

# THE WEEKLY UNION TIMES.

Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Economy, Poetical Literature, Politics, and the Current News of the Day.

VOL. IV.—NEW SERIES.

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NUMBER 24.

## THE JURY FRAUD IN EDGEFIELD.

OUR JUNE COURT—SHORT, SHARP, AND DECISIVE.

On Monday morning last, at 10 A. M., the June Term of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions for Edgefield County was formally opened. The rite was not only a solemn one, but profoundly novel; for it must be remembered that Courts in Edgefield are a tradition—something that has faded to the complexion of "The Mystery of Udolpho" and "Jack the Giant Killer." Judge Carpenter was present, looking like a cross between a bear and a wild boar. We once knew just such a looking Judge in France; and the people called him *Le Singlier*. And in the Judge's manner the bear and boar traits are also very harmoniously blended. Solicitor Runkle was present, youthful, hyacinthine, and with an air of having no earthly part or parcel in the business. The lawyers were present. You all know them.—The Clerk and Sheriff were present. Ditto. The colored constables were present.—Ditto. All the limbs and outward flourishes of the "palladium," but alas! not the "palladium" itself. No Jury! No means of safe deliverance! No underlying stone of Magna Charta!

Not a great many citizens from the country were in attendance. The rains have been so constant and labor is so precarious, that they must perforce stay at home and attend to the salvation of that other and dearer "palladium"—cotton.—But still the Hall of Justice was full.

The Judge having mounted the bench in a very characteristic fashion, announced that he had been notified officially of tremendous jury irregularities in Edgefield, and that he wished the matter to be forthwith riddled, ripped up and sited, and was determined moreover that it should be. And, *en passant*, he informed all officers of the Court that if they did not do their whole duty, they would undoubtedly have "a hard road to travel." Imagine this phrase on the bench in former days! But still there was a riddling and a ripping-up look out of his Honor's eyes and lower jaw that delighted and enchained the audience. It was like the opening scenes of a bull fight. His Honor was the bull, a glory Andalusian monster, while Messrs. Barker, Strom and Ballinger were the trembling and quailing Matadors.

Mr. Youmans now rose and read affidavits from Sheriff Will and Clerk of the Court Ramsey, terribly incriminating Barker, Strom and Ballinger in the jury villainies. And then this attorney said a word, and that attorney said a word, and the other attorney said a word, his Honor tomahawking in numerous words all between. And then the Sheriff, who had been a true used to dealing with persons, ordered the Sheriff to go and fetch him the Jury Box. This the Sheriff quickly did—bringing it from the Auditor's office, where it had rested since the day of bigger-mugger drawing. And upon being placed before his Honor and opened, lo! well nigh half the tickets were found *unfolded*! Great sensation! Astute Judge! Nefarious Commissioners! And after this, his Honor asked the Solicitor what he designed doing in the premises, and the Solicitor, religiously maintaining an air of having nothing upon earth to do with it, replied in substance, if we mistake not, that he didn't know what to do. Hereupon the Judge gave Barker, Strom and Ballinger until 2 o'clock P. M. to make a showing, and adjourned the Court.

Promptly at 2 o'clock his Honor again entered the arena, and roared for the combatants. They entered, led by Messrs. Gary & Gary, their counsel. The audience was crowded, and intensely interested and amused. The counsel of the miscreants—we mean defendants—now read elaborate counter affidavits, in which Barker, Strom and Ballinger were purged with hyssop, and the damning onus thrown upon Wall and Rainsey. And then the judge announced that all the affidavit-givers, and others, pro and con, might be riddled and ripped up in cross examination. And they were ripped and riddled! Barker, undoubtedly leky before, was so perforated that he can never hope to hold water again; while the County Auditor, who is also hyacinthine, and with a like air of having nothing upon earth to do with it, made the astounding revelation that he had never read the Act defining his duties. The whole thing was intensely astonishing, intensely amusing, intensely rotund.

