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BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

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TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

Don't forget that the Institute will be held at Williamston, beginning July 11th, and running two weeks. Make your arrangements in time to attend. Board can be had at fifty cents a day.

We regret to learn that the Genesee school has been compelled to close for a time on account of measles. Mr. Pressley is building up a large school there and deserves the patronage he receives.

On account of sickness in our family and another pressing engagement, we were unable to attend the Teachers' Meeting at Pelzer on the second Friday in this month. We are expecting a report of the meeting from some one present.

It is indeed gratifying to have the teachers come up so bravely to our help this week. If they only know how much we appreciate these communications, they would write often. What one writes may not sound well to him, but it may be of great benefit to others. Teacher in "History Made Pleasant," suggests a plan which may be of very great benefit to others. History is difficult to teach. The plan suggested is certainly worth the trying. "S. G. S." acknowledges benefit from the mention made of beautifying the school grounds. We are glad to know that the plan is being tried in some schools and hope others will adopt it. "W. P. H." speaks truly of the *Carolina Teacher*. We have often wished that this paper was on the desk of every teacher in the county. Miss Goodyear's Primary Department is certainly worth more than the cost of the paper. As to the improvement of the free school system, we would be glad to have the matter discussed freely in the Teachers' Column by the teachers and by persons of any other profession for that matter. The system must, and will eventually, be improved. Talk about abolishing the system is foolish unless it can be substituted by a better one. "W. P. H." is right when he says the present plan is an injustice to teachers and patrons. It is indeed a bleeding process and ought to be corrected. It is a question that demands the attention of statesmen. The future of South Carolina depends very largely upon the education of the rising generation. What can the State promise herself when matters pertaining to the development of the young are allowed to go as they are?

MIDWAY, S. C., March 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Some time ago I saw in the Teachers' Column where the pupils of several schools visited by you had taken an interest in beautifying their school yards. I stated the same to my pupils, and it took the desired effect. I was pleasantly surprised the next morning on entering the school-yard to see nearly all my pupils engaged at work, some burning off, some piling stones, while others with hoes and mattocks were planting flowers. We often do a great good by telling the good others have done.

Our school is injured considerably by measles, but have a tolerably good school yet. I am proud to say that the patrons of Midway school take a lively interest in education. S. G. S.

PENDELTON, S. C.,

March 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: My department is getting on very well with their studies. Some of the children are learning rapidly. I have ruled their slates since you were here, and they all seem to like it very much. Their writing is much better and is more even.

The most of them that know the figures have learned and are learning the multiplication table. My pupils are delighted with the way of adding and subtracting that you showed us when you were here, every time I teach it to them, though I do not have time to exercise them in it every day. It is a very good idea in any school if they will adopt it.

The whole school seems to be working very smoothly and agreeably.

I have enjoyed teaching very much, but our public term will soon come to a close for this time.

Four or five of our peach trees are blooming. The yard is not fixed as nicely as we would like to have it, but it is better order than when you saw it. We are expecting to attend the Institute next summer unless we are Providentially hindered.

Most respectfully,
ANNIE NEWTON.

FIVE FORKS, March 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: If the other teachers will join me in the reply, I will answer your question as to whether we are going to make you do all the writing for the Teachers' Column. I say to them now, if you will try to help our Commissioner out, I will too. There, I have made the promise and hardly know what to write next.

In the first place, Mr. Editor, I wish to say a few words in regard to the *Carolina Teacher*, suggested by the withdrawal of its able editor, Prof. D. B. Johnson. The *Teacher* has now become a requisite to the teachers of S. C., and its success is due, in a great measure, to the efforts of its friends to secure its release on bail. He immediately paid the fine and went home with his wife.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Four years ago Mrs. W. W. White planted several almond seed in her garden. One grew, and from it has sprang a tree about seven feet in height. It has never had any protection from the weather, is stout and vigorous, and two weeks ago was in full bloom.—*Rock Hill Herald*.

A Pittsburg magistrate who married 3,000 couples has just died. It would be interesting to know exactly how many of those 3,000 couples the old man had died before he made them one.

