

# The Times and Democrat.

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## ALIVE IN HIS COFFIN.

THE ASTONISHING EXPERIENCE OF GEORGE WELLINGTON.

He Narrowly Escapes Being Buried Alive—Could Hear But Could Not Talk—The Story as Told by Himself After Being Rescued.

On the evening of June 18, 1886, George Wellington, an Indiana farmer, had a gathering of friends at his house. He was a man forty-two years of age, and of robust health, and on this evening it was noticed that he was in particularly good spirits. After the guests had departed he remarked to his wife that he felt more like singing and dancing than going to bed. They retired about half-past 11 o'clock, and she was asleep before midnight.

The farmer was always out of bed at five o'clock, but on the morning following the party the wife awoke at six and found him still sleeping. When she attempted to arouse him she discovered that he was dead. A doctor was sent for, and he arrived in the course of an hour to pronounce it a case of heart disease. He said the man had been dead three hours when the wife awoke. The undertaker came and prepared the body for burial. It was remarked that the corpse retained a life-like appearance, and that none of the limbs grew rigid, but the two other physicians called in vigorously combated the idea that he was in a trance and might be restored to life. Nevertheless, the wife and sons had a secret hope that death had not really come to him, and the funeral was put two days ahead. During the interval the corpse was constantly watched for signs of returning animation, but nothing occurred to delay the funeral arrangements.

The burial was to take place in a country graveyard, and most of the vehicles gathered at the house belonged to farmers. The usual ceremonies took place over the dead, and the coffin was brought out and placed in the hearse. While the procession was forming, a team attached to an empty wagon came down the road, running away. The wagon collided with the hearse, and the latter vehicle was upset and the coffin flung out. Four or five men ran to pick it up, but before a hand had touched it a voice was heard, saying:

"For God's sake let me out of this!" The people at first moved back in a fright, but as the voice continued to address them the coffin was righted and opened, and Wellington was found struggling to get out. With a little assistance he pulled himself out of the box and walked into the house and sat down in a chair. In half an hour he had his clothes on and was moving around among the amazed people to whom he related this experience:

"I did not fall asleep until some time after midnight. When I awoke the clock was striking five. I made a move to get out of bed, but to my great amazement, I could stir neither hand nor foot. I had the full use of my ears, but I could not open my eyes. I argued at first that I was not yet wide awake, but when my wife shook me and called me by name, and I could not respond by even moving an eyelid, I became satisfied that I was in a trance. My mind was never clearer, and my hearing was painfully acute. I made effort after effort to throw off the great weight which seemed to be holding me down, but I could not bend a toe or crook a finger. However, it was only after the doctor had pronounced me dead that I felt any alarm. Up to that time it had seemed to me that I could soon manage to get rid of the weight. Had a pistol been fired in the room I am sure the spell would have been broken. After the doctor's ultimatum I felt that I should be buried alive. But was I alive? All of a sudden this query flashed across my brain, and I was troubled more than I can tell you. As I had never died before, how was I to know the sensations? Could the dead hear and think? Was the mind of a corpse in active operation? It was a problem I could not solve.

"Not a word was spoken near me which I did not catch and fully understand. There was a great deal of weeping, and I failed to satisfy myself as to the cause. I had died, but it did not seem as if this was sufficient excuse. When my wife bent over the coffin and sobbed and grieved, and refused to be comforted, I did not feel bad with her. On the contrary, her action surprised me. When the two other doctors pronounced me dead I made up my mind that I was dead and that the end had come. I had been taught to believe that the spirit of the dead ascended to heaven, and that the dead were dead in mind as well as body. It was a base deception. I felt indignant that it was so.

