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CHICKAMAUGA.

A SEQUEL TO CHATTANOOGA.

BY CAPT. F. A. MITCHELL.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

The battle of Chickamauga is over. The Army of the Cumberland has withdrawn to Chattanooga, safe for the present at least behind breastworks. Their enemies are looking down upon them from the heights that encircle the town, awaiting for them to fall an easy prey through starvation. Colonel Maynard is awaiting the result of army red tape in the matter of his court martial. The papers in the case were lost in the rout of the right and were forgotten in his efforts to save the left. At any rate, no one seemed to care anything about them. The ups and downs in military life are rapid, and since the colonel attending his gallant services on the ridge his comrades were disposed to look upon his sacrifice of himself for another as rather a heroic act, after all, quite in accord with his peculiar personality.

One day—it was perhaps a week after the retreat of the Army of the Cumberland—Maynard was sitting in his tent with Jakey and the girl found on the battlefield. Jakey had turned up in due time and renewed his services with the deposed colonel. True, that colonel's position was somewhat anomalous. He was in no great need of an orderly, but was disposed to avail himself of Jakey's friendship. He had neither seen nor communicated with his wife, feeling a disinclination to do so until something definite should occur to establish his future status with the army. Jakey therefore continued to be the only friend "present for duty."

"You say," said Maynard to Jakey on the occasion mentioned, "that you left her at the house to which I told you to take her and took a hand in the fight."

"Reckon."

"Where did you get anything to fight with?"

"Dead sojer. Tuk his gun 'n cartridges."

"Upon my word! I wonder the enemy stood against such a re-enforcement."

"Waal, I shot one of 'em anyway. We was tuk by lots more 'n we uns 'n was runnin. Suddent I hearn a man say, 'Stop, thar, y' little Yankee rascal.' I turned run 'n sor a ossifer on horseback. He called on me fo' ter surrender, 'n I up 'n shot him."

"You don't mean it?"

"Reckon."

"Then what did you do?"

"Waal, t'other uns, they went on, 'n I skeddaddled."

"Well?"

"Then I went back to th' house 'n found Jennie, 'n by thet time 't was gittin dark, 'n the army commenced ter retreat. We uns retreated with th' rest on 'em."

"On foot?"

"Yas, part o' the way. Jennie she got tired, so we sat down by the road till some cavalry (Jakey had learned not to call them critter companies) came along after the infantry, bed all passed. One on 'em said, 'Ef thet hain't Colonel Maynard's orderly.' 'N with a little gal,' said another. Then th' fust on 'em tuk me on behind him 'n t'other on tuk Jennie on before him, 'n we uns all covered th' retreat."

"A valuable acquisition to the rear guard," observed Maynard, and he began to question the little girl. He discovered that she was the daughter of a farmer living on the battlefield who had neglected to remove his family till the last minute. Caught in the midst of a fight, all became panic stricken, and the child was separated from the rest.

While he was gaining this information an orderly came to his tent and showed him a letter postmarked County Cavan, Ireland, and addressed to the man who had assisted in the escape of Caroline Fitz Hugh. But there were features of the address which led Maynard to doubt if it was not for some other Ratigan.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"It came in with the mail. It's been lying unclaimed for several days, as no one knows who it is for. There was a Ratigan in the—th cavalry, but he is among the missing. The letter was taken to the headquarters of that regiment, and Colonel Burke suggested that you might know something about the man."

"Ah, yes!" said Maynard sadly. "You can tell Colonel Burke that I saw Ratigan killed. But this reminds me," he added. "I must see if I can regain his body." Then to the orderly: "I wish you would say to Major Burke that if he will give me an escort I'll go out under flag of truce and see if I can find out anything about Corporal Ratigan, whom I saw fall from his horse in the enemy's lines. Ask him to make out a request for permission to send out the flag, forward it and let me know the result."

