

The SKY PILOT

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"The Man From Glengarry"
"Glengarry School Days" and "Black Rock"

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CHAPTER XIV.

BILL'S BLUFF.

THE Pilot had set his heart upon the building of a church in the Swan Creek district, partly because he was human and wished to set a mark of remembrance upon the country, but more because he held the sensible opinion that a congregation, as a man, must have a home if it is to stay.

All through the summer he kept setting this as an object at once desirable and possible to achieve. But few were found to agree with him.

Little Mrs. Muir was of the few, but she was not to be despised, but her influence was neutralized by the solid immobility of her husband. He had never done anything sudden in his life. Every resolve was the result of a long process of mind, and every act



Then Bill stood up and began to speak of importance had to be previewed from all possible points; an honest man, strongly religious and a great admirer of the Pilot, but slow moving as a glacier, although with plenty of fire in him deep down.

"He's soon at the hair, ma man Robbie," his wife said to the Pilot, who was fuming and fretting at the blocking of his plans, "but he's terrible deliberate. Bide ye a bit, laddie. He'll come tae."

"But meantime the summer's going and nothing will be done," was the Pilot's distressed and impatient answer.

So a meeting was called to discuss the question of building a church, with the result that the five men and three women present decided that for the present nothing could be done. This was really Robbie's opinion, though he refused to do or say anything but grunt as the Pilot said to me afterward in a rage. It is true Williams, the storekeeper just come from "across the line," did all the talking, but no one paid much attention to his fluent fatuities except as they represented the unexpressed mind of the dour, exasperating little Scotchman, who sat silent but for an "aye" now and then, so expressive and conclusive that every one knew what he meant and that the discussion was at an end. The schoolhouse was quite sufficient for the present. The people were too few and too poor, and they were getting on well under the leadership of their present minister. These were the arguments which Robbie's "aye" stamped as quite unanswerable.

It was a sore blow to the Pilot, who had set his heart upon a church, and neither Mrs. Muir's "hoots" at her husband's slowness nor her promises that she "wad mak him hear it" could bring comfort or relieve his gloom.

In this state of mind he rode up with me to pay our weekly visit to the little girl shut up in her lonely house among the hills.

It had become the Pilot's custom during these weeks to turn for cheer to that little room, and seldom was he disappointed. She was so bright, so brave, so cheery and so full of fun that gloom faded from her presence as mist before the sun and impatience was shamed into content.

Gwen's bright face—it was almost always bright now—and her bright welcome did something for the Pilot, but the feeling of failure was upon him, and failure to his enthusiastic nature was worse than pain. Not that he confessed either to failure or gloom; he was far too true a man for that, but Gwen felt his depression in spite of all his brave attempts at brightness, and insisted that he was ill, appealing to me.

"Oh, it's only his church," I said, proceeding to give her an account of Robbie Muir's silent, solid innerness and how he had blocked the Pilot's scheme. "What a shame!" cried Gwen indignantly. "What a bad man he must be!"

The Pilot smiled. "No, indeed," he answered. "Why, he's the best man in the place, but I wish he would say get on do something. If he would only get mad and swear I think I should feel happier."

Gwen looked quite mystified. "You see, he sits there in solemn silence looking so tremendously wise that most men feel foolish if they speak, while as for doing anything the idea appears preposterous in the face of his immovableness."

"I can't bear him!" cried Gwen. "I should like to stick a pin in him."

"I wish some one would," answered the Pilot. "It would make him seem more human if he could be made to jump."

"Try again," said Gwen, "and get some one to make him jump."

"It would be easier to build the church," said the Pilot gloomily. "I could make him jump," said Gwen viciously, "and I will," she added after a pause.

"You!" answered the Pilot, opening his eyes. "How?"

"I'll find some way," she replied resolutely.

