YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED TWICE A WEEK--WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

L. M. GRIST & SONS, Publishers. | A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural, and Commercial Interests of the South. | TERMS----$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. 43. YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1897. NO. 88.

A CONFLICT OF EVIDENCE.

BY RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI.

Author of "An Artist In Crime."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LETTER.

When Mr. Barnes reached the road, he started on a run, for he was anxious to overtake Virginia Lewis before she should discover that she was watched by Burrows. After what he had just learned, he very much doubted whether his young assistant would be able to circumvent this shrewd girl. It is not as easy to shadow a person along a lonely country road as it might be in a city, where the crowded streets offer ready opportunities for hiding.

As Virginia had only a few minutes start of the detective and walked at a moderate gait, Mr. Barnes caught sight of her just as she began to cross the bridge. As she passed over it he noted that she was attracted by something, for she stopped, looked over the rail and then around her in every direction. Mr. Barnes was glad that he had found a chance to assume some sort of disguise, as there was no way of avoiding her gaze. In a moment she went on, and when he reached the bridge he saw at once what had aroused her caution. It was the sight of her own boat, which Burrows had used to reach the place. As she knew that she had left it up the stream the night before, its presence at this landing must have been sufficient to indicate to her that she was being followed, for she had evidently chosen the time for her errand when she knew the detectives had gone off exploring near the river bank. It was easy for her to guess that her departure from the farm had been observed and that her own boat had brought a spy after her.

Mr. Barnes was disappointed that she should have thus been placed upon her guard. She would now almost certainly not post her letter at the office. She walked on about 100 yards beyond the bridge, and from the alert glances which she cast about her it was plain that she was looking for the detective, of whose presence she felt assured. She passed the postoffice, and going a little farther entered a house on the opposite side of the road. Mr. Barnes did not follow, because there was nothing to be gained. She was beyond his reach for

She stopped and looked over the rail.

the present, and having seen him behind her may have entered a friend's house merely to observe him as he went by, being suspicious of strangers. He therefore went into the saloon where he had met the squire that same morning. If Virginia was watching him, it would perhaps disarm her suspicion of him, since it was a natural place whereat one dressed as he was might stop. Furthermore, being near the postoffice, he could watch that place and see if she mailed her letter herself or by proxy, sending some one from where she was. He was scarcely within the doorway before he became aware of the presence of Tom Burrows, who was seated near the window and evidently watching the postoffice. Satisfied, therefore, that there was no immediate need for him to do so also, and noticing that the place was more than ordinarily crowded and that the inmates were in deep conversation over some very absorbing topic, which he at once guessed must be the murder, Mr. Barnes moved to the back of the store and mingled with the loungers there.

Almost the first person whom he noticed was Will Everly, the young man with whom he had had the brief conversation in the earlier part of the day. He was still stanchly defending his friend Marvel.

"I tell you, Harrison," he was saying, "it is wrong in you to accuse Walter of this thing when you know very well that he has not been in this neighborhood since the night of that party, when he and Lewis had the spat"—

"Spat? That's a mild way ter put it when he tried ter shoot the old man." The speaker was the man who had given the information about the snow. "But I say, Everly, I don't exactly accuse Marvel. I merely say it's a bad business for him, seein as how he threatened ter do this very thing."

"Well, what if he did? A threat when a man is mad is a very different thing from actually committing a murder. As to that, why, Lucas threatened him too."

"Why, of course, I hope Marvel will come out all right. He's a fine fellow, and I like him. It's a lucky thing the squire had them detectives right on the spot. They'll clear up matters mighty quick, I reckon."

"Whatever they do, they won't find that Walter is in this ugly business. I can prove that he was not in town any way."

"How kin you do that?"

Mr. Barnes became interested at once.

"Why, I have a letter from him this morning from Epping."

"Bosh! What does that amount ter? That's only five miles off."

Mr. Barnes noticed that Everly spoke louder than was absolutely necessary, and as he glanced toward Burrows occasionally it seemed that his defense of his friend was in a measure meant for that detective's ears. At this point a lad entered and, approaching Everly, said:

"Will, Miss Alice asks you if you can go as far as New Market for her."

"Tell her I'll be with her as soon as I can hitch up my horse." As Everly started to go Mr. Barnes touched him on the arm and said:

"Friend, if you are going to New Market I'll thank you to give me a lift if you would be so kind. It will save me a long walk."

