

The Manning Times.

VOL. III.

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1888.

NO. 16.

THE FARMERS' MANIFESTO.

CAPTAIN TILMAN AND HIS COLLEAGUES SPEAK TO THE PEOPLE.

Suggestions of Reforms in the Administration of the State Government—An Appeal to the Farmers.

To the People of South Carolina:—The Executive Committee of the Farmers' Association, feeling that it is incumbent upon them, as the representatives of the organized farmers of the State, to outline a policy of retrenchment and reform in consonance with the aims and purposes of the farmers' movement, and to explain the grounds upon which we shall ask the support and aid of our Democratic fellow-citizens in the coming election, would call the earnest attention of all persons in sympathy with our aspirations for agricultural education and a more economical and efficient government to the facts and reasons herein set forth.

We claim only our just share of educational advantages for the agricultural and industrial classes, and that the same should be placed within the reach of the average farmer's son, and not, as is now the case, we are compelled to support only such institutions as are inaccessible to most farmers, and which do not furnish the cheap and practical education needed. We make no war upon the South Carolina University as a place for obtaining a scientific and classical education, and reiterate our desire to see the South Carolina College liberally supported, and to become a real university worthy of our State. But we assert without fear of successful contradiction that farmers cannot be educated in a city and remain farmers; and that in all efforts to mix practical and literary training, the first has been overshadowed; the agricultural students have been few, and the attempt an utter failure.

The demand for better facilities for cheap and practical education for farmers has been heretofore refused on the plea of expense, and the opposition has not hesitated to scare the taxpayers with largely exaggerated estimates of the probable cost of a separate agricultural college. With consummate cunning and unblinking inconsistency they have taken advantage of the agitation for a separate agricultural college to build up that wonderful tax students "annex," and while crying out against duplication of plant and teaching force, have actually increased the tax beyond what the farmers' association thought of asking for. Not satisfied with robbing the "industrial classes" of the benefits of the "land scrip" fund, they have stretched forth their greedy hands and grabbed the Hatch fund also; and a State which two years ago was too poor to support any experimental station at all, now supports three, with their duplicated attaches, thus frittering and wasting the funds appropriated for scientific investigation. In 1885 the University, including Clifton and the Citadel, had an income of about \$50,000, and the Trustees claimed that, as then constituted, it afforded all the practical training for farmers needed by the State. Its income is now approximately \$97,000 per annum, but as an agricultural school it is a bigger and more costly deception.

MR. CLEMSON'S BEQUEST.

But while our efforts to obtain a recognition of our rights and needs have hitherto failed to secure a college for educating farmers, fortune has unexpectedly smiled on us. The munificent bequest of Mr. Clemson, whose affection for his adopted State and wise insight has removed the great stumbling-block in the way of providing a suitable site and farm for the college, gives us the coveted opportunity. By this bequest not only do the farmers come in possession of property valued at well nigh \$100,000, but also of an estate eminently suited for the purposes for which it is given, and hallowed by the sacred memories of Carolina's greatest statesman. We have the authority of General Stephen D. Lee for saying that \$100,000 is ample for building and equipping a school like the Mississippi College. Without counting anything donated by Mr. Clemson except the Calhoun homestead, we propose to show the needed money can be obtained without increasing the taxes one single dollar; and while many have believed that the building of a separate agricultural college was the only vital issue represented by the farmers' movement, we shall call attention to other reforms which we deem of equal or greater importance. The purchasing power of money is much greater than it was ten years ago. The tax on the price of our main money crop—cotton—has hovered very near the cost of production. The reduction of expenditures, when possible, must then appeal to the common sense as well as the pockets of our people, and no good reason can be given why salaries in our State should remain fixed higher than in North Carolina and Georgia—both larger and wealthier States. We invite the careful attention of taxpayers to the following figures, taken from the Comptroller's reports of the three States:

