A Statement of The Situation, with Sugges-

tions to the Democratic Party of South In accordance with the instructions of the Democratic Conference which met at Columbia on July 10th, the

following address has been issued by the Advisory Committee: To the Democracy of South Carolina: All white Carolinians worthy of er Democrats do not object to the the race from which they spring and movement but do object to Tillman. of the name they bear, and entitled to share in the traditions of the past, the prosperity of the present and the and can, with the assistance of their hope of the future, are Democrats. Democratic brethren of other avoca-

and confidently appeal. All that we have and are, all that we hope for and desire to transmit to attainment of this result requires the our children depends upon the con- free and cordial co-operation of all tinuance of white supremacy in this State, and this supremacy upon our ocratic principles, unity, harmony and organization within party lines obedience to the rules, and faith in the justice and success of Democratic

aims, proposes and methods. To each succeeding generation of wisdom, throughout the ages.

Democrats equal to the trust? Judging the future by the past, we unhesitatinly answer, yes. It is, however, true that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the least vigilant must now perceive that grave danger is impending over us. At a time when our State is prosperous beyond in material wealth, leading in the race for mechanical and industrial cuted by officials of our own race and Infallibility and perfection are

divine attributes and have never yet human institutions. If injustice has that it will be further reinforced by been done, errors have been com- the voice of a united Democracy. mitted or mistakes have been made, remember that to err is human; and remember also that the great party to which we belong is broad enough, strong enough, wise enough and just enough to right all wrongs, correct all errors, rectify all mistakes and mete out equal and impartial justice to all men. Remember that all true forts of all Democrats in the State to keep the Republican wolf from our class. Brothers in blood and race, deprecate all efforts from whatever is healed. source to destroy the unity and integrity upon which the strength and life of our party depend.

In order to better understand the position we now occupy, let us recall the history of the movement which has resulted in the conditions now confronting us, and take counsel together on this extraordinary emergency in our party affairs.

A convention composed of farmers representing not less than twentysix counties in the State, held in the city of Columbia on December 1st, 1887, unanimously adopted the following resolutions: "Resolved, that it is not the purpose of the farmers of the State to make their organization a political body hostile to other classes, nor is it their intention to attack the integrity of the State officers nor their policy to arraign or dictate

agricultural resources." These resolutions were reported by B. R. Tillman as chairman of the committee on resolutions, were adopted without debate at his request, and expressed the purpose and scope of the movement inaugurated by him, and the will of the people rethe Association was held in Columelected a new executive committee. 1888, and the Shell Committee held committee met in secret without instructions from or notice to the Association, and authorized G. W. Shell for a convention to meet in Columbia on the 27th day of March, 1890. and in wilful disobedience of the ex- um. pressed will and purpose of the Association as set forth in the resolutions of 1887, G. W. Shell, over his signature and in his official capacity as president and ex-officio chairman, and with the connivance of B. R. Tillman, as Tillman himself declares, issued the call now known as the Shell Manifesto, in which he says "we will draw up the indictment against those who have been and are still governing this State," thus seeking to array the farmers in the posi-

tion of hostility to other classes of Democratic citizens, and to poison their minds against the officials to whom their party had entrusted the administration of the State government since 1876. For his own selfish purposes the farmers have been taught that to criticise Tillman is to abuse the Farmers' Movement, that to oppose his methods or nomination is to oppose the farmers themselves. and that to declare him unworthy of

in the true welfare of our State. Every fair minded advocate of the public in carriages drawn by white acre on their tobacco, figures which this miserable cur, who is trying to Farmers' Movement sincerely regrets | and cream-colored horses.

COMMITTEE'S ADDRESS. that such charges have been made. and rejoices that they have not been sustained. A majority of the Democrats who are embraced in this move-THE APPEAL OF THE RECENT CONment have just begun to realize the strength of the organization and to recognize the fact that in their hands rests the political power of the State under Democratic control. We believe that these neither endorse Tillman nor his statements or methods as such, but that their sole desire is

to promote the success of their own movement. This brings us to common ground. A majority of the farmers in the movement care not so much for Tillman as for the success of the movement; the great majority of oth-We all agree that within the Democratic lines the farmers of the State have a decided and available majority To such, and only such, we earnestly tions, so control the policy of the party as to secure to all classes their proper share of influence in the ad ministration of the Government. The elements of the Democratic party. To secure such co-operation it is essential that the nominee of the party

united devotion and loyalty to Dem- for the high office of Governor of this proud old commonwealth should not be a man who has besmirched her fair fame, slandered her officials, disortded her history, outraged her dignity, betrayed the confidence of his own supporters and endangered our race is entrused the ark of civili- the integrity of the Democratic party zation, and upon each devolves the by sowing the seeds of dissension sacred duty of defending, preserving among its members, and there are and transmitting our racial heritage grounds for apprehension that in the of civil and religious liberty, the event of the refusal by the August fruits of labor and of thought, the Convention to order a primary elecgarnered stores of material and intel- tion and of the nomination of B. R.

