

THE APPEAL

Published Weekly

—BY THE—

Northwestern Publishing Company.

SAINT PAUL OFFICE,
NO. 76 EAST FIFTH STREET.

BET. CEDAR AND MINNESOTA.
J. Q. ADAMS, Editor.

MINNEAPOLIS OFFICE,
24 EAST FIFTH STREET.

Z. W. MITCHELL, Manager.

CHICAGO OFFICE,
COMO BLOCK, 325 Dearborn St.

Rooms 13, 14 and 15.
C. F. ADAMS, Manager.

ST. LOUIS OFFICE,
1002 FRANKLIN AVENUE.

W. M. FARMER, Manager.

LOUISVILLE OFFICE,
312 W. Jefferson Street, Room 8.

H. C. WEEDEN, Manager.

TERMS.

Single copy, per year.....\$2.00
Six months..... 1.10
Three months..... .60

Subscriptions are not paid in advance. When subscriptions are not paid in advance or by any means are allowed to run without payment, the terms will be 60 cents for each 15 weeks and 5 cents for each week.

Marriages and deaths to be announced at all must be in season to be news. Plainly written only upon one side of the paper, must reach us not later than Wednesday, and bear the signature of the author. No manuscript returned.

Special terms to agents who desire to place the paper on sale.

Advertisements for a longer time than a month. A blue cross mark opposite your name denotes that your subscription has expired. You will confer a favor by renewing the same.

Communications to receive attention must be terse, upon important subjects, plainly written only upon one side of the paper, must reach us not later than Wednesday, and bear the signature of the author. No manuscript returned.

Special terms to agents who desire to place the paper on sale.

REVISED AT POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14 1889.

TACTICS OF TARIFF REFORMERS.

Under the promise of getting more American products into foreign markets the free trade preachers urge that all barriers against foreign competition shall be removed from our home market.

The unfairness, the hollowness, of their proposal becomes apparent when all the facts of the situation are given consideration. Our home market is the best market in the world; best, not only for the reason that our people are the most liberal buyers in the world, but for the further reason that it is the only one in which they can trade and have all the profits of the transaction inure to the national wealth.

The proposal is further unfair because it demands the giving of a certainty for an uncertainty—a consideration of tangible and enormous value for a chance to contest for something already in possession of commercial rivals. European nations, whose teeming peoples crowd the narrow margin between poverty and starvation, already have subsidized lines of ships pushing the products of their factories and mines into the harbors of every foreign country able to buy anything.

To secure any portion of this trade Americans must supply similar products for less money, or better ones for prices now paid Europeans. The fact that their customers in other countries are unable or unwilling to use and pay for the products already available is what occasions the solicitude of European manufacturers for a better hold upon the markets of the United States. Not content with the nearly \$100,000,000 worth of manufactures annually sold here, they seek to still further supplant domestic labor in supplying the wants of the American people.

The fact that this would give work to idle people in foreign lands and profits to foreign capital, is with them a potent argument, while that other fact, that increased foreign purchases means enforced idleness for thousands in this country, is deemed to be outside of those results they are called upon to consider.

Not content with the decision against free trade last year, the champions of this unpatriotic policy have begun agitation for a reversal of the verdict in favor of giving the people of this country the first right in their own markets. Without regard for consistency in their pleas, these crusaders are again seeking the ears of those who so lately repudiated their teachings. While one set repeats to the farmer that competition in foreign markets will swell the prices of his products, another assures the mechanic that free trade will enable him to live cheaper, notwithstanding the fact that the greater part of his expense is for what must be bought from the farmer. One "reformer" will tell the wool-grower that under free trade the impulse to manufacturers will insure higher prices for wool, while another goes to the laborer with the promise that free wool will bring cheaper clothing. Anything to secure a reversal of last year's verdict at the polls. It remains to be seen whether this effort will be more successful than the multitude of its predecessors.

It has just been discovered in West Virginia that the whites induced Bill Turner, a Colored man—a worthless one of course—to waylay and murder Charles West a prominent white man, who for political reasons they wished out of the way. The men who plotted for the murder of West, as soon as the job was done, formed themselves into a body of regulators and lynched their tool so as to shield themselves. Certain statements that Turner made just as he was to be strung up were heard by some of the lynchers who were not in the plot and these being repeated, the grand jury, recently in session, investigated the matter and one of their number broke down and made a confession which has brought trouble on them all. These "superior" white people can give the poor Colored brothers many a pointer on doing the devils work.

