

The Ways of Charleston

Where Even Dogs Are Well Treated On Street Cars

Even a dog may ride on the street cars in Charleston, S. C., as many as dogs as three to a man, provided the master happens to be a hunter. The conductors are polite and apparently protest at nothing. If about Christ mass time a woman traveller is over-loaded with bundles and packages she hands the excess to the conductor,



Oyster Shuckers at Lunch.
who gently deposits both her and her extras in a convenient seat.

The old signs "White" and "Colored" have been done away with. The same car does duty for both races. The old mammas' effects, often cumbersome, are as those of the white man.

Saturday evening the mechanics get an hour earlier than usual and their marketing and shopping for the week. By common consent the whites undertake no shopping at these hours, so that King street and the market show a preponderance of colored people.

As house servants the negro women seem to be efficient. They are proud of long service and "their families," are deferential and speak softly.

If the service of a tailor or a shoemaker is required consult with the chambermaid. She will assume the responsibility of a choice. You settle your bill with her. If you are curious you may learn that she has a friend or relative whom she favors. All the little shoe shops and tailoring establishments are run by negroes. Many milliners and dress makers are colored, an old resident says, "but then they are not so very dark."

The visitor commenting on the absence of street loafers is answered by the industrious carpenter: "If a man is loafing and hanging around you just naturally suppose some one has to pay for his keep, so the policeman asks him 'Why?' If he don't give a good reason they put him on the chain gang. Mostly if they don't work they keep out of sight."

The canning of oysters is to one who has never seen it of interest. The vessel in which the oysters are



Dogs Are Allowed to Ride.
brought from their beds in a looking craft. The crew usually consists of one man and the owner of the captain. Boats are on an instalment plan. About is an average load.

The oysters are small.

Saturday Shopping Hours
Divided Between the
Races—A Cure for Street
Loafing—Pleasant Negro
House Servants—Process
of Canning Oysters

nearby in sloughs and bayous. Industrious crews average two loads a week. Some captains own several boats, letting them out on shares.

At the cannery the oysters are put into latticed iron baskets on wheels. Each loaded car basket passes under a flooding device by which some mud, not all, is washed off by water under pressure. The car now enters a steam chamber and the occupants of the shells get warmed up enough to make them a little gaspy; this fixes them for the shucker.

Two tracks run from end to end of a low long building, so dark, except for a short time in the afternoon, that electric lights are required. These tracks are covered as closely as possible with cans half cooked oysters in the shell. On either side stand the shucker.

The mixture of light, darkness and steam encircling hundreds of faces, mostly black, the women turbaned, all wearing aprons of sacking, gives an impression of regions further below. Women and half grown children are largely in the majority here.

One short section of the tract is apportioned to whites. These are foreigners and seem out of place. The foreigner brings to the factory his whole family; those of the children large enough work, the younger are allowed to roll around on the floor.

Each shucker uses a small pail which when filled is taken to a tally keeper, who after weighing it gives the shucker a metal check. Each shucker carries a few extra oysters to make up possible shortage; if overweight is found there seems to be no way of returning the surplus, so the shucker cunningly makes her own correction, slowly dropping one by



No Color Line in the Street Cars.
one oysters enough to make the measure full and complete.

Checks are cashable at 6 o'clock if the holder so wishes. This method is preferred by the management. By morning the money is spent and the worker has to provide for the coming day's needs. With the former way of weekly payments it was found that too much money in one sum meant idleness for more than Sunday. Monday morning's force was never up to the mark in numbers.

After shucking the little cove oyster gets another bath and is put into cans by nimble fingers, and from this on the process is mechanical. After being soldered the cans are steam cooked, labelled, boxed and prepared for market.

Executed for Burning Coal.

Curious and little known facts about the house fire were mentioned by Mr. E. H. Blake, addressing the Surveyors Institution last evening on warming and ventilation. Fires were at one time a great luxury, he said, and even the right to use the fire had been bequeathed. Thus the will of one Richard Burchett (1516) read:

"I will yt the sayd Nell my wif shall have ye chamber she lies in and lyberte at ye fyer in the house; all yese thyngs shall she have so long as she ys wido."

Coal, continued Mr. Blake, was first imported into London at the end of the thirteenth century, but the smoke produced by burning it in improperly constructed grates caused such a prejudice against it that in 1306 a law was passed making it a capital offence to burn coal in the city. The Tower records give details of a man's trial and execution for the offence.