"Who are you?" Everly was suspicious of strangers.

"I live up on the Nottingham road and am going to New Market to try for work on the new factory they are building. I am a carpenter by trade."

"All right," said Everly, after a little more hesitation; "look out for me as I come back, and I'll pick you up."

As soon as he had gone Mr. Barnes took a notebook from his pocket and, tearing out a page, wrote as follows:

DEAR TOM—It is of no use. She saw the boat and has taken the alarm. I think she means to send the letter to the post at New Market. If you see me, remain in the wagon with Everly. You will know that this surmise on my part is correct. In that case I will take care of the letter. Tell no one where I have gone, even though I should not return for a day or two. Tell the squire to impanel his jury, turn the body over to a doctor for a post mortem and then adjourn until I get back. Meanwhile keep your eyes open. Watch young Lewis! Remember he is a stranger and should prove his identity beyond a doubt, especially if a will turns up drawn in his favor. Pump him all you can without his suspecting that you have a motive. BARNES.

Having written this note, the next thing to do was to give it to Burrows without arousing suspicion of collusion. It must be borne in mind that every one present knew that the man by the window was a detective, and, further, that Burrows had failed to recognize Mr. Barnes in his disguise. The latter went to the door and stood there a few minutes, whistling a tune that was a great favorite with Burrows. He kept this up until at length he attracted his notice. As soon as this was accomplished, having his back to the others, he slightly lifted his false beard, thus revealing his identity, and then held up the note. Sure then that Burrows understood him, he dropped into a chair, picked up a copy of the Boston Herald which lay there and pretended to read, until Everly at length appeared in the road. He then simply laid the paper down, having hidden the note therein, and, joining Everly, was taken into the wagon. Thus nothing was left to Burrows but to possess himself of the newspaper and note, which he easily did.

Reaching the house into which Virginia had gone, the horse was stopped, and Everly jumped out. He started to enter the gate leading to the dwelling, when the main door was opened, and a young woman, emerging therefrom, came down the gravel walk to meet him. She greeted him familiarly, and they stood conversing in low tones for a few moments. Mr. Barnes watched them closely in his endeavor to see whether she intrusted a letter to his care. He did not actually detect her doing so, but he saw by the motion of Everly's arm that he carefully placed something in the inner pocket of his coat. Satisfied that this was the letter the superscription of which he was so anxious to see, he determined to keep his seat and accompany Everly to New Market. On the road thither he attempted but little conversation, fearing to reveal his identity and thus destroy all hopes of success. As his companion seemed little inclined to talk, the trip, which occupied about three-quarters of an hour, was made in comparative silence.

Arrived at New Market, he deemed it best to alight as soon as they reached the hotel. Entering, he posted himself so as to watch whither Everly should drive, and the latter, entirely unconscious as to whom he had brought with him, went straight to the postoffice, situated about a block farther. With considerable satisfaction Mr. Barnes saw him presently emerge again and immediately turn his horse's head homeward, thus showing that his sole errand to the town had been to post the letter.

As soon as Everly was out of sight Mr. Barnes removed his disguise and, making a bundle of the overalls, intrusted it to the care of the hotel clerk to be kept until he should call again. He then hurried over to the postoffice, where he asked for the postmaster. To this official he declared himself to be a detective and, stating that in his belief a letter had just been mailed to an important witness in a case which he was investigating, received permission to examine the letters uncanceled. This he proceeded to do, and at length he found the object of his search. He held in his hand a letter the contents of which he thought would throw considerable light on the mystery. He copied the address, which was as follows:

"Walter Marvel, Esq., Portsmouth, N. H. Keep till called for."

Leaving the office, Mr. Barnes hurried over to the railroad station, and purchasing a ticket for Portsmouth was soon on his way thither.

Arriving there that same evening, he lost no time in proceeding to call on the postmaster of the city, and, acquainting him with the nature of his business, easily arranged a plan whereby he hoped to discover Walter Marvel. As the man whom he was seeking was an entire stranger to him, it would be impossible to recognize him. Therefore he determined to station himself at the inquiry window and arranged a signal whereby the clerk was to warn him when any one should ask for a letter for Walter Marvel. As, however, he was informed that the mail just in would not be ready for delivery until the following morning he went to a hotel and retired for the night.

