The Times and Democrat.

Col M Glover Jan 1, '86

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WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

THE CONVENTION OF STRONG-MINDED FEMALES PITHILY DESCRIBED.

"I Told You There Would Be Extra Snap in this Movement When Southern Women Joined It."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—I went to the womon's rights convention on Thursday night and had much entertainment. The ladies in the audience boisterously enjoyed the wholesale denunciation of monster man, while the men vigorously and chivalrously applauded the many hard hits at their sex. Miss Susan B. Anthony, a small, grim, energetic old maid, presided, and dearly relished the multiform compliments paid her by her vociferous sisterhood. Miss Anthony is sometimes called "Colonel Susan," but this is the designation of some masculine wretch. In the audience Frederick Douglass stood up, like a great bronze giant, with a forest of coase grey hair. In old days Douglass used to preside at these meetings, but seems to have fallen into disrepute since he turned his back on the negro and married a white woman. All of the speakers were quite old or mature, except the last, a German-American lady, who had a comely face, a splendid voice and the true fire of eloquence.

Miss Anthony, in a prim, starch way, like a veteran campaigner, told her oft repeated story of the wrongs of persons who happened to be born of the female gender. The old lady punched and cuffed her misguidad brethren and warned them that her spirit would haunt them until justice was done.

A buxom Boston lady, rising 50 years, sententiously pursued the same theme, and severely rated statesmen who tried to make woman a nonentity. She said: "When Sara Bernhardt came to this country, people were curious to see her. She was exceedingly thin and was joked about her attenuation. One day, a man was told to look in a carriage window if he desired to behold the famous actress. He did so, but declared that he saw nothing. 'Then you saw Bernhardt,' was the instant reply." The Boston lady proclaimed that denial of suffrage made women nothing.

The fun commenced in earnest when Mrs. Merriwether, who announced herself as a Southern woman from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes, took the stand. She was considerably advanced in middle age, but full of fight. She went from Memphis to St. Louis. A novel of hers, "The Master of Roseleaf," was a lurid attack upon the Yankees and their reconstruction of the South, but the last chapter was so horrible and revolting that it sunk the book out of sight, I understand. As Mrs. Merriwether expressed sorrow that her husband was a Democrat, I presume she has modified her opinions, but she and her son created something of a disturbance by calling forth and prodding out the traditional "negro in the woodpile." The idea of a black brute having the franchise to the exclusion of the most exalted white woman roused the indignation and wrath of Mrs. Merriwether and her "baby boy," a chipper and cheeky lad of 19 or 20 years of age. This lady made a rattling harangue, full of wit, sarcasm and bitterness. Argument was lacking somewhat, but illustration abounded. She read a letter from Senator Vest, who uncompromisingly opposes the woman movement, and then, bit by bit, and line by line, held him up to ridicule as no man has ever yet dared to do. She had not read the minority report of the Senate committee on woman suffrage, signed by Senators Brown and Cockrell, but heard about it; and yet she assailed it all the same, with a little spice of blasphemy, in the beginning, and a concluding offer to teach a better Bible doctrine to the two Senators, whom she invited to go to Sunday school. She discussed the Utah bills of Senator Edmunds and gave a patent recipe for exterminating polygamy, which is worth attention. "I would," she exclaimed, "allow the Mormon women to keep their suffrage and disfranchise the men. Then I would send strong minded members of our association out there as missionaries to teach Utah sisters to be strong minded, too. Then a Mormon man would not want more than one wife, as one strong minded woman would be all he could endure!" I am quite prepared to credit this assertion and to go beyond it. Indeed, an irreverent scamp says, that instead of one such woman, he prefers twelve wives of the other kind. Mrs. Merriwether claimed Sam Jones as a Tennesseean, and quoted him to show the superiority of woman. He had heard a lady make a prayer so fervent that she seemed to bring heaven down to earth. "Now," ejaculated Mrs. Merriwether, "I never knew any man, preacher or otherwise, who ever brought heaven and earth within 10,000 miles of each other." And yet there are some saintly men in this world, and the Redeemer of it was not a woman.

