FIGHTING ON HORSEBACK.

A Desperate Encounter in Which Two Outlaws are Fatally Hurt.

LINCOLN, Neb., October 26.—During the summer a gang of horse-thieves have infested Howard and adjoining counties and succeeded in running off several valuable horses. Their methods of stealing were so ably executed that the succeeded in eluding the officers for several months. They had established stations, and would run their horses from station to station during the night until they were safely out of reach in the Indian Territory and Texas. Finally the officers' suspicions were fastened upon Noah Strohl, a cowboy, who has made himself notorious on the frontier by his reckless and daring deeds, and Jim Taylor and Charles Smith, who do a great deal of traveling about the country without any visible occupation.

Last Sunday the bandits learned that the officers were on their trail and they skipped out in a northwesterly direction through the sandhills and canyons of Northwestern Nebraska, with the officers and their posse in close pursuit. Late last night the officers came upon the thieves, who had taken shelter with a settler, who lives in a dug out. They were sleeping on their blankets by their horses in a stable. When surrounded they soon realized the situation and determined to die rather than be taken alive. They mounted their horses and made a terrific rush for liberty, amid a volley of bullets from the posse.

The thieves kept up a steady fire at the officers. Smith's horse was shot from under him and he received several bullet wounds, any one of which would prove fatal. Strohl at full speed plunged his horse into a ravine twenty feet deep and was almost instantly killed. Taylor's horse was shot from under him and he gave himself up. One of the officers received a flesh wound in the arm. There are several others connected with this band of outlaws whom the officers think they will apprehend soon.

FATHER McGLYNN.

Probable Reinstatement of a Penitent Priest.

PITTSBURG, Pa., October 26.—Rev. Father Brennen, pastor of the principal Catholic Church of Newark, N. J., passed through here tonight on his way to Joliet, Ills. In an interview he said:

"The probabilities are that the George party may lose one of its strong adherents before long."

"Who is that?"

"Father McGlynn. The fact of the matter is that Father McGlynn, Rev. Dr. Bertzel, Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla., and myself, were all classmates in the American College at Rome, and we have, ever since his fall from grace, taken a deep interest in him. We consulted with Archbishop Corrigan, and he sanctioned a course we had determined upon pursuing. That course was to send for Dr. McGlynn and inform him that we had intereeded for him with Archbishop Corrigan, and that if he was willing to ask forgiveness for his offenses, there might be some hope of his being restored to his church again. Dr. McGlynn met us soon afterward, and expressed himself as being willing to repent. The case will have to be adjudged by higher church authority than any in the country, but I feel safe in saying that Dr. McGlynn will shortly be taken back into the fold. He will become a priest once more, but will not be given a parish, of course."

Southern Cotton Mills.

The *Manufacturers' Record* shows that a rapid and marked development is going on in this great industry. In regard to the financial results, the *Record* says: "Among the earnings of different mills recently reported, the Crown Cotton Mill of Dalton, Ga., after allowing a part of earnings for improvements, have just declared an annual dividend of 25 per cent.; the Trion Mill of Trion, Ga., earned for its fiscal year just ended 16 per cent.; the Odell Manufacturing Company of Concord, N. C., have declared 10 per cent. for six months; the Griffin Manufacturing Company of Griffin, Ga., for the year ended August 1 made a net profit of 24 per cent., and are so well pleased that they contemplate building another mill. The Yazoona Mills of Water Valley, Miss., made 17 per cent. on spinning operations, putting in 150 looms."

The proof of the pudding is in eating it. People may talk interminably about manufacturing, but it is only when experiments have proved successful that the arguments are worthy anything. In view of this successful experience the *Record* closes its report with the statement that its faith receives the best practical indorsement by the long array of new mills that are being put up by the most experienced cotton mill men of the South. They have tried the business through times of adversity as well as through periods of prosperity, and they show their experience by building additional mills.

It closes as follows:

"We are in favor of building cotton mills, (1) because the South ought to manufacture its own raw material into finished products; (2) because the greater the number the greater will be the prosperity of all the mills; (3) because they furnish employment to thousands of hands that would otherwise be compelled to remain in idleness; and (4) because we believe that the record of the past shows that with as few exceptions as can be found in almost any line of industry, well managed Southern mills have yielded good profits to their owners."

Girls Fight for Rights.

State Arbitration Commissioner F. F. Donovan has discovered a peculiar state of things in the factory of the Pacific Tucking and Manufacturing Company at 471 Eighteenth street, Brooklyn. A man named Fisher runs the establishment. He employs twenty girls who work at trimming ladies' garments. The girls had been getting $5 a week. They regarded this insufficient and asked for an increase of $1 a week each. Fisher was compelled to grant this, but he did not propose to keep up the payment very long. He began by discharging the girls and hiring inexperienced help in their places. The girls have an organization, and they went on a strike. Commissioner Donovan tried to arbitrate, and failed, as neither side would concede anything. He will report the matter to the Commission. The girls claim, in addition to the small pay they receive, bad treatment in other ways. A gas engine is used, and they allege that the air is very often poisonous with gas. A girl named Gertie died not long ago, and it is thought the bad air hastened her death. Another grievance was that they were allowed only half an hour at noon. The girls claim that Fisher makes about $40 a week from the labor of each girl.—*New York Star.*

Wraps-Up-His-Tail and His Crows.

