

SHE WAS A MAN.

A Woman Turns Out to be a Burly Black Man.

MASQUERADED FOR TEN YEARS.

Had Been Confined in Cells With Women, but His Sex Was Not Disclosed. Served as House Maid.

The Augusta Chronicle of Wednesday published the following: A burly negro man, after masquerading in this city for ten years as a woman, going under the name of Alice Johnson, was exposed Tuesday morning by the county officers.

A more remarkable case is not on record in the court records of this county, although they go back for more than a century. The discovery and exposure was the sensation of the day, and the general topic of discussion on the street.

Johnson is an able-bodied, healthy negro man, and for so long a time he could have hoodwinked everybody, seems almost incredible. But he did, and during the past ten years has held many positions with white families in the capacities of cook, house girl, and even as a nurse. He has also figured in the courts, and spent nights in the jail and police cells without exposure.

Johnson, male and female, he has managed to keep his secret and was well known in the city—but as a woman.

It was on Sunday that "Alice Johnson" fell in the hands of the police on a charge of disorderly conduct. It was an aggravated case. "Alice" being intoxicated and cursing vilely on the street. Monday morning Judge Plouquet sentenced "her" to serve a term of sixty days at the county farm.

"She" was sent out to the farm Tuesday morning. It is the rule of the institution that all convicts, and they are principally females, shall take a bath on arrival. When "Alice" was forced to indulge in the ablution, the attendant detected that the "she" was a man. The astounding discovery was immediately conveyed to the officers in charge of the farm, an investigation followed.

"Alice" was promptly returned to the police, with the statement that the commitment called for a woman and not a man. The police were literally knocked out by the news.

"Alice" was well known to nearly every officer on the force, and not a one ever dreamed that "she" was not a "she." "She" was promptly arraigned before Judge Plouquet, charged with violating the city ordinance that prohibits any one from masquerading on the street in the disguise of the opposite sex. He was given 30 days on the public works of the city for the second offense. For the next 120 days "Alice" will wear the striped garb of a man, and work for the city.

It is learned that the same "Alice" Johnson was a witness in the Norris murder trial in May. "She" appeared in behalf of the state and was attacked by the defense as a lewd woman but was protected by the court, being informed that "she" need not answer the embarrassing questions. No one thought that the "she" was a man.

Johnson gives no satisfactory reason for masquerading as a woman, simply declaring that he preferred to be a woman. What was his object is a puzzle. There are those who think he is flighty in the upper story. Others believe that he is wanted somewhere for a serious crime, and that he went as a woman to escape detection. It is true that his exposure greatly frightened him Tuesday.

There is a report to the effect that he falls from Abbeville, S. C., and the police will communicate with the officials of that county, giving a description of the negro for identification if he is wanted for any crime.

WOHLERS IS INELIGIBLE.

Was Ineligible Because of Violation of Dispensary Law Sustained.

Attorney General Gunter rendered a decision in the case of W. C. Wohlers, a beer dispenser of Charleston, declaring him ineligible for the office. It will be remembered that Wohlers was elected by the county board as beer dispenser, but that the point was raised that he was ineligible because he had been convicted of violation of the dispensary law, which under the law bars an applicant for a dispensary office. The conclusion, after a review of the section of that code, is that Wohlers is clearly ineligible, but extenuating circumstances were offered to show that his violation of the law was purely technical, and that he had knowledge on his part, and that, according to the record, cannot go behind the record. The point was raised that the general assembly in requiring such an oath went beyond its authority in attempting to make an additional disqualifying crime for the exercise of the franchise and holding office to those already specified in the constitution. This point, however, was based upon a misconception of what constituted a county dispenser. The law says that the position is one of confidence and trust, and not of right, and county boards must be guided by certain standards of applicants not anticipated by the general assembly. The general assembly, the opinion continues, did not transcend its power in saying that a keeper of a dispensary should be sober, an elector, not a keeper of a place of public amusement and never guilty of violation of the dispensary law. There are rules to establish times for office.

Three Women Murdered.

Mrs. H. H. Paine, an aged woman, her daughter Mrs. Williams and a 13-year-old daughter of Mrs. Williams were murdered in their home on a farm near Judson, Smith county, Kansas, Wednesday night. The three had become accustomed to sleep together. Mrs. Williams was found dead outside the house Thursday morning. The girl was dead in bed and the grandmother was unconscious and died soon after the discovery of the crime. The murderer had beaten in the skulls of all the victims, using a cut-throat razor. A young farm hand named Madison is suspected of the murders. He was enamored of Mrs. Williams who was seeking a divorce from her husband and who had visited at Mrs. Madison's Madison is a cisappared.

