

# The Manning Times.

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## A "MAGNETIC" GIRL TALKS.

### CURIOUS CONFESSIONS OF CLEVERNESS THAT PUZZLED THE PROFESSORS.

How a Muscular Young Woman Discovered Lulu Hurst's Secret and Turned it to Advantage—Simple Explanation of Apparently Marvelous Feats.

(From the New York World.)  
I ran across a young woman on the street not long since, a girl whose face had become familiar to many people some months ago on the stages of provincial theatres, very shortly after Lulu Hurst, "The Georgia Wonder," had created a sensation at Wallack's. She had gained considerable notoriety, I remember, as one of many "magnetic" girls. The fact also intruded itself that she had been introduced to audiences as a rude, untutored specimen of the backwoods, perfectly guileless, with little education, and remarkable only for the fact that Providence (so the truthful manager put it) had gifted her with a peculiar and marvelous force which enabled her to accomplish most extraordinary things never before seen or heard of. As she tripped along in front of me I saw that she was still a large, well-built specimen of humanity, broad shouldered, and with excellently developed muscles, which might readily deter many a strong man from arousing her anger. Untutored girls from the backwoods, you know, very frequently strike from the shoulder and hit hard. One thing puzzled me. She carried an enormous sunshade of the latest style. This seemed wonderful when I recollected that one of the most peculiar characteristics pertaining to this simple maiden, in the days of her notoriety, was the fact that she could not hold an umbrella or parasol over her head for three consecutive minutes without its suddenly flying to pieces. I remembered also that no man could maintain in an upright position an open umbrella against which she laid the palm of her white but large hand. And yet here she was manipulating a sunshade with all the ease and grace of a Fifth avenue belle, without any apparently serious consequences. I followed her patiently for several blocks, momentarily expecting to see the dainty crinoline punctured by violently from her hands. Nothing of the sort occurred, however, and then I concluded that she was probably no longer "magnetic," or that her magnetism could be summoned and dismissed at will; that she discarded it during Broadway promenades and called it forth again when the curtain rolled up on a full house. Beseated by curiosity, I sauntered after the child of the backwoods until I saw her turn a corner into a side street. A few more steps and she entered a well-known cabanyanery. It required but a moment to find her name on the register of the house. This she accomplished I saw by her card, and was received at once. The young woman had discarded the sunshade, which lay unharmed upon a sofa, and met me with a confidence and self-possession quite at variance with the manner assumed on the occasion of her initial entrance on the stage as a "magnetic" girl. After some preliminary skirmishing of a polite nature, relative to her health and other kindred topics, I asked her if she had visited New York for the purpose of appearing personally. With a reminiscent laugh, half chuckle and half giggle, she replied: "Oh, dear, no! I don't do that sort of thing any more."  
"Why not?" I queried. "Has the magnetic influence forsaken you?"  
Again she gave way to reminiscent recollections, and murmured some unintelligible words which sounded like "How funny."  
"Are you interviewing me?" she asked after her mirth had subsided. "If so I have no objection to the ordeal, and I assure you candidly that you will be succeeded in making me talk freely."  
"In the first place," she continued, "let me mention an important point which everybody who came to witness my performances totally overlooked. I never professed to be either magnetic or mesmeric. Other people advanced the theory, not I. I did contend that I was able to accomplish some seemingly extraordinary feats, and I accomplished them. There the matter ended. When I was engaged by managers who had witnessed my representations they did not inquire as to whether I was the possessor of any peculiar or unknown force; they simply made contracts with me under certain conditions, namely, that I was to give so many performances for so much money, and I gave them. If people chose to write me up as mesmeric or magnetic that was their affair, not mine."  
"Then you did not accomplish your feats through the aid of any unknown force?"  
The charmingly naive child of nature giggled again as she answered, in a very non-committal way: "We won't discuss that point, but I will tell you what I will do. With ten minutes' instructions I will enable you to perform. Do you wish to try?"  
Do you remember the contents of the article and holds it before him at arms' length with a hand tightly gripping each end of it, and endeavors to stand still after I have placed my hand gently upon it. Let us try it. Take the stick."  
I did so, bracing myself as rigidly as an iron bar. The young woman laid the palm of one white hand lightly upon the rod, and after a moment I felt myself swaying to and fro. Then I was jerked violently forward, thrown backward and yanked promiscuously about the apartment until I was entirely out of breath and began to feel very red in the face. I sat down puffing and panting, while my fair hostess giggled gleefully. The thing was as great a mystery to me as ever, and I confessed the fact as soon as I had recovered sufficient breath to express myself in words.  
"It is very simple," laughed my friend. "I may have accomplished it by means of magnetism, but I will show you how to do it without. Take the case and brace yourself again. You see you are in a perturbed position, with every muscle strained to its utmost tension. Consequently the slightest pressure from me upon the stick, wheth-