The result was a permission to send out "the flag," and the next morning, after an early breakfast, Colonel Maynard, accompanied by Jakey and the little girl, whom Maynard hoped to restore to her parents, each mounted and all attended by a lieutenant and 20 men, set out from Chattanooga toward Mission Ridge. They met the enemy's pickets at the base of the ridge and were conducted to Rossville. Colonel Maynard at once requested that he might be accorded an interview with Colonel Fitz Hugh, if that officer survived the battle. A messenger was sent to summon him, and as he had some miles to go

"the flag" party dismounted, were taken into a house, where they awaited the officer's arrival. Every attention was shown them, and they were made as comfortable as possible. Two hours after the departure of the courier Colonel Fitz Hugh rode up to the door.

There was always a certain embarrassment between these two men, which under the circumstances was quite natural, but which was heightened by the habitual dignity with which Fitz Hugh bore himself. There was much to force them apart and much to draw them together, but it all resulted in constraint. Fitz Hugh lifted his hat to Maynard, then advanced and put out his hand. Neither seemed to think of appropriate words of greeting, and there were a few moments of silence, which were broken by Maynard referring to his mission.

"Colonel," he said, "I am the bearer of a letter for Corporal Ratigan, though the superscription gives a different title than corporal—the man who assisted me on the mission which you doubtless well remember. I saw Ratigan fall from his horse and suppose that he is dead. Am I right?"

"No, sir. Corporal Ratigan lives. He was severely wounded by a shot from your men. He managed to keep his saddle till his work was accomplished, when he fainted through loss of blood. For a time his life hung in the balance. We now hope for his recovery."

"I am rejoiced to hear it. Perhaps this letter is for him. Will you attend to its delivery?"

"If you will ride with me to Ringold, where he lies, you can deliver it in person."

"That would indeed be a pleasure. Can you get permission to take me so far within your lines?"

"I can try."

"In that case I may look, by the way, for the home of this little girl. I rescued her from the battlefield, where she was lost."

A request was sent up to headquarters for permission to take Colonel Maynard and two children to Ringold and to visit the recent field of battle by the way. While the party were waiting for a reply Maynard was introduced to a number of Confederate officers, and the story getting round that he had saved the life of a Confederate emissary, the sister of Colonel Fitz Hugh, he soon found himself an object of interest.

There was little disposition to inquire into the right or wrong of his act. The service was quite sufficient, and the deposed colonel was as highly honored among the Confederates as he had been condemned by his comrades.

Permission came for Colonel Fitz Hugh to take the party forward, leaving the escort at Rossville and taking Colonel Maynard's parole not to divulge anything he might see to the Union commanders, a useless provision, for there was nothing of importance by the way for him to see.

It was a singular party that crisp October morning, cantering down the Chattanooga and Lafayette road, the recent bone of contention, toward the now deserted battlefield. Maynard and Fitz Hugh rode together at the front. Then came Jakey and Jennie, both mounted like the rest, while a troop of Confederate cavalry formed the escort. The two colonels talked on everything except what was uppermost in their minds. Fitz Hugh several times attempted to guide the conversation upon Maynard's service to his sister in order that he might make a proper acknowledgment, but Maynard, foreseeing his intention, always made some remark by way of thwarting him.

"There are the heights from which you shelled the reserve marching to our relief," said Maynard, glancing to the left.

"And here our men found themselves near this coveted road, over which we are passing, when the fog lifted on Sunday morning," replied the other.

"Now we come to the horseshoe ridge. Let us ride around its base. From what the little girl has told me I fancy she lives on the road leading to Reed's bridge."

"My pop lives down thar," said the child, pointing to a cabin a mile below them.

Leaving the Chattanooga road, they followed another leading around the ridge, soon striking a third leading to Reed's bridge. When they came to the house pointed out by Jennie, a man was sitting on the fence, or one section of it which happened not to have been taken for firewood like the rest, whittling a stick. Catching sight of the child as the party rode up, he went to her, and taking her in his arms covered her with kisses. The mother, hearing the exclamations, rushed out and repeated the father's caresses.

The parents expressed as well as they were able and in their humble way their thanks to the rescuer of their child, and the party proceeded on their way.

"Goodby, Jennie," said her friend Jakey as he rode off.

"Goodby."

