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DRUNK IN THE STREET.

Drunk, your Worship," the officer said. brank in the street, sir." She raised he

A Hagering trace of the golden grace softened the lines of her woe-worn face, ahempt and tangled her rich brown hair, Vet with all the furrows and stains of care-The years of anguish and sin and despair-The child of the city was passing fair.

The ripe red mouth, with lips compressed-The rise and fail of the heaving braast-The nervous fingers, so taper and small. crampled the fringe of the tatterel shawl. s she stood in her place at the officer's call. she seemed good and fair, she seemed tende

This fullen women found drunk in the street. Does the hand that once smoothed the rippl

of that fangled hair lie still in the grave? is that mother who pressed those red line heaf to the pain of their smrthered moan?

Has the voice that chimed to the hsping

No accent of hope for the lost one there. Bearing her burden of sin and despair?

tronk in the street-in the cutter foundfrom a passionate longing to crush and drow the end of the woman she might have beento ting off the weight of a fearful dream. and awake again in the homestead bard by, And wooded mountain that touched the sky; lineer a while on the path to school and catch in the depth of the limpid pool, theter the willow shade, green and cool. timp'ed face and a laughing eye, and the pleasant word of a passer by.

Ye men with sisters and mothers and wives, Have ye no care for these women's lives? Must they starve for the comfort they never

Must they ever be erring and sinful and

inspering onward with weary feet. amed in the gutters and drunk in the street? -Good Templar,

THE DIAMOND ROBBERY.



was bitterly disappointed. He had been in the inquiry business for over fifteen years, and never before had he experienced such a reverse. It was an affair that had attracted the there?"

eventest public interest and attention. A access in it would have established his

had failed utterly and ignominously. This is how the matter stood when he as called in by Sir Henry Heaviside to himself." herry was away from home. On that night his wife, Lady Helena, supported by her futher, the Marquis of Doltshire, ad given a little dinner, which was folhad, as usual, been rather slow in dressing, and, when the dinner hour arrived, she was greatly pressed for time. In her haste she had neglected to reace her jewels, which she intended to ut on after dinner and previous to the exption, in the safe, and contented exelf with locking the door of her bondoir and putting the key into a drawer in her bedroom. After dinner she found the key where she had left it, and reopened the door. On opening her bondoir, she discovered, to her rement, that the window was wide A moment's investigation showed or that all the jewels she had left upon her dressing table when she hurried lown to dinner were stolen. Their was close upon seven thousand

This was, I repeat, how matters stood n Mr. Wylie was called in, and praclly it was in the same state when, ter six weeks' laborious investigation, gave up the inquiry in despair. He spected much, but he had discovered ing. It was clear to him that the bber, whoever he might be was familiar with the house and with Lady Helena's careless ways. It was also clear to him that the window found en-which was twenty-five feet from the ground, and which showed no evi lence of having been forced-was left as a ruse to mislead the detectives. He felt quite sure that the robber had entered the boude,r by means of Lady Helena's key, and that, if he left the ouse at all, he went out by a side door, was fastened only by a spring He was inclined, however, to be eve that the thief was one of the houseand that the jewels were still in the house. Acting on this belief, searched the house from top to bottom, examined all the servants' boxes and emphoards, and watched diligently all their movements; but after six weeks thus employed, he had found nothing to implicate, or even throw suspicion on one in particular. He confessed

nself atterly baffled. As one day, seated in his sanctum, he was mourufully turning over in his mind the question of his failure, there

s a knock at the door. Come in," he cried out.

The door opened and the office boy

Lady wants to see you, sir."

Show her in.' The next moment a tall, stately, thickveiled lady was ushered in to the detec e's private office. Mr. Wylie offered er a seat, which she silently accepted. As soon as the door was shut again, she

refined face. Then, without much more ado, she introduced herself. "I am Lady Moodie," she said, "wife

a sed her veil and showed a handsome,

of the banker of that name. The detective bowed. "And I have come here," her ladyship

continued, "in very great trouble, to You may rely upon it, madam," said detective, in his politest manner,

that I shall use my utmost efforts to "I will tell you," Lady Moodie went on, without noticing Mr. Wylie's remark, "the whole ster; as shortly as possible. Owing to my health I had to vinter last year in Florence. My husband's business and parliamentary duties would not permit him to join me. While living there by myself I met an Italian gentleman, with whom I formed

rather an intimate friendship. You should know," she added hastily, "that there was nothing improper in it, though much that was imprudent."
"I quite believe you," said Mr. Wylic.
Lady Moodie semed rather irritated than gratified by this accurates

than gratified by this assurance.

