

Words of Wisdom.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.

A dwarf sees further than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount.

An old truth stated in a new way will hit and stick where it has often missed.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

No obligation to justice does force a man to be cruel or to use the sharpest sentence.

If idleness does not produce vice or malevolence, it commonly produces melancholy.

An enterprise, when fairly once begun should not be left till all that is sought is won.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts; to believe in the heroic make heroes.

When we stop looking toward the wrong place we will not find it so hard to stay in the right place.

You never know how dear things are until you buy them, nor how cheap they are until you sell them.

Poverty is no disgrace, but it is a poor recommendation. A bank account is usually taken as evidence of ability.

Johnson's Oriental Soap is far superior to all other so-called medicinal soaps for cleansing the skin and beautifying the complexion. Two large cakes 25 cents at Hargrave's.

A Piece of Columbus' Flag.

The Trinity College Historical Society have had presented to them a remarkable and highly prized relic, and one that is indeed valuable. It is a piece of flag that Columbus raised at San Salvador when he landed on the newly discovered continent of America and took possession of it in the name of Spain. This flag has been long preserved by the Spanish government, and was sent to the World's Fair along with some other relics from La Rabida convent. The flag was much decayed, and in unpacking it at Chicago, a piece of it fell off. A piece of that piece was secured by Capt. Robert Vandergotz of the U. S. Army, who through the influence of Rev. A. J. Parker, of Williamston, N. C., presented it to the Society. It is so very much decayed that it is kept under glass.

It is an interesting old relic, and should be viewed by every eye. It is in the museum, and may be seen by visitors at the commencement.—Durham Sun.

A Mountain of Gold.

The most famous and most puzzling of all gold mines is the Mount Morgan. It appears from one of the Sydney papers, that it contributes more of the precious metal to the world's treasure than any other patch of the earth's surface of the same extent. Mount Morgan is supposed to be the product of a thermal spring and is simply a mountain of gold, but of gold that has already been treated by nature. In some far-off age the hill has been a huge natural crucible, and all the gold it contains has been already mined, chemically dissolved and precipitated by nature itself. No speck of gold larger than a pin's point has ever been discovered in the Mount. The precious metal exists in a sort of golden flour, dissolved through iron stone.—Westminster Gazette.

Some people are constantly troubled with pimples and boils, especially about the face and neck. The best remedy is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels all humors through the proper channels, and so makes the skin become soft, healthy, and fair.

The War is over.

The following paragraph goes to prove that "the war is over" with some of the brave fellows who bore the brunt of battle at least. A dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, says:

"The local battalion of the Fourteenth regiment, Ohio National Guard will to-day decorate the groves of the 2,688 Confederate soldiers who died in prison at Columbus during the war and are buried on the site of Camp Chase, west of the city. This will be the first time it has been done, and it is the result of the cordial reception given the regiment while in camp on the Chickamauga battlefield last fall by the Southern people and particularly by the former Confederate soldiers."

In the South it has been customary in many places to decorate the graves of Federal soldiers—the scattering dead who lie buried in private cemeteries—of each memorial day when the graves of Confederate soldiers were strewn with flowers.

For travelers and tourists a vial of Japanese Liver Pellets will be found very convenient; they quickly relieve indigestion, constipation and sick headache. Fifty does, 25 cents, at Hargrave's.

Original Observations.

Sliding down hill is great sport, but it has its drawbacks.

As the tree is bent so is the gift inclined—on the Christmas tree.

He who worships a dollar worships a very small and changeable god.

The road to success is paved with the skulls of misfortune and the bones of contention.

Searching for happiness wouldn't be so unsuccessful if you were not continually finding fault.

If conscience is what makes cowards of all, there ought to be a great many brave men now-a-times.

The happiest man is he who prevents himself doing things which he finds objectionable in others.

Congress is determined to "go it blind this session, as the chaplain of both houses are blind men."—Orange (Va.) Observer.

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood.

Politics in Billville.

To-morrow we go to the polls, and it may be remarked that the longest pole will get the persimmon.

The Billville brass band is out serenading; but it is going to take silver to win this election.

We are running for office because we can't help it. Our grandfather did, before us, and it simply runs in our blood. It takes six barbecued oxen and seven barrels of whiskey to carry an honest election in the county of Bill.

We have six candidates to elect—personally—so we may have to continue the voting after the polls close.

No office seeks the man in Billville. He generally builds a fence around it during the night, and it can't get out to look him up.

F. L. S.

In his address before the graduating class of the A. & M. College, Dr. McIver urged the boys to be good citizens and said the best definition he had ever seen of the term "ideal citizen" was given by a young woman of the State Normal and Industrial School and was as follows: "It is a man who works, who earns his own support and the support of those dependent upon him, who pays his taxes cheerfully, who obeys the laws of his State and country, and studies these laws in order to help improve them. He must love his country, and be willing to give his life for it, it need be, in time of war, and, in time of peace, he must not object if he is called upon occasionally to give a quarter for a torch-light procession or a free barbecue."—Salisbury Herald.

