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Jarrell & Hollingsworth,

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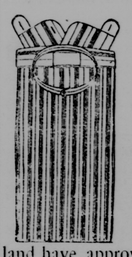

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DON'T FORGET, while you are trying to find out how to please your wife, that a sack or barrel of TWO JOHNS FLOUR will do this very thing. Ask for "High Life" or "White Rose," and don't be afraid to go home, like some who buy a cheaper, "just-as-good" kind. Remember, a good wife is the "handiest thing in the house," and needs to be always made bright and happy. We are selling

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It's cheaper than whitewash and way ahead in looks. Why not paper, even if you do rent? Remember, I furnish the paper for an ordinary sized room for $2.03. Some as low as $1 90 for a room. Almost anybody can put on wall paper. This fall we expect to put in an engine and build another warehouse at the wharf and furnish

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at prices about like our flour, which is the cheapest on the Shore. We are here to help the farmer, and if the farmer help us all hands will be happy. We want the coming week chickens, eggs, and corn, and will pay city quotations. Butter is off, and no demand for it. Anyone wanting new

Strawberry Baskets

can get them of us at $1.75 per thousand. Come early. Two Johns has been painted all up and we will be glad to show our friends around who wish to paint, and give them prices, &c. If you don't want to paint, come anyhow. We are very thankful for the liberal patronage shown us. Trusting it may continue, we beg to be

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THOROUGHBREDS.

Whoa, Bess, you young vixen!
Now, Nellie, your foot.
So, hoop-la! You've got her!
The beautiful brute!
Hold her in for a moment;
One hitch to my girth,
And I'm with you, my lass,
For the ends of the earth.

Now, Duroc, my hero,
Be careful, dear heart!
She is fresh as the fountain
And rank for a start.
"You fear not?" Oh, no,
But you like your sweet wills,
And we'll give you a breathing!
Away! To the hills!

Oh, bathe me, ye winds
Of the withering downs!
Brush the scent of the "functions,"
The taint of the towns!
What is art to this nature
Or wine to this air?
What's a picture to Nell
And her blooded bay mare?

—Scribner's.

WHERE COFFEE CAME FROM.

Legend Gives the Lethean Berry a Romantic Origin and History.

There is extant a tale of the discovery of coffee, a story which might have suggested to Charles Lamb the idea for his dissertation on roast pig. This is the legend:

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling in Abyssinia, and, finding himself weak and weary from fatigue, he stopped near a grove. Then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree which happened to be full of dead berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half burned berries were very fragrant. Collecting a number of these and crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma had increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance into a can which contained his scant supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liquid was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips. It was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment after the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey.

The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and, having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, he informed the mufti of his discovery. This worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker who had been suffering for years from the effects of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it cabuah, which in Arabic signifies force.—Denver Times.

Origin of Memorial Day In the South.

An association known as the Ladies' Aid society was organized in 1861 for looking after soldiers who died in Columbus hospitals. They were buried under the direction of these ladies, who thereafter took charge of their graves, making it a practice to go in a body to care for and beautify them with plants and flowers. Upon the occasion of one of these visits, in January, 1866, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, a member of the society, made the suggestion that a specified day should be adopted upon which a memorial service should be held for the purpose of decorating the Confederate graves annually. The proposition met at once with the greatest favor, and a letter was addressed to each of the chapters in other cities and towns suggesting similar action on their part.

These letters were written in March, 1866, and from their publication resulted the observance of April 26 as Memorial day for the Confederate dead in several southern states.—Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis in Woman's Home Companion.

He Bought the Sermon.

The Rev. Septimus Smith was many years ago vicar of St. Cross, Newnham. He made no secret at all of his habit of buying ready made sermons any more than his fondness for old port and of whist playing with leading parishioners until midnight of every Saturday. He was a kindly natured, easy going man and was popular among his equally easy going flock. One Sunday morning on going into the vestry after service he found his old clerk in tears.

"What's the matter, Jones?" inquired the vicar. "Oh, sir," replied the clerk, "this is a painful surprise to us all!" "Surprise, Jones? What do you mean?" "Your sermon, this morning, sir. We are very, very sorry, and you gave us no warning." "Sermon, Jones, sermon? What do you mean, man?" "Why, sir, your farewell sermon. We are all dreadfully cut up."