And so she did, for when the next meeting was called to consult as to the building of a church, the congregation, chiefly of farmers and their wives, with Williams, the storekeeper, were greatly surprised to see Bronco Bill, Hi and half a dozen ranchers and cowboys walk in at intervals and solemnly seat themselves. Robbie looked at them with surprise and a little suspicion. In church matters he had no dealings with the Samaritans from the hills, and while, in their unregenerate condition, they might be regarded as suitable objects of missionary effort, as to their having any part in the direction, much less control, of the church policy—from such a notion Robbie was delivered by his loyal adherence to the Scriptural injunction that he should not cast pearls before swine.

The Pilot, though surprised to see Bill and the cattle men, was none the less delighted and faced the meeting with more confidence. He stated the question for discussion: Should a church building be erected this summer in Swan Creek? and he put his case well.

Then followed dour, solemn silence. Robbie was content to wait till the effect of the speech should be dissipated in smaller talk. Then he gravely said: "The kirk wad be a gran' thing, nae doot, an' they wad be dootless—'with a suspicious glance toward Bill—'rejoice in its erection. But we maun be cautious, an' I wad like to inquire hoo much money a kirk cud be built for an' whaur the money wad come frae?"

The Pilot was ready with his answer. The cost would be \$1,200. The church building fund would contribute \$200, the people would give \$300 in labor and the remaining \$700 he thought could be raised in the district in two years' time.

"Aye," said Robbie, and the tone and manner were sufficient to drench any enthusiasm with the chilliest of water. So much was this the case that the chairman, Williams, seemed quite justified in saying:

"It is quite evident that the opinion of the meeting is adverse to any attempt to load the community with a debt of \$1,000," and he proceeded with a very complete statement of the many and various objections to any attempt at building a church this year. The people were very few, they were dispersed over a large area, they were not interested sufficiently, they were all spending money and making little in return; he supposed therefore that the meeting might adjourn.

Robbie sat silent and expressionless in spite of his little wife's anxious whispers and nudges. The Pilot looked the picture of woe and was on the point of bursting forth when the meeting was started by Bill.

"Say, boys! They hain't much stuck on their shop, heh?" The low, drawing voice was perfectly distinct and arresting.

"Hain't got no use for it seemingly," was the answer from the dark corner.

"Old Scotchie takes his religion out in prayin', I guess," drawled in Bill, "but wants to sponge for his plant."

This reference to Robbie's proposal to use the school moved the youngsters to tittering and made the little Scotchman squirm, for he prided himself upon his independence.

"There ain't \$700 in the hull blanked outfit!" This was a stranger's voice, and again Robbie squirmed, for he rather prided himself also on his ability to pay his way.

"No good!" said another emphatic voice. "A blanked lot of psalm singing snipes!"

"Order, order!" cried the chairman.

"Old Windbag there don't see agy show for swipin' the collection with Scotchie round," said Hi, with a following ripple of quiet laughter, for Williams' reputation was none too secure.

Robbie was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. So unusually stirred was he that for the first time in his history he made a motion.

"I move we adjourn, Mr. Chairman," he said in a voice which actually vibrated with emotion.

"Different here! Eh, boys?" drawled Bill.

"You bet!" said Hi. In huge delight. "The meetin' ain't out yet."

"Ye can bide till mor-nin'," said Robbie angrily. "An' ma gaen haume" beginning to put on his coat.

"Seems as if he order give the pass-word!" drawled Bill.

"Right you are, partner," said Hi, springing to the door and waiting in delighted expectation for his friend's lead.

Robbie looked at the door, then at his wife, hesitated a moment, I have no doubt wishing her home. Then Bill stood up and began to speak.

"Mr. Chairman, I hain't been called on for any remarks!"

"Go on!" yelled his friends from the dark corner. "Hear, hear!"

"—an' I didn't feel as if this war hardly my game, though the Pilot ain't mean about invitin' a feller on Sunday afternoons. But them as runs the shop don't seem to want us fellers round too much."

Robbie was gazing keenly at Bill, and here shook his head, muttering angrily: "Hoots, nonsense! Ye're welcome enouch."

