

The Pepper-Box

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THE PEPPER-BOX.

"Be Sure You Are Right and Then Go Ahead."

VOLUME I.

SELMER, TENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1891.

NUMBER 40.

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

"When my ship comes in," runs the young man's song.
"What brave things shall I do
With the strength of my wealth and the joyous throng
Of friends stout-hearted and true!"

He watches and waits 'neath storm and sun
By the shore of his life's broad sea,
And the days of his youth are quickly run,
Yet never a sail spies he.

"My ship has gone down!" in sober strain
Sings the man, and to duty turns.
He forgets the ship in his toil and pain,
And no longer his young hope burns.

Yet again by the shore he stands grown old
With the course of his years well spent,
And gazing out on the deep—behold!
A dim ship landward bent!

No banner she flies, no songs are borne
From her decks as she nears the land;
Silent with sail and oar and gun,
She is safe at last by the strand.

And lo! To the man's old age she has brought
Not the treasure he thought to win,
But honor, content and love—life wrought,
And he cries: "Has my ship come in?"

—M. de Wolfe Howe, Jun., in Harper's Weekly.

IN THE SMALLEY SET.

The Ambition of a Life and How It Was Realized.

Very few of the women in Pottstown could have told you, if suddenly questioned, what were their aims in life. They tried from day to day and hour to hour to their duty to husband, children, home and the church.

But Mrs. Loper had one ambition, one clearly defined purpose. It was to be admitted to the Smalley set. She probably never put this desire into words, even to herself, but it dominated her life.

Now the Smalley clique did not by any means comprise the most scholarly or refined or best bred, nor even the wealthiest, people in Pottstown. Their claim to social distinction was based solely upon the fact that they had lived in Pottstown longer than their neighbors. Outsiders wondered why anybody should stay in the little smoky mill town who could get out of it. But these people simply because they had lived for three generations in its smoke and grime, held themselves laughingly aloof from later comers, whom they regarded very much as the nobles of Saint Germain did the canaille of Bonaparte's day.

Mrs. Loper was a newcomer. She was descended from a good old revolutionary family. Her husband was a lawyer of ability; his eloquence had gained him a reputation throughout the state. He was a man of integrity, of much distinction in manner and character; he was able to support his wife in comfort, even luxury. But Mrs. Loper, coming to live in Pottstown a few years after her marriage, felt herself to be one of the canaille.

Mrs. Smalley did not call upon her. There were many other women in the town outside of this exclusive circle. Mrs. Judge Pierce, the stately old lady in the great house on the hill, had quietly withdrawn from it. She looked with cold disapproval upon Mrs. Smalley and her fast, foolish coterie. The Langdons gathered a musical, literary group about them and keenly enjoyed their social life. There were many earnest, devoted people, too, who were wholly occupied with charitable and religious work, and never spent a thought on their fashionable neighbors.

Mrs. Loper knew that she could find congenial companions among any of these people—in her secret soul she sneered at little Mrs. Smalley's ignorance and vulgar pretensions—but she was wretched as long as that arbiter of society in Pottstown did not call nor invite her to her receptions.

For, although the Smalley set was pretensions and under bred, it was acknowledged to be the *haut ton* of Pottstown. If you had a card to Mrs. Smalley's reception, you belonged to "society." If your house stood upon the hill on which she and her friends lived, it was worth several thousands more than if it was in a pleasant quarter. (Of course it is only in Pottstown that this absurd condition of affairs exists in this country.)

Mrs. Smalley appreciated to the full the power which circumstances had placed in her hands. Her favor was not easily won. Years passed and she had not yet recognized Mrs. Loper's presence in the town. In that time Sarah Loper, who had much strength of character, would have accepted and submitted to any other misfortune—blindness or a lame leg, for example. She would not submit to social ostracism.

"I must visit in the best society or not at all," she told her husband.

She worked her way into a charitable organization in order that she might meet Mrs. Smalley on the committee. Next, she gave up the pew which they occupied in the old church and took a costly one in the new edifice in which most of the Brahmin caste were members.

Now, her husband protested vehemently.

"I am deeply attached to old Dr. Mallings," he said. "He helps my soul on its way to Heaven. As for this flighty boy in the new church, I do not hear him with patience; he is shallow and inexperienced. I will not promise to go with you, Sarah."

Mrs. Loper was daunted, but only for a moment. The prize was so great for which she played. To gain it Mr. Loper might submit to be bored for an hour on Sundays, surely.

She took the pew and contributed largely to all church expenses. When after a month or two, some of the exclusive set called upon her, her triumph was so great that she scarcely noticed that her husband remained at home on Sundays and by degrees became indifferent to all church work.

When they were first married they formed the habit of studying a chapter in the Bible together every morning. But Mrs. Loper's time was so occupied now with her social duties that she neglected it. At first, when she saw her husband sitting alone with his Bible, her heart gave her a wrench of

pain, but after a few weeks he, too, gave up the habit.

In other ways their lives were affected by her new ambition. They had nourished high hopes for their children, and made many anxious plans to insure them sound health, sane, strong minds and noble characters. When Bob was but a year old they had begun to examine into the claims of different colleges. While Nelly was a baby on her breast Mrs. Loper had dreamed out her future as a helpful Christian wife and mother.