"Colonel" Susan reluctantly called time upon this fiery Southern matron, and, wagging her head significantly, jerked out: "I told you there would be extra snap in this movement when Southern women joined it."

Then, after a mild protest from Miss Anthony, the son of Mrs. Merriwether, was introduced by his fond parent. He had just come from Europe, and, after handsomely complimenting his mother, proceeded to make mouths at the women of Spain and Italy, who, not being strong-minded, have caused, in his opinion, the decay of those nations. And yet Spain and Italy compare rather favorably with Missouri and Tennessee, in the quality of men and women, to say nothing of art and science. The young hopeful got in his dynamite on the "nigger." The explosion came later on. Col. Susan cut him down when he began to quote Tacitus, and brought forward Mrs. Clara Neyman, of New York, the German lady mentioned in the beginning of this article.

Her address was so noble, so grand, so pure, so full of thought and spirit, that it dwarfed the flippant, boisterous beings around her, and lifted the whole convention into dignity and sublimity. She compared the American and German governments as well as the American and German women, pointing out skillfully their respective virtues and defects. She anathematized the rich American women who shrank from maternity and cared for nothing but display. The picture she drew of an ideal republic, refined by women in all particulars, was so beautiful and exalted that the men present more than the women paid her homage of an applause that was sincere, although reason bewailed that such an Arcadia did not and could not exist this side of paradise. I declare, under the inspiration and magnetism of this gifted and devoted woman, my senses were taken captive for the moment, and even Susan B. Anthony and her sardonic sisterhood melted into something lovely and serene.

But there was a rude awakening. Instead of dismissing the audience under such a powerful and pleasing spell, old Susan had to lug out a tall, venerable, white haired and bearded man who was said to be colored, but could hardly be so discovered. This man was presented as "the noblest Roman of them all," and some of the audience seemed to hail him as such by clapping their hands. In a deep, solemn, sonorous voice he proceeded to rebuke young Merriwether for baiting the "negro in the wood pile," and, in a tone of resentful thunder, shouted: "Southern people can never find eternity long enough to make atonement for the wrongs done the negro?" The audience in part echoed that sentiment, and the colored orator was about to amplify his wrathful indignation when Colonel Susan nipped him in the bud. The "noblest Roman" succumbed to the resolute little white woman, and retired with dramatic resignation. As she strode back, like Borest as Spartacus, Mrs. Merriwether her bangs all awry and her frame heaving with excitement, rushed to the footlights, and, in defiance of Miss Anthony's quick remonstrance, shouted: "Ladies and gentlemen, what that boy said was from his head and not his heart. It was inadvertent. He was brought up to believe in freedom for the black as well as white man." The "noble Roman" bowed his head in proud propititation. Miss Anthony shook her cork screw curls benignantly, and the strong minded were uproarous. But the effect of Mrs. Neyman's radiant prosepoem was dissipated in a smell of sulphur and the purgatory of discordaot clamor.

While these strident women, rich or comfortable, are making fierce demand for suffrage, hundreds of their sisterhood ask only for honorable employment and the right to earn an humble living. Possibly they would be more fortunate if the ballot were given them, but probably not. I am for giving these sisters of ours the most enlarged opportunities of making their way in the world, but the suffrage may not be best for them, and I am inclined to think that the vast majority do not desire it, especially at the South, where the evil, because of a peculiar race environment, would be something infernal and intolerable.—J. R. Randall in Augusta Chronicle.

STARVED TO DEATH IN BED.

Pitiable Death of Congressman Smalls Step Daughter.