NORTH CAROLINA, 1887.	
Executive Department.....	\$ 5,200
Comptroller General Department.....	3,500
Educational Bureau.....	3,100
Judiciary Department (counting only 8 out of 12 Judges).....	37,000
Board of Health.....	2,000
State Department.....	4,000
Militia.....	7,500
Treasury Department.....	6,000
Adjutant and Inspector General.....	1,300
State House Keeper.....	750
Total.....	\$70,300
SOUTH CAROLINA, 1886.	
Executive Department.....	\$ 9,500
Comptroller General Department.....	5,800
Educational Bureau.....	4,500
Judiciary Department (counting only 8 out of 12 Judges).....	56,750
Board of Health.....	9,100
State Department.....	4,100
Militia.....	13,000
Treasury Department.....	7,100
Adjutant and Inspector General.....	4,400
State House Keeper.....	1,550
Total.....	\$115,900
Difference for doing same work.....	\$45,600

Then here is another table of instructive figures:

South Carolina.		1887 cents.	
1886—	\$144,000,000	1887	92 1/2
1887—	141,000,000		
Less:	3,000,000		
	148,000,000		
Gain	3,000,000		
Salary of Governor.....	10,000		
Supreme Court Justices.....	15,000		
Circuit Court Justices—each.....	2,000		
Public Printing.....	35		
State Contingent Fund.....	375		
House Contingent Fund.....	900		
Stationery Legislature.....	800		

In 1879 Georgia's assessment was in round numbers \$235,000,000. In 1887..... 341,000,000. Gain in wealth in nine years..... 106,000,000. South Carolina on the contrary has gained nothing, but lost. But judging by the way money is paid in salaries, etc., we are by long odds the richest and most prosperous of the three States. Does anybody claim that we have more efficient or able officials than Georgia and North Carolina? It is urged that a reduction of pay would bring in a set of "cheap" men who would be inefficient. But, judging by the scramble over a vacant Judgeship or Solicitor's place, we think our taxpayers can safely rely on getting just as good as they now do for the same money paid by North Carolina or Georgia.

Without going into figures, we take it for granted that our Lunatic Asylum and Penitentiary are managed in just as extravagant a manner as the other departments—the one proving a great burden to the taxpayers and the other yielding no income, though it might be made to pay at least \$40,000 a year to defray the expenses of the government. We have shown that \$45,000 can be saved if the same basis of expenditure as in North Carolina is adopted:

HOW TO MAINTAIN THE COLLEGE.	
The privilege tax on fertilizers amounts to over \$30,000 yearly. The work done by it can and ought to be done by the agricultural college. Here, then, is \$75,000 to build and equip the college, without either touching Mr. Clemson's money or resorting to new taxation. If, then, we leave the University the \$34,500 now appropriated, and the tuition fees, and relieve it of the expense of attempting to educate farmers and mechanics in an ungenial atmosphere, it can accomplish its needed work in a more efficient manner and be better for getting rid of these bones of contention; while after the Clemson College is built, it would have the following income without looking to the taxpayers at all, and the experimental stations:	
Land-scrip Fund.....	\$ 5,750
Hatch Fund.....	15,000
Privilege Tax—say.....	30,000
Total.....	\$50,750

With this sum we can keep up an excellent agricultural school at Fort Hill, worthy of South Carolina, worthy of Calhoun, and last, but not least, worthy of Mr. Clemson. But there are also other reforms and economies imperatively demanded before we can lift the burden of taxation to any marked degree. We have too much and too hasty legislation, and we believe it would be economy and wisdom to have our Legislature meet biennially instead of annually, as at present, and to change the date of its session. That the burdens of taxation are not equally borne is too evident, and those taxpayers who are honest in their returns are grievously imposed on. Governor Hagood long since pointed out that our county governments are both inefficient and extravagant, nearly as much being spent on them now as in Radical days. We are handicapped and cut off from any improvement along that line by our Radical Constitution, while our very existence as a free people is jeopardized by the ignorant horde of voters watching and praying for a split in our ranks. We earnestly urge the importance and necessity of a constitutional convention to secure needed reforms in county affairs, the abolition of useless offices, and to throw stronger safeguards around the citadel of white supremacy before the seeds of discord shall sprout and grow. To accomplish all this our people must arouse themselves from their lethargy and take a more intelligent and active interest in political affairs. And here we would warn them to see to it that a set of greedy politicians and office-seekers shall not again, as in past years, nominate a State ticket out-of-hand, without having a canvass, or even an expression of sentiment, on these and other important issues. Public discussion is not only the best means of educating the masses, but is also the chief safeguard of our liberties and the only guarantee of our rights. In behalf, then, of the farmers, whom we represent, and as one of the best means of bringing about these reforms, we insist on a canvass by those whose ambition it is to control the State government during the next two years, before they are nominated, so we can know just how they stand. Recognizing the ability of the present incumbents, and in no wise intending to cast any reflections upon them, we yet feel that if they seek re-nomination, they could spend some of their leisure during the summer most profitably in discussing before their constituents these and any other questions of public interest. Thus they can show

