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Manufacturers and Dealer in Rough Dressed and First and Second Cypress Lumber, Cypress, Pine and Spruce, Doors, Sills, Blinds, etc. etc.

When I was fitting for college, my father felt there was no man in Georgia so competent to take as Father Cummings, a Presbyterian minister up here.

The Richland Beacon

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

VOLUME XX.

RAYVILLE, RICHLAND PARISH, LA., JUNE 9, 1888.

NUMBER 24

JAILS DO NOT HOLD HIM.

A Prisoner Who Took the Sheriff's Watch the Last Time He Went.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

A despatch from Monticello, Ill., to the Herald states that George Anderson, a Chicago burglar, escaped from the Platt county jail at an early hour yesterday morning.

Anderson is one of the most expert thieves, porch-climbers, and jail breakers in the country.

That man, said Lieut. Kipley, "is the slickest fellow in his line that I ever knew. He belongs to a good family. He is a wood carver by trade, and one of the finest mechanics that ever wielded tools.

Now, nobody knew Anderson except myself and Shea, and we knew him well. Shortly after his escape from Sycamore I was one day standing in front of the Academy of Music when I noticed a decrepit old man pass by.

"Hello, Anderson," I called out. "You are mistaken; my name is Wilson." "Not in a thousand years, I responded. "I know you."

"I asked him about the man with him, and he said that he was dead square; that he had picked him up in a saloon and took him along to play the respectable dodge.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "He coolly answered: 'Oh, let me alone. I was only looking around for a little exercise."

"I took him out, and as we were going up stairs he said to me: 'If you had only kept away fifteen minutes longer I would have had everything but. I had every frame out and would not have given you any further trouble."

"In California also he has broken jail. He is a bold man to catch and convict, because he never has a partner. His shunning of sickness is one of his best dodges, and it nearly always works. He can make himself look as if he was in the very last stages of consumption, and claims that confinement will be death to him.

The Padding that Was Not Eaten. I dined at a home in Washington boulevard last evening. Mrs. — had superintended the preparation of a large plum pudding, such as she was in the habit of serving with blazing brandy.

DOGS THAT HUNT MEN.

Mistaken Notions as to the Characteristics of the Texas Bloodhound.

The Cuban bloodhound is a combination of the deerhound, the ferocious mastiff, and the Russian (or Siberian) greyhound.

Far different from this terrible animal is the genuine Texas bloodhound. The name "blood" hound is, in fact, in a certain sense, a misnomer.

In a short time the doctor came, and my car was explicitly laid before him, especially the wonderful pulses and the fit.

When they came Nancy carried a large blue bowl with at least half a gallon of thin chicken water. It was meagre diet but it was abundant, and there was in the savory broth just one half of an old rooster with one leg lifted far above the neck.

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MEN OF GREAT MEMORIES.

Freight Conductors Who Can Tell the Number of Every Car in a Train.

As an illustration of how the memory may be cultivated in retaining a long list of numbers, one has only to observe the freight conductors, and very often remarkable examples of retentive memories will be found.

I have been on the road as a freight-conductor for fourteen years and in that time my memory has had a careful training in the particular line of retaining the numbers of the cars.

Hence, as sheriffs do not desire the death, but capture of criminals, it will easily be seen how far superior the Texas hound is to his Cuban cousin, and how much better adapted to the needs of a humane and civilized people.

It is not yet six months since a desperado in the Panhandle of Texas was trailed into a chaparral thicket by three good hours. He was brought to bay and the noble animals made no effort to harm him.

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LOVE.

This said that such a thing as love, true love; This said its glorified essence dwells above; But that here through earth its rivers run And shimmer and gleam 'neath moon and sun, And gladden and water, yea, every one This beautiful river of love.

I wonder if I have heard the song it sings? I've heard, I know, but my best love ones took wings! Yet earth, and sky, and bird, and song, Teach me to love though they are gone, For everything in the world is born Over the river of love.

