The Pickens Sentinel.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, MORALITY, EDUCATION AND TO THE GENERAL INTEREST OF THE COUNTRY.

By D. F. BRADLEY & CO. PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1883. VOL. XII. NO 44.

GENERAL NEWS.

An oil well was struck near Parkersburg, West Virginia, Wednesday, which is pumping at the rate of 400 barrels of 28 degrees oil per day. There is considerable excitement over the strike.

A St. Lucie river man, who is no hunter, talks of abandoning his place. The deer lay waste his field, the alligators and catamounts take all his pigs and the coons and possums decimate his poultry.

A vessel from Pensacola discharged a load of lumber at Boston, and in shaking out topsails to depart, a huge water-moccasin brought all the way from the Pensacola docks, fell to the deck.

Josiah T. Wall, Florida's colored ex-Congressman, now farming in Alachua county, will realize between $7,000 and $8,000 net from his vegetable crop this season.

The longest trestle in the world is now building across Lake Pontchartrain on the Northwestern railway. It will be 21½ miles in length, and requires besides the piles 15,000,000 feet of lumber.

Subscriptions amounting to $100,000 have been guaranteed in aid of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans next year. The total amount wanted is $500,000.

St. Augustine has a century plant which will bloom in a few days. It is about thirty-five feet high, and the stalk upon which the flower will appear has shot up to a hundred feet in the last two three days.

Arrangements are being effected for continuing the Government work at Aransas Pass. It is estimated it will require $30,000 to complete the work to a twelve foot contour. The Government funds will be expended during the present month.

A Number of whales, one of them 70 feet in length, went ashore recently near Jupiter inlet, Florida. They are a new species of sperm whale and a perfect skeleton of the largest was obtained, and has been purchased by the Smithsonian Institutute.

Col. Ed. Richardson, probably the largest cotton planter in the world, has an excellent crop. He has about 17,000 acres in cotton. If this is an average season will ship 15,000 bales. He has at least 20 per cent more grain planted than at any former season.

The dredging of South Carolina rivers for phosphates is a new industry of considerable importance to the territory surrounding Charleston. Some of the crude rock is shipped to Europe, but most of it is ground at home before it goes to market. At the present time the demand is great, and all the companies are working on full time.

The managers of the "Associated Railways of the Virginias and Carolinas" gave notice that after the 1st of August, 1883, no piece of baggage weighing more than 250 pounds will be accepted for transportation as baggage, nor will it be transported in baggage-cars, but must be shipped by express or freight. All baggage over 150 pounds in weight to each person will be charged extra.

It is said that Mr. Tulane will appeal to the Louisiana Legislature, backed by the strong public sentiment of the State, asking that the property generously given by him to the cause of education in New Orleans be released from the burdens of taxation. He has just added property to his donation, which will increase the revenue of the prospective Tulane University $200 a day, bringing the donation up to $600,000.

In 1876 there were but twenty-four cotton-seed oil mills in the country. During the past season about 300,000 tons of seed were crushed, the product of all being estimated at over 350,000 barrels. As the product of seed for the year was 3,500,000 tons, it may readily be conjectured that the stock of raw material will allow a considerable expansion of oil production. About $10,000,000 is already invested in the mills, which now form one of the important industries of the South.

A queer accident happened to a little girl in Atlanta, the other day. She was working with a sewing machine, and was running it at a good rate of speed when the driving-rod, which was made of wood, snapped in two, and one piece penetrated the fleshy part of her leg below the knee, tearing the flesh in a terrible manner. As soon as the broken rod entered the child's flesh the machine stopped, and in order to remove the wood the wheel of the machine had to be turned by hand.

A gentleman near Danville, Ga., discovered a swarm of bees in a tree about forty feet from the ground one day last week, and his son, quite a lad, climbed the tree to cut the limb and let the bees down, but unfortunately jarred the limb and the bees swarmed again, this time settling on his head, many of them stinging him wherever they could touch him. He told his father he would be forced to fall, but his father urged him to find his way to the trunk of the tree and get down. He did so, and brought the bees down on his head. He was stung in a fearful manner, and it was thought he could not live.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A law of New Jersey, prohibiting the sale of cigarettes or tobacco in ony form to minors under sixteen years of age, has just gone into effect.