wherein we are wrong if they disagree with us, or give us the advantage of their approval, if they approve. See to it then, fellow-citizens, those of you who sympathize with our objects and aims, that no tricks be played upon us in the May convention. Farmers are too busy to give much thought to their public duties. But they can and should at least demand, and thus will obtain, the right to select their officials knowingly, and make no more leaps in the dark.

THE LEGISLATURE MUST ACT.

But, in the end the whole matter, both of establishing the agricultural college and of making the much needed reforms and economies in the State government, rests with the coming Legislature. Our experience with the one just adjourned teaches us to beware of demagogues and fence straddlers and weak-kneed individuals without firmness of character or any convictions of their own. We would therefore advise and urge the absolute importance of selecting candidates of firmness and capacity, and of requiring them to define and explain their positions. If a candidate is too good or too untried to pledge himself to any line of policy demanded by the people, he can and should be left at home; and when a candidate, after having pledged himself and been elected, breaks that pledge, as did a goodly number in the last Legislature, he is no longer worthy the confidence and respect of any intelligent voter.

Appealing, then, to the good sense and patriotism not of farmers alone, but of all classes of our people, to aid us in our efforts to secure equal justice and equal advantages to all, and to purify and elevate our politics, and to bring about a more economical and efficient government in State and county.

We are, respectively,
(Signed) D. K. NORRIS,
B. R. TILMAN,
H. R. THOMAS,
W. Q. M. BERLEY,
E. P. MOORE,
JOHN MORROH,
J. B. MORRISON,
Executive Committee Farmers' Association.
Columbia, April 21, 1888.

THE CLEMSON BEQUEST.

A Correction of Alleged Exaggerations About the Money Left to the Agricultural College.

To the Editor of the News and Courier: I see so many false statements, misconceptions and ridiculous exaggerations in the public papers about the will of my father-in-law, the late Mr. Thomas G. Clemson, as to the amount of property belonging to his estate, the terms of his will, and the amount that would accrue to the State of South Carolina for the purpose of founding an agricultural college, should Mr. Clemson's will be valid and the bequest accepted by the State, that I am impelled to make a plain and clear statement of the whole matter, so far as my knowledge extends.

In justice to myself, to my father-in-law, Mr. Clemson, and as both father and guardian of my daughter, who is the granddaughter and only surviving descendant and natural heir of Mr. and Mrs. Clemson, and the great-granddaughter of the late Hon. John C. Calhoun, I am induced to take this course, for the reason that frequent inquiries are made of me by numerous friends of my daughter and her ancestors in South Carolina, by some of the relatives of Mr. Clemson, who live out of this State, and by friends and acquaintances of my own.

Most of the information, which I here endeavor to give as correctly as I can, was derived from Mr. R. W. Simpson, who has had charge of Mr. Clemson's affairs as his attorney and legal adviser for several years past, and who is appointed by his will his executor and trustee, and of whom he speaks in the will in the highest terms as his "trusted friend and adviser." If the will is not contested by me, as the guardian of my daughter, there would be left for the purpose of founding an agricultural college in the State of South Carolina probably as follows:

The Fort Hill estate, 825 acres or thereabouts, the farming value of it about \$10,000.

Mr. Simpson informed me that the personal property, consisting of stocks, bonds and mortgages and other securities in his hands, was about \$27,000.

From this sum take the legacies, payable in cash, \$18,000, and it leaves \$9,000. Mr. Simpson, the executor and trustee under the will, is allowed 5 per cent. on the whole amount of the estate by the will, and also, I am told, 5 per cent. by law, making in all 10 per cent. commissions on the whole property. This would amount to say \$4,000. Deduct that from the cash assets left of \$9,000, and it leaves \$5,000. Then deduct lawyers' bills, expenses of keeping up the house and many other necessary expenses, and I think most people will agree with me in thinking that there will not be much left on which to found an agricultural college except the 825 acres of the Fort Hill plantation, with a few dilapidated and partly ruinous buildings.