Her aims for the children were changed now. Bob was kept away from school to practice a part in tableaux and private theatricals, in which he appeared in a Directorate costume of velvet and lace. Nelly soon learned that the object of her life was to dance, to sing, to appear in pretty new gowns, to make herself conspicuous among the other children, in the hope that Irene Smalley would invite her to her Christmas ball.

Their father made a feeble protest. "Our whole motive of life is changed, Sarah," he said. "The minds of the children are filled with trifles. Our home life is gone, and instead there is a constant buzz and tumult about dress and balls or some other folly."

"I do not consider the social position of my children a trifle or folly," she replied, sharply.

"Only know," he answered, "that you once hoped to fit them to be God's servants in this world and the next. Now your highest hope is to fit them for the Smalley set."

She did not reply. The subject was never broached between them again. Mr. Loper's death a year later left her a wealthy widow with no restraint upon her social ambition. She succeeded in gaining a foothold in the fashionable circle. It was not secure, and she was perpetually forced to curry her favor by mean little arts for which she despised herself. Bob, much to her delight, became the intimate friend of John Smalley. It was whispered in Pottstown that Smalley was corrupting the boy, and would make him as prodigal as himself. But his mother, when she saw her boy driving or riding with the leader of fashion, did not ask what lesson of life he was learning from him.

Nelly gave her mother many a heart-ache. She had formed an attachment to a poor young clerk who had no capital but industry and energy. When Dr. Soames began to pay her attention, her mother compelled her to encourage him.

"He is old enough to be my grandfather," the girl protested. "He has been a life-long drunkard. I cannot even respect him and I love another man, mother."

"He has reformed," urged Mrs. Loper. "You ought to respect him. He is Mrs. Smalley's cousin. He can give you as good a position as hers in Pottstown. As for your fancy of love, every girl has some such silly affair before she takes up life in earnest."

Nelly was timid and weak. She yielded and married a man whom at heart she despised.

A few months after her marriage Mrs. Loper became seriously ill. Death came slowly to her, slowly that she had time to look back at her life and judge coolly of the value of her successes.

Her son would look in sometimes at her for a moment with a bloated face and red eyes, bid her "cheer up," and vanish to be seen no more for a day or two.

"He does not waste a minute on his dying mother," she moaned once. "Where is he going, Nelly?"

"To the races, I believe. He and Smalley own a horse together."

A faint smile crossed Mrs. Loper's gaunt face. "Bob keeps good company," she murmured. Then she scanned Nelly's thin face and painted cheeks and heavy, hopeless eyes. The girl wore a Parisian gown. She was the leader of fashion in Pottstown. But even thenceforth, did she give her mother satisfaction as she lay there with death coming nearer, nearer. Did she see in her child's face the dumb accusation of a lost life—a soul tainted and ruined?

As the day crept into night she lay silent and motionless, summing up her life's triumph, it may be, to comfort herself withal.

"Mother," Nelly said once, "would you like me to send for a minister? Or shall I read a Psalm to you?"

Mrs. Loper knitted her brows trying to think distinctly. Nelly talked of such unfamiliar things—she scarcely was acquainted with the minister, and as for the Psalms, she used to read them long ago, long ago.

"I can't attend to that sort of thing just now, dear. When I get well—Nelly, what is going on to-night? The carriage and I have a band."

"Mrs. Smalley has a reception, mother. Everybody is going."

"And they know—they know that I am—dying!"

She put her hand over her eyes to shut out the life which had become so paltry and base.

Some one said to Mrs. Smalley that night: "Your friend, Mrs. Loper, has just died, I hear."

"Ah, indeed! I'm very sorry! We were scarcely friends, however. Merely acquaintances. A clever woman though a good deal of a snob. Do take Miss Price out for this waltz, to oblige me."

Mrs. Smalley stood smiling as she watched the waltzers; the music rang out gay and sweet. Mrs. Loper lay dead. Her ambition was gratified. She was one of the fashionable set in Pottstown—Congregationalist.

—Here is an anecdote related by an Irish comedian of an experience he once had in the Isle of Wight. The place was Ventnor, and the prospects of a good "house" were dark. It occurred to the Irishman artist to inquire if there was an Irish quarter in the town; so he said to his host, a hotel-keeper: "Have you many Irish here?" "No," was the ingenious reply, "we are remarkably free from them!"

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Jericho, Jaffa & Jerusalem railroad through the Holy Land is progressing very slowly. The Turks are very inefficient contractors. They perform the easier parts of the work first, and then a rainstorm comes along and washes it all away, and it becomes necessary to begin anew.

—In the course of an interview with a representative of the *Elclair*, on the opening up of African territory, Mr. Stanley, who is in Paris, declared that the center of Africa teemed with riches, which, however, could not be utilized before the construction of railways, but this construction would be easy.

—A marvelous illustration of the patience of the Chinese is found in the salt mines in central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored in the rock by means of a primitive form of iron drill, and sometimes a period of forty years elapses before the coveted brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another.

—The Chinese are very particular about lucky and unlucky colors. They like English sewing needles, but would not buy many of them because they were wrapped in black paper, black being an unlucky color. A hole used green paper for the Chinese calendar and his trade stopped almost immediately. He finally discovered that green was an unlucky color.

