Wit and Humor.

Laundry Wit—Flat-iron.—*Jr.*

On which side of a pitcher is the handle? The outside.

What is the first thing a gardener sets in his garden? The fence.

The artists adhere to his picture—You bilge!

What State is round on both sides and high in the middle? Ohio.

Paradoxical—The best time to catch water is when it is raining hard.

A good humorist's efforts are like a mutual insurance company, under a policy.

Early to bed and early to rise, is good for the sleeper but tough on the flea.

Which is the better off, tea or coffee? Coffee, as it settles itself, but tea has to stew.

Why was Robinson Crusoe not alone on his desert island? Because he had Man Friday? Because there was a heavy swell on the beach.

A lady in reply to some gallon who praised her auburn on the table, said: "Oh, you, my husband always says the best is in a good sorrel."

"There's something so old on the hills anyway," said old uncle Rufus. "Which are they?" asked his niece. "They are the valleys between 'em, child," solemnly answered the old man.

A funny blunder is recorded of an Ohio man who took up a Testament, and glancing at the reading, read, "St. Matthew," said that he always knew Stanley was much but didn't know he wrote our religious subjects.

Inhumanity Dreamed.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Dec. 20, 1886.
Rev. S. Spottle Company, Atlanta, Ga.
GENTLEMEN: I have been a constant sufferer from inflammation of the intestine for twenty-five years. For the last five years I was off and on for several months at a time, racking with pain, bed ridden and unable to get my foot to the ground. My wife had to cut up my food and feed me while I lay upon her lap. When I was turned in bed it had to be done sheet, blanket and such ado.

My physician, one of the oldest in Montgomery, finally gave me up; and he said my only hope was to go to Hot Springs.

My wife, however, persuaded me to try S. S. S. Three years ago I began to take the specific, after having been declared by the inflammatory rheumatism by the most eminent physicians in Richmond, Va., Augusta and Savannah, Ga., and Montgomery, Ala., to be a victim of S. S. S. I improved immediately and for a while I ceased taking the medicine, and before it was exhausted. Later I had a relapse, and I immediately resorted to S. S. S., which soon brought me around all right, and since then I have attended regularly to my business.

I am full have used only six bottles of S. S. S. It cured me, and I regard it as the greatest and only discovery of that I know of. Very respectfully,

M. F. LEWIS.

For sale by all druggists.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. New York: 157 Fulton Street.

NOBODY LIKES to be short always after etiquette, says the Louisville Courier Journal. As how lady, in attempting to curve herself from falling on a slipper parquetty, tore off the entire of her society waist. It is questionable whether any woman should try to curve her taste at the expense of her fellow coal table.

IRON has experimented cotton as long in Alabama and Georgia, but we can afford that we pour Mississippi wool still back to have it woven in the Savannah factory.—[Nashville Democrat.

DR. PIERCE'S Pellets' cure all the troubles incident to a bilious state, and follows Brandreth's and Ayer's pills.

AN order has been issued by Postmaster Huntington directing that a sufficient number of boxes be put in each of the Mayville and Big Stanly railroad to complete it by July 1st.

The Cost of Ignorance.

Absence of knowledge of the facts that physical and mental vigor, cheerfulness, impure blood, dyspepsia, sick headache can be restored by the use of Brown's Tonic, costs millions of money annually for unnecessary and necessary suffering.

CONVENTION LIST.—Virginia, has called an extra session of the Legislature to convene March 1st, to revise the State debt question and the report of the revision.

WALKING CONVENTIONS. Every man, woman and child who has ever tried Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, knows any enough to its praise.

The wonderful cure by Salvation Oil of Mr. M. E. Culp, a citizen of Baltimore, Md., is the talk of the town.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Chicago to form a social club of members of the Knights of Labor, with Tom Ryan, president, and Jim Lafferty, secretary. The society proposes to have a room and provide a bulletin board for the use of members, and will also have a social club room. Also that Lafferty wants a job.

Sneezing—Catarrh.

"Sneezing for years, and did not answer, at first. Thought not.

"Catarrh for years, and cured by Ely's Cream Balm. Thought it would do good, but thought the last experiment useless; for too long an delay. Now, I am happy in the clear claim and cure of my catarrh. Sneezing and catarrh, gone. Thanks to Ely's Cream Balm." Ely's Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. A thorough treatment, by mail, 50 cents. Sample, 10 cents. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

A SUCCESSFUL Physician in Chicago makes incurable diseases his specialty. Consumption, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Blood and Skin Diseases, Piles, Stricture, Private Diseases, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Rupture, Epilepsy, Fits, Tumors, Cancers, Catarrh, Deafness, Blindness, Diseases of Women, Diseases of Children, Deformities, Club Feet, Crooked Limbs, Spinal Curvature, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Nerves, Blood, Skin, Bones, Muscles, Joints, Glands, Throat, Nose, Ears, Eyes, Rectum, Stomach, Bowels, Male, Female, Infancy, Old Age. Consultation free. Medicines sent everywhere. Cure guaranteed. Best of references. Dr. Sherman, 1102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

By ELIZA ARCHARD.

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CHAPTER I.
THE STONE HOUSE.

The house looked lonely, as one but seen after dusk could look, for forlorn old ones seldom are lighted up to welcome the lonely wanderer who comes in from the cold and dark. Yet, for all that, there was some thing about the place that made one think, that for once in its life, it had been lighted up for someone who was expected to come home to it, and who would be welcomed by someone who was glad to see him. Perhaps it was the light in the window, which was so low that it could not be seen from the road, that made one think so. Perhaps it was the fire in the kitchen, which was so bright that it could be seen through the curtain of the window, and that made one think that someone had just fed the fire with a fresh armful of fuel, and was now sitting before it, with the door open, and the light streaming across the room, and the firelight dancing on the ceiling, and the shadows of the furniture, and the cat, and the mouse, and the cricket, and the little boy, and the little girl, and the little dog, and the little cat, and the little mouse, and the little