It is estimated that insects damage the crops of this country \$100,000,000 annually.

BLACKWOOD'S BREAK.

Possibility of Estranged Relations with South Carolina.

F. A. Blackwood is just now attracting a good deal of attention in the executive department of two States.

Blackwood is a South Carolina farmer who seems to be practicing for the title role of the great New York success, "Jim, the Penman." In other words, Blackwood has a penchant for affixing the signatures of other men to commercial paper. Not long since he served a term in the penitentiary at Columbia, S. C., for forging, and he is now languishing in the city prison of Augusta, awaiting trial upon the same charge.

Blackwood's home is in Aiken county, S. C., about sixteen miles from Williston station. A short time ago he went down to Augusta and it is said, succeeded in getting some forged checks cashed at the bank. The bank officials set out to find him and employed for the purpose Officer Edward Stone of the Augusta police force. Stone and Mr. J. P. McNally, the bank official who paid the money on the forged check, went up to Aiken county and found Blackwood who, after being identified by McNally, was at once placed under arrest. When Stone arrested Blackwood, he asked his prisoner to tell where the money which he had obtained could be found. Blackwood started to lead the officer around the house, but the latter became suspicious that Mrs. B. might be trying to conceal the money, and taking his prisoner within the house, began a search. He found in a trunk seventy-five dollars, a portion of which Mr. McNally thought he recognized as the money which had been paid to Blackwood in Augusta.

Stone asked his prisoner if he would be willing to go to Georgia without a requisition. Blackwood said he would go without any such formality and according to the sworn statements of Stone and McNally,

WENT ALONG VOLUNTARILY.

Since his incarceration, his friends in South Carolina seem to have developed a desire to aid Blackwood, if possible. On Saturday, evening Governor Gordon received a telegram from Governor Richardson, of South Carolina, stating that he, Governor Richardson, understood that Blackwood had been kidnapped from South Carolina, and asking for a copy of proceedings until the matter could be fully investigated. Governor Gordon answered that he could not interfere with the court proceedings, but that he would do all in his power to see that full justice was done the arrested man. He then sent the following telegram to Judge William F. Ewe, of the city court of Augusta:

ATLANTA, Ga., March 19, 1887.—Judge Ewe: How is Blackwood held? How arrested? Governor Richardson says he was kidnapped, and requests intervention to stay proceedings.

J. B. GORDON.

To this Judge Ewe answered: AUGUSTA, Ga., March 20, 1887.—Governor John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.: Blackwood held under warrant for forgery. Proceedings here regular. There will be four cases against him. Warrant was taken out in Aiken county before arrest, charging him with being a fugitive from justice. He was arrested in Aiken county by Edward Stone, of Augusta police, and brought here. Officer claims that Blackwood consented to come without requisition. Stone is under indictment in Warren superior court for assault with intent to murder, and desires to make a showing before you to take final action. Proceedings will be stayed until further information from you.

WILLIAM F. EWE.

Yesterday morning Hon. John S. Davidson, city attorney of Augusta, came up to Atlanta to attend the sitting of the supreme court. He brought with him affidavits of Stone, the arresting officer, and Lieutenants Hood and Desmoid of the Augusta police force. The affidavits of Stone and McNally went into details concerning the arrest of Blackwood, and the others testified concerning the regularity of all the proceedings in this State. From these it is learned that Blackwood is held upon a

REGULARLY SWORN WARRANT, charging him, in three or four different counts, with having committed forgery in Augusta. The fact was also set forth that Stone, the arresting officer, is at present under indictment in the courts of Warren county upon a charge of assault with intent to commit murder.

All these papers were handed over to the Governor who, in turn, sent them to Governor Richardson with a letter in which he expressed the hope that Governor Richardson would not feel, after an investigation, that Stone had made such a flagrant violation of the laws of South Carolina as would oblige him to ask for Stone's extradition. Governor Gordon added, in this connection, that as Stone is under indictment in this State he cannot, under the laws of Georgia and under decisions of the courts in States where there is no law bearing upon the subject, be removed by extradition until the case against him in this State is settled.

