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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that under authority of the Act 48 Victoria Chapter 36, the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church, in the Parish of Canning, intend to offer for sale, at a time to be appointed, on or after Easter Monday next, a lot of land, owned by the said Corporation. Situated at Douglas Harbor in the Parish of Canning, containing 200 acres, more or less, bounded by Asa Balmain on the one side and John Allen on the other. Dated the twelfth day of January, 1898. (Signed) R. W. COLSTON, Rector. JAMES R. MILLER, Church WARDENS. STEPHEN YEOMANS,

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Poetry.

POEM BY EUNICE W. DYKEMAN.

This poem was found among some old papers and is probably nearly one hundred years old. I thought it might be of interest to the readers of the GAZETTE. S. C., Douglas Harbor.

The daughter sits in the parlor, and rocks in her easy chair, She's clad in silks and satins, and jewels are in her hair; She winks and giggles and simpers, and simpers and giggles and winks, And though she talks but little, 'tis vastly more than she thinks. Her father goes clad in russet, and ragged and seedy at that, His coat is out at the elbows, he wears a shocking bad hat, He's hoarding and saving shilling, so carefully day by day While she on her beaux and poodles, is showing them all away.

She lies abed in the morning, till nearly the hour of noon Then comes down snapping and snarling, because she was called too soon Her hair is still in papers, her cheeks bedaubed with paint Remains of last night's blushes, before she intended to faint She dotes upon men unshaven, and men with the flowing hair She is eloquent over mustaches, they give such a foreign air She talks of Italian music, and falls in love with the moon And though but a mouse should meet her she falls away in a swoon.

Her feet are very little, her hands are very white Her jewels are very heavy, and her head is very light Her color is made of cosmetics, though this she never will own Her body is made mostly of cotton, her heart is made wholly of stone She falls in love with a fellow, who swells with a foreign air Her marries her for her money, she marries him for his hair One of the very best matches, both are well matched for life She's got a fool for a husband, and he's got a fool for a wife.

TRUTH.

To argue with a simpleton Is but to waste your breath, For if a man is born a fool A fool he'll be till death. For sense can't be knocked into him! 'Tis vain to punch his head, For though 'tis soft, it well resists All that's unto him said.

A maid may vow that she'll be true Forever unto thee, Still, in a month forgotten quite By her, no doubt, you'll be; But don't be angry with her, pray, She's guilty of no crime, She has been true, for like to you, She does not reckon time.

An elder may not be a thief Though he may rob the plate, 'Tis only a "besetting sin" Imposed on him by fate. The rich man may the widow rob, Still reckoned generous be; He's only bound to have his due, That's right, as all agree.

A woman may a secret keep, Or not delight in praise; A crowing hen may also lay, It must not us amaze To see some wondrous things transpire We no one must condemn, For how things look don't count for much 'Tis how we look at them. WOODVILLE.

A WITTY WOMEN.

'Tis of a witty woman I am now about to tell Who is very fond of gossiping And playing tricks as well 'Twas at a supper in the hall She tried to cut a dash By sending up a plate of crulls Prepared by Mrs. Wash.

To begin this little joke She called upon her friend To talk the matter over Not thinking how 't would end She said now I've been trying On some people to play a trick And if you'll kindly help me I think we'll work it slick.

Mrs. Wash she made the crulls And sent them down to her She gave her head on extra toss And like a pussy cat did purr Then she waited patiently Till the supper did begin When she placed them in her basket And said they were sent in.

The crullers they were handsome There is no mistake You would think to look upon them 'Twas a plate of wedding cake There was icing and there was frosting Sugar and candy too We knew not what was in the centre For they were not broken into.

The witty woman and her friend They were as meek as mice The crulls were on the table But didn't cut any ice The people all did wonder Who was making such a splash

When a little fairy whispered They were made by Mrs. Wash.

The supper it is over And the crullers still remain Untouched upon the table And were sent to her again The witty woman we know Has only cut a figure She takes the crulls and gives them To a darker colored nigger.

My story now is ended This woman is no peach Will someone kindly tell her There are other pebbles on the beach. DOUGHNUTS. Lakeville Corner.