Judge Snell, of Washington, says: "In the eyes of the law a bycicle is a carriages equal rights in the streets and highways, protected by the same laws, and their riders are amenable to the same road laws governing the drivers of other vehicles."

The bishops are so alarmed at the storm of criticism evoked by their opposition to the deceased wife's sister bill that they are preparing to publish a reply in justification, explaining their motives. The royal family is much vexed at the failure of the measure which puts the intended marriage of the Princess Beatrice to her widowed brother-in-law as far off as ever, that prefect being said to explain the warm advocacy of the bill by the Prince of Wales and his brothers.

The printing of the results of the tenth census is well advanced, most of it being now in type. Nothing but the compendium, in two volumes, has yet been printed and distributed. So far 11,000 pages have been put in type. Volumes embracing the following subjects are in type: Population, manufactures, agriculture, public indebtedness, valuation, taxation, mining statistics, law, etc.; social statistics, fish and fisheries, fire and life insurance, cotton production, statistics of railroads, steamships, etc.; newspaper and periodical press, water power, steam pumps and pumping engines, statistics of quarry industry, meat production, petroleum, Alaska Fur Seal islands, etc.

A Louisianian writes: "The time will soon come when, in our damp climate, the floors of all the stores in New Orleans and in other cities in the State will be built of strong, water-proof and indestructible paper tiles. The dampness permeating our dwellings will be counteracted by paper material of a suitable character. All our city cars will be built of paper. The wheels of these will be made of paper. The rails of our street cars and even the crossties, so liable to decay, will all be renewed in the course of time, and be replaced by paper material suitably treated to remedy existing evils. Nearly all the furniture of our dwellings, so liable to swell or shrink in our damp climate will be manufactered in an elegant and artistic style by means of paper stock capable of resisting effectually the sudden changes of our temperature."

The relative importance of the oil fields of the world are succinctly stated as follows, in the July 'Century,' by E. V. Smalley, in his graphic and fully illustrated article on "Striking Oil:" "Nearly all the petroleum that goes into the world's commerce is produced in a district of country about a hundred and fifty miles long, with a varying breadth of from one to twenty miles, lying mainly in the State of Pennsylvania, but lapping over a little on its northern edge into the State of New York. This region yielded, in 1881, 26,950,813 barrels, and in 1882, 31,398,750 barrels. A little petroleum is obtained in West Virginia, a little at various isolated points in Ohio, and a little in the Canadian province of Ontario. There is also a small field in Germany, a larger one, scantily developed, in Southern Russia, and one still larger, perhaps, in India. The total production of all the fields, outside of the region here described, is but a fraction in the general account, however. Furthermore, the oil of these minor fields, whether in America or the Old World, is of an inferior quality, and so long as the great Pennsylvania reservoir holds out, can only supply a local demand in the vicinity of the wells."

Earth's Richest Gold Mine.

The property in the Transvaal, South Africa, from which enormous quantities of gold—reaching in certain cases as much as 1,000 ounces to the ton—were likely to be taken, has been acquired by an English company, whose engineer and geologist sent out to examine the prospects of the undertaking, have sent home most satisfactory reports on the subject.

"Two diggers," says one of them, "employing seven Kaffirs, had just cleaned up for the week seventy-three ounces of gold, and their means of working most inefficient. It is by far the richest place I have ever seen, and the amount it will produce is something fabulous."

One large reef has been discovered running through the property and traced at the surface for over two miles. A series of trenches, cut through it at the surface, prove the width to be from 2 feet to 18 feet. This reef is composed of quartz, strongly charged with iron, some of which, having been washed, has yielded very fair prospects of gold, sufficient, as estimated, to produce from two ounces to three ounces to the ton. The engineer is of opinion that this reef, when developed to a depth of 50 feet to 100 feet, will prove of more value than the whole of the smaller veins at present being worked.

Some quartz reefs which have been already partially worked, give, according so the diggers, 200 ounces to the ton. This proportion, indeed, is what they admit having got from the quartz which they pick out in their sluicing. Besides the quartz there is a large quantity of alluvial soil, some of which is reported to contain the extraordinary quantity of an ounce and a half to the cubic yard. If these prospects are realized in practical working the Lydenburg Goldfields may claim to take rank among the richest in the world, even if the exceptional returnings on the "Lisbon" property have been proved to yield the unprecedented quantity of 1,900 ounces of gold to the ton.