ST. PAUL, Minn., October 26.—There is evidently a secret move in contemplation at Port Custer against the refractory Crow Indians, but as any reports of the movement of troops are forbidden to be sent from the post, the newspaper correspondents have been compelled to send the meager information they have been able to gather by special messenger.

Troops were engaged yesterday in throwing up earthworks and perfecting a system of defense for Fort Custer. Two companies of infantry from Fort Missoula reached Custer last night, and when more troops arrive the movements at Custer will begin.

There are sixteen companies of soldiers at the post. It is the current belief that General Dudley, commanding the First Cavalry, will take the field in person. Wraps-up-his-tail, or Sword-bearer, who leads the refractory Crows, has just returned from the Cheyenne agency, where, with fifty of his followers, he went to recruit. There is now a sufficient number of troops on hand to prevent further outbreaks.

The detachment which left Custer, the Twenty-third Infantry, marched through four inches of snow. The thermometer registered 15 degrees below zero.

A reformer says that "no woman can walk in a corset." Certainly not unless the corset is abnormally large or her feet exceedingly small. Corsets are not made to walk in, but to suffer in.

The average height of an American is 68 1-10 inches, and his weight 150 pounds.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Items of Interest Gathered from Various Quarters.

The Emperor William has gone to Wernergdo to hunt.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has closed up the Baltimore & Ohio offices in Chicago.

Two-thirds of the town of Spencer, Roane county, West Virginia, was destroyed by fire on Friday last.

There are six known candidates for the vacant Probate Judgeship of Greenville, with some others to hear from.

The American bark Eyvor was wrecked on Swan Island October 14. No lives were lost.

The American schooner Scotia, from Mobile to Cuba, lumber-laden, has been towed into Pensacola dismantled.

The case of the Chicago Anarchists has been argued in the United States Supreme Court, and it is now under advisement.

Engineer Harris and Conductor Reville, of the Air-Line train that recently collided with another, have thus far eluded arrest.

The Rev. Luther K. Probst has resigned the pastorate of the Wentworth Street Lutheran Church in Charleston, to take effect on the 1st December.

The latest evidence touching the holocaust at the Theatre Comique, Paris, shows that there was criminal negligence on the part of the managers of the theatre.

At Salt Lake City, Utah, out of a venire of seventeen jurors for civil cases all were Mormons, and twelve refused to take the oath required by the Tucker-Edmunds law.

A Tampa, Fla., special says the outlook is more encouraging, eight new cases yesterday and three deaths, including Father Peterman, a Catholic priest.

The Toronto, Canada, newspapers are very severe on Mr. Chamberlain for the hostile attitude he has taken with regard to the fisheries dispute.

The first meeting in New York of the American party was held last night in the Cooper Union. There were only 150 persons present.

Henry Martin Jackson, cashier of the United States sub-treasury in New York, has fled to Canada. His accounts show a deficiency of $10,000.

President Cleveland and Governor Hill have each contributed to the Democratic campaign fund in New York—at least so says the *Sun.*

At Huntsville, Ala., the Southern Forestry Congress has adjourned *sine die* after interesting addresses by Mrs. Ellen Coull Long, of Florida, and Dr. Chas. Mohr, of Mobile.

There is good inside information to the effect that the Georgia Central Railroad will not sell its Port Royal and Augusta line, although it may part with the rest of its Carolina system.

The New York *Herald's* Brussels special says news is received by King Leopold that Stanley had advanced about 780 miles since last heard of, August 25. He is in good health.

Yesterday the Royal Clyde Yacht Club resolved to challenge again for the America's cup in the name of Mr. Charles Sweet. The new champion will be a cutter.

The first installment of fifty per cent. of the capital stock of the Greenville Savings Bank has been paid in. The Bank will begin receiving deposits the last of the week.

Severe gales are reported from Milwaukee, Chicago, Marquette, Mich., Buffalo, N. Y., and Cleveland, Ohio. A few houses were blown down, some trees uprooted, and other damage done.

Charles L. Phillips, President of the defunct Columbian Bank, of Philadelphia, has left the country, having sailed for Havre from New York Saturday morning. His departure was a general surprise.

A telegram was received at the Washington Marine Hospital Bureau from Deputy Collector Spencer, saying that there were some new cases of yellow fever, but no deaths, since last report.

The municipal election in Baltimore called out the heaviest vote polled in many years. The election of Latrobe, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, is assured by a decisive majority.

