

WELL, HERE IT IS!

Tillman Says One of His Lieutenants is a "Coast-Tail Swinger" Because he Refused to Do his Bidding.

Mr. George W. Sullivan writes the Greenville News as follows: In a conversation recently at Belton, in the presence of the Rev. F. Auld, G. W. McGee and the proprietor of the hotel there, between Prof. John G. Clinkcales and myself, I asked Professor Clinkcales why W. D. Mayfield was not canvassing the State with the other candidates, and he replied that he did not like Governor Tillman, and gave the following as his reasons: That Governor Tillman went into Mr. Mayfield's office and asked him to allow him (Tillman) to name all the appointees that he (Mayfield) had the right to appoint all over the State; that Mr. Mayfield told him it was asking too much that the people had elected him to discharge the duties of Superintendent of Education and he expected to do it.

That Tillman replied he was "nothing but coast-tail swinger" anyway, and ought never to have been put on the ticket. Professor Clinkcales was assisting Mr. Mayfield in his office at the time. Professor Clinkcales stated the same thing to other parties in Williamston and if called upon will substantiate the matter. Here is the Governor of the State, wanting, in addition to other powers, the right to appoint partisan men to control the education of the children of the State, in order to keep himself in office. Why not make him dictator and do away with the courts, the Legislature and all the State and county offices? Power! Power! Power! Give it all to me, is his cry! How long will free people stand this thing?

Campaign Issues.

The Courier Journal has the following: Opposition to the Republican party must be based on these issues: "Economy in expenditures. No force bill. Republican success means more juggling with the currency for speculative purposes; a continuation of the McKinley tariff; corrupt and extravagant appropriations and a force bill.

"White men of the South, do you want negro postmasters and negro supervisors at the polls? "Do you wish a continuance of the iniquitous McKinley tariff? "Are you satisfied with extravagance in high places? With bounties, and pensions for everybody but yourselves? "If so, vote for Harrison or Weaver, it does not matter which. "Weaver is a worn-out politician who won a little easy prominence by abuse of the South.

"Will you turn from Cleveland, who put your sons in the cabinet, on the Bench and in diplomatic service, to Harrison or Weaver, who stand ready to re-establish negro supremacy under the guise of the force bill? "Let farmers, laborers, rich men, poor men, all work together for the re-election of Cleveland?"

The Advantages of Rest.

There is no better preventative of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open air exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays in toilsome mountains. One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business in England, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much injury. The nerves can often be overcome by strategem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.

Great Men and Small Matters.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the great men and millionaires of the world ignore the small affairs of life. From Napoleon down the most successful men have been noted for their mastery of details and for their close attention to little things. Prince Bismarck, for instance, does not give his entire time to the matters that are discussed by courts and cabinets. He watches his farming interests, and last year he cleared \$40,000 on his cattle, geese and various minor products.

Mr. Gladstone is a literary man as well as a statesman, and a stranger would naturally suppose him to be careless about such a trifle as money. The very reverse is the case. The grand old man is opposed to all forms of extravagant expenditure. Both he and Mrs. Gladstone are economical almost to penuriousness in their personal expenses. This economy extends to food, dress and everything.

Our great millionaire, Mr. C. P. Huntington, when a boy working in a store, made it a point to pick up every little nail. He did not wait until he found a big one before exerting himself. He is now sixty years old, but he still considers the details of business as important as the result. He works harder than his clerk from 6.30 o'clock in the morning to 9 in the afternoon, and personally supervises his vast interests.

To a really great man nothing is too small for his consideration. When he has a fortune at his disposal he does not waste it. Some of his expenditures may startle his neighbors, but there is a method in his apparent extravagance.

Many a young man has been misled by Bob Ingersoll's advice: "If you have only half a dollar," said the eloquent infidel, "spend it like a prince." This is well enough, but it should be recollected that a wise prince—such a prince as Bismarck—knows the value of half a dollar, and when he spends it he gets his money's worth in some shape or other. The proper utilization of the small things—the trifles of life is the foundation of success.