WRESTLED WITH A PYTHON.

Keepers at Bronx Park Had a Very Lively Fight.

Out of the New York zoological park in the Bronx, there came, Thursday night, says the New York Sun, a fine story of a fight with snakes.

At 10 o'clock Thursday morning, according to the keepers, Curator Raymond L. Ditmars set out to perform an operation on the biggest of the pythons. The reptile weighs 240 pounds and even when he isn't full of snake dinner, has a rotundity of some 30 inches, mostly muscle.

Some time ago—in fact several years ago—the python developed an abscess or sore of some malignant sort, in his mouth. In 1900 twelve men, led by Mr. Ditmars, went into the python's cage, and by main force held him until some solution calculated to cure the sore had been applied. The twelve men had a comparatively easy time of it.

The other day it was noticed that the python's sore mouth had been completely cured, and it was determined to perform another operation on the big fellow. Mr. Ditmars came to the conclusion that the five men could handle the big fellow without trouble and decided to limit his force to that number.

Mr. Ditmars and his assistant, Michael O'Keefe, went into the curator's office to seek a solution they had decided to use. Meanwhile Head Keeper Edward C. Snyder and his assistants George Mulvihill and John Tuomey, went into the reptile house to get things ready.

At that time the big python and three companions were coiled in a squirming mass in one corner of the cage. Snyder according to the account of the affair as given to the reporters, opened the door of the cage and went in with a couple of heavy blankets, which he threw over the snakes. Then he began to feel around for the head of the big python. He finally found it and, turning up a little corner of the blankets, reached in and got his hands upon the snake's neck.

Then Mulvihill and Tuomey jumped into the cage. They had two things to do, to drag the big python out and at the same time to keep the other three from getting out to make trouble. They soon had their hands very full.

As they related it, the three men had to get the big python from under the blanket, when the reptile would coil itself all around Snyder's legs, and begin to squeeze as only a good healthy python can. Mulvihill and Tuomey were attending to the three snakes that were still under the blankets, but they had to drop that to keep the big python from getting his coil around Snyder's waist.

In the wrestling on the floor of the cage suddenly kicked the door of the cage shut.

The door is self-locking and couldn't be opened from the inside. The men began to shout for aid. There was no soul in the reptile house and the door of Mr. Ditmars' office was closed and neither he nor O'Keefe heard the shouts. One of the men in the cage reached into Snyder's pocket in a lull in the fight and got Snyder's emergency whistle. Blasts on that did not bring any answer.

The curator and O'Keefe finished mixing up their snake medicine in time and came over to the reptile house, several feet away. When they reached it the fight was at its best. Ditmars and O'Keefe jumped into the cage and joined in.

The five men soon had the big snake subdued. Ditmars hit it on the head and stunned it so that it was easy to take its coil off Snyder's legs. Then the other snakes being kept under the blankets, the men hauled the big one out of the cage, head first.

The snake came out with such a rush that it got away from its captors and began to squirm around on the floor in lively shape. Snyder, however, jumped on the snake's head, put his coat over it and managed to hold to the reptile until the other men went to his assistance.

Then, when they had looked into the snake's mouth, they decided that his abscess wasn't bad enough to be treated at once, anyway. So they put him back. They had some trouble doing that, too.

SHOCKED CHILD TO LIFE.

Physicians Use Electricity on a New-born Infant.

A correspondent of the New York Herald at Essex, Ont., says: Drs. James Brien and W. C. Doyle, physicians in this town, were called last week to attend Mrs. Frank Wagner in confinement. When the child was born it was of usual size and gave no signs of life.

The physicians worked more than an hour at a vain attempt to bring to life the child by inverting and spanking, hot and cold water baths, inflating the lungs with a tube, artificial respiration, and every other means known, and they finally decided to use electricity.

The house where the baby was born is three blocks from the physicians' office. The doctors wrapped the child up in a blanket and carried it to the office, where no time was lost in alternately applying the Faradic current and the galvanic current. The negative pole was placed at the base of the brain and the positive pole to the abdomen. The physicians administered a current of 120 milliamperes to the body, and in fifteen minutes after commencing the treatment the child gave a short gasp. This encouraged the physicians, who increased the power of the electric current to 200 milliamperes, the positive pole being changed to the base of the brain and the negative pole to the abdomen. Every moment the little one showed increasing signs of life, and within ten minutes it was breathing naturally.