The daily papers almost daily tell of the lynching of some Colored man accused of rape. These lawless lynchings are always conducted by the "superior" race. Superiority does not consist of an assertion to that effect. Would it not be a better proof that these members of the superior (?) race are really superior, to allow the accused an opportunity to clear themselves of the accusation or be proven guilty. The judges, juries and officers of the courts are all members of the "superior" race and there will be no danger of a guilty man escaping.

"Editor's Day" at the Minneapolis exposition last Thursday called together a goodly number of the pencil pushers of the Northwest. The freedom of the exposition was tendered by Manager Byron. In the evening a grand banquet was tendered by the exposition company which was highly enjoyed. The APPEAL was the only organ of the Colored people represented.

John G. Jones and others have sent out invitations for the Colored men of Illinois to meet in conference at Springfield, October 7. Colored conventions have done but little good but we'll wait and see what will be accomplished by this one. You can't attend unless you have an invitation.

Nothing lately has tickled the Colored people of the Northwest so much as the defeat of that mouth fighter, Pat Killen, by McAniff in California last Wednesday. It is very evident now why he said he would not fight Jackson. Pat is a dead duck henceforward.

Hon. John M. Langston shows that he has some "hoss sense." Now we will see how grateful white men are. We will see if they believe in the policy, "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

One way for the Colored people of the North to aid their brothers in the South would be to organize emigration societies and bring them North where they'll get fair play.

Were any Colored men called to serve as jurors in the Cronin murder trial? If so speak out and let us know who they are.

Some Pertinent Questions.
After reading these reports of one day's horrors, can anyone fail to ask himself these questions:

Is there any doubt that there is yet a race problem, and one of infinite difficulty and danger, to be solved by the American people?

Is it true that "there is one law for black and white" at the South?

Is it possible that "the ordinary civil rights of the Negro" are likely to be "secured and preserved" by a people who are so ready to shed his blood?

Can a Christian civilization recognize the claim of the South to be "permitted to settle the race question" for themselves?

Is it not a part of the duty of the government and people of the United States to find a way to secure to those to whom it has guaranteed the rights of citizenship, the protection of law?

Are murder and church-burning the most desirable methods of "preparing the Negro for civilization and the Christianization of Africa?"

Do these often recurring and almost unprovoked conflicts ending always in fresh slaughter of the blacks indicate a purpose to do "equal and exact justice to the Colored man," or a determination to crush and destroy him?

If you were a Colored man, would you feel that American Christianity desired your welfare and exerted itself for your protection?

Are the Christian people of the North guiltless of the bloodshed by their white brethren of the South, simply because those in whose veins it ran have colored skins?

These are ugly questions, but they must be answered sooner or later.
ALBION W. TOURGEE.
Mayville, N. Y. Sept. 5, 1889.

ST. PAUL.
Do you borrow THE APPEAL, or do you subscribe for and pay for it?

Should you need anything in the jewelry line, call on John D. Bodford 380 East Seventh street, and save ten per cent. Read his advertisement on fourth page.

"Old Jed Prouty" is the title of the play at the Newmarket next week. It is a tale of New England life enacted by that eccentric comedian Richard Golden. Don't miss it.

The inaugural social by the Queen of the West Tabernacle, at the residence of Mrs. Lottie Roach last Thursday evening was a pleasant financial success. There was a good attendance and a good time.

Mrs. Booker Smith after an extended illness died last Tuesday, her funeral was preached last Wednesday by Rev. L. C. Sheafe of Pilgrim Baptist church at St. James A. M. E. church Wednesday afternoon. A large number of friends was present to pay the last tributes of respect.

Rev. William Gray has resigned the pastorate of Southern Baptist church, which was accepted by the church last Wednesday evening. Rev. J. H. Hampshire has been called to the pulpit and will conduct services as usual Sunday. All the friends of the church are invited to be present.

For next week at the Olympic beginning Monday with matinee Saturday the attractions will be Forrester's Oriental Extravaganza and Burlesque Company, a great list of merry olio stars, a bevy of handsome girls, many new novelties. Also the production of the sensational burlesque "The Moor's Bride," pretty costumes, catchy music, elegant scenic effects and a good show.

