

WAS setting type in a South-ern State. The editor of the pa-per was a "Know-nothin'" fellow

nothin"" fellow who made up for his lack of knowledge by the free use of big words. He knew nothing of the printing business, and could learn nothing; if alive now, a column-rule. He was tall and exasperatingly lean, wore a plug hat and a nack coat, and prided himself on doing its drinking of the establishment. But as was a good man, for he trusted me mee, of which I shall tell.

ihe drinking of the establishment. But as was a good man, for he trusted me nnee, of which I shall tell.

One afternoon in June, when the lark-green hills and shady valleys looked unusually tempting and made me long to be a fish, or a squirrel, or a grasshopper, anything than a printer at \$10 a week, he came into the office, stuck his elbow on a half galley of small pica, and picd a stick-full of his icader, "The True Solution of the Negro Question." I wet the matter and began straightening it up. He said:
"Say Feb. Progret an idea"."

"Say, Eph, I've got an idea."
"If you have you stole it," said I to yself; to him I answered:
"What is it?"
"You've a wee!

"What is it?"
"You're a good printer and can write purty well. When I left town last spring to keep way from the Gran' jury, your work you done then was well spoke of by the patrons of the Eagle."

is pring to keep way from the Gran' intry, your work you done then was well spoke of by the patrons of the Eagle."

"Well, what's the idea?" I said, as I distributed the pi.

"This new town out here, where they've put the cotton factory, needs a paper. I've got more stuff here than I want. S'pose you take some of it, and one of them presses, and give 'em one?"

I went. Begonia was the name of the place. It was in the woods, seventy-five miles from a railroad. A hole a mile square had been ent in the forest, and in it the town was built. The factory stood at one end, up to the front of which ran two rows of red houses, beginning at the other end. Around these were scattered the commercial and social portions of the community. It was a wild business venture, I thought, to start a factory there, but I considered my own scheme and said nothing.

The "city" was not incorporated, and hilarious people had therefore a wide field for the exercise of their predilection. The Border Sentine I—that was the name of my paper—did not assume a pious role, but it occasionally admonished the boys to keep their practical jokes for the vulgar multitude. This admonition was first wrung from me by the fact that one evening they made a target of my siguboard. They laughed at my warning, and said some by the fact that one evening they made a target of my siguboard. They laughed at my warning, and said some hey had been unusually atrocious they wound up their entertainment by shooting an old negro's mule and sending me the ears. The next issue of the Sentine! Contained this paragraph:

Hank Best, Jim Gosling, and another mule occome engaged in a personal attereation in front of Toke Canfield's saloon last Saturday swening. The trouble grew out of a wager between them as to which ould bray the londest. Sentine! Contained this paragraph:

Hank Best, Jim Gosling, and another mule occome engaged in a personal attereation in front of Toke Canfield's saloon last Saturday swening. The trouble grew out of a wager between them as to which ould b

submit them to the preserving process. If Jim and Hasia want their ears, they can get them by calling at our office.

Working in the spinning department Working in the spinning department of the factory was a little red-headed girl, with filbert-colored eyes, and a peach-blow complexion, partly hidden beneath a layer of brown freckles. I boarded with her mother, who was a widow, and fell in love with her—the girl. I mean. One night I was "making-up"—not to the girl but the forms, at the office. The weather was clear and cold, with starlight. I had justified the last column, and was washing my hands, when there was a knock at the door. I have as much grit as the ordinary printer man, but that knock scared me. The door was locked. Pistol in hand, I walked to the front, and, in the most composed voice I could assume, asked:

"Who's there?"

"It's me."

