State Liabry
Raleigh

The Goldsboro Headlight.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor. "HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN." W. P. DAVIS, Publisher.

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SMILES AND TEARS.

My lot 's cast with those who tread
The humbler walks of life; with feet
That oft are weary—begging bread
And blistered with the dust and heat.
And all the story of my years
Is but a tale of smiles and tears.

It may be earth's most favored king;
A ruler of the land and sea;
The winds of every clime may bring
A tribute of respect to me—
Yet all the story of my years
Is but a tale of smiles and tears.

It may be that my life hath wrought
Some mighty truth from chaos, when
The way was dark and no one sought
To cheer the burdened hearts of men.
Still, all the story of my years
Is but a tale of smiles and tears.

It matters not what rank I hold
Among the sons of toil and strife,
Or whether young or whether old,
I reach the goal of mortal life,
For all the story of my years
Is aye a tale of smiles and tears.

For all the stories of my years
Are but the tales of smiles and tears.

MORRIS H. TURK.

THE PINKERTON JEWELS.

I WAS swinging comfortably on the hind legs of my chair one forenoon in my room at Scotland Yard, when a telegram which had just arrived was put into my hands, with an intimation by the chief that I was to "take up the case."

"Lady Pinkerton, who arrived here this morning from London, has had her jewels stolen on the journey. Very valuable. No clue as yet. Send down competent men at once to assist local police.—ALGERNON WADE, Aidan Castle, Darnley, Northumberland."

So ran the message. It did not afford much information, and it did not seem as if there were very much chance of recovering the stolen property. However, it was perhaps too soon to judge of that. I telegraphed to Sir Algernon Wade, who, as I understood, was Lady Pinkerton's host for the present, asking that a description of the missing trinkets should be sent at once; and I arranged that the description should be printed and circulated among the pawnbrokers of the metropolis and the other large towns of the country without delay. These necessary matters having been attended to, I set out for King's Cross, and was soon on my way to the north.

It was late when I arrived at my destination, but I began at once to make some inquiries. First of all I saw Lady Pinkerton herself. Her story was very soon told. The set of diamonds which had been stolen consisted of a necklace, pendant, tiara, and earrings. The stones were very fine ones—worth, she had been told, at least six thousand pounds. Her engagements had compelled her, she said, to travel down from London by night. Her husband being in Scotland, she was attended only by her maid, who traveled in the compartment (a second-class one) next to that in which Lady Pinkerton herself performed the journey. Before leaving town she had given the jewel-case to her maid, reminding her as she did so of the value of the gems which were intrusted to her, and charged her not to allow the box out of her sight for an instant. According to the maid's account, she never had allowed the case to be out of her sight, yet, as a matter of fact, when poor Alice Wright—that was the maid's name—came to open the jewel-case, it was empty. One or two commonplace ornaments of little value in a drawer in the lower part of the case had been over looked by the thieves; but the brilliants were gone.

I could not help thinking that things looked rather black for Alice Wright, and naturally asked how long she had been in the family, and what kind of character she had brought from her last situation.

"She has been only eighteen months with me," replied Lady Pinkerton, "but she came to me with an excellent character, and I have every confidence in her. She may have contributed to the loss of the jewels by her carelessness, but I will not believe for an instant that she is guilty of helping to abstract them."

This speech pleased me and rather surprised me. It was more generous than I had expected from Lady Pinkerton, who had struck me as being a cold and self-possessed woman of the world; and I could not understand how the diamonds could have been stolen without the maid's connivance. I left Lady Pinkerton's sitting room, and asked for an interview with the girl Wright. I found her a quiet, modest-looking, and really ladylike young woman. There were traces of tears on her cheeks, and she trembled slightly, but that was only natural. I had been long enough in the police force to know that no presumption either of guilt or innocence can be inferred from such signs as these.

"Now, I'm going to ask you a few questions," I said as the girl seated herself opposite me, "and you'll answer or not as you think fit. It would be no kindness to conceal from you that a certain suspicion attaches to you in connection with this affair, and therefore it is my duty to caution you. If you are innocent, I think your best plan will be to answer frankly."