A very enjoyable ladies' reception was given Mrs. J. B. Johnson at her residence No. 43 1/2 W. Third street Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. A. J. Allen, of Loganport, Ind., and Mrs. J. A. Warren, of Chicago. The reception lasted from 4:30 to 7:30 o'clock during which time there were present: Messdames F. L. McGhee, Jas. Banister, J. T. Brown, G. W. Ellison, S. M. Lewis, Addie Henry, C. Waldon, F. Combs, E. Ford, W. H. Parker, S. Hatcher, Louis Wilson, T. H. Griswold, P. G. Bradley, A. Robinson, Geo. Duckett, J. K. Hilyard, Chas. Robert, J. B. Turner, J. W. Hackery, R. C. Howard, J. K. Hilyard, Jr., J. W. Christian, Miss E. B. Smith.

Proper Recognition of Worth.
Tis the rule rather than the exception that Colored people are slow to recognize and appreciate true worth among themselves, such however seems not to have been the fact in the case of Mrs. Sadie Williams, who for several years has been organist, leader of the choir and chorister of the Sabbath school at St. James A. M. E. church. Mrs. Williams has been during her connection with the church one of the most earnest, faithful and active workers. She and her husband have determined to seek a home further West and leave the city this week. To show their appreciation of her faithful services the members and friends of the church met in the auditorium Tuesday evening and enjoyed a testimonial tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Williams, by the Friday night class over which Mr. T. H. Lyles presided. There were various musical selections by the choir also other exercises of a literary nature by several ladies, and remarks by several gentlemen after which the following resolutions were passed:

St. Paul, Minn., Sep. 10, 1889.
Now that our beloved Sister Sadie Williams is to leave us and take up her abode in a distant city, the ties that bind her to us being thus severed; ties that have been welded by her ardent and zealous labor unstinted and gratefully given, actuated only by christian motives.

And because during the four years of her residence amongst us we have ever known her, meek, unassuming yet dignified and womanly in all her connection with the church as its organist, leader of the choir and chorister of the Sabbath school, to be devoted to ever-mindful, and fully interested in those things that would best enhance the church's good.

Therefore, Fully recognizing her services, the result of her labor, the good she has done, and bespeaking for her husband, our loved brother Frank M. Williams, wherever their lot may be cast, well deserved greetings of good will and success, be it

Resolved,—That in parting with our sister and brother, St. James Church sustains the loss of two of its best workers and earnest christian members.

That we will ever keep them in fond remembrance and pray heaven's kindness and blessings will rest upon them always.

In token whereof it is ordered that a copy of the foregoing be spread upon the minutes, and records of the church and published in the next issue of THE APPEAL.

At the close of the exercises a purse of \$12 was made up and presented to Mrs. Williams who accepted the same in a very neat little speech appropriate to the occasion, after which all present repaired to the Sunday school room and enjoyed refreshments which had been prepared for the occasion. The large attendance testified to the esteem in which Mrs. Williams is held in our midst, and her place will not easily be filled.

P. P. P.
A few months ago, a young man arrived in the Salinity City just from the wild woolly West where he had lived for years among the Indians. He bore with him a secret which promises to be a veritable boon to suffering humanity, being nothing more nor less than a simple, speedy, certain and permanent cure for Hemorrhoids or Piles, which he has named: "PILES PERMANENT PARALYZER." This disease is very common; one out of every ten being affected with it, in a greater or less degree.

It is caused by the congestion of the adomonal venous circulation which eventually results in the formation of tumors, and frequent hemorrhage or discharge of blood, or, in some cases, a discharge mucus, or violent itching. There are many remedies which are more or less beneficial but this remedy which this young man obtained from an old Indian chief is a certain and speedy cure. He has used it with such marvelous results that a company is forming for its manufacture and sale. For the present it

may be found at McMasters drug store cor. Seventh and Washaba, the Eureka saloon No. 384, Minnesota street and at the office of THE APPEAL. The following named persons have been cured of piles with "P. P. P." within the past month, and all doubting Thomases are referred to them for testimonials of its value: Samuel Edwards, Wesley Slaughter, Andrew Mack, Dan Taylor, Mrs. Mary Edwards, Mrs. Hattie Brown and a number of others. Moreover, any one purchasing a box of "P. P. P." and after using it according to directions for one week without beneficial results, may have his money refunded. The price is 75 cents per box. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical, no matter how long you have been troubled nor what you have done for relief without avail, the Piles Permanent Paralyzer will cure you, not only relieve you, but CURE you. If you are a sufferer from that troublesome disease don't delay get a box of P. P. P. and be happy. This remedy is not for all the ills that flesh is heir to but only cures piles. Remember that P. P. P. only cures piles and does its work well.