"But," went on Bill slowly, "I guess I've been on the wrong track. I've been a-cherishin' the opinion" ["Hear, hear!" yelled his admirers], "cherishin' the opinion," repeated Bill, "that these fellers," pointing to Robbie, "was stuck on religion, which I ain't much myself, and reely concerned about the blocking of the devil, which the Pilot says can't be did without a regular gospel factory. Of course, it ain't any biznis of mine, but if us fellers was reely set on anythin' 'condoooin'," ["Hear, hear!" yelled Hi in ecstasy], "condoooin'," repeated Bill slowly and with relish, "to the good of the Order" (Bill was a brotherhood man), "I b'lieve I know whar \$500 mebbe cud 'peraps be got."

"You bet your sox," yelled the strange voice in chorus, with other shouts of approval.

"Of course, I ain't no bettin' man," went on Bill insinuatingly, "as a regular thing, but I'd gamble a few fist here on this pint; if the boys was stuck on anythin' 'costin' about \$700, it seems to me likely they'd git it in about two days, 'peraps."

Here Robbie grunted out an "aye" of such fullness of contemptuous unbelief that Bill paused, and, looking over Robbie's head, he drawled out, "I ain't much given to bettin', as I remarked before, but if a man shakes money at me on that proposition I'd accommodate him to a limited extent."

"Hear, hear! Bully boy!" yelled Hi again from the door. "Not bettin' too bold, I cherish the opinion" [again yells of approval from the corner] "that even for this here gospel plant, seein' the Pilot's rather sot on to it, I b'lieve the boys could find \$500 inside of a month, if perhaps these fellers cud wiggle the rest out of their pants."

Then Robbie was in great wrath, and, stung by the taunting, drawled voice beyond all self command, he broke out suddenly:

"Ye'll no can mak that guid, I doot."

"Dye mean I ain't prepared to back it up?"

"Aye," said Robbie grimly.

"Tain't likely I'll be called on. I guess \$500 is safe enouch," drawled Bill, cunningly drawing him on. Then Robbie bit.

"Oo aye!" said he in a voice of quiet contempt. "The twa hunner will be here and 'twull wait ye long enouch. I see warrant ye."

Then Bill nodded him.

"I hain't got my card case on my person," he said with a slight grin.

"Left it on the planner," suggested Hi, who was in a state of great hilarity at Bill's success in drawing the Scotchie.

"But," Bill proceeded, recovering himself and with increasing suavity, "if some gentleman would mark down the date of the almanac I cherish the opinion" [cheers from the corner] "that in one month from today there will be \$500 lookin' round for \$200 on that there desk, mebbe, or 'peraps you would incline to two fifty," he drawled in his most winning tone to Robbie, who was growing more impatient every moment.

"Nea matter tae me. Ye're haverin' like a daff loon, any way."

"You will make a memento of this slight transaction, boys, and 'peraps the schoolmaster will write it down," said Bill.

It was all carefully taken down, and amid much enthusiastic confusion the ranchers and their gang carried Bill off to old Latour's, while Robbie, in deep wrath but in dour silence, went off through the dark, with his little wife following some paces behind him. His chief grievance, however, was against the chairman for "allooin' sic a disorderly pack o' loons tae disturb respectable folk," for he could not hide the fact that he had been made to break through his accustomed defense line of immovable silence.

But when he understood, some days later, that Bill was taking steps to back up his offer and had been heard to declare that "he'd make them plous ducks take water if he had to put up a year's pay," Robbie went quietly to work to make good his part of the bargain, for his Scotch pride would not suffer him to refuse a challenge from such a quarter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TWO SMALL PAIRS.—In University place a boy, preceded by a dog, encountered a woman, preceded by a smaller dog. The dogs halted; so did the owners. The animals looked at each other fixedly from a distance of six feet, each with his tail waving back and his back, each uttering low growls.

"Call off your dog!" exclaimed the woman, as she saw the situation.

"Call off yours!" replied the boy.

