

Special Requests.

- 1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post office address.
2. Business letters and communications to be published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary notes when required.
3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and on only one side of the page.
4. All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

THE PEOPLE.

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Engineers Making Love.

Nearly every engineer on the New York and New England Railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Britain, Conn. Every train would whistle a salute to some fair dame, and the din grow so fearfully ear-splitting that the authorities have had it stopped.

Bill Madden's drivin' her in to-day An' he callin' his sweetheart, far away— Gertrude Hurd—livs a down by the mill; You might see her beautin'; she knew it's Bill.

Everyone knows who Jack White calls— Little Lou Woodby y down by the falls; Summer or winter, always the same, See her or her lover callin her name— "Lou-le! Lou-le! Lou-le!"

But at six o'clock you can hear Twenty-one Go thunderin' war, an' of all the screams That ever started the rizin' sun, John Davis sends in your dreams.

But I don't mind it; I makes me grin— For just down here where the creek lets in His wife, Gertrude, can hear him call, Loud as a throat of brass can bawl— "Jee-roo-shies! Jee-roo!"

But at one fifty-one old fifty-four— Boston engine runs east, clear through— Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar With the softest whistle that ever blew.

An' away on the furthest edge of the town Sweet Sue Wintrop's eyes of brown, Shine like the starlight, bright an' clear, Wh' she hears the whistle of Abel Gray, "You-hear, you-hear, you-hear!"

Along at midnight a freight comes in, Leaves Berlin some time—I don't know when— But it rumbles along with a fearful din, Till it reaches the Y-switch there and then.

The dearest notes of the softest bell That out of a brass goblet fell, Wake Nellie from her dream— To her 's a wedding bell it seems— "Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

An' somewhere late in the afternoon, You'll see Thirty-seven go strakin' west, It's local, from Hartford; same old tune, New set for the girl that loves him best.

Tom Wilson rides on the right hand side, Giv' her a beam at every stride, An' he touches the whistle low an' clear, For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear— "Lu-le! Lou-le!"

So it goes on all day an' all night, Till the old folks have voted the thing a bore; Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right, For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow From a whistle to the girls they know, An' the stokers the name of their sweethearts tell, With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the swaying bell. ROBERT J. BENDER.

Preserving Grapes.

Inquiry is frequently made as to the best method of preserving grapes, without indicating the variety. Grapes differ in their keeping qualities almost as much as do apples. Wait some last for only a week or two, others, with a little care, may be had in good condition until after the holidays, and we have known them to keep well until March or later. The most generally cultivated grape, the Concord, is the poorest keeper, and we have not heard of any successful attempts to preserve it long after it is gathered. The Diana, Catawba, Isabella and Iona keep longest; the Delaware lasts for awhile, but not so long as the others. With more recent varieties our friends must experiment. There is much need of information regarding the keeping qualities of these grapes, to keep well, must be thoroughly ripe; some varieties color and are eatable some time before they are fully ripe. When the stem of the cluster loses its firmness and the portion between the fruit and its point of attachment to the vine is limp and hangs down as if it were a string, the fruit may be gathered. It is the practice of those who send fruit to market to place it in small baskets, after it has been exposed to the air for a few days to "cure." This renders the skin tough and prevents it from cracking in handling and packing. The boxes are then kept at as low and as even a temperature as possible without freezing. Large establishments have fruit houses, the walls of which are filled with sawdust to prevent sudden changes of temperature. For family use the grapes may be laid in convenient boxes, which should be covered to prevent shriveling from drying, and kept in a room that is not heated, or in a dry, cool cellar. Grapes have been kept by packing them in stone jars and burying them below the reach of frost. In Europe the canes are cut with the fruit on them and their lower ends placed in a bottle of water.—American Agriculturist.

A GIGANTIC CYCLONE.—A Michigan cyclone swept through a streak of timber, gathered up several cords of wood, carried it six miles across a prairie and deposited it on the premises of a poor widow, who was too poor to buy a stick and unable to carry it to the timber. There was at least ten cords deposited within easy reach of her home. Clever cyclone.

