THE SOCIALISTS.

Authentic Account of the Congress in Wyden Castle—Expelling Most and Hasselmann—Striking Out the Word "Lawful"—Three German Socialists Expected in September.

New York is rapidly becoming a place of popular resort for the most active and the most sanguinary among the European Socialists. Several of the most prominent German anarchists have established themselves in the Seventeenth ward, and the colony of Bismarck's fiery opponents is augmented weekly by exiles, fugitives, and seceders from the large cities of Germany. The industrial cities of Saxony seem to supply the largest contingent of those whose turbulent patriotism menaces the good order of this busy section of the Emperor William's dominions.

Preparations are now on foot for the reception in September next of three of the most distinguished Socialist members of the German Reichstag. They design making a lecturing tour of the United States in order to explain as fully as possible the views and purposes of their adherents in Germany, who now number 750,000 electors. A forerunner of these philosophic Government reformers—himself a deputy from Nuremburg, in Bavaria—was talking to a SUN representative yesterday.

"I have twice been imprisoned," he said, "for entertaining and expressing views antagonistic to those held by the 'Iron Chancellor,' as you call him. It is because I am not subdued and have not recanted, and because the fulfilment of a six months' term awaits me at home that I have taken up my abode in America. They may exile or imprison us, but the growth of socialism in Germany is not stopped by such means. It expands and flourishes. Bismarck, triumphant abroad, overpowering, humiliating, and dominating nation after nation, finds himself confronted at home with a foe so insidious in its opposition that it threatens to overturn the whole fabric of his policy. Let me recite to you an incident in the development of which I was a factor—a story hinted about, but never yet told in print:

"When the effects of the anti-socialistic law of Oct. 21, 1878, had apparently made it impossible for German Social Democrats to carry on their warfare against the Hohenzollern empire and Junker aristocracy from out the socialistic press was almost annihilated, socialistic unions dissolved and meetings prohibited; when the police would not tolerate even the collection of money in behalf of the helpless families of imprisoned or expelled Socialists, and when the secret society was stunned by these repeated blows, yet it still lived, disorganized, if not disheartened. The new organ of the party, the *Social Demokrat*, a weekly which is to-day, perhaps, the most influential paper with the German people, was started in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1879. The Socialists lent it their hearty support, and soon made it known far and wide all over the country. Once more the many links of the party, lately separated by the rude hands of the police carrying out the coercion law, felt that they were united by means of this journal, published in a foreign soil.

"Since the party sprang into existence it has been a rule with it that from time to time delegates elected at its primaries should come together and in convention settle matters of importance to the general body. More than ever before circumstances seemed now to call for the convening of such a conference. It was to be agreed upon; the loosened or broken ties between the different parts were to be renewed or strengthened; members of a certain fame and standing in the councils of the party having tried to cause trouble, and suspected and wrongly figuring the common cause by their sayings and writings, were to be tried before the highest tribunal, the convention; the representatives of the party in the Reichstag were to render account; and last, not least, the means of creating a new organization were to be most carefully considered. Early in 1880 the Government authorities officially published a call for a convention, to come off at a convenient place outside of the boundaries of Germany. The delegates being duly elected, the call was sent out for a meeting beyond the southern frontiers of the empire, when, all of a sudden, word was passed around that the police, by a fatal mishap, had obtained the clue, and therefore the meeting had to be postponed.

"Nevertheless, the preparations went on in the quiet, and on the 20th of August, 1880, the half-ruined castle of Wyden, about a mile distant from the little town of Andelingen, in Switzerland, saw once more within its dilapidated walls a large and lively gathering of men. For years this venerable castle, situated at the top of a hill over the village of Ossingen, had been unoccupied. A secret gathering could not desire a place better suited for its purpose. The quiet of the vicinity afforded ample protection for the secret meeting going on within the upper rooms of the old castle; sentinels posted on the top of the big tower were enabled to hold a lookout over every road and path leading to the building. The gates were guarded, and the caterer who was to furnish the meals for the delegates was a well-known member of the Socialistic party.

"The convention lasted for three days, beginning in the morning at 8 o'clock, and continuing its work until midnight, and only taking an hour's recess at noontime for dinner and in the evening for supper. One of the delegates, a proprietor of a restaurant in the city where he lives, and now a member of the Reichstag, used to lend the caterer his willing hand to serve the delegates with their meals. Two francs (40 cents) was charged for the three daily meals.