The doctors then decided to give the child an electrical spray bath. This was done with a static machine, and when it was completed the youngster was to all intents as healthy as any other child less than two hours old.

When the physicians were assured that the improvement was likely to be permanent, they hurried back to the mother and presented her with the pink and white morsel of humanity, and that she was overjoyed goes without saying.

Two killed. Henry S. Stratton, principal of the Pittman Grove, N. J., public school, was instantly killed Wednesday, by the fall of a tree, a farmer, John Samuel Chidester, a farmer, of Richmond, Va., was probably fatally injured in a lumbering accident at Pittman Grove.

CAN'T SHAKE NICKNAMES.

They are Often Given for Absurd Reasons Generally Stick.

"Wonderful how names stick to a person," said the observant man. "There were two nice little women in our village who came to call on us one evening and we offered them popcorn, which the children had brought in, but not emphatically to keep us from giving them two heaping plates of the corn. We kept refilling the plates and they kept crushing all the evening. There was something so funny about it that I called them the 'popcorn ladies,' and the name has stuck to them so that the whole village knows them by it."

"I once knew a man who talked incessantly in a high-pitched voice and a bright girl dubbed him 'the chirper.' The name was quickly passed around among the young people, and now the great part of his friends know him by that name. A very dignified young woman of my acquaintance goes by the name of 'Whont' to this day because when she was a very little girl she used to call herself 'Mrs. Whont' when she played ground-up-ladies, and the family picked it up. She simply can't shake the absurd name."

"More than one red-headed man is known by the name of 'pink' and philologically accepts the title. I have an acquaintance who holds a responsible position who is known by the name of 'Dutty.' It seems that one day a mischievous girl discovered that he had three very prominent dimples. She promptly dubbed him 'Dutty Dimple' and now he is known to all his acquaintances as 'Dutty.' Another man of my acquaintance is always called 'Blue-beard,' because he has such a very white and thin skin as if he does not wash his face daily. She does not know it. That name, too, came through a woman's quick wit."

"An old lady friend of mine is still called 'Peachy' because when she was a young girl she had a complexion like peaches and cream. Her brother promptly dubbed her 'peachy,' and 'peachy' she will remain to the end of her days. In a certain household a very feminine little woman is still called 'The Boy,' because when she was a young girl she went through a very serious illness which made it necessary to cut her hair short. Her young sister said she was 'The Boy' of the family, and the dainty lady is still called by that absurd name."

"An effeminate man was once called 'Viola' by one of the boys in the office, and now we know him by nothing else."

Another one of the boys in the office is always called 'Cheesy,' and although he gets angry at first, he has cheerfully accepted the name now. His bookkeeper is always putting in his car when it is not at all necessary, and I think now he will be known until the end of time as 'General Buts.' A friend of mine who is always called 'Cheerful' doesn't know whether he is called that because his friends believed he has a sunny disposition, or because they consider him a cheerful idiot. But at any rate, he can't shake the name."

FEARFUL SCENES.

On a Steamer that Was in the Late Storm.

One of the most thrilling stories of disaster of the storm is that of the excursion and freight steamer S. E. Spring, which was driven ashore near Greenwich, Conn. The Spring was trying to put back to Stamford and the gale had reached a velocity of 80 miles an hour, when the rudder failed and the steamer floundered at the mercy of the huge seas which swept over her.

The panic stricken passengers fled to the upper decks, where Lucy sought refuge in the cabins, and the women became hysterical. The pilot was still trying to turn about when a sudden gust of wind tore off the entire reef of the upper deck, leaving only the pilot house. When the roof went off the boat was lifted half out of the water. The strain was so great that it tore of the rudder and when she settled down again in the trough of the sea she was perfectly helpless. Realizing that they were at the mercy of the storm, the sailors as a last resort made a determined effort to get an anchor down to hold the steamer head to the wind. No sooner had they done so than the chain snapped. The steamer was left being driven toward Shelving Rock, one of the most dangerous shoals on the Connecticut coast. The passengers were ordered to put on life preservers and be ready to board the life rafts.