John Riston, the confidential secretary of B. C. Faurot, President of the Lima, O., National Bank, has disappeared. He is a defaulter for several thousand dollars, supposed to have been lost in gambling.

The grand jury has ignored the bill against Timothy Coughlin, the section master, who was held in jail on the coroner's jury verdict as negligent of his duties and as thus causing the Chatsworth disaster.

At Ironton, Ohio, yesterday, a battery of sixteen boilers, in the Lawrence Iron Works, exploded, killing four men and wounding twenty persons. Parts of the boilers were blown half a mile away.

The fourth registration, made necessary by an error in dates by the Board of Estimate, has been held in Brooklyn. There were 9,613 names added, making the total 129,688 against 127,768 in the last Presidential year.

A reign of terror prevails in Santiago de Cuba, owing to the occurrence of earthquake shocks. Since the great shock on the 23d ult. there have been 32 slighter ones, and 18,000 people have left their houses.

Dr. Condron, of Danbury, Iowa, killed himself Tuesday by placing a gun to his head and discharging it by means of a string attached to the trigger. He was charged by a certain woman with trying to commit an abortion on her. He denied her story, but it caused him much distress.

At New York the Directors of the Cotton Oil Trust elected J. H. Flagler president and the following trustees: J. H. Flagler, New York; N. K. Fairbanks, Chicago, and J. C. Moss, New York. The other trustees are: E. Urquehart, J. Aldjee, W. F. Anderson, J. H. Kendal, J. L. Macauley and John Scott.

The New York District Attorney has presented to the grand jury papers in a criminal case for grand larceny against Russell Sage and Jay Gould, brought by bondholders of the Kansas Pacific Company. The grand jury returned the documents to the District Attorney for investigation.

In Terre Bonne Parish, La., negro strikers have taken possession of a plantation. Governor McEnery has ordered a detachment of militia to the scene of trouble, and a detachment of artillery will leave New Orleans in the morning for Terre Bonne with a Gattling gun and three rifle guns.

The League meeting announced to be held at Kilrush on Sunday was proclaimed by the authorities. The Leaguers, however, outwitted the police, and 6,000 of them marched with bands and banners to a spot a few miles from Kilrush and held a meeting. To prevent the authorities from summoning help the Leaguers cut the telegraph wires.

Charles Dickens, Jr., has just appeared for the first time in readings from his father's works at Chickering Hall, New York. He was introduced by Chauncey M. Depew, and warmly welcomed by the audience. He read sketches of "Dr. Marigold" and "Bob Sawyer's Party." His reading, though rather unsympathetic, is intelligent and pleasing.

Dispatches from Brownsville, Texas, confirm the fact of a reign of terror at Rio Grande City, owing to threats of plunder by Mexican brigands. Several merchants have received letters from the bandits threatening themselves and their families with torture, unless they deposit large sums where the writers can find them. Men are afraid to leave their homes to visit friends.

In the Dovesville section of Pickens county, one day last week, a negro cabin on the place of George W. Cox caught fire. There was a sick infant in the house and the parents were away. Mrs. Clark, seeing the danger, bravely ran into the burning cabin and rescued the child, receiving at the same time injuries from which she may die. The house fell just as she ran out and she was seriously burned.

In the case of the condemned Anarchists the Supreme Court of the United States have passed an order announcing that they will hear counsel on Thursday next in support of this motion, not only upon the point whether any Federal questions were actually made and decided in the Supreme Court of the State, but also upon the character of those questions, so that the Court may determine whether there are such as to make it proper for them to bring the case before them for review. The Attorney General of Illinois has been notified of the motion, and he will make on oral argument.

Cardinal Taschereau did not attend the Premier's reception at Montreal last week because he had been told that most of the ladies present would be decollete. There was not a single priest among the many hundreds present. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, on the contrary, cannot understand, why it is more indelicate for a lady who has a pretty neck and shoulders to show them than it is for her to exhibit her pretty face. It is not surprising that there should be a difference of opinions of the Cardinal and the Poetess of Passion.—*New York Star.*

The monument to General Robert E. Lee was unveiled at Richmond yesterday with very imposing ceremonies. Governor Fitz Hugh Lee conducted the exercises in general. General Wade Hampton was chief marshal. The monument was unveiled amid the booming of cannon and the cheers of thousands. At night, in the State House, a tremendous meeting was held, General Jubal A. Early presiding. Col. Charles Marshall, who was General Lee's military secretary, delivered a splendid oration. In response to calls, General Hampton made a short speech which was warmly received.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A New Orleans gambler calls his assets "E Pluribus Unum"—won from many.

