How Two Missouri Darkeys Ran Away and Made Their Way to Canada, Returning After Eighteen Years to See " Old Massa" and " Missus."

St. Louis Post

No better illustration of the peculiar relationship of the past and present can be found than that afforded by the appearance to-day of a gray-haired ne-gro in the city looking for his relatives of eighteen years ago. The *Post* reof eighteen years ago. The *Post* reporter was, of course, on hand at the suggestion of a item that related to the olden time of slavery, blood-hounds and olden time of slavery, blood-hounds and the "underground railway." The reporter found the embodiment of this 'item' in a lawyer's office, and ascertained from him that he was Rev. Strother, who, with his half-brother, Jeff Murray, ran away in 1860, and had never been heard of by their friends since. Bev's face relaxed into a broad crip as he told now "me and Jeff ran grin as he told now "me and Jeff ran away and the awful times we had." It 1860, the former belonging to Travis Murphy and the latter to Dr. J. T. Overall, of St. Charles county, Mo.; that Bev. was threatened with "sale down deribber." the terror of all seems that Rev. and Jeff were slaves in ribber," the terror of all darkies, and so persuaded Jeff to run away with bim. Through an old darkey at St. Charles Through an old darkey at St. Charles they found a white man who agreed to pilot them 100 miles for \$22, and on the night of June 30, 1860, the trio met and started on a "run-away, sure enough." They traveled nights and lay in the bush by day, the white man being used to pilot the way and buy provisions. The negroes had very shrewdly provided themselves with a compass, to provided themselves with a compass, to be sure they were being piloted to the "far-off land rather than to Dixie." They also took pistols to defend themselves with, and always after they had hid for the day and sent the man for provisions, proved their hiding place. provisions, moved their hiding-place and watched "dat ar white man" from a long way off to see that he did not bring any nigger-catchers with him. On the evening of the second day out the white man, while out foraging, saw Dr. Overall and pursuing party, and heard him describe the negroes, and offer a reward for their apprehension. "I tell you, massa," said Ben, as he rubbed his gray head, "them was hot times." They traveled at right angles to their general course that night, and the pursuing party never heard of them again.

The "white pilot and nigger stealer" was given away by a pretended would-be runaway about three weeks later, was captured by Dr. Overall and sentenced, after a plea of guilty, by Judge King, of the St. Charles circuit court, to

Two weeks later Bev. and Jeff. turned up at Layfayette, Ind., with mighty little faith in there being any end to the world or anything for runaway negroes, but sore feet and empty stomachs. On the night of their arrival they were followed by a negro man who accused them of being runaways, and tendered his services to show them the "under-ground railway." They denied the first and refused the last, but when the would be guide was reinforced by "one of dem old honest nigger mothers," the run-aways acknowledged the soft impeach-

aways acknowledged the soft impeachment and were provided for.

At Detroit they jumped off the train a mile from the depot, and followed the beckoning of a "black hand," without inquiry or explanation, and were locked up in a little room, way up on the top of a boat. The next day Canada re-ceived two citizens and the United States was out \$2,000 worth of negroes.

Both negroes went to work on a farm in the county of Essex at \$240 per year, and at the end of five years had saved \$1,000, with which they purchased two farms. Jeff acquired a limited educa-tion, and, in addition to attending to his own matters, became foreman on a large farm. In June last Jeff was poisoned

and was made happy by the kindly manner in which he was received and treated by the massa and missus of his boyhood days, and thinks he will sell

the dazzling witcheries and coruscating splendors of the beauteous throng. But were all-out-of-doors a mighty sheet of stainless gilt-edge paper; were all the sulphur and chalybeate waters consumed in a four-weeks imbibation, by a thousand perpetual-irragation-needing frolickers and flirters, a rushing tide of perfumed carmine ink; were every twig in Valambrosa and every rosethorn in Christendom an everlasting Faber No. 2 or Gillett's 302; and every penitentiary-deserving villain in official station, and every counter-hopping idiot that passes at watering-plane plane in the forth and from the forth.

