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GARDERS—PROFESSIONAL, ETC.

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The undersigned begs to announce that she is now prepared to receive boarders and entertain the traveling public. Fare the best the market affords. She is also prepared to meet the wants of the public in the way of feeding, stabling and grooming stock which may be entrusted to her care. Charges reasonable. Give me a trial.

MRS. V. V. WEBB.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE IN CHICAGO AND NEW YORK
—AS THE OFFICE OF—
A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

A Midnight Encounter.

VERNAL CHORCE was a pretty and commodious villa, and Dovecot a select and salubrious suburb. To the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Green—lately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from Heaven—there were but two drawbacks. The first was of Maurice's making. He had a ridiculous fad about gas fittings. He believed them to be in a chronic state of leakiness. He told his long-suffering wife almost daily that his gas escaped through unsuspected cracks and defective joints than served to illuminate the cozy rooms of Vernal Chase.

Mrs. Maurice Green's bugbear was burglars. Nothing could shake her conviction that when a burglar took his "dark suburban way" his objective would be by decree of fate, Vernal Chase. Thus it came to pass, that, nightly, while Maurice was turning off the gas at the meter—he would on no account allow anyone else to do it, as "gas is such a fickle thing"—his little wife was on her knees in the bedroom, not, as might be supposed, saying her prayers—though she made the same kneeling serve both purposes—but timidly peering under the flowered terra cotta valances for the burglar that never came.

Sometimes it would happen that the gas popped out just as she was in the act of raising the curtain that might reveal the tragedy of her life, and then, with a little scream, she would seek the matches—she never could put her hand readily on the matches—and light the delicately shaded candle on the dressing table, ere proceeding with her search and her devotions. At such times, when Maurice ascended from the underground regions, where the gas meter meted out its dole, to the company of his wife above stairs, she would ram him, right soundly for so gentle a little body, for what she styled his "absurd fad" about turning the gas off.

"What do you expect of a gas fitting, when three precious lives might some night be sacrificed for lack of a light?" she would exclaim, with as much dramatic fervor as if she had been before a row of footlights and a crowded pit, instead of a blue-tinted corrugated candle and a mildly scornful husband.

When Maurice wished to be withering, he was always studiously alliterative in his choice of words. He never failed to pooh-pooh the burglar notion. He said it was "the merest moonshine," and that there were "crowds of costlier cribs to crack than Vernal Chase, you bet!"

Mrs. Green, as a rule, deigned no answer. She hated slang, and wondered how a man of Maurice's sense—except upon the meter question—could stoop to its use. She generally refrained from saying so, however, like the sensible little woman she was, and, resignedly filling the baby's feeding bottle, and tucking the little cherub with sundry "roonings" in his bedside cot retired for the night, leaving Maurice to blow out the corrugated candle.

It was winter, and it was midnight. Maurice had a cold, and so had the baby. The "little cherub," in fact, had a "touch of bronchitis," and his hard breathing as he slumbered restlessly in his little cot, plainly testified the fact through the darkness.

"I wonder," murmured Mrs. Green, as she lay listening to the troubled breathing of the child on the one hand, and the influenza snore of her husband on the other—"I wonder if the little pet is warm enough. I'm anxious about his little chest, bless him! I'd take him into my bed, only Maurice doesn't like it. The little fellow kicks the clothes off so! What could I do to prevent him from taking cold afresh? Happy thought!—there's that little woolen wrap in the spare bedroom. It's either in the middle drawer of the dressing-table or in the wardrobe, I know.

"Poor Maurice! he would willingly go and find it for me, but I wouldn't disturb him to-night for the world. I'm glad I succeeded in persuading him to sleep in his dressing jacket. Those nasty influenza colds need care, and I'm so apt to uncover him in reaching over to baby. I'll slip into the next room myself."