We contain small faults in order to instruct you that we have no great ones.

HOW THEY TAN HIDES.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A PRACTICAL TANNER.

The Old Way and the New Way—How Near They are Alike—The Smell of Russia Leather.

The march of the tannery has been westward, a result of natural causes. Hemlock and oak forests of the East have been depleted, and as it is necessary that the industry be nearer the base of supplies a removal to the virgin forests of the West was a business virtue. There are a few tanneries in Massachusetts, but they get their bark at large expense from Maine. In Connecticut there are only two or three—among them one at Glastonbury and another at Westchester. Not longer than 20 years ago there was a thriving tannery at Windsor. If the old ones have not been removed they have been closed and the tannery has returned to agriculture. Small operators cannot compete with big ones who use the most improved machinery.

Mr. Pliny Jewell, of P. Jewell & Sons, mentioned facts of interest concerning the industry. "We tan hides to-day," he said, "exactly as my father used to tan them in Winchester, N. H., years ago. Of course we have more facilities, but the processes are just the same. We tan more rapidly, to be sure, and this process is not productive of inferior leather, as some may argue; the product is every whit as good as that of years ago. We simply hasten the same result, that is all. My father's vats, when I was a very little boy, were out of doors, and when cold weather came he had to cover them over and let the hides lie all winter. Afterward he built a shed so that the hides could be worked as well in storm as in sunshine. In our large tannery near Detroit, Mich.—it cost us \$150,000—such a delay would never be thought of. There the work proceeds day in and day out year after year.

"Again, in old times the bats—a mixture introduced to remove the lime used to take off the hair of the hide—would sour if a thunder-storm came up. I remember times when we had to work Sunday to remove hides from this sour bats so that they wouldn't spoil. Now the bats never sour; scientific knowledge prevents it. We never use acids in our tannery. We leach the bark and use the liquor. Let me remark just here that you may have heard that it is injurious to tan leather with hot liquor. How absurd is such a statement! Why? you can't tan leather with hot liquor; it will close the pores so that none of the tannin can get in. It is very important that the liquor be not more than that of a blood heat. To insure this temperature we have built, at an expense of \$1,000, several cooling vats into which the liquor is run.

"I think that is a mistake," he said, when shown a published statement to the effect that American tanners had never been able to closely imitate the beauty and odor of the celebrated Russia leather. "I believe Russia leather is now made at or near Newark. I know my brother, when Minister at St. Petersburg discovered the secret. You have heard the manner of the discovery, have you not?"

"I have heard several versions of it." "Well, I will tell you the true version. Over in Russia they didn't think he had any practical knowledge of mechanics—they thought he must be as helpless as they. One day he was going through a tannery with some of the officials. Boasting a passageway he noticed some mixture in barrels. He didn't recognize its character, and thrust his fingers in several times as a sort of investigation. There was no handy washing-room, so he completed the tour with his soiled hands, but as soon as he reached his room he washed up. In passing his right hand over his face—as all men will, you know—he caught his nose between his thumb and finger—thus. There, most certainly, was the odor of Russia leather. "Russia leather to be sure," he exclaimed in ecstasy. He repeated the operation, and found the same odor. The secret was out.

"He didn't know the agents used, but it proved that they were employed, not to produce the fragrance, but because they were cheap. The General immediately wrote to Mr. Schultz, or the Shoe and Leather Reporter, and the process was tried in this country. The base of it was asafetida, which is also, as you may know, the base of Worcestershire sauce. Do I think the beauty of Russia leather has ever been reproduced here? Oh, yes, I believe it has, but the odor is all there is to it. You find Russia leather pocket books for 50 cents, do you not? Well, that's not the imported material but the leather successfully tanned here by the Russian method. "The acids," continued Mr. Jewell, "are used to a great extent in Europe and on the Continent because the oaks and hemlocks have disappeared or become so scarce that they can be obtained cheaper than the bark. Why, in England they strip every little twig to get the bark. In this country nothing but the trunks of trees are stripped. Most of the hemlock bark we use at our tannery comes from Canada. There are millions of acres of virgin oak and hemlock forests in the South and Southwest, in Pennsylvania and New York. The Adirondacks have

not yet been touched. There must be, I should think, material enough to last a hundred years anyway. And then other forests may grow. In New Hampshire to-day, where my father had his tannery, there is more hemlock than there was when I was a boy.