The girl merely bowed her head by way of assent, and I proceeded to put my first question.

"You brought Lady Pinkerton's jewel case with you from London?"

"I did."

"The whole way?"

"The whole way."

"When you got into the railway carriage, where did you put it?"

"On the seat of the carriage, close to me. I was leaning my elbow upon it nearly all the way."

"How many people were there in the carriage?"

"A good many at first—seven, I think, when we started—but most of them left the train at Peterborough and the place we stopped at next after Peterborough."

"When you got to York, how many were there in the compartment besides yourself?"

"Three—an elderly man and his wife, and one young gentleman."

"And after York?"

"The old gentleman and his wife got out at York."

"And the young gentleman?"

"He was going to Edinburgh, he said."

"So you and he travelled alone from York to Newcastle?"

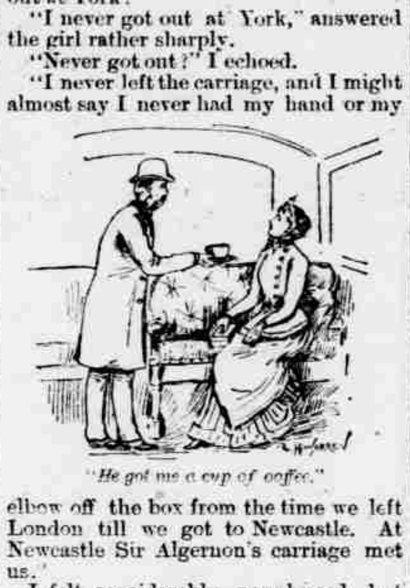
"Yes; that was not my fault."

"Certainly not. By the way, what did you do with the jewel case when you got out at York?"

"I never got out at York," answered the girl rather sharply.

"Never got out?" I echoed.

"I never left the carriage, and I might almost say I never had my hand or my



"He got me a cup of coffee."

elbow off the box from the time we left London till we got to Newcastle. At Newcastle Sir Algernon's carriage met us."

I felt considerably nonplussed, but concealed my thoughts, and put my next question with an easy smile.

"As the young gentleman and you were left alone together, I suppose he performed various little acts of politeness for you?"

"He got me a cup of coffee at York," answered the girl readily.

"Do you know his name?"

"No."

"Or his business?"

"No. He was quite a stranger to me."

"You talked together a good deal?"

"Yes, a good deal."

"And you told him who you were, and who was in the next compartment?"

"No, indeed."

"Did you say or hint that valuables were entrusted to you?"

"Never; I am certain of it."

"After you had the coffee did you fall asleep?"

"After we left York I remember closing my eyes, but I did not fall asleep. And I had my elbow on the jewel case then."

"You dozed, then, or at least rested with your eyes shut—I am not blaming you, it was very natural on a long night journey—till you got to Newcastle?"

"No; till we got to Darlington."

"Did you feel very heavy and sleepy then?"

"Not more so than usual after a night journey."

"One more question. This young man—would you know him again? What was he like?"

"Tall and fair, with slight whiskers and moustache. He wore a dark-gray overcoat. I should know him again in a moment."

Here my examination ended. Already I had formed a theory on the subject. Alice Wright, I fancied, was innocent. Her quiet, composed manner had impressed me in spite of myself. My belief was that the polite young getleman was a professional thief, that he had followed Lady Pinkerton from her house in London, that he had guessed at the nature of the receptacle which the maid was guarding so jealously, that the coffee he had brought her was drugged (so that, instead of being in a half doze, she had been in a deep sleep between York and Darlington), and that the jewel-case had been opened with a pick-lock, robbed and closed again while she was sleeping.

Next morning Lord Pinkerton arrived at the castle, and I suggested that a reward should be offered for the recovery of the diamonds or for information. To my surprise, the viscount seemed unwilling to offer a substantial reward, argued that large rewards only tempted thieves to commit fresh robberies, and ended by positively refusing to offer a larger sum than fifty pounds for the recovery of the jewels. I concluded that his lordship was inclined to be stingy, and afterward learned that he was, in fact, a notorious miser. In his younger days he had been very extravagant, but about two years after his marriage he had come into possession of a large fortune on the death of a relative, and the effect of his good luck was that he developed, very much to Lady Pinkerton's disgust, strong miserly tendencies.