Constitution Makers.
Many of our legislators have an itching to be constitution makers, though "constitution makers" would describe them better. Probably it was observation of this which led Thomas H. Benton to say: "The safety of the country is in the tranquil masses; its danger from the uneasy politicians." It is not a good thing to frequently amend the constitution of a state, but with an individual it is different. Our constitutions every now and then become impaired, and then need to be made over, or built up again. Travel amid scenes of beauty, and under comfortable and luxurious conditions, is one of the best constitution-makers. To secure the greatest benefit, take a journey, securing your ticket over the fast, handsome and elegantly equipped line of "The Burlington," East, North or South. For particulars, call on any ticket agent, or write to W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, C. B. & N. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS.
Don't forget the grand ball on the 17th. Mr. Solomon Saunders returned Monday from his visit in Washington.

Mrs. S. Nelson of Grand Forks, Dak., arrived in our city Wednesday on business.

Mr. Frank Thorpe a white man was married on Tuesday evening to Mrs. Annie Hawkins. Rev. Williamson officiated.

The ball given at G. A. R. Hall last Wednesday evening under the supervision of Messrs. C. H. Allen and Dick Gray was a most enjoyable affair. The attendance was large and all had a good time. A small representation of St. Paul ladies and gentlemen was present and received excellent treatment at the hands of the managers.

Harvest Excursions.
On Sept. 10th and 24th, and Oct. 8th, "The Burlington" will run from all stations. "Harvest Excursions" at very low rates for the round trip, tickets good for thirty days. Tickets will be sold to all points in Arkansas, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, Dakota and Mississippi; to all points in Southern Missouri, beyond Butler, Clinton and Springfield, except points on the Missouri river; to all points in Kansas and Nebraska, except points on the Missouri river; to all points in Minnesota west of Belgrade (on the Soo Line), Morton on (Minneapolis & St. Louis Ry.), Little Falls (on the N. P. Ry.), and Wilmar, (on the Manitoba); to all points in Tennessee, except Memphis; all points in Louisiana, except New Orleans; and all points in Alabama, except Mobile. For full particulars concerning rates and route and for tickets and sleeping-car accommodations, call on the agent of the C. B. & N. R. R., at St. Paul, or address W. J. C. Kenyon, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & N. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Wants \$5,000 Damages.
A case under the civil rights act was begun in the Circuit Court by Andrew R. Jackson, young Colored man employed at the Commercial Hotel, against Manager David Henderson, of the Chicago Opera House. Jackson says he bought two parquet circle seats for the performance of July 4 at the Chicago Opera House; that on that night he, with a young lady from Memphis, presented the tickets at the theatre door, where they were received and the coupons returned to him; that he was received by the head usher, who when he saw the coupons, directed him to a subordinate at the proper aisle, and this subordinate conducted him to the seats, and turning them down said: "These are your seats, but you can't have them. We don't allow niggers in here." Jackson says that the ushers tried to get his coupons from him, but he refused to surrender them or to accept seats in the gallery in their stead, and he walked out of the opera house. He wants \$5,000 damages.

CHICAGO.
When you wish to irrigate call on W. Monroe No. 436 Dearborn street.

Mrs. Martha Waters of Nashville is visiting her son Mr. Robert Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carey, of Cincinnati are in the city for a short visit.

You can get a good square meal at Mrs. Eliza Jones 3614 Butterfield street.

Mrs. S. M. C. Plum and daughter, Miss Susie, have returned from Cincinnati.

Mr. Charles Britton of St. Paul made a flying visit to the Windy City this week.

Furnished rooms for gentlemen only, at Mrs. S. Gant's, 2136 and 2138 Skike street.

Mr. J. H. Hobson of Cairo, G. M. of

Illinois of K. of T. will arrive in the city to-day.

Mrs. Mary Thomas of Danville, Ky., mother of W. R. M. C. and J. D. Cowan is in the city.

You can get the best meal in the city at Mrs. J. H. Hunter's. Try one and you'll eat there all the time.

