The Morning News

Morning News Building, Savannah, Ga

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1894.

REGISTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE IN SAVANNAH

The MORNING NEWS is published every day in the year, and is served to subscribers IN THE CITY at $1 00 a month, $5 for six months and $10 00 for one year.

The MORNING NEWS, BY MAIL, one month, $1 00; three months, $2 50; six months, $5 00; one year, $10 00.

The MORNING NEWS, BY MAIL, six times a week (without Sunday issue), three months, $2 00; six months, $4 00; one year, $8 00.

The MORNING NEWS, Tri-Weekly, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, or Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, three months, $1 25; six months, $2 50; one year, $5 00.

The SUNDAY NEWS, BY MAIL, one year, $2 00.

The WEEKLY NEWS, BY MAIL, one year, $1 25.

Subscriptions payable in advance. Remit by postal order, check or registered letter. Currency sent by mail at risk of senders.

Letters and telegrams should be addressed "MORNING NEWS," Savannah, Ga.

Transient advertisements, other than special column, local or reading notices, amusements and cheap or want column, 10 cents a line. Fourteen lines of agate type—equal to one inch space in depth—is the standard of measurement. Contract rates and discounts made known on application at business office.

EASTERN OFFICE, 23 Park Row, New York City, C. S. FAULKNER, Manager.

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The information comes from Mississippi that Ex-Senator Walthall's health is improving rapidly, and that he says he expects to be able to return to Washington when the Fifty-fourth congress meets, and serve out the six years' term which will begin at that time.

It has not been a great while since Rhode Island quit balloting, under an absurd majority election law, for certain legislators and state officers, and she is getting ready for a campaign and election this fall. The forthcoming election, however, will not require a year's time and a dozen ballots for its decision, as the last one did. The state has adopted the plurality plan of elections.

A Washington dispatch says Gov. Tillman will take the South Carolina political bull by the horns and call a "reform" convention to be held at Columbia in March, "and thereby take snap judgment on the other reformers." The difficulty about this information is that it does not state which wing of the "reform" party, whether the Senator Irby wing or the Representative Shell wing, is to be turned down by the governor.

Representative T. L. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, means to demonstrate, in the most practical kind of way, his faith in a reduced tariff. He is president of a great steel rail manufacturing concern, one that would feel the full effect of any reduction of profits that might be caused by the operations of the Wilson bill; yet, at the suggestion of Mr. Johnson, his company will invest $3,000,000 more in the erection of a new steel rail mill. The building of the mill was determined upon by the stockholders at a meeting held on Monday last.

The Charleston News and Courier wishes to know how it happens that Savannah is the "only big town in Georgia that is not going to have 'a grand interstate world's fair' this year," and observes: "Perhaps, however, it intends to capture a two-ring circus while its rivals are collecting their exhibits of patch work quilts and brandy peaches. Savannah is mighty sly." Rivals; rivals! Why, what can our neighbor be talking about? Savannah hasn't any rivals anywhere in this southern section; therefore it has no need for either two-ring circuses or "interstate world's fairs."

There is a little sequel to that story of the hanging in effigy of Secretary Morton, at Nebraska City, Neb., that the republican and other administration papers were parading with so much satisfaction a week or two ago. The original story was that, in the midst of a popular outburst of indignation, the citizens of Otoe county had strung up the effigies of the secretary and his son. The sequel is contained in the report of the county grand jury, which has investigated the outrage and finds that two crack brained populists, Jack White, a constable, and Hank Holrath, a painter, did the whole business. They have been indicted and will be punished. The jury, on behalf of the people, expresses regret for and disavows the occurrence.

Mr. Oates' report, from the House committee on the judiciary, on his resolution to change the constitution so as to fix the terms of judges of the supreme court of the United States at ten years, alleges that the purpose of the framers of the constitution in giving life tenure to the judges of this court—to secure an independent and impartial court—has not been fully realized; therefore, he thinks a change should be made. He cannot see why, with the terms of the chief executive, the senators and representatives limited to four, six and two years respectively, the terms of the judges should not also be limited. He thinks if the judges were made "responsible," they would be more careful of their acts than they sometimes are. It is not easy to see how the dragging of the supreme bench into politics could make it more independent and impartial than it is; and Mr. Oates must entertain a very poor opinion of the personnel of our supreme court if he thinks the judges would be influenced in their decisions if they had the hope of re-election or the fear of defeat before them.