A scene of wild confusion followed. The crew launched the largest life raft and the passengers with the life preservers stood a ready to get upon it when the raft suddenly struck the hull of the boat and was pounded to pieces. A second life raft put over by the crew was also destroyed. This left only one small boat of any description on the steamer, and it was so small that Capt. McDonald was afraid to put it over. He tried to put up distress signals, but the wind snapped off the flagstaffs.

The steamer drifted along the shore an hour until she hit the rocks off the point at E. C. Benedict's country home and stove in her bow. As soon as she touched a colored cook dropped 15 feet to the rocks. The water was over his head and he was tossed under by the waves, but he kept on swimming and finally was tossed on the beach. The servant ashore grasped lines from the ship and in a few minutes all hands had been safely landed.

Counterfeiters Captured.

Chief Wilkie of the secret service received a telegram announcing the capture of a counterfeit ring in Kentucky. The counterfeiters, three colored men were passing raised notes, principally at county fairs. Secret service agents started on their trail and finally located them on a train bound for Cave City. The officials telegraphed the agent of the railroad company at the point who summoned several citizens and undertook to arrest the party. A fight followed in which a man named Sheppard was killed. The negroes made their escape and went to Chicago and from there were followed south, being located Tuesday night in a saloon in Memphis.

A STEAMER LOST.

Plunged to the Bottom of the Coast of This State.

A THRILLING TALE OF THE SEA.

Only Seven Members of Her Crew Are Saved by Passing Ships.

A Story of Heroic Rescues.

A dispatch from New York says the steamer Vidair, Capt. Sorrensen, arrived Thursday night from Caibarien, having on board six members of the crew of the British steamer Mexicano, which foundered during a gale on September 16. Capt. Sorrensen said:

"I was sitting in my cabin about 9 o'clock Thursday morning when I heard a cry. Thinking some one was fooling on board the steamer, I went out on the bridge to investigate. When I reached the bridge I heard the cry again. The sound seemed to come from the ocean, but I could not see any one. I ordered a boat to be gotten ready and when I heard the cry a third time I saw something in the water like a small log, about a mile off. With the aid of my glass I found it to be a small hatch with a man in oil skins stretched full length on it. I immediately started a man and rescued him. He was completely exhausted and had to be hauled aboard the boat. He was unable to say a word and thinking there was no more as I could see no wreckage about, I started on my way. I had proceeded about a mile when I saw several objects in the water which I could not plainly make out. Upon going closer I found five more men clinging to pieces of wreckage. I had the boat lowered again and picked up the castaways. They, too, were exhausted and I had to hold him in the life boat, for he was determined to jump into the sea. There was another steamer some distance off and I could see that they had a life-boat out, but I could not distinguish her name."

One of the survivors, August Osterlund, a native of Finland, says he heard two pistol shots as he left the ship and thinks some of the officers shot the Mexicano. The Mexicano was a steamship and carried a crew of twenty-two men besides Capt. King. Some of them were probably picked up by the other steamer. The survivors aboard the Vidair are: Seaman August Osterlund and Simon Baderea, both of Finland; Fireman Leonidas Korpedes of Greece, and Sappe Poch of Spain; Seaman Ross Clementine of Manila and Juan Fontes of Spain, a fireman.

ONE MORE SAVED.

A dispatch from Norfolk, Va., says steamer Roxby, Capt. Shields, which arrived here Thursday morning from the Port Inglis, has on board Domingo Ballo Reyarberay, the sole survivor of the crew of 22 men on the British steamer Mexicano, which foundered with all on board off the South Carolina coast Tuesday night. Reyarberay caught a piece of wreckage and managed to keep up until he was seen Wednesday morning by the Roxby and rescued.

The Spaniard, through an interpreter, told of the Mexican's sinking. The steamer was bound from Tampico for Vera Cruz with a cargo of petroleum in bulk when the full force of the hurricane broke upon her. Mountains of sea broke constantly over the ship and finally one gigantic wave crashed through her decks. The fire room was flooded and the Mexican became helpless. For a few moments she swallowed in the trough of the seas and then plunged to the bottom. The rescued man says hundreds of gallons of oil were poured over the ship's side in an attempt to calm the sea, and if possible, save the ship. When the Mexican went down her crew went with her. All boats had long since been crushed by the force of the waves and the men were powerless to save themselves. Reyarberay went under the vessel and by the merest chance became entangled in some loose rigging and spars. The buoyancy of these saved himself fast to a large spar. For seven hours he floated in the turbulent sea until finally the Roxby hove in sight. His rescue was a daring one. The Mexican sailed from Tampico Monday. She was last reported as being bound from Marcus Hook to Mexico, Aug. 19. Her captain was R. S. King. Ballo Reyarberay is unable to give accurate names of the 21 men lost.