"Every motion brought before the convention was in most cases thoroughly discussed and acted upon unanimously. A lively debate took place when the expulsion of John Most and Wilhelm Hasselmann, both at one time socialistic members of the Reichstag, and both now residents of New York, was asked for. Most, after the passage of the coercion law, had shaken the dust of Germany from his feet, and, settling in the capital of England, started a weekly paper of his own, which he tried to pose as the organ of the whole party, although denying the representatives of the party any right of control or influence, thus assuming a kind of a dictatorial position which would not be recognized by a really Democratic organization. To friendly remonstrances he had answered violently, insolently abusing the most reliable leaders of old standing, like Bebel and Liebknecht, and arraigning them and their followers as traitors and cowards. The brave, warlike John, who so gamely showed fight in the New York Concordia Assembly Rooms by hiding himself behind the curtains, while Capt. McCullagh's blue coats clubbed his friends and associates, abused week after week his former political associates, and to upbraid them for not massing behind barricades in the streets of Berlin and fighting the army in open battle, while he himself was far from range, snugly and safely settled in London. Hasselmann, a man of similar qualities, had joined Most, and both, proclaiming the principles of anarchy and rejecting the tactics of the Socialists, tried to make the party accept and immediately carry out the tactics of Russian Nihilists. But events showed that the great body of adherents to Socialism in Germany did not share the views of these fanatics, and after mature consideration the convention declared unanimously that the Socialistic party had no more a common cause with John Most and Wilhelm Hasselmann, and that it meant to stand by the old platform.

"Yet in that platform one single alteration was necessary. It read that the party intended to carry out its aims 'by all lawful means.' To let that clause stand while the party was, by a coercion law, put outside of common right, would have been suicide. The anti-socialist law was Bismarck's declaration of war against the Socialists. In a brilliant and most powerful speech—in fact, the speech of the convention—Ignaz Auer pointed out that the only manly answer could be to strike out the word 'lawful,' and thus to accept the state of war. 'If we are declared out of law by an oppressive tyrant, if we are denied the rights of men, if peacably setting forth the grievances of working people is made a crime, then let us courageously accept the situation, and war let it be. We cannot and we will not submit to the whims of a despot; let us determine to go ahead and stand the consequences like men.' It was a solemn moment, never to be forgotten by those witnessing it. The motion was enthusiastically seconded and carried without a single dissenting vote. Then a new plan of organization was agreed upon, and the events have proven it to work most effectively. The Socialist party has now seated twenty-four members in the Reichstag, instead of twelve before the promulgation of the coercion law.

"Three days were thus consumed in hard and earnest work, and, the business of the convention being finished, the delegates hurried home and silence was restored again in the old Wyden Castle. A few days later several Prussian detectives arrived at Andelfingen and Ossingen, questioning the peasants about the strangers and their doings. The Switzer citizens could hardly impart any valuable information, and were by no means ready and willing to lend Bismarck's police their support. No names and no descriptions of the strangers could be obtained by the German detectives. The District Attorney of Elberfeld, at the instigation of the Chancellor, instituted prosecution against all the persons supposed to have been at Wyden Castle. Searches were ordered, many witnesses summoned, and many pages of testimony taken, but after two years of fruitless efforts the prosecution sorrowfully had to drop their case. The coercion law of 1878 is still in existence, and at present the Reichstag is considering its prolongation for a few more years, but since the convention of Wyden Castle it has been made obvious to every one that new ideas cannot be crushed by mere brute force."

Advertising that Helps the Newsmen.

Everybody in Harlem who buys a Sunday paper finds two or three advertising circulars folded in it. Some people read the circulars, but a majority throw them away.

"It pays the merchant to put them in, though," said a newsdealer who talked about it, "and the custom is growing in favor. We fold in 1,500 circulars for 20 cents, and they are carried home in the papers. Merchants could not get them so thoroughly distributed in any other way for less than $1 a thousand. One merchant up here gets out 20,000 circulars every Saturday for that purpose, and they are distributed by the newsmen just where he wants them."

A TOURNAMENT OF ATHLETES.

Christol, Moth, Cannon, Faulkner, and Others Struggling in a Grand Contest in the West—The Veteran Col. Monstery Still On Deck.

From the Kansas City Times.

The first annual gladiatorial tournament of the Western Tournament Association opened at the Gillis Opera House on March 18. The programme was divided into three sections, the first being styled "Jaguarine's Temple of Art," and was composed of representations of ancient statuary, participated in by Jaguarine and Messrs. August Schmidt, Herman Schmidt, and Fritz Paulsen, all of whom are perfect models of physical excellence. The second part was devoted to "The Salle d'Armes," a scientific exhibition of fencing between Col. Thomas H. Monstery, the world-renowned swordsman, and Jaguarine, the mistress of the sword and knife. After the announcement of the principals by Director Engelhardt, the grand salute, strictly to rule and faultless in movement, was given. Although the Amazon appeared rather excited about something, the masks were then donned and the double appeal made, and immediately thereafter the gleaming blades met. Both were wary at first and proceeded cautiously, and Jaguarine scored the first point in a body cut, the gallant Colonel in a spirit of chivalry having left his guard open. The next two points, however, he scored himself, both on arm strokes, one of them raising a strawberry on the forearm of the Amazon. The fourth point was made by Jaguarine, and the fifth, sixth, and seventh by Monstery on head blows which would have proved disastrous to the fair fighter in a broadsword contest. This gave the Colonel considerably the best of the encounter, but Jaguarine warmed up to her work, and when time was called, the ten minutes being up, had scored three more points on the old veteran and the contest was a draw, each having scored five hits.