lectual wealth-all that is good of Tillman by the September Convenwhat our race has won and held by | tion a large number of his opponents hand or brain, by valor, industry or while acquiescing in such a result on grounds of party fealty and political Is this generation of Carolina necessity, can not be induced to give him that active support which alone will insure the election of the Democratic nominees in case the Republi can party puts a ticket in the filed. In the eyes of all true Democrats the mainteinance of white supremacy in the State and the preservation of the blessings of which that supremacy is precedent waxing each day stronger the only guarantee, are of paramount consideration, superior to the aspirations of any individual. The free and supremacy, our people living and untrammeled expression of the poputhriving under laws made by legisla- lar will within the lines of the party tors, interpreted by judges and exe- organization, will constitute an authoritative declaration which must choice, with peace and security at command ready and willing obedihome, respect and credit abroad, we ence. But such an expression can are suddenly confronted with such only be obtained by the adoption of danger as has never before threatened the primory plan. This plan has the Democracy of this State—the been demanded by the March Condanger of division in our own ranks. vention; the demand has been reiterated by the Democratic conference which assembled in Columbia on July been granted to human wisdom or 10th, and express the confident hope

The crisis confronting us is the gravest that has arisen in this State since 1876. The highest patriotism can alone prove equal to its exigencies. It is time for demagogwes to be sent to the rear and loval and unselfish citizens brought to Carolinians are Democrats and as front. It is with this conviction and such entitled to a full, free and equal in this spirit that this address is isshare in the management, control and sued to our Democratic brethren. policy of the party, and that it re That men who belong to the same quires the combined and earnest ef household of political faith should be to be distinctly recognized as brain dienated from each other by the ar tifices of ambitious politicians, is as door. As Democrats we know no dangerous as it is unnatural and must redound to the lasting injury of the this experiment, namely, that the candidates and others blocked the destined to stand or fall together, we | party and the State unless the breach

From a verdict thus rendered there

can be no appeal.

[Signed.] JOHN D. KENNEDY. IREDELL JONES, EDWARD McCRADY, JR. L. W. YOUMANS, J. S. FOWLER, T. W. WOODWARD, W. R. DAVIE, W. D. JOHNSON. WALTER HAZARD. Columbia, S. C., July 17th, 1890.

IT WAS A CRUEL JOKE.

Two Wags Create a Panic in a St. Louis Public Bath.

Sr. Louis, Mo., July 17 .- A most amusing practical joke was carried out successfully at the Natatorium, corner of Nineteenth and Pine streets yesterday, but the perpetrators are to-day threatened with prosecution by their victims, Claude Martin and to the Legislature." "That we believe Thomas Crouch, two horse dealers in the thorough organization of the who are widely known practical jofarmers of the State with the object kers, prevailed upon a hostler to dress and firm purpose of developing its in policeman's clothes and go to the Natatorium. Thither also repaired Crouch and Martin. The two jokers were soon engaged in a seemingly desperate fight, and the sham policeman rushed in to separate them. Like a flash he was tossed over the railing into the water among the throng of bathers, who had been presented in that movement. In No- open-mouthed spectators of the vember, 1889, another convention of struggle. Rising to the surface the policeman drew his revolver and bebia with a small attendance, which gan firing with the wildest haste and recklessness. The now panic strickhaving G. W. Shell as president and en bathers hurried from the water chairman ex-officio. No meeting of and rushed from the building in vathe Association was called or held in rious stages of deshabille. One of them was arrested as a lunatic two blocks over, their successors not having been | away. Others ran through the streets appointed. In November, 1889, this creating cansternation among pedestrians, to seek safety in saloons and doorways. In the melee the jokers escaped. It took the bath attendants as chairman ex-officio to issue a call a long while to sort and deliver clothing to the mortified fugitives who were in hiding at various points in Perverting the authority thus given the neighborhood of the Natatori-

> Without Food for Sixty Days. GALENA, ILLS., July 15.—John Roth, who outdid Tanner in his celebrated fast, died yesterday at the county asylum, having passed his sixtieth day of absolute abstinence from food of any kind or nourishment, except a small quantity of water which was forced into his stomach every twentyfour hours. For such an absolute fast his record is no doubt the longest ever made. Recently Roth worked part in the conquest of Upper Caliat Scales Mound, near this city, until fornia. He represented California in attacked by progressive paralysis about two months ago, which incapacitated him for work and he was unable to eat. After a week of fasting he was brought to the county asylum on the 23d of May and there as a major-general in the Union army lingered for fifty-three days without

-Emperor William, who seeks to support is to say that the farmers imitate in all things his illustrious have no right to meddle in politics or ancestor, King Fredrick the Great to suggest either men or measures to has recently adopted the latter's taste the party. We beg our brother Dem-ocrats to disabuse their minds of all the hero of the "Seven Years' War," alsuch ideas, and listen to us as friends most 130 years ago, horses of that color who are equally interested with them have been excluded from the royal and imperial stables at Berlin. With-Not one farmer in ten believes the in the last two or three weeks, howthe Democratic party or its officials. press have repeatedly appeared in have cleared from \$300 to \$400 an and I regret that I have to deal with

HE CAN GRAFT BRAINS.