The Mexican, Capt. King, sailed from Marcus Hook, Aug. 14, for Vera Cruz and the Mexicano was built at Sunderland in 1893. She was 270 feet long, 28 feet beam, 22 1/2 feet deep and registered 1,254 tons net. She was owned by the Northern Transport company, limited of Newcastle, Eng.

Wrecks on the Florida Coast.

The auxiliary schooner Klondyke, C. A. Ball, master, laden with valuable fittings from the British steamer Incolhua, brings the first authentic reports from the several wrecks north of Miami, Fla. About a mile north of Buntyn the Standard Oil Company's barge No. 93, oil laden, is hard aground on the beach. The tug having her in tow has gone north for another cargo. As the vessel lies on a sandy bottom and is practically unharmed, she may be saved. About five miles south and nearly opposite Delray, the British steamship Incolhua is a total wreck. The Incolhua had a mixed cargo of about 5,000 tons. She was from Galveston to Livespool. Nine of the crew of this steamer were drowned. When the vessel commenced to break up the chief engineer went to his cabin to save \$100 and was not seen again. Three others were washed overboard. The other five were drowned in an attempt to reach the shore. Just north of Jupiter is the lumber laden three-masted schooner Harriet L. Thomas, from Pensacola. Her cargo is being landed, but the vessel will prove a total loss. The American schooner Martha T. Thomas, lumber laden, bound from Apalachicola to Baltimore, reported ashore nine miles north of Jupiter. This may be the Harriet L. Thomas above referred to, the error growing out of a similarity of names. These are the only wrecks of consequence reported on the east coast of Florida.

COTTON IS DETERIORATING.

Has Suffered Considerably on Account of the Lack of Rain.

The cotton crop has suffered during the dry weather of the past fortnight. Mr. J. W. Bone, section director of the weather bureau service, says:

"The extreme western border counties and the east counties had light but quite general rains that were highly beneficial; the interior of the State had none, except that widely separated places had light but insufficient showers. The average of the State was 0.11 of an inch. All crops are suffering for rain."

"With only one or two exceptions to the contrary, reports on cotton indicate further deterioration during the week due to shedding, premature opening, and the rapid spread of rust, owing to lack of moisture. Much cotton is dead on sandy lands. There is little prospect of a top crop. Boll worms and caterpillars are reported from Harlan county."

"Cotton is opening rapidly, some prematurely, over the whole State, and picking is general, and under the dry and hot conditions, the rate of rapid progress. Sea island cotton is less promising, owing to shedding and appearance of blight."

The weather was favorable for rice harvesting, progressed rapidly, but yields are somewhat disappointing. Large quantities of fodder, pea vine hay and other forage were saved in fine condition. All minor crops have failed for want of rain, but the dry weather will aid to the keeping qualities of sweet potatoes. Fall truck crops have been dry, as the ground is too yet finished. Turnip sowing is not yet finished. Rice sowing is not yet finished. Rice sowing is not yet finished.

The week ending 8 a. m., Monday, September 14, had a mean temperature of 77 degrees, which is about 1 degree above normal. The temperature conditions were favorable, although nights were comparatively cool in some localities. The sunshine was normal, low during the daytime and moderate to high at nights. The winds were light easterly.

DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE.

A Soldier Gets a Bullet in His Brains at Atlanta.

Edward Henley, who was stationed with the Sixteenth United States Infantry at Fort McPherson as a sergeant in company F, committed suicide Wednesday by sending a ball from a Krag-Jorgensen rifle crashing into his head.

The deed was committed in a bed occupied by Henley. After retiring Henley reached out and pulled under the cover of the bed his big rifle. This he loaded and pointing its muzzle directly at his face took a long stick with which he pressed the trigger. From the extent of the wound and the position in which the dead man was found it is thought that death must have been instantaneous.

It later developed that the pang of unreciprocated love were largely responsible for his action. A short time ago during his furlough Henley spent much of his time in Main, where he became infatuated with a young lady to whom it was generally thought he would be married.

On Saturday night he received a letter from Main and presumably from the young lady. About this letter he said nothing, not even to his closest friends. He continued his routine duties as if nothing out of the way had occurred.