All our sympathies, all our convictions are with the opponents of Cleveland and Stevenson and Shepard and Orr and we would like to work night and unvaryingly for their defeat and the triumph of the Reform party, but really with such a political monstrosity as Tillman, slandering and maligning good people and inciting to riots and murder, offering to lead lynch parties, coupled with the selfishness and deception of other so-called Alliance leaders, we are so disheartened and disgusted that we are almost tempted to oppose the party of our own principles in order to discard and defeat such leadership. With honest, brave, true leadership the reform party would command the highest degree of respect, enthusiasm and support. Now it seems that we must first turn aside and defeat our leaders in order to get on the right line for real reform. It is a hard but an essential task to be performed in the public interests in our opinion.—Sumter Freeman.

There is no difference in the mind of God between the man who breaks the Sabbath and the one who sells goods by a short yard stick.

Manma—When that boy thrives stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me, instead of throwing them back? Little son—Tell you? Why, you couldn't hit a barn door.

Colorado appears to show a surplus of commemorative holidays. Among the anniversaries celebrated in the State are Watermelon Day, Peach Day, Potato Day, and Grape and Cherry Day.

Little Earl—My papa has to get up awful early, so as to get to the office to see if his clerks is there attending to business. Little Boy—My papa don't have to. He's one of the clerks.

It Should Be in Every House. J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Coopers Pt., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free Trial Bottles at Wilcox's Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and \$1.00.

MR. EVANS REPLIES

To the Columbia Register, and Suggests that Mr. McLaurin Suppress his (Mr. Evans') Card.

To the Editor of The News and Courier: The Register in commenting upon my communication in your paper of the 8th inst., in which I accuse J. L. McLaurin of bad faith and double dealings with me, (and which charge I take this opportunity to repeat) accuses me of going into a "Ring organ" to air my "imaginary grievances" and playing into the hands of the enemies of the people, when I sent the same communication through the same mail to the Register and it was not published.

Now I would like to ask my many friends throughout the State if this is fair play? And then again the editor of the Register head-lines a communication in defence of McLaurin, from one of his friends, "Slander Refuted." Now let Mr. McLaurin say whether I have slandered him or not, and I will publish what passed between us, and let the public be the judge. The only way that I can account for the conduct of the Register is that Mr. McLaurin has had so much to do with the editorial matter of that paper of late that this article of mine did not suit his fastidious taste, and was therefore suppressed.

If Mr. McLaurin is not guilty of the charges which I prefer against him, why is it that he told me at Florence that he did not speak to me at the State Alliance meeting was that he was ashamed to face me? Why is it that the editor of the Register expressed to me the deepest regrets for the part that he had played in boomer McLaurin, and tell me that he was persuaded into it.

W. D. EVANS.

Bennettsville, August 12.

From time immemorial men have been held up for examples, and now and then they have been held up for what they had about their clothes.

Statistics recently compiled show that about 15,000 miles of new railroad were built in this country during the first six months of the year.

A lawyer being interrupted said: "I will speak, sir as long as I please." "You have spoken longer than my please," was the opponent's retort.

The brutality of English electors is shocking. They often beat a candidate so that he is laid up for days. In civilized America we merely blast his reputation for life and let him go on.

Palos, Spain, will have a Columbus celebration, beginning on August 30 and lasting till October 3, the anniversary period of Columbus's voyage.

Bees are said to have such an antipathy to dark-colored objects that black chickens have been stung to death, while white ones of the same brood are untouched.

BESSIE, THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

(Published by Request.) I am an orphan girl, left all alone. No friends, no mother, no father, no home, no one to love me—none to care.

Wandering alone in this world's wilderness. On the gloomy night, out in the street, Begging a penny from each one I meet; Begging a penny to buy me some bread, Father is a drunkard and mother is dead.

Oh, God! pity Bessie, the drunkard's lone child. Mother, oh! why did you leave me alone? No one to pity me, no friends and no home! The night's cold and dark, and the storm raging wild, Oh, God! pity Bessie, the drunkard's lone child.