If it is true, as Stone states, that Blackwood came to Georgia voluntarily, the officer need have no fear of the charge against him. Stone's affidavit is very explicit upon this subject. He states that he and McNally and Blackwood were driven from Blackwood's house to the station sixteen miles, by a South Carolina man; that they met many people on the way and in Williston Blackwood had a talk with the mayor of the village, but to none of these people did Blackwood raise any complaint of being kidnapped, but on the contrary said that he was going voluntarily.

BLACKWOOD'S CRIMES.

In addition to the McNally case, an Augusta special gives the following statement of Blackwood's crimes: Some time ago a forged check for two hundred dollars was passed upon W. H. Brigham, a grocery merchant of this city. The check was signed Daniel Jackson, the name of a prominent merchant of Windsor, S. C. The other case is where a draft for ninety dollars with the forged signature of Pope & Fleming, was passed

upon Mr. Renkl, a jeweler. The man bought a quantity of cheap jewelry with the amount, but after he left Mr. Renkl discovered the draft was not good, when he went in pursuit of the man, catching him and regaining his goods. The forger willingly gave up both the draft and goods and escaped. Renkl says Blackwood is the man, but Mr. Brigham failed to identify him.

The special concludes by stating: "The police authorities here are somewhat stirred up over the action of Governor Richardson in regard to the alleged kidnapping of the forger Blackwood by Police Officer Stone. Chief Twigg is doing all in his power to quiet the matter. He saw Governor Richardson in Columbia yesterday and thoroughly explained the matter, stating that no disrepute was intended towards the State of South Carolina. Governor Richardson replied that he knew nothing against the State was intended, but it was his duty to investigate the matter. Governor Richardson's talk was entirely satisfactory to Chief Twigg."

Stone was at one time a detective for the Georgia railroad, and while ferreting out a case in Berneth he was attacked by a negro armed with a knife, who cut him severely across the face. Stone immediately drew his knife, not having a pistol, and came very near killing the negro. He left the negro where he had fallen and returned to Augusta. Although he was perfectly justifiable in his act, he was indicted by the grand jury in that county for assault with intent to murder.

THE FEELING AT COLUMBIA.

The reply to Governor Gordon's letter will be awaited with interest.

Judging by newspaper specials sent out from Columbia, the South Carolina officials are very much exercised over what they consider the illegal acts of the Georgia officer, Stone. The following is a sample of the specials referred to:

CHICAGO, Ill., March 21.—A special from Columbia, S. C., says: A dispute over the kidnapping of a criminal is now in progress between Georgia and South Carolina, and there is great indignation in the Palmetto State about the arbitrary conduct of the Georgians. A week ago F. A. Blackwood committed forgery in Georgia, and fled to his home in Aiken county, this State. Two officers from the Augusta, Ga., police force crossed the Savannah river and went to Blackwood's house and without a requisition and in violation of the law kidnapping him and conveyed him into Georgia. Governor Richardson has determined to uphold the right of his State. He has telegraphed to Governor Gordon to have all proceedings against Blackwood stayed until an investigation could be had which will put him in possession of all the facts of Blackwood's arrest, and will allow time for the substantiation of charges of kidnapping. Blackwood has confessed his guilt, but Richardson will demand his restoration to his home, and will institute proceedings against the Georgia officers for kidnapping—a violation of the peace and dignity of this State. Should Georgia refuse to release her prisoner, Richardson will appeal to the supreme court of the United States.

There is certainly no occasion for any straining of the friendly relations existing between the officials of the two States over this matter. It is a very common thing for persons charged with crime to consent to their being removed from one State to another,

WITHOUT WAITING FOR EXTRADITION PAPERS.

ANOTHER SHOT AT THE DEACONTERS.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

It is a curious coincidence that the one man in Scripture whose name is associated with a surfeit of water should be the first man who is associated with a surfeit of wine! There, in the very vestibule of human history, stands, or rather lies, the poor old patriarch Noah, so pitifully drunk that he shed filial affection tries to cover him up till he gets sober. The hero of righteousness, who had faced a scoffing world, sinks like a helpless baby under the power of Alcohol, who is no respecter of persons; and, unless we are very much mistaken, that sleeping, snoring, senseless old hero has been depicted before the world as a perpetual object-lesson to teach the virtue of total abstinence.