My next care was to make a rough drawing of the missing jewels from Lady Pinkerton's description. My sketch was not by any means so accurate as I could have wished, as her ladyship's description was rather vague, and she seemed to have no idea of drawing. I then arranged with the local police that they should keep Alice Wright under an informal surveillance, and returned to London.

Not many days after my return to town I was informed by the Edinburgh police that they believed they had succeeded in tracing the young man who had travelled in the same carriage with Alice Wright on the night of the robbery. He was staying at one of the hotels in the city, and called himself Charles Payne. The telegram added that Payne held himself out to be a medical student, and that he seemed to be on the point of returning to London. I replied that a strict watch must be kept on his movements, and shortly afterward I was told that he might be expected to arrive in London by a certain train. Of course he was met upon his arrival by one of my men, who followed him to his lodgings. I then telegraphed to Lady Pinkerton and desired her to send her maid up to town in the company of a policeman in plain clothes. This was done, and I had no difficulty in arranging that Miss Wright and I should meet Charles Payne one morning as he left his rooms for the day.

We passed close to him, and I watched his face as we met. I had instructed the girl to bow slightly as he went by. She did so, and he raised his hat with a smile, throwing a glance at me as he did so. There was no doubt about his identity. I turned round, touched him on the arm, told him I was a detective officer, and asked him to go back with me to his rooms. He did so at once, and admitted readily that he had travelled to Edinburgh on the night in question and that from York to Newcastle he and Alice Wright had been alone together in the carriage; but he indignantly denied all knowledge of the diamonds. He furnished me with numerous references and consented that a policeman should wait with him in his room till the references could be verified. A little shaken in my opinion by his readiness to submit to this arrangement I called on the gentlemen he had named and found that they all knew Charles Payne and had had the highest opinion of his integrity. One or two of them, indeed, offered to become bail for him to any extent. This put a totally different complexion upon matters. Payne was certainly not a professional thief, and only a professional thief—and a very clever one, too—could have operated upon Alice Wright and the jewel-case in the way my theory had supposed he had done. There was no evidence against the young man and I gave up the idea of placing him under arrest.

Six weeks passed, bringing no tidings of the stolen property, and I had begun to look upon the case as one of my failures. Lady Pinkerton had returned to town, and when I reported to her my inability to recover her property she seemed to have become resigned to her loss.

I happened one morning shortly after this to be in the shop of one of those West End jewelers who are, in reality, "swell pawnbrokers," when the jeweler said to me:

"By the way, a pair of earrings were offered to me the other day which I might have fancied were part of Lady Pinkerton's set. I half thought of detaining the lady and sending for you."

"And why didn't you?" I interrupted, almost angrily.

"Because the things were not diamonds at all—they were only paste."

"Paste! Then they can't have been Lady Pinkerton's—but are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly sure. They were paste, but a very good imitation."

I pondered the matter for a moment. Could the thief have taken out the stones, replaced them by imitation brilliants, and then tried to pass off the false stones as real ones by means of the setting? Possibly; but on the other hand, the setting was the very thing which any thief must have known might lead to his detection.

"Who offered you the trinkets?" I asked.

"An elderly woman—I think she was a Frenchwoman," was the answer.

"Can you give me a drawing of one of them?"

The jeweller took a pencil and sheet of paper, and in a few minutes handed me a sketch of an earring, which certainly bore resemblance to the drawing I had made from Lady Pinkerton's description of her earrings.

I left the shop with the two sketches in my hand, feeling somewhat puzzled. On the whole, I thought it was worth while to call on Lady Pinkerton, and show her the drawing which the jeweller had made.

I found her ladyship at breakfast in her boudoir, attended by her maid. In a few words I explained the object of my visit, and then handed her the jeweller's sketch, asking her if she recognized it. The lady took it with the tips of her fingers, and looked at it with a supercilious air; but I could see that, in spite of her affectation of nonchalance, she was deeply interested in what I had said.