Capital punishment—Being obliged to sit with the girls.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Sue Fitzperey has a large amount of airy persiflage," remarked the high-school girl. "Have you noticed it, Amy?" "I noticed she had a tremendous big bustle, Mildred, but I didn't know the dictionary word for it."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"What have you been doing to-day?" asked a young man of the idol of his cardiac region. "I've been watching mother darn clothes," replied the lady, and the young man went off and wondered why her mother needed watching darn close.—*San Francisco Alta.*

An unexpected comment: Pastor—"En I says again, brederin', put not yoh trust in Kings!" Still small voice in congregation—"Right yoh is, chile, right yoh is. Aces is bettah, 'n dat's de reason I'se come ter chu'ch wivout no obercoat dis mawnin'."—*Tid-Bits.*

A Lynn clergyman relates that on one occasion after marrying a couple an envelope was handed to him which he supposed, of course, contained the marriage-fee. On opening it he found a slip of paper on which was written: "We desire your prayers."—*Lynn (Mass.) Item.*

"Did you gain flesh by going to the beach this year, Grantly?" "I did, indeed, Brownley; gained 125 pounds." "Pshaw! Impossible!" "Fact, my dear fellow. Come up to the house and I'll introduce you to her. We were married last Sunday."—*Charlestown Enterprise.*

"We propose having a game supper at our church next week," exclaimed a spinster at the opera-house entertainment the other night; "now, what kind of game would you recommend?" "Well, if you want to draw all the boys, suppose you try poker," calmly replied Joseph Pickle.—*Elmira Gazette.*

A small boy on his first appearance in a parish school at Rochester, N. Y., was asked if he knew the Lord's Prayer. He replied that he had never heard of it, whereupon an urchin at his side, with a friendly desire to excuse his ignorance, said to the teacher, "Please, ma'am, he's a stranger from Pennsylvania."

Smallbore—How did you manage to get the Common Council to grant the franchise? Ald. Auger—That was simple enough. I judiciously introduced a few bills, that was all. Smallbore—A few bills in the Common Council? Auger—Yes, about twenty. I think. Ten $1,000 and ten $500.—*New York Sun.*

"Now, Johnny, you remember that Lot's wife was changed to a pillar of salt because she turned and looked back. Why did she turn and look back?" "O, I spose some other woman passed her with a new dress on."—*Rambler.*

Scrap of conversation between two ladies overheard on a suburban train a few mornings since: "So George is at Harvard now?" "O, yes; this is his second year, you known; he has just entered the sycamore class."—*Boston Record.*

Candidate for Coroner—"Never mind, wife, when I get elected my fees will buy us all the comforts of life." Wife—"But, John, suppose there are no sudden deaths?" Candidate for Coroner—"O, well, we won't look on the dark side."—*Tid-Bits.*

It was at an evening party. Mr. D, St. George Smith was reciting a poem consisting of forty-six stanzas. Mr. Brown, a guest, comes in late. "What's going on?" he whispered to Briggs. "Smith's reading a new poem. He has just finished the thirtieth stanza, answered Briggs, savagely. "What is the subject—the motive?" "I don't know what the subject is, but I suspect his motive must be revenge. I can't see any other reason for it."—*The Judge.*

"Her majesty," writes a London correspondent, "eats at state dinners without gloves. The reason for that is at once apparent. It enables her majesty to get a better grip on the wing of a chicken. In wrestling with the common hen of commerce at the dinner-table she must be handled without gloves, or the battle is lost. Gloves would also be very much in the way when her majesty desired to clutch an ear of corn by each end, the tip and the lobe, so to speak, while she gnawed at it amidships. You see, there are a hundred emergencies that might arise during the progress of a state dinner wherein gloves would be in the way.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Women cannot be satirical," says a writer, "any more than they can be humorous." So? How is it that when a man, after courting a girl for seven years, proposes, she says, "O, George, this is so sudden!"

"No, darling," said a mother to a sick child; "the doctor says I mustn't read to you." "Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"

"There is one paper that will destroy the polish of any one it may come in contact with." "Bless me, my good man! what is its name?" "Sand-paper, madam."

Good advice is worth more than money, but somehow we can't make our creditors see that way.

A correspondent writes, "Can you recommend a really good book to take on a brief outing to the Thousand Isles?" With pleasure; the pocket-book.

What can be more disagreeable, more disgusting, than to sit in a room with a person who is troubled with catarrh, and has to keep coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucus which drops into it? Such persons are always to be pitied if they try to cure themselves and fail. But if they get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

Pianos and Organs.

All of the best makes. $25 cash and balance November 1, at spot cash prices on a Piano. $10 cash and balance November 1, at spot cash prices on an Organ. Delivered, freight free, at your nearest depot. Fifteen days test trial and freight both ways if not satisfactory.

Write for circulars.

N. W. TRUMP,
Columbia, S. C.

MODERN OLD MAIDS.

They are Jolly and Good-Natured, and Dress in Exquisite Taste.