Dr. W. H. Mansfield returned to St. Louis Thursday. He will practice his profession in the Future Great.

If anything has been said or done by the Colored people of Chicago you can get full particulars in THE APPEAL.

Messrs. Pope and Smith, 121 Lake St. will clean and repair your clothing and make it as good as new. Give them a trial.

Two desirable furnished rooms to rent at Mrs. N. E. Lane's 262 22d street. She will be pleased to have you give her a call.

Thursday evening Miss Belle Harper of 1707 Dearborn street gave a reception in honor of Miss Gracie Johnson of Jackson, Mich. Quite a number were present and a pleasant time was had.

Welded in Wedlock.
Mr. Spurgeon C. White, chief of city collecting force of THE APPEAL and Miss Martha H. Bethesda church Tuesday night. The edifice was crowded with people, every seat was taken, the aisles and vestibule were jammed and the side walks were full of people unable to gain admission. Promptly at 8:30 the bridal party entered the church and marched up the center aisle while Miss Gertrude Washington played Beethoven's grand wedding march. The bride was attired in a cream non's veiling, with sash trimmings, cut entraine, natural flowers; the groom wore the conventional costume. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. W. White the groom's father assisted by Rev. Jordan Chavis. An informal reception to the most intimate friends of the family took place at the bride's residence immediately after.

The presents were as follows:
Bride's trousseau, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hawley, bride's parents.
Cathedral clock and sewing machine groom.

Dinner set 50 pieces, bouquet and gauze fan, Mr. Geo. Hawley brother of bride.
Lace pillow cases and parlor lamp. Mrs. Mary White mother of groom.
Cash \$80 Rev. H. H. White father of groom.

Chamber set, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ivory. French crepe dress front, Miss Susie Wortham, Detroit.
Linen toilet set, Mrs. Dolson, Detroit.
Cut glass water set, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Lewis, Cincinnati.

Gold lined silver sugar spoons, Miss Selma Wilson, Lawrence, Kansas.
Table cloth, Mrs. Gaskins.
Embroidered handkerchief, Mrs. Ada Humphreys, Long Beach, N. J.
Fruit set, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Cooper. Set fancy tidies, Mrs. J. Wright.
Bed quilt, Mrs. T. H. Bland.
Hand painted sofa pillows, Miss Minnie Bland.

Breakfast set, silver knives, forks and spoons, Mrs. Louis Wills and Mr. Geo. Polite.
Table cloth, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kelly. Linen table cloth, Mrs. Sadie Cross. Bed spread, Miss Annie Dorsey.
Pair linen towels, Miss Clara Hannah.
Pair vase, Miss Gertrude Washington.
Japanese knife tray, Miss Senora Seldon.
French china cuspidor, Miss Jessie Waring.

Ground glass set, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Harper.
Cut glass cake set, Mrs. Barbara Madison.
Large bottle cologne, Mr. Alfred P. Knight.
Cash \$2 Mr. T. H. Bland.
Cash \$5 Mrs. Fuller, cashier Palmer House.

The ladies of Bethesda assisted by Mr. Timothy Cooper, decorated the church. The flowers were by friends at Palmer House and Mrs. Cornelia Moore.

The happy couple proceeded at once to home keeping at 4123 3/4 street where they'll be at home to their friends.

Banquet to Dr. Williams.
Dr. Williams of New Orleans, Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias made a flying visit to the city last week and was entertained at a banquet last Saturday evening, given by Damon Lodge No. 1, at the residence of Chancellor Commander Abe Brown 2502 State street. The following officers were present:

Rev. J. F. Thomas, Grand Deputy for the State of Illinois.
Abe Brown, C. C.
J. W. Womack, V. C.
H. J. Holzes, P. S. T.
W. D. Gaines, M. of F.
E. S. Chapple, M. of A.
J. E. Miller, K. of G. and S.
J. W. Owens, O. R.
Doc Beall, C. of Ex.

A grand time was had discussing the toothsome viands and it was long after midnight when the company departed for their homes.

HALF FARE
HARVEST EXCURSIONS
August 26th and 20th, September 10 and 24th and October 8th.

The MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS RY. ("Albert Lea Route") will sell upon above named dates round trip excursion tickets to points in Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Indian Territory, Colorado, Idaho, New Mexico, Montana, Wyoming, Arizona, Missouri, Iowa, Louisiana and Alabama at rate of ONE FARE for round trip.