"As an instance of the acuteness of my hearing, let me explain that after I was placed in the coffin the receptacle was moved over to an open window in the parlor, where it was supported on saw horses. Two of my neighbors took seats on a wagon box in the barnyard, fully two hundred feet away, and for an hour conversed of my death in ordinary tones of voice. I did not miss one single word of the conversation, as both afterwards admitted. I could hear every tick of the kitchen clock and much of the conversation of the women in the upstairs rooms. On the night previous to the funeral, about half-past 10 o'clock, and while the two men sitting up with the corpse were reading, I heard two men climb the fence into the barnyard, cross the yard and enter the barn. After a few minutes they came out and I heard the jingle of something carried by one of the pair. I could not make out what was going on, but learned afterwards that the two men stole a horse from a field opposite my barn, and they entered my premises in search of a bridle.

"I heard the people assemble for the funeral, and as I caught a word from

this one or that one I identified them by name to myself. I listened closely to the sermon, but when the minister spoke of me I could not take it as personal. It was as if the name and person belonged to some one I had known years before. I knew when I was carried out and placed in the hearse, and I am certain that I heard the clatter of the team running away before anybody sighted them. When the people began to call out in a fright I felt that same fear of being hurt that any live man does. I heard them trying to back the hearse out of the way to let the team go by, but they were not quick enough. As the collision came my eyes opened and my speech was restored, and from that moment I was all right."—New York Sun.

## ALABAMA'S NEW PROPHET.

Worshipping at the feet of a Child Returned from Heaven

VERNON, ALA., July 28.—Early in the spring Mollie Pennington, a daughter of George Pennington, a farmer, was taken violently ill. Physicians pronounced her case hydrophobia. She presented every symptom of rabies, attempting to bite those around her. She soon rallied from this condition and lay in bed in a comatose condition for three days. On the morning of the third she predicted that she would die in one hour and that at the expiration of another hour she would come back to life again. Sixty minutes exactly after the time she swooned away, she opened her eyes and jumped nimbly from the bed. She asserted that she died and went to heaven where God cured her and sent her back to the world to proclaim his word. The news spread rapidly over the Red Hills until the whole country was wild with excitement, and crowds began flocking around to hear and see her. A World correspondent who went to see her yesterday found her expounding Scripture intelligently, and with a quickness that was surprising. She described her transition from earth to heaven, and her entrance into the gates of heaven led by Jesus. She says that she is a disciple and a prophet, and has been preaching to multitudes at revival meetings in her neighborhood. Two sick children, who had baffled the skill of physicians, were carried to her, and simply rubbing her hands upon them they were cured. She asserts that she holds converse with God daily. The girl is only thirteen years old and does not know her letters. The Rev. Mr. Springfield, who declares that she never heard but three sermons in her life, says that he has questioned her upon passages in the Bible which were inexplicable to him, and she has answered them satisfactorily. Her parents are poorest of farmers and very illiterate. Men of strong minds declare that she has inspired them and others flock around her eager to catch any word that she may utter.

## Horsewhipped by Women.

A Petrolia, Butler county, Pa., special says: a very sensational horsewhipping occurred at Millersstown about 8 o'clock last evening, in which Peter A. Rattigan, editor and proprietor of the Herald, and also the present postmaster, figured as the victim. Rattigan, under the head of Butler items, has been reflecting quite severely on the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and those who are identified with the prohibition or temperance element in this county. Last week seven coach loads of the temperance people, among whom were some prominent and influential citizens, visited Koester's park at Slippery Rock, and spent the day very pleasantly. An article appeared in the Herald Saturday giving a very uncomplimentary description of the people composing the party, and although dated at Butler it is claimed as Rattigan's production. The ladies were particularly selected as targets and yesterday evening, just prior to the hour of closing the postoffice, twelve or fifteen women, armed with whips, planted themselves near the entrance and awaited their victim's appearance. As soon as Rattigan stepped outside of the door they began laboring him, and only desisted through exhaustion. Rattigan quietly stood it and offered no resistance. The friends of Rattigan claim that the women were instigated by their husbands and masculine friends.