"Who's there?"
"H's me."
If a man loves a woman, her grammatical inaccuracies are pleasing eccentricities. When he hears them at midnight, instead of the assassin's whisper he is fearing, they are sweeter than music. The voice was Ella's—that was her name. I laid down my pistol, opened the door, and took her in my arms.
"O, good gracious, Mr. Lester, do you think I came all the way from home this time of night to let you hug me?"

home this time of night to let you hug
me?"
"No, Ella, but......"
I stopped short, for I saw she was
very pale.
"What's the matter, Ella?" I asked.
"It's jest this, Mr. Lester. You're in
awful danger. Hank Best and Jim
Gosling's itxin' to kill you. Mamma's
sick, an' I went to the comp'ny store to
git some medicine. When I passed
the blacksmith shop I heard you name
spoke. I stopped and listened. Jim
Gosling, he said: 'All right, boys. I'll
sot fire to his office to-night, and we
kin git the drap on 'im termorrow et
he sinuates anything erbout it.'"
"The constable lives two miles from
here," I said. "My nearest neighbors
are of the Hank and Jim kind. You
go home, Ella, and I'll stay here and
see Jim set fire to the Border Sentinet
office."
"No, no," she pleaded; "if you stay

office."
"No, no," she pleaded; "if you stay here, I will, too."
"But, think. What will people

"But, think. What will people say_" "I don't care what they say, when I know I'm right."

A gust of wind blew the door open and put the light out.
"Now, you must go," I said, after having rummaged the office in search of a match.
"Hush!" she whispered, after a pause.
"Thore they are."

"Hush!" she whispered, after a pause.
"The hoase was a pine box structure, and stood on the edge of the wood. I stole out, bidding Ella stay within, and turned the corner. The undergowth rustled and a dark form appeared. It walked up to the rear of the building and fixed a big mass of stuff beneath the sill. Then it struck amatch. I fired. A shot answered mine and my pistol dropped from my hand. My arm was broken. Simultaneous with this came a report from behind me, which was answered with a



"Ah, Mrs. Blackstreet, it's very lucky I did not meet you at the time that picture was taken."
"Ah, Doctor, I'm afraid you are a flatterer. Do you mean lucky for me?"
"Ahem, no, not exactly. Lucky for ma"

An old negro who was sleeping alone in a cabin was awakened by a noise in the room, and striking a light, saw a man attempting to open a drawer.

"Whut you doin' dar?"

The robber, himself a negro, answered: "Tryin' ter see what you got in dis house."

"Dar ain't nothin' yere dat 'longs ter

"Dar ain't nothin' yere dat 'longs ter you."
"Will 'long ter me when I gits my han's on it."

here,"
"I'se wid you," the robber answered.
"Fetch out yo' bones."—Arkansaw
Traveler.

Rough on the Roof,

Builder-I want you to do some-

thing for me.
Friend—What is it?
"You see this house is a

Friend—What is it?
"You see this house is almost finished, excepting shingling the roof.
"So I perceive."
"Well, I want you to look around and see if you can't find a thin carpenter who does not weigh more than 120 pounds. I must have a light carpenter to put on those shingles. If a heavy man goes up on that roof the whole house will tumble in."

Wanted to Satisfy Him.

Wanted to Satisfy Him.

Prominent Citizen—Slade of Metropolitan Hotel has just killed another feller—tourist from the East som'eres.

Second Prominent Citizen—What was the feller doin' to Slade?

"Nuthin' only givin' his orders.

Wanted a fire in his room, weather strips on the door, soap, towel, hot water, more quilts, and I fergit what else. An Slade shot him."

"Oh, I sipose Slade reckoned it was a pity that a feller who wanted heaven so bad shouldn't have it."—Munsey's Weekly.



one hundred errs."

"Huh! And every time he mislays anything he'll expect me to find it. Show me a desk with one drawer."

New York Weekly.

He Got a Quarter.

He Got a Quarter.

Tramp—Please, sir, can you give me a quarter? I have no place to sleep to-night.

Policeman—Sure an' a quarther is it? I'll give yez quarthers, so Oi will—quarthers in the station yell get this night, an' in the mornin' the judge'll give ye quarthers at the bridewell fer about six monts, fer a vag. so ho will. Quarthers it is ye want, is it? Well, quarthers ye'll be a gitin', sure. Come on, noo!—American Commercial Traveller.

else. An' Slade shot him."