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam, No one to pity me, no friend and no home; Nobody cares for me—no one would cry, Even if poor little Bessie would die! Barefooted and hungry I wandered all day, Asking for work, but I'm too young they say; Down on the cold ground at night I lay my head.

Father is a drunkard and mother is dead, We were so happy 'till father drank him, Then all our sorrows and troubles began; Mother grew pale—she wept every day; Poor baby and I was too hungry to play; Slowly they faded, 'till one summer night Found their sweet faces all silent and white; With tears rolling down, in deep anguish I said, Oh, father is a drunkard and mother is dead!

Oh, if some Temperance man only could find Me, poor, wretched father, and speak to him kindly; Who could stop him from drinking, why then I know I could feel very happy again. Oh, is it too late? Men of Temperance, please try!

For poor little Bessie will soon starve and die; For all this day long I am begging for bread, My father is a drunkard and mother is dead.

A Dog Worth Having.

A woman living in a flat on Gates avenue, near the West Shore, owned a dog that is worth having. It is a mongrel cur as devoid of pedigree as a paving stone is of hair. Exactly how she came in possession of the dog she cannot say. He happened around one day in a forlorn and hungry condition, and being fond of animals she took pity on him, fed him and at once the dog located on the premises. He is a good deal in appearance like Snuffy's frog; that is to say, there are no points about this dog to indicate that he is better than any other dog. But, as the sequel will show, he proved to be an animal of singular judgment and good sense. The other day while roaming in the vicinity he found a five dollar bill. Now by what process of reasoning or by previous observation that dog had learned that money had no value or that five dollar bills were worth having, is impossible to say.

The fact remains, however, that the intelligent animal, after he had found the bill, proceeded to the efforts of a number of dogs. But, as the sequel will show, he proved to be an animal of singular judgment and good sense. The other day while roaming in the vicinity he found a five dollar bill. Now by what process of reasoning or by previous observation that dog had learned that money had no value or that five dollar bills were worth having, is impossible to say.

The Mockingbird in California. Some of my most intimate acquaintances have been the mockingbirds of the California groves. It seems almost unnecessary to care them, they are so happy among the ever blooming trees, and windows, all about the courts and under the eaves, and passing down the streets one hears at all hours the melody from the wonderful mimickers in their prisons. It is a cheerful sound, yet I like better to listen to them as they sing from the balcony, at 6 o'clock, when the wild figs rear their massive canopies, where they may hide their young as they choose in the fragrant orange tree tops.

One splendid fellow has his perch on a tall pine, and sings with a clear and melodious voice, and the taller one, who is a more modest singer, has his perch on a low bush. The last time Union soldiers were here we didn't have cream for coffee for two weeks and we don't propose to let it again.

We soldiers, accustomed to pretty good fare, could not help laughing at the high fare of the Union soldiers. The high fare of the Union soldiers was a great help. I hastened to the kitchen and to say again that we would be as considerate as the necessities of the war permitted. Then we rode to the front.

The next morning I visited the house again to see about getting some provisions. The young women were still laughing, but I did my best to soften their antipathy. I did have them much annoyed and they could not help being so. Somehow I found occasion to say a few words to the ladies, and managed to conjure up a second pretext before bedtime. At the end of a week the sisters regarded me more as an individual and less as a Union officer, for I studiously avoided referring to the war.

On an old tower in Nuremberg there is a room set apart especially for the preservation of the curious instruments of torture used during the uncertain period historically referred to as the Middle Ages. In that room you can see a pair of the most approved pattern closely arranged along shelves filled with "lar helmets" and "bridles" for gossipping women. One horrid relic, called the "spike wheel," is a heavy cylinder, on one side of which stand two or more rows of sharp iron spikes. In days of old when an offender had been sentenced to undergo a "rolling" he was stripped naked and firmly bound on a plank, face down. In this position the "spike wheel" was slowly dragged up and down his back, the number of times depending upon the gravity of the crime and the wording of the sentence.

