

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

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NO. 89.

WILLIAMS TRAGEDY.

Sensational Trial To Come Up This Week.

FACTS DEVELOPED AT THE INQUEST.

Was It Murder, and If So, By Whose Hand was the Bloody Deed Accomplished? These Questions the Jury will Answer.

During the term of the court of general sessions now sitting, it is expected that there will be tried the most sensational criminal case that has come to the attention of the people of this county; at least during the last 20 years. We have reference to the case of the state against Marion R. Reese, Daniel F. Luckie and Mrs. Ellen Anderson for the murder of Charles T. Williams, at Blacksburg, on the 6th day of February last. The trial will probably be commenced today or tomorrow.

This case is of especial interest, not only on account of the prominence and standing of the accused; but also



CHARLES T. WILLIAMS.

Charles T. Williams, the man who was killed, was about 30 years of age. He was formerly station agent of the Western and Atlantic railroad at Tunnel Hill, Ga. He was a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, and probably also a member of other fraternal societies. He was well known throughout north Georgia, and is said to have been quite popular socially and otherwise. He left a wife and several children who, it is said, are now reasonably well provided for with insurance he carried on his life. Among the stories as to why he went to Blacksburg, is one to the effect that he was trying to bring about another reconciliation between Mrs. Anderson and her husband, Mr. E. D. Anderson. This, however, we are unable to state on better authority than rumor.

on account of a certain element of mystery which, it is claimed, surrounds it. Although THE ENQUIRER printed a full and accurate story of the circumstances surrounding the killing, and has closely kept up with all the developments since, for a better understanding of the situation, it will probably not be a miss to go over the whole thing again.

While returning from their work in Blacksburg, at about 9:40 o'clock on the night of the 6th of February last, two young clerks—Messrs. Jim and Ed Duff—stumbled upon the body of a man lying on the edge of the sidewalk. It was just opposite the residence of Mrs. Sumner. The first impression of the young men was that their find was some unfortunate who had imbibed too much liquor. Striking a match and commencing an investigation, they found that the man was a stranger. There was an ugly bruise on the man's face, and blood on his neck and in his hair; also a small puddle on the ground. The body was still slightly warm; but the man was dead.

The finders of the body, of course, lost no time in raising an alarm, and within a very few minutes quite a crowd had collected; but the identity of the deceased remained a mystery until the arrival of Mr. J. W. Thom-



M. R. REESE.

Who is charged with being the principal in the case, is a native of Warren county, Ga., and is 46 years of age. He came to Blacksburg in 1879, and as a dealer in real estate, soon acquired property and prominence. In business matters he was straightforward and exact, and outside of business he had the reputation of being especially charitable and sympathetic. During heavy snow storms and on occasions of great distress in Blacksburg, he has been known to make the rounds of the town in search of the poor and needy, and from his own means voluntarily supply them with food and fire. He was also a liberal subscriber to church work. Since the tragedy, and during his absence, stories have been circulated that seriously reflect upon his morality, and, from circumstances, quite a number of Blacksburg people believe these stories to be true. Others assert the contrary. A reason for leaving Blacksburg after the finding of a verdict by the coroner's jury, Mr. Reese says that the general disposition seemed to be to make him guilty, whether or not, regardless of facts, and he thought it best to get out of the way until he could secure proper legal advice.

son of the Merchants' hotel. He at once recognized the body as that of a

guest who had come in on an early morning train from Atlanta, and registered as "J. H. Williams."