And then the counsel for the defence spoke longly, vauntingly and ingeniously for their clients—being *sungliered* every now and then, in very amusing style, by the presiding officer. And immediately upon their winding up, the Judge, with the air and manner of a man in a menagerie, with a long iron spear, stirring up the animals, gave a huge bite at the thing, and snapped it off as if it had been a desiccated bulrush. He stated that he had been endeavoring to find out if there were grounds for indictment and prosecution against the Jury Commissioners, and that he clearly saw there were such grounds; and furthermore that he had found these jury villainies in three Counties out of the four forming his Circuit, and that he was solemnly determined that no man or set of men should further clog the wheels of justice. Here the audience applauded him, and were fearfully *sungliered* for their pains. He next ordered that Bench Warrants should immediately be issued against Barker, Strom and Ballinger, to appear at the next term of the Court of Sessions for Edgefield County, and upon it being represented to him that these worthy gentlemen were paupers, pilgrims and strangers, set their bail at \$500. The low figures of this bail prove that even a *sunglier* may sometimes wisely have bowels of compassion. The warrants were issued and the bail given.—And at the next term of our Court—which will probably be merged into the great as-

sizes of the Day of Judgment.—Messrs. Barker, Strom and Ballinger will be riddled and ripped up by a Grand Jury. In the meantime, Barker, the Jury Commissioner, the ring-leader and prime-mover of all this jury rascality, ought most assuredly to be instantly removed from office. Will Gov. Moses remove him? That's the question. And Strom, (who seems to have been present with Barker at the time the Jury box must have been tampered with,) we don't believe can be removed from the office by the Governor, inasmuch as he was elected thereto,—but he certainly should go out and commit suicide, and judging from his appearance on Monday, we rather think he will. Whilst Ballinger, the lamb-like and innocent young man, who, in our opinion, is far less implicated in this jury business than either of his compeers, will undoubtedly if he is an honest man and a gentleman—forthwith resign an office that forces him in company with such accomplished scoundrels as now constitute a portion of the Jury Board.

And finally, to speak without badinage, Judge Carpenter, by his fearlessness, independence and determination, no less than his ability and extraordinary quickness, produced in Edgefield an extremely favorable impression. He decided that in the present state of the jury matter, he could conscientiously hear no case requiring a jury, and departed for Columbia. On today fortnight (Tuesday 3rd) he will return to Edgefield for the dispatch of equity business.—*Edgefield Advertiser*.

## LUCKLESS LOUISIANA.

The Address of Governor McEnery.

Governor McEnery has issued an address to the people of Louisiana, of which the following is the material part:

It is apparent to you, as well as to all the people of this Union, that the President is resolved at all hazards and at all costs to sustain, by the military arm of the nation, the present usurpation of the State government, usurped into existence by the midnight raid of United States District Judge Durell, executed by United States bayonets, and presided over by Mr. William Pitt Kellogg. You are ordered and required by the president to view with calmness and resignation the overthrow of the legal government of your State, elected by you in pursuance to all the forms of law; the displacement of judges, clerks, sheriffs, recorders, justices of the peace, police, jurors, &c., in fact the displacement by force of the whole machinery of government, State, parochial and municipal, and the installation by force of persons notoriously defunct at the election, and whose only title to office rests upon the return of a returning board of miscreants.

But by and by, as it was announced to the public, and we think, by an agreement between the parties, Mrs. Sumner's health required that she should leave the American continent, and breathe for a time the air of Europe. This was accordingly done, and the atmosphere has been so bracing and the scenery so pleasant—to say nothing of her companionship—that she has lingered there so long as to enable Mr. Sumner to obtain the divorce for willful absence, required by the statute. Mr. Sumner will resume his old bachelor relation, and his late wife—a young, handsome and wealthy widow—will be prize to be contended for by gentlemen of position who are in the matrimonial market.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—Now is the time to think what kinds of vegetable products and what stock you mean to exhibit so as to swell the attractions of your County and State Societies, and give encouragement by your own exertions to those institutions which have done, and are doing so much toward the progress of your calling or occupation. You will be helping your own interest in thus aiding the Society.—Select some crop or vegetable or animal and pay special attention to it, that it may bear off the ribbon, as the best of its kind, or you get the premium for the heaviest product per acre, by your superior skill and industry. Others will be stimulated by your efforts and encouraged by your success and a silent enterprise will permeate throughout your neighborhood, until a new order of things will spring up and bear fruits for the good of the whole community and the advancement of Agriculture.—*Maryland Farmer*.