1. The first thing for every teacher to bring before his or her class in regard to this sorrowful fall of Noah, is that he fell because he ran squarely against a law written by the Creator on every human body. God has inscribed several laws on our bodily constitutions against the use of intoxicating beverages; they are as true and immovable as the law of gravitation. One of these laws is that alcohol is not food; it positively interferes with wholesome alimentation. Yet millions of foolish folk have swallowed it to help digestion, until it has burned out their stomachs. Alcoholic drinks waste the vital forces. No sensible athlete, when training for a display of muscles, ever touches them. I was told by the most famous American pedestrian that nothing would be so fatal to his success, when engaged in a great feat of walking, as the slightest dose of whisky, or even of wine. Science and experience point to the fact that every healthy human frame instinctively recognizes alcohol as its enemy, and tries to expell it. Science and experience testify that alcohol, instead of nourishing the body, impoverishes it; instead of warming it, it increases its liability to freeze (as Arctic explorers testify); instead of prolonging life, it breeds a legion of diseases; and, with a seductive smile on its face, it wields the siletto of an assassin.

2. When Noah began to drink his wine, he did not stop until he was drunk, because there is a tendency in alcoholic beverages to produce excess. This is a principle or law which every teacher should carefully explain to scholars. Every intoxicant has in it this quality, that it never satisfies, but awakens a constant desire for more. One glass creates a thirst for another glass. This is not the case with any wholesome food or beverage. Bread and beef do not breed excess; one glass of milk does not kindle a morbid thirst for two glasses next time. A healthful beverage satisfies healthful appetite; a hurtful beverage, like wine, ale, or brandy, stimulates appetite until it becomes an uncontrollable frenzy. Here lies the reason why it is so difficult to use intoxicants in moderation, and also difficult to reform an inebriate. Not more than one drunkard in twenty is likely to be reformed. Out of all the hard drinkers who have ever been received into my church, there has not been a single one who has not had some backward slips; some, alas, have tumbled over into hopeless ruin! Teachers, tell your boys that the time to stop is before they begin.

3. Noah had a very clear head when he was sober, but wine made him a fool. Here comes in another law of the Creator against alcoholic drinks: namely, their tendency is to strike directly to the brain. Some drugs have affinity for the spine, or strong wine aims for the brain as surely as a bound makes after a deer. When it reaches the brain, it overthrows the reason, and often turns a man into a maniac. Sometimes, as in Noah's case, it stupefies the brain, and then it turned an eminent man of God into so pitiable an idiot that his own children covered him up to hide him. Alcohol, in striking the brain, strikes right where mind and body meet,—strikes where it hits the immortal part, and poisons character,—strikes so effectually that it often sends body and soul into hell! Hear lies the most tremendous argument for entire abstinence; and because intoxicating drinks are the means of sending millions to eternal perdition, is the very reason why pulpits, churches and Sunday schools should constantly keep this vital question of temperance in the foreground. Partly on account of climate, and partly on account of nervous, impulsive temperament, the American people are in more danger from alcoholic drinks than any other people on the globe.

4. The laws which the Creator has inscribed upon our bodies are not contradicted by the laws which are written in his Book. There are several point-blank prohibitions of the use of intoxicants. Wine is declared to be a "mocker," and "strong drink a brawler; whoever is deceived thereby is not wise." That solemn caution in the twenty third chapter of Proverbs is all the more impressive as rendered in the new Revision: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." One of John B. Gough's most vividly pathetic appeals for total abstinence is all condensed into that single verse: "The wine is the Bible's law of dealing with evil things,—it points to the afterwards. Another scriptural recognition of the peril of intoxicants is found in Leviticus 10: 8, 9, where the priests were forbidden to touch wine or strong drink when they ministered in God's temple. Surely a Jewish priest in the sanctuary had no more serious work on his hands than a Christian has every day in serving his Lord and Master. A Christian is a "temple of the Holy Spirit" in whom Christ dwelleth. Surely his imagination should not be a brothel, or his body a tipping-house. The wine-cup is notoriously an inflamer of other impure and sensual appetites. The whole spirit of the New Testament includes self denial, conquest of appetites, keeping down all incitements to fleshly indulgence, and the avoidance of every form of evil. It is a Puritanical book, in