"Oh, I s'pose Slade reckoned it was a pity that a feller who wanted heaven so bad shouldn't have it."—

Munsey's Weekly.

Self-forgetfulness in love for others has a foremost place in our ideal of character, and our deep homage, as representing the trie end of humanity. Who does upbraid hinself for his slow. ness in those sympathies Thich are as a multiplying mirror to the joys of life, reflecting them in endless play?

New Mississippiam.

Never.

A young lady asked an editor this extraordinary diesting to ston a young man's lap, even if she is engaged?" Where upon the editor told this extraordinary lie: "We have had no experience in the matter referred to." Why didn't he seprence in the matter referred to." Why didn't he seprence in the matter referred to." Why didn't he seprence in the first of the proposition of the service of the servi

grown from the wood. Then all we still heart and heal issue of the Sonford contained the report of the Configure of the Configuration of the Configurat

"Count me henceforth as a believer."
I answered. "Truly, are there more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. The fact that any force can shake me off in an instant, as did that last night, is all-sufficient proof that it is not of this world."

"Men who think themselves the closest investigators are always the most careless," said the "medium," when he had returned to his room. "You converted him;" this to the big fellow who sat beside him, with an arm as hard as railroad iron and a hand as big as a canvased-ham. "He was so frightened he couldn't understand how his breath left him so quickly."

"I'lh e could see that, now, he'd know," said the man, holding up a fist as full of knots as a Zulu's club. "An' speakin' of breath, do you know!" after 1 got back in that panel closet," pointing to the wall. "It a tight place to be in, in more respects than one."—Chicago Ledgg.

"He Found a Job.

"He Found a Job.
"Has your husband found work yet, "Ray your husband found work yet, "Paste, indeale it does, mun. It takes a dale av paste, sure. The poor bye carries a bucket av it wid him all day, and then sometimes he can't make the blissed picters stick to them ould boards at all, at all."

A Present for a Husband.

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Eventure of a goblet of valer before the sales of the can't make the blissed picters stick to them ould boards at all, at all."

A Present for a Husband.

Eventure of a goblet of valer before the wall. "It is removal of the value of a goblet of valer before beaklist. This washes out the tea." on smeals yet entire and the section are delayed. These facts should be taken cold, but it may be with great advantage the value of a goblet of valer before beaklist. This washes out the tea." on smeals yet entire the pylorns, through the taken cold the section of the gastric juice and its ection are delayed. These facts should be section at the section of the gastric juice and its ection are delayed. These facts should be section at the section are delayed. These facts

"A picture hanger? Why, I supposed that required artistic skill and a good deal of taste."

"Paste, indade it does, mum. It takes a dale av paste, sure. The poor bye carries a bucket av it wid him all day, and then sometimes he can't make the blissed picters stick to them ould boards at all, at all."

A Present for a Husband.

Furniture Dealer — Yes, madam, there is no nicer present for a man than a handsome writing-desk. Look at this one, for example.

Customer—It's very pretty; but what are all those square things?

"Drawers, madam. That desk has one hundred and sixty separate drawers."

"Huh! And every time he mislays anything he'll expect me to find it. Show me a desk with one drawer."—

New York Weekly.

Tourists,
Whether on pleasure bentor business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers. headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c, and \$1 bottles by all leading drug-

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About thirty-five years ago P. T. Barnus undertook to deliver a lecture at Oxford, England, before an audience composed chiefly of under-graduat's. The subject was "Humbug," and the citizens were so unruly that Mr. Barnum was unable to obtain a hearing. At length there was a hull, and the speaker, sei ling the opportunity, shouted about. "Then you don't want to hear anything about humb 1g?" "We don't?" was the imme late reply. Mr. Barnum gozed stadily at his audience for a minute, and then remarked: "Well, I have got your noney, and there is no humbug about that." This statement was received with great applause, and Mr.

eviced with great applause, and num was allowed to deliver his e without further interruption.

—A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning, have made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.

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