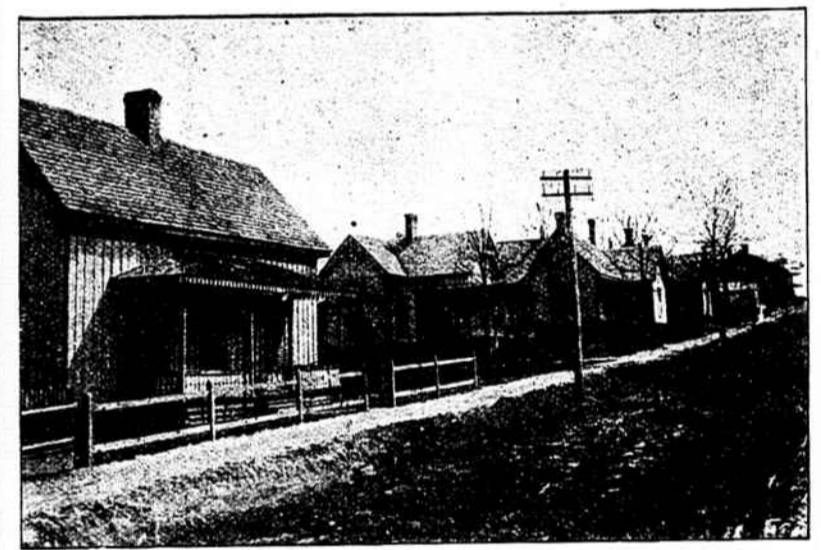
After the organization of the jury of inquest, a search was made of the body, and in the pockets was found a number of cards bearing the inscription "Charles T. Williams, agent W. and A. Railroad, Tunnel Hill, Ga." There were also several railroad passes, one of them made to "Mrs. E. Anderson" to some point on the Western Atlantic railroad. In the inside of his tightly buttoned vest, there was a Smith & Wesson revolver with all the chambers loaded, and in another pocket there was a letter postmarked "Blacksburg, Ga." and addressed to "Chas. Williams, Atlanta, Ga." Along with the letter was two notes, without envelopes, and evidently written in Blacksburg during the day. The envelopes referred to contained two letters. One of the letters was in the handwriting of a woman, and the other in the handwriting of a man—very likely a copy of the answer to the first. The notes were in the same handwriting as the woman's letter; but here is the whole correspondence; which was neither addressed nor signed:

Letter in woman's handwriting: Enclosed find \$5. Will you sign the enclosed receipt and send to me at once? Pardon what may seem unnecessary prudence; but in case you have kept a copy of the note you returned, I should, according to law, have to repay it when presented in April.

No matter how my letter was interpreted by you, it was intended to mean "when the note was returned when due." The remaining \$5 will be sent you on receipt of the enclosed blank. I also return the unused pass. I shall never need it, as I have most likely made my last trip over that railroad. "Regrets? Where is the beauty and the fragrance of the rose trampled in the mire? Where the innocence of betrayed girlhood; where the summer sunshine when icy fetters bind the world? Dead! and not more dead than my heart is to everything."

Excuse my asking for enclosed receipt. Once I would have entrusted you with my all. Now, though the earth fall, yet— Answer, or copy of answer in man's handwriting, the date line standing for Atlanta, January 30, 1896.

Your letter just received. I do not know your object in asking it; but for the first time I shall refuse to comply with your request for two reasons. 1st. It is money before you get it. 2d. Because you say you won't trust me. I sent the note upon your request, trusting you. No matter what your opinion of me is, I am honest and would not steal \$5 from anyone, much less you. I have made arrangements to go to your place in about a week. Shall I do so or not? I simply prefer to talk face to face, not to ask any favors, etc. Of course, I would not be seen there, go in and out at night. Write me here, a general delivery at once. I will be here a week longer. I kept no copy. Copies are no good. If you desire me to



SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

The above is a photographic view of the scene of the tragedy. The first house on the left is where Mrs. Anderson resided. The next house is the residence of Mr. Reese, the next that of Mrs. Roberts, and the fourth that of Mr. Sumner. The body of Williams was found on the spot indicated by the white cross, by the second bridge, and just opposite the residence of Mr. Sumner. The residence of Mr. G. M. Moore, in which Miss Mary Farrington was boarding, is on a corner lot just across the street from the residences of Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Reese. The scene was photographed for THE ENQUIRER shortly after the tragedy by the American View Company of Blacksburg.

go, write instructions as to how I must see you. I can wait until all in bed and see you in your room."

Note No. 1: It is impossible for me to see you. Please, please don't ask me to—You know it is holy I will see you again real soon. But, oh! I can't now. I have never asked you many favors, grant me this one. Whatever you do, don't come here for my sake. I forgive you all the same.

Note No. 2: No, I am not too sick to talk; but prefer not to see you now. If you think it best to make yourself known here call openly. "That is the only way I can see you; but please not. I will write you fully later. I am sick with measles; also Foster. Am sorry it is the way it is. Do not write me again while here. It is much better not. Believe me I am sorry."

