

The Horry Herald.

"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

VOLUME II.

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NUMBER 1.

The Strike at Gorton Gorge.

By Helen Forrest Graves.
Aretusa Allen was only eighteen when she came to Gorton Gorge to take charge of the district school—a slight, dark-eyed slip of a thing, with a low voice, and such a shy, timid way, that the big girls and the red-headed boys at once jumped to the conclusion that she would be conquered at once in her capacity of "school-ma'am."

They discovered their mistake, however, in a very brief period of time. Miss Allen might be quiet, but she had the spirit of a Joan of Arc. She reduced her little flock to order, and she kept them there, too.

Mrs. Binns, who presided over the Gorge House, also bore testimony in behalf of Aretusa Allen.

"I didn't suppose, when I first see her, that she would amount to anything," said Mrs. Binns, who weighed three hundred pounds, and stood five feet eight in her stockings. "A slim, school-girl-looking, creature like that! And I hadn't a room to spare, and I didn't see how I could possibly accommodate her. But she spoke up so pretty-like, that she hadn't no friends and didn't know where to go, says I: 'If you don't mind a room over the laundry, I can clear out some of the stores and put up a cot-bed till the season is over. It's a noisy place daytimes,' says I, with them Chinese cackling and screeching, but it's still and peaceable at nights. And if you'll help me make out the bills and keep the accounts, Miss Allen,' says I, 'I'll consider it in your board, for I ain't no scholar and never was.'"

Mrs. Binns was an ungainly creature to look at, but she was as beautiful at heart as the Venus of Medici's self, and Aretusa soon felt herself at home in the little room over the laundry, whose windows looked out at the thread-like fall of a silver cascade and the unfathomable gloom of the fir glens beyond. For Gorton was as lovely a place as ever leaned from mountain plateau over the misty valley below; and the Gorton House was full of city boarders.

Nor was the domestic staff contemptible. Mrs. Binns had all her servants from the city during the summer season and to all appearances, everything went on velvet. Until one foggy August morning, when Mrs. Binns awakened to find herself racked in every joint by acute rheumatism, and utterly incapable of moving.

She sent for Mrs. Mackenzie, the cook, to give the day's orders, but Mrs. Mackenzie did not wait to hear about roasting chickens and joints of spring lambs, before she began on her own account.

"Sorry to inconvenience you, ma'am," said Mrs. Mackenzie, with her arms akimbo; "but we ladies and gentlemen down stairs have concluded to ask for an increase of salary. And until you have conceded to our demands we shall be impelled to resist from work."

Mrs. Binns opened her eyes wide. "Ain't I payin' you good wages already?" said she. "And I can't afford to pay no more—not a cent!"

Mrs. Mackenzie took a piece of paper out of her apron-pocket and opened it.

"I have here, ma'am," said she, pursing up her thin lips, "the signatures of all the ladies and gents at present assistin' in the mediterranean regises down stairs, including the four waiters of the colored gender and the two Chinese washer-laudries; and we won't none of us stay another hour without you'll agree in acumentary writin', ma'am to raise our salaries."

And Mrs. Mackenzie tossed her head in spiteful satisfaction.

"I can't give no answer," said she—"not with this pain in my bones. Send Miss Aretusa Allen to me, please."

"Oh, certainly, ma'am—certainly!" said the cook, rising. "Sorry you feel so poorly, but you'll bear in mind, ma'am, that we shall expect an answer immediate."

And Mrs. Mackenzie withdrew.

Presently Aretusa Allen came in—for as it chanced the district school had closed a week previously, for the summer vacation—and found Mrs. Binns dissolved in tears.

"What is it, dear Mrs. Binns?" said Aretusa.

"The help has all struck for higher wages!" cried Mrs. Binns. "And I'm payin' 'em more than I can afford now. And all the prices of provisions have riz, and I may as well close the place at once. Oh, Aretusa, my head aches so I can't think! What shall I do? Tell me—there's a dear!"

"Nothing," said Aretusa, quietly. "Just lie down again and let me send for the doctor."

"But the boarders and the dinner?"

"I'll see to that," said Aretusa. "Trust me, and all shall be right. Those people down stairs have been growing idler, and more domineering and inefficient, everyday; and now they want you to pay them more money for doing less work. There

maker, and Kitty Plume, who wove rag-carpets, swelled the ranks of waitresses, as soon as they learned that Miss Sevier was going into the kitchen, and that Aretusa herself was to give out the linen and help with the desserts; old Mrs. Jenkins came as dishwasher.