—A Russian contractor has found out an original method to test the strength and alertness of the laborers he engages for his work. He comes to the market, where the workmen are waiting for a job, and orders them to run, to wrestle and to lift each other. When the boys have played enough for him to make observations he engages those who have displayed the greatest strength and alertness.

—Foreign bicyclists are enthusiastic over the long ride of Charles Terront, who rode from Paris to Brest and returned, a distance of seven hundred and forty-seven miles, in seventy-one and a half hours. He never slept during the ride, and his only refreshments were a few cups of bouillon. It appears that on the way a pneumatic tire burst, delaying him an hour and a half, and permitting him to head him. But, in spite of the mishap, he arrived first by more than three hours.

—Like Germany and Austria, Turkey has worried herself into preparations to resist an expected attack from Russia. The work of fortifying the Turkish frontier in Asia Minor is being pushed with great energy and several new fortresses on the roads leading from Russia to the strong points of the Turkish empire have been begun. Large tanks for the storage of water for troops have been put up at an expense of \$5,000 each in many mountain passes.

—The attention of the Italian minister of education has been called to the fact that the best pictures of the great masters are kept concealed from the eyes of the public in the various churches which own them. Not only has the public no benefit of them, but the most precious works of art themselves are consigned to rot for want of light and air. The minister has therefore ordered that churches owning such pictures shall exhibit them where the public may be able to see them, and where they should not be deprived of the necessary amount of light and air. In some cases the government will pay the respective churches an annuity for exhibiting their art treasures to the people.

THE DOG IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

He Was a Friend, a Faithful Servant, and Was Treated Like a Human Being.

In Egypt the dog was a friend and faithful servant. He lived in the house with his master, followed him in his walks, attended the public ceremonies, sometimes free, at other times held in leash by a slave or child, or in princely families by a favorite dwarf. At his master's side he was constantly seen, on the benches of the guests, as in Greece and Rome, he was there to dispose of bones, the fragments of meat and the pieces of bread that were thrown down, and in a general way to keep the dining-room clean. These were certainly not very refined fashions, and if our house-dogs had to satisfy themselves in this way they would be likely to die of hunger. The ancients did not feel the delicate touch in such matters that we experience; their life presented excessive refinements and rude features of which we have no idea, side by side. The house-dog in Egypt was a domestic, working at his trade, only his trade was one of those in which we have ceased to employ him; it may not have been a great thing that he has lost, but it is in the kitchen or his kennel that he finishes up his master's dessert.

The house dog was shaved, combed and washed; he was sometimes fitted with henna as if he were a woman; he wore fine collars on his neck, furnished sometimes with an earthenware clasp in the shape of a bell or a flower. Children played with him, became attached to him, and the hero of one story, to whom his fates had predicted at his birth that he would die of the bite of a dog, willingly confronted the threatened danger rather than be separated from the dog which he had raised. He, of course, had a name, to which he answered: Si-to-gai, the son of the bat; Akeni, the ferret; Khau-sou, the lamp or star; Sou-bou, the strong, and Nahi, the black.

He is seen with kings as well as with common persons. Ramesses II., during the earlier years of his reign, was always escorted by a female dog which was called Ankh-mesut, or brave as the goddess Ankh. A petty king of the eleventh dynasty, about 3300 B. C., had five dogs, which he so loved that he carved their names and engraved their portraits on his tomb. They were, indeed, blooded animals, whose names revealed their foreign origin. The finest of them was called Abakkar, a faithful friend, but in his experience one still more feared is the tame bora who is all his auditors wild.—Boston Courier.

Beware of Him.
Hunter—I have traveled extensively, and have met feral animals of every kind, and to my notion the one most dreaded is the wild boar.

Marster—A dreadful creature sure, but in my experience one still more feared is the tame bora who is all his auditors wild.—Boston Courier.

The shepherd had dogs of medium size with pointed ears, like those which still guard the flocks of upper Egypt. Hunters sought out two or three kinds of hounds, some having straight ears and short tails, and some drooping ears and a long tail, like the sloughs of the modern Berbers. They are to be seen in many of the tombs, springing in pursuit of their quarry and running down the hare and the ostrich. A few pugs, heavy and grotesque like ours, are represented occasionally, rather as house dogs than as hunters. These animals were in considerable number, and made the ancient Egyptian villages as dangerous at night as modern villages are. An officer relegated to one of the Delta barges a few years after the death of Ramesses II. complained bitterly in their boldness in a letter addressed to one of his chiefs.

"When, sometimes," he says, "the people of the country are invited to drink Cilician beer and go out to open the bottles—there are two hundred large mastiffs and three hundred wolf-dogs waiting all day at the door of my house—every time I go out at nightfall to take part in the feast, I am kept out if I have not with me the little wolf-dog of Nihilon, the royal scribe, who lodges with me. He saves me from the other dogs. At whatever time I go, he goes with me on the street, and when he barks I run, swinging my clubs and whips. It is, in fact, only a pack of many, high-tailed wolf-dog prowling around the cattle-pens. When they have made their round, the largest ones in front, in a compact mass, as if in a bunch, one would say that it was the enchantment of some god, a flame which had fixed itself and would not let go."