"No," she said, with a careless air, as she laid the sheet of paper on the table. "There is a resemblance in shape, but that is nothing. If the earrings were paste, as you say, they cannot be mine; my diamonds were not paste."

As Lady Pinkerton was speaking, her maid, Alice Wright, approached the table with a cream jug in her hand, and as she did so she glanced at the drawing which lay directly under her eyes. A look of surprise came over the girl's face, and she seemed to be on the point of saying something. She turned away, however, without speaking, and at a sign from her mistress quietly left the room. I drew the conclusion, as certainly as if the girl had spoken, that, in her opinion, the drawing made by the jewelers nearly resembled, at least, one of the missing trinkets, and I also suspected that her mistress was desirous that the girl should keep her opinion to herself. It seemed unnecessary to me at the time to pursue the subject further. After all, there was nothing surprising in Lady Pinkerton's unwillingness to allow it to be supposed that her famous diamonds had been nothing but paste.

Next day, however, I thought I had better see the girl and question her, and I was on the point of setting out for Devonshire House Terrace, where Lord Pinkerton lived, when I received a tel-

"I handed her the sketch."

egram from the officer who had been instructed to keep a watch on Alice Wright's movements. "Alice Wright seems to be leaving for the country. Shall I follow her?" said the telegram. "Certainly, and wire address when you reach her destination," I replied.

That evening I had the address, a quiet little village in one of the Midland counties, and next morning I surprised Miss Wright by presenting myself before her.

"What do you want with me?" she asked, with an anxious expression. "I know nothing about the diamonds—I don't, indeed."

"I don't say you do—I don't think you do," I replied "All I want to know is, what do you think of this drawing?" (I laid the sketch I had received from the jeweler before her as I spoke.) "Is it a fair likeness of one of your mistress's earrings."

"I don't know; it's not very like," she answered slowly.

"You thought it very like it yesterday," said I.

She started. "Perhaps I thought so at first," she replied.

It was plain that the girl had been told to hold her tongue.

"Why did you come down here," I asked.

"This is my home," she answered with some heat. "My mistress gave me a month's holiday yesterday."

There was no more to be got out of her, and after telling my man that he need not devote himself to watching the girl's movements any longer. I returned to London determined to clear up the mystery if I possibly could. Whether the diamonds were real or not.

After some little thought I resolved to visit every one of the diamond merchants in the metropolis. I argued that if the Frenchwoman (who, as I believed, had had one of Lady Pinkerton's earrings in her possession) had taken out the real diamonds and substituted paste ones she would hardly make a second attempt to pass them off as real ones; but if she had been ignorant of the real character of the brilliants, it was more than likely that she would try to get another opinion as to their true value. With this idea in my head I visited one diamond merchant's shop after another, till at last I found a man in a quiet street off Holborn who remembered an elderly Frenchwoman calling and showing him a pair of earrings, just about the time when the West End jeweller had had the trinkets offered to him.

"Was it any thing like this?" I asked, producing the sketch which the jeweller had made for me.

"That is very like it, as far as I remember," was the answer. "The lady said she did not want to part with the earrings, she only wanted to know whether the stones were real or not."

As the diamond merchant was speaking the door opened, and a short, stout woman, dressed in black and wearing a thick black veil, entered the room.

The jeweller threw me a glance as he went forward to meet the stranger.

"You were so very kind," she began, speaking with a slight French accent, "as to give me an opinion about a trinket a short time ago. Will you be so good as to tell me whether these stones are real?" As she spoke she laid a cross of brilliants on the table. I just glanced at it. It corresponded exactly to the description I had had of Lady Pinkerton's diamond pendant. The diamond merchant took the cross.

"They are only paste," said he, after a moment's glance at the ornament. "I never saw better imitations, but not one of these stones is real."

The lady seemed greatly disappointed. She thanked the jeweller and left the shop. Of course I followed her home, and arrested her on her own doorstep. She was, I found, Madame Braneilleau, a fashionable dressmaker. In one of her boxes I found a whole set of diamond ornaments—necklace, pendant, tiara and earrings, complete.