"Thinking," she continued, after a pause, "that he was an honorable man, I frequently wrote to him, and some of my letters—one or two of them at any rate—would, I am afraid, bear to a jealous min I a very different meaning from that intended. When I returned home, he followed ma. By my influence he he followed me. By my influence he was received in society here—not only so, but I assisted him from time to time with money. At last his demands became too extortionate, and I refused them. Then the miserable scoundred turned upon me, and threatened if I did not comply with his requests he would give the letters I had written him to my give the letters I had written him to my husband. He has mistaken his woman, Lady Moodie concluded, passionately I would rather die than give a penny

to the menaces of such a coward!"
"May I know the gentleman's

"Count Ulrici." "Whew! The male professional

Mr. Wylie, like everybody else, had heard of the count. He was considered the best looking, best dressed, and best mounted man, to be seen in Rotten Row. He was reputed to be very rich, too, and it was this revelation as to the means by which he lived that astonished Mr. Wylie. "I presume," said the detective, after

a pause, "you wish me to get possession of these letters in some way or other?" "Precisely," answered Lady Moodie. Mr. Wylie reflected for some moments in silence, then he said: "I really don't see how I can get them without com-

mitting a burglary."

"Couldn't you be induced to risk that?" asked Lady Moodie, cagerly.

The detective started. Evidently her ladyship was not inclined to stick at

"Well, you see," said Mr. Wylie very deliberately, "burglary is rather a large order."

"I'm willing to pay anything to baulk the coward," replied Lady

Moodie fiercely.
"That's all right," answered Mr. Wylie doggedly; "but money's of little use to a man who's doing ten years." At his words Lady Moodie's face became downcast. She was evi-dently disappointed. Mr. Wylie noticed this.

"At any rate," he said to her, let burglary be the last thing. We may be able to hit on some easier expedient. Let me see, now." And he reflected a moment. "How many letters are

it would have established his as a detective forever. But them about with him. Has he any servants? "Just one-a valet-an Italian, like

"Hum. I wonder whether he could

"Impossible. If five thousand pounds letters will be in my husband's hands.

"Oh, is that the case?" "Yes; Sir Charles and I leave fo Darklingbourne — that's our place in Doltshire—to-morrow, and the count says that this day week he'll follow us and that if, on his arrival, I don't give

him that amount, he will at once han the letters to my husband." "By Jupiter!" exclaimed M jumping excitedly to his feet piter, I have him! Excuse me. any lady, he added, more calm'y "I think I see a way out of the maze. Do as Darklingbourne, and if he presents himself to you there, defy him. You may do so with impunity, for by that time

he'll have no letters to produce. During the ensuing week Mr. Wylic kept a strict watch upon all the movements of the count. He contrived to discover a good deal regarding his past life and his future plans. He picked up an acquaintance with his valet, and from him discovered that his master intended to carry out his threat of going to Darklingbourne. The valet had orders to have his portmanteau ready, packed with everything necessary for a

ew days' stay from home. On the evening preceding the day or which he was to see Lady Moodie at Darklingborne, Count Ulrici drove to Euston. Mr. Wylie, who had ascer-tained beforehand the train by which he intended to travel, was there awaiting him. The detective was disguised. He was an adept in that business, and now his own mother would not have known him. He had provided himself with a first-class ticket to Rottenborough, the station nearest to Sir Charles Moodie's

The count came to the station unac companied by his servant. Mr. Wylie noticed that his luggage consisted of a large portmanteau only-no doubt the one the servant spoke of. It was mark ed on the side with the count's initials,
"R. U." As it was too big to be taken onveniently into the carriage, its owner

directed it to be placed in the luggage Having marked well the portmanteau and the van into which it was put, Mr. Wylie took his seat in the train in a compartment not far from the count's. When the train reached Willesden he got out and went into the refreshment oom. There he remained until the train began to move, when he rushed

upon the platform just too late to get fected vexation. "I'm left behind."
"Very sorry, sir," said a porter.
"Where are you for?"