"Can't you restrain your dog?" she demanded in a high key.

"He ain't doin' nothin'."

"Yes, he is; he's intimidatin' my Fido."

"But your Fido is givin' him sass. I ain't goin' to restrain my dog when your dog is sayin' he can lick him with one hand tied behind his back."

"Here Fido, haven't you more care for your reputation than to face such a low down car as that? Come here this instant! I will punish you for this!"

"Here, Shakespeare," said the boy as he gave his dog a light kick, "you let that animal alone. You tackled one like him last fall and you had indigestion for two months. He ain't alive. He's stuffed, and the woman works him with a string. Come along, and I'll show you a real live dog."—New York Press.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IMMIGRATION CONVENTION.

About Half the Counties Represented in Columbia Tuesday.

About half the counties of the state were represented at the convention that was held in Columbia last Tuesday to consider the question of inducing desirable immigrants to South Carolina.

The convention was called mainly at the instance of A. J. Matheson, Esq., of Marlboro, who is especially desirous of inducing immigration from Scotland; but the proceeding took the direction of an effort to encourage immigration generally.

Mr. M. V. Richards, industrial agent of the Southern railway, was present by special invitation, and he made some practical suggestions that were received with much interest. They were to the effect, the Southern railway had brought six hundred or more families from the northwest to points along its line, and others had followed. He thought foreigners who had settled in the northwest are preferable to raw immigrants from abroad, and he suggested that a special effort be made at St. Louis to advertise the advantages and inducements of South Carolina.

The convention was called to order by Col. J. Knox Livingston of Bennettsville, and was organized by the election of the following officers:

President—A. J. Matheson of Bennettsville.
Secretary—E. J. Watson of Columbia.

Vice presidents from the congressional districts in the order named: J. E. Tindal of Clarendon; T. S. Williams of Alken; Fred G. Brown of Anderson; J. T. Douglass of Union; Leroy Springs of Lancaster; Dr. J. H. David of Dillon; F. H. Hyatt of Columbia.

There were no set speeches during the meeting; but the following resolutions were adopted serially, after some discussion:

Resolved, That this convention recommend the establishment by the state of a department of immigration which shall have charge of all matters pertaining to securing immigrants and placing them throughout the state.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the general assembly of this state to make ample provision for and give liberal support to said department of immigration.

Resolved, That in furtherance of the objects of this movement we urge the appointment of a special agent to the state to properly present the resources and inducements we have to offer to immigrants to be stationed at St. Louis and remain there during the whole term of the exposition.

Resolved, That in order further to accomplish the purpose for which we are assembled a committee be selected, to be designated as the "South Carolina Immigration Executive committee," consisting of one from each county and each commercial body, of which the president of this convention shall be chairman, and have power to appoint sub-committees.

First—To prepare a constitution for the South Carolina Immigration association, and each county organization.

Second—To prepare in suitable form all information relative to the resources, etc., of the state.

Third—To elect a general agent upon whom shall devolve all the duties appertaining to an immigration agent.

Fourth—To devise a plan by which to raise the funds necessary to defray the expenses necessarily incurred.

Fifth—To prepare and submit to the general assembly such legislation as may be proper to carry into effect the purposes of this convention.

Resolved, That in order to get the work launched at once this convention confer on the different counties, municipalities and commercial and agricultural organizations in the state to send subscriptions to the committee, thus enabling said committee to meet the expenses of the organization of the movement and of the preparation of such advertising matters as may be necessary.

A resolution was adopted endorsing the plan of Mr. Matheson to send a state agent to Scotland to induce desirable immigration, as was also a resolution asking congress for the modification of its immigration act to the extent of doing away with the requirements that prohibits the pre-payment of transportation for immigrants.