But love of love, delightfully new and strange, Is that which fastens two hearts, nor knows a change. The years they come and the years they go; The tides they ebb, and the tides they flow; Yet this love increasing, doth stronger grow! O wonderful river of love!

I wonder who shall love as well as this? Whose heart shall teach my heart to thrill with bliss? Wonder and wonder, for I know well That love's sweet waters within me swell, And my heart shall wait with some other dwell Beside the river of love.

O where does he live? What is his name? My love O when shall I see his manly form? My love! I should love him now if I knew him mine; And wave his name in my homely rhyme, And flowers of beauty plant and twine Over the river of love.

Come, love of mine! My heart awaits thy touch. Thy lips, thy voice, must first awake its blush; The flowers and blossoms vigil keep Waiting 'till come the breath to leap And adorn with blossoms, and bud, and leaf The glorious river of love.

An Unpublished Chapter of Georgia Scenes.

FROM THE FORTHCOMING SECOND VOLUME OF "THE MEMOIRS OF FIFTY YEARS."

HAVE perhaps been prolix in this chapter. I could not do justice to the memory of my friends of other days by saying less.

Judge Augustus B. Longstreet was peculiarly a humorist. He was a distinguished lawyer, equally so as a divine of eminence. Was the President of three colleges, and eminent as a teacher and trainer of youth.

In the conclusion of this chapter, I may relate one of his Georgia scenes, known to but few, and which was by him narrated to me now fifty-seven years ago.

I was admitted to the bar fifty-seven years ago, in Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia. It was on Sunday preceding the meeting of the Superior Court for Wilkes county that I rode with Judge Longstreet from Greensborough, the village of his residence, to Washington, Wilkes county.

We had both received our legal education at the law school conducted by those eminent jurists, Tapping Reeves, the brother-in-law of Aaron Burr, and James Gould, at Litchfield, Connecticut. I had but just returned, after having completed my course, and was on my way to apply for permission to plead and practice law. We were on horseback, and the distance was short and we rode leisurely, talking over our student experiences, and enjoying many a joke connected with names then eminent, who had been educated legally at Litchfield; all of whom have long since passed away.

Of all the Georgians there educated in the law I know of but one, save myself, now left in the State, the venerable James Clark, of Atlanta, now more than eighty years of age.

As we journeyed we were, about noon, passing a farm house, which was not very far from the highway, when reining up his horse, "Old Planter," (how well I remember the noble old sorrel) he asked me if I was hungry. Being answered in the affirmative, he continued, pointing to the house:

"Tender lives a well-to-do man. His wife is an old friend of mine, and I have a capital story to tell you, after we have got our dinner, in relation to our early acquaintance. But remember, it is to be kept a profound secret. I like to tell a good story, even if it is at the expense of appearing ridiculous myself."

Just as we turned from the road to go up to the house, we met a servant, who, to our inquiry, informed us that the family were absent. We turned and pursued our way to Washington.

"Now, for the story," I remarked, "it will answer for a dinner." "I suppose so," he replied, "if the old man is truthful, which says, 'laugh and grow fat.'"

That might keep me from studying. My father was not wealthy, and it was a pretty tight squeeze for him to spare the money necessary for my education.

When I came up here I found Parson Cummings had more pupils than he could accommodate with board; so I was compelled to find board in the neighborhood. I did so at the house of this woman's father over here. He was a stout, staid old gentleman, with aldermanic proportions; a strict member of the church, and a regular attendant at the weekly service.

His wife was a little weazen-faced woman, with a sharp nose, black as a shoe and as sharp as a lancet. She rarely said much, but what she did say was sharp and to the point. Their daughter Ann—that woman over there—was about my age, rosy, plump and pretty, and amply imbued with the spirit of mischief.

One Sabbath day, Nancy, as the family called her, was away on a visit to a neighbor, where she had spent a day or two. I did not go to church with the old people, but remained to prepare my lesson for the morrow. I knew my tutor, who was the preacher, would rather I should miss attendance at church a dozen times than to be deficient in a recitation.