The railroad pass and the notes gave the jury the first clue to the mystery that seemed at all tangible. The name on the pass and then the reference to "Foster" and measles, pointed to Mrs. Ellen Anderson as Williams's correspondent. Foster was Mrs. Anderson's little daughter, and both were just recovering from the measles. The spot on which the body of the deceased was found, was only about 75 yards from the residence of Mrs. Anderson. The investigation was continued.

Mr. J. H. Hughes testified that on the night of the killing, at about 8:30 o'clock, he met Mr. M. R. Reese and Daniel Luckie on Main street. They were on opposite sides and were looking into the stores as they went along as if in search of some one.

Miss Mary Farrington, who was boarding at the residence of Mr. G. M. Moore, just across the street from the spot where the body of Williams was found, and nearly opposite the residences of Mr. Reese and Mrs. Anderson, testified that at about 9 o'clock she was sitting in her room reading. She heard three pistol shots—first one and then two more. Looking out of the window, she saw two men walking down the street. They were opposite the residence of Mrs. Roberts. One of the men said, in a subdued tone:

"Hush!" not a word about this." Then one of the men entered the residence of Mr. Reese without knocking or striking a light. The other went to the side door of Mrs. Anderson's house; and in an excited, nervous voice, said, "Let me in quick!" The door was opened from the inside, and by the light that came through the aperture, witness recognized Daniel Luckie. In the meantime, witness heard a scuffling noise that sounded as if it came from the ground opposite the residence of Mrs. Roberts. Later on she saw the dead body of the deceased lying near where she had heard the struggling.

The testimony of M. R. Reese, Daniel Luckie and Mrs. Anderson was to the same general purport. Reese had been at the residence of Mrs. Anderson from 6 to 9 o'clock. He then went



DANIEL F. LUCKIE.

Daniel F. Luckie, one of the accused, is a brother of Mrs. Anderson, and was residing in the same house with her. At the coroner's inquest, he claimed that he was in his sister's house at the time of the shooting, heard the shots and went out to see what the matter was; but could discover nothing wrong. Miss Mary Farrington stated that a few minutes after the shooting, she saw a door of Mrs. Anderson's house open, and by the light from within, saw a man whom she recognized as Luckie, enter. After the verdict of the coroner's jury, Luckie was arrested; but escaped during the night and was not seen any more in these parts until, in company with Reese, he surrendered to the sheriff in June last.

home, and without removing his clothes, threw himself on his bed. About 10 minutes afterward he heard some shooting and came out to see what it was about. Luckie had also come out, and the two had talked the matter over from the piazzas of their respective houses. Unable to see anybody or arrive at any satisfactory explanation as to the probable cause of the shooting, both went back into their

had come to Blacksburg. He had come there as a mutual friend of herself and husband and persuaded her to forego divorce proceedings that she had instituted. She admitted that she had written the notes found on the body of the deceased; but said that she thought she was writing them to her husband who was dodging an arrest warrant and was afraid to show himself. Mr. N. W. Hardin asked how it was, if this was true, that she was unwilling to have her husband come to see her at night and wanted him to call in daylight. At this question she seemed confused and she failed to answer.

The investigation of the jury continued on Thursday night until the following Monday afternoon, when a verdict was reached to the effect that the deceased came to his death from a gunshot wound inflicted at the hands of M. R. Reese, and that Daniel Luckie was accessory. Afterward Mrs. Ellen Anderson was included in the verdict as an accessory also.

When the verdict was rendered, Mr. Reese was not to be found. Luckie and Mrs. Anderson were placed under arrest, and Luckie afterwards escaped.

Mrs. Anderson applied for bail, which was granted. Then, at the spring term of the court, she demanded a trial. The solicitor was not willing to go into a trial of her case without the others, and refused to accede to her demand. Shortly before the June term of the court of general sessions convened, Reese and Luckie surrendered to the sheriff, and, during the term, also demanded a trial. On account of the absence of certain material witnesses, the solicitor was not ready and failed to give out the bills of indictment.