The first intimation of any trouble was given early Wednesday when his companions were awakened by the loud report of a rifle resounding clearly throughout the sleeping quarters. A number of his comrades rushed at once to his bedside to find him dead.

Henley enlisted in the service of the Sixteenth in 1900 and with them has done his share of the service of the Philippines he was advanced to a sergeant's berth. His home was thought to be in Pennsylvania.

The funeral services were conducted Thursday at Fort McPherson.

SUBMARINE BOAT EFFECTIVE.

A Conclusive Test Made With the Adder at Newport.

A pretty exhibition of mimic warfare, important as illustrating the effectiveness of the navy's submarine craft, was given at Norfolk, Va., Tuesday off Brenton's reef lightship, when the submarine torpedo boat Adder succeeded in torpedoing the torpedo boat Craven.

So stealthily did the Adder creep up on the Craven that the wooden torpedo successfully fired struck the Craven a smart blow below the water line amidship before the crew on the floating warships could man the guns or the torpedo tubes.

The Craven left the torpedo station during the forenoon and running down the harbor, cruised about Brenton's reef lightship awaiting the attack. The Adder, instead of making her appearance, waited an hour in order to get the crew of the Craven off their guard. As soon as Fort Adams was cleared, the submarine boat plunged beneath the surface and remained for 45 minutes, during which time officers and men enjoyed lunch without inconvenience. On getting outside the harbor, the Adder was once more sent to the surface, but only her conning tower was exposed. The Craven was sighted a short distance outside the lightship riding innocently on the surface. The Adder immediately lurged and when within 300 yards of the Craven, a wooden torpedo in the shape and size of a regular projectile, was fired. The shot was a good one and the torpedo struck the Craven amidships with considerable perceptible jar to the boat.

A Good Rule.

The State says Mr. U. B. Hammet, chief constable, has issued an order forbidding dispensary constables to indulge to excess in the use of liquor, has also issued an order to the effect that "any constable who voluntarily accepts the hospitality of a person who is suspected of violating the dispensary law, or accepts treats or drinks, loans of money, etc., will be dismissed from the service." This is not a good rule, but it is a rule that should be enforced. The chief constable has issued an order forbidding dispensary constables to indulge to excess in the use of liquor, has also issued an order to the effect that "any constable who voluntarily accepts the hospitality of a person who is suspected of violating the dispensary law, or accepts treats or drinks, loans of money, etc., will be dismissed from the service." This is not a good rule, but it is a rule that should be enforced.

Hunting a Solution.

A dispatch to The Tribune from Memphis, Tenn., says: United States Senator Carmack explained Tuesday night that his purpose in proposing to introduce a bill at the next session of congress for the repeal of the Fifteenth amendment, thus disfranchising the negro, is simply to open up a discussion which will contribute to the solution of the race problem. To Senator Carmack's mind the surest plan of solving the negro question is to affect the white race, both socially and politically, lies in the negro's elimination from politics. Should the Fifteenth amendment be repealed, the question of treating with the negro would be left to the States.

MOUNTAIN "BLIND TIGER."

Regular Sign Board Up and all Ready for Business.

I heard of these "blind tigers," and one day, in company with a gentleman and two ladies, I drove to Linville Falls. As we were going we passed a fortification on one side of the road; the drive announced that it was a "tiger." We retreated as we drove on that we had not stopped to examine it, resolving to give it a trial on our return. Coming back we found that it was a square, log-bewn building, abutting on the road, with no front door at all, the logs fitting so closely there were no means of seeing anything whatever inside.

The rear of the structure was enveloped in a large brush arbor reaching on both sides to the mountain ravine. Tacked on the front of the "tiger" was the following sign: "Watt's Saloon, July list. Brandy, \$2.75 a gallon; whiskey, 25 cents a pint, \$2.50 a gallon. Anything else in that line. Drop your money in the drawer."

There was a hole in the logs in which was fitted a box. I dropped 25 cents in it and a voice from the inside said: "Five cents more for a bottle."

I added five cents to the quarter and a pint bottle of blockaded corn liquor was pushed out. It was a white bottle and there were many dregs in the whiskey. I made complaint and the bottle was pulled back. Another came out, but it was a black bottle this time and I could not tell whether it had dregs or not. I haven't tasted the whiskey, but brought it home as a curiosity. We were anxious to go inside this mysterious fortress. So we opened negotiations with the invisible occupants and were told to put a quarter in the box, wait five minutes and come to the back entrance.