## Blowing up a Church.

POTTSVILLE, PA., July 31.—At 3.15 o'clock this morning a tremendous explosion, the shock of which was distinctly felt in the city, occurred at St. Clair, two miles distant. Dynamite had been placed under the Baptist Church and exploded, wrecking the building and entailing damage to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars. The perpetrators of the outrage are unknown, but the act is universally regarded as a result of the crusade of the Law and Order Society, through whose efforts Daniel Walker, an old and respected citizen was recently imprisoned for a technical violation of the liquor law, and who died in a short time, his death being generally attributed to his imprisonment. Some six months ago the store of an active member of the society was burned, and the excitement and bad blood occasioned by that demonstration has been raised to fever heat by subsequent events resulting in this morning's outrage.

## The Wages of Sin.

MACON, July 30.—Mrs. Jennie Stringfellow, a young white woman aged 20, attempted suicide this morning, at 10 o'clock, at her home on Wharf street, in this city, by taking twenty-five grains of morphine. She is still lying, with no hope for her recovery. She has been separated from her husband for seven months, and has been living in intimate relations with a young merchant here, named James Morris, whose recent conduct toward her, it is supposed, influenced her to commit the deed. She has made no statement of the reasons.

## SAVED BY A HACK DRIVER.

A FAIR YOUNG ORPHAN RESCUED FROM A LIFE OF SIN.

Her Escape from a New Orleans Convent—Flight to New York and Desperate Determination—Disgusted with Her Guardian, Wealthy by Inheritance, but a Fugitive in the Metropolis—Her Own Story.

John Conlin is a hackman by calling but a nobleman by nature. He has seen considerable of both the dark and sunny sides of life since he first handled the ribbons, some twenty-odd years ago, but upon Tuesday, July 20, he had an experience which, with him, will form an epoch in his career. He had left his home in Jersey early in the morning in question and crossed over the New York side to catch what stray passengers he could. Presently a pretty girl of seventeen or thereabouts, of distinguished mien and the sweet air of innocence, approached him at the foot of Desbrosses street and asked him vocation. He informed her that he was a hackman. This seemed to relieve the fair inquirer of some doubt she seemed to entertain, and, with much diffidence and many blushes, she asked him to take her to one of the many gilded palaces of sin uptown. The honest fellow stood transfixed. Many requests of a similar nature had been made to him before, but his keen eye told him that this was no ordinary case, and that the girl who stood before him had not yet fallen.

As soon as he recovered from his astonishment he asked her why she wished to enter upon such a life. She was reticent at first, but by adroit management he learned that she had run away from a convent in New Orleans the Sunday before and had taken this step because life had become unendurable there. She said her father, who had been a dry goods man in New Orleans, died eight years ago. Her mother, too, was dead, and as her guardian wished to be rid of the trouble of personally caring for her he placed her in the Sacred Heart Convent in the French quarter at New Orleans. There, she said, she had been virtually imprisoned, deprived of all social enjoyment and even debarred from seeing friends of earlier days. This state of things she could not bear and she determined to run away from the convent, come to New York and, as she was without money and friends and unable to make a living in any other way, she had resolved to try her fortunes in the path which many before her have entered only to terminate their careers in Potter's Field.

The hackman thought of his own happy family across the river, of his daughter—the pride of his life—just bridle-

save the girl, with or without her consent. First he endeavored to dissuade her, but as she proved obdurate he placed her in his hack, and after giving some instructions to two of his employes he drove off with the young lady and placed her in charge of a lady he knew in the upper part of the city. The lady is a Samaritan, noted for her good deeds in the saving of misguided young women. The hackman had no trouble in persuading her to shelter the girl. The latter at first objected to the arrangement, but when the driver proved firm in the stand he had taken she acquiesced, and is now in safe custody until her guardian, who has been notified of her whereabouts, shall put in an appearance and take her to her Southern home.