Thus soliloquizing she quietly got out of bed—for where baby came in fear flew out—pushed the turned back bed-clothes gently against her husband's back so that he would not miss her, and proceeded to feel for the matches. The little receptacle at the bed head was empty. Not a match! "Oh, dear, dear, why will Maurice insist upon turning the gas off at the meter, especially when the baby is unwell!" she sighed, as she slipped into her dressing gown, which fortunately was hanging on the brass knob at the foot of the bed.

Slippers she could not find. Nil desperandum! She knew to a foot where the wrap was, or at least she thought she did, and she would know it the moment she laid a finger on it. The little cherub in the cot coughed in a choking manner. Light or no light the wrap must be found, and, without further delay, the little mother walked gingerly into the next room.

the room to the dressing table, and after sundry clinkings of little brass handles, and tentative pulls at wrong drawers, at last opened the right one, but failed to feel the wrap.

"It must be in the wardrobe after all," she thought, and, accordingly, closed the drawer with some noise, tripped across the dark room, opened the wardrobe door with some difficulty, and looked herself in its spacious recesses.

Maurice was a heavy sleeper, and, consequently, apt to be a bit bemuddled on the first awakening—more especially in the dark. On this particular night, after apparently dreaming for a full fortnight of "excursions and alarms," he awoke with a violent start. The room, to him, was pitch dark. There was not even the suspicion of moonlight on this side of the house. Besides, the blinds were down. He sat up, every nerve and sinew taut now. He was fully awake.

"By jingo," he breathed, and he felt the cold sweat start to his brow, "she was right. They've come!" He put his hand to wake his wife. He felt her form under the bulging bed clothes at his side. He could hear the baby breathing huskily. There was only one other person in that house unaccounted for. That was the little servant maid. But why should she be trying drawers in the spare bedroom? No, they had come after all. Mrs. Green was right. It was burglars.

Maurice withdrew his hand, which rested on the pillow by his side, with the thought: "I'll not waken her, poor soul. She'd be scared to death. I'll know the worst first." So thinking, and with a sort of infatuation—which was perhaps bravery—to get a glimpse of the marauder, he stole out of bed, buttoned up his dressing-jacket, took the little bedside chair by the back, and, thus armed, his heart beating like a muffled drum, stealthily turned the corner between the two rooms.

A faint light came through the landing skylight. Heavens! the sillain was at the other end of the room, right opposite the door. What he was doing he could not make out, for he looked like a man seen through a mist. The wretch! Just then the draught along the landing took Maurice shrewdly on the bare legs. The influenza asserted itself. He fought against it desperately for a moment. It but augmented the force of the explosion. Like a thunderclap he sneezed.

There was a muffled exclamation in the room. Maurice rushed forward with uplifted chair. The burglar, too, had a chair, and was making at him with equal fury. Crash! The house seemed to have fallen. There was a faint clatter of falling glass, a piercing shriek, the sound of a body falling on the floor, and all was still, but for the wall of the frightened babe in the room he had left.

What had he done? He knelt down, careless of the broken glass, and his hand rested on a bare foot. Sick with apprehension, he groped elsewhere, and encountered a plaited head and a few curling pins. "A match! a match! My kingdom for a match!" he would doubtless have said, had he not been so terribly upset.

Just then a rectangle of light appeared and increased until, pale and trembling, stood the little maid in the doorway, a farthing dip in her hand, amazed to see the following tableau vivant: A wardrobe door, swinging upon its hinges, with its long mirror smashed to fragments; a chair, with a broken leg, lying close by; a horrid man in a night shirt and dressing jacket, kneeling at the feet of a prostrate woman in a dead faint, a dressing gown and slippers, who was none other than the horrified man's wife.

Maurice Green never turns the gas off at the meter now, except when he takes his wife and family away for the summer holiday. Mrs. Green still looks under the bed for possible burglars before retiring for the night, but Maurice has never dared to chaff her since he mistook his own faint reflection in the wardrobe mirror for a desperate burglar.—Tit-Bits.