In several instances the poor victims were prodded so full of holes that they died before they could be removed from the plank. When death was intended the number of "rolls" was not specified, but the number of spikes, red hot, were put in the surface of the cylinder. This mode of carrying out capital punishment was hardly as expeditious as the guillotine, but it was equally as certain.—St. Louis Republic.

Dangerous Germs in Ice.

So far as the salubrity of the natural as compared with the artificial ice is concerned, we may rest assured that as regards bacteria one is just as wholesome as the other, provided the water used in the making of the product is harmless and wholesome, whether it is absolutely germ free or not, for absolute freedom from germs—if these are not disease producing forms—is neither necessary nor especially desirable. It is not bacteria, but disease producing bacteria, which make of practical significance the invisible flora of either water or ice.—T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's.

An Opinion on Scarfpins.

The men that have been affecting the scarfpins with the made-up bows, and also with the cravats and Windsor that need no holding in place and disclose the shirt button or stud beneath, are of the genus duds that typify the most offensive phase of overdoing in their aping of the fashions of the day.—Clothing and Furnisher.

A Bad Boy.

Mother—Why don't you play with that little Peterkin boy any more? Small Son—Cause he swore. "Horror! Did he?" "Yes, he. He swore I stole his knife, and teacher made me give it back and licked me besides."—Good News.

Art Note.

The public makes me sick. Critic—Why, what's the matter with the nobody? You give even as much as ten dollars for my last picture. I've a notion to throw my brushes out of the window.

"Don't do that. Keep the big ones at least." "Why should I keep the big ones?" "You may need them some of these days in painting fences."—Texas Siftings.

HARDLY A ROMANCE.

A STORY WHICH WOULD BE IMPROVED BY A LITTLE FICTION.

The Judge on Board an Ocean Steamer, When Near Home, Tells About an Interesting War Experience Which Was, After All, Disappointing.

Fire island would be sighted the next day if all went well, and the great steamer rushed through the water as if she were as anxious to reach her pier as those whom she bore were to be at home again. A little party of men sat by a smokestack telling stories. The play of the moonlight on the waves had turned the narratives into rather sentimental channels, and the judge, giving way to the influence of the "lovers' lamp," told the following story: "You know I was a colonel in the Union army in the war. Well, early in two years I was ordered to Louisville, where I reported to General Don Carlos Buell. Instructions were given to go into camp with my regiment about six miles south of the city. The place chosen for the encampment was the lawn of a fine country place, the home of one of Kentucky's blue-blooded old families. The owners were known to us, and strong sympathy with the south, so we had no compunctions about disfiguring the grounds by making our temporary home on them.

"On arriving at the farm I and some of my officers rode up to the house to arrange for such food as we could get. We found two young women, pretty as pictures, awaiting us on the broad veranda. They had seen the preparations for pitching the tents, and were evidently not pleased. I dismounted, made my best bow and explained that the exercises of war compelled us to camp on their lawn. I assured them that the soldiers would inconvenience them as little as possible.

The two women to my little speech took a long breath and the taller one said: "You shall not camp on our place. The last time Union soldiers were here we didn't have cream for coffee for two weeks and we don't propose to let it again."

We soldiers, accustomed to pretty good fare, could not help laughing at the high fare of the Union soldiers. The high fare of the Union soldiers was a great help. I hastened to the kitchen and to say again that we would be as considerate as the necessities of the war permitted. Then we rode to the front.

The next morning I visited the house again to see about getting some provisions. The young women were still laughing, but I did my best to soften their antipathy. I did have them much annoyed and they could not help being so. Somehow I found occasion to say a few words to the ladies, and managed to conjure up a second pretext before bedtime. At the end of a week the sisters regarded me more as an individual and less as a Union officer, for I studiously avoided referring to the war.

On an old tower in Nuremberg there is a room set apart especially for the preservation of the curious instruments of torture used during the uncertain period historically referred to as the Middle Ages. In that room you can see a pair of the most approved pattern closely arranged along shelves filled with "lar helmets" and "bridles" for gossipping women. One horrid relic, called the "spike wheel," is a heavy cylinder, on one side of which stand two or more rows of sharp iron spikes. In days of old when an offender had been sentenced to undergo a "rolling" he was stripped naked and firmly bound on a plank, face down. In this position the "spike wheel" was slowly dragged up and down his back, the number of times depending upon the gravity of the crime and the wording of the sentence.