According to the idea of things which prevailed not so very long ago, the woman who did not marry was a blighted being. It did not matter whether she remained single from choice or necessity; for since it was considered a woman's only manifest and unalterable destiny to marry, she must of course, be regarded as a failure in life if she did not do this. And though she may have refused forty offers of marriage, or have had the most imperative duties of any sort, or developed the most decided talent for some vocation in life other than marriage yet neither one nor all of these would have been accepted as a valid reason why she should not follow what society had decided was the only proper course in life for her.

From this condition of things there arose in literature and minds of the people in general the typical "old maid." She was always pictured as gaunt, angular, and forbidding in appearance: morose and ill-tempered in disposition, as became a blighted and disappointed being; hating youth and pleasure of all sorts, with a special grudge against lovemaking and lovers, since they reminded her of her own vanished youth and the opportunities which she never had, or, having, had neglected.

But we have changed all that in these later days. With the education of women and the broadening of their opportunities in every way their destinies have broadened also. A woman is still, perhaps, expected first to marry, and it is best for her that she should, provided her marriage can be a happy and suitable one. But if from her own choice, or a necessity arising from a lack of appreciation on the part of the other and more stupid sex, she remains at the end of her days what someone calls an "unclaimed blessing," she is no longer considered, from this circumstance alone, a failure and an unhappy creature. She is no longer doomed to a life of dependence in the house of another, for a score of vocations are open to her, in any one of which she may win a livelihood or even competence. Consequently she commands respect, and, far from being a subject of contempt or pity, she is more likely the object of open or secret envy on the part of most of her married acquaintances.

And so it has come about that the typical old maid of former times has passed away, and in the literature of today we find new types conforming to the new facts of the case and quite different from the old. The modern old maid is not angular and forbidding in appearance, but plump and pleasing. She is not morose and ill-tempered, but jolly and good-natured to an extent that makes her the best of company. As she has never had the absorbing cares that come with marriage, and has no family of sons and daughters growing up about her to remind her of the flight of years, she has naturally forgotten to grow old, and young people regard her as one of themselves when good times are being planned; while in the matter of lovers and love making she has had that experience which makes her simply invaluable as confidante and adviser, and she is the repository of all the secrets of this sort which exist within the range of her acquaintance. She dresses in exquisite taste, she pets a pug dog or a white cat, a golden beetle, or whatever animal fashion may dictate; is idolized by her family; especially her young nephews; has hosts of admirers, but is discretion and propriety personified; is the guiding spirit in orphan asylums, hospital fairs, associated charity matters, and other good works, and, in short, lives out to the end of her days a happy, useful, well-rounded existence.—*Milwaukee Telegraph.*

THE WEEK OF SEVEN DAYS.

As has been remarked by the commentators, and as is apparent to careful readers, it would seem that some notion of the week of seven days was current among the people whose history is recorded in very early times, that is to say, at a date long preceding Moses or any of the books written by him. The proof of this is to be found in such passages as the following: Genesis, xxix., 27, where Jacob is desired by Laban to "fulfill her week," that is Leah's week, in order that he might also receive Rachel. The week appears to express the time given up to nuptial festivities. So afterward in Judges, xiv., where Samson speaks of "the seven days of the feast." So also on the occasion of the death of Jacob, Joseph "made a mourning for his father seven days." (Genesis, L., 10.) But "neither of these instances, any more than Noah's procedure in the ark, go further than showing the custom of observing a term of seven days for any observance of importance." They do not prove that the whole year or the whole month was thus divided at all times and without regard to remarkable events. They do not indeed prove this, but they suggest the division as common and familiar and in some early period recognized as an institution. When, therefore, the children of Israel went down to Egypt for what proved to be a very long sojourn in that country they possibly were familiar with the practice of dividing time by weeks, and at all events the notion of seven days as a convenient portion of time for the affairs of life would not seem altogether strange to them. It is exceedingly probable that on arriving in Egypt they found the week established by the practice of the country. It will be observed that it was in Egypt that Joseph mourned seven days for Jacob; and it is possible, though there seems to be no necessity to assume the fact, that in so doing he was conforming to the custom of the country, as he did with regard to the embalming and chesting of his father's remains. But independently of any such consideration, it would seem highly probable that the Israelties found themselves in Egypt among a people who divided the time by weeks of seven days. We know that they did so at a later period; why might they not have commenced as early as before the sojourn of the Israelites? The Egyptians were, in fact, a people very likely to be advanced in such a matter as this; order and government, both ecclesiastical and civil, were undoubtedly in a remarkable state of perfection at the time to which reference is now made, and it would seem much more probable than otherwise that so convenient an institution as the subdivision of the month into short periods had already been established. It may be noted with reference to the number seven and its recognition in some form or another as a special number among the Egyptians, that we have incidental evidence in the dream of Pharaoh; the special form of the dream, as presenting seven fat and seven lean kine, may be supposed to have been connected with some familiarity in Pharaoh's mind with the number seven during his waking hours. And as regards the Israelites, it may be observed that the period of seven days is introduced into the most solemn event of their Egyptian sojourn, namely, the ordinance of the Passover. "Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses; for whosoever eateth leaven bread from the first until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel."—*The Bishop of Carlisle in the Contemporary Review.*

Metal-covered leaves, set in brooches and made into scarfpins, from the trees and bushes at Lake Starnberg, where mad King Ludwig drowned himself, are now sold in the stores in Munich.