Ivory a Government Monopoly.

There are doubtless still places in Central Africa where money may be made in trading ivory and other things, but at the present time these places are few. In British East Africa ivory is now a Government monopoly and you may not trade an ounce of it.

NEW KINK FOR SKATERS.
Fifth Roller Aids Them in Stopping
and in Fancy Figures.

The fifth wheel to a wagon has long been cited as typical of usefulness, but the fifth wheel to a roller skate, as arranged by a Pennsylvania man, has several uses. This fifth roller is fastened below the front portion of the skate body and is on an axis that is parallel to the latter. It revolves about this axis in a direction transverse to that taken by the supporting



Skate Attached with Extra Wheel.
rollers, and under normal conditions is held above the floor level.

By means of this extra roller a skater can stop quickly by bending one foot forward in such a manner as to act as a brake, the fifth roller rotating and saving him from a stop so sudden as to unseat his equilibrium. At the same time it saves the floor.

Fancy skaters will find this device a great advantage, as it will enable them to prouette about on their toes and cut all sorts of elaborate figures which they dared not attempt before. The extra wheel should also make it easier for beginners to learn how to use roller skates.—Washington Star.

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?

What has become of the old-fashioned man who carried a shot-bag in his pocket to keep change in?

Who wore barn-door trousers? Who kept a bootjack to pull off his boots?

Who had his trousers lined with unbleached muslin? Who wore a long linen duster when traveling?

Who carried an old flat carpet-bag? Who greased his boots on Sunday?

Who wore a shawl? Who wore a watch-chain with catch-key fastened to it?

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who kept a bodkin in her work-basket?

Who baked custard for tea when she had company?

Who made impressions around the edge of pies with a key, to make them look fancy?

Who wore calico sunbonnets with pasteboard slats?

Who wore Shaker bonnets? Who seasoned apple pie with allspice?

Who used indigo to blue the water when washing clothes?

What has become of the old-fashioned people who poured tea in the saucer and blew on it to make it cool?

Who drink sassafras tea in the spring to purify their blood? Who had to learn to like tomatoes?

Who saved old rags to trade off to the tinware peddler?

What has become of the old-fashioned novelist who always described heroines as having dark auburn ringlets hanging down their Alabaster necks?

Of the old-fashioned elocutionist who read "Widow Bedot Papers" at entertainments?

Of the old-fashioned little girls who wore long nankin pantaloons?

Of the old-fashioned woman who gave catnip tea to babies? Of the old-fashioned young men who greased their hair with bear's oil scented with bergamot?

Vienna's Plague of Pigeons.

Vienna is suffering from too many pigeons, and the authorities are at a loss to know what to do to mitigate the nuisance. The birds, which number some thousands, have a privileged existence; nobody molests them in any way, so that they flourish and increase rapidly.

Recently so many complaints have been received from house owners of the pigeons that the Vienna magistracy decided something must be done to reduce the number. In their perplexity the magistracy appealed to the Vienna Society for the Protection of Animals to aid them in a legal slaughter of the offending birds, always having regard, however, to the provisions of the new birds protection law.

The society answered that it would be hardly consistent with their principles of friendliness toward animals to engage in a massacre of pigeons and therefore they must reject the official appeal.

The magistracy are now wrestling with the problem alone. Perhaps the unemployed of Vienna might help them.

MARK OF A THOROUGHBRED.

He Will Keep Going When a Common Horse Will Quit.

An old horseman who has bred and handled horses of many types, says a writer in *Outing*, I have frequently been surprised at the answers given by the majority of people when asked the question: "What constitutes the most striking difference between the thoroughbred and the common horse?"

Nineteen out of twenty will name the beauty or the speed of the thoroughbred; but important as are both of these qualities, neither answer is correct. It is simply that the thoroughbred when he is tired will keep on with an undiminished courage and ambition, while a common horse under the same circumstances will quit.

Even the Snail.

The "mock snail" is a new specimen which will have to be added to the collection of strange things served by restaurant keepers. The edible snail is disappearing from the vineyards and gardens of Burgundy, where formerly it was eaten in countless thousands. The scarcity and consequent dearth of the escargot has caused some unscrupulous proprietors of restaurants in Paris to invent the mock snail. It is made out of veal. All that is required is a quantity of empty snail shells and veal fat. The fat is cleverly cut into spirals and worked into the shell. The disappearance of the real snail is taken so seriously in France that the county council of the Cote d'Or has suggested that a law should be passed giving the escargot a close season, from April 15 to July 15 in each year.