He Was Alive.
The grenadiers of the famous "Old Guard" will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them, at least, were as bright as they were brave, as the following trustworthy anecdote bears witness:

One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The emperor of France turned, and pointing with pride to a great scar that divided the grenadier's face, said: "What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?"

"And you," answered Alexander, "what do you think of soldiers who can inflict them?" Without stirring an inch from his position, or changing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied, gravely: "The man who did it is dead.—Youth's Companion."

A Spru.
"Dallit," said a western judge one day to an officer in charge of the jury, "will you please inform the jury there will be a horse race in Merriek's field at three o'clock?" The jury had been out for 48 hours, but in less than 30 minutes they came into court with a verdict.—Tit-Bits.

Delicate Proposal.
She: Perfectly lovely club; isn't it? He: Are you a member? No; only married women are eligible. Ah! Would you allow me to—make you eligible to membership?—Pearson's Weekly.

OLD MACK AND ME.

The Sage of Rocky Creek and His Varmint Dog.

A Fervent Fight in the Old Spring Branch—Do Cats Have Also Lives—An Alabama Lie.

When I was only what you might call a shirt waist boy I used to have a famous fine dog—which I called his name Mack. He was about one-third hound and one-third cur, and then so far as I know, and as Tony Stringer were always wont to say, the other third was "jest dog." And my old dog Mack he was a great and furious hunter. He was good for possum and coon and other wild varmints, and particular rough on cats.

One Saturday evening along in the fall of the year me and Mack put out, we did, and went off down the old spring branch for a rabbit hunt. We didn't go so very far before I heard the dog squall and then go off on a red-hot trail. I followed the music as fast as I could and I was right close in behind the chase when Mack put his meat up a tree. But it wasn't a rabbit, it was a possum and it went no coon. It was a cat—a big ring-streaked and striped scoundrel beat—but only a plain house cat. And that was all. It was the old lady Stoudenmire's pet cat, and she was living in the nest over the creek a mile and a half, or maybe a little better, from our house.

Through a Cold Sweat.
With the wild and wayward nature of a boy, nothing would do then but I must claim that tree and make the cat jump out and let my dog Mack put the final fixments of death upon him. Nobody couldn't see us, and nobody wouldn't never know it. There was only just us two—Mack and me—and Mack couldn't tell no stories out of school if he wanted to.

By this time me and my dog together had caught and killed most everything that ranged the woods except a ring-streaked and striped house cat. In the main time the old people had told me more than once that a cat had nine lives, which of course I only believed my pro rata share of that.

So consequently I cut me a desperate and warlike hickory stick and cut up that tree I went. I bullrugged and crowded the cat till presently she bunched her feet and made a dark streak through the native air. When she hit the ground old Mack he was right there with her. The committee on credentials had made their report and the convention was now ready for business. I hurriedly backed down out of the tree so as to get in on the ground and witness the proceedings.

Well, old Mack and the cat they had it—up and down and over and under—whilst the blood spurted and the fur flew like dust and dead leaves in a whirlwind. For a little while it was hard to tell for certain who would and who wouldn't—who could and who couldn't. Sometimes it seems to me as if the cat would take the chips, and sometimes it would look like old Mack held four aces, with flushes barred.

As time wore off and the fight went on fast and furious I got monstrous sick and tired of the job. I was raley sorry then that me and Mack had ever opened the pot, but when we had got into the game I felt like we must win out, or die. Onset in awhile, from all the general signs and appearances of the case, I would think old Mack had killed the cat. But, dadblame her, she wouldn't stay dead. She would scratch her forepaws and come again, and every time she riz a squall and fightin to beat six bits. I thought in my soul it must be true about a cat havin nine lives, and maybe more than that.

Pray like and foot like I went and prayed in fear and tremble—which I do reckon I prayed the most out-prayinest prayer that a white boy ever sent up to the throne of grace—prayin the good Lord to help old Mack and let him whip that fight and kill the cat, if he thought that would be fair, or at any rates not to help the cat any to speak of. But I still had my doubts as to who would take the game money, and so finally at last I thought about my warlike stick—which I took that and walked into the fight. By-and-by me and Mack win out ahead and put the cold and everlasting shroud on the cat.