"Rottenborough. When is the next "No other train to night, sir. You'll

have to wait till four to-morrow morn "My gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Wylie, apparently much put out by the infor-mation. "What on earth am I to do?

mation. "What on earth My luggage has gone on!" "Train stops at Harrow, sir. I'll telegraph there and have it sent back by the next train. "Thank you, I wish you would. If 1

"Very well, sir. What is your luggage like? "It's a large leather portmanteau, and was put into the the through van for Rottenborough. They'll be able to dis

am to stop in town over night I must

some time apparently absorbed in the consumption of a glass of beer, but really wondering what the result of his stratagem would be. He greatly feared lest the count might notice his portman-teau being removed from the van, and



luggage would be sent back at once, one would arrive directing his arrest. So great was his anxiety on this point that it seemed to him hours before the porter turned up. Then, to his immense re-lief he learned that the portmanteau had been taken from the van at Harrow and would be sent back by the next

train.
When the next train arrived at Wilesden the porter pointed out to him the returned portmanteau: Sure enough, it was Count Ulrici's, Letting it remain where it was Mr. Wylie jumped into a compartment and proceeded with it to Euston.

At Euston, Mr. Wylie claimed the portmanteau, and boldly putting it on the top of a hansom cab, drave to King's cross station on the Underground railway, and there he took a ticket to Charing-cross. Carefully choosing an empty compartment, he contrived, during the course of the journey, to effect a change in his disguise such, that while no more like himself than ever, he was still a very different looking man from the one who claimed the portmanteau at Willesden. When he arrived at Charing-cross it was quite dark, and there were few people about. Taking the heavy portmanteau in his hand, he carried it himself from

The moment he got safely into his private office he produced a bunch of skeleton keys and set about picking the lock. Succeeding in this, he eagerly searched through the articles in the bag for the letters he wanted. To his cha be bribed? Most Italians can. If I had Over and over again he searched the grin, he could discover no trace of them. contents, but each time with the same result. At length, he paused in his work, almost fainting with anxiety and disappointment. "Another failure," he said to himself,

'and a worse one than before."

As he spoke he continued earnestly

rning over the portmanteau's contents 'What a fop the fellow is!" he ex-"Why, half of his luggage is brushes. And now that I notice it strange brushes they are! What heavy

backs they have!"
The backs of the brushes certainly looked very thick, and when Mr. Wylie examined them closely he found that they were even thicker than they looked, for the hair in the centre was for the hair in the centre was much shorter than at the sides, and the backs, therefore, must be deeper there. Indeed, they looked so suspicious that the detective at once began to try if they did not open in some way other. He soon discovered that they did. The top scale of polished wood ran in a kind of groove, and was easily movable. He pulled it back, and there, in the middle, was a hollow space crushed full of letters. Trembling with excitement, he lifted them out and looked at them. To his delight they

were the very ones he was in search of. There were two cases, each containing two brushes. In the first brush he opened there were sixteen letters from Lady Moodie; in the second there were fifteen. These were all in English. The brushes in the other case had also movable backs, and contained letters, but a glance at the handwriting showed

him that they were not Lady Moodie's. He glanced rapidly over the fetters Their contents were of the most innocent character; mere commonplace congratulations, condolences and in quiries such as a friend would write to

"I don't see," said the detective to himself, " why she should be afraid of her husband getting these. But she said there were more than forty of them, and there are only about thirty here. Let me see. By Jove, I have it! told me there were only a few of them that were of a doubtful character character. It is just those few that are missing. He has them in his pocket and I've failed again. He sat silent and still for a moment,

dazed by this discovery; but he quickly regained his habitual decision and cool

"Well," he said, "I may as well se what the other letters are about." He began rapidly to read them They were in various handwritings, but most of them in one which he somehow or other thought he had seen before These letters were signed simply "H," and were couched in the most affection

ate terms "I wonder who this 'H' can bei" he said. "She's evidently much gone on the count, and no mistake. There's a love' or a 'darling' for every other word. Here's an invitation for the 15th; how sweet it is. But here is one in which she has gone farther than the 'H.' It is signed Helena. Now, I wonder who Helena is? Hullo, what's here? A let-ter from a man and signed 'Savendeleri' the old Jewish money lender and re-ceiver of stolen goods. That, at all events, looks suspicious."