## long ago.

### "What do you think of Lulu Hurst?"

"Precisely what she thinks of me."  
"And that is—?"  
"Ask her."  
ARTHUR ADAMS.

### THE SWEETEST NAME.

Likewise the Commonest Among Feminine Appellations.

More women have been named Mary than any other name which has blessed or cursed the feminine sex. It stands the typical name for the holiest and most the subject of women—for the virgin and the wanton. And in every language of Asia and Europe, as well as that of Egypt, this name appears almost without variation. It has been an equal favorite with the aristocrats of France and the puritans of New England, and it equally becomes literature or kitchen. It is stately when we speak of Lady Mary Wroth Montague; it is simplicity itself when we refer to Mary O'Brien, who brings in our breakfast rolls. At one time it may bring up a picture of a divine painted face, hanging in the rich gloom of an Italian gallery, and at another of a red-checked dairymaid, with her bare feet in the daisy grass. Two of England's five queens have borne it, and the most memorable woman that Scotland ever produced has made it immortal. The protestant women of France have dignified it, and the worst women of Russia have disgraced it. There are as many Marys smiling at the circling suns that make the brief summer by the northern seas, loitering through the luxurious days by the Mediterranean. The name that the Catholic missionaries gave to the first converted Indian nation was Mary, and perhaps the first daughter of every family for all time will stand in imminent danger of bearing that name, for it is the first to be considered in naming girl babies, and when rejected is always thought of with lingering tenderness. How many lovers have loved it! How they have associated it with purity and gentleness, with womanliness and candor, and with a fateful name it is! Its bearer's breast predestined to sorrow, yet it is gladsome, too. "My mother's name was Mary." What a pleasant thing to say! "My little daughter, Mary." Could anything be prettier? "My sister Mary, who is dead." What a wealth of tender suggestions! "Mary, my wife." What picture of home comfort!—Chicago News.

### Foreigners Possess the North.

The Know-Nothing movement of thirty years ago would be impossible of repetition now, except by foreign-born citizens and their children. Some of the States of the northwest contain a large foreign-born majority, and many regions in the older States contain a majority of citizens only one generation removed from foreign soil. Even in the New England States the tough and stubborn Yankee element which gave that region all its historical character, religion, literature and polity, is fast yielding to a mixture of peoples as diverse as those whom the King of Assyria planted in Samaria. The Southern half of the Union alone has escaped this change. The negroes, in repelling foreign immigration from that region, have protected it from the transformation wrought elsewhere, and preserved it to themselves and the descendants of the original colonists. The French still possess Louisiana; the Huguenot element is still to be traced in North Carolina, and the Scotch-Irish settlers in North Carolina; but the mass of the whites in the Southern States are of English descent, and possess the same aspects they did fifty years ago. They have several million negroes with them, it is true, and their presence offers a very difficult social problem for the future. But there is no intermixture; the whites live on one side of a race line, and the blacks on the other, as they did in the day of slavery, and when the people of the South are spoken of reference is had to the pure, unmixed descendants of the original colonists.—St. Louis Republican.

### The Man Who Laughs.

The man whose name reaches from one end of the street to the other may be the same fellow who scolded his wife and spanked the baby before he got his breakfast, but his laughter is only the crackle of thorns under the pot. The man who greets his laughter through his life, before a late breakfast, when he misses the train, when his wife goes visiting and he has to eat a cold supper, the man who can laugh when he finds a button off his shirt, when the furnace fire goes out in the night, and both of the twins take down with measles at the same time, he's the fellow that's needed. He never tells his neighbor to have faith; he delivers no homilies; the sight of his beaming face, the sound of his happy voice and the sight of his blessed daily power to give. The lines face before him as the fog before the west wind; he comes into his own home like a flood of sunshine over a meadow of blooming buttercups, and his wife and children blossom in his presence like June roses. His home is redolent with sympathy and love. The neighborhood is better for his life and somebody will learn of him that laughter is better than tears. The world needs this man; why are there so few of him? Can he be created? Can he be evolved? Why is he not in every house, turning rain into sunshine and winter into summer all the year round, until life is a perpetual season of joy?—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### The Sardine Fraud.