The Palmetto Post of the 25th inst., says: Charlotte Williams, a stepdaughter of Congressman Smalls, was found dead in her bed on Monday morning, in Beaufort, under circumstances of the greatest poverty and neglect. When her two little children woke up they found their mother stiff and cold beside them. The damp, squalid apartment in which she was found was the basement of an old neglected house, with no window panes in the sashes and the fireplace without a spark of fire or a cinder, and her only covering was a thin quilt upon a rickety bedstead, and some meagre furniture and tinware about the dirty floor. A bottle of gin with lightwood chips steeped in it was at the bedside. The spectacle of poverty and squalor as presented to the jury of inquest was sickenening. She was a lewd woman, to be sure, but no more than some of the well-to-do of her race. The colored men, composing she jury were loud in their condemnation of Smalls for his neglect of her. A verdict was rendered that she came to her death from want of attention.

A Happy Family.

A strange story—so strange that in fiction it would be condemned for its impossible situation—comes from Milwaukee. Five years ago, Mrs. Herneman, wife of William Herneman submitted quietly to a divorce for which he sued on the ground that she had borne him no children. William soon afterward married again, and now has two children. About two months ago he removed to Milwaukee from Michigan, where he had divorced his first wife. A few days later the first wife arrived in Milwaukee, and begged so piteously to be near her former husband, whom she said she still loved more than life, that Mr. Herneman and his present wife took her in as house keeper. They are now all living under the same roof, and the former wife seems to be exceedingly grateful for her privileges and fond of her former husband's children. The love that can urge a woman to accept this situation must be irresistible.—Chicago News.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. J. C. Wannamaker.

IN A BAD FIX.

An Emigrant Agent Named Walker Makes Many Other Walkers.

A correspondent of the Laurensville Herald, writing from Waterloo in that county, says: "On the 13th of February Mr. Walker, the emigrant agent that skipped by the light of the moon from our town last year, stepped off the train to take a look at our town. He recognized some faces, and said he would pay us a visit soon. The next day Mr. Boyd, his sub-agent, appeared in our town, demoralized the labor. For some distauce around all the negroes that could be induced to go to Arkansas began to collect at the depot, with their baggage, ready to take the special train that Mr. Boyd had ordered for them. They spent three days waiting for a special train. In the meantime Mr. Boyd had left for Greenwood to hasten on the special train. On Friday forty-seven colored and one white emigrant left our town for Arkansas. They were stopped at Greenwood to change cars for Atlanta. Five days have passed, and they are still at Greenwood, without transportation, money or food—with their baggage locked up in the depot, being held as security for freight charges. The most of them are anxious to return to Waterloo, and some of them have endeavored to get their former employers to pay their way back to Waterloo; but our citizens seem disposed to let them freeze out. Boyd has indeed left them in a helpless condition. At this writing, Monday 22d we learn that the most of them are walking back to Waterloo and have left their baggage in the depot at Greenwood. The white emigrant alluded to is Robt. Henderson, son of James Henderson, of St. Alban's Greenvill countye. His father would do well to make immediate search for him."

"LAY ON MCDUFF."

The Kershaw Gazette on the Threat of the Fertilizer Companies.

Two of the greatest drains upon our country since the late war, without commensurate good, (in our judgment,) has been worthless insurance companies and trifling fertilizers. They have sapped deep, and to the quick. They have played a heavy game upon the upright, honest working man, and these wounds are slow to heal; leaving behind them scars deep-cut and lasting.

The old insurance business, which was a tarnish upon all honorable transactions in most cases, is about dead and a new, healthy growth has taken its place; but its counterpart still stalks boldly in the noon-day sunlight, seeking whom it may devour. It bears the gentle and euphonious name of fertilizer, and although no good seems to come from most of it, it frowns and kicks if its utter worthlessness is shown up to those whose patronage it seeks.

Recently some of the shortcomings of these manufactures have been brought to light by a careful and thorough analysis. This is public property, and the newspapers taking hold have so used it. For this sin, libel is threatened, war is declared and general destruction made imminent. It is indeed laughable—we should say contemptible if it were serious; but, alas, it is nothing. As well might a paper be libelled for calling Benedict Arnold a traitor, or Judas Iscariot a betrayer.

"Lay on, McDuff, and damned be he who first cries 'hold, enough.'"

SHOT DOWN IN THE STREETS.