When he had finished it he lay back in his chair and then drew in a long breath. "Good heavens!" he said, when he had recovered his composure, "this is a dis-

covery. Was there ever anything so fortu-

He read the letter over carefully.

"that though "And they are, sir?"

Wyle, "tated the detective returned to the refreshment room. There Mr. Wylie remained for some time apparently absorbed in the not sure it will be evidence against him unless it is found in his possession. Let

the seci.

He paused and reflected. Then, after a few moments, with a cry of triumph, he set to work replacing the contents of the bag. When everything was in except the letter from Savendeleri and Lady Moodie's correspondence, he selected about ten of the most innocent of her letters, and, replacing the remainder in the back of the brushes, locked up the portmaintenu. Then he placed Savendeleri's letter in one of Lady Moodie's, put them in his pocket, restored his disguise them in his pocket, restored his disguise to what it was when he claimed the count's luggage, and, taking the portman-teau in his hand, left the office. When he reached the Strand he called a han-

some and drove to Euston. At Euston he asked for the station-master. That official was duly forth-"This I find," said the detective to

him, "is not my portmanteau after all. I thought it was at first, as it has my initials on the side and is about the same size, but I find that my key won't go into the lock, so it can't be mine." "No, sir, it isn't yours," replied the stationmaster; "it is Count Ulrici's. He's

been kicking up a deuce of a row about it. We've had half a dozen telegrams from Rottenborough already. I'm glad it's recovered. What about your own,

"That's the question. You had better telegraph down the line about it. It must have been put out at one of the stations the five o'clock train called at, I suppose. I'll call and hear what news you have to morrow. Good night." And the detective walked off.

Before four o'clock the next morning

Mr. John Wylie was at Euston, not dis-guised this time, but in his usual cos-tume. He took a ticket for the first train for Rottenborough, where he arrived about eight. After swallowing a hasty breakfast at the hotel in that interesting town, he obtained a cab and drove to Darklingbourne. There he in-quired for Sir Charles Moodie. Sir

Charles at once saw him. He explained to Sir Charles that he was a detective. He had long, he said, been shadowing a foreigner who was suspected of a great crime, and who, he learned, lately, was about to try to levy blackmail upon Sir Charles by pretend-ing to have letters from Lady Moodie which reflected upon her reputation. He was anxious to have a talk with this gentleman in an unsuspected character, in order to try and obtain some unguarded statements from him. He begged Sir Charles to allow him to re-present himself as Sir Charles when the coundrel came to the house. The baronet was very adverse to such a course, but Lady Moodie, who was called in for consultation, so strongly supported it, that at last he was induced

About mid-day Count Ulrici arrived. He sent up his card to Lady Moodie, asked for Sir Charles. He was at once shown to the library, where the detective was. The Count had never seen Sir who, involved in business Charles. cares, seldom went into the gay company his wife so delighted in.

The count at once proceeded to busi-



manner. He had no diffidence or hesi tation about stating what sort of rela-tions he wished Sir Charles to believe had existed between him and Lady Moodie. He said he had letters in her undeniable handwriting to prove the

truth of his statements. "Show me them," said the detective.
The count handed over the letters. After fumbling with them for a momen Mr. Wylie proceeded to read them one by one. When he had finished he paused, and said, very cooly: "I see nothing incriminating in these as against Lady Moodie. They are all of the most innocent description. But what's this? And he held up Savendeleri's letter.

The count turned deadly pale. "Can I have made a mistake!" nuttered. "I'm afraid you have," said Mr. Wylie, and he touched a bell.

As he did so the count sprang madly ipon him. There was for a mo fierce struggle, but before the Italian could overcome Mr. Wylie's resistance,

Sir Charles and a servant rushed into the room and seized him. "Too late, my beauty," said the de-tective to the count. "Look, Sir Charles, these are the letters he received from Lady Moodie; more innocent notes woman never penned. And see what I discovered among them—a letter from that Jewish scoundrel Savendeleri, offering two thousand pounds for the Heaviside diamonds which were stoler about two months ago. There stands

"What!" exclaimed the count, "you're "No, I'm John Wylie, private detec

tive, at your service."
"What a fool I was," exclaimed the count, "not to see how it came about that my luggage went wrong."—Lendon

"DEAR LITTLE HANDS" is the title of a poem in an exchange. We didn't read the poem, but presume that the writer had just bought a pair of eleven-button gloves for his wife's little bread