Tickets good 30 days from date of sale. Stop-overs granted in the territory to which tickets are sold. For information regarding rates, maps call on any agent, or write to

C. H. HOLDRIDGE,
Minneapolis, Minn. G. T. & P. A.

OLD FARMER ANDERSON.

After Twenty-eight Years He Celebrates the Ending of the Civil War.

Under the willows at the old spring house of old Davy Anderson's farm, three miles up the valley from here, was celebrated recently a strange event, which is the talk of the country folks hereabouts. The center of a group of friends and neighbors was old Davy Anderson himself, and at his right hand was Percival, his long-absent son. On the table was a demijohn of whisky, the like of which has probably never been heard of in this country, because it was at the bottom of Davy Anderson's mill-dam for twenty-eight years.

The story runs back to the days when the Southern rebellion began. Davy Sumter had been fired upon. Davy Anderson then was a rank Democrat of the State rights persuasion. During the war he was known as "Old Copperhead of Cushion Valley." His son Percival was then a young man, just past twenty-one years of age. When news reached the farm that Southern soldiers had opened fire on General Anderson in Fort Sumter, Percival said it was a shame. He stood up for General Anderson and the cause of the North, although there was no relation between the two families. Old Davy, however, maintained that if the Southern States wanted to secede they had a right to, and that there was nothing in the Constitution to prevent it. Percival said the Union ought not to be divided, and he was for General Anderson, for the family name, anyhow. Words between father and son soon ran high, the father being in a towering rage because his son dared to oppose him in a political dispute.

This was in April, 1861. A few months quickly passed, and father and son continued their disputes. News of the war was very slow in reaching the Anderson farm. At length, when hay-making began, father and son had a bitter quarrel in the hay field. In those days, as now, farmers generally had a demijohn of whisky in the field for the haymakers. Davy had drunk more than he should, and when Percival called his father a rebel sympathizer the old man raised a rake and broke it over Percival's head. The farm hands then rushed in and stopped the fight. Percival went to the farm house, put on his Sunday clothes, kissed his mother and sisters good-bye, and enlisted for the war. He was the only son, and when Davy Anderson sobbed up and got to the house, he found the women folk in tears. They would not be comforted, and Davy was roundly cursed. He went with them, of course, and had nothing to say. The next day Davy went into the hay field and dragged from under the brush, near the spring, that demijohn of whisky. It was nearly full, as the haymakers had not touched it, having named it "fighting whisky." Davy took the demijohn to the house, corked it tightly, encased the cork end securely in a ball of tallow, and threw the demijohn in the mill dam, saying: "Stay there until Percival comes home, and we'll take a drink and make up."

Percival went to the front, wrote a few letters home, but finally he wrote no more. He fought in a number of battles, and his long silence led his parents to believe he had either been killed or taken prisoner. Percival was captured and taken to Andersonville prison, from which he escaped and went on foot to the Everglades of Florida. For twenty-seven years nothing was ever heard of the missing soldier. The Anderson family heard from some of his comrades, who wrote saying he must have died in the prison pen at Andersonville.

About a month ago Jacob Shuler, a well-to-do farmer at Brecknock, received a short letter from Key West, and to his utter astonishment, it was signed Percival Anderson. It asked whether the old folks were still alive, and if they were, to visit them and drop a few hints that their long absence - on might still be alive, and might come home again. Shuler did so, but the old folks shook their heads sadly. To make a long story short, Percival Anderson arrived two days ago, a tall, sun-browned, brown-whiskered man, his German brogue all gone, and his language of the true Southern twang. He first called on Shuler, and together they went to Anderson farm. In all the long years of his absence things had changed but little. The farmhouse, the spring-house, the willows, the barn and stables looked about as they did when he left. The old folks were as supper on the back porch. Two sisters that had never married were also there. The meeting was touch-absent son with the family, was touching indeed, and there was not a dry eye among them. It was midnight before they went to bed; before each had told his or her history, since they separated. Percival said he had not written home simply because he had gotten out of the habit of writing, especially after he had written two letters home from Florida, but which the old folks never answered because they never received them. Percival bought farming land, and now owns an orange grove and large truck garden in western Florida. The next day Davy Anderson took his son out to the mill dam, and pointing to a spot near the middle he said:

"Percival, twenty-eight years ago, the day after you left, I threw that demijohn of whisky we had in the hay field into that water, and said it should remain there until you came home again. It is still there."