Last year the imports to the United States of genuine sardines from the Mediterranean amounted in value to \$599,539, on which duties amounting to \$170,750 were paid by consumers. In order to check this trade and afford more protection to the canning of herrings for sardines, Captain Boutelle, of Maine, has introduced a bill to raise the duty on foreign sardines to 45 per cent. By this method the distinguished legislator from Maine hopes that a better market would be afforded for the coarse little fish that are canned in Portland and preserved in oleomargarine or cotton seed oil and then fraudulently passed off under counterfeit French labels as genuine sardines of the Mediterranean. Instead of increasing the duties on sardines they ought to be repealed, and the men in Portland who derive a profitable trade by canning herring and selling them for French sardines ought to be punished for fraud.—Philadelphia Record.

## A NEW TRIP TO THE POLE.

### Another Bold Explorer Gone to the Arctic Regions—Sanguine Expectations of Success.

(New York Mail and Express.)

Col. W. H. Gilder has just sailed from New Bedford, on his novel journey to the Arctic regions, to settle, if possible—and he believes it is possible—the geographical problem of what there is at the northern axis of the earth. This expedition Mr. Gilder undertakes in almost the same manner that Stanley undertook his great equatorial journey across Africa, which ended in 1878 by his discovery of the sources of the Nile, the sources of the Congo, and his descent of that great African stream to its debouchment in the Atlantic Ocean. Col. Gilder's walk across Siberia, his sledge journey with Schwatka from North Hudson's Bay to King William's Land and return, including a summer search over King William's Land, is the longest on record, covering a distance of 3,250 miles in eleven months and twenty days. During the journey the travelers were required to live on the country through which they passed, as they only took with them a month's supplies. It was thus roughing it over the wearying wastes of that great land of desolation within the Arctic Circle that taught Gilder the true method of locomotion towards the Pole, precisely as Stanley's intelligent appreciation of the equatorial difficulties enabled him to go on a well-defined campaign against the climate, the topography and the inhabitants of Central Africa.

"My intention," said Col. Gilder, at the Victoria Hotel, where he was surrounded by a party of travelers and kindred spirits, among whom were Lieut. Schwatka, Oscar Sawyer and Mr. W. R. Griffith, who is to accompany him on his Polar journey, and who has made pedestrian tours of Germany and Northern Africa, and is altogether, by scientific training, physique, ambition and temperament, fitted for the dangerous undertaking, "is to leave New Bedford early in June on one of the two whalers which will leave for Hudson's Bay. I will be accompanied by Mr. Griffith alone, who is a graduate of Cornell University, and who will go along as an assistant observer; and," added the Colonel, with a grim smile, "to look after results if anything should happen to me. I shall have all of the best instruments that can be obtained, and many of this kind and quality have already been contrived; but it should be understood that the main object of this expedition, after I reach my base of operations, will be to push on towards the Pole and reach it if possible. This is the one aim and object of this attempt—my third one—within the Arctic circle. But whatever I can do in the interest of science, in laying down coast lines and plotting topographical features by observation or otherwise, will not be neglected. My set purpose, remember, is to push always northward, and if I stand at the very axis of the earth, no more is to be said—that will be my high-water mark."

"And how long will this little picnic game take you?"  
"I expect to return in 1890, or after an absence of about four years. My New Bedford whaler will take me up to the Cape Islands in Baffin's Bay, between the 76th and 77th degrees north latitude, and thence to Cape Sabine in 75 degrees 45 minutes, where Greely and his party wintered. I will go by some Scotch whaler, which I expect to find in those latitudes in Smith's Sound, and which will carry me as much further north as we can find open water. But at any rate, there is plenty of animal food in the vicinity of Baird Inlet, just to southward of Cape Sabine; and, if necessary, instead of making a coast journey on the western side of Smith's Sound and Kane Basin, I can pass inland and reach Fort Conger in latitude 80 degrees 45 minutes north, where there are plenty of supplies left by Lieut. Greely and which will be ample for the very polar object I have in view."