The wrestling tournament followed, Tom Cannon and Andre Christol being drawn for the first bout. It was soon evident that the burly Englishman had a picnic with the old champion, and after about ten minutes spent in the grand and lofty tumbling that reminded one of a brother act by two circus acrobats, Christol was laid on his back.

The second bout was between Chas. Moth, the celebrated German wrestler, and Fritz Paulsen, a Dane, a new aspirant for honors in America. Moth stands six feet and half an inch in height and weighs 190 pounds, while the Dane is but five feet seven inches and does not weigh more than 170 pounds. After having wrestled fifty-seven minutes the wind and endurance of Moth resulted in victory.

The third bout was between Jim Faulkner, "the Little Terror," and Herman Schmidt, who is a tyro in the wrestling arena. Faulkner weighs 134 pounds and stands but five feet three and a half inches in height, while Schmidt is about five feet seven and weighs 170 pounds. The plucky little Johnny Bull expected to win a fall in about five minutes, but Schmidt foiled him a number of times by escaping from numerous dangerous predicaments. After wrestling nineteen minutes, Faulkner was awarded the palm on a flying fall by the referee, and the night's entertainment closed.

The tournament was resumed the next afternoon, Andre Christol and Jimmie Faulkner, "the Little Terror," were introduced, and the sport commenced. Christol is one of the most scientific wrestlers of the age, but is getting too old to meet the young crop of athletes that are now coming up. Faulkner is a midget compared with a majority of the wrestlers, weighing but 134 pounds, and he can train down to 128. Christol forced the work from the call of time, hoping to catch the little Englishman napping. Several times, however, Faulkner got Christol in jeopardy on dangerous neck holds, but the wiry old veteran wriggled out of them. At the end of fifteen minutes, Christol, while working for a hold, laid himself open, and Christol secured a dangerous lock, and a quick roll followed, whereupon Christol rose to his feet and claimed a rolling fall, which was not allowed by the referee. Christol then walked off the stage and refused to resume the contest, and the referee gave the fall to Faulkner.

This was followed with a ten-minute sword contest between Jaguarine and Col. Monstery, and was the best exhibition of fencing of the tourney given up to that time. Col. Monstery settled down to his work and succeeded in scoring the first point.

An exhibition of weight lifting by Messrs. Fritz Paulsen and Herman Schmidt followed, and it was undoubtedly one of the best Hercules acts ever seen in this city. Paulsen especially accomplishing some wonderful feats. The feature of the act was Paulsen's exhibition of strength in lying on his back and raising and balancing on his feet two heavy weights, sixty pounds each, one on each foot, and a bar weighing 140 pounds, and at the same time raising another bar weighing 103 pounds in his hands, making a total weight of 363 pounds pressure. The work was all done easily and gracefully, and was decidedly above the average for that class of specialty work.

August Schmidt and Fritz Paulsen were next called for a wrestling bout, and after nine and a half minutes of exciting wrestling Paulsen secured a half Nelson on Schmidt and forced him to the carpet. The German wrestler's work does not look as well as that of some of the American athletes, as they do not take advantage of the opportunity for keeping an audience wild with excitement by what is termed floor wrestling. Muldoon, Acton, Bibby, Cannon, Faulkner, Christol, Greek George, and others of like ability make a speciality of the art of wrestling for the reason that it meets with more favor and heartier applause at the hands of an audience.

The tournament closed last evening. The first wrestling bout was between August Schmidt and Andre Christol, and after 30 minutes of hard wrestling the referee awarded the fall to Schmidt, although Christol disagreed.

The feature of the evening was the bout between Cannon and Moth. It was a battle of the giants of the tournament. Moth was not in the pink of condition, and successfully evaded every attempt of Cannon to force his shoulders to the carpet. They wrestled for twenty-one minutes, and by that time both men were perspiring so freely that it was impossible for either to secure a hold that would stick, and they mutually agreed to retire for a rub down. During the first round Cannon used all the science at his command to secure a Nelson hold, but failed. In several times got a half Nelson, but Moth appeared to break them with ease. Moth once got a neck hold on Cannon during that round, and the Englishman only saved himself by a bridge and an eel-like roll. Cannon got a half Nelson and then at Moth's, ariously, but the latter kept cool and evaded him.

After a rest of several minutes the struggle was resumed, and they wrestled sixteen minutes more without a fall, although Cannon worked continuously on the aggressive and twice secured a half Nelson, but could not hold it. He also got a dangerous neck hold, having Moth in chancery, but the latter extricated himself without suffering a fall. After a rest of twenty minutes spent in rubbing down, the struggle was renewed, and for forty minutes the two leaders for the championship of the tournament struggled like Roman gladiators, but when time was called at 11½ neither had secured a fall, and it was decided a draw. During that round Cannon, as usual, assumed the aggressive, and on eight different occasions almost secured a Nelson hold on Moth, but the German got away from it with great regularity. He also got a half Nelson four or five times, but was foiled by Moth, who, by a clever twisting around on one knee as on a pivot, assisted by the perspiration which steamed from him, gave Cannon no opportunity to exert his strength, and got away. Failing on the Nelson and half Nelson, he attempted to bring back Moth's arm behind his back, but could not get there. He again shifted tactics, and tried the old-fashioned back lock, but could not get anything with it. Moth also tried his hand, but although he several times came near getting a Nelson on Cannon, the latter got away from it and likewise from the half Nelson. Time was called, and Cannon and Moth were declared a tie for first place.