A New York Surgeon Proves That Bram Tissue, Can be Interchanged, The mogress of surgical science New York and the saccess with which unusual demonstrations are attended have attracted the attention of the faculty in every centre of technical learning in Europe. Regularly the profession is regaled with "histories:" as they are called, of phenomenal operations by prominent surgeons in this city. One of the most famous of these operators is Dr. W. Gilman Thompson, professor of physiology in the New York University College and visiting physician to the Presbyterian and New York Hospitals. Dr. Thompson's latest experiment was the grafting of the brain of one animal upon that of another. His success opens the question of the possibility of the grafting of the brains of human beings. Dr. Thompson

"It occurred to me recently, while studying cerebral localization in the ower animals, that it would be inter-

GRAFT A PIECE OF BRAIN TISSUE from one side of a dog's brain to the other, or from one animal's brain into another's, and study its vitality. Of remarks today he paid his usual comcourse I had no expectation of being ble to restore abolished function by the operation, but the question of vitality of the brain tissue and the cause of its degeneration are subjects of very wide interest. The first experiments were preliminary, made in order to escertain whether the transplanted brain would be immediately absorbed or would slough

"I cut open the skulls of two large dogs and interchanged pieces of the brain tissue of each. On the third day both dogs were killed, and the transplanted pieces of brain looked normal, and in each case they were Mr. Hughson sprang to his feet and so firmly knitted together that it was impossible to pull them apart to say, sir, that I have ever misreprewith a forceps without laceration.

"The next experiment was with a cat and a dog. Three days later the cat was killed. The transplanted dog's brain was found where it had been placed, firmly adherent to the cat's brain. No microscopic examination was made in connection with the experiments, as they were intended only to determine the possibil ity of the transplanted tissue adhering. Being satisfied in regard to this matter, I proceeded to another experiment.

"I procured a street mongrel dog, opened his skull over the left lobe of the brain, and through the opening removed a small portion of brain tissue. A cat was simultaneous by operated upon in the same manner, and the brain tissue of the cat and dog were interchanged. The openings were closed and treated. The dog made a good recovery from the operation, although he was very feeble for a few days and had to be fed artificially. Subsequently he appeared normal in every way, except the loss of vision. He was kuled at the end of seven weeks, when the piece of transplanted cat's brain was found firmly adhered to the dog's brain, with the pia mater intact.

"Now, the features of interest in this experiment are the facts that, first: There is complete union through organic connective tissue of the contiguous portions of the two brains; second, after seven weeks the cat's brain still maintained enough vitality issue; third, brains of animals of two very different species were thus made to unite. I think the main fact of brain tissue has sufficient vitality to entrance to the stand and thereby survive for seven weeks the operation of transplanation without wholly losing its identity as brain substance, suggests an interesting field for further research, and I have no doubt that other experimenters will be re warded' by investigating it .- New York Star.

He Left Disgusted. United States Prosecuting Attorney Colonel Patrick Henry Winston is completely disgusted with Spokane

Falls, and says that he never wants

"What is the matter with Spokane?"

sked a friend. "Well, I will tell you," replied Mr. Winston. "I tried a case there recently, and thought when I started it that I had a dead sure thing. I proved conclusively that the woman fourths of the crowd raised their who was accused of committing the murder bought a pistol the night that the deed was committed, and then getting the cartriges she went to the loor of the victim's house and rang ple saw her do it. He died inside of ten minutes.'

"Well, I should think you had a pretty clear case," observed his

friend. "That's what I thought," replied Mr. Winston, "but it seems that I ruption. didn't. The defense did not pretend to rebut any of the testimony of the prosecution. They simply put about dozen medical experts on the stand who swore that the man died of Bright's disease of the kidneys, and the jury found the prisoner not guilty in less than ten minutes. Bah!" and Mr. Winston walked down the street with a very disgusted expression on his countenance.—Seattle Press.

General Fremont's Career. Gen. John C. Fremont, who died in New York Sunday, had an eventful career. The son of a French immigrant, he was born in Savannak, Ga., in 1813, and received a collegiate education. Appointed to a lieutenancy in the United States corps of engineers, he penetrated the Rocky Mountains at two points, and won the title of "the pathfinder." He also defined much of the geography between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast, and bore a conspicuous the United States Senate from 1849 to 1851. The first candidate of the Republican party, he was defeated for President in 1856 by James Buchanan. General Fremont served during the late civil war and at the present session of Congress was placed on the retired list, with the

As an evidence of how the culture of tobacco has increased in Nash county, N. C., where the culture was introduced in 1884, a local paper states that one thousand tobacco barns have already been erected in thy with Mahone or his tactics, and I that county, and that many more will am opposed to him as a politician. be erected before the crop matures. Many of the farmers of that section reiterate what I have already said,

rank of major-general.

MARION'S MEETING.

IT IS MARRED BY A VERY EXCITING EPISODE.

man and Mr. Hughson of the News and (Augusta Chronicle) Marion, S. C., July 17.-All of Marion county turned out at the

campaign meeting today. There were about two thousand people in attendance, among whom

were a large number of negroes. With the exception of one incident it was one of the quietest and best ordered meetings yet held. This incident occurred during Capt. Till-

man's speech and came near precipitating bloodshed. For several minutes the situation was thrilling in the extreme. It has been the custom of Capt.

Tillman in all of his speeches to reflect severely on The Charleston News and Courier. In the course of his pliments to that journal, referring to it as that infamous lying sheet which continually misrepresented him by lying head lines and otherwise. Following a statement of this kind today he told his audience to watch this meeting and the report of it in The News and Courier and observe the difference.

The meeting was being reported for The News and Courier by Mr. Shirley Hughson, one of the staff members of that paper. He was seated at the same table with The Chronicle correspondent, and as soon as Capt. Tillman made the remark. said: "Capt. Tillman, if you mean sented you, you are an infernal liar and the truth is not in you.'