The postoffice opened at 7 o'clock, and promptly at that hour Mr. Barnes commenced his vigil. He did not have his patience very sorely tried, for it was scarcely 8 o'clock when he received the signal from the postal clerk and saw the letter handed to a man at the window.

Not knowing whether this was Marvel himself or merely some messenger, Mr. Barnes determined for the present simply to follow him, more especially as he did not break the seal of the letter, but after glancing at the address consigned it to his pocket. Leaving the building, the man proceeded to a small hotel, at a considerable distance from the postoffice and in the vicinity of the docks. Mr. Barnes concluded that it was little more than a sailors' boarding house, and it puzzled him to guess why Marvel had chosen this place. Entering the door, which led in on a level with the street, the man seated himself on a chair and then, producing the letter, broke the seal and read.

The act satisfied Mr. Barnes that Walter Marvel was before him, but it suited him still to spy awhile upon his movements, hoping thereby to learn something. Of course Marvel could not guess that the man standing in the doorway was a detective or that he was watched. Therefore he would act as his real intentions prompted him. He seemed wholly absorbed in the paper before him, which he read and reread a number of times, ending by crumpling it up in his hand and starting up from his chair. He stood gazing from the window awhile and then paced nervously up and down. This lasted some minutes, when he suddenly resumed his seat, took the crumpled letter from his pocket where he had thrust it and carefully smoothed out the creases on his knee. He again read its contents over and over. Suddenly, with a smothered ejaculation, he tore the letter into pieces and scattered them on the floor. Then he spoke a few words to the hotel clerk and hurried up stairs.

Mr. Barnes at once proceeded to collect the scattered fragments of the letter and, carefully placing them in an envelope, consigned that to his wallet until such time as he might be able to match the pieces together again. This done, he quietly seated himself and waited.

In about ten minutes Walter Marvel reappeared, coming down the stairs, and hurried out to the street, Mr. Barnes following him.

He directed his course toward the wharfs and finally walked to the end of one, where he went aboard a schooner lying there. By inquiring among the longshoremen the detective soon learned that this vessel, the Eclipse, was bound for the West Indies and was to sail immediately. Mr. Barnes saw at once that it was now time to take active measures or he would lose his man after all. Boarding the vessel, he sought out the captain and explained to him what he wished to do. The master seemed of a surly disposition and little inclined to render any assistance. He did not, indeed, refuse to let Mr. Barnes see Marvel, but he positively declined to take any part in the matter himself.

Descending to the cabin, almost the first individual whom he met was Marvel, and Mr. Barnes, approaching him, addressed him as follows:

"Mr. Marvel, I believe?"

"That is my name, but you are a stranger to me."

"Mr. Marvel, I have a very unpleasant duty to perform and hope you will pardon me if I proceed at once to explain, as I fear that the captain may sail at any minute."

"You cannot explain too quickly to suit me," replied Marvel.

"Mr. Marvel, how long is it since you left Wadley's Falls?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Please answer me first, and I promise full explanation afterward."

"That arrangement does not suit me. You are a stranger to me—I do not even know how it is that you are acquainted with my name—and I therefore deny that you have any right to question me."

"Mr. Marvel, I am a detective."

"Well?"

"A murder has been committed at Wadley's Falls, and"—Mr. Barnes paused to note the effect of his words, but Marvel seemed turned to stone, he was so impassive—"will you venture to guess who the victim is?"

"John Lewis!" said Marvel in a hoarse whisper. He dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands. His trouble seemed so poignant that for some minutes Mr. Barnes could not find it in his heart to disturb him. Finally, however, realizing that time was precious, he said:

"Mr. Marvel, will you return with me to Lee?"

"Why should I?" answered Marvel, looking up suddenly, aroused by the question.

"Because it may be necessary for you to prove your whereabouts on that night in order to disarm suspicion, and"—

"Do you mean to accuse me of this crime?" said Marvel vehemently.

"I never make an accusation till I have positive proof," returned Mr. Barnes, "and that I have not in this case—at least not yet. I advise you to keep your temper and be guarded in what you say, for your words may be used against you."

"You are insolent! How dare you speak to me in that way?"

"Come, Mr. Marvel; time presses. Will you accompany me peaceably?"

"Do you mean as your prisoner?"

"No. Let us say as a witness." But at that word Marvel recoiled and seemed alarmed. All the anger departed from his voice as he said:

"Have you a warrant for my arrest? Can you force me to go?"