QUEER WRINKLES.

A Great Moral Support.

"I declare, Ethel," said a young lady from the country to her cousin after they had run the gauntlet of two or three Broadway hotels, "how rudely those men stare at one. The next time I shall take the opposite side of the way."

"Oh, you will feel differently," replied Miss Ethel, "just as soon as your new tailor-made suit is done."

A Sufficient Reason.

Visitor from out of town (addressing the school)—In the year 1825, my dear young friends, several boys walked from Salem to Boston and back, a distance of thirty miles, to hear Daniel Webster speak. If there were no railroads or means of transportation to-day, would the boys of the present generation undertake such a journey, do you think?

Small Boy (after a long silence)—No, sir.

Visitor—Ah! and why?

Small Boy—Because Mr. Webster is dead.

A Careless Cook.

Customer (to restaurant proprietor)—I find this piece of shoe string in my soup, sir.

Proprietor—Shoe string, sir? (To waiter)—Here, you, get this gentleman another plate of soup and tell the cook to strain it. (To customer, apologetically)—The cook has strict orders to strain the soup, sir, before serving, but sometimes she forgets, and then there is always dissatisfaction.

Accurate Information.

Wife—Mrs. Smith is an awfully slovenly woman. She leaves everything to the servants, and her three children just run wild. It's a shame.

Husband—How do you know all this, my dear?

Wife—How do I know it all? Am I not over there half the time?

A Strong Demand.

Mr. Lamont (to attendant)—Has the New York *Evening Post* been delivered this morning?

Attendant—Yes, sah. De President am a readin' it.

Mr. Lamont (half an hour later)—Has the President finished with the *Post*?

Attendant—Yes, sah. Miss Rose hab done got it.

Mr. Lamont (half an hour later)—Has Miss Cleveland finished with the *Post*?

Attendant—Yes, sah. She marked it all over wif a blue pencil an' guv it to de postman.

Mr. Lamont—Well, by the wave-washed shores of Lake Erie, you tell the boy to leave two copies of the New York *Evening Post* every morning and have one of 'em marked Mr. Daniel Lamont. I want to know something about this Administration myself.

SLEW ONE-AND-TWENTY FOXES.

The Skill and Patience of Farmer Smith of Newton Township and their Reward.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 26.—Farmer George F. Smith of Newton township has had lots of sport with foxes since the beginning of the winter. The sly animals have been unusually thick in his neighborhood, and Mr. Smith has been after them with a sharp stick, so to speak. He first began his raid on the cunning red fellows by setting traps for them. He had very poor success indeed for a week or two, but when he went out in his back pasture one morning and saw in the dim distance a fox trying to pull one of his fore feet out of a steel trap, Mr. Smith was highly elated. He got a club and ran over to the trap with the firm intention of knocking the fox in the head. The fox saw him coming and yanked at the trap. Just before Mr. Smith reached him he left his toes in the steel jaws and scampered across the pasture on three legs, and Mr. Smith was not quite so highly elated as he had been.

On the following day Farmer Smith, who had made up his mind to let the trapping business alone for a time, turned his hound loose upon the fertile fields of Newton, and in less than an hour the hound had set the foxes scurrying over half of the township. Before night he had brought down three foxes with his rifle, and concluded the trapping business was played out as far as he was concerned. The next day was Sunday, greatly to Farmer Smith's sorrow, for a light snow had fallen, and the weather was beautiful for successful fox hunting. But by Monday night everything was serene around the thrifty farmer's heartstone. During the day he had shot two foxes on the run, and dug three more out of a hole in a piece of maple woods on the hillside west of his house, and he felt as happy as a lord. He was thinning the foxes out at a great rate, and the $1 bounty apiece which he expected to get from the County Commissioners was an incentive to further sport of the same sort. Farmer Smith's luck was poor for several days after that, probably on account of the unfavorable weather; but his courage did not fail him, and he continued the hunt with commendable spirit.

One fine morning in February, after there had been a slight snowfall, Farmer Smith shouldered his rifle and led his hound over beyond a ridge of timber land, and put him on a fox's track. He then took up his position on an elevated plot of ground, from which he was able to see for half a mile around him. Along toward noon he saw a fox coming directly toward him in an adjoining lot. He was limping badly, and the thought struck Farmer Smith at once that he was the identical fox that had escaped from his steel trap ten days before. When the fox was within ten rods of him Farmer Smith raised his rifle and put a bullet through the lame animal's head. The toes of the fox's right fore foot were gone, and the jovial hunter was convinced that he had captured the same fox that he had come so near knocking in the head with the club. He shot two more before the darkness compelled him to hang up his rifle and then he went home feeling very happy and contented.