In several instances the poor victims were prodded so full of holes that they died before they could be removed from the plank. When death was intended the number of "rolls" was not specified, but the number of spikes, red hot, were put in the surface of the cylinder. This mode of carrying out capital punishment was hardly as expeditious as the guillotine, but it was equally as certain.—St. Louis Republic.

Dangerous Germs in Ice.

So far as the salubrity of the natural as compared with the artificial ice is concerned, we may rest assured that as regards bacteria one is just as wholesome as the other, provided the water used in the making of the product is harmless and wholesome, whether it is absolutely germ free or not, for absolute freedom from germs—if these are not disease producing forms—is neither necessary nor especially desirable. It is not bacteria, but disease producing bacteria, which make of practical significance the invisible flora of either water or ice.—T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's.

An Opinion on Scarfpins.

The men that have been affecting the scarfpins with the made-up bows, and also with the cravats and Windsor that need no holding in place and disclose the shirt button or stud beneath, are of the genus duds that typify the most offensive phase of overdoing in their aping of the fashions of the day.—Clothing and Furnisher.

A Bad Boy.

Mother—Why don't you play with that little Peterkin boy any more? Small Son—Cause he swore. "Horror! Did he?" "Yes, he. He swore I stole his knife, and teacher made me give it back and licked me besides."—Good News.

Art Note.

The public makes me sick. Critic—Why, what's the matter with the nobody? You give even as much as ten dollars for my last picture. I've a notion to throw my brushes out of the window.

"Don't do that. Keep the big ones at least." "Why should I keep the big ones?" "You may need them some of these days in painting fences."—Texas Siftings.

Why Army Pepper Was So Poor.

There is an old weather beaten shed that stands on the brookside, near the road leading from the West Shore to the pond station at Highland up to the village, in which two men during the rebellion made a snug little fortune.

The building is in the shadow of overhanging boughs and directly behind a wall that stands at the point where another road leads up a hillside and to the Bellevue villa.

I was driving by there a few days ago when the driver of the vehicle, in which I was the solitary passenger, turned around to me, and indicating with his whip exclaiming: "Dye see that little buildin'?" "Yes; what of it?"

"Ma'd, 'b'gosh, d'ye know two fellows made nigh on a fortune in there during the war times, 'pon my word?" "Making counterfeit, eh?"

"Com'f'ed! Naw, better'n that. It was the darndest thing y'er heard of, that business stroke was. I'll tell y' it. You know there's lots o' slate in these hills—piles of it and it breaks in pieces almost when you look at it. "Those fellows just looked at that slate and then started to think. They talked over what they thought and the next thing people hereabouts knew was that grindstones were being hauled into that buildin'.

"Then had after load of slate was hauled and dumped in the buildin, and the next thing the people knew there was a rollin of them grindstones and piles of powdered slate were carried out and put in wagons and carted off. "People wondered what was gon' on, and if they asked, the two men just smiled and replied, 'Nothin', or else explained how the powdered slate was being used all over for soft fillin for teeth.

"But the thing leaked out after awhile. Then two fellows were grindin that slate and shippin it away to be mixed in the pepper that was supplied to the army 'b'gosh, they made a fortune apiece. "Say, I wonder how many of the G. A. R. fellows now livin the slate from Highland's hills? Get 'at," said the driver.—New York Herald.

The Features of the Camel.

Apart from differences in species, to enumerate the parts of the camel is to catalogue instances of evident design. The hump, giving wide range of vision, the hump and the hump, enabling him to reach far to the meager desert shrubs on either side of his pathway. The cartilaginous texture of his mouth, enabling him to eat hard and thorny plants—the pasture of the desert. Ears that protrude largely for breathing, but also especially capable of closure by valve-like folds against the fearful simoom. Eyes prominent, but protected by a heavy overhanging upper lid, limiting vision upward and guarding from the direct rays of the noonday sun. Nostrils peculiarly adapted for escape of the rider and the animal alike.