The house was one of those old-fashioned houses, yet common in Georgia, with two rooms in front and two rooms back—two rooms for the kitchen and two in the attic. One of these attic rooms was Nancy's, one of the shed rooms was mine. There was a passage way between these shed rooms, but none between the front rooms. The entrance from the yard in front was from the larger of these two rooms.

I was out in the yard under the shade of an apple tree, in my shirt sleeves, busily engaged in the mysterious work of a switch across my shoulders made me cry out and spring from my chair, upsetting my little table, Virgil, lexicon and all, and running away to the house was Nancy. I was half mad, for the blow was a stinger, and after her I went determined on revenge. Through the house we went. Nancy was fleet. O, the country girls of Georgia in that day! What a rioting things they were. They never saw a coat—never wore a tight-fitting shoe, and their toes were as free from corns as their fingers were from diamond rings.

Nancy had the start, but I thought I had the wind and was determined on catching her. Around the house we went, into the bed room of her parents, and she hid among things known to me, and I over my shoulder made me cry out and spring from my chair, upsetting my little table, Virgil, lexicon and all, and running away to the house was Nancy. I was half mad, for the blow was a stinger, and after her I went determined on revenge.

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Illustration of a man and a woman in a domestic setting, possibly a kitchen or dining room, with a table and chairs.

dangerous, and often leads to the sin of disobedience. 'Lead us not into temptation, you know, my boy; always keep the scriptures in view; without this there are many sins too tempting to be resisted, particularly by the young.'

Nancy shut one eye, but with the other open laughing one, as with her father she left the room, winking wickedly at me.

I at once got out of bed and locked the chamber door; when I ravenously devoured the rooster—who had not in boiling imparted much of his juices to the broth. I dipped a few spoonfuls of the liquor into the sauce, to say for me that I had eaten some of it. I trust it was not a sin that I had made the spoon and sauce lie for me.

It was noon before I was visited again; then came the Judge and Nancy. As the Judge saw the stripped carcass of the venerable rooster afloat in the broth, in holy horror he lifted his hands and eyes, exclaiming: 'You have killed yourself, Gus, and I am responsible for it. Why did you do this? Run, Nancy, and bring me the bottle of antimonic wine and a cup and spoon.' As usual, Nancy turned at the door to give me a look of mischievous triumph. She soon brought the wine and cup. I declined taking it. The Judge angrily insisted. 'You must have your stomach relieved, or you will bring on a relapse. I tell you, my son, the disease you are suffering from is a very dangerous one; one that fires the blood and excites the system, and may lead to your ruin. I take it, take it, and almost perforce I swallow it.'

I see that mischievous wixen dodging behind her father and making every silent demonstration of delight at my suffering possible by her security from discovery by her father. It was not ten minutes after swallowing the wine before I became terribly sick and began to vomit.

'Hold his head, Nancy,' said the Judge. She was holding the basin, which she transferred to her father and placed her hands under my forehead. In doing this she let the fingers of her right hand incautiously pass over my mouth. One went into it and I seized it with a vim. Nancy screamed, knocked over the basin from the hands of her father and sent it with all the water and what I had thrown up, over the floor. I was seized with an epileptic fit, shivered, groaned and bit. Nancy screamed and danced, and the Judge, frightened, exclaimed, 'O, my God, the boy has a fit.' I ran from the room and sent for a doctor.

'Even,' I said, as I released the finger. The Judge came in, flushed and frightened. 'It is all over, is it Nancy?' he anxiously asked. She was wringing her hands, whilst her eyes were filled with tears.

'All over,' she exclaimed, half crying with anger and pain. 'There is nothing the matter with him.' 'Nothing the matter with him, indeed,' said his father. 'Such a convulsion as that nothing and that pulse yesterday, nothing. Nonsense, girl. I am afraid he will have congestion of the stomach.'

'Congestion of the jaw you had better say. Just look how he has let my finger, confound him; and look at the fit this floor is in. I knew there was nothing the matter with him from the first.'

it now, Nancy, Nancy, wasn't it? 'Very,' said Nancy, with a sly leer and wink at me, 'nothing like a good purgative to reduce these violent attacks.'