Farmer Smith continued to have good luck until he had slaughtered twenty-one foxes. Then he packed the twenty-one foxskins in a box, brought them over to Scranton, and shipped them to New York. He then went up to the County Court House and asked the Commissioners to pay him the $21 bounty. He had neglected to comply with the law before he applied to the Commissioners, namely, to take the skins to the office of a Justice of the Peace and get an elector of the county to testify with him that the foxes had been killed in the county, and the Commissioners very naturally refused the bounty. Commissioner Hallstead, who lives in Farmer Smith's section, did not doubt Smith's statement, but that was not evidence enough.

Farmer Smith was in an uncomfortable frame of mind for an hour or two. He hardly knew what to do for the $21 bounty, but he finally concluded to telegraph to New York and have the pelts shipped back to Scranton. He did this, and they reached here the day before yesterday. He had to take the skins over the mountain to Newton and swear before a magistrate that they came from the bodies of foxes which he had killed in Lackawanna county, and then, armed with the proper certificate from the magistrate, Farmer Smith yesterday returned to Scranton, and had no trouble in getting his $21 from the Commissioners. After that had been accomplished he again shipped the pelts to New York, and immediately returned to Newton to kill off all the other foxes that are roaming around the township.

RICHMOND'S BEST KNOWN PREACHER.

Sunday Morning in the Rev. John Jasper's Westfilled Church.

From the Chicago Times.

His place of worship is a large, solidly built, and somewhat attractive brick in the very centre of "Africa"—the extreme northern prolongation of Richmond. It will hold nearly 500, and was well filled. About a dozen white persons besides myself were present, and the ushers conducted them with great politeness to a seat, but, as I went with the quadroon waiter of our boarding house, I felt a sort of obligation to accept a seat in his new. And, by the way, the quadroon gentleman (who forbids me to publish his name) is the smallest man I ever be sneezed at. He tells me he is a second cousin of Senator Mason of the Confederate British embassy, and he certainly looks it.

He was born, he says, on the North Carolina line the day Sumter was fired on, and his mother never heard the darkeys were to be freed till the parson men began to arrive from Appomattox. She steadfastly refused to believe it till "young marse hisself cum and say so;" but, as "young marse" was sick in a Northern prison hospital, she was not convinced till the next July. Then she told "this boy to Petersburg, where he could learn to read, and supported him and herself by washing." He is now much better educated than the average white man, but still talks plantation lingo, though he can write beautiful English. And here I discover one reason why the colored people make such slow progress in language studies; his associations are all the time pulling him back, while the white children hear fairly good English half the time. He can speak English, but I perceive it is an effort, as if it were a foreign tongue.

He says that he has changed his mind four times about "God, the war, and the niggers." At first he took the notion of the old folks, that niggers were made to be kept down, and white folks to boss; next he thought the niggers' time had come to get up, and the white folks to get down, and then he concluded that all the old Bible notions about niggers was durned foolishness; that every race would have its time to rule, just as every dog has its day. At present, he complacently informs me, he rather 'spects there is a God, but nobody can prove it; adding, with a flash of his eyes, "he was a better man than Mohammed, but thinks Abraham fell much better than either, and so far above Moses that the current comparison of the two makes him "fightin' mad." He likes the music at Jasper's, though, and goes to church "just like white boys do—for style." As the first colored preacher he ever heard, he was quite a study, and I ventured on an inquiry as to the origin of races. This stirred his "gall," and he pitched into the tenth chapter of Genesis very savagely, maintaining that men started on the earth in a thousand different places, and that in two thousand years from now the negroes of America will be made white by the climate. But this is a digression—let us return to our Jasper.

He is a venerable-looking three-quarter miscegene, with a good forehead and pleasant address—nearly 70 years old. His text was: "The queen of the south shall rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to Solomon, and a greater than Solomon is here." On this he preached a very good sermon—I have heard much worse from pretentious white pulpits. But toward the last he became excited, and then all the African in him came to the surface. Swaying tremulously back and forth, or leaning far over the pulpit, and waving his long arms, he half sang, half shouted, in musical monotone, a gorgeous description of Paradise. The tropical imagery was wonderful; shining sands, crystal streams, and evergreen shores; golden crowns, immortal harps, never-withering palms, and fruits that never sets, the palms that never fade, and the trees that never grows cold; the bright-robed angels for the weary soul, and the tree with its twelve manner of fruits that are for the healing of the nations. And as he swayed and chanted, shouted, or exhorted, nearly the whole congregation swayed in unison with him, while from all parts of the house came fervent responses of "Ah, the Lord!" "Oh, my soul!" "Jesus, b'ar us home!" some women occasionally breaking into a long cry, half scream, half wail. And then I saw how strong the tropical nature still is in these exotics, and was in fancy borne back two centuries to the time when the rude ancestors of these people, beneath the blazing sun of Africa, under the palm trees or on the hot sand, sang and screamed and danced in praise of Mumbo Jumbo.