Five horny pads rest on when kneeling for burden or repose on the hot sand. His hump—not a fictional, but a real and acknowledged reserve store of nutriment, as well as nature's pack-saddle for the commerce of ages—have you ever thought of the relation between your morning cup of Mocha and the hump of a camel in Yemen? His water reservoirs in connection with the stomach—not, as in the occasional "Arabian Nights" for thirsty travelers, but for the animal himself, and enabling him when in good condition to travel five days without water.—Rev. S. M. Zwemer in Christian Intelligencer.

Brooklyn's Boomy Park.

Brooklyn is becoming quite a town for parks, and the taxpayers have never been known in recent years to object to having their money spent for such purposes. There was a great outcry thirty-five years ago, when the laying out of Prospect park was suggested, but no body now worries because the project was carried through. The city made a very profitable bargain in buying the 516 1-6 acres contained in that park and paying only \$3,918,370.70 for them. Since then the city has expended \$3,948,800.35 on construction account, making this park represent an expenditure of \$9,267,170.05; but if it was put on the market tomorrow it would easily sell for twice that amount.

This is the biggest breathing spot in the city. It contains 110 acres of woodland, 77 acres of lakes, 70 acres of meadow land and 259 1-6 acres of plantations. To accommodate owners of houses there are 9 miles of drives and 8-10 miles of bridle roads, while the most enthusiastic pedestrian ought to be satisfied with his 12 miles of walks. In addition the national guard and the baseball players are provided with a plot of level greensward known as the parade grounds, and covering an area of 40 acres.—New York Times.

The Old Way of Baking.

Bake kettles to supplement the brick ovens to this day are used on southern plantations. These kettles or ovens are placed upon the coals in large fireplaces, on the covers of which were put coals so that both top and bottom would bake alike.

Johnnycake and shortcake were often baked upon a board tilted in front of the fire upon the hearth. The turning of these cakes required a slight touch of hand trick incomprehensible to my youth, but my mother always did it deftly enough. Small tin bakers, closed on three sides, were afterward submitted for the Johnnycake board.—Troy Times.

A Flag Made of Undershirts.

Perhaps the most interesting war relic in our collection is a Union flag made from the undershirts of the prisoners at Salisbury prison. The prisoners had set a day upon which they intended to rise and overpower the guards. The flag was to be used as a rallying signal. But before the day arrived orders came for them to be exchanged. The flag was brought home by Lieutenant George B. Kennington, of Boothbay, a member of the Fifth Maine, whose property the flag now is.—Bangor Commercial.

Books kept in ordinary bookshelves.

and thus exposed to the air will keep much better than those in bookcases with closed doors.

The River approaches to Lake Nicaragua.

abundant with the only species of fresh water shark known to scientists.

OLD TIME FUNERALS.

WHEN LEADVILLE DID THE "PROPER THING" FOR DEAD MEN.

When "Texas Jack" Was Buried the Whole Town Turned Out—There Was a Brass Band, a Chorus from an Opera Company and a Long Procession.

To one who passes along the streets of Leadville now there is just one feature in particular which serves as a mark of comparison of the Leadville of today with the mining camp of thirteen years ago. Leadville now is respectable, staid and as solemn as a mining city can be, but it isn't the solemnity in the abstract which strikes one now. It is a specific solemnity which concerns itself with funerals.

To one who has lived in the past, when every funeral was an occasion for as much celebration as a circus, the quiet and sedate cortege moving along Chestnut street today is something not to be considered. The most gloomy of suits the old timer; but, alas! the old timer is no more.

In 1879 the town was wild. Everybody carried a "gun"—not in his pocket, mind you, only the natural born fool did, and he rarely lived to repent of it. The weapon was stuck in his right hand for immediate action. As a consequence rarely a day passed without a violent death. Added to this the work of pneumonia kept the gravedigger over in the valley at work night and day.