The two men were within five feet of each other, and the eyes of both sparkled with anger and resentment. Capt. Tillman turned around and faced the newspaper man, making some remark which was drowned by

They stood glaring at each other for a moment or more and in the meantime the audience began to sway with excitement. A chorus of voices said: "Put him off the stand, put him off the stand," and there was a wild rush made for the platform. Gen. Earle, Gen. Bonham and other friends on the platform advanced and placed themselves at the side of Mr. Hughson, while a score or more of anti-Tillman men crowded on the stage with open knives and other weapons of defense.

Again and again the cry rang out: Put him off, put him off, put him In obedience to the command off." three or four policemen with drawn clubs clinched on the banisters of the platform and started towards Mr. Hughson, who stood with one hand on his hip pocket and defied them to put their hands on him. Mr. Hughson in the meantime was completely surrounded by his friends and the policemen were forced back to the ground. The platform literally trem oled under the weight and strain, and every moment threatened a hand-to-hand struggle between twenty or thirty men.

Capt. Tillman appealed to his thing that prevented a row of the most serious nature was that the prevented the friends of Capt. Tillman from mounting it.

When the excitement was at its height several of the candidates approached Mr. Hughson and commended his action, while he received an ovation at the hands of the anti-Tillman men generally. Large numbers called on him at the hotel during the afternoon to offer their congratulations. Many of Capt. Tillman's friends, however, regarded the declaration of Mr. Hughson unnecessary. They claim that Capt Tillto try another murder case in that man's remark had no specific application to Mr. Hughson, and was not

intended to reflect on him. Capt. Tillman concluded his speech as soon as the excitement subsided, but before doing so he called on his supporters to hold up their right hands. What appeared to be three.

hands. Capt. Tillman, as on yesterday, commented severely on the proceedspent an hour hunting around town ings of the anti-Tillman conference for some cartriges to fit it. After of Columbia. He referred to Col. Joseph Barnwell's speech and other demonstrations as embodying threats the bell. He answered it, and when of assassination as a means to prehe opened the door she filled him as vent him from being Governor. This full of holes as a sieve. Seven peo- brought about an exciting colloquy between him and Gen. Earle, which led up to the episode with Mr. Hughson. The speeches of Gens. Bratton and

Earle were strong and aggressive, and were listened to without inter-

LACY JUMPS ON EARLY.

The General's Private and Public Record Bitterly Assailed.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., July 14.-In response to the interview with Gen. Early, which has appeared all over the country, denying that Gen. R. E. Lee ever told Maj. Horace Lacy that if he (Lee) retired from command he would recommend Gen. Mahone as his successor, Maj. Lacy has published a card, in which he deals not gently with Gen. Early's record, public and private, both before and since the

In his interview Gen. Early denounced Maj. Lacy as a liar and a crank. In his reply Maj. Lacy says in substance that Earley's non-recollection of what passed at Richmond at the unveiling of the Lee monument between himself and Early, concerning the conversation with Lacy, is proof of his debauched condition on that day. He says Early is not only a miserable liar, but his private character is in keeping with the lie which has stamped his brow ever since this controversy began, and that what he said was literally true.

Then Lacy turns on Early's military career, and says that whether in tent, at drill or on the parade he was invariably drunk, and the only notoriety he has attained since the war was his love for gambling-houses and other places of ill-fame, and his concubinage with a negress.

His card closes in this manner: am a Democrat, and have no sympa-In justice to myself I feel I should A SOURCE OF WONDER

How a Newspaper Correspondent Astes

A newspaper correspondent, David Ker, traveling in central Asia, came one evening upon a Cossack camp. An Angry Colloquy Between Captain Till-Fires were blazing, and round them were stretched the men, resting after a hard day's march. The traveler had been long on the road, and with his white Russian forage cap and travelstained clothing looked so much like the Cossacks themselves that he entered the camp quite unnoticed. Then he sat down on a stone and took out a colored map of the country, knowing well that the strange sight would

bring the men about him immediately. So it proved. I suddenly became aware of a gaunt, sallow, gray-mustached visage-so criss-crossed with saber scars as to look like a railway map-peering over my shoulder. Then another and another came edging in, till I was completely surrounded by wild figures and grim faces. "What's that picture, father? We can't quite make it out.'

"It's not a picture at all. brothersit's a plan that shows me the very way by which you have come here from holy Russia and all the places you have passed through.' "Then, seeming not to notice the

looks of unbelief and the meaning grins with which my hearers received what they considered to be a most outrageous lie, I went on: "Up here, at Orenburg, you passed the Ural river and then marched east-

ward to Orsk, where you crossed the frontier and turned to the southeast.' "So we did, comrades!' shouted hall a dozen voices at once. He speaks the truth—so we did.' "Then you passed Fort Kara Butak.

crossed the Kara Koum desert, and halted here and here and here,'-naming and describing the various posts. "The Cossacks listened open-mouthed to the familiar names, and the excited clamor was followed by a silence of utter amazement. Then one said: "Father, can you show us the very

place where we are now?" "To be sure I can, my lad. See, that black spot is the village yonder. there's the river twisting and winding, and here is your camp. "There was another pause of blank

bewilderment, and then the scarred veteran with the gray mustache asked in awe-stricken whisper: "But, father, tell me, for the love of heaven, if we've marched a thousand miles since leaving holy Russia, how can it all go into a little scrap of paper no bigger than an Easter cake?"