All at once I realized that I, too, was swaying back and forth in unconscious sympathy with the mass, and was not surprised to see my positivist neighbor at the same performance. The preacher suddenly dropped his voice, assumed a severely judicial tone, and gave the visitors a blast for five or ten minutes. He declared with rather embarrassing emphasis that "they is some folks heah that is not heah fo' the love of God; but jest to catch up somethin' to carry away and laugh at. I know ther's heah for nothin' else; but you can set it down that God's word shall stand. Nothin' agin it can come to a head; everything in this book means just what it says; nothing is too complicated for God. You that's heah to laugh may talk about your science, but I'll give you the straight word of God, and my skirts will be clar; then if you refuse it and have not the love of God spread abroad in the heart you'll go down to hell!" And with this cheerful assurance he closed.

The congregation was of more interest than the sermon. One rarely sees more well-dressed people in a rural church. There were black cloth coats, white vests, and neckties in profusion, along with elegant and tasteful dresses. Not a ragged or unkempt person in the house. The music was excellent, and the collection showed that the people had money to spare.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Tales of Hidden Treasure—Charles Taylor's Short-lived Fortune.

Let some old grandmother relate to a child the story of a buried treasure, and he will remember every point of it until he himself is gray-headed. There is something so mysteriously fascinating in the idea of coming across a "rich find" that men will hug the idea to their financial ruin. While the prospect of any one making any such discovery is generally ridiculed, certain individuals have, during the last quarter of a century, been the recipients of strange good luck.

One day in the summer of 1860 a coasting brig named the Hattie Wells foundered in a gale, about thirty miles off the eastern coast of North Carolina. There was only one survivor of the wreck—a man named Charles Taylor, who was on his way from Wilmington, N. C., to Norfolk, Va., as a passenger. He was, perhaps, the only man who could not swim, and he was also in poor health. When the brig went down the men were swept overboard into a raging sea, and Taylor caught hold of some of the wreck stuff, and lashed himself fast until driven ashore on Roanoke Island. He was weak and ill, and for twenty-four hours had nothing to eat. At the end of that time he set out inland, in hopes of finding a settler, but had not dragged himself over half a mile from the beach when he was compelled to rest at the foot of a tree. He was leaning against it when some small animal ran out of a hollow in the trunk, and gave him a bad scare. The shipwrecked man turned to examine the tree, and he found a hollow, starting at the ground and running up about four feet. The opening was two feet across at the bottom, and, as Taylor looked in, he discovered a japanned box, about sixteen inches long by twelve wide. The box was fastened with a padlock, and, from its condition, seemed to have been there ten years.

The man at once hunted around for means to smash the padlock, and when the box was opened he found that it was packed full of money—bank bills. Four-fifths of the bills were on Northern banks, and the bulk of them of large denominations. The total sum was over $14,000, and it was notching in the box to convey a hint as to where the money came from or whom it belonged to. Taylor stowed the money away on his person and buried the box, and as there were several settlers on the island he soon found relief, and was, in a day or two, sent to his home in the main land. He then is a poor man all his life, and the possession of such a large sum of money greatly embarrassed him. He went to Plymouth, where he had relatives, buried the money until he could look about and find an investment, and had not used $100 of the sum when the war came on and rendered the whole worthless.

A Witch-Hazel Rod of Value.

In the year 1864 a man named Swartwood made his appearance in Mitchell county, Indiana, claiming to point out buried treasure by the use of a divining rod. Several farmers employed him to go over their lands, but he failed to turn up anything. There was then in that county, paying a visit to his married sister, a young man named Abner Mills, who had served for two years in an Ohio regiment and had been discharged on account of the loss of his left arm. His home was near Urbana, Ohio. He had about $50 in money, and of this sum he gave Swartwood $35 for a witch hazel rod and set out to look up buried treasure on his own account. When the transaction came to be generally known he was the laughing stock of the vicinity, and the ridicule finally became so strong that he had not the moral courage to appear among a crowd who knew him. He afterward asserted, however, that he had strong faith in the rod from the very outset, and that he looked upon it only as a question of time when it would lead him to a fortune.

One day, after he had tramped over fields and through the woods for a month without any luck, and when low on provisions, he came to the town of Salem, he sat down on the bank of a creek to rest. The rod began to point to the northwest, and after a while he followed the creek down toward the Ohio until he came to an old saw mill in ruins. He entered this place to find beams rotted and about to fall in. As the rod refused to point to any particular spot in the building, he laid it down, took off his coat, and began a search. For two hours he hunted up and down, spying out every nook and hiding place, and was about to give up his search when he discovered, on the plate between two rafters, a rotted cloth. The cloth roll had been there for some months was evident from its mildewed condition. When it was unrolled Mills found himself possessed of a leathern wallet containing $1,600 in greenbacks, a gold watch, a locket set with diamonds, and several valuable diamonds which had evidently been removed from their settings. The entire find was worth to him over $3,000.