In the general scrap and scrimmage old Mack had lost one eye, whilst he got a swallow fork in his right ear and an under bit in his left—which the same I had to explain when I returned back home. But to a boy of my general shape and talents explanations come as natural and easy as fallin off of a wet log. All I had to do was to make a tremisid mud mummy coon out of old Miss Stoudenmire's house cat, and once more all was lovely at the confluence of the streams.

A Night of Terrors.
That night was my regular time to go over the creek and see Aunt Liza Raborn. As usual when bedtime come she took me out in the little shed room which she kept for us boys and tucked me away for the night. But to save my life I couldn't sleep narry blessed lick for thinkin about old Miss Stoudenmire's ring-streaked and striped cat, which me and Mack had left for dead down in the spring branch. I knowed tremendous well that me and the dog together had whipped the fight and killed the cat, but I didn't know for certain that the would stay dead and remain there. I had some monstrous serious and chilly doubts in regards to that. Every time I shut my eyes I could hear a cat

scream, and see the blood spurt and the fur fly. Before midnight I do reckon I had went through with everything in the way of mortal pain and sufferin, from a cold sweat to a buck ager, and from a nightmare to a dead faint. And then I felt like I couldn't stand it no longer. Under the painful circumference of the awful surroundings, I couldn't think of anything better for me to do than to take a rare bad case of the carache. I had traveled the road before and I knowed good and well that nothing would touch Aunt Liza's heart so quick and deep as the moans and groans of a sufferin boy. She will strike a light, says I to myself, and come and work with me and wait on me till the spell passes off.

And so she did. When she heard my moans and groans and sobs and sighs, she struck a light and here she comes. With laudanum and warm water, and spirits of turpentine and hot fannels, she doctored me through the dark and weary hours of the night. But I didn't have any serious notion of stayin out there in that shed room by my lone self, and so instaid of the usual speedy recovery, gradually by degrees I got worse and worse. When at last daylight come so Aunt Liza could go out and find a live Betsy bug, pull its head off and let the onlyst drop of blood fall in my ear, my sufferin yielded to the treatment and I got well.

Now then, so far as I know, old Miss Stoudenmire's ring-streaked and striped cat is dead till yet. My old dog Mack lived on through many years, a holy terror to every wild varmint that ranged the woods. But as for me and him, one house cat was a large and gracious plenty.

settin for Andy and every time he would ask me about the big sorrel I responded back that the big sorrel went gone nowhere.

"Along in the first cool days of September I went to town one Saturday. The big sorrel was lookin' to be in fine fix, and the minut Andy clapped eyes on him I could see that my time had come to win out even. I let on like I didn't have my tradin stock with me that day, but Andy wanted the big sorrel. He followed me around town and then followed me half way home. At last he got my horse and I got a tolerable good plug mule and six dollars—'twas all he had—to boot. Andy then lit out to make a three-days' trip over in the hill country, and when he returned back home the big sorrel was in his flesh and dead on his legs onct more. In the next place Andy had to sell him to a poor travellin preacher for \$30 on a credit, and in less than a month he was as dead as they ever make 'em.

"Anyhow, Rufe, I am even now. In fact, I ruther think I am ahead of the game. And I do hope and trust by this time Andy Lucas has got forgiveness for that 22-inch Alabama lie."

Settlement News.
Jule Nabors and his wife have got one of the onlyst boys in the settlement—which they call his name Dan.

Somebody told Dan if he would swallow a few fish bladders it wouldn't be no trouble for him to swim. Jule went fishing the other day and caught a fine string-cat and perch and suckers—and Dan didn't do a blame thing but sail in and swallow 15 fish bladders, fresh and raw.