But, even valuing the remainder of the estate at \$15,000, an extremely high estimate, the interest on this sum of money at 7 per cent. would be \$1,050.

Not very munificent sums these to found a great State institution, and certainly the most incorruptible and economical statesmen could not reasonably object to the income of the estate, \$1,050, being divided into salaries and paid over to the president, professors, and a few practical farmers who would also be necessary to carry on the institution.

In most of the noted colleges in the United States the presidents get at least eight or ten thousand dollars per annum, and the professors from three to five thousand. Still, some patriotic statesmen might be found to serve their State from the purest motives, without money and without price.

In that case, I would suggest that the possible income of the estate should be expended in providing hominy and milk to feed the famishing wives and families of the present and prospective students, and of course, could take their own meals from home with them, and thus would greatly diminish the expenses of the institution.

If by public clamor and ridiculously exaggerated statements in the papers the Legislature thinking and believing that Mr. Clemson's bequest to the State amounts to \$100,000, as I have seen it

stated in one of the South Carolina papers, then, and in that case, a law might be suddenly passed through to add another hundred thousand or two to it, then, fellow-citizens, those of you who sympathize with our objects and aims, that no tricks be played upon us in the May convention. Farmers are too busy to give much thought to their public duties. But they can and should at least demand, and thus will obtain, the right to select their officials knowingly, and make no more leaps in the dark.

Yours truly,
Seneca, April 24.
GIDDEON LEE.

Another Statement.

PENDERLETON, S. C., April 26.

To the Greenville News:—The appraisers of Mr. Clemson's property completed their work this evening.

The face value of the appraisal bill amounts to one hundred and three thousand three hundred and twenty-one dollars. With interest and premiums added, they make a total of one hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and twenty-one dollars.

Mr. Lee will contest the will, but Col. Simpson, the executor, assures me that he has no fears whatever as to the validity of the will.

The State will receive over ninety-two thousand dollars.
E. G. EVANS.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

A Process for Preserving Milk, Wines, Fruit Juices, Etc., for an Indefinite Period.

(From the New York Star.)

Learning of a new and wonderful invention for the preservation of fruit juices, milk and other perishable liquids, a representative of the Star called upon Mr. W. B. Murdock, the general president of the American Exhaust and Carbonating Company, at their elegant and spacious saloons, No. 10 Warren street, this city. After a short interview with Mr. Murdock in his magnificently appointed private office, the reporter was invited to inspect the building and the workings of this extremely wonderful machine.

This interesting method by which milk, cider, beer, fruit juices, wines and other food products can be preserved in their normal condition without subjecting them to a steaming or cooking process, at once absorbed the reporter's attention. The problem has occupied the attention of scientific men for many years, and numberless experiments have been made without attaining the desired results, but the American Exhaust and Carbonating Company have at last secured the valuable patents which accomplish this most desirable object. The simplicity and effectiveness of their device astonishes every one. The process has been brought to such a state of perfection that a child can operate the machine with ease. It is a well-known fact that the oxygen of the air is the most essential element for the support of life, whether animal or vegetable, and when this element has been removed from any inclosure of every nature and kind becomes extinct. If the oxygen contained in the various liquids to be preserved is removed by some mechanical process and replaced with carbonic acid gas or some other antiseptic gas, the fluids preserved in this manner will keep perfectly sweet and preserve their normal condition for an indefinite time.

The principle upon which the company bring about this result is to first create a vacuum in the keg, barrel or bottle by an exhaust pump, which draws the air from the vessel. Having filled the vessel with the liquid to be preserved, the air is exhausted from the liquid, and charged with the carbonic gas. The principle and method are so simple that the machine which creates the vacuum, exhausts the liquid of the air it contains, and charges it with the carbon gas, and then corks or seals the bottle, is worked by a single lever. One of the greatest features of this process is that all liquids can be put up in siphons, and the trouble of pulling the corks away with, thereby enabling the consumer to use any quantity of the contents and keep the remainder perfectly intact for future use.