the best sense of that much maligned word. So careful was Paul, when writing to his abstinent friend Timothy, that when he advises him not to "drink water only" any longer, he suggests to him to "use a little wine," but that only as a medicine.

5. Upon the great Pauline principle of abstinence from intoxicants for the sake of others, I have already written in these columns. The more I study that golden precept of Paul, "It is good not to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth," the more clearly I discover in it the beautiful law of denying a selfish indulgence for the sake of keeping my brother on his feet. I am responsible for the influence of my example. If my use of wine or ale, or any alcoholic drink, causes my neighbor to "stumble," then am I responsible, to a certain degree, for his fall. The drinking usages are the prime source of danger, as everybody acknowledges; if I drink, then I countenance and sustain these usages. If I refuse to buy, use or offer intoxicants, I throw my vote against both dram drinking and dram-selling. Now, if it is not my Christian duty to do my utmost to save my temptible fellow-men from the most prevalent and terrible curse in the community, then where under the broad heavens can there be a Christian duty?

6. Finally, the unanswerable argument for total abstinence may be put into this cast steel formula: Alcoholic beverages endanger me if I tamper with them; they endanger my fellow-man if I offer them to him, or set him the example of using them. If Noah, the "preacher of righteousness," was not safe when he tampered with them, who is safe? The grace of God never will save a man who is fooling in the rapids of Niagara. "Keep thy servant from presumptuous sins!" If any of our readers say, "My conscience does not forbid me to drink a glass of liquor," so we reply, Then you must take the consequences of having such a conscience. Your conscience cannot change the essential nature of an intoxicant, cannot prevent its possible influence on you, or avert the harm of your bad example to other.

Before the flood, Noah preached faithfully to his neighbors; after it, he preached a powerful object-lesson to the whole world in favor of total abstinence from the drink. Every teacher ought to lead his class up to look at the pitiable spectacle. An ounce of prevention is worth ten times of cure, especially when the cure is so difficult and doubtful. To suppress the dramshop—law; to save the individual—love. And all the most effective efforts to save the young from the drink curse may be condensed into this single line, Stop before you begin!—*Sunday School Times*.

A Doctor's Triumph.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

Probably no discovery in the practice of medicine during many years has awakened more interest on the part of physicians than the system of treatment of phthisis which is now being given a trial at the Philadelphia Hospital by Physician-in-Chief T. N. McLaughlin, assisted by Drs. E. T. Brun and R. A. Taylor. This treatment, which is simply rectal injections of carbonic acid gas, is not original with Dr. McLaughlin, although he is the first to give it a trial in this country, but is the result of experiments made years ago by Claude Bernard, an eminent French physician. Dr. Bernard experimented with lower animals and found that gases which were poisonous when inhaled produced no injurious results when introduced into the intestines. Beyond this point his investigations were not carried; but a few years ago Professor Bergeron of Lyons commenced a series of experiments to ascertain the effects of various gases thus introduced into the human system. In the course of his investigations he found that certain gases applied through the rectum produced marked results in persons suffering from phthisis or consumption. Before announcing this discovery he made it the subject of careful study for two years, experimenting upon numerous patients, and not only found that carbonic acid gas, when properly introduced into the intestines, had a beneficial effect upon the patient, but also had the satisfaction of effecting a permanent cure in several cases of consumption. Last August Professor Bergeron embodied the results of his investigations in a paper, which was read before the Academy of Sciences in Paris. His discovery was received with incredulity by many and with ridicule by the hospitals, but the physicians in the line indicated by Professor Bergeron with results similar to those obtained by him.