Running dogs are less numerous and less ferocious now, but they become at times terrible to strangers. It has often happened to me, when casually passing through a village of upper Egypt about midnight, to be reminded, when I met them, of the bulldog in one of Dickens' novels, "a biter of man and killer of children for sport, which usually lived on the right side of the street, but also hid itself on the left side of the street, and was ready to jump on the first passer-by."

As it is under Tewfik Pasha, so it was in the time of Ramesses II., and the experience of the present day enables us to understand exactly what our scribe meant in the passage I have just quoted.—M. G. Maspers, in *La Nature*.

CHRYSANTHEMUM PARTY.

This Is the Way to Prepare for One That Will Please Everybody.

To give a chrysanthemum cobweb party successfully requires a plentiful supply of choice chrysanthemums, unlimited good taste and a slight knowledge of Japanese lore.

The invitations, if possible, should be on Japanese parchment, with a chrysanthemum bloom caught in the meshes of a tiny gilt cobweb painted in one corner, the invitation proper being written in conventional English.

A medium-sized room must next be emptied of all its belongings, and the walls hung with Japanese scrolls, fans or tapestry, and strings of small Japanese lanterns crossed from corner to corner at the ceiling. A small knob or screw should be inserted at intervals among the decorations of the walls, and then the work of weaving the floral web begins.

The twine used matches the chrysanthemum hues as nearly as possible, and the blossoms themselves are tied in wherever an opportunity occurs, with careful eye to the shading and massing of the varying tints.

The ends of the twine are fastened near the doorways, so they may be of easy access, one being assigned to each guest, with the information that the one who collects the largest number of blossoms in the process of disentangling and reaching the furthest end of his string will receive first prize, while the luckless holder of the smallest bouquet will be awarded no prize at all.

The prizes, of course, should be purely Japanese, as should be the hostess's costume and the details and accessories of the luncheon served. Pots of flowering chrysanthemums should adorn the reception rooms, and a ready imagination will find no difficulty in suggesting all sorts of ingenious and novel ideas in carrying out this charming entertainment.

An "aster" party is prepared in the same way, save that only three colors, pale pink, yellow and purple, are used in making the web.

A pretty first prize is a slender, flower-like vase of the pale yellow and rose color Barmese were filled with purple violets. A bangle consisting of a slender stick wound with pale pink, yellow and lavender ribbons, with silver bells attached, serves well as its companion.

Burns was made the most of in setting refreshments. The fluted paper cups containing ices should imitate the prevailing colors, as should the icing of the cakes, the lamp, screens and other things.—N. Y. Herald.

Simple Enough.

A certain New Brunswick clergyman had occasion to visit the provincial lunatic asylum in the city of St. John. Passing through one of the wards he was accosted by a patient, an individual who could hardly lay claim to any but the most mundane cast of countenance, who gravely said to him: "I am St. Peter." The reverend visitor expressed his gratification at meeting so famous a character and passed on presently to another ward. On returning a few minutes later he was again stopped by his piously-inclined friend, who surprised him by remarking: "I am St. Paul." "But," exclaimed the clergyman, "you told me a minute ago that you were St. Peter." "Ah, yes," explained the man, "but that was by my first wife."—Life.

Beware of Him.

Hunter—I have traveled extensively, and have met feral animals of every kind, and to my notion the one most dreaded is the wild boar.

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HUMOROUS.

—A Suggestion to Inventors.—"Dear, the baby's crying. Get up and warm the milk." "I wish the baby were like the stove." "How do you mean?"

"A self-feeder."—Epoch.
—A New Style in Cellars.—"Pwerve's the old man, Mrs. McCobb?" "Misther McCobb, ma'am, is at present on the south side assistin' in the erection of a cellar, thank ye."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Young Housewife—"I think we'll have some sels for the first course, cook." Cook—"How much shall I get, mum?" Young Housewife—"Oh, about three yards will do, I should think."—Drake's Magazine.

—De Long—"Your daughter, sir, has declined me with thanks. She is literary, you know, and she says she is in need of shorter articles." "Paterfamilias—"Um! Couldn't you get her to accept you as a serial?"—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

—"Did he literally steal?" said the horrified friend when he heard of a trusted employee's downfall. "Well," was the reply, "as his method was to fix up the accounts, I suppose you might say he stole figuratively."—Washington Star.

—"The compositor made the reporter speak of a female orator as a 'strong-winded woman,' when the reporter wrote 'a strong-minded woman,' but the proof-reader let it go, because, he said, that wasn't much of a mistake."—Somerville Journal.

—First Detective—"Why was Sleuthly discharged?" Second Ditto—"He was accused of fending himself." First Detective—"What did he do?" Second Ditto—"He handcuffed a prisoner in New Jersey during the mosquito season."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Papa," inquired Johnny, who was poring over a newspaper, "is it a very bad accident when a man has his ear cut off?" "Which ear?" said Mr. Skimpinphint. "The right ear." "It is," answered Mr. Skimpinphint, with emphasis. "If a business man should lose his right ear, Johnny, he would have to buy a pen rack."