Mr. Barnes shook his head negatively, and Marvel heaved a sigh of relief as he muttered: "Then I will not go. I cannot. I cannot."

Mr. Barnes was nonplused. He had counted on finding Marvel willing—nay, anxious—to return as soon as he should know that there was any possibility of his being implicated in the crime. But what was he to do now that he refused to go back? He could not compel him without a warrant, and that he not only did not have, but could not procure before the vessel would sail. He determined to try to induce the captain to delay starting, though with little hope of success, remembering how surly he had just shown himself. As he anticipated, the master declared that he would not change his plans.

Seeing that nothing was to be accomplished in this way, Mr. Barnes sought the cabin, hoping even yet to persuade Marvel that his best course was to accompany him, since if he were guilty he could not hope to escape extradition, which would be very simple, his destination being known, while if innocent it was his duty to return and assist in clearing up the matter, thus removing all doubt.

He found Marvel sitting where he had left him, staring vacantly before him. He was so absorbed in thought that the detective was obliged to touch

He went aboard a schooner lying there.

him to attract attention, and then, before Mr. Barnes could say a word, Marvel exclaimed:

"Is it you? I am glad. I will go back with you."

"You will go back with me?" Mr. Barnes was much surprised at this sudden change.

"Yes. I am sorry now that I refused at first. I see that it is the best course to pursue. Yet I had reasons that seemed to me at the first moment of my surprise to be unanswerable and which led to my decision. I am now ready and anxious to accompany you."

Mr. Barnes scrutinized Marvel closely to determine whether this were a genuine or an assumed manner. He was puzzled.

"I am glad," said he, "that you will go peaceably. You save me a great deal of trouble. I would have taken you back, even though it had been necessary to get a warrant and follow you to sea in a tug. Then you would have been under arrest. Now, since you offer no resistance, you shall receive every consideration. I will take you back as a witness."

"I will not go with you as a witness. I will submit to arrest, though you have no warrant, but if I go with you it must be as your prisoner."

"As you please. It matters not, so long as you return."

Mr. Barnes and Marvel left Portsmouth on the first train available and reached Wadley's Falls the next morning. While on the train Mr. Barnes found an opportunity to be alone in the smoking car long enough to piece together the fragments of the letter which he had picked up when thrown away by Marvel. With mucilage which he had procured at Portsmouth he pasted each piece to another sheet so that finally the letter was once more legible. It read as follows:

After the events of last night it is best that you leave the country. Do so without delay. It would be madness to think of marriage now. Farewell! VIRGIE.

After studying this for a long time Mr. Barnes was forced to admit that the whole affair was as great a mystery as ever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Amusing Ignorance.

The written civil service examinations for policemen in New York have been sneered at as a part of a visionary scheme. The ignorance displayed by some of the unsuccessful applicants for appointment might have had free course in an official position, however, and to the public loss, had no such test been used. Extracts from what these applicants for police service wrote about Abraham Lincoln include some extraordinary statements. One wrote:

"He has bin a Presented of New York city." Another declared that in 1865 Lincoln was "nomanited in place of Buckhanan whoe's term of office expired in that year."

"Mr. Lincoln," according to another applicant, "had many engagements in war and was bound to be victorious, especially at the battle of Gettysburg, when he swept all before him."

Of Lincoln's tragic death it was variously said that he was killed "at Chicago 1864," also that he "was assisated in 1877 at foards Theater Boston;" shot in "Booth's theater in Philadelphia;" "died at his home in Loug Branch." The assassin is spoken of as "Garfield," "Geteay" and "Decota."

One candidate said Lincoln "let the Dorkey go fred," another that he "fred all the negros in the world." In general the applicants seem to have agreed, as one wrote, that "we have sertinly had very flew like unto Lincoln."—Youth's Companion.

☞ "What makes you so late?" asked Mrs. Chaffie. "The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe," replied Johnnie. "No wonder that you couldn't find Moscow. It was burned down in 1812. It's an outrage to treat a child that way!"

Miscellaneous Reading.

ERRORS OF THE TYPES.

Some of the typographical errors that occur in the newspapers are very amusing. It is not surprising that they occur as often as they do when the number of separate type that are set up every day in the newspaper offices of the country is considered. In fact, the great wonder is that there is not a greater number of errors.