To a reporter who called upon her at her present abode the lady admitted that she came of a distinguished Hebrew family of New Orleans. Her name was May Marshall, and her father, the late Thomas H. Marshall, of the well known dry goods firm of Marshall & Kerns. He, she said, was a descendant of the famous Tom Marshall of Kentucky, and very proud he was of his descent. His mother was a Jewess and his father an American. Her mother, too, came from a wealthy family, half Italian, half Jewish. Her father died when she was but ten years old and her mother two years prior to that time. She was then placed in the charge of James H. Kerns, her father's partner in business, who was made sole executor of his will and guardian of the daughter. Four years later she met for the first time Louis Feibleman, a youth eighteen years of age, the son of Leo Feibleman, the head of a well known dry-goods firm in New Orleans. The young couple loved each other, and her guardian, fearing that his ward would act with that promptness characteristic to the Southern temperament and marry young Feibleman, packed her off to the convent. He was opposed to the union because of the extreme youth of the train, and because young Feibleman did not occupy as high a social position as his ward.

The young couple remained devoted to each other for two years, exchanging love epistles whenever opportunity offered and the agents like vigilance of the convent authorities relaxed the least bit. At the expiration of that time Feibleman was sent to Shreveport, La., by his father, to open a branch store in that place. Then the young lady began to find life at the convent irksome, and its strictness unendurable. She became love-sick, homesick, wretchedly unhappy and determined to flee from the good Sisters. She bribed the negro porter, induced him to pawn her diamond ring for \$75—of which he retained \$15—and leave the great gateway leading out to the street open at 6 o'clock Saturday evening, July 17, when the students of the convent would be in the chapel at prayers. She then slipped away from her comrades, gaining the playground and escaped through the open gate. She then went direct to the depot of the Nashville and Lenoirville road and

bought a ticket to New York for \$22, having thus \$28 left. Her trunk had been sent on by her sable accomplice, and she took the 8 P. M. train for New York, arriving here at 6 o'clock, where she fortunately fell into the hands of Hackman Conlin.

The young lady expresses remorse for her wild action, but is decidedly averse to going back to New Orleans, where she says she will be treated with greater rigor than ever. She is wealthy in her own right—how much she does not know—and thinks her guardian should allot her enough to live here in the metropolis under the care of some responsible person. She has a dread of returning, and says she would seek employment here in the city before taking that step, let her inheritance go where it may. There can be no doubt that Miss Marshall has a fortune of her own, as the firm, of which her father was the head, was one of the wealthiest in the South and at the time of his death was enjoying a splendid season of prosperity. How large her fortune is it is impossible to say, but, as she was the only child and heir-at-law, it must be considerable. Ever since her father's death she has been maintained in sumptuous style by her guardian at various schools, including that from which she ran away.

Miss Marshall is a handsome blonde, with a lithe, willowy figure, and languid, dreamy, hazel eyes of an Italian hue, which form a strong contrast to her bright, clear complexion, and light, chestnut hair. When lighted up by interest in any subject under discussion, they become positively beautiful. A modest, half-timid air, which has the charm of innocence about it, makes up the *tout ensemble* of Miss Marshall's appearance. With this picture before the eye, how much greater should be the meed of praise awarded to honest John Conlin for his manly, noble action—all the more noble by reason of its rarity—in saving this lovely creature from perdition.—New York World.

## LYNCHERS AFTER A BRIDEGROOM.

Shocking Account of the Marriage of a Old Man to a Seven-Year-Old Child.