—"On the Stubble Field."—Chappie—"I can't get the impression out of my mind that I've forgotten something." Dumley—"Not your flask?" Chappie—"No, nor me leading tools, nor me compass. Here are me cleaning implements, shall I extract and me card-widge bag. Aw, I have it now. I have left me gun at home! Doodley awkward, isn't it?"—Brooklyn Life.

—"Wanted to Be Consistent."—Mr. Weatherly was sitting in his office, when a young man came in and presented a bill for ten dollars. "Look here, young fellow, it seems that you people are in considerable hurry for money." "I don't think so, sir. You have owed it for a year." "Yes, for a year, but let me tell you that I am fifty-one years old. So you see there were fifty years of my life during which I didn't owe it. Just think of it—it didn't owe you a cent for fifty years. Now I don't see what better record you want than that. Let time even this thing a little—let us be consistent."—Arkansas Traveler.

ONE CURE FOR MALARIA.

But It Isn't Recommended—The Telephone Operator Changed the Switch.

A reputable and honored citizen living on the North Side in the vicinity of Lincoln park had a terrible experience the other day.

His wife became suddenly ill and he immediately called up the family physician by telephone.

Subscriber—My wife complains of a severe pain at the back of her neck and occasional nausea.

Doctor—She must have malaria.

Subscriber—What's the best thing to do.

At that moment the young lady at the central station altered the switch by mistake, and the unlucky husband received the reply of a mechanical engineer in answer to the inquiries of a mill-owner regarding his boiler.

Engineer—"If I believe she is lined with exorcisers to a considerable thickness. Let her cool during the night, and in the morning, before firing up, take a hammer and pound her vigorously. Then get a garden hose, with strong pressure from the main, and let it play freely on the parts affected."

The doctor may count on at least one fat patron soon.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Kid and the Wolf.

A wolf was one day standing high on the roof of a shed when a kid came trotting by. The wolf thought the kid would make a nice dinner. "I think," said the wolf complacently, "that you may as well say your prayers." "Come off de roof," replied the kid jeeringly. At this the wolf abandoned the idea of killing him. "A kid as tough as that," he reasoned, "would certainly be very poor eating." Moral: A judicious impudence is often useful in this wicked, wicked world.—Soundings.

The Farmer and the Government.

That great magazine *The Century*, published by The Century Co. of New York City, is going to onto its own unrivaled record in its programme for the coming year. Among its features is a series of articles on what the Government is doing and ought to do for the farmer, including "The Farmer's Discontent," "Cooperation," the Workings of the Department of Agriculture, etc. A novel of America and India by Rudyard Kipling, written with a young American author is one of four novels which it will print, and the greatest American writers will furnish its short stories. The famous Spaniard, Emilio Castelar, will contribute a new Life of Columbus, to be magnificently illustrated; there will be articles on the World's Fair, by special arrangement with the managers; the humorist "Bill Nye" is to contribute a unique series, and different phases of New York life will be treated in splendid illustrated articles. The first of these New York articles is "The Bowery" in the November Century.

There was a net increase in circulation during the month of October of \$38,810,125, and a net increase of \$9,182,408 in the money and bullion in the treasury during the same period.

TERMINATION OF LETTERS.

Some Formal Phrases Used in Correspondence.

There is a great amount of untruth about the formal terminations of many of our letters. Formality is doubtless always more or less false; but it seems a pity and a mistake that civilization should prompt us to utter falsehoods. The savages have the advantage over us there; they tell white lies and black lies, to the best of our belief, as frequently as civilized people do, but not for form's sake. "Your most obedient servant" is, of course, every word of it false, when it precedes the signature of a person with whom we have never, perhaps, exchanged a word in our lives. If those who profess to be so were to sign themselves "Yours respectfully," there would be a little more semblance of truth in the assertion, and we should be able to form a more correct estimate of our establishment of most obedient servants. "Ever yours sincerely" goes a step beyond "Yours truly," and it might lead to a number of most painful deceptions, if long use had not taught us to know better than to believe in such sincerity. It ought to be quite cheering, if not touching, to observe how easily lady correspondents in particular sign themselves "Your affectionate friend" to one another. They become affectionate by instinct, as it were, especially by post. Ladies sometimes have an odd way of clinging to each other desperately after a short acquaintance, as though they had been born solely the one for the other. After some slight quarrel, however, or if a new acquaintance comes in the way, they perceive as quickly as they became full of mutual affection that there is nothing so very lovable on either side, after all. Still, if they continue to correspond, they will not for that cease to sign themselves "Your affectionate friend," which shows what the phrase is worth in some cases. Children, too, are sometimes compelled quite against their inclinations, to subscribe themselves: "Your affectionate pupil," when writing to a school-mistress or governess whom they may have had every cause to dislike.

What we think to be necessary politeness in a letter, we should consider ridiculous formation and an absurd parade of words, if they were exchanged in person. Yet these expressions cannot be classed with certain gracious sentiments and intentions that one only has the courage to forward in a letter. They mean nothing; perhaps that is why we use them so freely, though we are said to be a straightforward and practical people.—Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

Too Many Languages.

There is undoubtedly a good deal of advantage in learning foreign tongues from a nurse in childhood, but it is easily possible to do this at the expense of English. If the child is not to know its mother tongue there is not a great deal of advantage in having a smattering of a foreign one.