And it is quite true that that morning the Rev. Mr. Smith had actually read an old farewell sermon without either intending or knowing it.—London Spectator.

Thieves In Tangier.

"They don't mince matters in Tangier," said a man who spent some years in that quaint old seaport of Morocco, "with a man who loses sight of the distinction between his own property and some one else's. When a thief is caught in the most trivial offense, he is told to hold up both hands. Then they ask him which hand he would like to keep. When he has made his choice, they cut off the other. This naturally creates a prejudice against kleptomania in its various forms. I don't quite know what they would do with a bank officer who got his clutch on a million, but I guess they would save the hand with its contents and throw the rest of him to the sharks."

SUGAR MAKING.

China Claims to Have Discovered the Original Process.

The Chinese, who invented almost everything before anybody else heard of it, claim to be the original discoverers of the process of sugar making, and it is said that sugar was used in China as long ago as 3,000 years. This is misty, but the fact is well established that it was manufactured in China under the Tsin dynasty, 200 years before the Christian era. India has put forward a claim for priority of invention, but the probability is that the Hindoos learned the art of sugar making from the Chinese and that through them the knowledge finally spread to the western nations.

Nearchus, when sent by Alexander on an exploring voyage on the Indus, brought back reports of "honey" which was made by the Asiatics from cane without the help of bees. At this time neither the Greeks nor the Jews nor the Babylonians had any knowledge of sugar, but later the art of making the artificial "honey" became known and practiced, though its progress and development were exceedingly slow. It was prescribed as a medicine by Galen in A. D. 150.

Up to the seventeenth century sugar had become nothing more than a costly luxury, to be used only on special occasions. Even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century the annual consumption of sugar in Great Britain had reached only 20,000,000 pounds, whereas it is now more than 2,000,000,000 pounds. Refined sugar was not made in England till 1659.

The art of refining was learned by a Venetian merchant from the Saracens, who sold the secret to him for 100,000 crowns.—Weekly Bouquet.

The Cathedral at Seville.

The construction of this cathedral at the end of the middle ages was practically the result of a wager. The canons heroically ruined themselves. They wanted to outdo the Christians of Toledo; they desired to surpass the Moors of Cordova; they wanted a marvel for Sevilla, and Sevilla got the marvel. The central nave is of an extraordinary height. Notre Dame of Paris could easily be put into it. As for the four side naves, they could shelter many churches and steeples in their depths. The main altar is immense, with superimposed rows of sculptured panels and numberless statues. The organ pipes are as large as cannon. Everything is huge, gigantic, overpowering.

Thus religious ceremonies born in that prodigious edifice break forth into Sevilla with a character of grandeur and lavishness; they, so to speak, inundate the streets of the city. Be it a grave epidemic to be feared or a great joy to be celebrated, all the prestige of a gorgeous ceremonial is resorted to as a means of appealing to all the inhabitants. Voluntarily organized processions tumultuously follow processions, each one larger, richer and more imposing than its predecessor.—Modern Culture.

Selected It Herself.

A dutiful husband wished to give his wife a handsome lace scarf for a birthday present, and, to make sure of getting one to her liking, he asked her to buy one herself on the pretense that it was for a lady friend of theirs. The finest honiton, valenciennes and brussels lace goods were spread out on the counter, but madam thought to herself:

"What is the use of spending so much money on a present for Amelie?"

So embroidered lace was shown next. Even these were too dear. At length she selected a very plain and ordinary scarf.

"Quite good enough, too," she thought, and took it home to her husband.

"Have you chosen something pretty?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; very pretty."

"Is it just what you would have chosen for yourself?"

"The very thing."

"Then, my dear, you may keep it. I intended it for you!" exclaimed the husband, delighted with his little scheme.—London Answers.

What He Wanted.

Hank (the blacksmith)—Haow de do, Rube?

Rube—Haow de do, Hank? Can't complain. Haow's everything wich yew? Haow's yer family?

Hank—Fust rate. Anything I kin do fer yew?

Rube—Yes; guess yer kin. Sa-ay, Hank.

Hank—Well?

Rube—I kem around tew see ef yew wouldn't loan mother yer ladder. Our house is on fire.—Judge.

Misconstrued.