Madame Braneilleau burst into tears and loudly protested her ignorance, but refused to give any account of the jewels until she was convinced that we meant to take her to the police station. Then the whole truth came out. The ornaments had been given her by Lady Pinkerton herself! Her ladyship had found it impossible to array herself as became a woman of fashion upon the very slender allowance which she received from her husband for that purpose and had run up a tremendous bill at Madame Braneilleau's. The dressmaker, who had lost money in some foolish investments she had made, pressed the lady for payment. Lady Pinkerton was at her wits' end. She dared not let her husband know of her extravagance, and, as she did not believe that he would pay her debts, it was little use in applying to him. At last, on the very day of her starting for Northumberland, she gave the jewels to the dressmaker in payment of her debt, the French woman undertaking to dispose of the stones separately. Thus the trinkets had never been in the jewel case at all, and Lady Pinkerton gave out that she had been robbed in order to account to her husband and the world for the loss of her diamonds.

Lady Pinkerton was astounded to hear that her diamonds were nothing but paste; and after some trouble she had persuaded madame to submit the pendant to an expert for examination. That, at least, she thought, might be real.

On hearing this story I took the French woman and the false diamonds straight to Lord Pinkerton's house. His lordship and Lady Pinkerton were together.

I expected a scene; but the lady was equal to the occasion. She went straight to the heart of the matter.

"John," she said, speaking to her husband, "you must have sold my diamonds and had paste put in their place, soon after we were married. [Lord Pinkerton started, blushed violently, and said nothing.] You really ought to have mentioned it, and then all this fuss would have been saved. I think the best thing you can do now is to pay this good woman's bill, and give poor Wright a check for fifty pounds, as some compensation for the trouble we have been the means of causing her. Oh yes, I insist on it. Don't go, madame, and Lord Pinkerton will write you a check."

Of course his lordship could not afford to let the story get abroad, so (after a severe inward struggle) he did as he was told. Shortly afterward Lady Pinkerton blazed forth in a splendid set of rubies, which, she said, her husband had been so very kind as to give her in lieu of her lost diamonds.

As for me, I got my fifty pounds and was satisfied. I understood now why his lordship had been so unwilling to offer a reward for the recovery of his wife's diamonds.—*Whitehall Review.*

A Good Idea.

A writer recommends the appointment of an expert in all banks, who will be capable of taking the place and doing the work of any man in the concern, from the president down. He is to be empowered to say to the president or cashier, "I will go over your assets to-day," or send the teller or other employee on a short vacation at any time, while he takes his place. By this plan no one would dare abstract a dollar from the bank, as he could not tell at what moment the expert would examine his books and discover the shortage.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

STRAY BITS OF HUMOR FOUND IN OUR EXCHANGES.

A Maiden's Mistake—A Slow Fever—Solomon's Children—Lawyer and Creditor, etc.

NO COURAGE.

"You say, Mr. Smith," said the girl, in a low, thoughtful, this-is-a-serious-matter sort of tone, "that you have loved me for five years and have never dared to tell me so until to-night?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, I cannot be your wife. A man who has no more courage than that would feign to be asleep while a burglar stole his baby's shoes."

THE OLD HEN.

Mr. Blobbs—Mariah, hadn't I better take that hen to market?

Mariah—She's about 40 years old, Zeke, an' I'm afraid she'll spoil our trade. Better think up some other way of getting rid of her."

"I might give it to the editor in payment of our subscription."

"I paid that yesterday in last year's turnips."

"Well, we'll save her for the next donation party."—*Omaha World.*

HE KILLED 'EM.

There was a certain character in one of our country towns who was noted more for the various means to which he resorted to earn a living than for his veracity. At one time it happened that he was peddling fish, and his cry summoned a very particular old lady to the side of the wagon.

"Are these fish fresh?" she asked, viewing the finny representatives with suspicion.

"Yes, 'm; caught this very mornin'," was the reply.

