

A PARADISE SONG.

The day was hot, the way was long, the feet were tired, so tired, the goal so long desired.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

NEVER before in the history of the state had an advocate at the bar made such a strenuous effort to convince a jury of the innocence of the prisoner.

Although not more than a boy, I witnessed the trial of Andrew Hastings with more absorbing interest than anything else in my life has since awakened.

Remember the gestures, the impassioned face of Hastings' attorney, Col. George Harvey Palmer, and I can almost repeat the very words he uttered when addressing the jury.

Last week Judge James C. Garrow held in Monroe county, Ala., and among papers was found a statement concerning the Hastings case—a statement written to be made public after his death.

It was in the days of the noted kluksu-klan, that organization which sprung into life in the south during the memorable days of "reconstruction."

Some time in the spring of 1867 the judiciary began to take active measures for the suppression of violence attributable to the klan, or rather to lawless bands calling themselves kluksu, for the original organization had by that time ceased to exist.

On March 14, 1867, near the town of Claiborne, Monroe county, Ala., Amos Bivins, a camp follower of the Union army, was found dead on the side of the public road. He had been beaten to



HOLDING THE BIBLE HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD.

death with a club or some other heavy weapon. "Another kluksu victim," was the verdict, and with this the people were disposed to discard the matter from any further consideration, but Judge Garrow was one of the most earnest among officers of the law, who had

Having been raised in the south, Hastings had no love for his employer, who was regarded as one of the despised class of "carpet baggers" in those days.

It was only two nights after Hastings' discharge that Bivins was killed. Two witnesses swore that Hastings tried to borrow a shotgun from them on the day prior to the murder.

Added to all this was the fact that Hastings could not account for his whereabouts on the night of the killing between the hours of eight and twelve o'clock.

When on trial Hastings stated that he had gone "possum hunting alone, leaving home about eight o'clock, and returning about one o'clock the next morning. It was for this purpose he attempted to borrow a gun.

But Col. Palmer made the most of it and fought the evidence of the prosecution at times with an impassioned manner that almost amounted to a madness. I remember an old lawyer in the courtroom remarking: "Well, I never have seen an attorney so thoroughly identified with his client's interests before."

He made but little effort to controvert the damaging evidence against his client. His address was mainly a passionate appeal for mercy for an innocent man who was the victim of peculiar circumstances.

The verdict was guilty, and Hastings was sentenced to be hanged. The case was appealed to the supreme court, and the decision of the lower court was affirmed. An application was made to the governor for clemency, and a petition bearing the names of many prominent citizens of Monroe county was sent to the chief executive.

The governor refused to interfere, but intimated that he might give the case a more favorable consideration if the presiding judge recommended a commutation of the sentence. This was regarded as a forlorn hope, the determination of Judge Garrow to suppress crime being so well known.

The day of the execution was near at hand and Monroe county was preparing to witness its first hanging in many years. Then, like a thunder clap came the news that the governor had pardoned Andrew Hastings.

But why did Judge Garrow make such a request? His honesty was above suspicion, his integrity was undoubted, and his firmness could not be questioned. Yet, after declaring his purpose to check the lawlessness then existing by the strong arm of the law, he deliberately used the power of his office to free a man convicted of a most foul murder.

Time and time has this case and its strange denouement come before my mind, and often have I tried to reach a solution which would be satisfactory to myself and leave no suspicion upon the memory of a member of the judiciary whose character had always been above reproach.

It is all clear now, Judge Garrow has passed to stand himself before a judge whose justice, it is to be hoped, will be tempered with exceeding great mercy for us all.

To Those Who May Be Living When I Am Dead: I believe if any shall desire to look into my life history they will find nothing that posterity shall be ashamed to read upon my gravestone.

This single act of mine for which I may have borne public condemnation was the part I took in securing a pardon for one Andrew Hastings, arraigned and convicted of the murder of Amos Bivins at the fall term of the circuit court in Monroe county, Ala., October, 1867.

"Without any attempt to criticize the motives of those who thought it wise amid scenes of desolation and lawlessness to hold in check the passions of suddenly freed slaves by an appeal to their superstitious fears, I, with others of the judiciary, determined that the time had come in the south to restore law and order.

"He came to me one day—a week before Hastings was to be executed—and said: 'Judge Garrow, suppose I should give you proof that another man killed Bivins, would you recommend his pardon?'

"I replied that if the proof was such as to convince me of its reliability I would certainly feel called upon to interfere in the condemned man's behalf.