"Anything to earn an honest penny," said she.

And the waitresses, when off meal-duties, were to act as chamber-maids, under Aretusa's own direction, so that by night-fall the new staff of attendants were all on service.

"Well," cried Aretusa, gaily, to Mrs. Binns, what do you think now?"

"I dunno what to think," said the landlady, with a sigh of intense relief. "It does seem as if you had witches' blood in your veins, Miss Allen."

The little band of industry worked well under its enthusiastic young leader. Of course there were some "hitches," some awkwardness, a few blunders. What house-keeping machinery was ever entirely devoid thereof? But on the whole it was a distinguished success. Gorton House had never known a better season. Mrs. Binns's treasury had never represented a more satisfactory balance.

And when the boarders, driven by keen October frosts, went away, many of them had engaged rooms for the ensuing season.

Mrs. Binns hugged and kissed Aretusa, with the heartiest good will.

"My dear," said she, "if ever a fat old woman as don't deserve it had a guardian angel, you're mine. And you'll be here next season to help me? Promise, now!"

"Oh, I couldn't promise!" faltered Aretusa. "I am going to Europe next summer, with—with Mr. Sevier."

For one second, Mrs. Binns was struck dumb.

"I might have known it," said she, recovering herself at last. "There wasn't never anything going on, but Mark somehow always got mixed up with it. He's the handsomest fellow hereabouts, as you are the prettiest girl. I hate to lose you; but I can't find it in my heart to grudge your good luck; and I must try and get along without you as best I can next summer, but I do hope to gracious that I shan't have no more strikes."

Saturday Night.

E. P. Roe's Idea of Authorship.

"It appears to me that the true impulse toward authorship does not arise from a desire to please any one, but rather from a strong consciousness of something definite to say, whether people will listen or not. I can honestly assert that I have never manufactured a novel, and should I am sure it would be so wooden and lifeless that no one would read it. My stories have come with scarcely any vilation on my part, and their characters control me. If I should move them about like images, they would be but images. In every book they often acted in a manner just opposite from what I had planned. Moreover, there are unwritten stories in my mind the characters of which are becoming almost as real as the people I meet daily. While composing narratives I forget everything and live in an ideal world, which, nevertheless, is real for the time. The fortunes of the characters affect me deeply, and I truly believe that only as I feel strongly will the reader be interested. A book, like a bullet, can only go as far as the projecting force carries it."

Just Like a Woman.

A husband was sitting in his store when a letter in a familiar handwriting was handed to him. It was from his wife whom he had left at home that morning with every assurance of affection and devotion. But the very first sentence startled him and as he read on the most horrible suspicion seized him, "I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that this trial was coming, but have kept it to myself until to-day, when it reached a crisis and I can keep it no longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the reward as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you. The flour is all out. Please send me some this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it." She was right. He didn't.

Mrs. John Chandler, who lives about six miles east of Marietta, Ga., set a goose in the spring. The goose sat on the eggs about a week, and died on the nest. She was taken off the nest, and a gander, mate of the goose, took her place and sat three weeks, when the eggs hatched, six in number. He cares for the little orphans just like a mother goose, covers them at night, and during the day leads them to where the grass is the greenest.

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What is an American?

Prof. H. H. Boyesen has an article in the July Forum which opens thus:

"What is an American?" an English traveller asked, some years ago, and answered in the same breath: "A more or less successfully disguised Englishman."

"Very much disguised," I remarked.

"I must disagree with you," said the Briton; "the less disguised he is—the nearest he comes to the English prototype—the better he is satisfied with himself." E. A. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, has defined an American as a transplanted Englishman, and a very much obscured writer, as a perverted Englishman—an unsuccessful attempt at an Englishman. It is only necessary to look at the Canadian, who is a transplanted and weaker copy of the Englishman, to detect how wide these definitions are of the mark. The American of today is the composite result of half a dozen transplanted nationalities; and individuals in whom the English of the Dutch blood is unimpaired are sufficiently rare to be worthy of preservation in an ethnological museum. The English race-type undoubtedly yet predominates, and has furnished some of the most valuable characteristics of the new nationality; but the modifications which this nationality has undergone and is undergoing, not only from the influence of its new environment, but from a steady admixture of alien blood, are so pronounced as to disguise, almost beyond recognition, its original British physiognomy.