On the piazza of a summer hotel were observed not long since a group of over-dressed children who were about setting out for a walk under the care of a governess who was unmistakably French.

"Maudie," a little boy of the party said to his sister, "aint the Fraulein a-go'in to come?" "Noug," the girl answered, "elle est nein gut, and I be awful glad she aint well this morning."

These children had a French and a German governess at the same time, but neither of them was bothered about so unimportant a matter as English.—Youth's Companion.

Balzac on Color.

Balzac, the French author, says that a woman's character finds expression in her favorite color. A woman who prefers orange or green gowns is, he thinks, quarrelsome. Those who sport yellow hats or who go clad in black without cause are not to be trusted.

White should indicate society. Gentle and thoughtful women prefer pink. Pearl-gray is the color of women who consider themselves unfortunate. Lilac is the shade particularly affected by overripe beauties; therefore, according to Balzac, lilac hats are mostly worn by mothers on their daughters' marriage day and by women more than forty years old when they go visiting.—N. Y. World.

She Could Wait.

A Texas lady sent her servant over to the house of a sick neighbor.

"Mrs. Smith saunt me over to ask you how your husband am comin' on dis mawnin'?"

"Very bad, indeed. The doctor says he may die any minute," was the reply.

"Den I reckon I had better wait a little while, as I hasn't got nuffin else to do jess now."—Texas Siftings.

Matrimonial Item.

Smithers—You told me night before last you were going to sleep, but instead of going home you went to the theater. What did you lie to me for?

Mr. Henpeck—I didn't lie to you at all. Where else can a poor married man get a chance to sleep except at the theater? If you suppose I can sleep at home it is because you don't know my wife.—Texas Siftings.

Coupe by Another Name.

"How did it happen, madam?" inquired the physician, as he examined the fractured limb.

"Why, doctor," explained the lady, who had more wealth than education, "those pavements are in a dreadful condition. I had no sooner stepped from my coupon than I slipped and fell."—Pharmaceutical Era.

He Ought to Know.

Mr. Hoag (from Chicago)—Why, Mandy, it's so warm here the grease is coming right through my clothes.

LAND-O' THE SNAKE.

WHAT A TRAVELER SAW IN McNAIRY COUNTY.

The Mysterious Rattler and the Mysterious Old Granger.

The King of Reptiles Unbosoms Himself and Talks Glibly of Politics and Things.

Snake county! Ponder it long and ponder it well, but no outsider can see any earthly reason why McNairy rejoices in the sobriquet of Old Snake County. But let him tie himself to a citizenship with in her borders, and by and by the title begins to dawn on him with startling appropriateness.

By an accident I stumbled on the secret. Striding along amidst the wild scenery of that part of the county known as the "The Nation," I saw an old man sitting with closed eyes sitting motionless by the way side on a mossy stone holding out a jug in both hands. I said: "Hello, stranger what's the matter with your jug?"

The old man dropped his lower jaw, flooding his scanty beard with tobacco juice, dreamily opened his left eye and gave a wicked slant to the northeast, and inquired, "Stranger, be ye a residence of Old Snake?"

On being informed that I did not claim that high honor, he said, "Oh, well, I am just a waiting fur hit to rain and fill up my jug, bein' as it's so fur back to the house arter a drink."

"All right, pard," I remarked; "I'll just sit here alongside of you till it rains, for if there's anything in this world I am devoted to its rain water."

Sitting down by the old man's side I soon learned the secret of his mysterious movements. We were talking very confidentially when suddenly the old man closed his eyes and resumed his former position with a warning "hush-shush" to me. I detected a strong musky odor in the air and heard the soft tinkle of a bell in the distance while swinging on a limb near me a cat bird went off into convulsions. The faint tinkle soon changed into a loud discordant rattle, when with a frightful snort, the most tremendous monster snake I had ever dreamed of came sailing up. There is nothing I can liken its tremendous bulk and grandiloquent air unto, unless it be a locomotive drawing a train of cars containing a railroad superintendent and his suit.

Swung around the monster's neck by the handle was an immense jug, the like of which was never seen by mortal man before surely. Its dark depths would have hid all the cotton that Jere Baxter ever hoed, until not even Madam Rumor could have found it. Using his tongue for a corkscrew, the snake drew the cork and poured a generous portion of the contents into my friend's jug. I then heard the groan of patting silver, and with a sly wink, made comical by its lack of eye-lids, the creature with a rattle and hiss swept on to the myriads of patient men sitting by the roadside all over the country, awaiting his arrival. Of course, as I am a newspaper man, this story will be sniffed at by some doubting Thomases, but a two-third majority of the voters who have paid their poll-tax will testify to the existence of this snake, and as to the existence of the jug, that is a self-evident fact on every hand, for this being a prohibition county, there is no other possible solution of the mystery of how the countless bottles and jugs that are placed in endless array at the back doors of the store-houses, on county court days, are filled with liquor. So sceptics cease to scoff.