St. Louis Dentists Fight it out on the Sidewalk to the Death.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 25.—Dr. Edward H. Coates shot and fatally wounded Dr. A. B. Keith, at the corner of Fourteenth and Pine streets, this morning. Both of the men are dentist, and it is stated that jealousy has existed between them for a long time. Mr. Coates has been endeavoring for a year past to procure a divorse from his wife, but has been unsuccessful in his efforts. Dr. Keith has, in the meantime, been the defender and sympathizer of Mrs. Coates. He has been accused by the lady's husband of improper relations with her. Coates has been despondent for some time, and this morning announced his intention of drowning himself, and started for the river to carry out his purpose, but upon emerging from the house he met Dr. Keith, and after an interchange of some hot words he accused Dr. Keith of having caused all his unhappiness, and the latter denying it a struggle ensued, both men falling to the ground. Upon Keith's rising and attempting to walk away his antagonist drew a revolver from his pocket and fired it with the above result. Dr. Keith was taken to the city hospital, where he died at 1.40 this afternoon.

Burned to Death.

On Friday night last the house of Bill Crafton, colored, who lives near the Old Wells, was destroyed by fire. His son Charley, eighteen years of age, asleep at the time, was burned up, as also his daughter Lula, fourteen years of age, and a colored man, who lived near Williston, S. C. The father only escaped by the cracking or bursting of a mirror which stood near the head of his bed, the noise of which awoke him. In the house at the time was a bout fifty dollars in money and it is surmised that probably robbery preceded the fire.—Edgefield Advertiser.

Drops Dead While Making a Speech.

DES MOINES, IOWA, February 25.—Judge James T. Mitchell of Nebraska while addressing the convention of the early Iowa law makers in this city this evening dropped dead on the floor of the opera house. He was just concluding his speech with the sentence, "I love the old soldiers of Iowa!" when he fell to the floor, dying immediately. Memorial services were held this evening. His former law partner, Fred Lehman of this city, and several prominent citizens of the state made addresses.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

A NEGRO LYNCHED ON ACCOUNT OF A GROSS OUTRAGE.

Indignant Citizens of Spartanburg Hang the Assailant of Mrs. Lancaster on a Tree in the Main Street.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., March 1.—Abe Thomson, the negro committed to jail here yesterday, for a felonious assault on Mrs. Lancaster, near Glenn Springs, last Friday, was taken from prison this afternoon by a crowd of citizens without disguises, and carried to a grove on Main Street, about half a mile from the Courthouse, and hanged to the limb of a tree. He was about 20 years old and of brutal passions. He assaulted a negro woman last week, but she being very strong resisted him. He also attacked a white woman on Friday, who escaped him. This was before he came across his unfortunate victim. Mrs. Lancaster is a highly esteemed woman, the mother of two children, and about to become a mother again. While in jail Thomson confessed to the crime, and when they carried him out to the grove he was asked if he had anything to say. He said: "Yes; I did the deed. I do not know what made me do it. I deserve to be hanged. Give me a little time to pray." After praying awhile he was swung up and left hanging. Several persons in the crowd were drunk, but the greater number were sober. Coroner Evins is now holding an inquest. He will take charge of the body and have it buried. The hanging took place at 5 o'clock, and at 7 the town is as quiet us Sunday. Several colored men were in the crowd that entered the jail. The keys were taken by force from the jailer, whose hand was lacerated in the scuffle.—News and Courier.

AT APPEAL TO COTTON PLANTERS.

Let them Unite Together to Protect Themselves from the Speculators.