"His manner so much as anything else overcame my scruples, and I gave him my promise so long as I live not to reveal any statement he might make to me. Then he said: 'Remember, he cried vehemently, while you can wrong no man by your silence, yet if you do not listen to me you will allow an innocent person to die upon the gallows. I swear this before the living God.'

"Judge Garrow, the man Amos Bivins met his death as an expiation for a crime he had himself committed. In Virginia just before the close of the war, with a squad of marauding soldiers, he entered the home of a man who was bearing arms in defense of the very freedom that was being ruthlessly invaded and desecrated.

"He paused a moment and letting his hand fall heavily upon my shoulder, he exclaimed huskily: 'Judge Garrow, I am the murderer!'

"I believe if it had not been for what he considered the justice of his cause and his little children, he would have surrendered at the first. It was undoubtedly his intention to have saved his client even if the last resource should have been to take the prisoner's place upon the gallows.

"There was nothing left for me to do but to urge the pardon of Hastings, and that I did. 'Judge Munroe County Circuit.'

It is not often desired to resurrect unpleasant memories, but sometimes justice to the living and to the dead demand that the sepulchers of the past be invaded. So I have given this bit of history, believing that I am justified in doing so, even if I had to drag from its grave such a ghastly skeleton as the kluksu-klan.—Atlanta Constitution.

In Baron Rothschild's recent book of anecdotes he tells some curious tales of the extremely stringent rules of etiquette which prevailed at the French court in the reign of Louis XVI.

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The export prices of wheat since 1866 have varied from \$1.27 in that year to an average price of 87 cents in 1894.

GUIANA'S BOVIANDERS.

Origin and Social Customs of a Remarkable Race.

They Inhabit the Disputed Territory Between Venezuela and British Guiana—Curious Admixture of Civilization and Primitive Savagery.

[Special Kingston (Jamaica) Letter] The Guiana boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela has attracted considerable attention to the wild and practically unknown country about which it arose.



WEDDING DRESS REHEARSAL.

derstands the appellation. In point of fact, however, nine out of ten people in the states are at a loss to know whether it means a bushman, a boatman, a guide or a trailer—for it might mean either of these. In reality the word implies neither, according as used, but means neither.

The Bovianders of Guiana are a distinct race of half-breeds, descended from the intermarriage of the original Dutch colonists with the Indian women of former generations. There are also Black Bovianders, descended from the intermarriage of Indian slaves with runaway slave women, who fled to the wilderness in the days of slavery; but these are not nearly so numerous as the white class, by whom they are looked down on.

In color the Bovianders of Dutch extraction are a light brown-yellow, somewhat fairer than mulattoes, and with the European cast of features far more strongly developed. They are well formed, and, for the most part, handsome. The black class are of a dirty reddish black, flat featured and ugly. In habit and manner, the white is tidy, clean, pleasant and attractive; the black slovenly, foul, sycophantic and repulsive. Their language is English, but so full of Indian and Dutch idioms and variations as to be a sort of Volapuk.

The customs of the Boviander, like his language, are an admixture of primitive savagery and civilization. In him socially as well as ethnologically the European and the native Indian meet; and it is often difficult to tell where the one ends and the other begins. Formerly the Bovianders lived their peculiar life pretty much to themselves, being but infrequently disturbed by wandering explorers. With the opening up of their country consequent upon the discovery of gold, they have been brought more into immediate touch with civilization, and the dozen or so of years that have elapsed have wrought quite an interesting change.

Let us visit the Boviander and have a passing glimpse of him in his home beyond the first line of the cataracts—which forms the natural boundary between the colony proper and its backwoods. What we wish to see is how he combines his inheritance of primitive customs with the new ideas of civilized life that he has imbibed, and nothing

at the head of the middle table, Bunting and wife at the foot. Those who could not find room at the tables squatted on the floor. A crowd of other guests did likewise outside. Plates were scarce, and knives and forks scarce; but there was plenty of banana-bush and no lack of fingers. So the feast went on without a hitch.

The hitches—plenty of them, too—came later, after the half-dozen demijohns of rum began to circulate. The Indians were the first to be affected. A wild war-dance broke up the festive groupings, and thenceforward it was every man for himself. Gordon wisely cleared away with his bride, wishing to catch the falling tide and the Georgetown steamer. The orgy that followed baffles description. The curious mixture of savagery and civilization, of wedding gowns and nakedness, decanters and calabashes, plates and plantain leaves, toasts and swearings, got stirred to the dregs, and bubbled up into a pandemonium. Then we saw the Boviander at his worst—and that is pretty bad.