"Are you sure?" she continued, giving the load sundry pokes. "They all seem to be dead."

"Dead!" echoed the vender—"dead? Yes, 'm, they are dead. They wuz so lively when I left home that I had ter kill 'em to keep 'em from jumpin' outer ther wagon."—*Harper's Bazar.*

MISUNDERSTOOD.

The importance of a distinct enunciation in singing was well illustrated in a Sunday-school recently. The scholars frequently sing:

"Pass along the watchword, shout as you go,
Victory! victory, over every foe!"

A little girl of five years, coming for the first time to Sunday-school, was greatly pleased with the singing of this hymn. When she reached home she said:

"Mamma, they sang such a funny song at Sunday-school to day!"

"What was it?" asked her mother.

"O, they sang, 'Pass along the wash-rag,' and they kept saying it over and over."—*Youth's Companion.*

LAWYER AND CASHIER.

A bank cashier, who had stolen $50,000 from the bank and skipped out to Cincinnati, went to a lawyer and said:

"How can I fix matters so as to be safe from law?"

"I will arrange to have the bank settle for half the amount," was the prompt reply.

When this had been done the thief expressed his great pleasure and satisfaction and inquired:

"And now what shall I pay you for your services?"

"The other half, sir," was the calm reply.

Moral: It is a wonder the lawyer left so much for the bank.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A GREAT PLACE.

She stood in the press room of a country daily, where the agile "fly" of the press was slapping down the papers with admirable precision. She was a motherly-looking creature, with a blue cotton umbrella.

"That 'fly' delivers the papers at the rate of 1,500 an hour," modestly remarked the proud proprietor.

"Fifteen hundred an hour!" she exclaimed. "Mercy on us! You don't mean it!" And then, moved by motherly instinct, she added: "What a place to spank a baby!"—*Somerville Journal.*

A CANINE POLITICIAN.

"That's a nice dog you have, Dr. Horn, but what's the matter with his eyes—one is blue and the other is black?"

"Yes; he was sired by a tan terrier and dammed by a sky-blue terrier and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me."

"How's that?"

"He first gets fed at one side of my guest and then goes round the table to his other side and pretends to be another dog."—*Cincinnati Telegram.*

ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR USES.

Philosopher—Yes, there are many useless things in nature. A pig's tail, for instance, is of no use at all.

Patrick—No use is it; yez soy? Did yez iver say a pig?

"Oh, yes."

"Did yez iver thry to drive a pig into a new pen?"

"No."

"Yez thry it some day. The tail waz made to take hold of an' pull. Thin the baste thinks yez is thrying to pull him out ov the pen an' in he leaps."—*Omaha World.*

A MAIDEN'S MISTAKE.

Bride—Did you receive the piece of wedding cake I sent you?

Schoolmate—Yes, dear.

"Now, tell me what kind of a husband you dreamed about."

"I don't like to talk about it. He was an awful creature, with hoofs and horns and the most horrible face that you could imagine. Oh, it was terrible."

"Mercy me! Did you put the cake under your pillow?"

"No, I ate it."—*Omaha World.*

OH, GEORGE!

"George, dear," said Naomi, "I am afraid you are too industrious in your efforts to win enough money to obtain papa's consent. Your health will break under it."

"Too industrious! Why, I don't work very hard."

"Oh, yes, you do."

"How do you know?"

"Why, I heard papa say to-day that you were carrying an awful load last night."—*Lincoln Journal.*

THE RULING PASSION.

"Pa, won't you give me a new dress? I want one so much?"

"I'll speak to your mother about it."

The child's wistful expression was turned into disappointment.

"Surely, mamma will know if it's necessary."

"Yes," replied the child, demurely, "I sup-pose so. But when you speak to her, touch her easy, papa, or she might want one for herself."—*Texas Siftings.*

JUST FEEBLE ENOUGH.

Smith—You look a little mussed up, Brown.

Brown—I should say so! I've just had a row with my mother-in-law, and I'll be hanged if she didn't put me out of the house. The house belongs to her, you know.

Smith—You told me a day or two ago that your mother-in-law was very feeble.