According to the certificate of the assayers the average yield of thirty-eight samples, taken under the supervision of the late Gold Commissioner for the Transvaal under the British Government, is 48½ ounces of gold and ½ ounces of silver to the ton of ore. The refuse, till recently thrown away by the miners on the spot, contains sufficient gold to pay a handsome profit on the working of the stuff.

THE CHILDREN WE KEEP.

The children kept coming, one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls were three,
And the big brown house was alive with fun
From the basement floor to the old roof tree.
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care;
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its dew,
They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And, leaning his head on his mother's breast,
He said, "I am tired and cannot play;
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song,
And rapturous love still lighted his face
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,
Who stood where "the brook and the river meet,"
Stole softly away into Paradise
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet.
While the father's eyes on the grave are bent,
The mother looked upward beyond the skies;
"Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent,
Our darlings were angel's in earth's disguise."

The years flew by and the children began
With longing to think of the world outside;
And as each, in his turn, became a man,
The boys proudly went from their father's side.
The girls were women so gentle and fair
That lovers were speedy to woo and win;
And with orange blossoms in braided hair,
The old home was left, new home to being.

So, one by one, the children have gone—
The boys were five, and the girls were three;
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together in eventide,
And say, "All the children we kept at last,
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

The New Minister.

BY SOPHIA SWEET.

Scragg End suddenly decided that instead of occasional preaching by the Ponkapawket minister, it was entitled to a "stated supply." No longer would it go without "regular Gospel privileges."

Adoniram Hewitt, whose father had been a deacon, was deputed to make application to the proper authorities in that denomination to which Scragg End almost universally belonged for a minister to supply the Scragg End pulpit, or rather the school desk until a church should be built.

Adoniram Hewitt received an encouraging answer to his application. A very earnest and talented young preacher, lately graduated from a theological seminary, would at once be sent to Scragg End.

The minister was to board at Adoniram Hewitt's, the Hewitts being well-to-do beyond the majority of Scragg End people, and being regarded as possessing book-learning, which would make them congenial companions for a minister.

Adoniram Hewitt's house presented a holiday appearance on that summer afternoon when Lysander drove over to Ponkapawket station to bring back the minister.

As night came on Lysander drove up—with only a girl beside him. What could be the reason that the minister had not come? The young lady was a stranger. She had probably come to visit somebody at Scragg End, and as there was nobody to meet her at the station, Lysander had brought her over. But he was helping her to alight at their own gate. She was walking up the path. Mrs. Hewitt adjusted her glasses, and satisfied herself that the face was unfamiliar. She was a grave and dignified young woman, with a self-possessed manner, but with a bright flush on her face. Why didn't Lysander come up and introduce her, instead of attending to the horse?

"I suppose you were expecting me," said the young lady, extending her hand in a friendly way. "I am the new minister—Miss Barton."

As Mrs. Hewitt afterward declared, "you could have knocked me down with a feather." And her overwhelming astonishment was so plainly shown that the new minister became very much embarrassed.

"Of course you know—certainly you ought to have been told that—that I was a woman," she said.

"We didn't know. Why, we never thought of such a thing. They didn't say a word about it," exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt, and in her astonishment and dismay she utterly ignored the outstretched hand.

The young lady had a strong and resolute face, but Mrs. Hewitt suddenly became aware that the corners of her mouth were drooping, and there was a hurt as well as a weary look in her eyes, and all her motherly compassion was aroused.

"But it don't make any difference, child—I mean ma'am. I've no doubt you can preach as well as half the men. We know what is going on in the world, if we do live a good ways out of it; only there never did happen to be a woman preacher anywhere about here, so it took me by surprise. We believe in giving women a fair chance, here in Scragg End I can tell you."

"I was afraid you might have objections," said the young lady, a smile chasing the weariness out of her face.

"Oh, we shall think everything of you, I've no doubt—after a while. You don't know what it is to be without regular preaching as long as we have. Come right in and get rested, and have a cup of tea, for I expect you've had a hard journey."