"Ef ye'll write me a letter, I'll make y' a doll oven to a corn-cob. I know how ter make 'em."

"I can't write."

"Waal, I'll do it anyhow. Yer a purty nice young un ef y' air only a gal."

Riding over Reed's bridge, the party passed through the gap in the ridge beyond, and descending the east slope soon struck a road leading to Ringold. They rode into the town about noon and soon drew rein before the house where Corporal Ratigan lay wounded. Fitz Hugh and Maynard dismounted and entered together, Jakey bringing up the rear. In the hallway, her eyes large with astonishment at seeing her brother in company with Colonel Maynard, stood Caroline Fitz Hugh.

If the brother had failed in expressing

his thanks to Maynard, the sister succeeded, but not by words. She grasped Maynard's hand, when suddenly, for the first time since her escape, a full realizing sense of the terrible end she had so narrowly escaped swept over her. She was looking her gratitude, with all the intensity of her expressive eyes, when her formal brother said:

"Caroline, Colonel Maynard suffered disgrace on your account. It is proper you should know how much we owe him."

This information was too much for even the strong nature of so resolute a woman. She burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"For the first time since it occurred," said Maynard gently, "I am satisfied with my act. What is the opinion of men to me beside the consciousness of having served so admirable a woman?"

Fitz Hugh threw open a door near by and led the way through it into a room where Corporal Ratigan, his ruddy locks contrasting with his pale face and the whiteness of his pillow, looked at them with the same astonishment as Miss Fitz Hugh.

"Why, colonel," he exclaimed, "are ye a prisoner?"

"No. I came by the courtesy of Colonel Fitz Hugh to deliver this letter, which I think is for you. Are you Hugh Ratigan?"

"O' am."

"Sir Hugh Ratigan?"

"No; me father was Sir Thomas Ratigan of County Cavan, Ireland."

"Perhaps there have been changes," and Maynard handed him the letter.

The corporal took it and looked first at the black seal and then at the handwriting, which he recognized at once as his mother's, and read, "To Sir Hugh Ratigan, United States Army, Tennessee, U. S. A."

"Me brother is dead," he said solemnly and then tore open the envelope.

The letter advised him, as he supposed, of the death of his elder brother, and as the title and estates of the family descended to him he was adjured to go home and attend to his affairs.

"Is it as we supposed?" asked Maynard.

"It is. O' m' Sir Hugh true enough. Me brother, God rest 'im, is gone."

"We sympathize with you at your brother's death and rejoice with you at your own inheritance," said Fitz Hugh.

All in turn took the corporal by the hand.

"You must go home at once," said Maynard.

"How will O' go home when O' m' enlisted for three years or durin the war?"

"We'll have to get you out of that," said Maynard. "Your duties are more important in Ireland than as a corporal in our service. We have more than a plenty of men."

"I wish we could say the same," observed Colonel Fitz Hugh.

The visiting party, expecting to return that afternoon, had but little time to converse upon anything except Sir Hugh Ratigan's future, and this they considered fully. It was arranged that as soon as the baronet should be able to travel he was to go through the lines, apply for a discharge and go to Ireland. Colonel Fitz Hugh anticipated no difficulty in securing his permission to depart from the Confederacy, and as he was a British subject of rank it was not expected that he would be held to a strict accountability for the part he had taken in the escape of Caroline Fitz Hugh, especially as that act had been largely lost sight of in an event of greater moment—the battle of Chickamauga. These matters once settled, the party moved toward the door, where adieus were spoken, then mounted and rode away.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT FRIDAY.

A FAIRY STORY 2,400 YEARS OLD.—Not one sweet girl in 50,000 knows the origin of her babyhood friend, Cinderella. Somebody tells us that Cinderella's real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived 670 years before the common era and during the reign of Psammetichus, one of the 12 kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle passing above chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tid-bit, pounced down and carried one off in his beak. The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother; for flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammetichus was dispensing justice, he let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent through all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. The messenger finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis where she became the queen of King Psammetichus.

A SLEEPER.—A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper, by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE COTTON PLANT.