As the next step, Messrs. Reese and Luckie made application for bail before Associate Justice Jones, and bail was granted in the sum of \$3,000 for Reese, and \$2,000 for Luckie. The defendants are represented by Major James F. Hart, Thos. F. McDow and General Leroy F. Youmans. The state is represented by Solicitor Henry, and there has been a story in circulation to the effect that he would be assisted by Hon. W. C. Glenn of Atlanta; but that he has no information. That the case may be postponed again is, of course, possible; but that it will come up during this week is reasonably certain.

MARRIAGE AT RICHBURG.

R. B. Allison, Esq., of Lancaster, and Miss Lela Marion of Richburg.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

LANCASTER, October 29.—A chaste and elegant marriage ceremony was celebrated in the Presbyterian church of Richburg, in Chester county, on the 28th instant, at 4:30 p. m. The contracting parties were Miss Lela Marion, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Preston Marion of Chester, and Robert Barnwell Allison, a young lawyer of Lancaster, and son of R. E. Allison, Esq. At the appointed time the clergyman rose in front of the pulpit and faced the large audience. Miss Kate Drennan played the wedding march, when the contracting parties, in appropriate order, and their attendants, according to the programme arranged, came marching into the church, keeping time, with slow step, to the music, and took position around the pulpit. The solemn and impressive ceremony was then performed by the Rev. J. Preston Marion, the father of the bride, assisted by S. A. Weber, D. D., of the Lancaster station; and it was received by the spectators as a model of propriety, elegance and exactness.

The bride and the groom and their attendants on the floor were attired in handsome street costumes; the bride holding in her hand, a beautiful bouquet of white carnations and maiden hair ferns, and the other ladies, choice collections of white chrysanthemums; and, altogether, they presented an imposing appearance. The following are the names of the attendants, viz: Miss Eugenia Marion with Mr. J. P. Allison; Miss Mattie Allison with Mr. J. P. Marion, Jr.; Miss Reynolds of Greenwood, with Mr. P. L. Hardin of Chester; Miss Josie Black of Chester, with Mr. J. Hazel Witherspoon of Lancaster; Miss Lela Lathan of Lancaster, with W. C. Hough, Esq., of Lancaster; and Miss Amy Barber of Chester, with Mr. Lucius Howze of Chester.

The neat little church was beautifully decorated with the choicest flowers, evergreens and autumn leaves and ferns. As soon as the ceremony was over, the party repaired to the railroad and took the train for Chester, when they dispersed, the bride and groom going off on a bridal tour to Washington, Baltimore, New York and other places. The hospitality and friendship of the people of East Chester were most marked, and will long be remembered by the visiting friends. The highest esteem in which the beautiful young bride is held by her friends and acquaintances, is shown by the many nice bridal presents, which she received.

THE woman in the case," settled in Blacksburg several years ago, and went into the millinery business. It was understood that she had a husband living, but had parted from him on account of a disagreement. Afterward the husband came to Blacksburg and there was a marriage. Mrs. Anderson claims that this was brought about through the good offices of Charles T. Williams, the deceased. Shortly after the re-marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson left Blacksburg, and sometime later Mrs. Anderson came back and took up her residence in the cottage shown elsewhere. The tragedy took place several months after her return. It was a matter of general rumor that the cottage in which she lived was the property of Mr. Reese; but the understanding is that this will be denied. For something previous to the killing, some gossip had been dealing very harshly with her name. There will, very likely, be reputable witnesses, however, to testify that this gossip was unfounded.

six years. He used to visit her family in Georgia. The last time she had seen Williams was shortly after she

Miscellaneous Reading.

A Four Legged Bird.

The crested hoazin of British Guiana, the only survivor of a race of birds which are known as fossils, is described in The Popular Science News. The hoazin inhabits the most secluded forests of South America, and its survival beyond its congeners is doubtless owing to its retiring habits and the fact that it feeds on wild arum leaves, which gives its flesh a most offensive flavor, rendering it unfit for food.

The chief peculiarity of the hoazin consists in the fact that when it is hatched it possesses four well developed legs. The young birds leave the nest and climb about like monkeys over the adjoining limbs and look more like tree toads than birds.