"How long will it take you to reach this point?"  
"About a year; and there I shall winter. Then I shall push my way to a northeastern direction and seek to make my point of departure at the spot where Lieut. Lockwood was forced to turn backward at latitude 83 degrees 24 minutes, or within 396 miles of the North Pole."  
"What, then, are the favorable conditions for reaching the Pole?"  
"I think I am not wrong in assuming that if I reach that point attained by Lieut. Lockwood, with adequate supplies for man and beast, the vexed problem of the Polar sea will be forever settled; if my best judgment and experience did not teach me this, I would not be so romantic as to undertake to leave the luxuries of this zone. When Lockwood was obliged to turn southward from that spot, less than 400 miles from the Pole, he could travel from seven to ten miles a day, owing to the condition of the surface. His supplies would not hold out and his orders were to return. This was in the month of May."  
"So you are confident of reaching the Pole if you begin where Lockwood left off?"  
"Yes. It will require less than thirty days' more travel, and I shall make every endeavor subsidiary to this one effort, for therein lies the mystery of the circumpolar world."

"How numerous a party will you take with you from the northernmost coast of Greenland yet reached by man?"  
"I shall have three young hunters and their families, and I shall get them from the country about Hudson Bay and Cumberland Inlet. You may add, too, that I shall in no way be embarrassed for funds or supplies. While my friends and those interested in polar discovery have sent me many valuable arms and instruments, and while such are always welcome, I have no misgivings about being adequately provided."  
Col. Gilder is a man of stocky physique, amiable disposition, self-confident without egotism, and self-poised without any of the I-am-he about him. His constitution has stood every shock that can visit a journalist, explorer and man-of-the-world, and his temperament every onslaught that makes dyspeptics of some and tedious narrators of others. He goes about his present undertaking without excitement or solicitude, just as if it were an every day affair.

## CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

### What They are Doing and Where They are Located.

The recent meeting of ex-Confederate generals at Montgomery, Ala., leads a Washington correspondent of the Louisville Post to look up the present whereabouts and occupations of some of the principal survivors among the leaders of the Confederacy. Of the six full generals appointed by the Confederate Congress, only two survive—Joseph E. Johnston, now United States commissioner of railroads, and G. T. Beauregard, adjutant-general of Louisiana and manager of the Louisiana lottery drawings.

Of the twenty lieutenant-generals appointed to the provisional army, several are living. E. Kirby Smith is professor of mathematics in the University of the South, in Tennessee. James Longstreet is keeping a hotel down in Georgia. D. H. Hill, of North Carolina, was, till recently, president of the Agricultural School of the State of Arkansas, and now earns a living chiefly as a magazine writer.

Stephen B. Lee is a farmer, and president of the State Agricultural College of Mississippi. Jubal A. Early practices law at Lynchburg. Of the major-generals, A. P. Stewart is now president of the University of Mississippi at Oxford. Joseph Wheeler is in Congress, is very wealthy, and one of the largest planters in Alabama. John B. Gordon is a millionaire railroad man.

General Long, of Florida, was engaged in Egypt till a few years ago, when he came to New York to work at the same profession. B. P. Cheatham was recently appointed postmaster at Nashville, Tenn. Sam Jones, of Virginia, is in the judge advocate general's office. Lafayette McLaws is postmaster at Savannah, Ga.

S. B. Buckner lives in Louisville, Ky., where he owns a great deal of real estate. S. B. French earns a scanty subsistence by engineering in Georgia. C. L. Stevenson is in Fredericksburg, Va. John H. Forney, brother of Congressman Forney, is in an insane asylum at Selma, Ala. Abney H. Manray is Washington agent of a New York life insurance company. John G. Walker is also in the insurance business. Isaac R. Trimble is in retirement in Baltimore on a fortune.