There are no statistics extant showing what were the relative proportions of the English, Dutch, French, Irish, Scotch, Swedish and German elements in the three millions of Americans who survived the Revolutionary war and founded the republic; but we know the men of English descent not only predominated, but several times outnumbered the descendants of all the other nationalities put together. In fact, all other elements, except the Dutch, were of comparatively small importance. It was, to all intents and purposes, a new English nation which had made its appearance, emancipated, in part, from its allegiance to English history and tradition, and yet preserving the educational results of that long political evolution, in its stubborn self-respect, moderation, energy and power of organization. What the country would have been to-day if it had been dependent for its growth upon the natural increase of these three millions and their descendants, it were, perhaps, futile to inquire. That its population, territory, wealth and political power would have been far less than they now are is beyond dispute. But that it would have been a pleasanter country to live in, better governed, less corrupt, less harassed by menacing problems in its immediate future, seems equally certain. The fourteen millions of immigrants who have made their homes in the United States since the founding of the Republic, have immensely complicated the problem of self-government. Not only by their numbers, but by their alienism in thought and conduct, have they subjected a constitution, made by an English nation for its own government to the severest strain. They have modified and are modifying the race, producing (in conjunction with the changed social conditions) characteristics which seem hardly compatible with our former ideas of Republican Government.

The changed social conditions are, however largely the effects of the fiercer struggle for existence which results from immigration. In spite of the magnificent dimensions of our continent we are beginning to feel crowded. Our cities are filling up with a turbulent foreign proletariat, clamoring for *panem et circenses*, in an ancient Rome, and threatening the existence of the Republic if their demands remain unheeded. Every day during nine months of the year ships arrive from Europe, depositing upon our shores needy aliens, many of whom, if their extravagant expectations are disappointed (as they are bound to be) become the enemies of the State whose hospitality they have sought unbidden. These immigrants are no longer, as formerly, absorbed into the native population, and distributed among manifold industries awaiting their labor, but a large portion of them become a disturbing element, an unexpended surplus on the labor market.

The writer assumes that such half measures, as eight-hour laws and half holidays are futile to allay the symptoms of a vital disorder, and the remedy is a law to check the importation of unskilled labor. So long only as immigrants improved their condition by the change did they feel kindly to the new country, and because corporation greed of land has made it difficult for settlers to obtain cheap homesteads, the immigrant with strong arms and empty pockets has, in recent years, been obliged to hire out just as he did in the old

country; and though he has earned better wages, he has been required to work much harder, and his expenditures for all necessities of life have been greatly in excess of what he has been accustomed to. The consequence has been that, instead of feeling under obligation to his adopted country, he has had a sense of bitterness and disappointment.

Among the many with whom I have talked, of recent years, the sentiment was not uncommon that if a man worked as hard in Norway or Sweden as he is obliged to in the United States, he would be quite as well off, and have a very much more agreeable life than he ever could hope for here, where he must always feel himself a stranger. The buoyant and sanguine spirit which was so noticeable among the same class of people ten or fifteen years ago is now rarely to be met with, and the enthusiasm for American institutions which impressed me so deeply in the West during the first years of my sojourn there, I have never found among immigrants of recent years.

A sullen indifference in regard to all political questions which have not a direct relation to their pockets seem rather to characterize them. "American is all humbug," I have heard them say. "The poor man has no better chance here than in the old country. The Government is for the benefit of the rich man. Everything is for sale here. You can become a Governor, a Congressman, a Senator anything you like—if you have enough money to buy a nomination. What is the good of calling that sort of thing Democracy, pretending it is for the poor man? I tell you everything here is a humbug."