By authority of the convention the president appointed the following committee to further the work of the convention:

C. C. Langston; Anderson; E. S. Addison, Greenwood; Hon. T. H. Rainford, Edgefield; Senator J. T. Douglass, Union; Mr. J. H. McEachern, York; City of Union; E. J. Watson, Columbia; John Scott Newberry; J. E. Tindal, Clarendon; J. C. Hemphill and Mr. Hastie, Charleston; R. M. McCown, Florence; Bright Williamson, Darlington; Dr. J. H. David, Dillon; A. B. Watson, Saluda county; J. Wm. Mitchell, Batesburg; Knox Livingston, Marlboro; J. Y. Garlington, Laurens, who is the president of the chamber of commerce and had sent a telegram of encouragement; W. B. Moore, Yorkville; Pat. Matthew, Georgetown; T. H. Ketchin, Fairfield, and E. W. Dabbs, Sumter.

A SCOUT'S HARD LIFE.

Some of the Harshness and Dangers That Must Be Faced.

An unfortunate scout, says Leslie's Monthly, was sent with a dispatch to one of the smaller outposts in the far northwest. It was toward spring, when the midday sun thaws the surface of the snow and the light frosts harden the melted crusts to a glass of ice as dazzlingly bright as the blind, flashing flashes of sunlight from polished steel. The thaw had crusted over the trail, and the scout had to keep a very sharp eye on the way not to lose the path altogether. Suddenly the midday sun developed extraordinary hues. Magenta, purple and black patches began to dance on the snow, alternately with wheels and rockets of cheese colored fire. Then the light went out altogether, though the man knew that it was broad day. He had become snow blind. The only thing was to give his horse the bit.

The horse stood stock still. By that time he knew that he had lost the trail altogether or the bronco would have followed any visible path. He wheeled the horse about. It still refused to go on, and the man inferred that the

crust of ice had been so hard that the horse could not follow back the way it had come. That night the trooper slept under saddle blankets, with the faithful horse standing sentry.

For five days the trooper wandered blindly over the prairies, losing all count of time, eating snow to quench his thirst and sleeping in the holes that the broncho had pawed through the ice crust to the under grass. The trooper was now too weak to mount and keep the saddle. As a last hope the thought struck him that if he unsaddled his horse and turned it loose it might find its way back to the fort, and so notify his friends that he was lost. He did this, but the faithful animal refused to leave the man lying on the snow and stood over him in spite of all his efforts to drive it off.

On the sixth day the mail carrier found the pair. The trooper was severely frozen, but the rider and horse lived to see many another day's service.

THE NEW DEMOCRATIC LEADER.

Hon. John Sharp Williams is a Man of Recognized Ability.

John Sharp Williams, who has been chosen as leader of the minority in the house of representatives, is now serving his sixth term as a member of the lower branch of congress, his service dating from March 3, 1893, when the Fifty-third congress nominally came into existence. It is thus at the end of ten years of the national legislature that Mr. Williams has been honored with the highest compliment that can come from his colleagues on the floor of the house. That he is deserving of the compliment and that he will make an efficient and capable party leader his friends and adherents confidently assert. In his terms in congress, Mr. Williams has been a power on the Democratic side, and the Republicans have always had his cool and logical arguments to reckon with when the lines of party battle were tightly drawn. The gentleman from Mississippi has proved his ability many times to cope with the most learned of his brothers of the opposite political faith. He is a parliamentarian of recognized attainments.

The career of the new Democratic leader on the house side of congress is fraught with much interest. A lawyer by profession, but extensively engaged in cotton planting he first came into the political situation of his home state at the time of the Chicago convention which nominated Cleveland and Stevenson when he was a member of the Mississippi delegation. His first public office was that of representative in congress and since his first election as such he has been chosen as his own successor ever since, most of the time without opposition either within or without his own party. At the congressional election last fall Mr. Williams received every vote cast in his district, the eighth Mississippi. He has served in the Fifty-third, Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh congresses, and will now lead his party in the Fifty-eighth.