A dispatch from Greensburg, Ky., gives the following account of a most remarkable marriage in that State recently: "The child bride was brought to town last night, and lodged at Toomey's Hotel. This morning she was taken before the grand jury. Before that body she appeared abashed, never having faced so many men before. Her testimony was not of any importance, and her answers were altogether childish. Deputy Coroner Benton was sent for, and found her in Hart County, near Coopers, where she had been taken by old man Bishop. The old scoundrel was unable to produce her, but he could not be found, but

and jury had the girl by physicians and they found that she had been undoubtedly tampered with. To the doctors the child admitted the attempted approaches of Bishop. These sickening details cannot be given. Suffice it to say that Bishop, a man seventy years of age married under false pretenses this child, known to be only seven years, four months and fifteen days old, for the most fiendish purposes. Retta Boston, or Bishop, as she calls herself, is slight built, small for her age, with dark eyes. Intellectually, she is very bright. She is forty-five inches in height. Intense excitement was created when the facts in the case were learned, and had Bishop been in reach no doubt he would have been speedily hung. None of his acquaintances or friends can offer any palliating circumstances for his strange freak. Not even insanity or second childhood is entertained. A rumor reached here to-day that a crowd from the Russell Creek country was on old Bishop's track, and if overtaken his trial will be very speedy. An indictment has been issued against him. David Judd, the old preacher who solemnized the rites of matrimony, was brought in on a bench warrant to-night, and will testify before the grand jury to-morrow. He is a very old man, and very feeble. He says, he married them according to law, except filling up the marriage certificate. He will be indicted for marrying a girl under lawful age. The limit of the law is twelve months in jail and \$1,000 fine in such cases. An attempt will be made to place the unfortunate little girl in an orphan asylum. Benton found the record of her birth, and her age, as giving above, is entirely correct.

## Not to be Outdone.

The colored population of Barnwell County do not propose to be outdone by the white folks in any thing, as the following from the Barnwell People will show. No doubt the colored woman took her cue from Miss Connelly: "There was some excitement at St. Paul's church, colored, Red Oak township, Sunday. While Rev. Jordan Whitaker was preaching the funeral sermon of uncle Johnnie Harley, an old colored man, who died a month or so ago, the German entered the church, with hatred in her heart, murder in her eye and a pistol in her hand, and began to hunt another colored woman, Fannie —, her purpose being to kill her. Before any harm was done Edie German's brother knocked her down with a board, placed her in a wagon and hauled her away. Parson Whitaker continued the services and took up his invariable collection."

## A Snow Storm.

MOUNT WASHINGTON, N. H., August 2.—A North-west wind, blowing at the rate of sixty miles an hour, set in at night, and snow began to fall at 2.30 this morning, and at 5.30 the ground was covered to the depth of one and one-half inches. The wind is blowing eighty miles an hour, and the windows are thickly covered with frost. The thermometer yesterday registered 55 in the valley, but now marks 28 here.

Now is the time to Advertise.

## SHOWERS OF STONES.

A Kentucky Hamlet Agitated Over the Strange Matter.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 28.—The inhabitants of Mundy's Landing, on the Kentucky River, Woodford County, are considerably worked up over showers of stones which have descended in their midst. Several persons have been severely hurt and roofs of houses made to rattle like musketry. The scene and location of these mysterious visitations are at and near the house of Mrs. Lucretia Mundy, widow of Lowry Mundy, who died from the effects of poison administered, as charged, by his wife and Dr. Davis, the latter now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary for being guilty of poisoning, and Mrs. Mundy being under indictment as accessory to the murder. The first notice taken of the falling stones was on Monday last, when parties picking blackberries in a patch some distance from the Mundy mansion were surprised at the dropping of small stones in their midst and continuing to drop at intervals. Their surprise changed to alarm, and with buckets and berries they beat a hasty retreat from the patch. The next day Mrs. Dr. Davis, when about 100 yards from her house, was struck severely on the arm by a stone from some unknown direction. Miss Annie Mundy was also hurt, and very severely by a descending stone upon her head. Miss Eva Mundy the next day was hit and slightly hurt. A negro, Henry, was struck and knocked over a cliff, which came near ending his career. Saturday and Sunday several negroes were struck, one or two of them being severely injured. The people of the neighborhood of course are stirred up. Some think it the work of some malicious individual or individuals who are creating the sensation. Others think it of the supernatural order. But whether from natural or unnatural causes all are of the opinion that it is a very strange affair. Several houses besides the Davis-Mundy mansion have been struck and the stones descend perpendicularly and not horizontally as if thrown by the hand of an individual.