General Heath is employed by the government on some Southern rivers. Cadmus Wilcox is writing a history of the Mexican war. Fitzhugh Lee is governor of Virginia. "Extra Billy" Smith practices law at Warrenton, Va. Charles W. Field, once a doorkeeper of the House, is superintendent of the Hot Springs reservation. William B. Bate is governor of Tennessee. W. H. F. Lee is a Fairfax county farmer. C. J. Polignac, who came over from France to espouse the Confederate cause, is back in Paris busied with railroad operations.

William Mahone is in the Senate as is E. C. Walthall, of Mississippi. John S. Marmaduke is governor of Missouri. Pierce M. B. Young is United States consul general at St. Petersburg. M. C. Butler is a Senator of the United States. G. W. Curtis Lee is president of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va. Gen. Wade Hampton is in the United States Senate. Only a few of the several hundred brigadier-generals can be mentioned. West Adams is postmaster at Jackson, Miss.

Frank Armstrong is now waiting the Senate's confirmation to be Indian agent. John C. Brown was twice governor of Tennessee, built the Texas Pacific railroad for Jay Gould, and is the latter's attorney for all his roads west of the Mississippi, as well as receiver for the Texas Pacific, with headquarters at Dallas. J. R. Chalmers represented the "shoe string" district, in Mississippi, in Congress, until he was left last fall by party splits. John B. Clark, of Missouri, is clerk of the United States House of Representatives. F. M. Cockrell and A. H. Colquitt are United States Senators. R. E. Colston is in the surgeon-general's office. W. R. Cox, of North Carolina, is in the House. X. B. De Bray is commissioner in the land office of Texas. Basil Duke edits the Southern Bivouac at Louisville, Ky. J. T. Morgan, of Alabama, and S. B. Maxey, of Texas, are United States Senators. A. M. Seales is governor of North Carolina. C. H. Sherry is third auditor of the treasury. E. L. Thomas is in the land office of the interior department. R. M. Vance is assistant commissioner of patents.

### The Slaughter of Birds.

The recently organized Audubon Society for the protection of birds has collected some telling statistics concerning the slaughter of the feathered innocents. One Broadway firm buys from 500,000 to 1,000,000 small American birds every year, obtaining them from every State in the Union. Gulls, terns, orioles, crows, blackbirds, bobolinks, snipe, larks, sparrows, etc., are greatly in demand because they are cheap. Another house has 5,000 sparrows in stock; and 40,000 pairs of German magpies made up a recent consignment. A million bobolinks are said to have been killed in one month near Philadelphia, and one million larks had 200,000 bird-skins on hand at one time. The killing of birds in order to earn a few cents or dollars has become a common practice on Long Island and elsewhere. One of the objects of the Audubon Society is to secure the enactment of laws in all the States against the barbarous practice of making beautiful and harmless birds pay tribute with their lives to the demands of fashion.—Frank Leslie.

## FREEMASONS AND KNIGHTS.

### Extracts from the Canadian Bishops' Pastoral Letter.

The collective pastoral letter of the eleven Catholic Bishops of this province has proved a disappointment to many. It was believed that the Knights of Labor would be roundly denounced, whereas the anthem has been reserved for Freemasonry and the Knights are only casually referred to. The following are extracts from the letter: "Freemasonry lies in the hands of half a dozen unknown individuals with sinister designs. A great Protestant statesman wrote in connection with the European revolutions: 'All these great movements of oppressed nations, etc., are controlled by half a dozen individuals, who give their orders to the secret societies of all Europe.' It must be admitted that there exists in Freemasonry a concealed Board of Directors, which varies according to the times, place and country."

"Besides these societies there are other forbidden ones, which must be avoided under penalty of grievous sin, and among these must be remembered especially those which impose on their members a secret which is to be made known to no one, and an unreserved obedience to hidden leaders. Such is, in particular, the society known as the Knights of Labor, which the sacred Congregation of Inquisition has declared must be classed among societies condemned by the Holy See. The cosmopolitan character of secret societies, and that of the Knights of Labor in particular, necessarily exposes many who belong to them to the orders of a council sitting in a foreign country, which at a given moment may be opposed to interests and even at war with the Government to whom its members owe allegiance. The principal dangers of these societies are found in the fact that the members are bound to secrecy and become vile instruments in the hands of a few leaders who may exact from them the most outrageous and tyrannical acts as is shown by numerous most deplorable strikes."