Slow Progress of the Wilson Bill.

The controversy that occurred in the Senate between Senators Voorhees and Chandler, in which other senators took part, and which was published in our Washington dispatches yesterday, gave the public an insight into what has thus far been done, and what is being done, in respect to the Wilson bill. It appears that the bill has never yet been reported to the full finance committee. Three democratic senators have been discussing proposed changes in it, but so far as known they have reached no conclusion as to any one of the schedules. No one is prepared to say when this sub-committee, if the three senators can be called a sub-committee, will be ready to report the bill to the majority of the committee, nor when the majority will report it to the whole committee.

The inference from what was said in the controversy in the Senate is that little or nothing of a practical nature has been done towards getting the bill before the Senate, and it may be two or three weeks before the bill will be reported from the committee.

When the bill passed the House it was hoped it would get through the Senate by the middle of March. Even those who are familiar with the slow way in which the Senate works were confident that the bill would be passed by April 1 at the latest.

The country is anxious for the settlement of the tariff question. The uncertainty as to what changes are to be made in the tariff is doing a great deal of harm. The Senate, however, does not seem to be worried in the least by the slow progress which the bill is making. That body is not accustomed to do things in a hurry, and it does not appear to be influenced in the least by the injury to the country that is caused by delay. It wasted many weeks last summer dilly-dallying with the bill to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law at a time when banks were breaking and corporations and business firms were drifting to financial ruin on account of the financial conditions that were brought about by the government's purchases of silver. It seems to be pursuing a policy of delay similar to that which was so severely condemned at that time.

The whole country is anxiously looking for action from the Senate on the Wilson bill. It will have to curb its impatience. The Senate is deaf to appeals from the people. It purposes to follow its own slow methods of dealing with the tariff as well as with other questions. It thinks it knows all about the tariff and the effect that delay in acting upon the bill is having upon business interests. Therefore, the bill, unless the country shows by unmistakable demonstrations that it wants prompt action upon it, is likely to remain in the Senate until summer.

The County Drainage.

It is a source of satisfaction that the county commissioners have decided to give immediate and especial attention to that part of the drainage of the county upon which the health of the city is, to a considerable extent, dependent. The chain-gang is to open up the drains in the vicinity of the city first, and then the whole force of the county is to be employed on the Casey canal, and that work is to be pushed forward vigorously.

We have contended that the efforts of the chain-gang were too much scattered to accomplish a great deal of good. The really important work, as far as the city is concerned, is the Casey canal. When that is completed the lands from which the city has most to fear at present will be pretty well drained. The vast amount of water that now lies for a long time near the southeastern portion of the city after a heavy rain will then run off quickly, and apprehensions of fevers from that source will cease.

Let us have good drainage in the vicinity of the city as quickly as possible, and that, with the good water we now have, will make Savannah as healthy a city as there is in the world.

The Event of the Holiday.

The people of this city made the unveiling of the statue of Gen. Robert H. Anderson the event of Feb. 22. Gen. Anderson had a strong hold upon the admiration and love of the soldiery, the police and the citizens of Savannah, and his death at a comparatively early age was sincerely mourned. He was a gallant soldier, a good citizen and a courteous and kind-hearted gentleman. It was but natural, therefore, that the unveiling of his statue at Bonaventure should have excited great interest and drawn together a very large number of people.

After the war Gen. Anderson did excellent work in disciplining the police force and bringing it up to a high standard of excellence. The effect of his influence upon it is still seen, and will continue to be for a long time.

No monument was needed to keep alive his memory. The statue that was unveiled yesterday is an expression of love and esteem and tells to strangers that he has a place in the hearts of the people of this fair city.

The trade journal editor is more than apt to find himself out of his element when he goes to joking in his paper. The editor may be a wit, but jokes and lumber, or hardware, won't mix, as the West Coast Lumberman, of Tacoma, has found out. The editor of the Lumberman last week, thinking to work off a joke that would be appreciated by his readers, wrote that "two prominent men, Jackson and Corbett," were "looking for a mill site on Puget sound." He meant, of course, that the two bruisers were looking for a site on which to hold a pugilistic mill. But the readers of his paper couldn't see it that way, and have since been deluging the office with descriptions of eligible sawmill sites on safe harbors, and requesting the postoffice address of Messrs. Jackson & Corbett.