Humorous.

"Could I sell you a Bible?" asked the agent. "I guess not," replied the real-estate dealer. "You might try Hebbard-shee, in the next office. He has a sort of mania for rare books."—Indianapolis Journal.

Social Longings. "I see," muttered Tuffold Wanderer, who had found a piece of an old newspaper, and was killing time by reading the society column, "that 'Mrs Kelawndike gave a luncheon yesterday, assisted by Miss Daisy Butterfly.' Great Scott! How I could assist at a luncheon?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Sultan's wrestler is coming to this country. He's a Mussulman, of course.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Fatal Drawback.—Puff—What a literary looking fellow Blevins is, to be sure. You could tell he knew how to write at a glance.

Critic—Yes—if you had't read his books.

Bunched His Hits.—Papa—Well, Bennie, if I were to tell you that you could have one thing for Christmas, what would you like most?

Benny—That department store you took me through today.

Rector's Wife—"You ought to avoid even the appearance of evil. Do you yourself think the girls who dance are right?" Belle of the Parish—"They must be. I know the girls who don't dance are always left.

It was Gottlieb's first view of Giant Jane, the tallest human being on earth. "Mein gracious!" he exclaimed, looking up at her in astonishment, "vos dot de endless chane de Bressident's message, vos all about?"

A New Theory.—He (a bachelor)—"No I'm not an advocate of marriage. You know the Scriptures tell us that there will be no marrying or giving in marriage in Heaven."

She—"Of course not; the bachelors will all be in the other place, no doubt."

"Why, papa," said Francis, who was looking at the family album, "surely this isn't a picture of you?"

"Yes," replied papa, "this is a picture of me when I was quite young."

"Well, commented the little girl, "it doesn't look as much like you as you look now."

Irate Non-sporting Farmer—Hi! you there! What the deuce do you mean by riding over my wheat?

'Arry—Ere, I say! What are yer givin' us! Wheat! Why, it's only bloomin' Mud!—Punch.

"I love the ground you walk on;" This was the tale he told. They lived up by the Klondike, And the ground was full of gold. Washington Star.

Lord Norbury and Councillor Parsons were passing by the Naas jail in the Judge's carriage, when Norbury, noticing a vacant gibbet, observed: "Parsons, where would you be if that gallows had its due?" Without a second's hesitation, Parsons responded, "Riding alone."—Household Words.

The Sultan (cheerily to Emperor of China)—Going to pieces, old man? Nonsense! All you want is a dose of "concert of Europe!" Why—look at me!—Punch.

The Review—Teacher—"Now, class, what did the master turn the water into?" Dairyman's Son—"The milk, sir."

"Is papa strong as Samson, aunty?" "Why no Willie, of course not." "Well, mamma said he had you on his hands for two months."

Patient—"Look here, Doctor Styx, I've got something to say to you. I hear you have been treating me for liver complaint, when as a matter of fact you should have treated me for chillsains." Doctor Styx—"Oh, well it shan't make any difference to you." Patient—"Shan't make any difference to me! What do you mean by that?" Doctor Styx—"I charge 10 per cent. more for liver complaint treatment than for treatment for chillsains. But as it was my mistake, it shan't cost you a cent more."

Security.—The tariff baron's chief retainer entered and bowed reverentially. "The monetary commission," the menial announced, "wishes your lordship to tell them what you would do with the government's unsecured currency." "First," replied the baron, promptly, "I would secure it; and, after that it would be nobody's business what I did with it."—Puck.

FATE OF THE RIPAS.

A STORY OF THE REVENGE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT.

A Whole Tribe Wiped Out by a Flood as Punishment For Disobedience.—A Legend of the Indians of Texas Told by an Epigrammatic Guide.

The Indian had been recommended to me as the best hunter in the San Bernard bottoms. For two days we had been in pursuit of big game.

It was after the second day of the hunt that we camped on the banks of a small creek to the west of Hinkle's ferry. The Indian busied himself with the coffee, while I sat idly by and thought over the incidents of the day.