"An oak forest, however, is of slow growth. Soft wood springs up where hard is cut down. Chicago is our headquarters for hides," he continued. "We buy them wherever we can, but we get our great supply there. We use none but the best of American—cattle hides we buy none of the imported ones. Tanners manipulate buffalo skins, but they are not the skins of our bison; they come from India. The importation of hides is very large—some millions a year. I am not fearful that the American supply will be exhausted."

"Sumach is used as well as hemlock, and oak bark for tanning purposes, is it not; and terra japonica as well, which is supposed to have 50 per cent. of tannin—much more than any of the others?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sumach is used," replied Mr. Jewell, "and terra japonica as well. But do not call it by that name; it is known as gambier. It is very astringent, but I am not so certain about its exceedingly large percentage of tannin. I will show you some." An attendant brought a reddish lump. "There it is; that is gambier. Oh, it is very sweet and by no means unpalatable, although if you should swallow any of it, it would tan the inside of your stomach in less than no time. Terra japonica (Japanese earth) is gathered from trees in Japan. The drippings enter a receptacle placed in the earth at the foot of the tree, and when taken out in a gummy condition sometimes appear covered with earth. Therefore, the substance, which is the gum of a tree, has received the appellation of Japanese earth."

In tanning, the hides are first put to soak in a solution of weak lime water and hung up in a sweating vault so that just enough decomposition may set in to permit the removal of the hair. When this has been accomplished—and the critical period must be carefully watched so that the hides will not spoil—they are introduced after suitable cleaning to a solution of henbane or pigeon manure, which circulates through the pores and removes every trace of the lime. Then the tannin—vats are employed and after repeated chargings the hides become thoroughly saturated with the liquor and are tanned—that is, the pores of the skin have been filled with the tannin.

A good workman will increase the horn-dry skin 90 per cent. in weight by the process. Mr. Jewell says in the tanning of his hides, which are not usually so dry, the weight is enhanced 55 per cent. The changing of the hides from weak to increasingly strong liquors usually ceases after 10 or 15 days. They are then placed in layaway vats. Upon each is a shovelful of ground bark and over all is the bark liquor. There are perhaps half a dozen layaways, containing two months or more, beginning with liquor of 10 degrees and closing with one of 30 degrees. At least four months is required for the entire process of tanning sole leather.

A City Moving Off on Wheels.

I arrived at Bartlett, D. T., about the middle of the afternoon of a beautiful day. I found some stir and activity among the people of the city, but it seemed to be the excitement incident to the emigration of a city on wheels. The people generally had abandoned all hope of the city, and were moving their houses bodily to Devil's Lake and other places. The houses were first lifted on to large timbers of sufficient size and strength to bear the weight of the house. These timbers were then suspended under two monstrous freight wagons on either side of the building; four large horses or oxen were then hitched to the wagon on each side, and the road to Devil's Lake being across a smooth prairie, the teams were able to move along easily with a fair-sized building. Some of them, with the teams attached, presented to my mind sights most magnificent. It was the first time that I had ever seen a city moving on wheels. I had seen people moving on a large scale in their so-called "prairie schooners," but the sight was tame compared with this. I thought of a remark I once heard to the effect that "the approach of a train of cars drawn by a powerful engine was a magnificent sight to behold," and I thought to myself a road lined with two-story houses, moving to the music of the steady tread of teams of eight powerful oxen, was a sight equally magnificent. And such was the fate of the once proud city of Bartlett.