The modification of the fore limbs begins at once after hatching; the claws of the digits fall off; the whole clawlike hand begins to flatten and becomes wing shape. Feathers soon appear, and before full growth is reached not a vestige remains of its original character.

Professor F. A. Lucas says of the hoazin, "The adult birds not only have no claws on their wings, but their thumbs even are so poorly developed that one would hardly suspect that in the nestlings we have the nearest approach to a quadruped found among existing birds."

"E Pluribus Unum."

The circumstances attending the adoption of the legend "E Pluribus Unum" as the motto of the United States have never been fully explained by the historians. It was probably used on coins—and some say upon early colonial flags—long before it was regularly recognized by the leading officials of the new republic. The oldest coin bearing the motto in full is a colonial cent coined by New Jersey in the year 1786. The same year it appeared on a small medal recognized among the collectors of coins as "the confederatio." This medal was a national token, I believe, and was coined by authority of the general government. It bore on one side 13 stars and a blazing sun, the latter surrounded by the word "Confederatio," which gives it the name by which it is known to the numismatists.

The words in the headline are undoubtedly from Virgil's "Moretus," a poem devoted to a description of a certain salad! In the rhyming recipe he gives instructions for mixing the proper herbs and pounding the same in a mortar until the various colors blend as one. Some one has very appropriately said that "the colonies were mixed in the mortar of the Revolution and came out as one homogeneous nation."—St. Louis Republic.

The Tea Habit.

"The tea habit is growing on the law abiding people of this peaceful community," says the Philadelphia Record. "The victims drink this beverage as the hardened drunkard drinks whisky. This is the opinion of a local physician of prominence, who has made a study of the matter. 'The intoxicating effects of tea,' said he, 'are not appreciated as fully as they should be. Cheap or improperly brewed tea is known to have caused many functional derangements of the gravest character. Many of the victims, not knowing that their troubles are due to tea drinking, suffer from headache, and often from persistent dizziness and indigestion. Despondency and palpitation of the heart are also among the complaints. Lastly, that dread enemy of every man, insomnia, has many victims among the lot. These are certainly a batch of troublesome symptoms of which any pernicious drug should be proud. There is a great difference in the physiological effect of tea on the system. When it has been used to excess for a considerable period, well defined symptoms supervene. There can be added to the list already given hallucinations, nausea, anorexia, prostration and anxiety and a peculiar kind of intoxication, ending, after hours of vigil, in a torpor from exhaustion.'"

"Say 'Your Grace,' Boy."

The Duke of Hamilton's harriers hunt during the season in this neighborhood, and the "meet" is a welcome relief from the monotony of rural life. On one of these occasions not long ago, when the duke himself was present, the services of a bright Suffolk youth were requisitioned to hold his grace's horse. The duke addressed some kindly remark to the boy, who promptly replied, "Yes, sir." "Why don't you say 'your grace?'" interposed one of the attendant horsemen. "Say 'your grace,' boy!" Whereupon the youngster reverently put his hands together and audibly recited the words, "For what we are about to receive," etc. Not so had for silly Suffolk! It needs scarcely be said that he presently had due cause for thankfulness.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Child's Letter.

Children's letters are usually more amusing and characteristic than their compositions because the latter are apt to show more consciousness. Here is a fine specimen of a letter, published in Good Words:

"I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plague that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure. I am very glad that Satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes. This is Saturday and I am very glad of it, because I have play half the day and I get money, too; but, alas, I owe Isabella a penny for I am fined 2 pence whenever I bite my nails. Isabella is teaching me to make some simme

colings and notes of interrogations periods comos etc. As this is Sunday I will meditate upon Sentient and Religious subjects. First I should be very thankful I am not a beggar."

Bottled Bells.

If you are musical, you will enjoy nothing better than "a chime of bottle bells," which, while it may sound very difficult, is really very easily arranged. Your apparatus will consist of two chairs, two long poles or sticks and 18 bottles. The chairs must be placed the length of the stick apart, back to back; upon each stick place nine bottles suspended by a string tied about the neck, with a loop big enough to slip over the stick. Place one stick with each end resting on the seat of the chair and the other resting on the top of the back. For a hammer almost any stick will do to beat with. For quick tunes two sticks should be used.