UNSOUD MILK.—It is necessary to make known to farmers and milkmen, and to mothers and nurses at large, the real danger that exists in making use of the milk of diseased cows or goats, especially when children, and more particularly infants, are concerned. Such milk, even taken in small quantity, is hurtful to health in the extreme. If you give it boiled or not, even mixed with 9-10 of sound milk, the child resents immediately its effects. First, the child gets lean, emaciated, without any apparent reason; then diarrhea follows, and soon the intervention of a physician becomes useless. It is too late in most cases. Be on your guard then, prudent mothers and nurses!

The Philadelphia Press tells this: At an elegant dinner party given in this city the *enfant terrible* of the family was permitted to occupy a seat near one of the most distinguished guests. This *lute* was much given to comedians, which are not always appropriate. Moreover, the young man has a sister who is a shining belle in society. Eliza is the name of the young lady, but the young scape-grace will call her Lise. The company were startled by the voice of the youngster asking, "Why is father like the devil?" An awkward pause ensued. Then he shouted out, "Because he is the father of Lise!" (Lise). That boy did not get his dessert, for he was sent to bed.

## MR. SUMNER'S DIVORCE.

It has already been announced that Mr. Sumner had obtained a divorce from his young and dashing wife, on the ground of continued absence—five years under the Massachusetts laws. She was the widow of a millionaire Massachusetts Congressman—Mr. Hooper—and only twenty-two. The Cincinnati Enquirer says:

We know not how it may be, but it has been said that a jealousy on the part of the Honorable Senator had considerable to do with this unfortunate proceeding. There was, naturally, disparity of years and of tastes and habits. This almost universally produces an unhappy marriage. But in this instance it was aggravated. Mr. Sumner was not only a bachelor of long matured habits, but he had formed other connections and associations peculiar to himself, from that fact.

For instance, it was said that he always had his carriage at the door at party or ball they naturally attended at which he would say, "Madame, it is now 10 o'clock; it is time to go home, and our conveyance is below." She would reply, "I am happy to hear it. You are sleepy and tired. Go home and go to bed, but I am not yet ready. I will follow you by and by. So, good night, my dear." Then, as you have said, the Senator was said to be morbidly jealous of a certain gentleman connected with the Prussian Embassy, whom he had himself introduced to his wife, extolled in the highest terms, and which gentleman afterward escorted her to many evening amusements, which her husband's habits forbade him to attend. One day this young attaché received a very peremptory letter from Berlin ordering him to return home immediately, and recalling him from the Prussian Legation. He was thunderstruck by the intelligence; not conscious of any offense against his government, he could not conceive what it meant. He therefore wrote to an influential friend at home to make inquiries of Count Bismarck as to what was the real reason for this very extraordinary proceeding.

In reply, he was informed that the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, who was then Senator Charles Sumner, had written a letter requesting his recall, and that the Count did not wish to be recalled, but to secure a request, he was authorized to secure a request, coming from such an influential source in the government to which he was accredited. Of course the young Prussian gentleman duly informed Mrs. Sumner of all this, and rumor hath it that that lady was not at all pleased with the conduct of her husband in the matter. The German Secretary returned home, and for a time the divorce was a matter of course.

But by and by, as it was announced to the public, and we think, by an agreement between the parties, Mrs. Sumner's health required that she should leave the American continent, and breathe for a time the air of Europe. This was accordingly done, and the atmosphere has been so bracing and the scenery so pleasant—to say nothing of her companionship—that she has lingered there so long as to enable Mr. Sumner to obtain the divorce for willful absence, required by the statute. Mr. Sumner will resume his old bachelor relation, and his late wife—a young, handsome and wealthy widow—will be prize to be contended for by gentlemen of position who are in the matrimonial market.

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## HOW TO EXTERMINATE RUT GRASS.

EDITOR SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.—In your May number I see the inquiry from a correspondent at Edgefield, S. C. "How to exterminate rut grass?" and you express a wish that if any of your readers know of a method by which it can be accomplished, it may be communicated. I will not say positively that I have succeeded in exterminating this pest, having tried the plan I am about to give you one year only, but my success so far is so encouraging, that I will lay it before you for what it may be worth.