MEMPHIS, TENN., February 26.—The Inter-State Agricultural Convention, which has been in session at Jackson, Tenn., since Wednesday, adjourned this evening. The following resolution was adopted, with an amendment to include breadstuffs and long products as well as cotton:

The manipulation by speculators of the cotton crop of 1885-86, which so depressed prices that they have fallen below the actual cost of production, forces upon the planters of the South the necessity of relieving themselves, as far as in their power lies, from the influence of so ruinous a system as that which now controls the chief exportable products of the country, and with this end in view the representatives of the agricultural interests of Tennessee, in convention assembled, call upon our brother planters of all the Southern States to protect themselves by united action. Emboldened by past success, the speculator has fixed the standard price for the cotton crop of 1886-87. This, he has done before the seed has been put in the ground, or even the ploughs have been started. Cotton futures for the months of October, Nobember and December, 1886, and January, 1887, are to day quoted in New York at from 8.70 to 8.85, according to months. This means not exceeding 8¾ cents for middling cotton in New York, or 8⅛ cents at the principal shipping ports of the South, including such cities as New Orleans, Charlaston, Savannah, Augusta, Mobile, Galveston and Memphis. Middling cotton at these cities selling for 8⅛ cents means not more than 7¼ cents to the planter, who must pay freight, insurance and regular commission charges, which generally average from ¾ to 1 cent per pound. Now, in view of these conditions, so ruinous to our interests, we appeal to the intelligence of the cotton-grower, and ask him can he pay the expense of farming and make even a bare living by selling cotton at 7½ cents per pound? The answer is already given in the negative. The next question following upon this is: What is the remedy? We answer: Diversified crops; plant one-third less cotton and more grain and grasses, raise hogs and hominy, let cotton be the surplus crop, instead of producing six and a half million bales make only four and a half million bales. By this means we may realize a large price for our labor, and at the same time live independently of speculating sharks who profit by our losses. In addition to this, the Legislatures of each of the Southern States should be petitioned to make deallings for future delivery, unless cotton is actually on hand to sell and is actually delivered to the contracting purchaser, a felony punishable by fine and imprisonment, not less than one thousand dollars and two years in the penitentiary. The time is now propitious for united action, and we appeal to the press of the South to aid us in our efforts by giving every publicity to this protest, an appeal which we feel cannot but result beneficially if prompt in action and lived up to honestly.

A Little Hero.

Billie Huethins, of Lawrenceville, Ga., is a hero. A can of powder dropped into a basket of chips and was thrown on the fire before which stood Billie's three little girls. The boy jumped for the can, but just as he seized it the powder exploded. The little girls were not hurt at all, but the boy was badly burned. Some one asked him why he grabbed the powder. He answered as well as he could, for he was suffering intensely, "To save the girls."

Destroyed by Fire.

GREENVILLE, February 25.—The storehouse of W. B. Wiser, on Main street was totally destroyed by fire this morning. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Loss, about $15,000. It was insured in the following companies: Phenix, Royal, Liverpool, London and Globe, City of London and Transatlantic. Total insurance $11,000.

CRESCENT BONE FERTILIZER.

What Commissioner Butler Says—The Farmer has Received More than he has Paid for.

To dealers selling and farmers using the "Crescent":

GENTLEMEN:—Some of the newspapers in South Carolina have recently published a sensational article headed, "Fraud in Fertilizers," in which a large number of the best and most popular brands are stigmatized as fraudulent and farmers are advised to "shun" them. This charge is baseless and arises from misapprehension on the part of the Editor who published the original article. It does great injustice to many honorable and prominent gentlemen, and works injury to the farmers, by misleading them and creating unfounded doubt and suspicion of the best Fertilizers, causing them to purchase articles of lower grade.

By reference to the Official Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, which refers to Fertilizers sold and used a year ago, it will be found that those in the so-called "Black List" in nearly every instance exceeded in commercial value the guarantee given by the manufacturer and that where the State Chemist shows a falling off in any Special Fertilizer in any one constituent, it is more than made up by an excess in others, in other words, the average of the Fertilizer was better than the guarantee and "the Farmer has received more than he paid for."