Jack had gone off and got himself lost, and he also found himself and walked home. "Are you not sorry that you ran away and got lost?" asked the paternal ancestor with a tone of grief and reproval. "I wasn't lost." "But nobody knew where you was." "I knew where I was myself." That settled it. A boy who knows where he is himself can never get lost.

A woman in Philadelphia has charged a man with bewitching her, but there is nothing strange about this. It often occurs and then an elopement follows.

The Manufacture of Matches.

The ingenuity and skill required in the manufacture of matches are matters that rarely enter into the minds of those who use them. Yet the match-making industry has reached vast proportions in the United States and Canada, which can be better realized when it is known that one firm alone paid \$4,000,000 in taxes during the year 1881, being at the rate of one cent per box. From the correspondent of a Scotch publication, who has been visiting one of the largest factories in Canada which manufactures match-boxes and match-splints, we learn something of the labor required in the production of this domestic necessity.

The wood used is pine and spruce, the poor ends of merchantable lumber. In consequence there is an enormous waste in manufacturing. Match-boxes are made from a square piece of wood by one turn of a machine, after which process, which leaves them rough, they are placed in a hollow roller which is revolved by water or steam power.

By this means all defects are removed. The match-sticks or splints are cut double the length of a match by a machine, which cuts them with wonderful rapidity, as many as 40,000,000 splints being made at some factories every day. When the splints are made they must be dried. For this purpose they are packed in racks placed in rooms heated by steam pipes.

After being taken from the racks the perfect splints are sorted from the imperfect ones. This is not such a serious task as may be imagined, and is accomplished by skillful shaking, by which the bad ones are made to go to the top. These splints must then be dipped on both ends into the phosphorus and cut into two, and the match is ready for the packers' hands. The bulk of the labor is performed by boys, girls and young women. They work ten hours in each twenty-four. The young women are paid the magnificent sum of forty cents a day, the boys and girls a trifle more than half that amount, which seems like offering a premium for vice and immorality.

Disarmament of War.

The Paris correspondent of the London Standard observes that, while the Parisians are discussing the possibilities of a war with China, they are overlooking a serious and much greater danger nearer home. He says: "Roumania, Servia, Italy and Spain have become members of the Austro-German alliance, and I have reason to believe that this alliance will very shortly have a practical result. I am assured by a person whom I know to be in the confidence of Prince Bismarck that Germany has agreed with Austria and the other members of the alliance, which now embraces the whole of Continental Europe excepting France, Russia, Denmark and the Scandinavian Kingdoms, to propose a general congress with a view to a mutual and general disarmament. As to the time when this thunderbolt of war is to be launched under pacific pretences I cannot say; but I am assured it has been assented to by Austria, Spain and Italy, and I can hardly suppose that some inkling of the matter has not reached Her Majesty's government. Some knowledge of it has certainly reached Russia, and it would render the coup d'etat in Bulgaria intelligible enough."

A Hotel for Wonders.

The most curious of all Paris curiosities will cease to exist when the demolition of the Grand Hotel Leguay, known as "La Table d'Hotel des Monstres," is completed. The hotel in itself is like any common provincial hotel, but the guests of its table d'hotel, as described by the reporter of the Lanterne, form an assembly hardly to be met with in any other place. "Dinner being announced," says the privileged guest, "the first couple to enter the dining hall with an air of perfect propriety are a bearded woman accompanied by a skeleton-like gentleman. She receives his whispers with thoughtful eyes, gently stroking her beard. A dwarf with an enormous nose sits next to them on a high stool; her neighbors are a well known showman, who now and then turns his face round to the middle of his back—a convenience whenever the waiter is wanted—and a young giantess of sixteen, weighing four hundred pounds. Somnambulists, acrobats and many more of the same school complete the circle, who, after their meal is ended, will sometimes for the benefit of an occasional visitor unite in a dance, fantastic, grotesque and hideous to the last degree."

Young George Vanderbilt, fourth son of the millionaire, wants to be a newspaper reporter. There it crops out again; the natural, educated and hereditary greed for gold; the insatiable thirst for wealth, the passion for amassing millions by the easiest and quickest methods, and reaching a fabulous competence by the shortest way. It's a family trait.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Even if a boy is whistling "I want to be an angel," it is better to keep the cookies on the top shelf and put the stroller in the garage.