The value of this invention to ocean steamers and yachting parties is incalculable. Fresh milk can be carried from New York to Europe and remain in as sweet condition as the day it left the farm dairy. The carbonating process not only applies to liquids, but the company is now perfecting its invention so that fruits and vegetables may be successfully preserved in the same manner.

The offices of the American Exhaust and Carbonating Company are located at No. 10 Warren street, and they invite the attention of the public to their daily experiments and tests. In the basement of the building they occupy are numerous siphons and bottles of fruit, grapes, fresh milk, all kinds of beers, new ales, Concord grape juice, foreign and domestic wines, and sweet cider bottles over six months ago. All these liquids are exposed to varying degrees of temperature; at one time the thermometer registers 80 or 90 degrees, and again during the winter it is as low as zero. In spite of these severe tests the liquids remain as fresh and sweet as when bottled.

The apparatus will be sold to local companies which will be organized throughout the United States, and they will lease the plants and charge a royalty on the goods put up. Parties in Florida and other sections of the country now desire to introduce this wonderful process and are arranging to do so at an early date, their object being to treat orange, lemon and other fruit juices.

A number of well-known gentlemen of this city are interested in the enterprise, among them being the president of the company, Mr. W. B. Murdock; Mr. Locke W. Winchester, vice-president National Express Company; Hon. Rufus S. Ransom, Surrogate; Mr. J. F. Freeman, treasurer Standard Oil Company; Mr. John H. Rolston, cashier Bank State of New York; Mr. Caleb B. Knevals, vice-president Woodlawn Cemetery Company, and Mr. James W. Smith, president Consolidated Gas Company. All well-known citizens and business men. These gentlemen control an enterprise which seemingly has no limited extent or field it will cover or business to be done.

Killed a Wild Cat With a Club.

The other day Tony Kern, who works on Mr. Griffin's farm near Seneca, Pa., was driving the cattle to water and while passing through a piece of woods his attention was attracted by the bellowing of one of the cows. Tony espied a dark object up a tree ready to spring upon a calf. The man clenched tight a club which he carried and meeting the wild animal half way dealt it a furious blow on the head. This only angered the brute, and with a fierce bound it leaped upon Tony and bore him to the ground. The man made a desperate effort to throw the animal off. The brute had scratched his face badly and tore his clothes in shreds. With superhuman power Tony threw the beast off, and spring to his feet again he seized his club. Once more the animal made for him, but a well-aimed blow from the Dutchman sent him to the ground apparently lifeless. Tony hurried to the animal, procured a gun, and shot the animal dead. Almost breathless with excitement he ran to the house with the astounding intelligence that he had shot a fox in a tree. Farmer Griffin concluded the man was wrong as to the kind of animal killed, and going out to the spot found it to be a wild cat weighing about fifty pounds.

The leading Republicans are trying to smile, but there is a very bitter fight going on among them for the Republican nomination.

Religious pessimism is carried to an extreme in Russia. In that country there are sects that teach suicide. Recently eighty-four persons met in a cavern filled with straw. They fired the straw and those who were not burned to death killed each other with hatchets. One faint-hearted fellow escaped.

Congressman Kelley's daughter recently delivered a lecture in New York, in which she charged the capitalists with forcing the children of this country to go to work at an early age, thus reducing the wages of full-grown laborers. She advocated socialism as the only remedy.

CEILING WALKING.

It Appears Startling, but Only Nerve Is Required by Performers.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

There are to-day at least fifteen persons who perform the novel feat of walking head down along the full length of a great board and who are known as ceiling walkers. There are lady and gentlemen performers, their performances being confined almost entirely to the variety stage. The effect is startling as one of them moves along underneath the board, far above the floor of the stage, their full form extending downward. Until recently the manner of performing the feat was a guarded secret. While there is a general difference as to details, the principle involved in keeping the walker suspended is practically the same. It is the secret of the ability of the fly to walk over a ceiling.