Sewing Machines, all kinds, M. T. Young's.

Aphorisms of Franklin.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

He that can have patience can have what he will.

Good wives and good plantations are made by good husbands.

The noblest question in the world in, What good may I do in it.

Hast thou virtue, acquire also the graces and beauties of virtue.

He that would have a short Lent let him borrow money to be repaid at Easter.

As we must account for every idle word, so must we for every idle silence.

Search others for their virtues; thyself for thy vices.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second lesson will be what thou wilt.—Poor Richard's Almanac.

DINNER WAS GOOD, BUT COSTLY.

An Urchin Who Thought That His Benefactor Was Cheated.

The people in the lunchroom of the Astor House were treated to an amusing scene by a ragged urchin and a whole hearted citizen from the west, who was looking after him. The diners learned from the westerner's conversation that he had arrived in Jersey City and the little fellow had carried his gripsack. The man had been drinking, and the little fellow was so badly scared that he hardly knew what to do. He had confided to the westerner that he was hungry, and the man had told him to come in and get something to eat. He followed his benefactor inside and timidly crawled up on one of the high stools. The man from the west stood up at the bar and drank frequent potations, making comments upon the boy's appetite as he ate his meal.

The little fellow looked at the well dressed man and then glanced at his own ragged jacket. He jerked his hat off awkwardly and tried to put it in his pocket. Failing in this, he finally compromised, after much fumbling, by tucking it away somewhere within the mysterious confines of his ragged shirt. Then he looked at his grimy hands and shoved them deep into his pockets. He watched with owlike gravity the white aproned attendant place the glistening plates and shining knife and fork in front of him. Finally a bowl of steaming soup was placed in front of him, and the sight of it thawed his reserve. He made an onslaught that made it disappear rapidly. All the time the big man chuckled in high glee and kept saying:

"Go on, little chap. You eat all you want. I like to see a youngster like you eat all he wants."

The urchin grinned. Then a plate of chops was placed in front of him. He grabbed one by the bone and in the twinkling of an eye had gulped down all the meat on it. Another went the same way. When he had finished, he wiped his hands on his trousers, rubbed the back of his hand across his mouth and fished the butt of a cigar from the pocket of his coat. He gravely watched his benefactor take the check and pay it. When he saw the amount, he said disgustedly:

"Say, youse," pointing to the cashier, "any mug kin get a feed like dat down on West street fer 15 cents?"

Then he fished a match out of another pocket and, taking a proffered dime from the western man, said nonchalantly:

"Tank ye, boss. Dat was a bang up feed—even if it did cost a plunk."—New York Tribune.

Olive Oil.

The bright and limpid appearance of the best olive oil is secured by repeatedly passing it through layers of carded cotton wool as a filter. The clarified oil of Italy is then, until bottled or sold in bulk, kept in cold storage, in masonry tanks lined with hard marble and covered. Those who use much oil and have a cold, dark place in which to keep it, find it economical to buy a good brand of oil in gallon packages. It can be drawn off into quart or pint bottles for convenient use and also so that the large quantity may not be exposed too frequently to the air.—New York Post.

But human bodies are sic fools, for a' their colleges and schools, that when nae real ills perplex them, they make enow themselves to vex them.—Burns.

RECOVERY OF A HIDDEN WILL.

A Polite Spook Who Imparts Some Valuable Information.

A writer in the Chicago Tribune quotes from an ancient volume of ghost lore published in 1729 the following story "of the late Rev. Dr. Scott, a man whose learning and piety were eminent and whose judgment was known to be so good as not to be easily imposed upon." The story is an old one, but there are marvelous stories very much older which are readily believed:

"The doctor, as I have the story related, was sitting alone by the fire, either in his study or his parlor, in Broad street, where he lived, reading a book, his door being shut and locked. He was well assured there was no one in the room but himself, when, accidentally raising his head a little, he was exceedingly surprised to see sitting in an elbow chair at the other side of the fireplace or chimney an ancient, grave gentleman in a black velvet gown, a long wig and locking with a pleasing countenance toward him (the doctor) as if just going to speak."

A conversation is given as having occurred between the doctor and his ghostly visitor, which need not be related, the object of the latter being to get the doctor to go down to his former estate and find a will which he left, hidden so securely that it could not be found, with the result that the rightful heir, his son, was in danger of being turned out of the house.

"In an upper room or loft," continues Mr. Moreton, describing what the "spook" told the doctor, "he would find a great deal of old lumber, old coffers, old chests, and such things as were out of fashion now, thrown by and piled upon one another to make room for more modish furniture, cabinets, chests of drawers and the like. That in such a particular corner was such a certain old chest, with an old broken lock upon it and a key in it, which could neither be turned in the lock nor pulled out of it." Here he gave him a particular description of the chest and of the outside, the lock and the cover, and also of the inside, and of a place in it which no man could come to or find out unless the whole chest was pulled in pieces.

Dr. Scott promised to go down to the country place and kept his promise. He was received courteously, and not only that, but was informed by the young host that he had dreamed the night before that a strange gentleman came to the house and found the missing will.