Believing that he had fallen upon the proceeds of a robbery, Mills went to Louisville and notified the proper authorities. They in turn notified all the important towns along the river, but not a trace of the owners of the property was discovered. By putting this and that together, however, a conclusion was finally arrived at. About ten months previous to the arrival of Mills in Mitchell county, several soldiers enlisting from that county had been home on furlough. Among them were several hard cases, and it was thought that the property found in the old mill had been hoisted home by one of them and hidden away against the date of his discharge from the army. The jewelry was probably the result of some foraging expedition at the front, and the greenbacks might have been acquired by gambling or robbery. After a few months Mills came into legal possession of everything, and the sum was sufficient to give the crippled veteran a good start in life. Although the rod for that one time certainly led him to a treasure, he made no use of it afterward, much to the disgust of acquaintances, who believed that fortune had taken him in her keeping.

Just as He was Going to Hang Himself.

Not far from Fort Dodge, Iowa, in 1867 or thereabouts, lived a man named John Emmerson. Some relative of his in the East had put him on a piece of land to make a living, but he was sickly, had a large family to support, and between doctors' bills and poor crops was finally ground down until he was little short of starving. One morning, after taking the whole night to deliberate, Emmerson arose, took a rope from the shed, and started for the woods. He had come to the conclusion to hang himself. Indeed, his wife, who was fretful and faultfinding under her trials, had often flung out at him that any man who could not make a living for his family had better choke himself to death with a rope. Emmerson entered a piece of woods on his own land, and was looking around him for a convenient limb, when he saw a rabbit run into a hollow log. Strange as it may seem to the average reader, this trifling incident changed the current of his thoughts, and he flung down the rope and ran and dragged up the end of the log so that the rabbit could not escape. It was a pretty old log, but the hollow extended only half its length.

The man returned to the house for his axe to chop the rabbit out, and as he cut through to the hollow he heard the clink of metal against the blade of the axe. A few more strokes and an investigation brought to light enough ten and twenty dollar pieces to foot up the gross sum of $4,900. The coins had once been enclosed in a canvas bag, but only a few decayed remnants of the cloth remained. Emmerson was an honest man, and let his find be known, but no owner was ever obtained for it. The investigation by legal authorities discovered that an old country immigrant who landed at Milwaukee three or four years before had complained of the loss of a bag containing $5,000 in gold, but he had long since passed from sight, and no one could tell whither he had gone. If it was his money, the thieves had spent or put $100 for current expenses and then hidden the rest, but as the robbery occurred between Chicago and Milwaukee, and as the gold was found hundreds of miles away, it would have been difficult to prove the connection. Emmerson was left in full possession of his find, and he soon removed to a distant State.

The Tin Peddler's Dream.

It was only twelve or fourteen years ago that a queer thing happened near Medina, O. A tin peddler who was driving a wagon for a firm in Cleveland was taken sick one day in summer, as he was driving on the highway, and he sought shelter in a farm house. He had a run of fever for seven or eight days, and when able to get out again he said to the owner of the farm:

"I am satisfied that there is a sum of money buried on your farm. I have seen the spot several times in my dream."

"Oh," replied the farmer. "If you can find any treasure here you are welcome to it."

"How much will you take to waive all claims?" persisted the peddler.

"Five dollars' worth of milk pans."

"If you will go to town and get a lawyer to draw up the papers in due form, I will give you $25 in cash."

The farmer tried to laugh the peddler out of his notion, but the man was so earnest in wishing to buy all rights to what he might find that a paper was drawn up, the $25 paid over, and he was told to go to ahead. He replied that he was in no hurry, and mounted his wagon and drove home, but in about a fortnight he returned with a horse and wagon and a companion. Giving notice that he had come to claim his own, he proceeded to dig in a corner of the front yard, and before the hole was three feet deep he had unearthed a small stone jug, tightly corked. It was broken on the grass plat, and lying among the fragments were $3,000 in gold and silver coins. None of the pieces had been coined within less than fifteen years, and the then owner of the place had occupied it for nine years, and knew that nobody could have buried the jug there meanwhile.

The peddler said that a very tall, dark-complexioned man, having a scar on his forehead and a limp in his gait, had repeatedly come to him in his dreams and pointed out the spot. The description exactly answered that of a hard case who had been in the county jail for horse stealing, and who had subsequently died in the penitentiary at Columbus. However, the peddler had been so careful to purchase all rights in advance, and had walked so directly to the treasure that the officials of the law made up their minds to investigate him. His find was seized and his record was looked up, but when nothing could be shown against him he got possession of the treasure and used it to buy an interest in the house he worked for.

Buried in a Stone Jar.