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Tucks appear in all fabrics, from tulle

Wocl is the correct thing for this sea-

English brides are wearing for day weddings gowns of white serge. A hideous mixture, but one which bids fair to be stylish, is terra cotta with

green. A member of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington is suid to have chosen a "Treasury girl" for his wife

The first woman doctor in Mexico has ately been honored with a complimentary bull fight for her entertainment. One of England's greatest beauties,

the Countess de Gray, formerly Lady Lonsdale, has the typhoid fever. The Mayor of Argonis, Kan. Mrs. Salter, gives \$100, her salary for one year, to the Temperance Temple fund. The Cuban women cannot go out of doors in the daytime, except in their

carriages, and accompanied by a parent or guardian. An association of lady dressmakers has been started in London in order to pro-vide work for a large number of high

The silver and gold passementerie brings in an era of silver gilt and silver buttons. They are of small size, not to be obtrusive.

Blue and white, a popular combination for the summer, is this season rather supplanted by green, and white which is to be very stylish. Russian net is utilized for bridesmalds'

dresses and is very pretty and soft, being in various bright tints, there is as much choice as in tulle.

Cheviots were never in so many attractive mixtures as this season. They are lighter than usual but very soft and artistic in coloring.

When buttons are used on the waist they are in small sizes, usually little balls of crocheted silk to match the costume; these are in three rows.

Smocked surah fronts are seen on some lovely challi gowns which promise to be the most stylish and attractive dressy ostumes for summer wear. White petticoats of heavy woolen

fabric are very stylish when made up with a stylish overdress, the petticoat Fancy taffetas will this season be employed as underskirts as well as trim-mings, and in cross bars, stripes and

plaids they are quite charming. Dark blue with suede color is effective for spring wear and is seen in cashmere and Bengaline, which will be a popular mixture of materials this season.

Green is a color seldom used in cotton fabrics, but this season it will be seen in combination with all sorts of colors in sateens, in ginghams and in lawns. It is said that Miss Amelia Rives, the

popular Southern writer, has been over-whelmed with offers of marriage since the Harpers published her portrait. White wool vests for colored wool in the favorite shirt effect, are very new. mmensely stylish, and more than im-

A new idea for bodices of soft stuff is to have the full front caught in at the waist by bands of inch wide ribbon so crossed as to form a double diamond and give a slender effect. Pink frills of silk or clusters of pretty

Pink frills of suk or classification in ribbon bows appear as face trimmings in ribbon bows appear as face trimmings. The some of the new French bonnets. erregularity of the frills gives them a very charming appearance. The Greek women of the upper class are generally clever, well-bred, well-in-

formed and might rival in accomplishments, culture and conversational powers Many skirts are made without front or side draperies, the material being pleat-

the sides, or gathered there and massed n great fullness behind. For simple home toilets are pretty models made of serge, French camel's hair, or Henrietta cloth, showing a long-waisted pointed bodice, to which a single

rather full skirt is applied. Diamonds are not so closely associated with weddings as formerly. Colored stones are in fashion for engagement rings, and the groom's bridal gift is more often pearls than diamonds.

The Danish Parliament is considering the advisability of giving women the right to serve on Poor Law Boards and School Committees and the right to their own property and earnings.

Wide Breton vests are pretty for youth ful dresses. They are now made to reach only to the waist line, being embroidered across the top like a yoke, and draped at the waist by a soft sash or a

The professional mender has become necessity in every fashionable house This lady charges so much per day, and she has more to do than she can attend to. What she cannot mend is not worth mendshoning.

The young ladies of Brooklyn have adopted the conceit of wearing single blossoms of flowers in their mouths. Brunettes affect red ones, blondes take to violets, and carnations, heliotropes and daisies are used. One of the most generous of women i

Mrs. Senator Stanford. The Home which she has founded at Albany for work ingwomen's children at a cost of \$75, 000 will forever remain a monument to her goodness and liberality. A summer hat which has been started iato Parisian popularity by a pretty ac tress is of coarse yellow straw, falling low on one side and standing up on the

upturned side is waved in and out. It s trimmed with knots of oats and grasses and a wealth of field flowers. Yoke bodices will appear aga'n this eason, not, however, those made with an unsightly straight seam across the chest and across the middle of the back, but finished off in sweeping curves and simulating very closely an ornamental low bodice or peasant's waist, supplemented at the top by a high bodice of

other as high as a square crown. This

Washing in cold water when overheated is a frequent cause of disfiguring

silk or fancy mater

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS-

NORTH CAROLINA.