THE HYMENEAL PROCESSION.

could be more apt to the purpose than a little experience of my own. Bunting was to provide us with boatmen to go up the river, but on arriving at his settlement a delay occurred. Chloe, his daughter, was to be married, and all outstanding engagements must await the event. Now Bunting was a Boviander, and the groom elect was a white man of local celebrity, a Mr. Gordon, of Glasgow. Apart from its annoyance the incident was a very interesting affair. We were fortunate to be in the nick of time to witness a full dress (wedding dress) rehearsal, too. As we approached the Bunting homestead Miss Chloe emerged onto the balcony radiant in the best up-to-date wedding costume, fresh from the Georgetown milliner. She was a tall, slender and very pretty girl, and appeared in sharp contrast with her present surroundings. As she came forth

to exhibit herself there was a rush of Bovianders, Indians and negroes.

What a to-do there was! Such a shouting and hand clapping! The pace was set by an old negro granny, fat and jovial, and a younger negro wench, who accompanied the bride from her chamber and danced around her whilst the naked Indians looked on in stolid astonishment. The wedding procession was about to start for the mission, a few miles up the river. Whilst the bride retired to doff her finery and prepare for the trip, Bunting explained that he could not attend to us till next day, so we decided to submit to the inevitable and attend at the function.

The hymeneal procession started, consisting of a huge freight bateau, square as a packing case, but comfortably seated for the occasion, and half a dozen Indian canoes into which the guests overflowed from the state barge. Each boat carried a flag, and the bateau had two. The scene was pleasing as it was novel, and not too brilliant to outmatch the vivid sunshine that beat on the glassy river's ruddy tide and the bewildering greens, crimson, white, purple and blue of the wild foliage and flowers along the steep banks. Shouts and song and laughter made the air tremble and woke the woodland echoes. The bride and groom sat together, and so far from resenting the personal remarks made about them freely joined in the jokes and laughter. The procession momentarily grew. Every descending canoe we passed joined it on the occupants hearing what was up. At each accession the blushing bride would clap her little hands and cry out in pleased welcome and—yes, and kiss the groom! A wedding is rare on the river, and poor Chloe had no precedents, only the dictates of her heart; so judge her mild-

The little chapel was radiant with flags and flowers and palm leaves, but the novelty of the scene lay in the people. After dressing up for the ceremony, the negro and Boviander women were something to look at. What with the unaccustomed boots and corsets, they could but walk in limps and breathe in gasps—but they were fashionably attired, and that was the point. They smiled, were admired by the men, and what more was to be wished?

There followed the wedding feast, and such a feast as it was. The forests had been ransacked by Bunting's Indian relations. Of fried, boiled, roasted and stewed, there was no end; the meats of deer, lubbah, accouri, parrots and other bush fowls steamed along with all sorts of fish from the river. Of fruit there were oranges, mangoes, pineapples and a lot else. Crowning all, on the bridal table, stood the mighty wedding cake specially ordered from Georgetown, and flanked with glass decanters containing wine, and a dozen or so of cheap porcelain dishes and plates of assorted patterns. The wine was served in tumblers, cups, pans, calabashes, etc., and the bride's health was formally drunk. All hands then fell to feasting. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon

at the head of the middle table, Bunting and wife at the foot. Those who could not find room at the tables squatted on the floor. A crowd of other guests did likewise outside. Plates were scarce, and knives and forks scarce; but there was plenty of banana-bush and no lack of fingers. So the feast went on without a hitch.

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I will not conveniently say, "let us draw a veil over that orgy." I see no reason to do so; the fact, honestly admitted, is that when it got to the pass of drawn knives, flourished clubs and flying stones, my companions and I determined that discretion was the better part of curiosity as well as valor—and we made tracks for the mission station. Returning to the settlement after dawn, we met a gold diggers' supply canoe, deeply laden, adrift on the current with the crew fast asleep. They had been among the volunteer wedding guests, and had been able to make a morning start—and no more. The cataracts were a mile or two below.



THE CATARACTS WERE A MILE OR TWO BELOW.

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He Was All Right. Cholly Bubblehead (throwing down the telegram)—Aw, demmit! My aunt's will has been read, and she has left all to found an asylum for incurable imbeciles.

Grimshaw—Congratulate you, Cholly! You are always being provided for.—Truth.