Before escorting her guest to her room Mrs. Hewitt managed to slip up-stairs and slyly abstract Lysander's new shaving set from the toilette table, where she had placed it for the convenience of the new minister.

It is undeniable that at the first receipt of the news a general dismay overspread Scragg End. The older people were disposed to consider that a trick had been played upon them, and were angry accordingly, some even going so far as to wish to have Miss Barton told that her services could be dispensed with. But nobody seemed willing to tell her, and there was a great curiosity to hear her preach.

There were a few courageous spirits who openly avowed that they saw no reason why a woman should not preach, and were glad to have one for a minister. Many complained of Miss Barton's youth, but acknowledged that they would not have objected on that score to a young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven, which was her age.

There were some who thought she was too handsome for a minister, and others who thought that since she was going to set herself up for everybody to look at, it was a pity that she was not handsomer: some who thought women ought not to preach at all, and others who thought some women might be allowed to, but that Miss Barton was not of the right kind.

It was tacitly agreed that she should be given a hearing, but a woman minister as a stated supply was not what was wanted.

But in two Sundays Miss Barton conquered Scragg End, except a few of the most prejudiced, who would never own themselves conquered. She was so simple, so earnest, so sympathetic. There were no long words, no far-fetched analogies, such as Mr. Ericson used; there was no rattling of the dry bones of theology: she touched the chords that vibrated in their every-day life.

"She comes right home to you, that's a fact," said Joshua King. "She's Scriptooral, too, and she makes as feelin' a prayer as ever I heard. I don't like to see a woman in the pulpit, and I ain't a-going to say I do, but she's edifyin', and no mistake."

"I never went to meetin' before when I didn't have terrible hard work to keep from noddin', but somehow her talk is kind of plain and sensible, and keeps me awake," said Luke Pettingill, who was wont to disturb the congregation by audible breathing.

People flocked to Scragg End from far and near to hear the new minister, at first with much the same curiosity that they would have shown to see a white elephant, but soon for the sake of the preaching. Nobody could quite explain Miss Barton's popularity. Perhaps old Mrs. Simmons came as near to the truth as anybody when she said "she wasn't any smarter than anybody else, but someway she seemed just like own folks. And she knew just how folks felt without being told."

Ponkapawket was scandalized. It was a disgrace to the whole town to have a woman preacher holding forth every Sunday, and drawing such crowds—drawing half the congregation away from the Ponkapawket church, too! The deacons requested Mr. Ericson to preach a sermon from the text: "Let your women keep silence in the churches."

Mr. Ericson was known to hold the Woman's Rights movement in contempt; but he had been twice to hear Miss Barton preach, when there were no services in his own church, and he had also called upon her several times, and when the deacons conferred with him about preaching that sermon they found it impossible to obtain any satisfaction; he was very polite, and he did not say that he would not, but "he smiling put the question by."

One day he surprised Miss Barton by inviting her to an exchange of pulpits for the following Sunday; but that was in harvest-time, and she had come to Scragg End in June. Even Ponkapawket had become accustomed to the idea of a woman preacher, if it did not approve of it.

He had found her sitting on the piazza on a warm afternoon in late September. She had a large basketful of stockings beside her, and was darning them diligently. Some were her own, some were Adoniram Hewitt and Lysander's, for Roxy had gone away on a visit, and Mrs. Hewitt's hands were more than full. She looked as housewifely as if she had never aimed at any wider sphere.

The shadow of a smile flickered about Mr. Ericson's mouth as he observed her employment. Although Miss Barton looked up only as much as politeness required, she saw the smile, and it brought a flush to her cheek. Though she looked so strong and resolute, it was evident that Miss Barton was keenly sensitive.

He sat down beside her, and immediately proffered his request, perhaps as an antidote to the smile.

"Your people would be shocked. They don't approve of me," said Miss Barton. "And I shouldn't have the courage."

"I never suspected you of any want of courage," said Mr. Ericson.

"I am a dreadful coward. I don't think I fully realized it when I began. If I had been sent anywhere but to Scragg End, I don't know what I should have done. Here they are humble-minded people, without strong prejudices, and I do seem to have found the way to their hearts. But I am afraid I should never dare to enter another pulpit—certainly not yours at Ponkapawket."