It is said that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, was recently asked by the President to accept the appointment of minister to Sweden, but declined, on the ground that he is engaged on a work on the life of his uncle, Robert E. Lee, and does not care to leave the country.

The old chestnut that "eggs is eggs" will have to be revised, in view of a ruling by a St. Louis court. The court holds that "eggs is not eggs when they is bad eggs, and the dealer who sells bad eggs as eggs must make good the deficiency in such eggs as is eggs."

A Bad Man Exposed.

The indictment and arrest of Erastus Wiman for embezzlement and other crimes, announced in our dispatches yesterday, caused genuine surprise throughout the country. He was connected with R. G. Dun & Co. in a confidential capacity, and appears to have had full control of the business of the firm. So great was the trust reposed in him that his management was not closely scrutinized. He was not only Mr. Dun's employe, but also his friend and adviser, and yet while holding a position of great trust he managed to rob his employer of over a quarter of a million of dollars.

Mr. Wiman posed as a good man and a public benefactor. He became known throughout the country by his articles in the leading magazines advocating the annexation of Canada. He was reported to be a rich man, and his prominence as a writer and his zeal in religious work made him loved and respected not only in New York but elsewhere.

The discovery, therefore, that he led a double life—that he appeared to the public to be a good man, while, in fact, he was a bad man and a criminal—cannot but cause a feeling of regret and sorrow.

The effect of such a discovery is, to some extent, to weaken confidence in human nature, and to make men less willing to trust their fellow men.

It seems that Wiman's criminal acts extended over a series of years. While he was lending a helping hand to all who were engaged in good work within his environment he was robbing his employer. If he had committed but one wrongful act he might have presented some explanation that would have partly excused it, but there can be no excuse for a man who lives a life of deception for years.

When it was announced a few months ago that Wiman was financially embarrassed there was a good deal of sympathy expressed for him. He will have very little sympathy in his present trouble.

The Blacks in Conference.

Good influences appeared to control the conference of black farmers that met at Tuskegee, Ala., on Wednesday, and a good deal of common sense was expressed in the speeches and resolutions. There were 600 present and nearly all were from the black counties of Alabama. They had nothing to say of the past, except that their condition is better now than it was a few years ago, and that it is improving. They expressed themselves as being concerned about the future. They resolved to improve their homes, give more attention to their little farms, make their schools better and, more than all, they resolved to draw the line more clearly between the moral and immoral men and women of their race.

When the blacks realize that before they can reach a higher plane of civilization they must improve their morals they have taken a long step towards bettering their condition. If they will draw the line clearly between the moral and immoral people of their color the improvement in their moral condition will at once become apparent. The immoral men and women will strive to live cleaner lives in order to be admitted to the society of those who are recognized as respectable.

At present, in most parts of the south, the line between morality and immorality among the blacks is so nearly imperceptible that there is very little incentive to those who are naturally bad to live clean and wholesome lives.

Judging from what took place at the Tuskegee convention, however, the blacks see their mistake and are now doing what they can to correct it. In this work the ministers and teachers can exercise great influence for good. They are looked up to and their example is pretty certain to be followed. Preachers and teachers must practice what they teach.

Judge Lacombe, of the United States circuit court, Second circuit, handed down at New York a day or two ago a decision under the new Chinese exclusion law which, if sustained, will have the effect of opening the doors of this country to an influx of Chinese. The judge held, in the case of Ching Kung Shen, who arrived from Havana with a passport signed by the Chinese consul general at Havana, certifying that he was a merchant engaged in business in Hong Kong, that the showing made on the face of the passport entitled Shen to admission into this country under the law. The law, the judge says, does not require that the Chinaman shall be engaged in business in this country, or have money invested here; it merely provides that he shall be certified as a merchant, and that his passport shall state the value of his business before and at the time of his application for admission. "There is nothing," the decision says, "to controvert the fact that he was interested to the extent of $1,000 in a Hong Kong store or that the statement in the certificate that he was a merchant was untrue. Therefore, there is no reason why the man should not be allowed to land." There are probably hundreds of thousands of persons in China who could and would come to this country if such a ruling were to be affirmed.