HISTORY OF THE BUSTLE.

The Impetus Which Has Borne It Through Successive Stages of Growth.

Now, we don't mean the great business bustle which belongs to the early fall and winter trade, nor the great bustle of the humming and whirling marts of manufacturing energy. We mean the great bustle of modern fashion.

Nothing has outstripped the bustle in its gigantic stride for prodigious excellence. It is paradoxical that this "outward form" of fashion, which has never been literally in front, has still left all modistic rivals behind.

We can recall when this startlingly reproductive fruit received the distinct impetus which has borne it through successive stages to the present extraordinary condition of development. The bustle got a wondrous impetus from an accident and alarm of the war. We have intently observed its onward march toward immensity for more than twenty years; and, now that it has grown large enough to comprehend this commentary, we pay to its historic origin our respectful compliments.

The bustle of the war period in the south was cut crescent-shaped, was hand-sewed, and was then padded through an open end with cotton or sawdust. It was a modest, unobtrusive bustle in its manners and when properly adjusted was quite invisible to the wearer and nearly so to the world. Like certain lunar eclipses, it could be viewed only from a very limited area.

When Sherman's Christian battalions were beaten through the backways of Georgia and the Carolinas it was deemed, for prudential reasons, best to deposit domestic treasure, such as money and valuables, where they would not confront these patriots. It was not at first suspected that the soldiers would appropriate these effects, but it was feared that the gilt bric-a-brac, and brooch, and bracelet jewelry might attract their admiration and impede their march by tempting them to stop and examine the precious wares.

When brought into full relief by powerful field lenses it was at last seen that Sherman's Christian battalions were an army of incontinent kleptomaniacs, and that new ingenuities would be in constant need to escape their keen and acute methods of detecting the secret places of hidden treasures.

Hiding places were numerous in truth, but their instincts for stealage were quite as diverse and quite as many.

At this crisis the bustle played a historic part.

It became a safe-deposit for imperiled jewelry possessions.

Both cotton and sawdust bustles were now brought into a new use. They were ripped and rid of their waste, and then were rewadded, but this time with small wares and valued gems. Two abnormal effects followed, the first being a disturbance of the symmetry and gravity of the former bustle, the second being a marked increase in its proportions. This made it the more observable, and this, too, led to its eventual detection by certian of the soldiers, which discovery culminated in the theft of many bustles, together with their precious and highly-prized contents.

What was next to do?

Shrewd and resourceful maidens soon fell upon another device. There was continual peril of loss while the bustles were worn in their allotted places upon the person, but there was hope of escape for them if they could be successfully concealed elsewhere. But where, oh where? In the house? No! for Sherman entered with lurid fagots. In the woods? No! for his marauders roosted upon the boughs.

So the noble women resolved to bury their trinkets in the fields. The broad acres thus became the depository of their charms and treasures and the earth covered up their—bustles.

See yonder dune where the tasseled stalk is nodding to the breeze and you could hear the rustle of the corn-blade? Well, once you could hear the rustle of the bustle. See those tiny hills whence the hopeful germ of the happy potato is looking toward the sun? Well, those little hills were once sown broadcast with those beautiful suggestions of dromedarial architecture known in the parlance of worldly fashion as—bustles.

What became of them?

We can not answer for them all. Nor can we repress the thought that had they all taken root and ripened and risen in luxuriant loveliness what a harvest of bustles there would have been! But, like other tender and precarious vegetation, bustles had to take their chances—and more, too.

Some of them, as before, fell to the cupidity of Sherman's Christian soldiers, who relentlessly uprooted them; other, after the passage of military peril, were resurrected to be transplanted elsewhere, and others still, being unmarked, were never found by those who had hastily and hopefully entombed them.

But a great an unexpected day had dawned for bustles. Of the number that were left in the earth a vast proportion of those which had been filled with sawdust in time took root, and exuberantly blossomed and flourished. Those which had contained cotton, however, went generally to seed.

We would say here that from this startling botanic phenomenon and the impressive date and situation we have been enabled to locate unmistakably the rise and progress of the American bustle; and we been convinced, too, that nothing short of the most pertinacious and painstaking care and watchfulness could have brought this indispensable appurtenance of modern female beauty to its present extraordinary size, vigor, and variety.

We have not space to fully present our deductions from the important circumstances that surround the bustle or from the beautiful physiological female creations that stand immediately in front of it. We can not contrast the early and almost unnoticeable product we saw planted in the past with the prodigious and illimitable fruit of our days without the encroachment of wonder upon our thoughts and sublime and poetic tendency toward blank verse.

