she was beached. She was leaking quite badly. Temporary repairs were made, and she was then towed to a drydock. She came out again later in the season and ran in the lumber trade on Lake Michigan.

"The Cayuga, however, is still at the bottom, lying in about 101 feet of water, and her chances for remaining there are very good.

"Let me cite you another instance where the better boat was sunk by an old one—well, I won't say she was old, for she had not been in commission very long. She was an ungainly looking craft and about the unluckiest boat that had been built on the lakes in some time. She was called the Jack. Her first feat that brought her before public notice was when she collided with one of the locks in the Welland canal. Navigation was delayed for several days by the accident.

"The next prominent feat that she accomplished was to sink the big steel steamer Norman, which was owned by the Menominee Steamship company. She sunk her in the middle of Lake Huron and in deep water. In fact, it has been a mystery where she did go down, for they have never been able to locate her. She was worth \$200,000. The Jack sustained little damage and was soon in commission again. Now, there are two boats which were worth about \$400,000, and both were sunk by boats which could be bought for \$20,000, and that would be a big price for them."—Buffalo Express.

The keenest pangs the wretched find are rapture to the dreary void, the leafless desert of the mind, the waste of feelings unemployed.—Byron.

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