Life's Adjusting Power.

Life seems to have a sort of adjusting power. We always suffer one way or another for the wrong we do, and unquestionably we are always rewarded for the good actions. There is no happiness in revenge, no joy in hatred, no inspiration in jealousy and meanness. It is when we have come to a quiet understanding of the ill-effects of our baser sentiments that we become refined and grow into better, more wholesome conditions. It is usually the one who runs away from the fight who is the stronger. Punishment will be meted out to your enemy; it isn't for you to judge and convict. All those matters are taken care of—just how we do not know, and after all, it does not matter.

Anger Shrinks Vitality.

Dr. Maurice de Fleury, a distinguished Frenchman, advances the theory that every time one becomes angry his vitality shrinks. After even the most artfully suppressed signs of bad temper the vitality becomes smaller and smaller, until finally nothing is left. Anger is a certain kind of cerebral excitement, explains Dr. de Fleury. The hyperesthetic subject is always on its verge, while the neurasthenic becomes infuriated only by a sudden bound of reaction excited from without. But at that moment when they are let loose the two are alike, save that the strong man is a blinder brute, while the weak man is somewhat of an actor and seems to aim at effect.

True Missionary Spirit.

Speaking at a recent meeting of the Colonial and Continental Church society, in London, the bishop of North Queensland said: "I spoke at Oxford the other day, and asked for men to help me in our great work. Eight of the finest young graduates volunteered to go back to the bush with me. Then I searched for a leader, and turned to Ireland, the home of missionaries. I sent a telegram to Rev. E. H. Crozier, vicar of St. George's, Dublin, asking him if he would give up his rich living, worth £500 a year net, and come and be the leader of my band of recruits in the bush at £50 a year. The answer I received was: 'Yes, the Lord being my help.'"

How They Shoe Geese in Poland.

Three million geese are brought regularly to the October market in Warsaw, Poland. Often coming from remote provinces, many of these geese have to travel over long distances upon roads which would wear out their feet if they were not "shod." For this purpose they are driven through tar poured over the ground, and then through sand. After the operation has been repeated several times the feet of the geese become covered with a hard crust.

Same Old Style of Cooking.

Prof. Snaggs—Strange there's been no improvement made in cooking in the last 2000 years. Now, down at my boarding house this morning I had a steak broiled in the regular Pompeian style.

Boggs—Pompeian style? How do you mean?

Prof. Snaggs—Why, scorched to a cinder on one side and covered with ashes on the other.

A Signal.

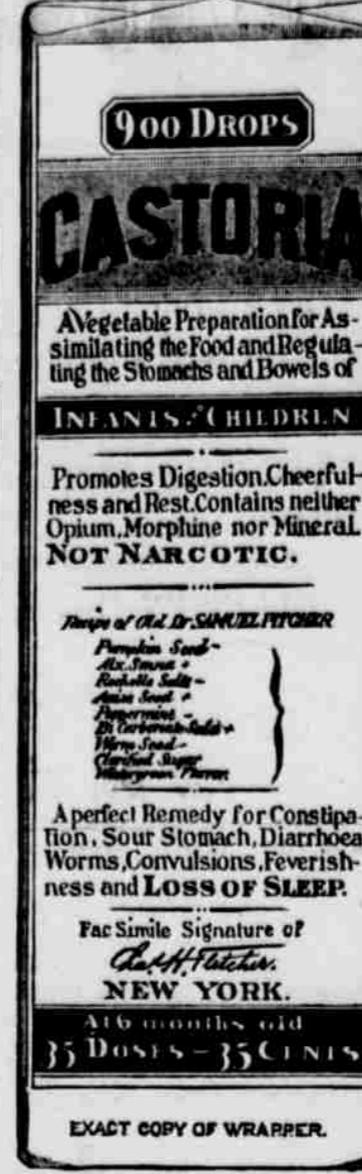
In Sumatra, if a woman is left a widow, immediately after her husband's death she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is raised. So long as the flag remains untorn by the wind the etiquette of Sumatra forbids her to marry, but at the first rent, however tiny, she can lay aside her weeds and accept the first offer she has.

Divided Booty.

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "somebody has taken a big piece of gingerbread out of the pantry." John blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think it was you!"

"It isn't all," replied Johnny, quickly. "Part of it's in Elsie."



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