They sent for the doctor that night. Jule thinks his boy Dan will recover in health, though he is still feeble in mind. Dan says if he ever gets up from there he will tackle the biggest and deepest wash hole on the creek. I ruther hope he will. Then fish bladders wouldn't save him from a watery grave.

RUFUS SANDERS.
MUSTAPHA GOES TO SCHOOL.
Curious Procession That Attends a Moorish Boy on the First Day.

Until Mustafa was five years old, he had lived with his mamma, with the two other wives and with their black slaves and attendants, in the harem, or woman's part, of his father's big house in Tangier.

We would hardly call it a house at all, since it is all out of doors. Build a high wall on four sides of a square and a two-story piazza all round the square on the inside, and you have a pretty fair idea of a Moorish house. The high wall keeps the wind away, and the sun shines down into the square court where the fountain plays all day long, and the birds splash their wings in the spray, flinging it over the beautiful tiled floor, and the orange trees scent the air; so that it is not such an unpleasant place after all.

When it was cold or rainy, Mustafa, like everyone else in the house, simply put on more clothing, so that he looked like a small round ball of cloth, with a baby head peering out of the folds at the top.

Mustafa was a pure-blooded Moor, as proud of his long line of ancestors as any American or European boy could be. And as none of these ancestors had ever been negroes or, indeed, anything but Moors, he was as white and fair of complexion as any boy with black hair ever is in any country. His sisters had beautiful fair faces, too, but because they were girls their finger nails were already, at three and four years old, dyed red; and their hair was colored with henna so that it was a rich golden brown.

But Mustafa El Hadri, son of Mustafa, was not to see so much of his sisters hereafter, for he was now five years old and the time had come when, by old Moorish custom, he was to go to school. By old custom, too, the first day in school was made a great celebration. It was quite an impressive day to Mustafa, and one that he will long remember.

Early in the morning he was arrayed in his finest gelaba, or hooded robe, and after a breakfast of coffee, sweet biscuits and dates was lifted to the back of a splendidly ornamented horse, whose embroidered saddle cloth almost swept the ground. Quite a little procession was then formed. A number of the sultan's soldiers had been hired for the ceremony, and they, too, were all dressed in their best clean white gowns and turbans. A few of the soldiers led the procession; Mustafa came next, his fat little legs sticking straight out on each side, his pudgy fists grasping the high pommel of the saddle, which was covered in the Moorish fashion with red cloth. Behind, in a long line—for the street was narrow—came Mustafa's father and a large number of his friends, the principal merchants and officers of the town. The rest of the soldiers brought up the rear.

In this order Mustafa and his escort rode through all the principal streets of the town, everyone singing and shouting at the top of his voice. Finally they came to the great open market place just outside the southern gate of the town, and there the soldiers drew up in two long lines and had a noisy sham battle, spurring their horses wildly toward each other, shouting fierce cries and firing their guns with reckless waste of powder. Finally the whole procession drew up at the door of the school, adjoining a mosque, and Mustafa was lifted down from his horse and taken in.

After that day Mustafa went to school in very much the same way as other boys do, but he did not have the same lessons that American boys learn. He seems to have spent most of his time sitting cross-legged flat on the floor and singing the verses of the Koran till he had learnt many of them by heart; but as no Christian is ever allowed to go into a Mohammedan school, it is not easy to say what else he is or is not taught there.

A LEAF FROM TURK HISTORY.

The Heroic Struggle Against the Turks in 1821.

Seventy years ago Greece had a far more terrible baptism of fire than she is experiencing now, and her independence was plucked from a most desperate situation. It was, in fact, the result of the arrogance of the Turks after they had overrun all Greece and captured Athens. The Greek war for freedom broke out in 1821, and in the Peloponnese the insurgents were so successful that independence was declared in the following year. In strong contrast with the strategy of the present struggle, the Greek fleets of that day, commanded by Canaris and Miaulis, destroyed many Turkish ships. In vengeance for disasters sustained at sea the Turks massacred the inhabitants of the islands of Chios, Kasos and Psara. A fear that the Greeks would destroy the towns captured during the last month, and bombard their inhabitants, has doubtless restrained the Greek fleet during this war. In 1824 the sultan called the Egyptians to his aid, and the Greeks were soon reduced to extremities.