Looking carefully, we could see the shadowy outlines of three men and one woman gliding down the arbor ambuscade to the ravine. When the five minutes had expired, we went to the rear, found a door opening into a room. In the room we found two barrels of whiskey, one barrel of brandy, a modern rubber syphon, a patent bungster, bottles of all sizes, jugs, etc. There were also two rifles, three shotguns and two pistols in plain view.

There were also a bed, cook stove, cooking utensils, etc. in the room. Things were in all right shape and everything was in its proper place, like any other well regulated business. That's all we saw, and we got as we were. "How do you get your quarter's worth?" greeted us from the "tiger" as we drove away.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

Calmly Viewed by the Colored National Baptist Convention.

At the Colored National Baptist Convention held in Philadelphia last week Booker Washington and Rev. Dean Richmond Babbitt, of New York, gave the colored people of the country some good advice.

Booker Washington addressed himself to the church delegates and in the course of his speech said: "In a large degree the negro minister, during the last 20 or 30 years, has been the preserver of peace and harmony between the races; but for the forbearance and patience and the gentle tact of the negro minister many race riots would have occurred in our country."

"In a peculiar sense you will find more and more that it will become the duty of the negro minister to take the unpopular side of many public questions. What we need in an increasing degree is that kind of leadership in the pulpit that is willing to stand adverse criticism, to be misunderstood and even abused, for the sake of the right. Our people don't need flattery so much as they need facts."

You will find one of the problems that is going to press more seriously on you for solution in the near future than in the past, is the one of employment for our people, and especially in northern cities.

"We can only hold our own in the world of labor and industry by teaching our people to do a thing as well as anybody else, by teaching them to perform common labor in an uncommon manner."

"If you can hold our own in the labor world unless we are constantly taking advantage of every opportunity to improve ourselves."

In his further remarks, Booker Washington said: "Bishop Chandler of Georgia, struck, in my opinion, the heart of the race question, a few days ago, when he said that each race should try to correct the evils among its own people, and that the white race should cease abusing the negro at long range, and that the negro at the same time should cease his cross-reed at the white man. It will be to our interest in every manly, straightforward manner to cultivate the friendship of the people among whom we live."

Rev. Dr. Babbitt delivered a lecture on "The Negro and the Nation." He contended that the real negro question before America is to give the negro the highest possible development of American manhood. He said that voluntary, economic, industrial, persuasive transplantation of the congested and illiterate black belts of the south to the regions of the north and west should be immediately attempted and slowly, systematically carried on. Some of the practical and speedy benefits to the illiterate, superstitious and morally inadequate negroes of the congested black belts of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida and Louisiana, he said, would be their rearing moral and general uplift, in the different and better industrial and educational conditions of the north. The north ought not to object, for this, he said, is truly a national problem and not a sectional one.

A PINCH OF SALT.

As Necessary in Our Daily Life as In Our Daily Food.

How could we get on without salt? In our daily food, as in our daily life, a little of it is necessary, and the absence of it takes away from the flavor of everything we eat. The "salt of life" which we hear about signifies the health, vigor and wit which we find in life. There was a time when primitive man never used salt in his food, and it was only with the nations advanced in civilization that salt became an absolute necessity.

But it was not alone as food that salt was valued. Among the ancients a salt spring was regarded as a gift of the gods, and it was believed that any salt found in the soil lent it a peculiar sanctity and made it a place where prayers were most readily heard. Every meal that included salt had a certain sacred character, creating a bond of piety and friendship between host and guest; hence the expression, "There is salt between us," meaning friendship, and to be "untrue to salt" means to be dishonest or unfaithful.

In the middle ages, when all classes and degrees sat at the same board, they were placed according to rank, above or below the great saltcellar, which always stood in the middle and marked the dividing line. "Above the salt" meant "of high degree." Below the salt were the "trading serfs and commoners of the feudal days. A good description of this custom may be found in "Ivanhoe" where Cedric, the Saxon, entertains his vassals and friends.

A pinch of salt is always considered lucky in cooking. To take anything "with a pinch of salt" means to excuse or make allowances for it. A "salt" is a sailor. To salt one's conversation means to make it sparkle. Salt is a ways employed in a sense of benefit or strength.

The Bible has many references to salt, among them being "Ye are the salt of the earth," Matthew v. 13, and St. Paul says, "Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt." Salt is used by Catholics in baptism. They consider it a symbol of wisdom and put a few grains in the mouth of the person baptized.