Mr. Williams resides at Yazoo, in Yazoo county, the homestead of his mother's family. He is a native of Tennessee, however, having been born at Memphis, July 30, 1854, and being at the present time in his fiftieth year. His mother having died and his father, who was a colonel of the Twenty-seventh Tennessee volunteers, Confederate States army, being killed at Shiloh his relatives moved with him to Yazoo, where his mother's family was located. At this time Memphis was threatened with capture by the Federal troops and was deserted by all who could well afford to leave the city.

Mr. Williams received a fair education at private schools and afterward was a student at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.; the Kentucky Military Institute, Frankfort, Ky.; the University of Virginia and Heidelberg, Germany. After pursuing this academic course the young man studied law with Profs. Minor and Southall at the University of Virginia and in the office of Harris, McKisick & Turley, in Memphis. In 1877 he was granted a license to practice in the courts of law and chancery in Shelby county, Tenn. In December, 1878, Mr. Williams went back to Yazoo, where he has since resided, practicing his profession and being engaged in the varied pursuits of the cotton planter.

Birds in Utah Penitentiary.

Murderer's Row at the state penitentiary has been cast into the depths of gloom. It is all because a bird of bad omen has taken up an unbidden home in that quarter, bringing with it, as the prisoners believe, the shadow of death.

A few months ago two small blackbirds were captured by life prisoners and given to one of the men in Murderer's Row. The birds were fed by the prisoners and became pets. They spent all their time hopping about the cells chattering and eating from the prisoners' plates.

For months these birds furnished amusement and means of pastime for five condemned men. A few days ago the blackbirds forsook Murderer's Row, it is said, and made friends with two burglars who are serving comparatively short terms. Almost any day the birds may be seen sitting on the shoulders of the burglars while they are doing their work about the prison.

The birds were missed by those on Murderer's Row, but no significance was attached to their disappearance until a few days ago, when a mourning dove flew into that part of the prison and perched upon the bars of the row. There it sat and cooed until the prison rang with its dirge. Since then the bird has remained in the row, and day and night the ears of the condemned men have been greeted by its dismal song.

The appearance of the bird, it is said, was looked upon by the murderers as a sign of evil, and one of them

is said to have remarked that bad luck was surely coming to some one in the row. As if in fulfillment of this, the word came that Nick Haworth had been denied a new trial and must die. Then came the unexpected news to Mortenson that he had been denied another chance for his life, and that he, too, must face the executioner.

The bird still coos, and each of the other three condemned men is waiting in anxious fear to hear what evil is to come to him.—Salt Lake, Utah, Herald.

PORT ARTHUR'S DEFENSES.

Russia's Seemingly Impregnable Fortress in the Far East.

We anchored at the harbor's mouth last night and were about to go in this morning when a Russian naval officer came on board and directed us to wait until the afternoon. The reason soon became apparent, as, one after the other, warships began to come out through the narrow entrance, the last, a battleship, of 2,000 tons, saluting the admiral. They anchored in a line outside under the almost perpendicular cliffs, which were crowned with forts, or, rather, batteries of big guns, for nature has practically constructed the forts, and has only left the engineers some leveling and tunneling to do. They then commenced some manoeuvres.

There were two flagged buoys anchored outside the line, and one after another the vessels passed between them and went off at full speed to different points of the horizon, leaving lines of heavy smoke fan-shaped from the harbor's mouth, that dwindled away and then disappeared altogether. Three hours afterward they began to appear again, first a blot of smoke, increasing to a dense streaming cloud, and the white streak of water waving from their bows and sterns. It seemed to be a speed test, and some of them were going at a terrific rate as they returned between the flags.

When we were allowed to go inside in the afternoon, on passing through the narrow portals of the harbor, one saw at once what an impregnable retreat Russia has got in the Pacific. On the right hand side eight destroyers were lying beside the wharves and in the dock, and torpedo boats seemed to be everywhere in each crevice of the harbor. There were ten, I counted, as we entered, but during the days following I seemed always to be coming on others in unexpected places.