glided and skyvoluted in the labyrinthine mazes of waltz, gallop, mazourka and quadrille, till enraptured masculin-ity went wild with admiring delight be-yond the reach of all language, includ-ing Choctaw, Kickapoo and High Dutch, to express. Among the myriad of Houri-like celestials who floated on the tide of cherubic loveliness, it is only possible to mention a few of the nota-

Miss Sallie Green, of Warrenton, N. Aliss Sallie Green, of Warrenton, A. C., a bewitching little brunette, with a face and figure that would do for a sculptor's model of all the graces, complexion like the sun-kissed nectarine's check, wavy dark-brown hair, and softly luminous brown eyes, sparkling in conversation and captivating in management of the sun of the su ners, lovelier than the evening air clad the beauty of a thousand stars, and deservedly one of the reigning queens of the season, was a vision of supreme delight in an exquisite costume of white embroidered French muslin, trimmed with white satin and delicate white lace, floating about her soft and fleecy as the sunny clouds about a creature of the upper spheres. She wore diamond ornaments, that paled their ineffectual fires beneath the eclipsing radiance of her eyes and smiles, and was through-out the evening the center of a charmed

circle of admiring cavaliers.

Miss Dutchka Pickens, of Edgefield, South Carolina, a winsome little brown eyed girl, with beautiful hair that flows down unbound in silken wavelets nearly to her feet, was born in St. Petersburg while her father, the late Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina, was Minister to or south Carolina, was simister to Russia, and her singular name, which signifies "My Darling," was given her by the Czar himself. She looked all the name implies, in a unique and ele-gant pompadour silk, brocaded with roses, and garnished with blue satin, recipitates and flowers, oval and dis-

point-lace and flowers, opal and diamond jewelry.

A Miss Gay Thomas, of Richmond, a magnificent golden-haired blonde, with cheeks like the dazzling inner coating of a sea-shell; and eyes of a glorious blue, attractive in manner and conversation, shone resplendent in a dress of pure white satin bows and exquisite lace; a profusion of diamonds shed a many-tinted glow upon the snowy whiteness of her costume.

## And so on for a column more. SUFFERING GRENADA.

Another Account of the Ravages of the Terrible Plague.

Chicago Tim The following extract is made from a private letter, written by a gentleman formerly prominently identified with the business interests of Grenada, which was received in this city by a resident in the Palmer House: "But few of your citizens can conceive of the suffering and devastation made by the yellow fever in Grenada. Previous to the visi tation of the scourge that has worked such sad havoc, and which struck the residents with the force of a cyclone Grenada was looked upon as a notably healthy and prosperous commercial point, of perhaps 2,700 inhabitants. At the date of my leaving, August 26th, less than a dozen kept vigilance over the charnel-house. For a week previous the heartrending cries of the dying were heart at every turn, few persons ous the heartrending cries of the dying were heard at every turn; few persons were to be seen on the streets save the nurses and physicians, who moved noiselessly about in the administration of their Christian work. At many points of the city the unfortunate sufferers had crawled from their couches and huddled together to lie in some quiet spot, or under the shain some quiet spot, or under the shadow of their homes. But the saddest part of this sad story yet remains to be told. Our little town in 1873, when the pestilence raged in Memphis and ad-jacent points, stretched out its arms and bade the sufferers welcome, and was made the retreat of all who chose to come. New Orleans and Memphis sent their dying to our quiet retreat, by his wife, who bids fair to hang. As Leff had no children, Bev. came back to hunt up his heirs. Bev. found his mother, Emily Murray, a negress, 76 years old, still living.

As her children, twelve in number.

All living the first cry from poor Grenada for years old, still living.

As her children, twelve in number. As ner children, twelve in number, are all illegitimate, they cannot inherit from each other, and hence she gets Jeff's entire estate, worth some \$3,000 subject to the dower rights of the wife.