The cotton plant is a child of the sun. Its natural habitation is in the tropical regions of Asia, Africa and America, but it has been acclimated and cultivated as far north as the 36th degree of latitude. Its cultivation covers a very large portion of our globe. In the Eastern hemisphere its range of cultivation extends from southern Europe on the north to the Cape of Good Hope on the south; in the Western hemisphere from Virginia to southern Brazil. It has been most successfully cultivated, however, between the 30th and 35th degrees north latitude. Humboldt found it growing in the Andes at an elevation of 9,000 feet, and in Mexico at 5,500 feet. Boyle reports it cultivated at an elevation of 4,000 feet in the Himalayas. Such elevations, however, are not favorable to its best development. Botanically, cotton belongs to the natural order of malvace, genus gossypium. Botanists differ as to its proper classification into species; some enumerating as many as ten species, others seven, and others only three, as necessary to clear discrimination between the distinctive characteristics recognizable, after making due allowances for differences resulting from soil and climatic influences.

The history of the cotton plant antedates in its beginnings the commercial annals of the human family. India seems to have been the most ancient cotton growing country. For five centuries before the Christian era her inhabitants were clothed in cotton goods of domestic manufacture from the fiber grown upon her own soil, by her own crude methods.

Notwithstanding the proximity of China to India, it was not until the Eleventh century that the cotton plant became an object of common culture in China. The first mention made of cotton in the records was 200 years before the Christian era. From that time down to the Seventh century it is mentioned, not as an object of industry, but one of interest and curiosity; an occupant of the flower garden, the beauty of its flowers being celebrated in poetry. In the Eleventh century field culture of cotton commenced in China; and owing to the opposition of the people, especially those engaged in growing and manufacturing wool and flax, it was not until 1368 that the cultivation and manufacture of cotton were well established.

Central and South America and the West Indies grew and manufactured cotton long before their discovery by Columbus, who found the plant under cultivation, and the people using fabrics made from the staple. At the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, in 1519, he found that the clothing of the Mexicans consisted principally of cotton goods; the natives of Yucatan presented him with cotton garments and cloths for covering for his huts, while Montezuma presented him with "curtains, coverlets and robes of cotton, fine as silk, of rich and various dyes, interwoven with feather work, that rivaled the delicacy of painting."

Egypt seems not to have either cultivated cotton or used its fabrics at a very early date, since the cloths in which mummies were enveloped were of flax instead of cotton. Indeed it appears that those nations which were celebrated for their manufacture of fine linen were slow to substitute the cotton for the flax.

Spain was the first of the European States to grow cotton. It was introduced there by the Moors in the Tenth century. The first cotton was planted in the United States in 1621. "Carroll's Historical Collections of South Carolina" mentions the growth of the cotton plant in that province in 1666. In 1736 it was planted in gardens in Talbot county, Maryland, latitude 39 North. At the commencement of the Revolutionary war General DeLattre was said to have had 30 acres planted in cotton near Savannah, Ga. It is stated that in 1748, among the exports of Charleston, S. C., were seven bags of cotton wool, valued at \$3, 11s. and 5d. a bag. Another small shipment was made in 1754, and in 1770 three more, amounting to 10 bales. In 1784 eight bales shipped to England were seized on the ground that so much cotton could not be produced in the United States.

The first Sea Island cotton was grown on the coast of Georgia in 1786, and its exportation commenced in 1788, by Alexander Bissel, of St. Simons Island. In 1791 the cotton crop of the United States was 2,000,000 pounds, of which three-fourths were grown in South Carolina, and one-fourth in Georgia, ten years later, 1801, 48,000,000 pounds were produced—20,000,000 pounds of which was exported.—Prof. J. S. Newman.

A JEWELLED TURTLE.—There are people in this world who indulge in strange fancies, which are of no benefit to anyone; but there is a certain wealthy man living near Buffalo, who has developed as queer a fad as was ever heard of.

One day lately he walked into a jeweler's shop, in Buffalo, with a common land turtle, or tortoise, which he had captured in the woods nearby, laid it on the counter and gave a most astounding order, remarking:

"I'll give the people something to talk about!"