A few months ago Dr. McLaughlin read of the marvelous accomplishments of the French physician, and determined to make a test of the system in the treatment of some of the patients under his charge. Accordingly he prepared the necessary apparatus, and asked a number of patients in the advanced stages of phthisis if they were willing to undergo the treatment, being assured that it would not be in the least harmful, and might prove very beneficial. At first only a few of the more aggravated sufferers availed themselves of the treatment, but as the wonderful result became manifest, many others requested to be placed under the same treatment. On the 10th day of February and the few days following all other medical treatment of the subjects was entirely stopped and no remedy but carbonic acid gas was administered.

The method of administering the gas is very simple, and when properly followed produces no pain in the patient and but little inconvenience. The apparatus used by Drs. McLaughlin, Brun and Taylor is exceedingly simple, consisting of a rubber gas bag of a capacity of four or five gallons and a Woulf bottle, such as is used by chemists for washing or saturating gases, and the necessary connections of rubber tubing. The flask is filled with hot water bearing in solution sodium chloride and sodium sulphide in the proportion of five grains each to twenty-four ounces of water. The rubber bag is filled with gaseous carbonic acid and connected by tubing with the bottle in such a way that pressure upon the bag will force its contents through the liquid and thence through a rubber fitted with a syringe tube. By pressure upon the bag the gas is forced into the intestines. The pressure is carefully regulated so as not to produce any pain in the patient, and the whole operation lasts but ten to twenty minutes.

The treatment of the chosen patients has been continued regularly since February 10, from one to five pints of the gas being administered to each subject twice daily, and with results thus far but little short of miraculous. One of the most interesting cases is that of a man about 45 years of age, who has been sick for about nineteen months. On February 10, when he was put under the gas treatment, he was so weak as to be unable to turn in bed, and so emaciated that his bones nearly protruded through his skin. He was unable to retain nourishment of any sort, was continually covered with a cold, clammy perspiration, and had an almost incessant cough, which caused intense pain in his chest. He was so far gone that the physicians said he would not live forty-eight hours. When seen yesterday, after six weeks' treatment, he sat up in bed and said that he had been up and about the ward, and that he had not had a sweat for two weeks. His appetite was good, he said, and his food caused him no trouble. He rested well at night, his cough had almost entirely disappeared, and with it the pains in his chest.

Another interesting case is that of a man who has been suffering from phthisis for two years and had been under treatment in the hospital for three months, during which time he had not left his bed. His general symptoms were similar to those of the patient above mentioned. Gas was first administered to him on February 13. One month later he walked down three flights of stairs to be weighed, and climbed back to his ward afterward. After another week he began made the trip, and his weight showed a gain of three pounds during the week. Yesterday he was walking about in the hospital, and said that he felt very much better and stronger.

A case of somewhat different nature was found in the women's ward. The patient was admitted to the hospital some time ago, suffering acutely from catarrhal pneumonia. She had a high fever, was subject to severe paroxysms of coughing, accompanied by profuse expectoration, composed almost solely of sputa. She was also continually bathed in a cold, clammy sweat. Under the carbonic acid gas treatment, which was commenced on February 14, these symptoms have entirely disappeared. Expectoration has ceased and the large cavity in the right lung is now perfectly dry and gradually contracting, and to all appearances the patient is on the road to complete recovery.

There are some twenty odd cases in the hospital under the same treatment, and all have shown equally remarkable improvement.

Dr. McLaughlin's theory of the action of the carbonic acid, which contains about one part in ten of sulphurated hydrogen, as well as a trace of gaseous hydrochloric acid, is that the gas slowly introduced into the intestines is gradually absorbed and passes into the system, being finally exhaled. This reaching the affected parts, it arrests the decomposition by effecting a rapid oxidation of the affected surfaces. The absorption of the gas and its subsequent contact with the diseased surfaces is shown by the burning or smarting sensation which is felt in those parts soon after treatment with the gas. After each application the pulse falls ten to fifteen beats, respiration increases four to six, and the temperature falls several degrees. In one case temperature was lowered six degrees from 105 degrees. The treatment also has a slight effect on the kidneys. The farther and ultimate results of the experiments are awaited with intense interest. Dr. McLaughlin is sanguine of the success of the method, and predicts that it will lead to a complete change in the treatment of pulmonary troubles.