"You would soon conquer there as you have conquered here," said Mr. Ericson.

"I couldn't endure their unfriendly gaze. I should display all my womanishness. I should blush, I should tremble, I might faint. I should be a stumbling-block to the women who are following in the same pathway. I don't mean to be that. My work in Scragg End suffices me, and I am so thankful for it."

"I am sorry you feel so about Ponkapawket, because I have a proposition in my mind much more audacious than the one that I made," said Mr. Ericson.

Miss Barton raised her eyes inquiringly, and dropped them again instantly under the minister's gaze.

"I thought we might unite the churches." Mr. Ericson's voice trembled a little, as if he were afraid.

"I don't see how it could be done," said Miss Barton, frigidly.

"Of course there is but one way," said Mr. Ericson, quietly. "I dared not ask you to be my wife without suggesting to you the fact that your work need not be given up."

The girl rose to her feet. Lysander's stocking fell from her hand, and was blown away by the wind, unheeded. "I don't know what I have done to deserve this—this insult. I thought that at least you respected me, and I thought my calling made me sacred from such—such attacks altogether."

"I am sorry that you should think it an insult. I can hardly see how a man could give you a better proof of his respect than to ask you to become his wife. And as for your calling making you sacred, we don't believe in the celibacy of the clergy, you know." In spite of his evident mortification and distress, there was a sly twinkle in Mr. Ericson's eye as he said that.

"But I—I am a woman," said Miss Barton, sitting down again, and covering her face with her hands.

"The more reason why you should be married," said Mr. Ericson, calmly. "You need a protector."

"I am perfectly sufficient for myself. And I shall never care for anybody anything—but my work."

Mr. Ericson arose. "I am sorry to have troubled you," he said gently. "I love you, and I have never known what it was to love a woman before; that is all my excuse."

Miss Barton watched him as he went down the road, with the yellow leaves falling upon him. She observed, as she never had done before, how finely his head was set upon his broad shoulders, what a manly grace there was about his strong, well-knit figure.

"But he has no business to love me," she said, drawing her brows into a tight frown.

Then suddenly she remembered Lysander's stocking, and went down in the grass to look for it. It had blown over the fence into the field. She stretched her arm between the slats and drew it she saw his figure in silhouette against the sky. He started to come toward the house, and she waited for him—waited until a sudden thought sent a flame of color over her face.

"It can't be—" she said, half aloud, inquiringly. "I will keep that out of my life. I won't be a failure! I won't be!" And she rushed up to her room and locked herself in.

She came down as calm and grave as ever when the tea-bell rang, and after tea she and Lysander read their daily quantity of Greek, for Lysander was pursuing his studies with renewed avidity since he had a companion to help him, and had not yet given up his long-cherished hope of studying for the ministry, though there seemed no prospect of his being able to leave the farm. As she did so she caught sight of Lysander. He was gathering squashes and pumpkins on the little south hill; When she was not writing her sermons, she was visiting the sick and the poor, and making, or suggesting and inducing others to make, improvements, sanitary and moral as well as religious.

"She was as practical and efficient as if she was not a woman," many people said; and old Jeremy Grimes, who had wished to tell her when she came that

After that day Miss Barton devoted herself more zealously than ever to her work. She darned no more stockings, they didn't want a woman preacher, said, "They couldn't have had such women in St. Paul's time, or he never would have written what he did."

But Mrs. Hewitt had a grievance. Miss Barton didn't seem to make herself one of the family as she used to. She was shut up in her own room almost all the time now, and she and Lysander didn't seem to get along together as they used to. She never came into the kitchen and wanted to help make cake now, or sat with them around the fire in the evening while Lysander read aloud. She "didn't seem to have anything against them, but she wasn't free and sociable any more."

Lysander was teaching school this winter, and attending to the farm work in his leisure time. His habit of studying with Miss Barton had gradually died out. To his mother's persistent questionings Lysander replied that neither of them had any time for it now.

Mrs. Hewitt could not make it out. "Pa," who prided himself upon being long-headed, hinted that he could, but he would not say outright what he thought, and his wife regarded hints with lofty scorn.