## EATING HUMAN BODIES.

Terrible Tales of Suffering in Labrador—Twenty Bodies Eaten.

BOSTON, July 30.—A St. John's, N. F., special to the Advertiser says: Hergensten Ter, one of the Esquimaux who arrived here on the Nancy Barrett from Okkok, Labrador, says that out of the population of that settlement of 130, not a soul remains. Early in March the food gave out, every drop of oil and every bit of seal skin was utilized, and at rare intervals a bear was killed, but finally the supplies were quite exhausted. On June 3 they had eaten nothing for

and goaded by hunger they ate the remains of several whites by the cold. When one of their own party died the body was cut open, the entrails taken out and the remainder was frozen up for use. From this food terrible dysentery set in among the survivors, and on July 1 there were but sixteen persons left alive, the bodies of over twenty having been eaten. The sixteen survivors skirted down the coast in a sledge drawn by four dogs, the only living creatures left them, their ponies being sacrificed to appease their hunger long before. When about 24 miles from Cape Mugford a heavy snow storm set in. While the party were endeavoring to find their way they were attacked by white bears to the number of twenty-five or thirty which killed all of the party but two, the survivors being among the number at Cape Mugford.

## The Grand Division Sons of Temperance.

This body assembled at Columbia last week, all the grand officers being in their places. After the transaction of matters pertaining to the private business of the order, an election of officers for the ensuing term was held, resulting as follows: C. E. R. Drayton, Aiken, G. W. P.; John Alexander, Columbia, G. W. A.; F. S. Dibble, Orangeburg, G. S.; L. P. Smith, Anderson, G. T.; C. D. Stanley, Columbia, G. Chaplain; M. B. Dunlap, Isona Path, G. Conductor; Benjamin Busbee, Greenville, G. Sentinel. Anderson was selected as the place of the next annual session of the Grand Division, to be held on the fourth Wednesday in July, 1887. A resolution was adopted which contemplates arrangements for putting an experienced organizer in the field for the advancement of the order in this State. At the session Thursday night the grand officers elected at the morning session were installed in the presence of a number of visiting members of subordinate Divisions, after which there was a general interchange of sentiment in short speeches of an encouraging and edifying nature, and the session was closed at about 11 o'clock.

## Seven People Drowned.

HIGHLANDS, N. J., July 31.—Intelligence has been received here that the schooner yacht Sarah Craig from Philadelphia with a pleasure party, upset near the Government dock at Sandy Hook during a storm last evening. Six ladies and a young man were drowned. The body of one person was recovered. The others are supposed to be in the cabin of the yacht. Nine men were found clinging to the rigging after she capsized and were rescued by a tug. The names of those lost were Mrs. T. H. Stevens and her two daughters, Miss M. Stevens and Mrs. A. S. S. two sisters, Miss Emma and Miss Bessie Merritt, Miss Maud E. Rettan and Mr. Chester Clark.

## Robbing a Miser.

In Montgomery county, Ga., on Wednesday night a party of disguised men rode up to the house of Clem. Mosely, an old miser, drove the family into a room with revolvers, put Mr. Mosely's safe containing \$6,000 into a wagon and drove away with it. The robbers had not been captured at last accounts.

## BURNED AT THE STAKE.

A WOMAN WHO KILLED A CHILD AND COOKED IT FOR FOOD.

A Portion of the Body Served to a Picnic Party and the Rest Salted Away Like Fish in a Barrel—A Terrible Vengeance Visited on the Accused.