If the bottles are all of the same shape and size, they can be tuned to produce all the notes of the scale by pouring water into them. The more water the lower the note, or differently shaped bottles can be used to fill the places when the correct note cannot be produced. It is not possible to tell just how much water to use, for it varies with the thickness of the glass. You may have as many bottles as you like and there may be two players, one on each side.

Raw Eggs as a Tonic.

A raw egg is an excellent tonic with which to begin these warm days. It is strengthening and tends to prevent that tired feeling so prevalent at this season of the year. If prepared in the following way, it is really a delicious drink: Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the white on a plate and add a pinch of salt. Then with a broad bladed knife beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish. Then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juices may be used in place of orange or lemon, or even brandy if the doctor has ordered it.—New York Advertiser.

Famous Old Appomattox Deserted.

The old town of Appomattox is entirely deserted, with the exception of five or six families, of whom only one, that of a Methodist clergyman, is white. A syndicate bought up all the property a few years ago as a speculation, and when the owners got their money and signed the deeds they moved away, leaving their houses empty. The courthouse was burned about the same time, and a new one was erected at the railway station, about three miles distant, where a considerable town has sprung up. The McLean House, in which the articles of surrender were written and signed, was purchased by the syndicate and was taken down, brick by brick, for removal to the World's fair, but for some reason the plan was not carried out, and the bricks and timbers are still stored in the vacant houses in the neighborhood.—Chicago Record.

An Arctic Christmas.

Christmas came almost before we were aware. Sports had been arranged for the occasion, and at 2:30 we assembled.

A double row of ice columns led away in dim perspective over the ice covered bay for more than 200 yards, reminding one of an alabaster colonnade forming the approach to an ancient Greek temple. Over these were laid bamboo poles, and at each end of the course a red torchlight was thrust into the snow. We then indulged in hurdle racing and other sports. It was a strange spectacle, with the wild figures of the Innuits and the far clad members of the party, now in the cold blue light of the moon, now in the bright red light from the torches, grouped about the contestant, and the lowering, gloomy mass of Mount Bartlett in the background. The games were hurried through, for it was cold sport with the thermometer 24 degrees below zero.—Frank Wilbert Stokes in Century.

A Bicycle Disease.

Mothers whose daughters do a great deal of cycling should know about a new cycling disease. People have been declaring that they have been suddenly seized with a wild impulse to jump from their machines—an uncontrollable impulse which apparently seizes them at the most awkward times, such as midway down a hill. It is no new thing, after all—at least no newer than the cultivation of overstrung nerves among us. People afflicted with this mysterious malady have been overdoing their riding, and the only cause for wonder is that their ill treated nervous systems have not taken their revenge in an even more unpleasant manner.

Drapery Tips.

It is well to remember that the draperies, curtains and cushions of a house have more to do with its appearance than all else. Full curtains, if they are no more than cheesecloth, do more to furnish a room than any other one thing, but you are no longer confined to cheesecloth when economy must rule, for there is a host of pretty as well as cheap fabrics from which to choose, and these inexpensive stuffs, snowflake, madras, cotton crepe, dotted muslin, etc., are always a better choice than cheap lace, for which a woman of taste finds no use whatever.

Women and Newspapers.

Frances Willard urges women to read the newspapers. Talking on the subject lately, she said, "Women are a set of passivities on that subject as a class," and adds: "I am never more annoyed for my 'sect' than when the newspaper boy goes trotting through at full speed if he finds the car contains chiefly women, never dreaming that they may want a paper. I clutch his sleeve with a vim and buy one of every variety he has, and ask him what he is thinking about to lose patronage in that way."

Gossip is nothing but small news, the nickels, pennies and dimes, while the newspaper deals in dollars and V's and X's. So it widens the mind more to read the newspapers than to gossip about the neighbors."

The Sneeze.