Gov. McKinley's friends, Kohlsaat, Herrick and Day, have so successfully appealed for charity in behalf of the "Napoleon of Protection" that they have been able to pay his debts and return to him the property he assigned to them last summer for the benefit of his creditors. There was considerable of the irony of fate in this failure of McKinley's, by the way. He indorsed for a Youngstown "infant industry," one of those protection babies he has always been so fond of, and for whose benefit he built the highest tariff wall around this country that has ever surrounded it. And then the infant industry kicked the bucket and nearly drowned its two-fold benefactor. Other beneficiaries of and believers in McKinleyism, however, have fished their friend out of the puddle, wrung out his clothes and set him up again as good as ever. And now they are talking about sending him back to congress. "What for?" do you ask? What a silly question!

Hugh Carey, a Salem (Mass.) patriot who went out to save his country in 1861, is suing the government for pay as a soldier from that date to the present time. Carey says he enlisted in 1861 to serve through the war, but after he had been in the ranks a few weeks he was sent home. The officer who sent him, however, forgot or neglected to give him a discharge; hence, Carey holds, he has been a United States soldier all these years. And he wants his money for his soldiering.

PERSONAL.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian author, loves to keep his hair in disorder. This is said to be his one vanity. He always carries a little toilet case, says a Danish writer, containing a looking-glass and a comb, attached to the lining of his gray hat.

Raoul Koczalski continues to be the wonder of the musical world in Europe. Mozart made his debut as a pianist at the age of 6. Koczalski made his first appearance in Germany when only 3. Koczalski has already directed a symphony orchestra and has written an overture to an opera.

Miss Clementine Black is making public speeches in Liverpool and other places in England in favor of the early closing movement. Miss Black points out the evils women suffer from the long hours of shop life and asks that reform be inaugurated. Sir John Lubbock is one of her enthusiastic supporters.

Mrs. Matha Strickland, an attorney of Detroit, is lecturing on parliamentary law to parlor classes of women in Chicago, who are being instructed in the proper conduct of public meetings, the different classes of motions, how to think on one's feet, and the various features of self-control and culture necessary to the correct and expeditious transaction of business in public bodies.

It has been found that Miss Ellen Terry makes the "autograph fiend" useful by requiring every one who wants her autograph to contribute something toward the support of the hospital in which she is specially interested. It is suggested by the New York Tribune that other people who, for some reason or another, are targets for the hunter after autographs, should adopt a similar plan and levy, say 50 cents for some worthy charity as a condition precedent to the writing of their names. They would thus make the "autograph fiend," who is now generally regarded as a nuisance, a useful and productive member of society.

It is very well known, says the Washington Post, that Hon. Jerry Simpson, of bleeding Kansas, the ambidextrous slugger of ravenous monopolies, was a sailor in his salad days, and went down to the sea in ships. It is not generally known, however, that many of his salt-air accomplishments cling to him like the rose scent around the shattered vase. For instance, when feeling strong, and the spirit moves him he swears with a fluency and piquancy that are the envious admiration of many an older and richer man. He has, too, a slight roll in his walk, and the agility which he displays in hopping upon his bicycle and the magnificent equipoise which he thereupon maintains, are reminiscences of his early training. By nothing in his personality is his past life so strongly accentuated as by his trousers. They are tight in the waist, tight in the seat, tight at the knees, and have the regular seaman's "spring" at the bottom. He has several pairs, and they vary. Some are very salty, indeed, and some only slightly saline, but they are all more or less suggestive of a wet sheet and a flowing sea and a wind that follows fast.

BRIGHT BITS.

Magistrate—Why did you enter that man's house and rob his safe.

Prisoner—Pleas y'r honor, I was only tryin' to raise a little money to buy meself a position on the police force.—Punch.

"I wish these missionaries didn't vary so much," said King Kannabile, as he swallowed his portion of the roast.

"I wish so, too," said Queen Kannabile, "but there are so many brands of Presbyterians these days it's hard to tell what to order.—Harlem Life.

Mrs. Inn-Tents—Our ancestors came over in the Trailing Arbutus, you know.

Uncle George—The Trailing Arbutus? What the—— Oh, I see! You mean the Mayflower.

Mrs. Inn. Tents—Yes; but Mayflower is so horribly vulgar.—Boston Transcript.