Bev. found his old master, who is 97 years of age, still living on the old plan, and was made happy by the highly trains that had daily stopped at our doors hurrying past at the rate of forty miles an hour—and this, too, with barred doors and closed windows—reboyhood days, and thinks he will sell out and move his family of seven back to "de ole Missouri shore."

Beautiful Women.

What a moon-struck correspondent are a manner, in the garments in which they died; many, in fact, have received no burial, but have been left in some protected where the atmosphere with saw at a party given at the White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.: Oh, for a thousand pens, formed of quill-feathers from angelic pinions and dipped in the refulgent radiance of the skies, to tell the dazzling witcheries and coruscating the dazzling witcheries and coruscating of the southern people—that many of the residuate of the southern people—that many of the residuate of the resi

station, and every counter-hopping idiot that passes at watering-places for a beau, a hundred-handed phonographic scribe—it all would fall a million moral furlongs short of doing justice to such a theme. White Sulpher has rarely witnessed a more transcendently lovely assemblage of rare and radiant maidens and girls of older growth. Turn where you would, look where you might, creatures fairer and brighter far than ever peopled lovesick poet's raptest dreams,

## AGRICULTURAL.

In France parsnips are a very commen house food.

Thorough culture is worth three mortgages on a farm.

Skim cheese contains more nitrogengenous matter than lean meat.

An offensive war on weeds is five times less expensive than a defensive

The nutritive value of split peas is nearly three times that of baker's bred. One evening spent at home in study is more profitable than ten spent lounging about country taverns.

The largest flour mill in the world is being built at Niagara Falls. Its ca-pacity will be about 1,200 barrels a

Root crops of all kinds are usually crowded; one well-developed and quick-ly grown root is better than two or three starved ones.

If horses are rubbed, morning and noon, with a handful of smart-weed, the flies will not trouble them in the least through the day.

It is computed that Minnesota is capable of producing 700,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and that the water power of Minneapolis alone can manufacture half of it into flour.

Rain water possesses fertillizing qualities, from the fact that a quantity of ammonia and nitric acid is annually brought down to the soil by rain, for the benefit of vegetation.

It has been discovered by Minnesota farmers that two acres of sunflowers will supply a family with fuel through a long winter. The wood of the stalks and the oil of the seed make roaring and cheerful fires.

Statistics show that the actual consumption of eggs in the United States is about 10,000,000 barrels. The poultry marketed or consumed in 1877 is estimated at 680,000,000 pounds, of the value of \$68,000,000.

In a mass of earth, twenty feet thick, which had been undermined, and had fallen over loosely, parsnips were sown.  $\Lambda$  fine specimen in the lot was found to have a vertical root that measured thirteen feet six inches in length.

A house too closely shaded by trees will be apt to suffer from dampness. In building let the living and sleeping rooms, as far as possible, face toward the south, and thus gain the advantage of the sunshine. The sun is a great preserver of health.

In moist charcoal seeds will sprout

with remarkable quickness and certainty, but after they have sprouted they do not continue to grow well in charcoal alone. Drilled in with the seed, charcoal powder is said greatly to promote the growth of wheat. Prof. J. B. Lewis, the celebrated Eng-

lish experimentalist, says there is no reason to suppose that broad-leaved plants receive nitrogen from the air. Yet this belief has become quite com-monly received, and from the teachings

of supposed scientists.

Sheep-skins form a large item in the commerce of Cape Colony. The shipments there now reach about 1,500,-000 skins annually. They are chiefly from the indigenous or half breed sheep, the merinous being too valuable fo their wool to allow them being killed.

OF course others besides ourselves have noticed that fruit and hail-stones grow much larger in the west than they do in the north. Especially hail-stones. do in the north. Especially hail-stones. Probably it is because they grow more healthy and robust liars in the west. When an old farmer enters a printing office to give the particulars of a destructive storm, and gets the hail-stones any smaller than hulled walnuts, the "press gang" kill him on the spot and throw his body down an old well. If he says the stones were as large as he says the stones were as large as goose eggs they put him on the free list goose eggs they put min on the free fist for life and drag him across to the sa-loon and "set 'em up." P. S.—A far-mer was never killed in the west for not getting the hail-stones large enough to please the fancy of the editors in that ection.—Norristown (Pa.) Herald.