One afternoon, after school-hours, Lysander went down to the woods back of the house to superintend the operations of some men who were cutting timber. Just at dusk Miss Barton, coming home from a visit to a sick parishioner, encountered four men carrying on an improvised stretcher Lysander's apparently lifeless body. He was lying white and rigid, and there were scarlet spots upon the snow all the way that he had come. Down on her knees in the snow fell Miss Barton, and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, my love! my love! have you gone so far away that you cannot hear me say I do love you?" she cried. "I was cold and hard because I thought it was my duty, but if you could only come back—"

And then they had to raise Miss Barton, and carry her into the house, for she had fainted.

"That's just what I could have told you a good while ago if I had had a mind to," said "Pa," as he rehearsed the scene to his wife, an hour afterward. "She's a terrible sight like a woman if she is a minister. And Lysander well, I calculate he won't complain of having his foot cut, if it does lay him up for a while. I can't say whether she'll let him do the preaching, or whether they'll both do it, but you'll see them married before summer."

"I don't want anybody to think it's because I'm a woman," said Miss Barton, rather inconsequently, when Lysander led her, blushing and tearful, to his mother's arms. "But I didn't seem able to help it. And Lysander says I needn't give up my work."

A Personal Matter.—The sale of Prince Napoleon's chateau at Prangins, France, is alleged to be due to the neighborhood having become the head centre of socialism. It is explained that it is not pleasant for the Prince when taking a rural walk to find himself face to face with a man or woman who openly declares that "the time has come for the slaughter of all princes and bourgeois, for when the hogs are fattened then is the time to kil them."

THE BAD SHILLING.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

My brother left Oxfordshire and settled in a milder climate. During his long sojourn there a vague report reached him that bad money had been passed on Moore, one of his tenants, and he had made the district ring.

When after seven years my brother returned to his native woods, he looked in on Scott's Farm, and there was Moore, the only familiar face about, which did not seem a day older. After other friendly inquiries my brother said:

"But how about the bad money that was passed on you? Tell me all about it."

"That I wool," said Moore, delighted to find a good listener to a grievance which to him was ever new, though the circumstance was five years old. "I was at dung-cart most of that day, and then I washed, and tried to get a minute to milk the cow; but bless your heart, they never will let me milk her afore sunset. It's Moore here, and Moore there, from half a dozen of 'em; and Mr. Moore here, and Mr. Moore there, from the one or two as have learned manners, which very few of 'em have in these parts; and between 'em they allus contrive to keep me from my own cow till dusk. Well, sir, I had got leave to milk her, hurry-scurry as usual, and night coming on, when a man I had sold a fat hog to came into the yard to pay. 'Wait a minute,' says I. But no, he was like the rest, couldn't let me milk her in peace; wanted to settle and drive the bacon home. So I took my head out o' the cow, and I went to him without so much as letting my smock down, and he gave me the money, £6 17s. I took the gold in one hand so, and the silver in t'other hand so, and I went across the yard to the house, and I asked the missus to get a light, and then I told the money before her, six sovereigns and seventeen shillings, and left her to scratch him a receipt, while I went back to my cow, and I thought to milk her in peace at last. But before I had drained her as should be, out comes my missus, and screams fit to wake the dead: 'George! George!' 'I be coming,' says I; so I up with the milk pail and goes to her. 'Whose cat's dead now?' says I, 'for mercy's sake.'

"'Come in, come in,' says she. 'George, whoever is that man? He have paid us a bad shilling; look at that.' Well, we tried that there shilling on the table first, and then on the hearth: 'twas bad; couldn't be wus. 'Run after him,' says she; 'run this moment.' 'Lard,' says I, 'they be half-way to Wallingford by this time. Here, give me a scrap of paper. I'll carry it about in my fob; he goes to all the markets; he will change it, you may be sure.'