A Jammed Man.

You have seen people who seemed to ache all over to make some one unhappy? Just such an old curmudgeon was on the train the other day when it stopped at St. Thomas, and bridal couple entered our car. We all knew it was a bridal couple, because there were friends down to see 'em off, and the bride and groom stood there and received the congratulations for four or five minutes. The bride looked a bit older than the groom, and the minute the old curmudgeon noticed this he sidled over and planked himself in the seat ahead of them, and after a minute or two turned and said:

"Beg pardon, but can you tell me who's funeral that was back there?"

"Why, there was no funeral!" exclaimed the bride in answer.

"O! I thought there was," he said in a dry, sarcastic way, and he pretended to read his paper for three or four minutes before turning again with:

"Are you taking your son to the seashore, ma'am?"

"No, sir. This is my husband!"

"O! is it? I'd never have suspected it!"

Then he went on for a quarter of an hour, telling about a farm he owned in Canada, and then suddenly inquired:

"Young man, I'd like to have you and your aunt go and see the farm and make me an offer for it."

The bridal couple turned white and red and let go of hands for a moment, while the old curmudgeon changed the subject and began to talk about Niagara Falls.

"Ever there?" he asked.

"Both shook their heads."

"I'd advise you to stop off if you have time. It's a grand sight. If you have time, you want to arrive at Buffalo at the same time with the body. What did he die of, ma'am?"

"I don't understand you!" she stammered in a painful way.

"O, beg pardon, I somehow got it into my head that you had been to a funeral, or were going to one, or some such thing!"

He then related the particulars of a smashup on the road in which he had an arm broken and his wife was killed, and added:

"The case is in court yet, but I've lost my marriage certificate and can't prove she was my wife and don't expect to get any damages. I think I understood you to say, ma'am, that you had been married fourteen years?"

"O, no, no, sir!"

"Beg pardon, but perhaps it is only nine or ten. What I was going to say was that you ought to secretly preserve the certificate. I suppose you have it with you?"

Bride and groom looked at each other in consternation. The document hadn't been thought of in their hurry and happiness.

"Was reading of a case the other day," placidly continued the old wretch, "where a hotel keeper had a couple sent to prison for two years because they could not show a marriage certificate."

The bride turned so red that it seemed as if she would suffocate, and the groom so white that his ears looked like new blotted papers. That was the last straw. Five or six of us had been holding an indignation meeting a few seats back, and our delegate, who had whipped his seventh man in the prize-ring, now went forward and whispered in the curmudgeon's left ear:

"Say, mister man, you let that couple alone or I'll break your neck! This thing has been carried far enough!"

"Certainly, certainly," said old meanness, as he got up. "Excuse me, ma'am, and you, bub, and if you should have any trouble with the corpse in Buffalo, don't fail—"

The delegate choked him off there and took him to the last seat in the car and jammed him down and warned him of stay jammed, and such looks of relief as stole over the face of that bridal couple I never expect to see again on earth.—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press*.

The following is vouchered for by a minister's wife, and therefore must be so if it isn't so: A clergyman visiting a woman in a severe illness, asked: "Do you derive much comfort from the instruction of the Bible?" "Oh, yes, indeed," was the reply. "What particular passage do you rely upon at present?" asked the minister. "Grim and bear it," replied the sufferer. The clergyman departed to look up a concordance.

An English wag maker has invented an electric hat which he claims is a perfect cure for headache and neuralgia.

Nothing will make us so chitric and tender of the faults of others as thoroughly knowing our own.

He who really fights sin always strikes his own faults first.

The highest exercise of charity is charity to the uncharitable.

An Experience.