That the unexpended surplus in the labor market, which is being constantly increased by immigration, is a direct menace to Republican institutions, as they now exist, has been strikingly demonstrated by the doings of the Knights of Labor, and by the alarming spread of Socialistic doctrines among the laborers in the great industrial centres. If my observations are correct I should say that 20 or 30 per cent. of all the German mechanics and working-men in the U. S. belong to or sympathize with Socialistic organizations; and though the Knights of Labor have, so far, in theory held aloof from them, they have, in practice, long since adopted their tenets. We are now told that the Anarchistic wing of the party has disbanded, and that the three other wings are about to consolidate their forces into one strong Socialistic labor party, the open purpose of which is to subvert the present social order, and overthrow our present institutions. It will be a novelty, at least in American politics, to have a party which differs from other parties, not only as to questions of policy, but as to the very right of existence of this Government. Every steamship unloading upon our shores its motley herd of Germans, Bohemians, Hungarians, Poles and Italians, reinforces the ranks of this party of destruction and prepares the way for a new revolution, or an attempt at revolution. One need impute no diabolical designs to these undesirable newcomers, in prophesying that they will sooner or later find their places among the subverters of social order. The very fact that there is no place for the majority of them; the very fact that they are, for the time being, superfluous—that disappointment and suffering are in store for them—will determine their future position. Socialism is the political name for discontent; and revolution is discontent reinforced by hunger. All the lower strata of society, and particularly the immigrated portion of it, are, at present, hungry—not necessarily for food, but for all the good things of life which are beyond their reach. They no longer accept their poverty and ill-luck as the inscrutable decree of a wise Providence; nor do they regard the present social order as unchangeable. A large proportion of them hate all who are better off than themselves, and are indefatigably active in spreading this hate among all those whose lot resembles their own. No sooner have they succeeded in demonstrating that they are a force that has to be reckoned with, than politicians, anxious to secure their suffrages, will profess to sympathize with their aspirations and promise to have the laws changed in their interest. That, by slow or rapid degrees, the point will be reached when it will be seriously proposed, by legislation, to despoil the prosperous for the unprosperous, I have not the slightest doubt. But, in case we regard a political campaign with such an issue (calculated to arouse all the most brutal passions in the contending parties) as undesirable, we need not deal with the problem before it has assumed this acute form, and, by restricting immigration, postpone the day of violent solution?

The points of the cultivator with which Frank Strait, of Corning, Iowa, was plunging, were melted by lightning, and Strait was killed. The only mark on his body was a dark blue spot on the side of his neck. His shoes and stockings were torn to shreds.

Lightning entered the residence of G. S. Mencham at Fruitland Park, Fla., and descended around the premises until, meeting an umbrella leaning against the wall, it ripped out the ribs and made a bonfire of the cover. It then left by the door.

Sam Jones's Sayings.

Sam Jones preached three sermons in this city lately. The sermons were, as usual, striking, the speaker also bringing his argument home by apt illustrations and entertaining anecdotes. Some of his pithy sayings are here given:

You can't make friends with God until you're sorry enough of your sins to quit them.

If a man repents he don't have to try to believe; it comes of itself.

God can't give you faith; you've got to do that yourself. God gives you sight, but seeing is your job. God gives you taste, but do you ever ask God to taste ham and eggs?

You may call this silly talk, but I'm talking to a silly crowd.

Foolishness is what you rub on foolish people.

A man once said to me, "Mr. Jones, when you have converted the hypocrites come and talk religion to me. These hypocrites are in my way."

I said "they wouldn't be in your way if they hadn't got ahead of you. Ain't you ashamed to let hypocrites get ahead of you?"

I've got more confidence in broad pills administered by a praying doctor than the finest science given by an agnostic.

I understand why old Bob Ingersoll is an infidel; it pays him \$500 a night to deny God, while he would not get \$10 a night lecturing that there is a God.

I wouldn't give 10 cents a dozen for Christians who won't pray in public.

There are a thousand differences between us but we are astonishing alike.

When an engineer goes down from his cab to oil his machinery I notice that he pours oil out of the same can upon all the parts, great and small alike. And so the Great Engineer of the universe pours the oil of grace from the great heavenly storehouse upon the great and small alike, and makes it as easy for one person as another to do right. If there is any one here who is not what God intended you to be it's because you won't give him a chance.

I am getting sick and tired of this cant: "It's so hard for me to do right." You're good for nothing, that's what's the matter with you.

I know it's a heap easier to be a gentleman than a vagabond. I've tried both.

"You whitened sepulchre," as used by Christ, means in nineteenth century parlance "You whitewashed rascals."

There is a difference between a man washed white and a whitewashed man. Christ's blood washed white. But when a man is whitewashed it scales off and leaves spots, and in damp weather it gets brown. Some people have got three coats of whitewash on and yet it keeps scaling off.

There is a difference between rest and resting. A resting is sitting down; a rested man is up and doing. The first thing Christ gives to a man is rest, and then he wants him to be doing.