And he certainly did, for he ordered the shell of the turtle to be incrustated

on the outer edge with a layer of gold, on Etruscan finish. In the center of its horn back he ordered an emerald to be placed. At various points in the gold he had inserted small, but pure diamonds. A massive silver chain was attached to the shell.

At his magnificent country seat, the erratic millionaire had constructed on his lawn a reproduction in rocks, bushes and ferns of the spot from which the tortoise had been taken. In this place, which the rich man calls a "turtlearmin," the highly decorated turtle is permitted to roam the length of his silver chain.

It looks as though the financial stringency had not struck this man of means, and his neighbors are now waiting for him to have the hoofs of his cattle gold plated, his horses shod with silver and diamond drops in the ears of his fancy pigs.

MR. WANAMAKER'S PLAN.

The greatest merchant in Philadelphia is Mr. Wanamaker. This is the theory upon which he places his advertising business: "There is always some trading doing, even in the dullest season, and we strive to divert the floating or transient trade to our place. Again, when business ordinarily is dull, people who see our invitations in the newspapers are more apt to read them for the reason that they have more time to read, and there are fewer advertisements then."

"Many merchants who have been in business for a certain number of years will say: 'Oh, we are so well known it is no use to advertise.' There never was a greater mistake. We would as soon think of cancelling our insurance policies as our advertising contracts. We spend more money with newspapers each year that goes by; there are more people who want goods, and new trade is always coming to the surface."

"Advertising that is well done is cumulative in its character. It is like the compounding of interest. An advertisement in a daily paper one day will, in all probability, make a good return to the merchant who has the goods the people want at the right prices; each successive advertisement that he puts in gains an impetus and influence from the original one and so it counts up until the name of the firm gets what is equivalent to the 'good will' of a successful business, besides deriving the direct profit from immediate sales caused by the advertising."

"To advertise well, a merchant should give as much care to his newspaper space as he does to any other department of his business. As a general thing a merchant can well afford to spend in newspaper advertising from one-third to one-fifth the amount of all his other total expenses. If a man in business talks as earnestly through his newspaper when he is addressing hundreds of people, simultaneously, as when he is talking to one customer, he cannot fail to make a success of newspaper advertising."—Philadelphia News.

THE LINE BETWEEN DAY AND NIGHT.

A Verdict for \$25,000 Based Upon the Evidence of Astronomers.

The exact time at which darkness gives place to dawn—the dividing line between day and night—was legally determined, and a verdict for \$25,000 given on the decision, in the court of common pleas in Philadelphia, recently. A young woman was knocked down by a locomotive on the Reading road while she was walking over a crossing at Norristown at 6.30 o'clock in the morning of February 14, 1893. The engine did not display a light, nor did it signal with whistle or bell. The company claimed that it was not negligent, because at that hour dawn was breaking and no light was needed, and the entire case rested on the question whether or not it was daylight when the accident occurred.

The sun rose on the day of the accident at 6.54 o'clock. Several astronomers and other experts testified that half an hour before sunrise it is as dark as at any time of the night. From that time until sunrise light comes so slowly that the point of half light is reached only seven minutes before sunrise. During the last seven minutes before sunup light comes very rapidly, until the full day breaks. The plaintiff's lawyer claimed, therefore, that at the time of the accident, 24 minutes before sunrise, it was pitch dark. The jury rendered a verdict for \$25,000 in her favor.

LONG BEARDS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Readers of The Republic who were interested in the account of modern long beards which was given in this department last winter will doubtless be pleased to read some items concerning the bearded freaks of olden time. Exceptionally long beards have always attracted a good deal of attention, and in most old works on the customs and habits of men there are numerous references to "whyskirs" and "bearders" of extraordinary length. Rauber von Talberg, a German knight and councillor of Maximilian II, who died in 1575, rejoiced in the possession of a beard which reached to his feet and from there again to his waist. John Mayo, the celebrated Sixteenth century painter (the same which accompanied Charles V on his campaigns), was a man 6 feet and 6 inches in height. Giant, though he was, his beard reached the ground, and, in order to keep it out of his way,

Mayo always wore it tucked under a girdle which encircled his waist. Howland Llewenn, the Welsh highwayman, who made life burdensome to the travelers over the Cambrian hills during the early part of the Seventeenth century, "had a yellow beard of mightie length and size." He is said to have worn it in two braids or plaits, which were thrown back over his shoulders and crossed at the small of his back, and again brought around to the front of the body, where they were fastened with gold clasps and buckles. Each braid was about 5 feet, 9 inches in length, and, when left unplaited, the whole was upwards of 7 feet in length.