Brown—Yes; I meant feeble for her. *Harper's Bazar.*

AGAINST HIS WILL.

A convicted burglar was brought before Judge Cowing of the N. Y. Court of General Sessions for sentence, and in response to the usual question, replied:

"I was forced to be a burglar, Your Honor. I did it against my will."

"Did it against your will, eh? Well, you shall have no cause for complaint. You shall go to Sing Sing, against your will. Five years."—*Texas Siftings.*

MERE SCOLDING HAD NO EFFECT.

Mistress—Why can't you remember, Bridget, when I tell you a thousand times? I don't like always to be scolding you for forgetting.

Amiable but Forgetful Domestic—Faith, mum, you don't scold. It's quite pleasant you are, mum. The last lady I lived wid used to come out into the kitchen and stamp her feet and throw things at me.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

"John," said his wife, "don't you spend more than you ought for lunches down town? I can't understand how it is that the money slips away as it does!"

"No, m' dear, I eat (hic) free lunch nearly ev'ry day."

"Well, I wish you would give up free lunches, John. They cost you more than we can afford."

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

"Which is the better weather for your business," was the question put to a down-town bartender, "hot or cold?"

"It doesn,t make much difference," was the reply. "In hot weather they take a little something to cool 'em off, and in cold weather they take a little something to warm 'em up."

OF NO USE TO HIM.

Customer (getting measured)—How much are these trousers going to cost me?

Tailor—Twenty-two dollars, sir. How many pockets do you want in them?

Customer—None. I won't need any pockets when I have paid for the trousers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HIS POLITICS.

Chance acquaintance—What are your politics, sir?

Seedy Man (with a wistful look about the mouth)—When I'm talking with a Democrat, I'm a Labor party man, and when I meet a Republican I'm a Prohibitionist.—*Burlington Free Press.*

ITS EFFECT.

Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—I say, Maude, how did my song, "Home Again from a Foreign Shore," impress the company?

Pretty Cousin—Well, some of them, Charley, looked as if they were sorry you had got back.

WELL ENOUGH.

Wife (to husband)—I caught Bridget starting the fire this morning with kerosene, John.

Husband—How much do we owe her?

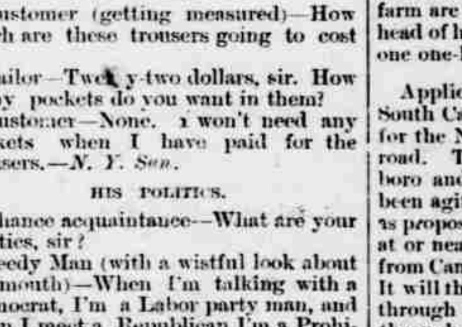
Wife—Four months' wages.

Husband—Well, let her go on with the kerosene.

UNNECESSARY ANXIETY.

"George," she said, and her manner betrayed anxiety, "what has come over papa of late? He treats you coldly and evidently tries to avoid you."

"He borrowed $10 of me a couple of weeks ago," explained George.—*N. Y. Sun.*



BORN THAT WAY.

Barber (to customer)—You are quite bald, sir.

Customer (who isn't conversationally inclined)—Yes, sir, I was born that way.

THE FIRE.

First Citizen (breathlessly)—Can you tell where the fire is?

Second Citizen—I think it is the schoolhouse. There were a lot of boys dancing and cheering down on the corner.—*Burlington Free Press.*

FOR A YEAR.

Wife (one day after marriage)—No, dear, don't give me any money; I might lose it.

Same Wife (one year after marriage)—I took twenty dollars from your pocket last night. [illegible]

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

The News of the North, East, South and West, Reduced to Facts

An Interesting Budget for our Busy Readers.

A fire at Wheeling, West Virginia, destroyed several railroad and telegraph offices. Loss $10,000.

A boiler exploded at Prescott, Arizona, killing the proprietor and five workmen and injured a number of others.

Emma Lazarus, the well-known poetess and translator is dead.

One hundred representatives of the W. C. T. U., called upon Mrs. Polk at Nashville, Tenn.