If we view the matter in a practical and dispassionate vein, we are forced to the conviction that bustles make a better crop for profitable or ornamental farming than breadstuffs. We believe there is no known abridgement to its dimensions, and that faithful and assiduous tillage will produce bustles of good quality quite as large at least as hot air balloons. There must be more money in a crop of bustles of this size than in several bales of cotton.

When the bustle has been developed to its probable limit we think the lady who wears one will escape recognition if not, indeed, observation. On a recent visit to Augusta our attention was called to a bustle of the "pneumatic" species. This is a graft of the bulb variety, and is filled with atmospheric oxygen. It was propelling a young lady before it much as a perambulator is engineered by a nurse. The bustle was the admiration of one of the main thoroughfares of Augusta. The lady turned to gaze upon the elegant stationary in the *Chronicle* windows. Being then on a profile the effect was at its best. She wore a terra cotta chimney of hat and with the prolongation of her body growing out of the new "pneumatic" bustle resembled very closely a rural summer cottage with a stove flue fixed at one end. Modisticiar has indeed trenched closely on anatomical perfection when an exquisite female form can be made to counterfeit a farm shanty with a ventilating shaft at the gable.

The department of agriculture will confer a national blessing by distributing the seed of this bustle free. We should like to alternate the pneumatic variety of adjustable bustle with Bermuda grass or Bermuda onions.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Home Journal.*

Tobacco-Growing in England.

In reply to an inquiry as to the result of his experiment in tobacco-growing, Lord Harris, writing from Huntingfield, Faversham, says: "My experiment has been so far less elaborate than Mr. De Laune's that an account of it would lack the interest raised, and justly so, in his attempt to prove the feasibility of growing and drying tobacco in England. I planted about ten rods in a garden at Belmont with two sorts (the broad leaf and long leaf), but the intervals—two feet by three feet—were not sufficient to allow of passage between the plants when in full growth, and consequently many suckers which should have been nipped out on appearance, shot up and robbed the leaves that formed the crop. They also knocked each other about a good deal in high winds. The land was not manured, but it is good land, and the plantation grew so vigorously as to resemble a tropical jungle. I cut very late in September, after there had been two or three slight frosts, but the plants seemed in no way affected. In harvesting I strictly followed printed instructions and split the stems from the top to within a few inches of the base. The crop cut was made an inch or two lower, and the plants straddled over laths, which were removed by the wagon-load to a green-house and rested on a temporary structure. We found the stem of the long-leaved variety far more woody than that of the broad-leaved. My intention had been to produce the yellow or golden-colored tobacco, but I found I could not get the house above 110 degrees in the middle of the day, so I had to be contented with gradual drying, resulting only in a brown tobacco. I have had no one in the trade down as yet to see my crop, so it is impossible for me to say whether my experiment has been so successful as Mr. De Laune's, but to my inexperienced eye there is little difference as to appearance and texture between the two crops. I should imagine that it is impossible as yet to draw any comparison between our samples and any imported, say American tobacco, because it is evident that the latter, whatever the process of packing may be, must undergo some pressure, whereby fermentation is set up, and I am inclined to think that it has been the omission of this last process which has induced people who have surreptitiously smoked English-grown tobacco to declare that it was flavorless." Lord Harris adds that no difficulties whatever have been thrown in the way by the excise officers.—*London Times.*

Parlors That Crush Out Home Life.

Did you ever hear of tyrannical parlors? The costly carpets and curtains, the expensive ornaments, give a subdued tone to the room destructive to real hospitality and good times. A neighborhood social met from house to house. One of the members was a bright boy; his mother had one of those tyrannical parlors, given up to formality and short calls. The bright boy said at one of the meetings: "I would like to invite you to my house, but we never have good times in our stuck-up drawing-room." The little fellow felt the difference between his own home surroundings and that of some others of the social club. At one house the wise parents made the parlor so attractive that the boys and girls of the family said they "would rather be at home than anywhere else." The carpet was not too nice to dance on or even to play blind man's buff. The chairs and tables were not heavy and cumbersome, but were light enough to be tucked away, leaving a clear space. The children were encouraged to get up charades and tableaux. A magic lantern exhibition added variety, and now and then a card party. "But that was very wrong," says one stern parent. No! Father and mother took a hand in the game and there was not so much danger the children would seek questionable pleasures in unprofitable places.

A Question of Speed.

Jabe Mathis, of the Thirteenth Georgia, was a good soldier, but one day, when the Confederates were retreating from the gory field of Gettysburg, Jabe threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed with much vehemence: "I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it." And Jabe was the picture of despair. "Git up, man!" exclaimed his captain, "don't you know the Yankees are following us? They'll git you, sure!" "Can't help it," said Jabe, "I'm done for; I'll not walk another step!" The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill and lost sight of poor, dejected Jabe. In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly Jabe appeared on the crest of the hill moving like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain that officer yelled: "Hello, Jabe; thought you wasn't going to walk any more?" "Thunder," replied Jabe, as he hit the dust with renewed vigor; "you don't call this walking, do you?"—*Savannah News.*

How Germany Treats Spies.