Near Burkesville, Ky., on the Cumberland River, a man named Raven was one day fishing off the bank. This was in 1866, or a year later. The bank was of clay, six or eight feet above the water, and Raven sat with his legs hanging over. He had been sitting there for an hour, swinging his heels against the bank, when his boot struck something which gave out a curious sound, and he instinctively looked down. Between his feet he saw a stone jar, or at least a portion of one, protruding from the bank. It was at least four feet below the surface, and he had considerable trouble to unearth it. When he had done so, however, and removed the wooden cover fastened over the mouth, he found the contents to consist of a gold watch, three or four gold rings, six silver teaspoons, $ 00 in Kentucky State bank bills, $50 in gold, $20 in silver half dollars, and about a quart of silver and five-cent pieces. Although the jar was tightly corked, the dampness had got in and mildewed the bank notes until they fell to pieces in his hands. Had they been all right, however, they would have been of no intrinsic value, as all the State bank circulation had given place to greenbacks. Speculation as to who planted the jar brought no clue to the owner further than that it could have been no resident of the county. It had probably been in the ground many years, for the river had been eating away at the bank with each freshet, and had brought to view a portion of the jar in light. It must have been buried six or eight feet from the bank at first.

Money and Watches from the Sea.

One of the most curious finds on record occurred on Dauphin Island, on the coast of Alabama, eight or nine years ago. A fish boat containing Warren Miller and Charles Adams, the latter a colored man, was upset within a quarter of a mile of the south end of the island by a sudden gust. The negro became entangled with the sail, and his dead body was carried out to sea with the boat, while Miller managed, after an exhausting swim, to make his way to the island. He was so tired out that he lay on the beach for half an hour before he could stand on his feet. He was about to rise, when he noticed a wooden box about nine inches square by six deep lying on the beach at about high water mark. The appearance of the box proved that it had not long been exposed to either water or weather, and this aroused the considerable curiosity that Miller forced off the lid.

The person who packed the box had been methodical and in no hurry. About a dozen corks from champagne bottles had been placed on the bottom, and a false bottom laid over them. This was to give increased buoyancy to the box. The packer had placed on this false bottom a wallet, wrapped in oilskin, which contained French paper money to the value of about $2,600, with a lady's gold watch at one end and a man's watch at the other. More corks were used to chink around the articles, and then came a board just fitting over them. Between this and the top the corks were corks as close as they could be wedged. Watches and wallet were of American manufacture. When the numbers of the watches came to be traced, it was found that both had been sold in New Orleans three years before, but to whom the dealer did not know. The wallet was a new one, and had no marks of ownership. Indeed, it was free from cards or letters, or the smallest bit of paper.

Miller was soon taken off the island, and being a moderately wealthy man, with a great curiosity to ferret out the mystery, he had no sooner reached his home in Richmond, Va., than he set about making the most persistent inquiries, even writing a history of the case for the Paris papers, and describing the articles minutely. Nothing ever came of his efforts, and so far as known the articles are still in his possession. That the box was thrown into the sea off the coast was conceded by all, for the waves surely brought it where it was found, but why it should have been thrown, or from what ship, will probably ever remain a mystery.

DRINKING CHAMPAGNE.

Not All the Good Wine Drunk in France by Any Means.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The use of champagne at table differs considerably in different countries. It is sometimes asserted that the good champagnes or wines of other kinds are not drunk in France, because the French drink them themselves Nothing could be further from the truth, as a slight knowledge of French habits and French modes of doing business will prove. The French of all classes, in any way engaged in trade, do not drink what they manufacture, or if at all, very sparingly, that the finest can sell at a good price. The peasant eats his poor fruit and sells his good in the neighboring city if he can; if not, he will forward it to Paris through the local dealer. The merchant drinks his common wine and sells the best. When no guest is present, only *vin ordinaire* is found on his table. It is the original rich merchant, banker, or capitalist on whose board any other wine than table wine is seen from day to day. The bulk of the French people do not drink fine wines because they cannot afford the luxury, so that the proportion of sales of champagne and other wines in France is as one to 1,000. If a person at a Paris restaurant orders a wine better than that set before every guest, or one so closely resembling it that the difference is barely perceptible, ten chances to one, he is a foreigner. It is a rare thing to see a Frenchman anywhere drinking champagne. Where, then, do the good wines of France go? Nearly all to foreign countries, and with them go many that are passable, more that are bad, and still more that are bad and have been doctored up with these bear brands and names of firms which may be reputable, or which may be merely imaginary, the veriest phantoms of commerce whose imputed locality is at Bordeaux, Lyons, Beaune, Chalons, Ay, Rheims, or Epernay.

The American consumer need not trouble himself much about the genuineness of his champagnes if he selects his house with discretion, though occasionally a firm which has an excellent name will put on the market a bad vintage when the supply of the best fails behind orders. As a general rule the wines of the long established and well known champagne houses are all that they pretend to be, for the makers cannot afford to be dishonest. To prove this one need only think back ten, fifteen, or twenty years and recall the brands then most in favor and which have now, in whole or in part, given place to others. Why? In a small degree because the