Owen Jones, general merchant of Edgecombe county, has made an assignment, with liabilities of \$4,000.

W. E. Page & Co., general merchants of Robersonville, Martin county, have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors; liabilities, \$7,000.

The Comptroller of the Currency has appointed Mr. Clement Dowd, of Charlotte, to be receiver of the State National Bank of Raleigh.

The exciting libel suit of J. W. Hearn editor of the Wadesboro Intelligencer, came to an end in Raleigh by the jury returning with a verdict in twenty minutes of not guilty. W. H. Brooks, whof ormerly resided at Rockingham, was beaten on the head with a club by James Norton, and sus-

tained fatal injuries. The difficulty oc-curred near Springfield, in Richmond county. The road from Monroe to Atlanta, known as the Georgia Carolina and Northern, has been completed from Mon-roe to the South Carolina line, nine miles. The convicts engaged in grading have been removed to the Cape Fear and

Yadkin Valley road. The oldest woman, familiarly known as Granny Rose, died at Davidson College at the age of 131. She was born in 1756, and was raised by the grandfather of David A. Sloan, who is now in his eighty-first year. Her age is well estab-lished. Her mind gave way several years ago. She became blind and de-formed, and has finally died of sheer old age. She did not complain of feeling unwell up to within an hour of her death. A peculiar circumstance in her life was that she would occasionally cut a new set of teeth, and she had just finished cutting an entire new set a few days before she died. People who are conversant with the fact in her history

for the last sixty years give these facts in

regard to her. In Robinson county, a few nights past, a dance was given at the house of a negro named William Hunt. While it was in progress a pistol shot was heard. It was found that a negro named Martin Campbell had suddenly disappeared. There was a great mystery about the whole affair. It has now been terminated by the finding of Campbell's body in the woods, a quarter of a mile from the place where the dance was held. The body was beside a road, and in one hand was a revolver. The coroner has held an inquest, which revealed a remarkable While Campbell was in the yard of Hunt's house a white man came up and shot him dead. The white man and some negroes hastily took the body of Campbell and carried it to the place where it was found. They took a revolver from the pockets of Campbell and placed it in his hand, in order to create the impression that it was a case of suicide. The disappeared.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Last year Mr. J. A. Brooks, of Abbeville, made six bales of cotton on less han four acres of land.

The smallest mortgage filed in the Picken's clerk's office so far is for \$2. with another for \$2.20 pushing it close for the prize.

A negro named Brownlee, who was accidentally shot by another negro named Ellison at Pelzer, has died at Donald's, Abbeville county. Mr. Henry T. Fellers, of Newberry

county, has been appointed special agent of the law department of the Richmond and Danville Railroad. Prof. F. C. Woodward, of Wofford

College, has accepted an invitation to de-liver the annual address before the literary societies of Newberry College.

George Evans, one of the negroes employed by Contractor Deal, who is working a force of hands on the Georgia, Carolina and Northern Railroad, a few miles from Chester, was killed while

Young Goodlet, who disappeared from the Reedy River neighborhood, has re-turned in a half insane condition. He is unable to give any account of himself or r anderings, and appears to be suffering .rom serious aberration of mind.

Ar. R. G. Patrick, son of Capt. John B. Patrick, of the Anderson Military Academy, and at present a student of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church of York-

Bubsy Middleton, a colored boy, aged 10 years, living in Beaufort county, poisoned himself by drinking a vial of medicine prepared for a grown person. Death ensued a few hours after the draught. The medicine was harmless in proper doses, and hence no precaution had been taken to prevent its improper use. The boy drank the whole viat, whereas a half teaspoonful was the prope

lose for an adult. Dr. Benj. McInnes, Jr., vetermary surgeon, after a careful investigation of the disease among the horses about Rock Hill, comes to the conclusion that it is not the pinkeye but a catarrhal fever. The disease is not necessarily dangerous and he recommends good ventilation plenty of sunlight, clean stables, goo nursing and plenty of food, and thinks there need then be but little apprehension about recovery. Quinine in doses of five grains given twice a day is recommended as an excellent tonic. Merely place the quinine on the horse' ong ue and he will swallow it.