CASTING GEN. LEE'S BODY.

GREAT CARE REQUIRED TO MAKE A PERFECT CAST.

An Interesting Operation in Mercer Street—How Heavy Castings are Made.

There was a gala day last week at the foundry in Mercer street, New York, which is making the castings for Doyle's colossal statue of General Robert E. Lee, ordered by the city of New Orleans. The statue is to be sixteen feet high. The figure is being cast, according to the ordinary practice, in fragments, which will be riveted together so deftly as not to show any of the joints. The statue represents the Confederate General standing in a contemplative attitude with his arms folded. His military boots have already been cast and one-half of his folded arms, and on the day of which we write the principal fragment, consisting of the chest and abdomen, was cast, requiring over 2,000 pounds of metal. The visitors stood upon a mound of some other part of General Lee's body, which is ready, or nearly so, for the metal, and upon such other places as seemed out of danger. Silence had been requested, as heavy castings are awkward operations, and the foreman is the only one who is permitted to speak until the metal has ceased to flow. The clay mould in its iron castings was in the centre, showing clearly the hole into which the molten bronze was to be poured from a huge iron pot swung by strong chains from a stout crane.

Around the furnace were the crucibles of fire-clay, in which the bronze glowed with a fierce, dull-red light, brightened by occasional flames of a blue color. Each crucible held 400 pounds of metal, and to each crucible were six men grasping the handles by which it was to be raised. At the great pot swinging from the crane were twelve men, six on each side, each holding a stout wooden bar fastened crosswise to the iron bar that went across the pot. Four men stood with lighted torches, the plugs of cotton waste in the vents through which the gases must escape when the flow of metal began. Jean Pischoff, the foreman, raised a whistle to his lips and gave a shrill call. He then cried in French—"for all the workmen are French—"Raise the metal," and the seven crucibles went up with unanimity and precision. "Pour the metal," and the contents of each crucible were poured into the big pot. "Pour!" he now shouted like a maniac. "Fire the vents," and the huge pot was tilted up, half the men raising and half depressing their bars. The operation of pouring was soon over, and the vents were left as clean and clear as could be desired. "It is a good casting," said the foreman, "or there would have been trouble in one of the vents." General Lee's head is to be cast shortly.

Pensions Not Applied For.

A Washington dispatch says that Pension Commissioner Dudley takes exception to the charge made in certain quarters that the soldier is degenerating into a grabber and is trying to coin his services and his wounds into the highest possible amount of cash, often to the prejudice of the interests of the national Government. To show the injustice of the outcry against the soldiers, Gen. Dudley states that there are living to-day almost as many veterans who have not applied for pensions as there were soldiers on the roll of the army in May, 1865.

There were 1,000,516 names on the rolls on that date, and there are at the present time 922,000 veterans who have never asked a dollar of the Government. There are on the file in Washington 109,000 certificates of disability that have not been acted on, simply because that number of living veterans, who are clearly and indisputably entitled to pensions, have not asked for anything at the hands of the Government. Although lists of the pensioners now on the rolls were printed in many newspapers throughout the country several days ago, not a single complaint has reached the pension office going to show that persons not entitled to receive pensions are getting assistance.

A WARNING.—An exchange desires to warn farmers against a new swindle. Two strangers meet at a farmer's house to stay all night, and during the evening they got up a trade between themselves, which requires a witness, and the farmer is asked to sign the papers, simply to witness the trade. If he does so he soon finds that his name is signed to a note which he has to pay. The law does not appear to touch these cases, but it certainly should be made to do so.

THE STEAMSHIP SHAM, while on her way from King George's Sound to Columbia, passed for more than four hours through lava, which extended as far as the eye could see. The lava was floating in a succession of "lanes" of from five to ten yards wide, and its direction was northwest to southeast. The captain says: "The nearest land was the coast of Sumatra (distant 700 miles), but there was a current of 15 to 30 miles a day, setting to the eastward, the lava could not have come from there, and I can only imagine it must have been an upheaval from somewhere near the spot." There was a volcano near the locality in 1769.