He was a very swell young man, and she was an old woman. It happened in a street car. He arose to get out, and as he got opposite her she dropped her purse. He gallantly stooped to pick it up, but she mistook his motives and said in an easily heard voice: "No yez don't. Gimme that pocketbook or yez don't git away!" And she grabbed his coattails madly. The poor man blushed and after handing the purse almost fell off the car in his embarrassment.—Exchange.

MALAY BELIEF IN CHARMS.

Warding Off Danger From Beasts, Imps and Storms.

The Malay is a firm believer in the efficacy of charms. He wears amulets, places written words of magic in houses and sports a tiger's claw as a preventive of disease. If he is specially primitive and backwoodsy, when he enters a forest he says: "Go to the right, all my enemies and assailants! May you not look up on me! Let me walk alone!"

To allay a storm he says: "The elephants collect; they wallow across the sea. Go to the right, go to the left. I break the tempest."

When about to begin an elephant hunt, according to Thompson, he uses this charm: "The elephant trumpets; he wallows across the lake. Go to the left, go to the right, spirit of grandfather (the elephant). I loose the fingers upon the bowstring."

The Malay believes in witches and witchcraft. There is the bottle imp, the polong, which feeds on its owner's blood till the time comes for it to take possession of an enemy. Then there is the horrid thing, the panangalan, which possesses women. Frequently it leaves its rightful abode to fly away at night to feed on blood, taking the form of the head and intestines of the person it inhabited, in which shape it wanders around.

Such beliefs may perhaps have their origin in metempsychosis, which in other ways has some foothold among the common people. For instance, elephants and tigers are believed sometimes to be human souls in disguise, and so the Malay addresses them as "grandfather" to allay their wrath and avoid direct reference to them. Crocodiles also are often regarded as sacred, and special charms are used in fishing for them. One such, given by Maxwell, is as follows: "O Dangsari, lotus flower, receive what I send thee. If thou receivest it not, may thine eyes be torn out!"—Popular Science.

Ah Sin's Ways.

To a Chinaman the idea that a judge should take bribes seems as natural a thing as that a duck should take to the water. And yet the Chinaman will not, unless he knows he is on the right track, brutally push his bribe under the judge's nose. Either he or one of his countrymen will from the judge's arrival have rendered him good service.

Does the judge want a gardener or a cook? Ah Sin soon provides an excellent one who never asks for his wages. Have some visitors arrived at the alcaldia? Ah Sin sends in a dozen chickens, a turkey and the best fruits. Is it the judge's name day? The wily Celestial presents a few cases of wine and boxes of fine cigars. Is the roof of the alcaldia leaking? A couple of Chinese carpenters will set it right without sending in a bill for it. Then, having prepared the way, should Ah Sin be summoned before the alcalde he may confidently hope that his patron will not hurriedly give judgment against him and that he will probably get a full opportunity to present substantial reasons why the suit should be decided in his favor.—F. H. Sawyer's "Inhabitants of the Philippines."

Arabic Figures.

Our figures are called Arabic not because they originated in Arabia—they came to Arabia from Hindustan—but because they were introduced into Spain by the Moors, Arabs or their conquerors and thence found their way into the rest of Europe. Nothing absolutely certain is known as to their origin, and there has been a good deal of controversy resulting over it, one of the two following theories probably being the correct one:

As excellent geometricians, they composed the written number out of geometrical figures. One has only one angle, 2 has two, three, etc.; 0, a circle, has none.

Again, it is argued that the figures were composed of right angles and squares, the number of lines used indicating the number to be noted. There is one line in 1, and there are three in 3, seven in 7, etc.

The Greeks and Romans had systems totally different from ours and which made long calculations almost impossible; therefore it seems likely that the mathematicians of old had knowledge of what are now called Arabic figures.

East Indian Superstitions.

Hare's blood useful for young infant. When young one attacked with ague, the blood and some mother's milk mixed together and given to drink to the infant the sickness will go.

Black monkey is useful for magic. The monkey will be killed on Sunday. Drink a little blood, take off the skin and make to cap. The magic could not touch that man.

Peacock's leg useful for deaf man. It may be boiled with oil, and when any person could not hear the sound the oil will be dropped a little into the ear, and man will be cured.