Particulars are received of the suicide of Brannie Coltharp, aged seventeen years, a son of a prosperous farmer in York county. His dead body was found in a stable, where he had gone on the moraing of the deed. He looped a leather rein, placed the loop around his neck, and fastened the other end to a nail in the trough. Then he rolled off to the ground and was strangled. No e can be assigned.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

WHAT THE HUMOROUS WRIT-ERS HAVE TO SAY.

In His Line—In a Newspaper Office— The News Made Her Sick—Toning it Down-No Cost-&c., &c.

SHE MISLEAD THE GERMAN.

Bliss such mortals rarely know
Enraptured Donnerblitzen Hermann.
As Angelina whispered low
And coyly: "How I love a german."

Pangs freshly forged in lowest hell
Furrowed his soul with sharing ploughline,
As heartless giggles met his yell;
"Ach, ich bin dein, geliebtes frowline!"
—Buffalo Courier.



Omaha man—"Will you please insert this death notice, sir?" Editor (glancing over notice)—
"Hadn't the cause of death better be

mentioned?" Omaha man-"I hardly think so, sir. It would be going into unnecessary particulars to state that the deceased called Jim Bloodgo a liar.

IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE. Telegraph Editor (to managing editor)

—Big flood, Two thousand people drowned.

Managing Editor—Good. Give it a head that would frighten a saint. Where's the flood?

T. E.—In China.
M. E.(crestfallen)—How many did you say were drowned?
T. E.—Two thousand.
M. E.—Amounts to nothing. Throw

it away .- Arkansan Traveller. SIDE-TRACKED. He—Do you know, Miss Mable, I have discovered why my brain is so act-

She-No, Mr. Minuswit. What is your theory?

He—It's because I so often start a train of thought.

She—Ah, yes! 'The "Limited."—Tid

Bits. COOL. Mrs. Babegood-I'm going shopping, Loisette. Is anything needed for the

Loisette-Oni, madame, Leetle Harold, vat you call-swallowed r-r-rattle zis morning. Eet vas ze sil-vaire one wiz ze bells, madame. Possee-

bly you can it match.

THE WAGS. Some wags were walking around an agricultural implement store, and they chanced to see in the rear a dressed hog hanging by a hook in the wall. "What sort of an agricultural implement do you call that?" they asked. "That is a patent combined root-grubber, corn-sheller, apple-grinder, gate-lifter, doub-le-action, back-spring sod-plow; but I guess you won't want one, for it takes mighty smart man to manage it."-

INJURED.

Pension Agent—And so you injured your eyesight in the Civil war? In what engagement was it?
Claimant—My engagement as a proofreader for the Century Magazine.

HIS LINE. While traveling in France lately M. de Lesseps happened to be placed in a compartment with two commercial travelers who did not know him. The two drummers found that he had trav-

longed to their fraternity.
"Beg pardon, sir," said one of them finally, "but are you not a traveling "Certainly I am."

"We thought so. What is your "Isthmuses," said M. de Lesseps. "Wh-wh-what?" asked the

drummer. "I am introducing ship canals," said de Lesseps.

The travelers feared that they had fallen in with a lunatic, but when de

Lesseps made himself known, they were much delighted with their distinguished GLORY DEPARTED.

Why should the s; irit of Boston be proud? The jewels are borrowed she boasted so loud. Her Sullivan came from the Emerald Isle, And her bean from the banks of the Tigris and -Chicago Tribune.

ABSENTMINDEDNESS. Merchant (buying a bill of goods of Chicago drummer)—What is your usual time, thirty days? Chicago Drummer (absentmindedly)— Yes, or ten dollars. I always pay the fine—oh—er—I beg pardon; yes, thirty days or two per cent off for cash.

RIDICULOUS. Lieut. Boxer-I'm ordered to Morocco, Miss Elson. We're likely to have trou-

ble there, you know.

Miss Elson—You must be careful not to get captured. Lieut. Boxer—I'll try not to.
Miss Elson—I would. Just think how

ridiculous you'd look bound in Morocco. GIVEN AWAY.

Mrs. Bonneguard (of Montreal, who is organizing a toboggan party)—Would you invite that Colonel Brown? I un-derstand he has had quite a checkered

career in the States.

Mr. Benneguard (who knows the details)—Not only checkered but skriped, my dear,