On all the leading newspapers every article written is read over and corrected at least three times before it is finally ready for the public eye.

After a reporter writes his article, revises and corrects it to his own satisfaction, it is sent to an editor who uses his blue pencil to make such corrections as he thinks are required. The article is then set up by the typesetters, and the proof, with the original copy, is sent to the proof readers. They make such corrections as are necessary, and after these corrections are made a second, or revised proof, is sent in with the first proof, and the proof reader scans the second proof carefully to see if all marked errors and changes have been properly corrected.

In spite of these precautions scarcely a day passes in any newspaper office, no matter how well regulated it may be, that there are not some glaring errors in the paper. A few of these errors that have come under the writer's notice within the past few years are copied below:

The society reporter of a Georgia paper once wrote as follows: "Mrs. —— Brown, who two years ago moved to Texas, is back visiting friends in her native state." When the article appeared, Mrs. Brown was shocked to see that she was "visiting friends in her naked state."

One of Dr. Talmage's sermons was printed in a New York paper not long ago. The opening sentence as written by Dr. Talmage was as follows: "My text finds our Lord is the garden of Gethsemane." The compositor found the preacher's handwriting hard to translate, and he set up the sentence as follows: "My tall friend our Lord, in the garden of Gethsemane." It was in the same report that "No cows, no cream," did duty for the impressive "No cross, no crown."

The insertion of so small a thing as a comma in the wrong place often makes some very ludicrous errors. A brilliant young Georgian was once invited by the literary societies of the university of Georgia to deliver the annual oration at that famous institution. He accepted the honor and, doubtless, thinking of the great number of Lucy Cobb institute girls who would be present, chose as the subject for his talk, "Woman, God's Noblest Work." His speech was a good one and delighted his large audience. The following day the leading paper in the city in which the young orator lived published the speech in full. One sentiment read as follows in the manuscript: "Woman! without her, man would be a savage;" but when it appeared in type it read this way: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage."

Advertisements, too, often appear wide of the mark. For instance, the following appeared not many months ago: "Mr. and Mrs. Max Rosensteiner, of No. —— Baxter street, beg to announce that they have cast off clothing of every description and would like to be called on by their friends."

Another amusing error was shown me by a Scotchman in one of the crude papers of his native land. The Scotch Presbyterians are very religious by nature and their newspapers are in many cases more like church journals than disseminators of news. The following is the item in question. It was written: "James Ferguson, going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation of —— kirk." The slip of a comma made it appear this way: "James Ferguson going to sea his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation of —— kirk." When this was read out to the assembled family, as is customary in Scotland, it is not surprising that the impression got out that Mrs. Ferguson was not a very amiable woman.

Henry W. Grady was traveling in Florida a few winters before his death and he wrote some exceedingly bright and interesting letters to The Constitution. In one he described with much pathos a poor young fellow who had been seized by that dreaded disease, consumption. Mr. Grady pictured the young man traveling down the St. Johns river in search of health. He described the sad expression of his face, which seemed conscious that death was almost upon him and that his life on earth was only the matter of a few month at most, or perhaps a few weeks. Mr. Grady told of the sad expression of the young man's eyes, which seemed to haunt him, and the hectic flush on the young man's face which seemed like a mockery. As nearly everyone knows, Mr. Grady's handwriting was as hard to read as Horace Greeley's, and it is not surprising that the printer made a error in setting up the article. When Mr. Grady read his letter in The Constitution a few days later he was horrified to see the expression: "That tell-tale hectic flush lit up his face" the words "that tell-tale necktie flush lit up his face." It was the winter season when this occurred; but the air around The Constitution building was as hot as a July day when Mr. Grady next put in an appearance.

Another expression in one of Mr. Grady's letters that went astray and caused almost as much commotion as the "necktie flush" was when he wrote: "I was reminded of Georgia by that well-known bug—the doodle," which appeared in the next day's paper, "I was reminded of Georgia by that well-known bony—the devil."

Two days after the paper was printed the head proof reader got a telegram which read: "Who in the h—l is Bony, the devil?" It was signed by the familiar initials, H. W. G.