Men were strong, fearless, healthy in the morning, and when evening came with it was the physician and the next day the undertaker. No accommodations fit to be called such were obtainable, and men after days of hard work in the mines were obliged to sleep in the frostiest atmosphere wherever they could.

Rev. T. J. Mackey was the most popular clergyman in town at that time. He was loved by the good people and respected, almost venerated, by the gamblers and the miners, which doesn't imply that the miners were not in themselves respectable people. Whenever a miner or a sporting man or woman died it was Parson Mackey who was called in. There was one day in particular when the parson held four funerals, and that was the record. Four was frequently equalled, but it stood as the top notch for one clergyman.

Mr. Mackey, who was an Episcopal clergyman, held services in the Taber opera house. Fifty dollars a day was the rent, and the collection never fell short. It was necessary to close the doors then long before the time for the beginning of the service to keep back the crows. This four funeral day spoken of was the day on which J. B. Omohundro, known all over the world as "Texas Jack," was buried.

Leadville never did funerals by halves. A brass band was a regular thing. No funeral was held without one. The band attending upon Jack was made up of fifty pieces, being a combination of several. Fay Templeton's opera company was playing an engagement in Leadville then, and Fay agreed to supply her company to act as choir. The coffin was set upon the stage loaded with flowers, and flowers were rarer than champagne in Leadville, and Rev. Mackey appeared in his regimentals as chaplain of the Taber Light Guards to preach the funeral sermon. As he proceeded, whenever he made an allusion to any good quality in Jack the congregation applauded as vociferously as though they were approving a no-fishead of an actor. They were not in the order—these people meant it all. Their body now worries because the project was carried through. The city made a very profitable bargain in buying the 516 1-6 acres contained in that park and paying only \$3,918,370.70 for them. Since then the city has expended \$3,948,800.35 on construction account, making this park represent an expenditure of \$9,267,170.05; but if it was put on the market tomorrow it would easily sell for twice that amount.

This is the biggest breathing spot in the city. It contains 110 acres of woodland, 77 acres of lakes, 70 acres of meadow land and 259 1-6 acres of plantations. To accommodate owners of houses there are 9 miles of drives and 8-10 miles of bridle roads, while the most enthusiastic pedestrian ought to be satisfied with his 12 miles of walks. In addition the national guard and the baseball players are provided with a plot of level greensward known as the parade grounds, and covering an area of 40 acres.—New York Times.

The Old Way of Baking.

Bake kettles to supplement the brick ovens to this day are used on southern plantations. These kettles or ovens are placed upon the coals in large fireplaces, on the covers of which were put coals so that both top and bottom would bake alike.

Johnnycake and shortcake were often baked upon a board tilted in front of the fire upon the hearth. The turning of these cakes required a slight touch of hand trick incomprehensible to my youth, but my mother always did it deftly enough. Small tin bakers, closed on three sides, were afterward submitted for the Johnnycake board.—Troy Times.

A Flag Made of Undershirts.

Perhaps the most interesting war relic in our collection is a Union flag made from the undershirts of the prisoners at Salisbury prison. The prisoners had set a day upon which they intended to rise and overpower the guards. The flag was to be used as a rallying signal. But before the day arrived orders came for them to be exchanged. The flag was brought home by Lieutenant George B. Kennington, of Boothbay, a member of the Fifth Maine, whose property the flag now is.—Bangor Commercial.

Books kept in ordinary bookshelves.

and thus exposed to the air will keep much better than those in bookcases with closed doors.

The River approaches to Lake Nicaragua.

abundant with the only species of fresh water shark known to scientists.

KINDLY DONE.

A Pretty Story of a Clever French Critic and his Two Friends.

Many odd and amusing stories are told of the clever French critic, Jules Janin, and his friends. None is more pleasing or more to their credit than one in which Janin, Theodore Burette, the historian, and Leon Satayes, the composer, author and critic, figured.

One of Janin's best friends was an old aunt, who sent him to school when he was a boy, kept