Far more thrilling and terrible were the events of that period, when Georgia, penned in a monastery, blew up the building, killing himself and followers, and a thousand Turks as well. There was no pretense then of Turkish forbearance. The Greek patriarch at Constantinople was hanged at the gate of his palace, with an Easter lily in his hand, and Christian families were slaughtered in every quarter of the city. On the island of Psara occurred the blowing up of the monastery of St. Nikolaos. The gates were opened by the thousand starving men and women, and when 4,000 Moslems had swarmed in besiegers and besieged alike were killed by the explosion of the mine that had been laid. At Missolonghi women dressed as men, with children strapped to their backs, joined a band of 1,800 and cut their way through the Turkish army investing the place, leaving 5,000 dead behind. But the most devoted heroism failed to turn the tide of defeat, and Athens, with the Acropolis, which was last to fall, passed into the possession of the Turkish army.

It was at this point that the sultan's haughty pride in his complete conquest yielded to Greece indirectly what she had failed to secure by every conceivable self-sacrifice. The power of Europe had not been entirely indifferent to the sufferings of Greece, and the English people especially were stirred by indignation. In July, 1827, a protocol was signed at London by Russia and France, in which it was agreed that if the Turkish government, within a month, did not consent to a truce, the three powers would recognize the independence of Greece. Turkey was in no humor to concede that it was not invincible, and the Turkish fleet ventured to fire on the ships of the powers. In the ensuing general battle in the bay of Navarino the allied fleets completely wiped out the Turks, who lost in that memorable sea fight not less than 6,000 men. Modern Greece dates from that October day in 1827. Perhaps the present sultan will avoid the mistake of his predecessor, but his armies have suddenly acquired a tremendous idea of their superiority. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Patent of Electric Light.

To light a six-room house for one dollar a month by means of an electric mixture, which can be sold around the streets in rubber balls as a milkman delivers milk, is what John F. Magner, a deputy sheriff of Mill Valley, Cal., says he can do. Magner is an electrician, and two years ago, while trying to find a method of running an electric elevator by a battery instead of a motor, the idea came to him to get an arc light out of a battery. He experimented, and, two months ago, produced the light. Then, trying to increase the light by increasing the solution, he lost it, only to find it later. He uses four cells, producing about five volts each. In each cell are two poles of carbon and zinc. Other batteries differ in this respect by having but one pole to each cell. The results, however, are produced by the solution, which, of course, is secret.—San Francisco Call.

Qualities of a Bank President.

There is no single sympathy, no accomplishment, no physical advantage, which may not contribute to the success of the head of a bank. The friends he made at college a generation back, his associations at the club, on his vacation, even in his church, are factors used with consummate skill and the native courtesy which characterizes the higher types of successful business men. There is no quality of alertness or adaptability which does not aid in the work of making friends for the bank, i. e., depositors. A perfect bank president should be one who can hold his own with rest and yet with dignity among the roistering class of Wall street men in their late suppers at the club, who can shoot with them, fish with them, drive with them, and who can also impress the staid and strait-laced citizens who are his fellow vestrymen as a pillar of respectability.—Scribner's.

Duels at German Universities.

The universities of Goettingen and Jena are in close competition for the doubtful honor of being the center of German student dueling. In Goettingen not a day passes that a duel is not fought. Not long since 12 duels with more or less serious results were fought there within 24 hours; the record of Jena is 21 within the same length of time.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Arabian Giant.

Galbars, an Arabian giant, who was brought to Rome by Emperor Claudius to serve in the imperial body guard, was nine feet nine inches high. Pliny says that he was the tallest man ever seen in Rome.—Philadelphia Press.