"Well, the very next Friday as ever was I met him at Wallingford market, pulls out the paper, shows him the shilling, tells him it warn't good. He looks at it and agreed with me. 'Then change it, if you please,' says I. 'What for?' says he. 'I don't want no bad shillings no more nor you do.' 'But,' says I, 'price of hog was six seventeen, and you only paid six sixteen in money.' 'Yes, I did,' says he. 'I gave you six seventeen.' 'No, ye didn't.' 'Yes, I did.' 'No, ye didn't; you gave me six sixteen, and this. Now, my man,' says I, 'act honest and pay me t'other shilling.' No he wouldn't. There was a crowd by this time, so I said, 'Look here, gentlemen, I sold this man a hog, and he gave me this in part pay, which it ain't a real shilling, and mine was a genuine hog;' so they all said it warn't a shilling at all. When the man heard that he was for slipping off, but I stepped after him, with half the market at my heels. 'Will you pay me my shilling?' 'I don't owe you no shilling,' says he. 'You do,' says I; 'and pay me my shilling you shall.' 'I won't.' 'You shall; I'll pison your life else.'

"Next time of asking, as the saying is, was Reading market. Catches him cheapening a calf. Takes out shilling. 'Now,' says I, 'here's your bad shilling as you gave me for my hog—which it is a warning to honest folk with calves to sell,' says I. 'Be you going to change it?' 'No, I bain't.' 'You bain't?' says I. 'You shall, then,' says I. 'Time will show,' says he, and bid me good-day, ironical. I let him get a little way, and then I stepped after him. 'Hy, stop that gentleman,' I hallooed. 'He have given me a bad shilling.' You might hear me all over the market. Then he threatened defamation or summat; I didn't keer; I bawled him out o' Reading market that afternoon.

"Met him at Henley next; commenced operations took out the shilling. He crossed over directly, I after 'un, and held out the shilling. 'Tain't no use,' says I. 'You shan't do no business in this here county till you have changed this here shilling. Come, my man, 'tis only a shilling; what is all this here to do about a shilling?' says I; 'act honest and give me my shilling, and take this here *keepsake* back.' 'I won't, says he. 'You won't,' says I; 'then I'll hunt you out of every market in England. I'll hunt ye into the wilderness and the hocean wave.'

"He got very sick of me in a year or two's marketing, I can tell you, for I never missed a market *now*, because of the shilling. He had to give up trade and go home whenever he saw my shilling an' me a-coming."

"And so you tired him out?"

"That I did."

"And got your shilling?"

"That I did not. He found a way to cheat me after all" (with a sudden yell of reprobation). "He went and died—and here's the shilling!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

"So you are going to marry that small wheezy, consumptive looking specimen of a man, are you?" said one girl to another. "I really don't see what you can see in him to love." "Mary," said her friend, "Mary, your father is a small man, isn't he?" "Yes," was the reply, "what of that?" "Nothing, except that if he wasn't small it would be doubtful if your mother would be the boss. I'm going to marry that small man because I'm fond of having my own way and won't accept any risks."

AGAIN OVER ALAMO.

The Scene of the Struggle of a Heroic Band Against Overwhelming Odds.

A dispatch from San Antonio says that the flag of Texas is flying over Fort Alamo, the property of which it forms a part having been annexed to the State by the Catholic bishop after purchase. Alamo is known as the Thermopylæ of America, from the heroic defense of the fort made in 1836 by a small body of Texans against a force of Mexicans fully thirty times their number.

Fort Alamo was an oblong structure of about an acre in extent, on the left bank of the San Antonio River, near the town of San Antonio. The fortifications of San Antonio had been recently dismantled by Houston when (February 23, 1836) the Mexicans under Santa Anna beleaguered the Alamo, into which Travis withdrew with 140 Texans, while the Mexicans, 4,000 strong, occupied the town and bombarded the fortress from batteries on both sides of the river. Not one man was hurt by the shelling, however, and the garrison picked off the Mexicans with their unerring rifles, or when they ventured to charge the wall repulsed them with disastrous loss. Travis was re-inforced by thirty-two men, who forced their way through the Mexican lines, but the garrison was too feeble to take the initiative, and though it never abated its spirit, hard work and ceaseless watching so told on its feeble numbers that by the 6th the Texan cause was desperate. Without provisions and with but a scanty supply of ammunition, the garrison yet made a gallant stand against the overwhelming force which assailed it at daybreak from every side.