Howell's "Welsh Celebrities" says: "Llewenn had the longest beard of which we have record. When loose and flowing it fell down over his horse's shoulders almost to the animal's knees. It was of a peculiar yellow or straw color, which was all the more curious, both his parents being black haired mountain Welsh people. Years afterward the mountain people had proverbs which referred to this freak, they often using the expressions, 'About as long as Howland's beard,' or 'Yellow as the whiskers of Llewenn.'"

George Killingsworth, whom Queen Mary sent to Russia in 1555 as one of her agents to Czar Ivan, the Terrible, had a beard 5 feet 2 inches in length, and Count Ruloff, of Poland, 1697, rejoiced in the possession of a moustache, which was so long that he could not touch the ends of it with his fingers. There are 10 or 12 other longbearded men of old times of which notice will be given in some future installment of "Notes for the Curious."

THE HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH.

The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the south western coast of Persia, on the borders of the Persian Gulf. For 40 consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degrees in the shade night and day, and to run up as high as 130 in the middle of the afternoon. At Bahrin, in the center of the most torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of 500 feet, but always with the same result—no water. Notwithstanding this serious drawback a numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs, which burst forth from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from the shore. The water from these springs is obtained in a most curious and novel manner. Machadores, whose sole occupation is that of furnishing the people of Bahrin with the life-saving fluid, repair to that portion of the gulf where the springs are situated, and bring away with them hundreds of skin bags full of water each day. The water of the gulf where the springs burst forth is nearly 200 feet deep, but the machadores—divers—manage to fill their goat-skin sacks by diving to the bottom and holding the mouths of the bags over the fountain jets; this, too, without allowing the salt water of the gulf to mix with it. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the hills of Osmond, 500 miles away. Being situated at the bottom of the gulf, it is a mystery how they were ever discovered, but the fact remains that they have been known since the dawn of history.

THE DETECTIVE'S RUSE.—Special Officer George H. Labolt, of the Reading railroad's police force, tells a thrilling and veracious tale of an adventure of his while working up a case near Gettysburg. He was walking through a deep wood one day when he was startled by the appearance of a rough-looking fellow who presented a revolver to his head and demanded all his valuables. "Well," said Labolt, "all the money I've got is \$35 and a watch my father gave me." "Hand all over," said the highwayman. The officer complied with as good grace as the circumstances allowed. Then he said to the highwayman: "I work for a farmer near by, who gave me the money to buy a cow with. He won't believe I've been robbed. Can't you shoot a few holes through my coat?" "Yes," said the robber, "hold up your coat," and in a jiffy four holes were shot through it. Seeing that there was still one bullet left in the revolver, Labolt took off his hat and persuaded the fellow to fire a bullet through the crown. Then he pulled his own pistol and lodged the robber in the jail at Carlisle, where he received a 10 years' sentence.—Philadelphia Press.

THINGS EVERY BIBLE READER SHOULD KNOW.—A day's journey was about 23 1-5 miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. Ezekiel's reed was nearly 11 feet. A cubit was nearly 22 inches. A hand's breadth is equal to 2 1/4 inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A shekel of silver was about 50 cents. A shekel of gold was eight dollars. A talent of silver was \$538.30.

A talent of gold was \$13,809. A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents. A farthing was three cents. A mite was less than a quarter of a cent. A gerah was one cent. An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints. A hin was one gallon and two pints. A firkin was about 8 1/2 gallons. An omer was six pints. A cab was three pints.—The Bible Reader.