One of the most palpable cases showing the groundlessness of the charge of "Fraud," is that of the Georgia Chemical Works, Acid Phosphate (of Augusta Georgia.) Their guarantee was 10 per cent, available Phosphoric Acid and 1 per cent of Potash, Commercial value $14.00. The State Chemist makes the sample he analyzed show 12.35 per cent, Available Phosphoric Acid, 0.98 Potash, Commercial value $17.04, or an excess of $3.06 in Available Phosphoric Acid and a deficiency of 2 per cent in Potash, and so with many others, showing the utter absurdity of the charge of "Fraud." Variations in Analysis are impossible to avoid, and Prof. Shepard, former State Chemist of South Carolina, tells me he cannot in scarcely any instance make two Analyses of the same sample and get the same per-centages.

Analyses are *simply approximations indicating the average quality of the Fertilizers*, for it is impossible for any man who has ever lived, or will live, to mix millions of pounds of four or five different ingredients and have every teaspoonful to contain exactly the same proportion of each constituent to the 100th part of a grain. I sold about 1,700 tons of the Cresent in South Carolina last year, or 3,400,000 lbs., which were mixed with the utmost care and contained the best ingredients, but notwithstanding this fact, no two separate teaspoonful would analyze by any Chemist, exactly the same in Available Phosphoric Acid, Ammonia, and Potash, if one ingredient over ran, the other would probably fall below.

The Commissioner's report shows most of the *Fertilizers not italicized* were *sold on a low guarantee* generally 8 per cent of Available Phosphoric Acid, 2 per cent of Ammonia, and 1 per cent of Potash.

Commissioner Butler, writes me as follows, *in regard to the "Crescent" sold last year*:

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
Department of Agriculture.
Columbia, S. C., Feb., 19, 1886.

Mr, Perry M. DeLeon, Savannah, Ga.

DEAR SIR:—Upon the evidence presented to me, I am satisfied that an unintentional error was committed by the party representing the firm selling Cresent Bone Fertilizer at Spartanburg last season, and by the agent representing the Department of Agriculture, in reporting that the guarantee on sacks was Available Phosphoric Acid, 9¾ per cent, Ammonia, 2¾ per cent, Potash, 2½ per cent, and that the same should have been, Available Phosphoric Acid, 9 per cent, Ammonia, 2 per cent, Potash, 2 per cent.

And the Commercial Value therefor would have been $19,70, instead of $23,68, as printed in the Official Report of Analyses of Fertilizers. Our Analyses of Crescent Bone gives you, Available Phosphoric Acid, 8 14 per cent, Ammonia, 2 61 per cent, Potash, 2 28 per cent. *Commercial Value $20.69, as against your guarantee of $19.70.*

Yours truly,
A. P. BUTLER.
Commissioner of Agriculture.

In other words the Crescent was $1.00 per ton better than the guarantee, and the identical goods in question were largely used last year and gave general satisfaction, and by the analyses of Prof. Liebig of Baltimore, a Chemist of national reputation, were *fully up to guarantee in every constituent.* I have some thousand tons stored at the South Carolina Railroad, which Prof. Shepard is now analyzing and as soon as received, I will publish the Analyses. You can rely on the Crescent being a first-class Fertilizer in all respects and upon its giving satisfactory results with proper care and cultivation in average seasons.

PERRY M. DELEON.

Dashed to Death from a Tower.

DETROIT, MICH., Feb 25.—This morning Alexander Rose, an employee of the Electric Light Company, ascended the tower at Gratis avenue and Mack street for the purpose of replacing burned out carbons. He had just reached the platform at the top when he suddenly fell over the railing and came down headlongmost to the ground, a distance of 150 feet. His body was horribly mangled and he lived but a short time. He was twenty three years of age and unmarried.

Baby Carriages, Wagons and Velocipedes at Jos. Erck's the best medicine to give to baby's and children is fresh air, a baby carriage or Velocipede will save you perhaps a doctors bill.

A BLOODY TRAGEDY.

KILLED HIS WIFE AND THEN BLEW OUT HIS OWN BRAINS.

Mysterious Wife-Murder and Suicide by a Stranger from North Carolina—Nine Orphans.

GREENVILLE, March 2.—A horrible tragedy occurred at Piedmont this morning. James W. King, a resident of Piedmont, after accompanying to the depot his brother-in-law Philips, who took the up-freight train, returned to his dwelling in the village, murdered his wife by stabbing her in the breast and throat with a knife, and after this bloody deed cut his own throat.