Twice repulsed with great loss, the Mexicans at last made good their attack, but it was only when the defenders of the Alamo numbered six men and their unloaded rifles were shattered clubs in their hands. These, including Crockett, surrendered to Castrillion, upon a promise of protection, but being taken before Santa Anna they were ordered to be hewn down. Crockett fell, mangled by a score of swords; the wounded Bowie was dragged from his bed and butchered, though not until he had shot several of his murderers, and Evans was slain just as he attempted to blow up the magazine. The bodies of the Texans, horribly mutilated, were piled up in the centre of the fort and burned, a negro, a woman and a child, alone being spared. On the 21st of April, however, the dead of the Alamo were bloodily avenged. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the Mexicans, confident in their numbers, were enjoying their siesta on the field of San Jacinto, where Houston, forming his little force in line under cover of the forest, advanced upon their works. At 200 yards the hastily mustered Mexicans fired upon the approaching Texans, who received the volley in grim silence; then, with the shout, "Remember the Alamo!" burst upon them. In instantaneous panic the Mexicans fled, pursued by the relentless victors. Houston lost eight men killed and twenty-five wounded; the Mexicans, 680 killed, 208 wounded and 730 prisoners. In the attack upon the Alamo they had already lost 1,600 men. Its defenders had been avenged.

LOST THEIR LIVES.

The Story of Two Young Men Who were Lynched as Squatters.

A curious mobbing story is that which comes from Devil's Lake, in northeastern Dakota. About half a mile from the town of Creel City there, which is composed of half a dozen houses, was a quarter section of land located upon by a man named Bell. The vicinity has never been regularly surveyed, the occupancy was but little more than nominal, as often happens, and two brothers named Ford, in Bell's absence took possession, built a second shanty and began living there. One night recently Bell went to the place, found the intruders, and ordered them off. They refused to go, whereupon Bell roused the people of Creel City with the report that his claim was being "jumped," and returned with 12 other men to drive the Fords out. Just how the proceedings began is not very clear, but there appears to have been some firing on both sides, and at the close both the Fords were killed. One report says that a member of the attacking party was wounded in the arm, but that is not certain, and none were killed. The plain truth of the case is that a party of men in the vicinity deliberately attacked and murdered two men for "jumping a claim," and the part of the business most comprehensible to eastern people is the fact that the outrage was justified by the community. An inquest was held, it is said that every one of the 13 testified, and nobody concerned hesitates about admitting the general facts as stated, but the verdict was simply that the Fords were shot by some unknown persons; no arrests were made, and the killing is regarded upon all hands as a rough but necessary application of justice. And yet the community is quite up to the average of those on the western frontier, and its sentiment in this matter is merely the one common under all similar circumstances. Precisely as horse-stealing is reckoned worse than murder on the plains, claim-jumping is considered the greatest of all crimes in places like this. The land is open to all, there is no immediate way of getting legal title, and an unwritten law has grown up that he who first takes a tract of 160 acres shall hold it, and death is the penalty for its violation. The Ford boys were new to the frontier and seem not to have known the risk they ran. They were nephews of Congressman Farwell, of Chicago, and there is some talk that he may try to bring their murderers to punishment, but that would be no easy matter.

The Capture of Davis.

M. Quad, during his visit to the South, made an early morning call upon Jeff. Davis. He tells about it as follows:—In the State Library at Jackson, Miss., is a crayon portrait of Mr. Davis as he appeared when captured. I asked him if he was correct, and he replied:

"I will tell you exactly how it occurred. I had lain down without removing a garment. I had high cavalry boots, pantaloons tucked into the tops, a gray blouse and a soft hat. Upon the alarm being given I stepped out of the tent and saw a Federal cavalryman thirty or forty feet away. He ordered me to halt. At the same moment Mrs. Davis threw over my shoulders a folded shawl. I saw that my only chance of escape was to secure the horse of the Federal. I advanced straight upon him, feeling that he would fire at me, but believing that he would miss his target. Had this occurred, there would have been a struggle for the possession of the horse. As I approached the soldier he lowered his carbine as if to shoot, and at the moment Mrs. Davis rushed up and threw her arms around me. The soldier hesitated a moment, turned his weapon aside, and I walked back to the fire and stood there until made prisoner."