SAVING PORTER'S FLEET.

The Wisconsin Lumberman and His Primitive Engineering.

M. Quad, of the Detroit Free Press, gives us an interesting account of the dam built by Capt. Bailey, of a Wisconsin regiment, in the Red River during Banks's famous campaign, which dam saved Porter's fleet, which had accompanied the expedition. The vessels of the fleet had made their way up on a rising river, and were all above the Alexandria Falls, when, early in May, Banks received orders to evacuate the country.

When Porter was informed that the army would soon take up the march in retreat his entire fleet was above the falls. Some of the vessels had been taken above after great trouble and now all were in a trap. The river had fallen until there was not sufficient depth to float the lightest craft over the falls.

The current of the river was about eight miles an hour and the greatest depth of the water on the rapids only six feet. The bed of the river seemed full of rocks and the waters tumbled over them until it seemed as if a skiff could not find a safe channel. Porter must either get his fleet below these rapids or abandon it and march his men with the army.

Captain Bailey was a Wisconsin lumberman. He saw at a glance the position in which the fleet was placed, and the danger to it. He had assisted in taking many log jams over the falls in the Wisconsin river when the water is low, and he saw at a glance that the plan followed there would answer in the present emergency. He had plenty of men and plenty of trees. The latter were cut down and with their full branches were placed in the water and sunk. The gathering sand assisted in forming the dam, and in a remarkably short time the water in the river bed was turned into a narrow channel left between the dams of trees extending from either shore.

The fleet, as is well known, passed through in safety. The engineers, of course, laughed at Bailey and his scheme, and even Porter, before the work was begun, scouted the idea and announced that he would blow up every boat in his fleet if the water did not rise in time.

But for Bailey's dam Porter could not have saved his fleet, and Bailey, in speaking of the affair, modestly disclaimed any credit for ingenuity, as the same thing had been done thousands of times.

The Confederates were sadly disappointed at the result, as they believed the fleet of gunboats as good as in their power. A piece of similar primitive engineering was performed by another Wisconsin soldier, Capt. P. H. Ray, during Ouster's Northern Pacific expedition. The command came to a river that the melting snows had flooded so that it could not be forded. The army was on the eastern bank of the river and the necessity for its advance was urgent. The engineers were unable to suggest any plan, as they were without pontoons or boats. Capt. Ray took the boxes of the wagon train, covered them with paulins and thus made boats in which the infantry crossed. With rafts made of these boats the artillery and stores were taken over. Although the engineers laughed at his plan, the army felt that the Wisconsin Captain had brains.

Very Plain.

George F. Barstow, of San Francisco, who left an estate valued at \$90,000, gave these injunctions in his will: "Having observed that ostentation and expensive funerals are injurious to the people, after absorbing money which poverty cannot well spare to vanity and pride, therefore, by way of example, for which I beg pardon of the undertakers, let my coffin be a plain redwood box, put together with common nails or screws, without paint or varnish, with plain iron handles, and all else about the funeral to correspond with the plainness. Let there be a cheap shroud and no flowers. What is a dead man but a handful of dust? Instead of a hearse I may just as well be carried to the grave upon some ordinary vehicle in every day use, since life is but a journey and the day of death the final rest."

A ROUGH STORY EVEN THAN THAT which came from Halifax a few weeks ago about the wrecked bark Britannia being left to her fate by a vessel which approached and then sailed away from her while she was making signals of distress, is now told by the captain of the wrecked bark Lizzie, who, with his crew, was rescued from open boats at sea by a sailing vessel. He says that while his vessel was in a sinking condition, and the crew were working for their lives at the pumps, five steamers passed so close that they must have heard his guns and seen his signals of distress, and yet took no notice of them. No writer of sea yarns would have dared to tell so foul a story, and the worst of this is that it is true.