Many nations are superstitious about sneezing, but none so much as the native India. To sneeze on entering a place of business, on starting on a journey, or undertaking any enterprise or adventure means bad luck for some one either physically or financially. On hearing a person, either foreign or native, sneeze in public a Brahmin will instantly cry out, "Live, live!" and this cry will be repeated as often as the person sneezes. Among the native soldiers sneezing is especially regarded with superstitious terror, the maneuvers of an army sometimes being controlled by an inadvertent sneeze. A rajah at one time turned back his army from the gates of a besieged city because one of his foot runners chanced to sneeze just as he had decided to give the command to attack. A Brahmin priest was consulted and a special time appointed by him to renew the siege before it was deemed a promising undertaking.—Buffalo Commercial.

She Is Everywhere.

Women in America, says an English paper, are known to hold places creditably as engineers, auctioneers, firemen, quarrymen, slaters, masons, hunters, trappers and barbers. They are also employed in insurance offices and as detectives. Their reputation in Europe as well as American. Patience, tact, finesse and intuitive inspirations are peculiarly feminine qualities, while in moral courage and endurance they are second to none, and the waste or neglect of such valuable products is nothing less than a crime in political economy. The epigrammatic French expression, "Cherchez la femme," has a double significance, for, where you will, where will you not find her?

Professional Strong Men.

I don't think I should care to be a professional "strong man." One who says he knows declares that their average routine is to rise about 8 a. m., take port wine and an egg, lounge around for an hour, go to bed again, sleep till about noon, rise once more, eat a hearty breakfast, do the lounging act again, perhaps take a walk, woe the mattress again and sleep till pretty near the hour of performance.

And so on day after day. All this of course, to conserve and reinforce the strength that their tremendous feats diminish. It can't be a wildly exciting life, except for the few minutes when one is on the stage, can it?—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

New York's River Tunnel.

There is a big hole under North river. Some day it will be a tunnel connecting this city and Hoboken. No work has been done for four years, but the owners of the hole are now trying to raise money in London to complete their tunnel before a bridge can be built over North river. Only 1,380 feet remain to connect the two holes bored from either shore, each of which is now full of water. This water has simply soaked through since work was abandoned on the death of the principal backer. So far \$3,000,000 has been poured into the hole, and only \$500,000 will be required to complete it.—New York Letter.

Make Clothing For Dogs.

It is well known that there are dentists in London and in Paris whose specialty it is to fit lapdogs with a set of false teeth. It now appears from a Parisian monthly magazine of fashions that there are tailors and fashion plates for dogs. The list of garments includes mackintoshes, Jaeger vests, comforters and respirators, side pockets with a lace handkerchief inside, fur collars, small silk umbrellas, which dogs are taught to carry over the head.—Chicago Tribune.

Pat Agreed.

A story is told by one of Lord Zetland's party, that was making inquiries into the condition of a distressed district in Ireland. They were crossing a lake. A gale was blowing and waves were dashing over the boat. The gentleman referred to had been assured that an Irish peasant, if treated well, will always agree with what is said to him, rather than appear disagreeable. It struck the gentleman that here was a good chance to put the assertion to the proof. "There is very little wind, Pat," he said to one of the boatmen. The answer came through the howling of the elements, "Very little indeed, yer honor, but 'twath there is, is mighty strong."

At the Crossroads.

"John, wader yer daddy?"
"He's out yander gittin beat fer corner."
"An yer uncle?"
"Seein how clost he kin come ter bein sheriff."
"An Bill—wher's he?"
"Well, Bill don't 'mount ter much, an I've heard tell yer 're gwine ter send him ter congress ter git ehet of him."
"An you—what's you a-runnin fer?"
"Nothin. I'm the only one in the family what ain't got no education, so I'm a-teachin of a school fer a livin!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Broad Hints.

William Dean Howells' father, who emigrated to Ohio half a century and more ago, used this formula to get rid of an intrusive visitor who had worn out his welcome. He would be called out on some business and would say to the guest, "I suppose you will not be here when I return, so I wish you goodbye!" This was not bad, except in comparison with the superb stratagem ascribed to Gerrit Smith in such emergencies—as that he used to say in his family prayers, after breakfast, "May the Lord also bless Brother Jones, who leaves us on the 10 o'clock train this morning."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Word Backward.

The expression backward originally indicated the scullions, kitchen boys and pot washers who brought up the rear when a great man's household was moving from place to place. As these persons were by no means choice in their language or elegant in their deportment, the word was soon applied to those who in speech or action resembled them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.