Cheeky though it may be, I determined to make the acquaintance of his snakeship. Armed with my brazen face (obtained from the National Review, at sizes) and with my heart in my boots, I set out. Representing myself to be a twin-brother to Speak-er Reed, on the house and there fore a direct lineal descendant of

him, I worked myself into his confidence, and he volubly discussed the impressions he had received during his journeys here and yonder. You see the old fellow has traveled. He has been about a bit in his time and only settled in the county which now bears his name, because, being the last noble scion of his mighty race, single and alone in his glory, he thought it meet that his dwelling place should be singular, unique, and, as Mrs. Partington says, without a parallel. Therefore he staked off a claim in McNairy county, for certainly there's none other like it.

On my intimating a desire for him to express his sentiments, he yawned biliously and said: "Oh, yes, want to interview me, eh? Well, don't you know that me and Tom McConnell are two fellows who can't be interviewed?" However, as is usual in such cases, he yielded languidly to my gentle entreaties. He stood his jug in the middle of the road, coiled up around it, slipped his head out of the jug handle, then drew a long breath, took a chew of old rip and in answer to my queries said: "You see I've got a lake of the pure stuff put up away back yonder before the war by old Jeff Davis and me and that was really the cause of the Yanks getting so mad and cavorting around raising Cain generally. You see, they sent down here to buy it on a credit and wanted us to give them a nigger for a chrome with every jugful and make the nigger tote it home for them. But we didn't make no such trades, me and Jeff didn't. So they came down here and fit, died and died for five or six years a'nosin' around after that liquor. You see his voice fell to a whisper, "Nick being kinkfinks he drained off from the bottom and kept it for me till I cailed for hit. The only trouble was that the Yanks got wind of it, and began to die off fearful fast in order to get to it, but nary drop did Nick let them have. Here lately, however, me and old Levi Morton have gone into chroot, and he's laid under ground pipes and taps the good juice in my pond for the fine fellow that caper in and out of the capitol; and let me tell you, things are not going on to my notion up there, and if they don't mind I'll cut off their supply. And by the way," he added, "if they do pass that infamous thing they call the force bill and send some of these little sharp nosed Yankies down here to boss our elections, why we will just use them for soap grease, and I am sure my old friend Colyar will furnish the other ingredient, and we'll make up a lot of soap strong enough to draw a pension or take the skin off Jim Blain's conscience, and we'll send it up to Washington and have the public buildings all washed and scoured and disinfected so a decent democratic president won't have to hold his nose when he goes into them in '92. Now just let me tell you, Kent, we won't have it, we don't have to," and he sounded his rattles ominously.

I jumped and started, thinking the ear was caving in. He looked around languidly, and said: "Oh, don't be alarmed, that's only a little trick peculiar to my family when they are imposed on. Those scoundrels up there trying to get that thing off on us reminds me of a woman who said to her two little boys, 'Now, boys, here's an apple to divide between you and Johnny-get your gun and shoot his head off.' 'But he added, thoughtfully, 'Johnny went home without any gun, without any apple, and with a very sore head and told his mother that Willie wouldn't be still and let him shoot him. Why, the old fellow resumed, 'If it's economy in material they're after, I'm sure that right here in McNairy county we make as few votes go as far as in any place you ever saw. While I am aware that my honor-able ancestor, before mentioned as being connected with the Eden scandal, aided and abetted by one little Henry Cabot Lodge, drew up that bill, still I feel that I cannot take sides with my illustrious kin when he tries to impose on my country. Why, man, I'll gather the venom which has been distilling under my tongue for centuries and I'll fix their little toddlers for them. Then let every politician in Washington think twice (it he is capable of such a thing) before raising a glass to his lips (I mean fellows of Lodge's stripe, democrats don't drink of course.)"

We clip the above from the American of Aug. 12, 1891. As it was written from and connected with McNairy Co. it may prove interesting to our readers. We have heard often of the big snake that makes its home in this county but we really didn't know he was responsible for the mysterious filling of the jug set around on the back doors of the store-houses, on county court days, are filled with liquor. So sceptics cease to scoff.

On being informed that I did not claim that high honor, he said, "Oh, well, I am just a waiting fur hit to rain and fill up my jug, bein' as it's so fur back to the house arter a drink."

"NEVER"

BY LINDY LARKIN.

Never marry a woman who talks too much. She will make you tired.

Never marry a girl who does not love her mother.

Never marry a "fashionable" girl. She will prove a spendthrift.

Never marry a girl unless she knows how to cook. Eating is one of the indispensable of life.

Never marry a man in the habit of drinking. He is on the highway to ruin.

Never marry a man who has sown much wild oats. They are a crop liable to come up unexpectedly.

Never marry a man who has many sweethearts. He will be fickle and worthless.

Never marry a man who has had several wives. He may want another before he dies.

Never take a dude—better take rough on rats.

Never marry a man whose feet, hands, nose and ears are small. He is a small potato.

Never tell your wife how old she looks, it impairs her digestion.

LaGrippe is raging again. There are 20,000 cases in St. Louis and 8,000 in Nashville.

FROM WHIZ-WHIZ.

MR. EDITOR:

I have seen communications from a great many places, but have never seen anything from this place.

I thought I would give your many readers a few items to let them know that there was such a place.