The board used is a heavy plank about fifteen feet long and three feet wide. This is rendered almost perfectly smooth by being rubbed down with pumice stone. Near each end of the board is suspended a trapeze, to which the performer hangs, head down, as he presses his feet to the board above him when starting upon his walk. Underneath is stretched a large net. An ordinary pair of stage shoes will answer the purpose. To the bottom of these are fastened circular, concave arrangements of gum, a sort of bowl-shaped shoes, about six and one-half inches in diameter, and it is these, pressed against the board above, that hold the walker suspended.

The material of which these bowl-shaped shoes is of the same thickness and appearance as that used in fireman's hose. In the centre, on the concave side of these shoes, is a thin piece of steel, circular in form. To this piece is riveted the iron framework. From this framework extend two iron rods, shaped like the handles of the instrument used in toasting or broiling. By the framework is suspended a trapeze, to which the performer hangs, head down, as he presses his feet to the board above him when starting upon his walk. Underneath is stretched a large net. An ordinary pair of stage shoes will answer the purpose. To the bottom of these are fastened circular, concave arrangements of gum, a sort of bowl-shaped shoes, about six and one-half inches in diameter, and it is these, pressed against the board above, that hold the walker suspended.

THE SNAKE SEASON OPENED.

First Gun from the Annals of Snake-doom—The Worm Scaram Discussed.

A correspondent from Hot Springs, Mo., writes: The hot, muggy weather of last week drew the snakes and tarantulas out of their holes in the Ozark Mountains, and to-day Flint and his companion saw many poisonous reptiles sunning themselves on the big ledges of stone skirting the "vale of vapors." The "varmints" were sluggish, but became very irritable when aroused from their stupor. Rattlesnakes and bullsnakes were in the majority, but other species were represented as well. The spectacle started Flint to talking. "You never saw the parlor match snake, did you?" he asked, with the seriousness of a judge. His companion groaned and started down the mountain. "Come back, boy," exclaimed the catcher. "I want to tell you something you don't know. I was out hunting along a bayou near New Orleans late one afternoon last winter, when I saw a flash of light as irregular as one of Larry Corcoran's curves and as big around as a man's arm. The ray of light, which was on the ground, was preceded by a crackling sound like the explosion of a parlor match. In an instant the light disappeared, only to appear the next instant with the same crackling sound. I became interested. When the light flashed the third time I fired both barrels of my shotgun at the brilliant object. The light faded in an instant. I crept to the spot and saw a snake lying dead upon the ground. Its head had been nearly shot away. Curious to learn whether the snake had been the source of the mysterious flame, I tied a string around its body and took it to New Orleans where Lionel Adams pronounced it a parlor match snake. When aroused, this species of the worm scaram pulls its skin over its body by hitching a lower tooth in a sort of loop hanging between the eyes. As the skin leaves the tail it scrapes a small button on either side of the snake's body with a crackling sound, and the film of oil on the cuticle is in a phosphorescent light, and probably does not hurt the snake. After having struck fire the snake crawls the length of its body, thus causing the scaly hide to return to its proper place." The great catcher arose and stretched his arms aloft, and asked his companion if it looked like rain.

"I GAVE UP TO DIE."

KNOXVILLE, TENN., July 2, 1887.

I have had catarrh of the head for six years. I went to a noted doctor and he treated me for it, but could not cure me, he said. I was over fifty years old and I gave up to die. I had a distressing cough; my eyes were swollen and I am confident I could not have lived without a change. I sent and got one bottle of your B. B. E., used it, and felt better. Then I got four more, and thank God! it cured me. Use this any way you may wish for the good of sufferers.

Mrs. MATILDA NICHOLS,
27 Florida Street.

Song for the farmer—The spring time is here, O hoe, O hoe!

A BABY'S TRAVELS.

THE ONLY WHITE CHILD EVER TAKEN TO THE LAKES OF AFRICA.

Little Jack Hone and How He Was Viewed by the Natives—A Wonderful Sight for the Savages.

(From the New York Sun.)

Little Jack Hone was an English baby and he was three months old when he landed on the east coast of Africa. His father was a missionary and Jack and his mother were on the way to the home that had been prepared for them in Central Africa. The journey was 800 miles long, up hill down, through jungle, forest and plain, and it was a serious question how little Jack could be carried comfortably over the rude native paths to Lake Tanganyika. His father thought that a wheelbarrow was likely to be the best vehicle for Jack, and so arrangements had been made in England to have Jack trundled in a barrow all the way from the coast to the big lake where he was to live.