Forgot Herself.—Briggs—You knew Mangle recently married a widow and went on a wedding trip, didn't you? I saw him yesterday on his return.

Griggs—Anything happen while he was away?

Briggs—Yes. He says that in a fit of absent-mindedness she proposed to him again.—Brooklyn Life.

"I must express my gratitude to you, doctor. I am a thousand times obliged to you. You saved my life," said a young man, shaking the hand of a doctor.

"But I never treated you."

"No, course you didn't treat me; but I was about to commit suicide owing to poverty when my rich uncle died and left me $10,000. He was one of your patients."—Texas Siftings.

Tom—When I was in hard lines last winter I hocked everything except my dress suit. It nearly killed me!

Bess—It must have been embarrassing, but I don't see how it could have nearly killed you.

Tom—Why, you see, I had to stay up every night for over a week so as to have an excuse for wearing the suit mornings?—Kate Field's Washington.

"Here," said the very young man, "is a chameleon."

"Oh, Mr. Callow," she exclaimed, "this is very kind of you. I shall take good care of it."

"I hope you will keep it to remind you of me."

"I shall take the greatest pleasure in doing so. (After a pause) What a pity it doesn't stay green all the time."—Washington Star.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Not Going to Lose Anything.

From the Philadelphia Times. (Ind.)

Everything points to the conclusion that the manufacturers who think they will lose a dime's worth of protection from the Wilson bill are prepared to make up for it by taking a dollar's worth of wages out of their help.

How Gorman Got His Instructions.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch. (Rep.)

Now there are intimations that Senator Arthur Pue Gorman instructed the Maryland legislature to instruct him to vote against free coal. The Senator is in the position of the man who desires to be locked up to prevent him from doing what he does not wish to do.

Harmony in Pennsylvania.

From the Philadelphia Record (Dem.).

It appears that some of the regular democracy in Pennsylvania are quite as much in need of conciliation as the other fellows. Mr. Hensel, for example, expresses his willingness to admit the "malcontents" to the feast of harmony; but it is much in the spirit of the old farmer's invitation to an unwelcome guest at his plentiful board: "Perhaps you'll have some of the chicken pie, you—— ——!"

An Idea to Please Populists.

From the New Orleans States (Dem.).

There is a man at Washington who opposes the income tax on the ground that congress does not go far enough in the matter. He believes that the government, in order to get a good revenue from the tax, should provide an income to fit it. This idea will at once cause the populists to throw their hats in the air and shout.

A Nut for Protectionists to Crack.

From the Washington Post (Ind.).

The Chicago Tribune says that "the wage scale of the United States has dropped 20 per cent in a year. Why it has fallen thus is well known. The anticipation of a radical change of tariff policy as set forth in the Wilson bill has done the mischief." Upon the very same day that our esteemed Chicago contemporary made the above editorial statement the ribbon weavers of Paterson, N. J., were engaged in celebrating an advance, not a cut down, but an advance of 20 per cent. in the wages paid by the mill of Silbermann & Co., of that city. It may be that ribbon weavers don't count, but their own opinion is that they do. At any rate, they will receive 20 per cent. more pay this week than they received last week. The ribbon weavers are wage-earners, and their scale instead of going down is going up. The Wilson bill is evidently not consigning them to starvation.

Hill's Republican Friends.

From the New York Post (Ind.).

The only rag which the leading republican organ can fish out of its political ash barrel to cover the shame of the republican senators who put themselves so readily at Hill's service, is what it calls the "disclosure" that Mr. Peckham had "declared a protective tariff unconstitutional." This, it says, was "so startling that we are not surprised so many republican senators refused to vote for him." These poor startled innocents can never have read the democratic platform of 1892, which said: "We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only." According to that, no democrat, not even Judge Maynard, whom the republicans would otherwise be delighted to vote for, could go on the supreme court bench with republican consent.

Obeyed Orders Strictly.

"When I was a youngster of 17," said a successful business man to a Detroit Free Press reporter, "I got a job as collector with a man who was about as strict a martinet as I ever saw. He insisted on everything being done just as he said, and there were times when life was verily a burden, but I stuck to him for six months, then we had a difference. It was this way: One morning he called me up and handed me a bill on a man I knew, and said for me to take it around and collect it.