In the month of January flush up the soil and rake it over with long-toothed rakes. Throw the grass where it will dry, and then burn it. Prepare the ground for a fresh potato crop, planting in rows about two and a half feet apart. Work the potatoes as usual, and dig them as soon as the tubers are large enough. Now prepare the soil by ploughing for a crop of sweet potatoes throwing up good sized ridges. Now comes the peculiar process, of which every other heretofore is preparatory. The rut grass will continue to spring up in the valleys between the ridges. Have the grass on the crowns of the ridges pulled out by hand. The ridges are so perfectly pulverized that the land is not very heavy in its character, and the grass roots will easily pull up with the stem and blades. Pull up the grass half way down the sides of the ridges. Then as to the valleys, run a sweep up and down these every three or four days and shave the grass on each side of the ridge near the bottom. Continue this until your vines get too long to admit of further culture to the land. The next spring repeat the process, planting an Irish potato crop as before, and following with a crop of sweet potatoes.

I have tried this plan one year, and have been surprised at the havoc made with the rut grass. I have a rich garden, which until now has been completely taken with this pest. For twenty years I have been trying to find out how to destroy it, and have never had any success until I tried the above plan. There is now, after a trial of one season, very little of it left. I think the philosophy of it is, that the succession of crops, keeping the ground stirred early and late, produces the rut grass. Besides this, the turning of the soil in high soft ridges, affords peculiar facilities for exterminating the grass, by pulling it up root and all.—There is less stopping to reach it on account of the ridges, which also facilitates the work. Be careful throughout, to have the work well done, and if you do not on any light soil, I shall acknowledge my indebtedness to you.

On my land, I have no rut grass, and I have no doubt that my plan would work in any other garden.

I will conclude by inquiring how can rut grass be exterminated? I have ten acres of old field completely taken with it. I have kept it from going to seed six years, but not with a good result.—R. K. BEE, *Southern Cultivator*.

## GRASS UNDER WHEAT—THE BLUESTEM.

A *Southern News and Advertiser*, of Millersville, Md., states that Thomas B. Cox, of Spring Mills, Kent county, Md., is one of the most intelligent agriculturists of that State, and as having done much to elevate and advance the interests of the State, which he so devotedly has expended his own culture, and has been led to devote a frequent change in seed wheat in order to keep up a high standard of yield and quality, and he has recently been much pains to ascertain the best present variety of "blue stem." In December last he opened correspondence with the Agricultural Department at Washington. The commissioner promptly replied to Mr. Cox's letter of inquiry, giving him the information he could upon the subject. He said that the nativity of the variety was involved in some obscure security, but that it came from Italy, doubted its being the designation of "blue stem" as used by Mr. Cox, and he suggested that Mr. Cox should send him a sample of the wheat with the United States Government seal, and that Mr. Cox should send him a sample of the wheat for 20 bushels of the seed, which he is willing to let his seedling grow, and if it will seed himself, he will send him a sample of the seed, and if it will seed himself, he will send him a sample of the seed, and if it will seed himself, he will send him a sample of the seed.

BLIND STAMERS IN HORSES.—EDITOR SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.—Having seen it stated by a correspondent in your monthly that the disease among horses and mules known as "blind stamers" is incurable, I beg leave to offer the following remedy, which I have seen used in several bad cases, with complete success in each case. As soon as it is known that the animal has staggers, which can only be told by its dull, sleepy appearance, endeavor to move round in a circle, and running against objects that come in its path, bleed copiously from the neck, and immediately pour into each ear about a gill of Turpentine. Also, get as much turpentine up each nostril as possible. If the animal is small brush the turpentine, or grass only for a day or two, and a cure is effected.

Men and women make them, in the singular use of new book. It may be true, but we have seen some dreadfully poor specimens of the manufactured articles, which are sold badly either upon the materials or the maker.

## PICKLES.

DIRECTIONS FOR PICKLING CUCUMBERS, GHERKINS, BEANS, SMALL CANTALOUPE, AND MUSK-MELONS, IN BRINE.

A perfectly clean wooden or stone vessel that can be covered securely, and has never had anything like butter or lard—or pickled pork or beef in it—with plenty of salt and pure fresh water, are the most important requisites. Gather the vegetables (the morning is generally the best time) as they get the desired size—put them in the brine, being very careful not to bruise them.—They can be gathered every day, until the vessel is full—examine every few days—if there is any appearance of scum on the top, the brine is not strong enough, and more salt must be added. If they are to be kept for several months, examine them every few weeks—removing all that are soft, and renewing the brine. They can be taken out at any time and pickled with vinegar.—The usual way of pickling with vinegar is, take them from the brine one evening, soak them in fresh water until the next morning—(12 hours) wash through two or three waters—put in a preserving kettle, with such spices as are liked, a handful of sugar, a small piece of alum—cover with vinegar. Scald thoroughly—but do not let them boil enough to become soft—take them out, put in a jar and cover with fresh vinegar—when cold, they are ready for use. If the vinegar is good, they improve daily.