Dispatches from Memphis, Tenn., report serious damage in the surrounding country by forest fires.

A construction train on the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railway ran into a rock slide near Steubenville, Ohio, and the engineer and a brakeman were killed.

Some Germans in North Adams, Mass., ran up the American flag at half mast. Citizens compelled them to remove the flag.

Chicago's determined young girl Nina Van Zandt is believed to be dying. Food has not passed her lips since Anarchist Spies was hanged

Material has arrived in Greenwood, S. C., for the building of a new depot for the Columbia and Greenville Railroad.

Mr. T. L. Holland, of Anderson County, S. C., this year made 450 pounds of lint cotton on one-eighth of an acre.

The Railway Passenger and Freight Conductors' Mutual Aid and Benefit Association is holding its thirteenth annual Convention in Chicago.

Bud Veal, who has eben on trial at Atlanta, Ga., charged with killing C. D. Horne, the contractor of the State capitol, has been acquitted.

The city of Fort Wayne, Ind., with a population of 40,000, seems to be about to experience the horrors of a water famine.

Tillman C. Justice was hanged in Tawnes County, Ga., for the murder of J. B. Goddard. He suspected his victim of reporting illicit stills.

An unknown negro fell from the tender of a freight train at Greenwood, S. C., and was killed by the cars passing over him. The tender was thrown from the track in passing over the body.

At Shelton, S. C., on the Spartanburg and Union Road, T. C. McClary, of Kingstree, a flagman of the passenger train, stepped of the trestle in the darkness. He fell thirty-five feet and received severe and painful injuries. He was carried to Columbia in an unconscious condition.

The steamer Guyandotte, of the Old Dominion line, collided between Norfolk and New York on Thursday night with an unknown schooner. The steamer was damaged to the extent of $1,000. Nothing has been heard of the schooner.

The Chester County, S. C., poor-house in which there are 14 whites and 16 colored inmates, has a farm connected with it, which this year produced 5,000 bundles of fodder; 4,000 pounds of hay; 75 bushels of peas; 4 bales of cotton and about 600 bushels of corn; and on the farm are 3 mules, 10 head of cattle, 22 head of hogs, one two-horse wagon and one one-horse wagon.

Application will be made to the next South Carolina Legislature for a charter for the Norfolk and New Orleans Railroad. This is the Winnsboro', Wadesboro and Camack, Railroad which has been agitated for some time. The road, as proposed will cross the Savannah River at or near its section by an air line drawn from Camack, Ga. and Wadesboro', N. C. It will then run in the direction of Alston, through the granite quarries of Fairfield, through or near Winnsboro', crossing the Catawba River at or near the Great Falls. It will then cross the North Carolina line in the direction of Wadesboro'. The distance by an air line through South Carolina is about 140 miles.

The Work of the Flames.

At 2.30 o'clock in the morning fire started in the carpenter shop of the Cincinnati Southern Railway at Ludlow, Ky., and spread with great rapidity, owing to the lack of water and the fact that Ludlow has no fire department. The immense car and machine shops, covering two acres of ground, were totally destroyed, together with all the tools and machinery, and a large number of cars and material. The roundhouse caught fire, and it was at first thought to be doomed, but by the heroic efforts of the employees the engines in it were removed, and the building itself saved. Among the losses are a Mann boudoir car, a pay car, two Pullman cars, three passenger coaches, seven flats, loaded with coal, and twenty-five new freight cars. About 500 employees will be thrown out of employment. It will require a long time to rebuild the burned property.

Careful estimates of the total loss make it $175,000. It is fully insured in two London companies.

Ludlow is a small village on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, opposite the western part of Cincinnati, and mainly dependent on the Southern Railway shops for employment for its inhabitants.

He Had Nothing More to Say.

"I hate to have you leave us," said the old father to his daughter, who was about to be married.

"Why, father?"

"Because I cannot help having some apprehensions about your future."

"But you know there is very rarely a wedding without a Missgi ing."

And then her old father parted from her without a murmur.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Sumatra has a flower which grows to nine feet in circumference and weighs fifteen pounds.