'Do you feel like you could eat some thing, my boy?' asked the considerate Judge. 'Yes, sir,' I answered emphatically, 'I am very hungry.' 'A very good sign, my boy; but you must be careful lest you have a relapse, and that might get you into trouble, and might,' he added, 'be fatal. These attacks, you should know, Nancy, are sometimes very dangerous with young people, with older ones they are not so frequent or so dangerous, and the scriptures say the second condition of a man under such circumstances is always worse than the first. Nancy, you have him some chicken broth made, and he must take very sparingly of it. A youth subject to these inflammatory attacks, must be depleted and should he have a return of it, blood letting may be necessary—scarcely anything else will so soon reduce such a pulse as he had yesterday.'

Nancy, all this while was behind her father, making every demonstration of inirth she could, not to be seen or heard by him, yet openly to me. I was twenty-four hours without food, had been severely sick from the senna, but now relieved from this I could have eaten a cat or dog, or anything which promised relief to the terrible ravings of my appetite. It was fully three hours before the Judge and my tormentor returned. When they came Nancy carried a large blue bowl with at least half a gallon of thin chicken water. It was meagre diet but it was abundant, and there was in the savory broth just one half of an old rooster with one leg lifted far above the neck.

He laughed until he cried, and many times since have we laughed heartily over it.

We met, after many years' separation, in New York, in 1884, at the conference which divided the Methodist church, and spent a day together pleasantly, recalling the memories of the past, and this special one, when I threatened to give the story to the public.

'If you please,' he said, 'do not do it while I live.' I promised, and we parted for the last time. I have a dear memory of the kind-hearted and generous old man that will only perish with my life, which is now wasting its last days in his dear old native land. With his wife he lies buried at Oxford, Mississippi, near the home of his two children, one the wife of the distinguished L. Q. C. Lamar, and the other the wife of Dr. Henry Bramham. Y. M. C.

Power of Half a Sovereign.

Mr. Chauncey Depew lately told the full story of the Edinburgh castle-guard: 'It was when I was in Europe four years ago,' related Mr. Depew, 'I had been in Edinburgh several days, and had put off my visit to the old castle until the last afternoon. Just as I reached the castle I saw the guards going away. I found that the hours for visitors were over, but I was going to get in, for it was my last chance. One of the old fellows was near me, and I called out, 'Say, hello! I want to go in.'

'But you can't, sir, for the grounds are closed.'

'Well, that doesn't make any difference to me. They can be opened. I came all the way from New York to see this castle, and I am going to see it.'

'Well, I don't see how you are going to see it this afternoon. It's too late for me to take any fee, and I am going home.'

'But I must see it this afternoon, for I leave tomorrow morning at nine, and you don't open till eleven. You can show me through that gate, can't you, and let me see the outside grounds and look over the ramparts?'

'Yes, perhaps.'

'Then I took the guard a long with me to the gate, and he had the soldier let us in. We walked around, and I looked around and over the ramparts and I saw the castle along with me. Finally we reached a place to which he pointed and said, 'There, see that. There's where they keep the crown jewels.'

'Well, are you going to let me in to see them?'

'I can't, sir; the door is locked.'

'Well, can't a door be opened?'

'No, sir; no, sir. Not all the power in Edinburgh could get that door open now after hours.'

WATCHING THE SAFE.

A gentleman who has just returned from Pineville tells me that the bank at Pineville has taken in from \$6,000 to \$10,000 per day in deposits, averaging \$50,000 per week. This would show a line of annual deposits equal to \$2,500,000. The bank at Pineville consists of a big iron safe with a little frame shanty, having a rough deal board counter in front of the safe for the cashier's use. The cashier sleeps under the counter at night to keep the safe from running away.

A certain style of shoe button is called 'Old Maid's Wedding,' because it never comes off.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A STICK of timber 151 feet long and 20 inches square, believed to be the largest piece ever turned out from any saw mill, has been sent from Puget Sound to an exhibition in San Francisco.