Good apple vinegar can be very easily made by keeping good apple cider in a barrel, runlet or jug, with the bung or cork loosely put in—until it becomes vinegar—and never let it be empty—filling with fresh cider before the vinegar is used up.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—EDITOR SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.—The best method which I ever saw for making cucumber pickles, is the following:

Select from the vine suitable cucumbers with a portion of the stem attached. Wash carefully in cold water, and have on hand a stone jar containing one gallon of whiskey and two gallons of water, or in like proportions. Drop in your cucumbers each day as you gather them from the vine, taking care to keep them under the liquid by a weight on top. In the course of six weeks or two months the pickles are made, and the finest in the world.

Try it, for it is the least troublesome of all, and by odds the best.—C. M. G. in *Southern Cultivator*.

A COMPOST HEAP.—Please give me a receipt to make manure or a compost heap—composed of weeds, earth, lime, cow manure, and so on. I have a small garden, and I want to improve it with cotton seed.—C. R. *Druidville, Ala., May 6, 1873.*

Make a pen ten feet square—cover the bottom six inches deep with woods earth—then three inches of slaked lime, then three inches of woods earth, then six inches of lot scrapings, then three inches of woods earth, 3 bushels lime again, 3 inches woods earth, six inches lot scrapings, 3 inches woods earth and so on, until built up four or five feet high. Finish with woods earth. Moisten thoroughly and keep continually damp, but keep out rain. Cut sides down perpendicularly when to be hauled to the field.

Acid phosphate are the best things to compost with cotton seed. For proportions, see previous numbers of current volume.—An excellent compost might be made as follows: Pen 10 feet square, cover bottom six inches deep with lot scrapings, on this cotton seed three inches deep, on this 300 lbs. acid phosphate, then lot scrapings, cotton seed, phosphate again, and so on.—*Southern Cultivator*.

SURE CURE FOR A COUGH.—A large handful of Horshorn; the same of Life-Everlasting; a large root of Comfrey; a large handful of Elecampane; a quart of molasses. After boiling and straining the first four ingredients, mix in the molasses; boil until as thick as syrup. For a dose, take a dessert spoonful, three times a day.

We know the above to be good, for we tried it with great success during the late "unpleasantness."—[Ed. Times.]

DISPOSING OF A DURELLE.—A case which is likely to call forth all the emotional resources of a French jury, is told as follows:

A young man, having accepted a challenge from a noted duelist, goes home and tells his mother all about it. The good lady rushes off distracted to the house of the duelist, whom she finds practicing with a pistol in his garden, and what is worse hitting the mark every time. She implores mercy, but is coldly repulsed by the marksman, who declares his intention to kill her son. Thereupon, in her wrath and terror, the poor woman snatches up a pistol and shoots the duelist dead. The chances are that she will be acquitted, and indeed it is difficult to imagine any case which offers more genuine extenuation. A jury of mothers would not deliberate long on their verdict.

THE BIGGEST TREE.—The Visalia (Cal) Times says the biggest tree in Talere county forest of giants, is known as "General Grant." It measures thirty seven feet six inches in diameter; this would give, by ordinary estimate, a circumference of one hundred and twenty-seven feet. The reader can imagine what an immense area that would be, supposing a section of the tree cut out and laid upon the ground. It would afford ample room for a "double cotillion," or if the same section were stood on edge, against an ordinary two story building, its upper rim would be above the eaves, and well up toward the chimney-top.

We notice that the "agricultural editor of an exchange" advises his readers to "plant peas in the new of the moon." We advise our readers to plant their peas in the ground.

## POST CARD JOKES.

INCIDENTS OF THE CHEAP DIFFUSION OF INTELLIGENCE.