"The Bishops have, it will be seen, left themselves free to change their front should the Knights alter their constitution so as to meet the wishes of the church. The principal stipulation will be that Knights shall sever their connection with the order in the United States. A meeting of the local branch is being held to consider the matter, and should they fail to come to an arrangement all Catholics will be peremptorily ordered to leave the society.—Montreal Dispatch.

### Middle Seats in a Car.

A very common theme of conversation among travelers is the question of whether or not a car rides easier in the middle than above the trucks. One of our railroad contemporaries some time ago published an article on the subject, and took the ground that there could be no difference unless the sills and framing of a car yielded like the backboard of a wagon. There is certainly no yield to car sills and framing; yet every old traveler avoids the seats, and especially the sleeping berths, above the trucks, and old travelers generally know what they are doing. If the party who insisted that there could be no difference in the motion in the different parts of the same car had ever crossed the stormy ocean in a moderately long steamer he might have received some enlightenment, especially if sea sickness urged him to find the point of least motion. It is well known that there is less motion amidships than there is at the stem or stern, and motion at the bottom of the vessel than there is on deck. A car acts in a similar way. Anything defective about the truck jerks the wheels, which transmit the irregular motion to the truck, and that in turn to the body of the coach.

### Responsible Talk.

The movement among a few veteran soldiers in this locality to create feeling in respect to the proposed visit of Robert E. Lee Post of ex-Confederates of Richmond, Va., to the New Hampshire reunion, at the Wars this year, is unwise and unprofitable. Elsewhere throughout the country this mingling of the gray and the blue has led to happy results, and no New Hampshire Union veteran can furnish any objection beyond a silly egotism to the proposed visit of R. E. Lee Post. If there is here and there one who thinks that his honor is in danger of being tarnished or his loyalty tampered with, this is a good time for him to take to the woods. When these squeamish gentlemen get through with this job, they might turn their attention to fencing out the east wind or putting a curtain in the sky to obscure the sun. If New Hampshire fits thus poorly in the Union of to-day that the tread of a lumbered visitor from Virginia is liable to displace it, it matters very little whether it stays in or not. But before the matter goes further we desire to remind these over-sensitive individuals that they are far from constituting the State of New Hampshire, or representing her veteran soldiers.—Manchester Union.

### Honor Among Thieves.

A burglar was going through a house in a Dakota town one night and discovered an exceptionally large roll of money. Curious to know whether he had broken into an editor's house or that of some other variety of capitalist, he turned to the owner, who had just awakened, and said: "Excuse me, Colonel, but I would like to inquire how you came by such an unusually large wad of wealth?" "Sir," replied the mounded man, "I am a member of the Territorial Legislature."

"A thousand pardons!" exclaimed the polite burglar, dropping the money. "Shake. We never steal from members of the profession. Good night."—Estlin Bell.

### An Unconscionable Strike.

The striking mania reached a colored preacher in a town in Mississippi the other day, and he arose before his congregation and said: "Chill'en, I've been tryin' hard to preach de gospel on 82 a week, an' I've got discouraged. You has either got to raise de salary to \$2, or I've got to go out an' skrimish fer 'em an' take my chances of grine to Heaven." By a unanimous vote of the congregation it was decided to continue the salary at \$2 and let him skrimish.—Wall Street News.

## NEW BREEDS OF SHEEP.

I am making two breeds of sheep. One I call the "Farmers' Sheep," and it is to be a mutton sheep, with thick fleece, thicker than that on the English breeds and better adapted to our changeful and rigorous climate. The truth is, no one ever yet imported any of the English breeds and kept them up to the standard of the imported stock. We need an American breed adapted to our climate and the modes of feeding and care we give. This will require a sheep with a very compact body and a close fleece; sheep with open wool are not suited to our wants. I shall not aim to get a good sized sheep with square body, broad back and short legs and as meaty as possible. Such a sheep will mature young and the lambs will do to slaughter young; and they will make a good weight. Legs and lankiness do not weigh much. I take pleasure in showing farmers my foundation sheep and the line of breeding. This year a pure-bred Oxforddown ram is being used. There is in reserve a dash of Merino to make the fleece more compact. It takes two years to fix types in breeding and to establish uniform characteristics. The sooner we begin such work the better. Why should we not have breeds of our own?