The mumps are raging in this community to a great extent, and I have a very severe case of them myself. I have just been trying to eat dinner, and I think anyone can get about as near a fore taste of Purgatory trying to eat with the mumps as any way I have ever experienced.

Crops were as good in this community as they were ever known to be. Corn will make from six to ten barrels per acre. Cotton from one-fourth to three-fourths of a bale per acre, and other products in proportion, depending entirely upon the amount of work given them. But people still continue to complain of hard times, and the low price of cotton. And they never seem to think as cotton gets cheaper that dry goods of all kinds get cheaper.

It used to be that cotton sold for twenty-five cents per pound and a wool that now costs forty cts. then cost \$2.50. Domestic cost twenty cts., a yard then, it now costs from eight to ten cts. Calicoes then cost from fifteen to twenty cts., now cost from four to six cts., and other goods in proportion. I think if people would look at things as they are, they would consider that times are better now than they were twenty years ago.

If people would quit using so much whisky, tobacco and coffee times would be much better now. Some men argue that if whisky was brought back here that times would be better, but I have never had a man to explain that to me yet and I don't think I ever will. There is more paid out annually in the United States for whisky than there is for bread and meat, but people will say, when you take their whisky you take their liberty, but I can't see what liberty it is when it is the greatest curse that has ever been sent on the world from the foundation down to the present day. I won't say anything more about whisky, for I am consuming too much space.

I suppose the county seat question has been settled at last. I don't see how it could have been decided any other way. After those few men building the courthouse and donating it to the county, I think the county would be every foolish if they didn't receive it. I think everybody in the county will think this, if they will lay aside all prejudices and self interest, and look to the interest of the county. And I think the names of the men who built the court house should go down on the pages of the history of McNairy county, as being the greatest men the county has ever afforded.

I would like to write more, but

CHEWALLA NOTES.

MR. EDITOR:

Prof. Lambe of Savannah is teaching a singing school here this week. He has an interesting class and we hope him success.

The Chewalla Normal School under the management of Prof. Nelms and his worthy assistant, Miss Cora Bain, of Eagleville is steadily growing and is giving eminent satisfaction. The Normal will vacate from the 22nd to January 4.

T. J. Hurly, Jr., is now merchandising at Chewalla. He will pay highest market prices for chickens, eggs and butter and sell you goods cheap for cash. Ask him for credit you must not, because he don't sell goods that way. Call and see him when in town.

If the wind don't change, windmills will continue doing turn of mas.

BETTON

TRUSTEE'S SALE

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me as Trustee, by J. A. Parrish and wife, Iba B. Parrish on Dec. 10, 1890 and recorded in Register's office of McNairy county in Trust book "K" pages 25, 26, 27. I will offer for sale on Saturday Dec. 19, 1891, at the Post office door in Bethel Springs, Tenn., the following described town lot, being lot No. 4 in the W. C. Wilson addition to the town of Bethel Springs. Begins at a stake 15 feet and 8 inches from the most southern corner of lot No. 3 in said addition and 50 feet east from the center of the M. & C. R. R. thence south 55 1/2 degrees east 200 feet to a stake, thence west 55 1/2 degrees, south 73 feet to a stake, thence north 55 1/2 degrees, east 200 feet to a stake, thence east 55 1/2 degrees north 73 feet to the beginning, being the same lot conveyed to the said J. A. Parrish and wife by J. A. Cathey Trustee, on which is situated the residence now occupied by said J. A. Parrish. Sale will be between hours of 10 a. m. and 1 o'clock p. m. This Nov. 30, 1891.

R. E. McKinney, Trustee.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 230 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NON-RESIDENT NOTICE.

Prudy Landreth vs. J. J. Prince, et al. No. 863.

In this cause it appearing from complainants bill which is sworn to, that the defendants J. J. Roach and wife S. E. Roach, and J. J. Prince, are non-residents of the State of Tennessee and residents of the State of Texas so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them. And that the defendants W. B. Balknap & Co., are non-residents of the State of Tennessee and are residents of the State of Kentucky so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them. And that defendants Michigan Salt Association and Michigan Salt Company, are non-residents of the State of Tennessee and are residents of the State of Michigan, so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them.

It is, therefore, ordered, by me, D. A. McDugal, Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court of McNairy county, Tennessee, that all of above named defendants enter their appearance herein, on or before the first Monday in December, 1891, and plead, answer or demur to complainants bill, or the same will be taken for confessed and set for hearing as to them.

It is further ordered that a copy of this notice be published for four consecutive weeks in the Pepper-Box, a newspaper published at Selmer, Tennessee.

This Oct., 19th 1891.

D. A. McDUGAL, C. & M.

ATTACHMENT NOTICE.

State of Tennessee, McNairy County.

J. H. Mitchell & Co., vs. W. J. Hicks.

In this cause it appearing from affidavit that the defendant, W. J. Hicks, is justly indebted to the plaintiffs, and he is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee, so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on him, and an original attachment having been levied on his property. It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Pepper-Box, a newspaper published in the town of Selmer in said county and state, for four successive weeks, commanding him to appear before me in my office in the 17th civil district of said county on the 28th day of November 1891, and make defence to said suit.

This Oct. 19th 1891.

D. A. McDUGAL, C. & M.

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THE WOODWORKING ATTACHE

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