"I don't know but you may be the man," he said in conclusion. The doctor smiled and asked to be directed to a certain loft which was used for the storage of rubbish. Once here, he picked out a chest and asked if they had searched therein. They told him they had, but he asked to have it searched again. Nothing was found therein, when the doctor asked to have a hammer and chisel, which articles he used for the purpose of knocking out the bottom, when they found it had a double bottom, between the layers of which was found the parchment will.—London Light.

Kingsley, Taylor and Hughes.

"I remember," writes a correspondent, "staying some years ago at the Pen-y-gwryd hotel, at the head of Llanberis pass, which hostelry was then kept by a Mr. Henry Owen. An inspection of the visitors' book revealed that Charles Kingsley, Tom Taylor and Tom Hughes, when staying at the hotel on a certain occasion, had evidently experienced bad weather, for they amused themselves by writing bits of rhyme in the book on this and other matters, each 'literary gent' contributing a verse in turn. One of 'Tom Brown's' has always stuck in my mind, and I believe it was as follows:

"I came to Pen-y-gwryd
A-larking with my betters,
A mad wag and a mad poet—
Both of 'em men of letters—
Which two ungrateful parties,
After all the care I've took,
Made me to write verses
In Henry Owen's book."
—Westminster Gazette.

To those living in malarial districts Tutt's Pills are indispensable, they keep the system in perfect order and are an absolute cure for sick headache, indigestion, malaria, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases. **Tutt's Liver Pills**

P.P.P.
CURES ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

Physicians endorse P. P. P. as a splendid combination, and prescribe it with great satisfaction for the cure of all forms and stages of Primary, Secondary and Tertiary

P.P.P.
CURES SCROFULA.

Syphilis, Syphilitic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Ulcers and Sores, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, Malaria, old Chronic Ulcers that have resisted all treatment, Catarrh,

P.P.P. CURES P.P.P. BLOOD POISON

Skin Diseases, Eczema, Chronic Venereal Complaints, Mercurial Poison, Tetter, Scald Head, etc., etc.

P.P.P.
CURES RHEUMATISM

Building up the system rapidly. Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condition, due to menstrual irregularities, are

P.P.P. CURES P.P.P. MALARIA

peculiarly benefited by the wonderful tonic and blood-cleansing properties of P. P. P., Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

P.P.P.
CURES DYSPEPSIA

LIPPMAN BROS., Proprietors, Druggists, Lippman's Block, SAVANNAH, GA.

Book on Blood Diseases mailed free.

For sale at Hargrave's Pharmacy.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

"THE LITERATURE OF THE WORLD."

1896.

Fifty-second Year.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE reproduces from Foreign Periodicals all those articles which are valuable to American Readers. Its field of selection embraces all the leading Foreign Reviews, Magazines and Journals, and the tastes of all classes of intelligent readers are consulted in the articles presented. Articles from the Ablest Writers in the World will be found in its columns.

The following list gives the principle periodicals selected from, and the names of some of the well-known authors whose articles appeared in the ECLECTIC.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Westminster Review. | Hon. W. E. Gladstone. |
| Contemporary Review. | Andrew Lang. |
| Fortnightly Review. | Prof. Max Mueller. |
| Nineteenth Century. | J. Norman Lockyer. |
| Science Review. | James Bryce, M. P. |
| Blackwood's Magazine. | William Black. |
| Cornhill Magazine. | W. H. Mallock. |
| Macmillan's Magazine. | Herbert Spencer. |
| New Review. | T. P. Mahaffy. |
| National Review. | Sir Robert Ball. |
| Chamber's Journal. | Prince Kropotkin. |
| Temple Bar. | Archdeacon Farrar. |
| The Academy. | St. George Mivart. |
| The Athenaeum. | Rev. H. R. Haweis. |
| Public Opinion. | Frederick Harrison. |
| Saturday Review. | Mrs. Oliphant. |
| The Spectator. | Karl Blind. |
| etc., etc. | etc., etc. |

The aim of the ECLECTIC is to be instructive and not sensational, and it commends itself particularly to Teachers, Lawyers, Clergymen, and all intelligent readers who desire to keep informed of the intellectual progress of the age.

Terms: Single copies 45 cents; one copy one year \$5.00. Trial subscription for 3 months \$1.00. The ECLECTIC and any \$4.00 Magazine to one address \$8.00.

With the ECLECTIC and one good American Monthly the reader will be fully abreast of the times.

E. R. PELTON, Publisher, 144 Eighth St. N. Y.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

NOTICE. I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 382, and one will be sent you free.

Chergman's Suits at M. T. Young's See our Dress Goods. M. T. Young.

Lumber Wanted Cut Accurately and Rapidly on the **FARQUHAR** Variable Friction Feed Saw Mill with Quick Reeding Head Blocks. Capacity 5,000 to 30,000 feet, with Engines and Boilers from 12 to 40 Horse Power. For full descriptive catalogue address, **A. B. FARQUHAR CO., Ltd., YORK, PA.**