The Paris *Matin* gives its readers the following information respecting the treatment to which persons arrested as spies are subjected in Germany: "Some five or six years ago a Belgian subject was arrested in Germany on suspicion of being a spy in the pay of the French government. No trustworthy evidence against him was forthcoming, and the charge was sustained merely by the testimony of an entirely irresponsible individual. Nevertheless, the accused was condemned to ten years' imprisonment, after having already suffered eight months' confinement on suspicion. He has since been to all intents and purposes as one dead to his family. It has only been with the greatest difficulty that he has succeeded in obtaining permission from the authorities to write a few lines every quarter. In this epistle, moreover, he is compelled, under threats, to sing the praises of the regime of which he is the innocent victim. He has to herd with thieves and assassins, and, although suffering from a most painful physical illness, is on no account permitted to see a physician. The Belgian government has, it is said, repeatedly made efforts to obtain, if not the release, at all events the better treatment of this unhappy man; but in vain."

"The shades of night were falling fast," read the teacher; "what does that mean?" And the smart bad boy reckoned "the women were pullin' down the blinds," for which he got ten minutes in the merry birch woods.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Miss de Jauns is a very self-possessed young lady, isn't she?" remarked Jackson. "Yes, she ought to be," replied Dickson. "Why so?" "Because I have asked her to be mine three times and she said 'no' each time."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Four generations live in the house of J. U. Turcotte, of Lowell, Massachusetts—his daughter, aged six; her mother, aged thirty; his mother, aged fifty-three, and her mother, aged eighty-one years.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

She kissed her pug—with haste arose,
And rained upon that creature's nose
A storm of osculations sweet:
The swell reclining at her feet
Remarked, as he looked sideways up,
"I wish that I'd been born a pup!"
Then smiling coldly from her throne,
She said, "And were you born full grown?"

Table talk—Spirit rapping.

The perfectly contented man is also useless.

The bar of public opinion is always open on Sundays.

Joint exhibition—At the ballet and the butcher's shop.

The heart cannot be light while the head is heavy.

Only two cases before the Mayor this morning. Both unimportant.

An egg-plant—The original investment in a henery.

What is the most dangerous ship to embark in? Author-ship.

Upright pianos are often played by downright bores.

The elephant allows his wife to carry but one trunk.

The home circle—Walking around with the baby at night.

The cork-screw has sunk more than the cork-jacket will ever float.

The barber is a firm believer in the theory of rotation in crops.

If told to take a "back seat," one will invariably take affront.

Never talk in your sleep unless you are sure what you are going to say.

A hen is a very superior creature, but she never could lay a corner-stone.

"Why do we sleep?" inquires a scientific journal. It is because we get sleepy.

When the knight of old wanted to protect his girl he put his armor round her.

A refractory car window and a pretty girl will make a big man feel pretty small.

The man who can "carry the State" has to pay the railroad to carry him, just like any ordinary men.

Frock-coats are cut shorter in the skirts, with a view to making a man look more "natty" and "nobby."

Speaking about alacrity, you should observe a clerk tack up an early-closing notice on a store door.

A candidate must be ready to answer all questions. If a constituent arraigns him before a bar and asks him what he will take, he must know his poison.

A contemporary thinks the saloon should be taken out of politics. Just for a starter it is suggested that the politics be taken out of the saloons.

The weak, cracked voice of the little old maid in the gallery is just as sweet to the One in whose praise the hymn is raised, as the bell-like notes of the high-priced soprano in the choir.

The question is asked if there is anything that will bring youth to a woman? Yes, indeed. An income of twenty thousand dollars a year will bring any number of them.

A series of experiments carried on in France proves that the use of tobacco destroys the memory. If a man asks you for the loan of a V you should find out whether he chews or smokes.

Five million umbrellas are made in this country every year. This makes about one umbrella to every seven persons. One person buys the umbrella; the other six steal it from him and use it.

* * * * Rupture radically cured, also pile tumors and fistulæ. Pamphlet of particulars 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, New York.

The Redskins Take the Warpath

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 26.—Advices from A. Munsenberger, a miner from Sabinal, Mex., about 150 miles northwest from El Paso, confirm the news of a recent raid by a remnant of the Apaches formerly commanded by Mangus.

Ex-Lieutenant Britton Davis, manager of the Corrillitas Ranching Company, sent the first report by mail about two weeks ago, saying that a band of seven savages had stolen a lot of horses from the ranch, and that a party of eight men, commanded by one McGrew, had pursued the Indians, and after a sharp conflict had recovered the horses.

Mr. Munsenberger says that they are undoubt