Yes, indeed, I used to be awfully afraid of death; didn't want to hear anything about it—didn't want to even think of it. You see, I'd never been brought very close to it. My grandfather and grandmother all died before I was born, and my father and mother both passed away when I was but a baby girl, and since then, there are four brothers and six sisters of whom I am the youngest, and I'm thirty-eight—and any number of nephews and nieces and seven grand-children in our family circle, it has remained unbroken. As for uncles and aunts and cousins, I believe we have some such relations in various parts of the country, but, as we have never made their acquaintance, we have never been called upon to mourn the loss of any of them. So I could only imagine the final parting with a beloved one, and to me it seemed the saddest of all sad things in this world of trials and sorrows.

But after that death bed. But wait, I'll tell you all about it. I had a friend, a very dear friend, a beautiful woman, with lovely blue eyes, and bright, golden hair. She just began a promising career as a singer after long years of hard study, when she was stricken down by that fatal disease, consumption.

I went to see her, and although in her own home, surrounded by her own kin, who served her with willing hands and loving hearts, she begged me to stay a few days with her. "We have always been such good comrades," she said, "and understood each other so well that it will be a real comfort to have you near me. I am sure it will not be long before I am well again. This is a very heavy cold, but it will wear away as other colds I have had."

So I stayed, but, alas! She got no better, but grew weaker and weaker every day. Still she clung to the hope of regaining her health and strength.

"I will not die," she said. "This world is too dear to me. I tremble at the thought of leaving it. I will not die."

Well, after I had been with her nearly three weeks, one stormy night the wind was blowing and the rain was falling in torrents, I said to her, "How glad we ought to be that we are sheltered from that terrible storm."

"How glad I would be," she faintly replied—"her voice had grown so weak it was scarcely above a whisper—"I I were able to be out in it." Then she begged me to lie down on the lounge opposite her bed. "You are tired," she said; "sleep awhile and I will try to sleep, too."

I lay down, closed my eyes and had just fallen asleep, when a glad, exultant, voice awakened me. It was my friend who called. Yes, she who but a few moments before could speak only in the faintest tones.

She had half risen in her bed, her eyes shining with celestial light, and raised to heaven, and, believe me, I do not swear to you it is true, wonderful brightness encircled her head.

"Oh, what a coward I am!" she cried in clear, ringing tones, "the coming of death—poor world with such a beyond. Beautiful mother, I am ready!"

The eyes upon me, she went off in death, and it is far, far, far life." And, as the gold back upon the pillows, away and the blue eyes no more on earthly scenes.

I will only add that she had been told of the passing of her "darling mother," it having during her own illness, and that night I have never been death.

Slander.

Yes, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not, that one-sided whisper against the character of a virtuous female. You say you don't believe it, but you will use your influence to bear upon the false report, and pass it on to the next. Strange creatures are mankind! How many reputations are lost by a whisper! How many benevolent deeds are chilled by a shrug of the shoulder! How many individuals have been stung by a gentle, mysterious hint! How many chaste bosoms have been wrung with grief by a single nod! How many graves have been dug by a false report! You will pass the slander along! You will keep it above the water by a wag of the tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy the passion for telling a tale, we pray. Lasp not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the injury of another, and as far as you are concerned the slander will die. But tell it once, and it may go the wings of the wind, increasing with each breath, till it has circled through the State, and has brought to the gaze one who might have been a blessing to the world.—*Proverbialist*.

Conscience an Avenger.

What an avenger is conscience? It always ready to vindicate the majesty of a broken law. "Conscience makes crows of us all." Sin is rebuked by it, and stern voice passes sentence on the sinner. You cannot flee from conscience—conscience may as well call upon the moon to cover him up and hide him as to attempt to avoid his offence being discovered. You shall surely find you out. If a gnawing worm, which secretly preys upon your vitals. Though it may for a time be hidden or covered up, and we may seem to prosper, while engrossed in the excitements of the world, the time will come when the debt must be paid, and with interest, too. Sin is, in the divine command. Some time that outrage friend, conscience, will rise up and do its office, and the avenging hand be lifted up.

— "She puts on a great many airs, she she not?" said Mildred, while discussing an acquaintance. "Airs!" replied Ann. "That doesn't begin to express it. It's just piles cyclones on the tops of hurricanes."

— "How to make money fast—Nail a dollar to the counter."