# Humor.

- "That man," said Kate, "to love for me Is sure a very slave, E'en though 'tis full a year since I To him the mitten gave," "On, then he's not a slave," said Prue,
- As o'er her face there flitted A rouguish smile: "you just confes That he was manumitted,"

That he was manumitted."

A young lady being asked by a rich bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied sweetly and modestly, "Yours truly."

A farmer speaking of the thinness of his hay crop, said: "The grasshoppers have all got lame trying to jump from one blade of grass to another."

'Squire—"You'd better not go to the fair, Pat; Micky Flynn down there swears he'll kill ye." Pat—"And had he began fighting of me before ye left,

When a man reaches the top of a stairway and attempts to make one more step higher, the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to

berpiexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that wasn't there. Bismarck to Austria, with a cynical grin: "Well, didn't you ask me to show you the way to a tree full of honey?" (Austria is too busy prancing with the hornets to make a reply.)

When we read that "General Szapar-

itz is fighting at Doboj," we feel like calling on a merciful heaven to stop this cruel war while there is any of the al-

phabet left.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A remarkable—almost incredible accident happened in this town yesterday morning. A woman attempted to kindle a fire with coal oil and—succeeded. The can didn't explode, and no injury was done.—Exchange

First friend—"Oh, by-the-bye, I'm so sorry I was out when you called—"

sorry I was out when you called—" Second friend—"Oh, never mind, I—" First friend—"Yes, but I am so vexed, I can—" Second ditto—"Oh, don't mention it; no consequence, my dear,

A certain breadth of statement is permissable in one who sees things through magnifying drops of grief, but the man must have had a previous habit of conscious exaggeration who relates that when his powder-mill blew up the mortgage on it came down uninjured in a corn-field and had to be paid, while the insurance, falling into the sea, was lost.—Exchange.

People have different notions of time.

People have different notions of time. A landlord, who is his own rent-collector, recently called on an old tenant, who, with pale, trembling lips, faltered, "I am very sorry, but times are so bad, and—and—I am not quite ready. If you could only give me a little time." "Well, well, you have always been a good payer," said the landlord. "A little time—eh? Certainly. I am going up stairs, and—I will look in as I come down."

down."
"Yes, sir," said the exasperated gentleman, "I will go and find him. I will upbraid him with his treachery, and upbraid him with his treathery, and then looking him sternly in the eye I wil, kick the seat of his pantaloons out through the crown of his hat." Difficult, but not impossible, remembering how Montgomery's bleeding warrior lay prone on his breast and glared at the skies.

A Brazilian count a hilliannaire was

A Brazilian count, a billionnaire, was A Brazilian count, a billionnaire, was dining at the table a thote of a fashionable hotel. His cutlet was to his taste, and he ordered another. "We only give one cutlet," said the manager, "and no bread with one fish-bail." Without a word the Count rose, went out, bought the hotel, returned, led the manager to the front door and kicked him days the steps they resenting him.

manager to the front door and kicked him down the steps, then reseating himself at the table, said: "Bring me another cutlet." They brought it, swift as the eagle cleaves the air.

At the annual award of the prizes at the village school the worthy Mayor calls up a blue-eyed and golden-haired young girl, with the air of a startled fawn, to receive the prizes for good behavior and French composition. "Why, my child," he says, "what's the matter with your nose? It's scratched," "Yes, sir," replied the bashful girl, "that red-headed, moon-eyed leper, Lizzie X., tried to smash my nose, but I Lizzie X., tried to smash my nose, but I bit her ear; you be your carpet slippers on it. That is the sort of a hair-pin I

It is said that heaven seems almost in sight to a young lady who is enjoying her first sernade.e

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