I had been told my companion was a Karanchua and that he had more knowledge of the history of his people than any member of his tribe now living. He spoke as good English as a white man, but his sentences were generally short and epigrammatic.

"Rebar," I said, "the hunting is very good in these bottoms when you consider how long the country has been settled."

"No," he replied, "game nearly gone now. Soon no more."

"Was there good hunting here when you were a boy?" I asked.

"Much," he replied. "I have heard," said I, "that there is a legend among your people that long ago, before the white man came into this country, there was one great river in this land, that it was a mighty stream, and that its course was through the bed of what is now the Caney."

"It is so," said the Indian. "And I have heard," I continued, "that when the white man digs his wells he sometimes finds limbs of great trees and pieces of pottery and bows and arrows and flints that were used long years ago by your people."

"It is so," said the Indian. "What is the legend that your people have?" I inquired.

"My father told me, and the great chief, Mockwillum, told my father," said the Indian, "that it is so. There was one river. It was the Caney. My people, the Karanchuas, lived to the east. The Lepans, the Tawakanies and the Ripas lived to the west. The Wacoos lived to the north. My people hunted but the game. The Ripas were powerful. They made war on the Lepans and drove them far to the west. They stole the cattle and horses of my people. There was a great battle, in which many of my people were killed. The Ripas drove the Karanchuas far to the east. They stole the young squaws of the Karanchuas and killed the boys. Soon the Karanchuas had to hide away the squaws that were left. All the country of my people was held by the Ripas. The Karanchuas had to flee to the islands by the sea. Still the Ripas pursued my people. The Karanchuas were but few; the Ripas were many.

"It was not only my people the Ripas murdered and plundered. The Tawakanies and the Wacoos lost all their cattle, and their young squaws were taken by the Ripas until none but the Ripas were in all this country.

"The Great Spirit was angry with the Ripas, but the Ripas thought they were more powerful than the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit sent a messenger to the Ripas and told them they must send back the squaws they had stolen and must make war no more on my people or on the Tawakanies or the Lepans or the Wacoos. The Ripas held council, and they decided to make war on the Great Spirit. When they went to tell the messenger that they defied the Great Spirit and challenged him to battle, the messenger had disappeared. They searched the woods and they searched the great river, they searched the prairie and they searched the sky, but they could not find the messenger. He left no trail.

"Then they had much fear that they had done wrong, and some chiefs wanted to make peace with the Great Spirit. Again they had council, but while they held talk the heavens opened, the rain fell, the sky seemed all afire, the thunder roared, and the messenger appeared in a flame of lightning. The Ripas fell upon the earth and begged the Great Spirit for mercy. But it was too late. The rain poured down and the lightning flashed, the ground shook and the thunder crashed. Soon all the earth was covered with water. The Ripas ran to the trees. Still the water rose. Then the wind blew down the trees, and many of the Ripas were killed or drowned. The waters rose higher and higher, and the rain and the thunder and the lightning lasted many days. There was no earth here. All was water.

"Then the Great Spirit smiled, for the Ripas were no more. They were gone. All had died in the waters. A messenger came to my people, who were down on the islands by the great sea, and told them the Great Spirit had sent a flood to punish the Ripas and that my people could return to their lands. "When the Karanchuas went to their lands, they found all changed. Where had been the great river there was but one small river. That is now the Caney. What had been the great river is now two rivers. One you call the Brazos; that is to the east. The other is to the west; that you call the Colorado. All the land between these two rivers was given to my people by the Great Spirit for a hunting ground."—Galveston Cor. Philadelphia Times.

How He Defined Hope. "Hope," said he poetically, "is that feeling in the human breast of which it has been said that it springs."

"Aw, I can give you a better definition than that," said he.

"How would you define hope, dear?" she asked as she changed her head from one shoulder to the other.

"Hope," said he, "is the feeling that slips out of you like water out of a pitcher when you are on the run down the street for the trolley car and you see it go by just as you get half a block from the corner."—Detroit Free Press.

"But she married with her eyes open, did she not?" "Well, she knows who all were at her wedding and how they were dressed."

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