Owl useful for a woman. This will be killed on Monday. Take out both eyes. The left will be burned and the right as well. Keep the dust of the right, throw some of the dust on a woman's garments, and she will love you, and when you want to be clear of her throw dust of left eye, and she will leave off by pronouncing some magic words.

HUNTING FOR A NAME.

A Search That Brought No Joy to Ambitious Gertie.

"Father," said Gertie mournfully, "we never can climb into society just as plain Smiths, though we may date back to the days of Peter Stuyvesant. Can't you think of some other old family name which we may tack on to Smith with a hyphen?"

The head of the family smoked introspectively for a few minutes, then replied: "I have a vague idea, Gertie, that my great-grandfather was a Brander. Now, that isn't such a bad name, and, if I don't mistake, it cuts some figure in the Knickerbocker set."

"Jolly, father!" exclaimed Gertie enthusiastically. "Smith-Brander or Brander-Smith would look too lovely for anything on a visiting card. Now, father, I want you to go right to work and find out just who Great-grandfather Brander was."

The head of the family worked diligently though vainly for several days on odd volumes of genealogical history and was about to give up in despair when a happy idea occurred to him. "I'll try the Historical society." And suiting the action to the inspiration he spent the entire day over musty old tomes and ancient records in the cheerless rooms of the society.

That evening as he was smoking, with a faraway look in his eyes, his daughter swooped down on him and exclaimed in one breath, "Oh, father, have you found out who great-grandfather was?"

"Yes, I have learned the complete history of my ancestor," replied paterfamilias wearily. "However, he was not a Brander, but a brander. I mean by that that he was a brander with a little 'b,' in the employ of the court of general quarter sessions, and his sole occupation was branding criminals. My great-grandfather's name was Mulligan."—New York Sun.

When He Raved.

An Irishman over the age of fourscore and ten who by strict economy had accumulated a moderate fortune and was about to die called in the parish priest and the family lawyer to make his last will and testament. The wife, a grasping, covetous old party, was also in the room. The preliminaries of the will having been concluded, it became necessary to inquire about the debts owing to the estate.

Among these were several of importance of which the old lady had been in ignorance, but was nevertheless pleased to find that so much ready money would be forthcoming after the funeral.

"Now, then," said the lawyer, "state explicitly the amount owed you by your friends."

"Timothy Brown," replied the old man, "owes me $250; John Casey owes me $185, and"—

"Good, good!" ejaculated the prospective widow. "Rational to the last!"

"Luke Bowen owes me $200," resumed the old man.

"Rational to the last!" put in the eager old lady again.

"To Michael Liffey I owe $1,000."

"Ah," exclaimed the old woman, "hear him rave!"

Wordy Coleridge.

Coleridge's verbosity is illustrated by himself in a letter among the Blackwood correspondence. While in the company of his friend and faithful host, Dr. Gilman, he had a fainting fit. His first words on recovering from it were: "What a mystery we are! What a problem is presented in the strange contrast between the imperishability of our thoughts and the perishable, fugacious nature of our consciousness!" Then he heard his friend say, "Thank heaven, it is not apoplexy!" Conceive a man's pouring out this stream of words—and such long ones—on recovering from a fit!

On the Bench.

"Your friends call you 'judge,' do they not?" asked the lawyer, frowning heavily at the witness.

"Yes, sir," the witness replied.

"No particular reason for calling you that, is there?"

"Well, sir, you may not believe it, but before I came to this state I held an honorable and responsible position on the bench for 18 years."

"Where?"

"In a shoemaker's shop, sir."

His Excuse.

At a village in Staffordshire a boy was detained from school to assist in sorting potatoes. The schoolmaster, as usual on such occasions, desired the boy's father to write and state the cause of his absence. The next morning the boy appeared with a note from his father which contained but one word—"Keptatomatatering." The schoolmaster, astonished at such a word, puzzled over it some minutes, but at last discovered it to be "Kept at home a-tatering."—Exchange.

The Speakers.

At a hotel in a busy quarter of Paris the following notice appears: "Ici on parle Anglais, Espagnol, Italien, Allemand," etc.

An Englishman recently entered the house and asked in British French for the interpreter. The waiter replied that there was none.

"Who, then," the Britisher asked, "speaks all these languages?"

The waiter, with an innocent smile, replied, "The customers!"