"'It's one of our standbys,' he said, 'and every collector I ever sent to him reported him absent, or not findable or something. Now you go and don't come back here till you see him.'

"'Do you mean that?' I asked, as two or three clerks looked up.

"'You know me,' was all he said in reply, and I went out after my man.

"He wasn't at home, the people said, and wouldn't be for six weeks. So I stuck the bill in my pocket and went off up the country on a visit. The old man sent after me half a dozen times, but my folks could only tell I was out of town, and I never paid any attention to a letter I got from the boss, but went on enjoying myself. Then I came back and had a visit with some other friends, and at the end of six weeks I called on my man again with the bill. I found him at home and told him what I had done, and he paralyzed me by paying the bill with interest. Two hours later I stepped into the boss's office.

"'There,' I said, before he had time to gather his wits, 'is the amount of your bill and interest. He was out of town for six weeks and I couldn't see him before. You told me not to come back till I did see him, and I was obeying your instructions. I had a rattling good time, and the house owes me six weeks' salary.'

"The old man gasped, got blue in the face and I thought he was going to explode, but he didn't; he gulped it all down and stuck out his hand.

"'Young man,' he said, 'you ought to have been a soldier; I'm going to put you in charge of the collection department and double your salary, and,' concluded the merchant, 'when I was 25 I was a partner.'"

The Elk Played 'Possum.

"An elk beats the devil for mischief," said James Gourley to a writer for the New York Sun. "One time I was hunting on the Yellowstone river with Uncle Pete McDougall and a squaw man named Jackson, and every kind of game that you ever saw was found there. We shot no end of buffalo, deer and antelope, and thought the list complete when we struck a band of elk in the open valley. The squaw man said that the only way to kill an elk was to bury yourself in a clump of bushes and wait for him to come to you. I knew better, and so we herded up the group and tried to close in on them in a circle. Well, they all got away except one bull, who was cornered until I could get a shot at him. I was flattering myself that it was a great shot when I saw him fall flat on his side and never move a hair.

"'You know all about killing elk,' I said, sarcastic like, to the squaw man.

"'You killed him, you skin him,' he said.

"'All right,' said I, 'but you don't get any of the meat.' And with that I out with my knife and walked quickly over to the dead elk, never noticing where he was hit. I got square over on his neck, and was just reaching with my knife to take the skin from his head, when of all surprises I ever got that was the worst. That bull elk just raised up in the air with me on his neck, and, tossing his head, caught me squarely on his horns. I came down like a piece of lead ore in a thousand foot shaft. I tried to hang on to his horns, but he jerked my grip away, and threw me high in the air and on the ground, where I lay with the breath knocked out of me and too scared to move, and thinking he would trample me to death in the sage brush. Finally my friends got in their work. The elk had so much fun that he did not see them coming, and Uncle Pete put a ball in his heart just as the beast was about to jump on me with all four feet. The elk tumbled over on me, and under his crushing weight I fainted. The next I remember was the smell of smuggled Canadian whisky and the squaw man saying with a laugh:

"'It takes a long time to learn an elk's ways.'

"Like Gen. Grant in the interview, 'I had nothing to say on the subject.'"

Crushed the Insurance Agent.

"The toughest experience I ever had in my life," said a solicitor of life insurance to a New York Herald man, "was with an iron manufacturer in Troy. I had been informed that he was a hard customer, but a wealthy man, and one who had carelessly neglected to provide himself with insurance, and so I resolved to tackle him. Upon entering his office and explaining the nature of my business I was surprised at his greeting. It was friendly, even cordial. 'Life insurance,' said he, 'well, now, that's a subject that interests me. Come with me to the shop; I've got to go there, and you can tell me all about the superiority of your company over all others.' Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the faces of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it, I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success. The proprietor walked hurriedly and I after him, until at last he flung open a door. It was the machine shop. The din was terrible. A thousand hammers, I think, were all at work beating iron at once. Involuntarily I put my hands to my ears. Looking at my man, I saw his lips move, and lowering my hands I just managed to catch his words, shouted above the deafening racket, 'Now, tell me all about it!' He smiled sardonically as he said this, and I could have murdered him. It was impossible to say a word, and so I went right out. It was a darn mean trick."

Early Legend of Westsminster Abbey.