A deep and commodious basket was provided for the baby. On the bottom of the basket was soft a little bed as could be made, and the entire inside was padded so that Jack could not easily hurt himself. The basket was placed in a steel wheelbarrow frame. An awning above the basket was supported by iron rods, and, when required, mosquito curtains could be let down. This was to be Jack's carriage on the march, and when in camp at night the basket was to be placed in Mrs. Hone's tent to serve Jack as a bed.

Jack was asleep in his father's arms when he landed on the coast of Africa, at Saadani, near Zanzibar. He was tucked away in his little basket, and one of the porters trundled him along in his wheelbarrow near the head of the caravan. Close behind him rode Jack's mother on a donkey. Once in a while the baby was lifted out of the wheelbarrow for a change and carried a mile or two in his mother's arms. Usually Jack rode along in the little vehicle very quietly, and he seemed to take as kindly to his wheelbarrow as other babes do to the most comfortable of cradles. Even when the road was hammokey Jack did not seem to mind it, and the jouncing he got only seemed to put him in good humor for a nap. It happened, however, that Jack was not destined to travel all the way to Central Africa in a wheelbarrow. After they had climbed the coast mountains and were a hundred and fifty miles on their way it was found inexpedient on account of unexpected difficulties on the road for Mrs. Hone and the baby to go any farther that year. So Jack was wheeled back to the coast again and before long he turned up in England none the worse for his jaunt of 300 miles in a wheelbarrow.

Early in 1884, when Jack was a little over 2 years old, he landed again at Saadani. There were stories from up country of widespread drought and famine, but nothing daunted Mr. Hone, who had come all the way from Central Africa to meet his family, decided to set out with them at once on the long journey to the beautiful lake, which, though narrow, is one of the longest fresh water lakes in the world. This time the wheelbarrow was discarded. The willow body of a baby carriage was turned into a tiny palanquin for Jack's accommodation. It was suspended by stout ropes from a couple of bamboos. Along the bamboos was stretched a canvas awning, impervious alike to sun or rain, with movable sides; that could be fastened up or down at pleasure. Four natives were assigned to the task of carrying Master Jack in his unique little conveyance. The bamboos were supple, and as the carriers trudged along there was a delightful springiness about the rig that greatly pleased Jack. His mother was carried in a bath chair rigged up in a similar fashion.

Jack got along famously until he was stricken with fever, and then he insisted much of the time upon traveling in his mother's lap. When the long caravan halted for the noontime lunch the first duty of the men was to pitch a tent in which to shelter Jack and his mother from the scorching sun. The little fellow's great delight was in crossing rivers in the big canoes the natives keep for ferrying caravans. He usually sat in state in his little armchair, and sometimes used a string and a bent pin to fish for crocodiles, with invariably poor success. One day a porter ran away with a canvas bag containing a large part of Jack's wardrobe. In a land where caravans were a great deal of cotton cloth to pay their way there was of course plenty of material at hand to repair Jack's loss, which he bore with more equanimity than the rest of his family. Sometimes they traveled for hours through grass that was high above their heads, and in the early morning Jack liked to listen to the dew drops as they fell like rain upon the top of his palanquin, while the carriers plodded along through the luxuriant growth of grass. Many of the marches were very wearisome, and Mrs. Hone wrote that she and Jack often presented a very dragged appearance when the halt was made for the day.

The journey lasted ninety days. At last the beautiful waters of Lake Tanganyika came into view, and little Jack was delighted when his family embarked in a big boat for the long journey for the island of Kivula. He thought the songs of the crew were like their own, and he was particularly jolly. He is now living on Kivula island, and he does not now remember that he ever had any other home than Africa.

One of the most successful features of a recent "vitary entertainment" in a town of the "evergreen" was a "bang-whittling contest by ladies." Each of the contestants received a square bit of wood from which to whittle a bun to fit a large stone jug. They could all see the hole to be filled, but none could measure it. Prizes were given for the best and for the poorest bun, and then they were all sold at auction. One of them nearly fitted the bung-hole.

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