Two Fools and Their Money.

The eccentricities of the late Dr. Henry Hiller and wife of Wilmington, Mass., whose fad was magnificently carved and luxuriously upholstered burial caskets, have been described in the press already. The doctor's funeral took plax a year ago, and the corpse was carried to its last resting place in a silk-lined, gold-plated, elaborately carved casket of solid manogany.

Not satisfied with the ghostly magnificence of a year ago the widow has been at work on the construction of new caskets, one for her husband, the other for herself. Each casket is in two parts, the basket proper and the sarcophagus. The material in all four is solid mahogany, imported specially from South America. The upholster ing inside is as elaborate as money could make it. Corded silk of the value of \$40 a yard is the material used. The lids are made of separate panels carved, and highly polished, richly fastened by solid gold hinges, with knobs of solid gold for opening them. The doctor's new casket is fastened by a heavy brass door of Gothic design, Capt. Tillman appealed to his having a knob made of six pounds of iends to keep quiet, but the only solid gold. On the panels are solid gold tablets ascribed with the doctor's favorite passage of Scripture.

Mrs. Hiller has also made for herself a burial robe of which it may be truly said that it beggars description. The dressmaker completed it after four months' labor and an outlay of \$20,000. The robe is made of white ottoman silk, corded heavily. There is also a wilderness of white silk lace running in perpendicular panels and tucked and gathered and fluted until it stands out to a distance of five inches.

The total outlay by Mrs. Hiller will be no: far short of \$500,000. The mausoleum will be of hammered grante. In the four walls will be built windows, through which it is planned to have rays of colored light enter. different light to each window, which, blending, will fall upon the caskets resting side by side within.—Boston

Bargaining in Algiers.

You select your goods with slow deliberation, pile them together casually in a little heap, eye them askance with an inquiring glance, and tate a cortemplative pull or two at the inspiring weed in solemn silence, says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine. Mohammed Ali responds with a puff from his cigarette in grave concert. Then you walk once or twice up and down the piazza slowly, and, jerking your head with careless ease in the direction of your selected pile, you inquire, as if for abstract reasons merely, in an offhand tone, your Moslem friend's lowest cash quotation for the lot as it stands. Two hundred francs is the smallest

price. Mohammed Ali paid far more than that himself for them. He sells simply for occupation it would seem. Look at the work, monsieur. All graven brass, not mere repcusse metal. or real old chain-stitch, alike on both sides-none of your wretched, com mon-place, modern, machine-made embroidery.

You smile incredulously, and remark with a wise nod that your Moslem friend must surely be in error. A mistake of the press. For 200 francs read

50 francs. Mohammed Ali assumes an expressive attitude of virtuous indignation and resumes his tobacco. Fifty francs for all that lot! Monsieur jests. He shows himself a very poor judge, indeed, of values.

Half an hour's debate and ten successive abatements reduce the lot at last to a fair average price of 70 francs. Mohammed Ali declares you have robbed him of his profit, and pockets his cash with inarticulate grumblings in the Arab tongue. Next day you see in the Rue Bab-Azzoun that you have paid Lim at least SO francs too much for your supposed bargain.

Justice in Ireland.

Mary Ryan, an evicted tenant, who dared to return to the estate in Ireland from which she had been turned off ass just been released from prison, where she had served two years for her neinous offense, which was contrued as contempt of court.

One of Franklin's Stories. In the third year of the revolution the British government proposed to

make peace and grant the colonies the privilege they had demanded on the condition that they should pay the expenses of the war. Franklin replied that the proposal reminded him of something that happened when he lived in London. A Frenchman, who was a little out of his head, heated a poker red-hot and then dashed into the street, exclaiming to the first man he and put his feet into the noose. met: "Me stick dis into you six inches." "No you don't," was the re-"Well, den me stick it in dree inches!" "No, sir!" was the more emphatic reply. "Well den, sare, you will of course pay me for heating de poker."-New Haven Palladium.

ETHEL DANE'S REVENGE.

The speaker, a beautiful girl, just completing her seventeenth year, stood at a deep bay window, whose thick curtains almost hid her well-rounded form. A pair of white hands were clinched as if in anger, and dark eyes contrasted vividly with ashen lips. splendid gold watch, sparkling with diamonds, glistened in a black belt, and she consulted it as the last words fell from her tongue.

eyes?"

The silvery tones of the front doorbell interrupted Ethel Dane, and springing from the parlor, she answered the summons in person.

matched her own so well, stood on the steps and spoke her name in rich tones. yet reached his majority.

he asked. "The evening is truly beautiful, the winds sleep, and

The Queen of night Shines fair with all her virgin stars about her! I skirted the gorge and listed to the poise of the mad, muddy current. I saw the flower-that pretty flower, Ethel." "So it is still there!" she cried eager-

"It is, and in the moonlight looked lovelier than ever. We will get it shall greet the sun from your boudoir window to-morrow, Ethel; I want to see it in your hair." She smiled. "But you shall not risk your life to

gratify a foolish wish of mine," she .. Let the flower wither where it was born.