The other breed of sheep is "Mutton Merino." The future must necessarily find Merinos more plentiful than any other breed, as in the past. This is on account of their special adaptation to mountain lands, dry plains and rough and sterile places where other sheep would not exist. No others can endure what Merinos will, or thrive in such large flocks. But cannot Merinos be made to fill more than one sphere of usefulness, and thus become proportionately more desirable? Yes, and I wish I had got this idea twenty-five years ago and had just so much time to develop it. We must have a mutton Merino to give a large fleece of fine wool, and with characteristics well established, to breed a lamb which, with good keep, can be made to dress thirty pounds or more at four or five months' age, which is ten pounds ahead of the present average. Moreover, slowness for maturing must be bred out. The average Merino, although the smallest sheep, is the longest to get its full growth. I have my ideal mutton Merino, and am now using a ram which is perfection in some respects (wool and form), but of course the nature for quick growth is lacking. This must be coaxed into the blood by selection, crossing, and good feeding. The offspring must exceed the parents in size and rapidity of growth. A real mutton Merino would be the most valuable sheep in America, because adapted to such a wide extent of country and wants.—F. D. Curtis in The New South.

### The Catholic Cardinals.

Several of the New York papers in their articles on the cardinalate, make a mistake in saying that Cardinal Gibbons is a Cardinal Bishop. The distinguished prelate of Baltimore is a cardinal priest, just as was the late Cardinal McCloskey, of New York, and will so rank in the sacred college. On the first of January there were just sixty cardinals, the limit being seventy; of the sixty cardinals thirty-six were born and educated in Italy. The number of those styled cardinal bishops is limited to six, and these dignitaries live in Rome. At present five of the cardinal bishops are Italians and one is an Englishman—Edward, Cardinal Howard, archbishop of the vatican Basilica. The officers of the others are respectively dean of the sacred college, librarian, great penitentiary, prefect of the congregation of indulgences, and Lord Chamberlain. The actual archbishops of sees who are cardinals are always cardinal priests. Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, is archbishop of Westminster and the primate of the Catholic church in England. The famous Simeoni, prefect of the propaganda, is a cardinal priest; so also, is Jacobini, secretary of State. After the cardinal priests come the cardinal deacons, there being at present thirteen. John Henry Cardinal Newman, metropolitan, poet and preacher, one of the most eminent men of Great Britain, although a priest in the church, is a cardinal deacon in the sacred college. Cardinal McCloskey was the first prelate in America to receive the cardinal's hat. That was in 1875, when he was sixty-five years old. At that time Dr. Gibbons was bishop of Richmond. The second prelate to receive the cardinal's title was Bishop Gibbons, the first insignia having been handed to him at his residence yesterday. The third prelate in America who receives the same dignity is Archbishop Taschner, of Quebec. He was chosen a cardinal at the same consistory which conferred the honor upon Gibbons. Some of the New York papers have also made a mistake in stating that Ireland has two cardinals. At the time Archbishop McCabe was made a cardinal he was the only wearer of the red hat in Ireland, and he had borne the rank only a short while when he died, leaving no Irish cardinal; but recently Dr. Patrick Francis Moran, of Ireland, was sent to Australia as archbishop of Sidney and was created a cardinal. Dr. Walsh, cardinal McCabe's successor as archbishop primate of Ireland, has not been mentioned in connection with the cardinalate, so far as the public has been advised.—Richmond Star.

### Secrets of the Apothecary's Clerk.

There is one field in which, so it is said, woman, lovely woman, will never find employment. She can never be an apothecary's clerk, because she is not able to keep a secret. A pharmacy is a regular confessional, and into the ears of the discreet attendant are poured weighty secrets, which it would never do to intrust to the possession of the galling gossip-gone female. In the regular course of his business, the dispenser of pills and powders knows all about people's bodies, ailments and weaknesses, and becomes acquainted with little sins and things of that kind which the interested parties would not have the world to know for anything. Then, too, he learns who paints, who powders, who cats opium, who uses belladonna to brighten the eyes, arsenic to whiten the skin, who is obliged to use insect powder at home, and various things of that kind which would be too great a temptation for a talkative woman to give away.

Out a S. Frick, of Fairbanks, Lexington, cut a 15 pound cabbage from his spring patch on the 20th.