Blessed be they who give, and blessed be those who do not give, for as they are blessed they will give.

The last step, the last thought, on earth means good-bye to the last opportunity.

God keep the day when the Church will kick out every man within its borders who deals in futures. The church and the preacher who depends upon such sort of people belong to the devil from hat to heels.

Brother, if you are not afraid of God you will have good reason to fear every corner of the fence.

God does not care for present events; He looks out for final results.

I'll make my bones ache dancing the pigeon wing if it will help me to heaven.

The curse of all the churches in this country is that they have got thousands of members who have never been convicted of sins, much less converted to God.

Whenever anything is wrong quit it, and quit it short off. A good many want to taper off in sin. They taper off general to the big end.

The sooner you die, the sooner you'll get to heaven if you've been a good man. No man is going to growl on getting into heaven ahead of time.

Don't consider yourself safe till you get there.

Heaven is just on the other side where a fellow has done his level best. The man who thinks he's safe and lies back on his oars loses heaven right there.

If I ever fall I'll get up and run right on; and if I can't run I'll do some tall crawling.

You take Baptist water, Methodist fire and Presbyterian hold on to what you've got," and you've got a sight.—*Baltimore American.*

Lighting entered the residence of G. S. Mencham at Fruitland Park, Fla., and descended around the premises until, meeting an umbrella leaning against the wall, it ripped out the ribs and made a bonfire of the cover. It then left by the door.

Words of Wisdom.

Avoid the company of those who talk unkindly of other people.

True gladness doth not always speak; joy bred and born put in the tongue is weak.

Men are apt to play with their health and their lives as they do with their clothes.

In warm moments form your resolution, and in cool moments make that resolution good.

There is a visible labor, and there is an invisible labor. To meditate is to labor, to think is to act.

The man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

Admiration is a forced tribute and to extort it from mankind (envious and ignorant as they are) they must be taken unawares.

Words are but the signs and counter-signs of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the capital which they represent.

Pride's chickens have bonny feathers, but they are an expensive brood to rear; they eat up everything, and are always lean when brought to the market.

Patience have her perfect work and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet.

Grit is the grain of character. It may generally be described as heroism materialized a spirit and will thrust into heart, brain and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man.

Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun.

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The fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence, than our faculties demand instruction and regulation in order to qualify us to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, or happy in ourselves.

A Woman's Soul.

"Now, Miss Pondaligan," said the Squire, "I am glad I have cornered you for I want a word. You are spoiling Mrs. Caverock. It is very kind of you to come, but don't condescend with her—it makes her worse. She waits stirring up. I know women."

"I—I not know them!" laughed the old man. "Golly! I have had sixty-five years, experience of them, and I ought to understand them."

No, you have spent sixty-five years in their society, and you understand less than you did sixty-five years ago. Then you might have learned now you are past acquiring the knowledge."

The old man stared at Lovey, amazed at her rascality.

"You think," pursued the girl, "that a woman's soul is to be tickled with a slater's sax. It is of too fine a nature to be touched even with the thumb. When a particle of dust enters your watch and stops the hands you hold your breath while you examine the works, lest a breath should rust them. A woman's heart is more delicate in its mechanism than that, and a rough touch and a rude blast will spoil it forever. You know our Cornish proverb, 'The earth is strewn with potshards.' It means that everywhere, in every village, almost in every house, are broken lives, lives broken by rough usage and careless handling. You would have used the finger-glasses for a jest and a forfeit, and heeded nothing if they fell and were shattered. We poor women are like these same finger-glasses, full of fresh and pure water for you men to dip your soiled fingers into and cleanse them—not for you to convert into bumpers to break for wags."

Chicago's New Password.

Wife—Cyrus, this is a pretty time for you to be coming in. It's half an hour past midnight. You've been at the club again, drinking.

Husband (with impressive gravity and maintaining his equilibrium with much effort)—M'ria, my dear, you do me injustice. I was caught on duty. Couldn't get off till a few minutes ago. Come straight home.

Wife—You are deceiving me Cyrus, say memomandransantificadu-bandanalpedonisemically.

Husband (cautiously)—Certainly my dear. Memoran—moran—bandansact—(getting reckless and letting go all holds)—G'out o' my way, madam! If I can't get into my own house 'thout giving fernal password I'll resign the head of this family. 'G'way.

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