The society reporter of a journal wanted to compliment the initial appearance in society of one of the city's most beautiful young women, and she wrote an article containing some very extravagant compliments. After describing the debutante's beautiful gown, her bouquet, her slippers, gloves and everything else, she wrote: "The fair young debutante had a complexion like a red, red rose." There was no objection to that, but when it appeared in cold type, "The fair young debutante had a complexion like a red, red nose," the girl's mother was so mad that she was with difficulty dissauded from bringing a libel suit against the paper.—H. H. in Atlanta Constitution.

HENRY GEORGE.

Last Hours of America's Greatest Social Agitator.

Henry George literally worked himself to death. It may have been unnecessary; but with worry, anxiety, and effort beyond his strength, there is no doubt that he is a martyr to the doctrines of which he has been an exponent for years.

Some two weeks ago Mr. George commenced a vigorous onslaught against Croker, the ex-chief of Tammany, and Platt, the boss of the Republican party. He denounced them as thieves, bribers and perjurers, and solemnly declared that in the event of his election, he would send them both to Sing Sing.

Pitched on such a high key as this, the campaign necessarily went at a killing pace. The masses of the people grew intensely excited, and, for several days previous to his death, Mr. George made speeches at the rate of a half dozen a day. He was greeted by large and enthusiastic crowds everywhere. In one of his speeches, on the night previous to his death, he said:

"I have labored for years to make myself known, and now at last these things are all written down. I believe that all the needed reforms are summed up in this philosophy: The right of every man to eat, to drink, to speak, as he sees fit, so long as he does not trench on the rights of other men."

Later in the same speech he repeated his threats against Mr. Croker in a ringing voice that greatly affected his hearers, saying:

"If I am elected, and I believe that I will be elected, I will enforce the law upon the rich and poor alike. I have pledged myself to search out the charges popularly made against Mr. Richard Croker. If I am elected these charges shall be investigated. If they are proved untrue, let him go unscratched back to England or to any other land he pleases. But if they are true," Mr. George's voice rang out in menacing tones that visibly excited his audience, "let the law be enforced, let him go to the penitentiary. He shall go there."

Shortly afterward he spoke to 1,200 common laborers, a rough crowd, in a closely-packed hall. He was introduced as "the friend of the working man," and began:

"I have never claimed to be a friend of the workman. I do not now make any such claim. (There was a pause of dead silence). I have not and do not intend to advocate anything in the special interest of the laboring man. (Another dead pause. Mr. George walked the full length of the platform and let out his full voice in a shout).

"I am for men. (The crowd set up such a cheering and stamping that the room was filled with a choking dust). I am for men—the equal rights of all men. Let us be done with asking privileges for the laboring man."

From this meeting he went to still another, and finally, got home at about 1.30 o'clock in the morning. Mrs. George awoke at about 3.30 o'clock and found her husband sitting in an arm chair. He said to his wife that he did not feel quite comfortable, and she asked him to go back to bed; but he said he preferred to sit in the chair for a while. Shortly afterward, Mr. George became unconscious, and at 4.45 he died, as stated in THE ENQUIRER of last Saturday.

Henry George was born in Philadelphia, on September 2, 1839. He received a common school education, was a sailor for a while, and then became a printer. Afterward he became a newspaper reporter and then an editor, in which capacity he served several newspapers and magazines. He became known to the world through his books on political economy. His most famous work probably is "Progress and Poverty." He was the candidate of the Union Labor party for mayor of New York in 1886, and received 68,000 votes against 90,000 for Abraham S. Hewitt, Democrat, and 60,000 for Theodore Roosevelt, Republican. His recent nomination came from the "Jeffersonian Democracy," a faction opposed to Tammany hall, and it was for this reason there was considerable speculation as to the probable chances of Van Wyck, the regular Democratic nominee.

The Journal and Advertiser, of Friday morning, contained an article on Henry George, written by Alfred Henry Lewis. Mr. Lewis had seen Mr. George on the day previous, and the article was being printed at the time of Mr. George's death. Mr. Lewis gave his impressions of the man as follows:

"The Henry George I found was not the Henry George I had met fewer than two months ago. When I saw him last he was tranquil, quiet, even, steady as to nerves, rational, sedately contented, talking of his books and his tax dreams. Today I met a man haggard, pinched, with a face as thin and peaked as a pen. His eye roved, his hair was tumbled, his face the theatre of disorder. If he was the picture of anything, it was his unfed ambition made desperate. There was despair, too, in his face, as if in a dim way he looked into a future black with disappointment. I tell you it was a shock to see the man."