A motor cycle recently tested in London made a mile in 42 seconds.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Ella—"I heard something mean about you to-day." Stella—"I thought you looked pleased."—Town Topics.

Spencer—"They told me at your office that you were only one of the clerks. And you said you were a director." Ferguson—"So I am. I address envelopes."—N. Y. Herald.

—We can't venture a positive prediction about the election," said the statesman, "until we see the tickets." "Yes," assented Senator Sorghum, "and the check stubs."—Washington Star.

—Staker—"See here, haven't you always heard that money makes the mare go?" Rhone—"Yes." Staker—"Well, it's a lie! I risked all the money I had on that bay mare at the track to-day and she didn't go at all."—Philadelphia North American.

—First Chum—"I'll never speak to that Fred Bump-ton again. He had the audacity to back out of the parlor the other night throwing kisses at me." Second Chum—"Why, the heartless creature! And you right there within reach!"—Detroit Free Press.

—The very positive man had alluded to somebody as "a crank," when his patient audience of one interrupted him with the inquiry: "What is your idea of a crank, anyhow?" "A crank? Why, a crank, sir, is somebody who insists on trying to convince me instead of letting me convince him."—Washington Star.

—A gentleman was assisting at a bazaar last winter by reciting now and again during the evening. He had recited once or twice, and the people were sitting about chaffing, when he heard one of the committee go up to the chairman and whisper: "Hadn't Mr. better give us another recitation now?" Whereupon the chairman replied: "No, not yet; let them enjoy themselves a bit longer."—Tit-Bits.

FROGS FROM MISSOURI.

An Agent of the Fish Commission Tells How They Are Caught.

W. A. Wilcox, agent for the United States fish commission, was just from the upper part of Arkansas and the southeastern part of Missouri. A reporter asked him for an account of what he had found.

"In southeast Missouri," said the commissioner, "I found that a new industry was springing up. Last week a firm of fish dealers at Kennett shipped to New York the first carload of buffalo fish ever sent from this territory to that market. The car contained 25,000 pounds, and the sale of the shipment was so satisfactory that the same parties will make another shipment this week. This bids fair to become a big business in this section. The supply of buffalo, or rough fish, in these waters, is almost without limit, and New York offers a good market. Heretofore the principal market for the catches of northern Kansas and south, in Missouri have been in Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, but now they are opening up a new field, which will prove of great financial benefit to that section. All of these buffalo are caught out of Little River and Big Lake, through which the former flows.

"I was amazed at the frog industry there. The town of Kennett alone shipped 60,000 pounds of dressed frogs to the markets last season, and New Madrid not less than 25,000. I got these figures from the books of the railroads, and know they are true."

"How do the frog fishers get the best results?" asked the reporter.

"They fish in all sorts of ways. Some frogs are shot, some are caught with a red flannel tied around a hook, but the best results are from spearing. The frog season commences about the middle of March and lasts three months. During the first of the season the nights are cool and the frogs stay in the water, only coming out in the daytime for sun. Most of the fishing is then done in the daytime. But as the nights become warmer the best results are obtained at night and by the spear. It takes two men to work this. One sits in the stern of the boat, and paddles it along close to the bank. On the bow there is a big reflector, arranged so that the light can be thrown in any direction. Just behind this stands the spearer. The light so blinds the frog that the boat can be paddled right up to him. The price paid to the fisherman for the frogs last year was 75 cents per dozen, the frogs averaging one-half pound each. This made a revenue paid to the frog fishermen of Kennett last season of \$7,500 in three months. These frogs are shipped not only to the cities of the Mississippi basin, but a large amount of them go to New York, where, I am told, they command a much higher price than the frogs caught in the northern waters. The swamp lands of Arkansas and Mississippi are the finest places. I ever saw for frogs, and will bring a large amount of money to those who go into the business."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A Trick of the Profession. As two eminent physicians were strolling arm-in-arm along the boulevard, one of them bowed to a lady who crossed their path.

"A patient, eh?" "O! not a serious case. I attended her lately for a pimple—a mere speck on her nose."

"What did you prescribe?" "Prescribe? Nothing at all, though I absolutely forbade her to play the piano."

"The piano? For a pimple on the nose. I don't see that."

"Ah! I ought to tell you, perhaps, that my rooms are just below hers."—La Libre Parole.

One on the Doctors. Said Gilboly to Hostetter McGinnis: "What! Are you up and about again?" "Yes; I am perfectly well."