The new device of Postmaster General Cresswell, the postal cards, went into circulation yesterday. As they have been somewhat elaborately described in the Washington special dispatch for the last several weeks, it is not necessary to go into particulars here. Besides nearly every body has seen them, and knows how to describe them himself. But for a general description it might be said that they are designed for the distribution of intelligence among the masses at one-third the usual rate. You can write almost anything you please on a postal card, so that it isn't too long—that is to say, the article that is written. But there are some things that do not read well on a postal card. Take, for instance, a large boarding house, where the landlady takes care of the mail until the boarders call for it. This sometimes makes the diffusion of intelligence among the masses a trifle too diffuse for comfort. The postman comes to the door with an armful of postal cards. The landlady relieves him of the burden, goes in and sits down and begins to sort them over for the various boarders.—Presently she strikes one which reads thus:

My dear Theoph.—Come to-night at half past 10. Side gate open. Bulldog chained up in the basement. Light in the window for you. Yours sweetly.

Landlady then turns to the other side of the card. She reads the superscription: Mr. THEOPHILUS MUFFLECHEEK, No. 13,975 Hash avenue, City.

Landlady rests her cheek on her left hand and muses. Landlady *solus*: "Well, now, did I ever? Who'd a thought that Mr. Mufflecheek was that kind of a man? Came here, too, with the highest references from his last place. Pays his board regularly every Saturday at tea. Belongs to our church, too." [Reads again] "Half past ten—dear me, and I always thought he went to bed regularly at half past nine. Bull dog chained up in the basement!—Well, I never! I'll keep a little watch on Mr. Mufflecheek. I'll expose him before the church." Then she draws a long sigh, and proceeds with another card: [Reads.]

Sir—I have now waited four weeks for the balance on that suit of clothes. I need the money. Must have it on Monday. Yours, NIMBLENEEDLE.

Turns to the superscription and reads: Mr. JESSE B. SUNFLOWER, No. 13,975 Hash Avenue.

"Well, if ever I heard the like in my life! Mr. Sunflower is such a nice gentleman. And he uses such elegant perfumery. Let me see; he owes me for two week's board. Told me this morning he was expecting a check from home. I must go to his room and see how much baggage he has. Dear me, folks are so unaccountable."—Comes to another. Reads:

My Dear Spriggins—Just deposited four hundred to your credit in the Twelfth National. Draw on me at sight for the balance. Yours, B. W. K.

Turns to the superscription, reads: J. DELAFIELD SPRIGGINS, Esq., No. 13,975 Hash ave., City.

"Gracious me! How much like Mr. Spriggins' own handwriting that is.—Singular that two persons should write so nearly alike. Let me see. Mr. Spriggins told me he expected some money to-day. Enter Spriggins—'Good afternoon, madam.'"

Landlady—"Here is a postal card for you." "Sprig—" "Oh, yes." [Reads to himself.] "That's all right. By the way, madam, have you money enough in the house to cash a fifty dollar check? I'm waiting here, and I just received a telegram from Kansas City, and must go on the night train."

Landlady—"I'll go right away and look in my bureau drawer. I reckon I can accommodate you." [Landlady returns with a roll of bills.]

"Sprig—" "Here, I'll just include that three weeks' board in the check and make it seventy-five. Balance will be fifty."

Landlady counts out fifty, which Sprig thrusts into his vest pocket, goes up stairs, gets his valise and starts to catch the train for Kansas City. Landlady will discover to-morrow that the similarity between Mr. Spriggins' handwriting and that on the postal card isn't such a singular circumstance, after all.

It only cost Spriggins one cent to raise the wind. Those postal cards are an incalculable convenience to the toiling masses.

A VARIATION.—Postman rings at a modest looking mansion on Loons street. Servant girl comes to the door. Postal cards for the master of the house who has only been married a couple of years. Servant girl delivers the postal cards to the young wife. Young wife reads:

Dear Joe: Will be at the corner of Twelfth and Pine, back half-past nine. First class party of boys. Be on hand. Half-past nine, sharp. Wake 'em up. O. K. Young wife lays down the postal cards and elevates her eyebrows. Mr. Cresswell's cheap method of diffusing intelligence has let a flood of new light in upon her mind. Young wife, *solus*:—"So this is the club, is it? Riding around town in hacks all night, with a party of first class-boys. Oh, dear, oh dear!" Then she weeps copiously and sighs deeply. She will go home to her mother the very next day! She never was so wronged and outraged in her whole life! Weeps again passionately, and seeks the camphor bottle. Young husband, all unconscious, comes home to supper. Tableau.