During Friday, both Croker and Platt sent messages of sympathy to Mrs. George on account of the loss of her husband. Other political enemies of the deceased testified as to his ability, purity of character, and honesty of purpose, and the Jeffersonian Democracy people nominated as his successor, his son, Henry George, Jr.

ODD THINGS ABOUT RAINBOWS.—Did you ever see a rainbow in the West? In discussing this curious question, the Philadelphia Times gives some interesting facts in regard to a rainbow and how it is formed:

1. It is never seen except when the sun is shining in one part of the sky, and rain is falling in the other, or opposite part.

2. It is generally seen in the east, because our showers come from the west and pass off toward the east.

3. It cannot be formed in the east except in the afternoon.

4. It cannot be formed in the west except in the morning.

5. It is never seen at midday, because the sun is then above us, and we cannot, therefore, stand between it and the rain.

Some of you may wonder why a rainbow is always semi-circular in shape. As a matter of fact, it is always a complete circle, but we cannot see but one-half of the circle, because the earth cuts off our view. If we were poised in the air, high above the earth, we could see it all. The circular shape is due to the fact that the raindrops are round, and that each drop reflects but one color to our eyes. It may strike you as a strange thing, but it is true, that no two persons see the same bow. That is because no two persons can possibly occupy the same position, and thus reflections fall differently upon their eyes.

☞ The Kentucky papers are making a great hurrah over a mule in that state which is known to be 40 years old and is still working every day. South Carolina has, or had two, that beat this record. The Greer's correspondent of the Greenville News says: "Today we heard of two remarkable mules for a long time owned by Green Ingram, of Sandy Flat. These mules hauled crossties that built the Columbia and Greenville railroad. When they were young their color was black, later they turned brown and from that to almost snow white. Charles Mitchell owned them for several years and traded them to a man in North Carolina 10 years ago. The mules were then 43 and 46 years of age respectively, fat, snow white, and very sprightly. It is believed by some who knew them that if they have had proper treatment since they left the Palmetto state they are doing good service yet."

THE DIGESTION OF STAPLE EDIBLES. Boiled rice will digest in 1 hour; if boiled in milk, however, it requires 2 hours and 15 minutes. Raw eggs will digest in about 1½ hours; fried, 3½ hours; soft boiled, 3 hours; hard boiled, 3½ hours. The white and yellow should be served together, as one assists in the digestion of the other. Salt beef requires 4½ hours; beefsteak, broiled, 3 hours; stewed oysters, 3½ hours. Oysters requre a longer time to digest than broiled meat. Roast veal requires 5 hours for perfect digestion; pork the same. Suet pudding is supposed to take 5½ hours.—Mrs. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

☞ A lady, lately returned from Brazil, tells of a curious custom in Para. With her uncle she dined lavisly at the house of a wealthy merchant. On leaving, she was amazed to hear her host say, "If you have any washing, send it here." It is a custom there, it seems, for wealthy households to take in laundry work as an employment for their large retinue of servants. "It did, however," said the relator, "give me a turn, at the end of a formal dinner party, to be asked for my soiled linen."

☞ An Edinburgh physician, Dr. George S. Keith, has written a book to prove, among other things, that most people, workingmen included, eat too much. In his younger days, he says, when the food of the workingman consisted mostly of milk, eggs, fish, oatmeal and potatoes, and when there was no butcher and baker in the parish, everybody was healthy. But when white bread and meat came into the market, the doctor came with them.

FAST TRAINS.—According to a European authority, only two regular express trains on the continent of Europe, one running from Paris to Nice and the other from Ostend through Germany to the Russian frontier at Eydtkuhnen, average so much as 38¼ miles per hour. The same authority estimates the average express speed between New York and Chicago at about 48¼ miles per hour, almost 10 miles faster than the best European time.

BANISHED IN ONE YEAR.—An exchange says that the number of Russians banished to Siberia last year, including those who followed the prisoners voluntarily, was 11,580—7,526 men, 1,715 women and 2,339 children. According to their religious creeds there were 8,831 Orthodox, 1,224 Mohammedans, 510 Jews, 506 Catholics, 274 Lutherans, 119 Roskolnikis, 35 Gregorians, 30 Skopzes and 51 "heathen."

☞ Black pigs usually have tougher skin and are less liable to skin diseases than white ones.