Parties who suspected something wrong broke open the door of their room and found Mrs. King lying on the floor in a pool of blood and her husband lying across her, both dead, and the knife lying in King's breast. What led to this dreadful event seems to be wrapt in mystery Evidently King and his wife did not live amicably together. A circumstance creating this belief is that King had recently notified merchants of Piedmont not to let his wife have goods on his account. King earned his living by ditching and some of his children worked as operatives in the Piedmont Factory. But little can be learned of the people. They came to Piedmont as strangers from North Carolina. It is surmised that King had some family trouble and had become insane when he committed the awful tragedy. King was about forty-five or fifty years of age. They leave, it is said, nine children several of them very young.

A GHOST-HAUNTED COMMUNITY.

The Scene of a Tripple Tragedy Said to be the Home of Perturbed Spirits.

NEW HAVEN, February 25.—The residents of Killingworth, a quiet little town on the Sound, are very much exercised over a haunted house. On a lonely road near the centre of the town stands an old house of peculiar construction. It was in this mansion that, a decade ago, Mrs. Horace Higgins cut the throats of her three children while they were asleep. They were buried in the village charchyard, and although the other graves there are covered in summer with an abundant growth of grass, not a blade ever grows on the graves of the children.

Their mother was adjudged insane and confined in a room overlooking the graves, and every night until she died she would stand at the window gazing on the clock in the church tower near by, moaning and craving pardon for her crimes.

For many years the house had the reputation of being haunted, and it almost continuously remained tenantless until last summer, when the Ray family of Boston took it as a summer residence. The first night they slept there the two tenants were nearly scared to death by the apparition of a woman in white standing at their bedroom window. Loud and unearthly noises echoed through the house. The next night Mr. and Mrs. Ray say they saw the apparition and they promptly gave up the house. Recently only these facts were learned by the villagers and since then several weird sights have, it is said, been seen in the old mansion.

GOING HOME.

The Chinamen Getting Ready to Leave the United States.

Wong Ching Foo, a Chinese lawyer from New York, who has been attending some court proceedings in St. Louis, is quoted as authority for the statement that the Chinese community in St. Louis has received what is alleged to be a genuine copy of an Imperial Proclamation, requesting that on or before the fifteenth day of the fifth moon of the present year (May 15) all subjects of the Tai Tszing Empire (China) now residing in the United States of America return home, and instructing them that upon application to their Consuls free transportation will be provided from any part of the United States to any part of the Chinese Empire, except the provinces of Toung Tung, whose citizens, because of superior numbers, are required to pay half fare. The proclamation, while it embodies no threats, broadly intimates that the Chinese Government intends to speedily retaliate upon the American export trade and American residents in China for the long-continued outrages upon the Chinese in this country. This design, if carried out, will destroy an annual export of $80,000,000 and expose 9,000 Americans to the terrors of Imperial prosecution. Most of the 80,000 Chinamen in this country are expected to obey the proclamation.

The Blair Bill.

The Blair Educational bill appropriates in its present form $7,000,000 the first year, $10,000,000 the second, $15,000,000 the third, $13,000,000 the fourth, $11,000,000 the fifth, $9,000,000 the sixth, $7,000,000 the seventh and $5,000,000 the eighth year. The money is to be distributed among the States and Territories on the basis of illiteracy, and no State or Territory is to participate in the benefits of the bill that does not provide a free school system. Seperate schools for white and colored children are not reckoned a violation of this condition.

At last.

Jonathan Reynolds of Pembroke, Me., is an aged man who has always alleged in being called an infidel. Last sunday, he caused to be read in the Methodist pulpit in Pembroke a declaration signed by him, in which he said he desires now to counteract the evil that I may have caused. I believe for a person to live and die happy they must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as recorded in the Scriptures." Years, in most cases, when they don't take a man's senses away, bring a man to his senses.