In the course of his sermon in Westminster Abbey on holy innocent's day, says the Manchester Guardian, Dean Bradley said that was the day on which eight centuries ago, the great Church of the Abbey of Westminster was solemnly dedicated to the Apostle St. Peter and solemnly consecrated to the service of God. He wanted to tell them a curious legend which had come down from far off early times, and which formed a part of a story told on a stained glass window recently unveiled in the chapter house. The story was that of King Edward, the confessor, who had passed most of his time in poverty and misery before he ascended the throne. His courtiers thought to show him, who had known poverty so well, the wealth to which he had become entitled. He was taken into his treasury and shown casks full of gold and silver, which had been raised by heavy and oppressive taxation. His courtiers thought the king would be delighted with the sight, but they were mistaken. He saw on the top of this money a black and hideous demon, fattening on the misery of the people, and the sight made him feel sorrow and pity, for it brought to his mind the sufferings of his poor subjects. The king's heart was softened; he ordered the money to be returned, and so won the blessings of his people. From this story the dean deduced the lesson of charity in the midst of prosperity.

Forfeits.

H. C. Bunner.

They sent him round the circle fair,
To bow before the prettiest there.
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although—I can't say what it meant—
The little maid looked ill-content.

His task was then anew begun—
To kneel before the wittiest one.
Once more that little maid sought he,
And went him down upon his knee.
She bent her eyes upon the floor—
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then—his sweet behest
To kiss the one he loved best.
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did.
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Chicago has a dancing club composed of deaf mutes. The other evening they had a ball which was participated in by 150 couples. One who was asked how they got along explained that a few felt the vibrations in the floor, some had a sort of instinct for the time of music and others caught the movement by sight of their neighbors. If he wanted a partner for a quadrille he simply passed the first two fingers of the right hand vertically across the palm of the left, and he thought that much easier and quicker than the formal method of people who speak. In asking for a waltz he twirled one forefinger around the other, and when he wanted a polka he made the first two fingers of the right hand hop along the left palm.

The Irish Times publishes the particulars of an extraordinary case of trance which was mistaken for death. Last week a young man aged 22, named Garrigan, living at Ballinacree, near Oldcastle, was believed to have died. He had been ailing for some time, and all the appearances of death were shown, so that no doubt of his decease was entertained. The usual wake preparatory to burial was begun, and a number of neighbors had arrived at the house to share the night watches. Soon signs of animation were observed in the apparently lifeless body. Five minutes later it was clear that the young man had been in a trance, and was on the way to recovering his senses. The occurrence created a sensation. Many of those present fled from the house, and would not return. All were deeply moved, and the scene for some time was one of intense excitement.

A shoemaker, Kavol Kowates, who, in 1823, lived at Pesth, the capital of Hungary, smoked the first meerschaum pipe. Besides being a shoemaker, however, he was one of nature's handicraftsmen, being gifted with an intuitive genius for carving in wood and other material. This brought him in contact with Count Andrassy, with whom he became a great favorite. The count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay which had been presented to him as a curiosity on account of its extraordinarily light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adapted for pipes, it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Kavol cut a pipe for the count and one for himself. The first meerschaum, made and smoked by Kavol Kowates, has been preserved in the museum at Pesth.

It is said that in the tule lands around Suisan, Cal., many wild hogs are found, as ferocious and as hard to kill as the wild hogs of Germany. One of these beasts recently killed measured from the tip of his snout to the root of his tail more than six feet, and had tusks fourteen inches long. Though it had no superfluous flesh, it weighed 420 pounds. The skin on its shoulders was three inches thick, and as tough as leather. The hogs have been running wild in the marshes for a long time, and are savage enough to furnish better sport than some other animals, which are generally reputed to be more dangerous. A party was formed to kill a particular boar that had been roaming the tule lands for several years, in spite of the efforts of local hunters to bring him to bay. The tracks of the boar were found and he was traced to a patch of dense reed grass. The hunters invaded it from different points, and one of them suddenly came upon the animal. His companions heard the report of his gun, and the next instant saw the man's body thrown into the air fully 10 feet. Going to his rescue, a second hunter was charged by the boar. One shot brought him to his knees, but even then he rose and rushed on his assailant again. A second ball penetrated the brain, and he rolled over dead. The man that was thrown into the air was not seriously injured, but received bruises which laid him up for a considerable time.