He waited at the door until she had thrown some light vestment over her ead, and then walked away at her

"and its waters have reached the gorge. You can hear them now, Ethel.' The roar of angry waters grew louder

ferns and flowers flourished. Frank Hazel had often accompanied

He seemed her beau-ideal of a lover, and into her adoration she threw the wealth of her passion-the voluptuousnessof her heart. She was happy in the thought that he smiled on none but her, until she discovered that his name was often on the lips of Georgina Grenville, a girl whose father owned a small estate on the Boyleston side of the chasm. The discovery irritated her. She watched, and heard more. and her jealousy magnified molehills

rocks perhaps twenty feet below the settee I have mentioned.

bear that particular name.

Its six spreading, somewhat crisp parts or leaves were rolled back at points, and its ivory-white skin was thickly studded with scarlet points or studs To enhance these beauties, in the middle of each of the six parts a broad stripe of light satin yellow gradually lost itself in the delicacy of the ivory skin. The light that fell upon it was directly from above, and the beautiful stripes acquired the appearance of gentle streamlets of Australian gold. Our hero could not touch the flower;

but when he described its beauties to

our story prepared to secure the matchless specimen of botany. He carried a strong rope beneath his coat, and after satisfying himself that the rock still guarded the prize he began to prepare for the undertaking.

Ethel watched him make a loop at one end of the rope, with something

of the cliff, she said, "Frank the rope might break!" "Break? No Ethel, it would hang a giant," he said, smiling. "You will put on my gloves and let me down

slowly. I can ascend, you know with-She put on the almost womanish gauntlets he extended, and he dropped the loop over the cliff. Then, putting

at Boyleston. terest the reader: "Keep the rope

never saw.

ing of the cord, and his cry. I knew Pyle, in Harper's Magazine

aside, for the lashing about the tree She crept near the brink of the dizzy height and listened for a sound from the man below. A slight swaying of his twenty-first-birthday." the rope that rested on the rock told her that he was swinging himself inward toward the flower, and she watched his movements with the eye of

In a pleasant village in Cumberland a mother looks with love upon a brighteyed boy. Her face is familiar. Georgina Grenville is a rich farmer's wife. and the boy's name is Frank Hazel

Chartney. Her husband does not claim all of her love. Some of it is buried in a grave. -Evening World.

IN PURSUIT OF SNAKES. A Collector's Hunt After a Rather Ugly-Looking Reptile.

There is a popular prejudice against even the most harmless snakes, and few people would carry the collector's rage so far as to attempt the capture of an ugly-looking reptile with the bare hands. But the born naturalist, like the born sportsman, does not mind any slight risk when his blood is up. In Sherman F. Denton's "Incidents of a Collector's Rambles" is the following account of an incident belonging to his stay in Australia:

while she looked she held her breath The shadow advanced; such a cloud never retrogrades; fate was behind it. Gradually the moon was eclipsed and when that eclipse was at its full the headstrong girl turned to the rope. "This is my revenge, Georgina Grenthick as a man's leg at the knee.

ville!" she hissed, and the knife struck The next second there was a voice at be worth five times as much. The rope was severed, and the cry of Feeling about in my pocket and game

the student, hurled headlong down inbag. I at last found a leather strap with to the torrent of mad waters that a buckle. I drew the strap through the buckle, making a noose, and thus armed, started cautiously toward his snakeship, intending to put the noose ver his head. neath the tree, pale as death, but As soon as I came near, he partly coiled opened his mouth very v

dodged behind a small tree, and ing out as far as I dared, tried times to noose him. He was ve age, and looked powerful en crush me in his folds. At th ure my courage was at rath ebb. After I had teased him

time, he suddenly decided t company, and started off at caught up my gun and him, and, by hard running scrub, managed to head stopped, coiled up again, tried the noose. He was occasion, putting his hea coils in a very sulky man soon as I reached out, and by the tail he pulled away force and started off once This time he took refu

alone for several days. Her parents falien tree; and before I could were absent on a visit, and as she had off, he was gliding down the ho answered the ring at the bell herself some wild beast, which was partly of the servants did not know who had cealed by the dead branches. I reach the spot just as the last two or three feet were going down, and seizing his tail with both hands, I hung on desperhis doom in her own breast, and for

> within a few inches of the hole, and then I would brace up on the limb, and drag him half way out. At last I grew so tired that I had to

"Me and Jim."

Half a dozen of us stood at the depr of the Erie passenger depot in Buffalo, when we saw a tramp bearing dewar upon us. There was considerable comment on his looks, and some guessing as to what excuse he would

"Come, now, but you want to get on to Cleveland to see your wife die, don't you?" "Ah! I recognized him at a glance" added a second. "He is the man with

hood, accomplished and admired, the reigning belle of Bath, many long Her father was dead, and she prethe Chicago fire." sided over a luxurious home, which she The tramp looked from one to the shared with a dignified maiden aunt.

other with very serious face, and when the laugh had died away he said:

platform was something covered with a tarpaulin. He raised this, and we saw the crushed and mangled remains of a man. "My partner, Jim," he explained. "We've traveled together for many a

and he got a fall under the wheels down here in the yards." "Say, we didn't mean to hurt your

his pauper's coffin sleeps the better for what we gave. - N. Y. Sun.