"ENTIA" asks the teacher, "which animal attacks himself the most to man?" Emilia, after some reflection—"The leech, sir."

AN INTERRUPTED PRAYER.

A SAD CONVERSION CAUSED BY THE WELL-MEANING COLONEL.

Why a Divine Could not be Induced to Continue the Good Work.

Unintentional carelessness sometimes brings the gospel into contempt. Ministers who profess to be no respecters of persons but "sins up" men instead, sometimes make errors that drive well-meaning men away from the fold. The other day a new minister while making calls in the suburbs of the city, visited the house of Colonel Alfred Coledon, a well-known citizen. Colonel Coledon was at work in the garden a short distance from the house. He was dressed very plainly, of course, in fact he looked very much like a day laborer. The minister passed him without speaking and entered the house. The colonel turned and watched the divine while an expression, closely resembling one of contempt, settled on his face and seemed to hang in dark folds from his bulging brow. Shortly after the minister entered, Mrs. Coledon, who is devoted to the church, came out and said:

"Colonel, Brother Rize is in the house and is going to pray with us." "I'll be blamed if he prays with me," the colonel replied. "He passed me just now in his high-headed way without even noticing me. Now he wants to pray with me, eh? Confound him, if he fools with me I'll wrap a hoop-pole around him. Fine preacher of the gospel. Takes me for a tramp, no doubt. You can go on and pray all day with him if you want to, but count me out, if you please."

The good woman was grieved, but knowing that argument would be useless, she went back into the house and was soon kneeling in devout prayer. Just about this time a cow jumped into the garden, and the colonel, calling his dog, barked the animal on the invader. The dog barked furiously and chased the cow around the house. Her bell rang like a fire alarm, and infuriated she rushed on the porch. The colonel seized a squash, from which all healthfulness had departed, and threw it at the cow. The squash went through the window and struck the minister on the left temple, smashing all over him, and giving to his evangelized head a coloring that would have driven him, had he appeared in such a plight, from any well organized body of religionists. He sprang to his feet just in time to meet the cow, who, followed by the dog, rushed into the room. The cow knocked him down and tramped on him. He arose with great difficulty just as the animal, finding an outlet in any other direction impossible, turned to go out. She knocked him down again, and pounded him in the back with her sharp hoofs. The colonel rushed to the rescue, and apologized, and washed the minister's head, but the good man could not be induced to continue his prayer.—Arkansas Traveler.

Called Out. The Statesville Landmark says:—Mr. Patrick Henry Winston, Jr., who has just joined the Republican party, was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention which met in St. Louis in 1876. He acquired prominence in that body, according to a story of his own telling, in this wise: While a certain eminent statesman was addressing the Convention, a certain person passed rapidly among the delegates, none of them knowing who he was, and whispered to as many of them as he could reach to "Call for Winston!" When the speaker concluded, one universal shout went up for "Winston; Winston!" Patrick Henry mounted the platform and was unlimbering for a speech, when a delegate with a shrill voice screamed out from the middle of the hall. "Why, that's the little rascal that told us to call for Winston!"

Four Minutes Cost \$25,000. On the day of one of the great failures in Boston recently a check of the insolvent firm for \$25,000 was deposited in a Boston bank and sent to the Clearing-House. It was then transferred to the account of another bank and was taken to that bank for redemption. The rules for the Clearing-House Association provide that checks when proved to be worthless shall be returned to the bank from which they were received before 1 o'clock on the day they are received. By courtesy the bank allows five minutes more. The bank which received the check in question, finding that it was not good, returned it to the other bank, where it was received just four minutes before 1 o'clock, and the holder of the paper loses \$25,000.

"GENTLEMEN," remarked a long-winded chairman after an exceedingly long session, "we want unanimity in our deliberations, as it were; we want perfect harmony." "So do we," shouted the quizzed listener, "but we don't want to give an harmony."

"ENTIA" asks the teacher, "which animal attacks himself the most to man?" Emilia, after some reflection—"The leech, sir."