SAVANNAH, GA., July 27.—In Tattnall County last week a negro named Samuel Frick left his daughter, aged 4 years, with a negress named Mary Hallenbeck to be cared for during his absence at his employment at a turpentine still in a neighboring County. Yesterday Frick returned, and upon demanding his child was met with so many evasive and contradictory replies as to arouse a suspicion that something was wrong.

A search of the premises resulted in finding one-half of the child's body hidden in a barrel which had originally contained salt pork. The pickle had not sufficed to prevent decomposition, and the father was attracted to the barrel by the unnatural stench arising from it. Other negroes in the neighborhood now joined in the search, and when the discovery was made there were fifteen or twenty blacks about the premises. The enraged father was on the point of braining the woman with an ax when she fell on her knees and said she would confess everything if he would spare her life. It was decided to hear the story, but, as the sequel proved, she would have fared better had she maintained silence.

Two days after the child was placed in her care a negro picnic was given in the vicinity, and she was called on to prepare the dinner. Having no meat, and knowing she would get no money unless she served some, she determined to kill the child and cook its flesh. Being somewhat under the influence of liquor, the fiendishness of the idea had no horrors for her, and she deliberately brained the child with an ax, dismembered and boiled the limbs down into a stew with a heterogeneous collection of vegetables. When it was served the negroes remarked upon the peculiarity of its flavor, but nevertheless ate heartily. Several of the negroes now allege that they were nauseated by the mess, but none of them were made seriously ill.

At the conclusion of the revolting recital the fury of the hearers was ungovernable, and it was quickly decided to burn her alive at the stake. She was taken into a field and chained to a post fixed in the ground in the midst of a pile of inflammable pine saturated with kerosene. When the match was applied the flames leaped high into the air, and the wretch was soon enveloped in flames. In fifteen minutes she fell among the blazing knots and was burned to a crisp, nothing remaining after and a ring which she had on her fingers.

No attempt has been made to arrest those implicated in the affair, but an investigation by the Coroner and Sheriff of Tattnall County will probably be begun to-morrow.

## "ONLY A FARMER"

Ben Tillman Makes a Speech Before an Abbeville Concourse.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., Aug. 2.—There was an immense crowd here to-day to listen to the address of B. R. Tillman, the farmer-politician of South Carolina. He classed himself as only a farmer—a wool hat man and, if necessary, he could be called, he said, a one-gallus man. He did not oppose the South Carolina University, but favored it. What he desired was an Agricultural College, distinct from the University, and taught not in a city, but in the country. The necessity for such a college formed the main portion of his argument. His address was very disconnected, but pleased the majority of the farmers present. He handled the lawyers in a very unkind manner, and plainly showed he knew nothing about them as professional men. He said that the farmers were yearly sinking lower in finance, and that they must now either change their mode of farming or face starvation. He claims that he had been lied upon and misrepresented, but that he had within him all the devil there was in Edgelyield, and that he would fight out the battle without any compromise. He would go down feet foremost and come up on his shield. The object, he stated, of the South Carolina University, was to train up men to make a living at the expense of the sweat of the brow of somebody else. He gave many reasons why there should be a separate Agricultural College.

## Dog Eaters.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Joseph Holbeck, a robust-looking Bohemian, was before a justice this morning, charged with keeping nine dogs. When asked what he did with so many of them, he caused great commotion by coolly remarking that he fattened them in the summer and killed and ate them in the winter. He added: "I had twenty a leetle while ago, and we eat fourteen of dem. Times is bad, and my woman and der kinder like dem vell." He was ordered to kill or procure licenses for his dogs. He said they would eat seven of them and get licenses for the other two.

## Owned Up.

A blank crop report was sent out by a Cleveland paper for the farmers to fill out, and the other day one of them came back with the following written on the blank side in pencil: "All we've got in this neighborhood is three widders, two school ma'ns, a patch of wheat, the bog clodder, too much ruin, about fifty acres of 'aters, and a dum fool who married a cross-eyed gal because she owns eighty sheep and a mule, which she owns, and no more at present."—The Independent.