in bays and harbors, one sees the mangrove at its silent, ceaseless work. The

parent trunk, growing from a little pink stem, shoots up into a low shrub with wide-spreading branches, clothed perpetually with glossy green leaves. From these branches long slender roots themselves take root, and in turn become trunks and trees. And everywhere under the snake-like net-work of roots which rise out of the muddy soil. and in a tangle of branches above, life is pulsing and rustling. Innumerable crabs, with long red legs and black bodies peppered with white spots, scurry and crawl in and out upon the rank mud beneath the arching roots, and droll hermit-crabs draw themselves with a click into the burrowed houses-strange-looking shells with long spines, curious spirals, mottled

a bottle quite empty, labeled 'Hydrate of Chloral." Why had she taken her own life? Her betrothed could not choked with the wash of centuries. To enter it you pass around a long spur of sand that stretches far out into the bay, a roosting-place for sleepy pelicans resting from their fishing-"old Joes." as the islanders call them. The channel, barely deep enough for the light canoes ing, and further up along its course is

edge of the precipice—then his face, wanted to see her happiness again on which anticipated triumph sat encomplete. I longed for her wedding on which anticipated triumph sat enthroned. The cord slipped slowly through her gloved hand, and at last she stepped

now held him up.

the basilisk.

pale as ashes.

with passion.

the cord.

the cliff.

was stifled.

down, after him.

flower!

her soul!

"What Frank?"

"I have got the flower!"

Gradually the movement ceased.

Ethel!" came up from below.

"Bravo!" she said, and then rose,

"I will do it now!" she said, under her

breath, glancing up at a cloud rapidly

nearing the moon. "Georgina Gren-

ville, you have won him, but shall

of was strong.
She dropped, suddenly grown calm.

beside the rope, and looked up at the cloud again. The fragmented edges

were crossing the rim of the moon, and

"Ethel. Eth-great heaven-my-"

plunged through the bed of the chasm,

A moment later the moonbeams fell

upon Ethel Dane, standing alone be-

triumphant. By and by she crept to

leaf of that beautiful flower, glued to

She could not touch it, and while she

looked it fell of its own accord down,

How she listened for a wail; but none

to catch a glimpse at him lying on the

such sight rewarded her. The silence

of death hung about the cliffs of Elles-

and toiled at the end of the coiled rope

a long time. Then she walked away

called. Therefore Frank Hazel's visit

She would keep the dread secret of

In the little churchyard of Boyleston

may be seen an unpretentious marble

slab bearing this inscription: "Frank

Hazel, act. 19. They whom the gods love die young." Above the name

is carved a beautiful lily falling from

Three days after the tragedy his

body was found, and in his hand was

crushed the flowor for whose posses-

sion he had imperiled and lost his life.

his death. He had discovered a rare

flower somewhere among the rocks,

and he had told her that nothing was

easier than to let himself over the oliffs

by a rope and secure the botanical prize. This was all she told, and his

fellow-students said that his love for

and Ethel's heart, unknown to the

world, I say four years passed.

miles from the cliffs of Ellesmere.

at last she gave her heart away.

was announced.

residence of Miss Dane?"

"Is Miss Dane in?"

"I'll see. What name?"

"Can I see her?"

must see her to-night."

into Ethel's boudoir.

The forturate man was Sir Robert

The speaker was a woman clad in a

close-fitting black dress and heavily

veiled. She addressed a policeman,

who gave her the requisite directions.

She knocked gently at the front

"She is in her chamber, still up, I

knew her long ago, and and that I

The servant disappeared, and a few moments later the visitor was ushered

The beautiful woman sat at a writing

table, partly en dishabille. She looked

up at the visitor, and then started to

"Georgina Grenvile, is it you?"

With the secret shared by the grave

botany had cost a life.

Ethel could fell but little concerning

had not been known.

love die young."

its stem.

cliffs.

door.

believe."

her feet.

"Yes.

four years she kept it well.

and entered her home alone.

the rock by the pressure of his hand!

I have seen enough to know that he is trifling with me-that her doll-like face and baby tone have taken him from me; and I will not endure it longer. This evening I will show him that Ethel Dane's love can not be wounded with impunity, and I will strike her, I hope, to death. He said he would come this evening-come to get me the flower."

"Georgina Grenville, if I can not

outwit you I will don the veil and hide my face from the world forever. Designedly you have drawn him to your side but, as designedly, I will take him away. It is almost death to cross the path of a Dane. Perhaps you have not learned this, for you are young. Inexorable fate has decided that I must be your teacher. I accept the decision, and this evening I teach you a lesson you will never forget. Yes! But there he is! I did not see him come up the walk. Where were my

A beardless youth, whose dark eyes

His appearance was noble, his face prepossessing, and told that he had not "Are you ready for the walk, Ethel?"

presently. See!" and drawing his coat aside he revealed a coil of rope. "It

"No, no; it grew there for you, and you alone shall have it. Come, Ethel, et me go; I am impatient."

"The rain was a flood at Ellesmere," he said plucking a leaf from the elm in whose dim shade they were walking,

as they advanced through the wood, and at last they paused directly above the torrent. The chasm of Ellesmere, the deepest in all Cumberland, was before them; and far below the cliffs in the moonlight the waters rushed toward the sea. It was a narrow chasm, but dangerously deep, and its sides were in many places quite perpendicular. In other places concavities existed; and there, nourished by the drip, drip of the stones' icy perspiration, beautiful

Ethel to the spot they had reached. His hands had fashioned a rustic settee, and placed it near the edge of the precipice. There, with the moon above them and the waters beneath, they had passed many hallowed hours. He admired the impassioned girl; but I I can not say that he loved her. But at | 19 years of age he did not think very much of the tender passion; his studies at his tutor's residence not far from the cliffs had kept him from the courts of the little god. But he loved the society of woman, the lisp of little girls and their pardenable foibles.