At the inner side of the fort, on the right hand side of the entrance, most elaborate work was in progress, and the summit of the Gibraltar-like rock was blue, spotted with Chinese coolies. On the opposite side dredgers were extending the anchorage, and the result of their labors was apparent already over half the area of submerged mud, which, when they have done with it, will be able to accommodate more ships than Russia will ever have in the Pacific. There was an astonishing amount of bustle and activity when one landed on shore. It was altogether different from any other place to be found in the east. An overmastering energy seemed to be driving these streams of coolies that jostled and shouted and pulled heavy loads through the crowded streets, and even the coolie labor seemed insufficient—a line of junks near the landing place with cargoes of fodder was being discharged by Cosacks. Every other few yards one passed Russian soldiers in uniform—officers in their smart light gray overcoats or companies tramping through the streets with their bayonets always fixed.

Five thousand fresh troops had arrived the day I landed. I was told troops often, arrived—they never go away. A friend of mine there, whose chief pastime is horse riding, told me it was simply extraordinary the number of new barracks they are building in various directions behind the twenty-eight forts that crown the environmental hills. The most drastic and startling of their various preparations is the order that the whole of the old town is to be evacuated. All the men who have offices, places of business or residences occupy them under leases, in which is the clause that they must clear out in six months' notice. This notice they have all received.

The old town is to be converted into a huge barracks. A new town is being prepared for them, and the building of it is now seen in progress of feverish activity about a mile from the old one. It is planned on the broad and ample lines of Dalmia. As yet not many houses are completed, but the uprising walls mark the course of the future street. A big restaurant and official building are completed, and the afternoon I was there an unvisited park was playing in half a dozen nondescript listers. It would be laughable if one did not see the deep earnestness of un-derlying seriousness in it all.—Fall-Magazine.

PROVING A STATEMENT.—A certain minister, who is an emphatic preacher, is at times at loss to give his utterances proper weight. For instance, he'll say: "This statement is as true as is the night which will follow day," or "as true as that the trees will bud in the spring."

Sometimes it happens that the doctor has more statements than he has illustrations to give them weight. On one such occasion he remarked, "This is as true as the"—Here the doctor halted. He paused a few moments, and then his face illumined. "As true as is the statement that some member is yet on his or her way to church."

A few moments later a lady entered the edifice and swept grandly up the aisle. The doctor's face assumed an "I told you so" appearance. The congregation began to smile and then to laugh.

Sympathy for the embarrassed lady, however, soon subdued the apparently uncontrollable mirth.—Exchange.

THE GREAT WHISKY STATE.

Poor South Carolina's Unenviable Notoriety.

The whisky business would have been practically dead in South Carolina by this time had not the dispensary law been enacted. That was perhaps the single expedient by which the life of the business could have been perpetuated in this state. The history of neighboring southern states for the last ten years proves it.

Texas and Mississippi are practically prohibition states. Only in a few counties is the whisky trade permitted. The same is true of Tennessee. Fifty counties are "dry" in Alabama. Thirty of the forty counties in Florida prohibit the sale of intoxicants. Fifty Arkansas counties are "dry." Of 137 counties in Georgia probably not more than ten or a dozen have barrooms. More than a hundred have absolute prohibition. In North Carolina sixty of the ninety-seven counties have prohibition. In both North Carolina and Georgia some counties have local dispensaries similar to ours, except that each is an independent county concern and there are no state dispensaries. In these states the people vote as between dispensaries, barrooms and prohibition. The latter prevails in nearly all the counties.

In other words, it is the simple fact that within the last ten or fifteen years almost the whole south has voted itself "dry." In the larger towns and cities, like Augusta, Atlanta, Birmingham, Savannah and Jacksonville, the barrooms are retained, but whisky has been driven almost entirely from the smaller towns and the rural districts. The prohibition sentiment has grown rapidly, and what is more to the point, the laws are enforced. One may go to "dry" towns of North Carolina, for example, as we did this summer, and never hear of a "blind tiger." The New York Sun points out that in the south, following the elimination of