What is called the "swell" toad on the Carolina and Georgia coast is in his natural state only about six inches in length and four inches across the back, but he is endowed with wonderful expansive faculties, being capable of inflating himself like a Yale foot ball on the slightest provocation. Many tales are told of his poisonous qualities and of the death dealing fluids that are stored away at the base of his fangs, but all naturalists agree that the toad is non-venomous, and that stories to the contrary are but bits of idle folklore. Be this as it may, the coasters handle him (when they condescend to touch the ugly creatures at all) as charily as they would a live rattler. The under portions of the body of the "swell" are of a dirty, yellowish white, corresponding almost exactly to the color of the true bufo's belly, but where the latter is smooth the former is prickly as the pod of a "jimson weed." In order to see him swell out of all proportion it is only necessary to rub this prickly surface with a cane, stick or other object. To do this properly the creature must, of course, be turned upon his back, and the funny part of the whole experiment is this: He cannot expel the air which the irritation has caused him to inhale until he has been turned right side up. Although originally a six-inch animal, the St. Louis Republic says, it has been known to expand until it is as tight as a drum and had lost all semblance to animated life. It has even been related of them that they would continue to expand under irritation until the body would finally burst from over-inflation.

William Weavey, of Durbin, N. D., is engaged in raising "cattleo," or half-breed buffaloes and domestic cattle. The word "cattleo" is a compounding of the two words cattle and buffalo. Mr. Weavey recently brought three of his half-bloods and four pure buffaloes. They are described by the Chronicle as very handsome animals, of different ages, and the cattleo, which are young, are of a rich seal-brown color and as fat as young moles. Mr. Weavey, who is a pioneer of Dakota, was for some years extensively engaged in raising wheat. One year he raised as much as 75,000 bushels, but later he retrenched. Four years ago he hit on the novel industry of raising cattleo, and now he sees much money in it. The reason for this is that both the meat and the skins are vastly more valuable than of the buffalo or cattle. Mr. Weavey at first had much trouble in getting a cross that would survive. Many men had tried it, but as a general thing it was a failure. Mr. Weavey brought a number of buffaloes to his farm and made many experiments. At length he tried a cross of the polled Angus breed of cattle with the buffalo, and soon began to get results that were entirely satisfactory. At first the young cattleo died, being brought forth at the wrong season of the year, but in time Mr. Weavey learned that if they came with the new spring grass of the prairies they would flourish like the grass. He began with one buffalo bull and a polled Angus cow, and now has as pretty little a herd as one could wish to see. Besides he has sold skins and meat enough to bring him a handsome revenue. The skins are much superior to those of the full-blood buffalo, the fur being finer and longer and of the uniform seal-brown color. They are worth on the overage from $100 to $150 apiece, but one skin was so fine that he got $250 for it. The meat is at least 50 per cent. finer than buffalo, too, partaking of the native wildness of that animal and the high blood of the polled Angus. The latter breed is black, which accounts for the rich uniform color of the cattleo. Out of both the skins and meat, therefore, it will be seen that if they thrive with anything like the certainty of domestic cattle there is plenty of money in it. But another thing has been discovered which was unlooked for, and that is that the cattleo are much larger than the buffalo. Two of Mr. Weavey's yearling cattleo now weigh over 1,100 pounds. One of the cattleo, too, oddly enough, is without horns, like the polled Angus cattle, which never have any horns. The cattleo show the heavy shoulders and stout neck of the buffalo, but not to the degree, by any means of the latter animals. Altogether they are pretty and docile animals. His object in bringing them to San Francisco was to exhibit them at the fair and thus illustrate what could be done in propagating a new bovine race, which, in his judgment, is to succeed and prove much more valuable than the buffalo. He rears them on his Dakota farm in the same way as the cattle, giving them only the attention which his domestic cattle receive. He says that the trouble heretofore in all the attempts that have been made has been in not hitting on the right breed of domestic cattle, as well as the failure to have the cattleo born in the spring with the grass.

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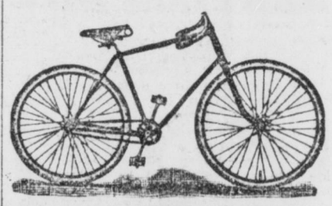

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