Ethel Dane loved him from the first.

a thousand diameters. "I won him first!" she was wont to exclaim when alone. "Georgina Grenville shall never wear him! What

I can not wear I will destroy!" Frank Hazel had often leaned over Ellesmere Crags and plucked ferns and flowers for the impassioned beauty's hair. She encouraged him in this; it recalled the days of chivalry, of which she was extremely fond; and he, fearless to a fault almost, delighted to win the green and scarlet gems. One day while wandering along the Boyleston side of the cliffs, the young student discovered a wondrously magnificent flower that peeped from a cliff in the

He hastened across the chasm and examined the flower. It seemed at first a genuine tiger lily, but while it belonged to the lily family it could not

It was as large as his hand and grew upon the end of a rich emerald stem.

Ethel Dane, and heard her wish to possess it, he resolved that be would rob the rock and please her. He camo to the Dane's house on the evening that witnessed the opening of

like a gleam of revenge in her dark eye, and when he fastened the cord to a young tree that stood near the edge

out assistance."

his nether limb over he found the rope "Now, down we go, Ethel!" he said, looking up smiling. tight and let it slip through four fingers slowly!"

She was very strong for a girl of her years and she held the rope as he had directed. His shoulders disappeared below the that she had sent him to his death. I

never wear him! You have stolen him from me; this evening I steal him from Her eyes now flashed with anger, and

her bosom rose and fell tumultuously The renewed oscillation of the rope told her that he was ascending, and springing toward the tree, she drew a It was a beautiful, ivory-handled knife, and the shining blade there-

Snakes were rather numerous, and one day, while walking in the thick scrub, I came across a large, light brown one, coiled upon the ground He was by far the largest specimen 1

had ever seen at large, and was probably ten or twelve feet long, and as I thought at first I would shoot him in the head with a light charge of shot, and carry home his skin. Then I considered that, if taken alive, he would

the edge of the cliff, and found-one thereby disclosing his sharp teeth, hissing spitefully, struck at m

came up. How she strained her eyes drenched bank below-dead, but no mere-as well it might, for the noblest youth in the land had sold his life for a And a young girl stood over his unknown grave with a stain of murder on Ethel suddenly started from the cliff house was deserted, for she had been

> With my feet braced against a limb of a tree, I pulled till the tail cracked and snapped, as if it would break asunder. Sometimes he pulled me

let go my hold, and, with many regrets, I saw the last few inches of the lisappear beneath the ground.

arge, and as he came up one of the boys said:

From a lovely girl the vuluptuous Ethel had grown into radiant womanthe ossified liver." "No he isn't," put in a third. "He is the man who never recovered from

If many wooers came to her side, it was no fault of hers, for she was beau-"Gentlemen you are all off. If you tiful, as beautiful as the lily of the have five minutes to spare please come She dismissed lovers with a "no" We followed him through the depot and out into the yards, and there on a that but intensified their adoration; but

Mortimer. a west'r baronet. She loved him. I say this knowingly; that love intensified by years, which she had bestowed on Frank Hazel, she gave to him. He was gratified, and the day year, me and Jim, but this is the end. We came in on the bumpers last night "Will you please direct me to the

feelings," replied one of the boys.
"Oh, of course not. Poor old Jim! Poor, ragged, and ignorant, but wee as steel, and he never done no man harm. Gents, I'm a tramp, but no beggar. I don't want any help, but if you feel like chipping in a bit for poor old Jim I'll get him a white shirt to be buried in, have a barber shave his face and when the coroner orders him off to pauper's field I'll throw a few flowers The woman in black hesitated, but into the pine box to take the curse off." presently answered: "Say one who And mayhap the poor old tramp in

> The Hardest Worker in Jamaica Everywhere, where the water is quiet

Half an hour after the black-robed woman was let out by the same servant drop into the water beneath, where, in the muddy soil at the bottom, they who was summoned to Ethel's room. (I am now dealing with sworn testi-mony, given at the Coroner's inquest.) She found her mistress apparently calm. Ethel placed a paper in her hand, and bade her take it to a particular chemist whose shop was always kept open very late. She did so, and received a small vial containing a pinkish liquid. This she delivered to Ethel, who dismissed her after requesting her to wake her at seven the next morning.
The "next morning" Ethel Dane It was her wedding day; but she lay on her couch dead; and her icy finwith blue and gray and yellow. gers, resting on a small table, touched In the days of the Spaniards vessels

tell; to her aunt, even, the motive was enveloped in mystery, and detectives were put on the track of the woman in The shrewdest of the lot caught her This part of her confession may in- of the fishermen, is tortuous and wind-"I was on the Boyleston side of the nearly roofed in by overarching trees, cliffs that night. I saw him descend, I and bordered by impenetrable thickets saw Ethel Dane stoop over the rope that now forever shut out the life that with a knife. Then the cloud came used to come and go between the har-over the moon. But I heard the sever- oor and San Jago de la Vega.—Howard

and told her what I had witnessed. She could not deny it. Thus I made her too miserable for this life. When I left her she said that I had blighted her life, and death she sought in the poison's sting. I loved Frank Hazel. He was to have married me on The detective released her.

eve. It came. I went to her house