The farm hands were ordered to draw off the dam, and after a long and careful search among the leaves, rubbish, mold and mud, the demijohn was found, well covered with black mud. The men took it to the creek and thoroughly washed it. The tallow around the cork had become hard as the glass itself, and the wicker work had not rotted, but petrified. For twenty-eight years it had rested on the bottom of the dam, and hundreds of times each year the men on the farm had pointed to the spot and quietly wished for some of that whisky. The tallow was chipped off, the cork was taken out, and the whisky was thick as oil. Strange to say, the flavor was remarkably good. It

was in all probability the oldest whisky in Eastern Pennsylvania. About fifty neighbors had assembled under the willows to celebrate Percival's return, and to each man and woman was given a little of the whisky to taste. Percival took his glass, smiled at his father, and said:

"Pap, is the war over?"
The old man, with tears running down his cheeks, answered:
"Yes, yes, my boy; and you were on the right side and I was wrong."

A good dinner was served to all the visitors. Percival has ordered his Southern property to be sold, and he will pass the remainder of his years with the old folks at home—Brecknock (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.

TAKING DEATH CALMLY.
The Notable Fortitude of a Patient in a Union Hospital.

During the late war while at one of the hospitals at Alexandria the head steward told me the following touching incident: "A young man," he said, "had been pined under my care who had a severe wound in the thigh. The ball having passed completely through, an amputation was necessary. The limb was cut up close to the body, the arteries were taken up and he seemed to be doing well. Subsequently one of the small arteries sloughed off, an incision was made and it was taken up. 'It is not the main artery,' said the surgeon as he performed the operation. 'Had it been so he might have bled to death before I could have taken it up.'"

"But the patient Charley, as we always spoke of him, got on finely for a time and was a favorite with us all. I was going through the ward one night about midnight, when suddenly as I was passing Charley's bed he spoke to me. 'Harry, my leg is bleeding again,' he said. I threw back the bed-clothes and the blood spouted in the air. The main artery had sloughed off. Fortunately I knew just what to do, and in an instant I had pressed my thumb on the place and stopped the bleeding. It was so close to the body that there was barely room for my thumb, but I succeeded in keeping it there and, arousing one of the nurses, sent him for the surgeon, who came in on a run."

"I am so thankful," said he, as he saw me, "that you were up and knew what to do, for otherwise he must have bled to death before I could have got here." But on examination of the case he looked exceedingly serious and sent for other surgeons. All came who were held in reach, and a consultation was held over the poor fellow. One conclusion was reached by all. There was no place to work save the spot where my thumb was placed, they could not work under my thumb, and if I removed it he would bleed to death before the artery could be taken up. There was no way to save his life.

Poor Charley! He was calm when they told him, and he requested that his brother, who was in the same hospital, might be called. He came and sat down by the bedside, and for three hours I stood there and by the pressure of my thumb kept up the life of Charley while the brothers had their last conversation. The last word was said, the last good-bye spoken, and then turning to me he said: "Now, Harry, I guess you had better remove your thumb." "Oh Charley, how can I?" said I. "But it must be done, you know," he replied. "I thank you very much for your kindness, and now good-bye." He turned away his head, I raised my thumb once more. The life current gushed forth and in three minutes he was dead.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

A Drummer Boy's Sad Death.
"Early in 1863 the Union forces were encamped near Wilmington, N. C.," says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. "Partly sympathy and partly curiosity led me to visit the hospital. As I passed the long rows of sick veterans, my eye rested on a sick bed, a mere boy, whose pale face and sunken eyes told of his sufferings. His name, he said, was Arthur Perry, his home in Ohio, his mother a widow. The child said: 'Sometimes I was so cold and hungry that I thought I would never see home again, but I will, won't I, Lieutenant?' I assured him that he would, and after giving him a clean pair of blankets I departed. The next morning I called again and he seemed much better. He said he was captured and wounded while with an ammunition train. He talked freely of home and mother in the early part of the day, but the latter part of the day he became reticent and did not seem aware of my presence, and he said in tones that almost broke my heart, 'I know that it means no, Lieutenant; I shall never see mother again.' He begged me to take him in