

"LITTLE MELINDA BROWN—HER BOOK."

Torn and battered and smeared with paint,
Ladies in purple and knights in blue—
Cinderella of gentle plight
Decked in a gown of gorgeous hue;
Hop-o-my-thumb and Gooey Two-shoe;
A fairy green and a yellow spook—
These are the playmates once she knew,
"Little Melinda Brown—Her Book."

Here is the fabled and fair Geraint;
Here is the giant Blagathion;
Here is the soft-voiced, lovely saint
Of the falling diamonds and pearls; and,
too,
This is the terrible Rinebeard who
Spoke so loud that his wives all shook!
Do you remember? I know you do,
"Little Melinda Brown—Her Book."

Apples of Sodom have left their taint;
In the ambrosia is taste of rue;
Try as we may, alas! we mayn't
Summon them now, as we used to do;
Spirits of life when life was new,
Or ever our current way we took;
These are the stories that once were true,
"Little Melinda Brown—Her Book."

ENVOY.
Friends of my childhood, fair and quaint,
Forgive, forgive, that my heart forsook!
My love I send in this rhythmic plaint,
To "Little Melinda Brown—Her Book."
—Cecilia Myrover Robinson, in Harper's.

8 DAYS ON A SHIP'S KEEL.

By FRANK S. N. DUNN,
Pastor of the English Church, Danzig, Germany.

During the month of August, 1906, Captain Hans Messer, of the galliot Anna Rebecca, was loading a cargo of deals at Memel for Oldenburg. On Monday, the 27th, the cargo being completed, the vessel moved slowly out of port for her destination.

A strong northwest wind was blowing, and when the Anna Rebecca was some forty miles off the coast, without the slightest warning she suddenly "turned turtle." The masts were broken clean off as they struck the water, and the startled crew were flung into the sea. By good luck, however, all were thrown clear of the wreck, and they were enabled to save themselves—temporarily, at least—by swimming to the capsized galliot and finding safety on its keel.

The crew of the little vessel were three in number—Captain Hans Messer, aged thirty-five; Rudolph Wischemann, sixteen, sailor; and Fritz Meyer, fifteen, cabin boy. The trio immediately sought to make their position as secure as possible, which proved to be very difficult. A heavy sea was running, and they possessed only a small quantity of rope and string with which to lash themselves.

Presently the two lads were both washed into the sea again, but the captain pluckily succeeded in saving them once more, though it was only with great difficulty that he was able to drag them back on to the slippery keel.

The position in which the three found themselves was well-nigh hopeless. The wreck lay so deep in the water that nearly every wave washed clean over it, not only threatening to sweep the castaways off, but making the hulk practically invisible to any watcher on the shore. Great was their joy, however, when, some time later, they saw a steamer apparently bearing down on them. But their joy turned to deepest despondency when they slowly became convinced that she had not seen them. They yelled and waved their arms wildly, but all in vain; the steamer held on her course and finally disappeared.

Then ensued a time of terrible suffering. The three men were, of course, entirely without food and water, and as day succeeded day and no vessel was sighted the acute mental anguish of hope deferred was added to the ever-increasing tortures of hunger and thirst. Five days dragged themselves slowly by in this fashion, while the poor wretches clung to the wave-washed wreck, straining their aching, salt-crusted eyes for signs of rescue. But none came, and their minds began to wander owing to the terrible strain and their growing physical weakness.

Fritz Meyer, the youngest of the sad trio on the Anna Rebecca's keel, had swallowed a considerable quantity of sea water during his immersion, and by Saturday—the sixth day of their awful ordeal—he showed unmistakable signs of exhaustion. The time dragged slowly by, and hour by hour the poor lad grew worse, till on Sunday it became evident to his anxious companions that his mind had given way. He raved terribly all day against his ill luck, but the captain's encouraging words at length seemed to soothe him, and he dropped asleep, though he still muttered deliriously at intervals.

Still the wreck drifted on, and never a sight of a sail came to gladden the straining eyes of the castaways.

On Sunday the wreck had drifted so close to the coast near Schwarzort that, as subsequently transpired, several people saw what appeared to be a large dark object some miles off. As, however, it seemed to bear no signs of life or any signal of distress, the watchers on shore did not deem it necessary to call out the lifeboat. On the Monday also many eager eyes gazed at the wreck from various points of vantage as it drifted slowly down the coast, though they did not dream that hapless castaways clung despairingly to its keel.

Meanwhile, what of the three seamen? Rendered desperate by their sufferings, and seeing the coast apparently so near, Meyer and Wischemann decided to throw themselves into the sea and risk everything in one supreme effort to reach the shore. Imagine how maddening it must have been to these poor fellows—who had already faced the horrors of starva-

tion and thirst for a week—to be so close to land that they could clearly discern the red roof of the lifeboat station and could make out vehicles on the roads and fishing craft off the shore, and yet be unable to obtain assistance! These two brave young lads naturally thought they could reach shore, but the captain knew better. He decided that in their starved and exhausted condition they were not fit to attempt it, and would only be drowned. And so, though very reluctantly, they gave up the attempt.

Despair was now fast overwhelming them. They had already been chewing rope and shoe-leather to appease their ravenous thirst, and failing to satisfy their thirst with rain, caught in their hands, they yielded to the ever-present temptation to drink the sea water washing up around them.

Monday morning dawned, and Fritz seemed so quiet that the captain called him, thinking he slept. Yes, he slept right enough, but it was the sleep that knows no waking—the poor boy was dead!

Meyer's death seemed to the two survivors a foretaste of what was in store for themselves. To add to their anguish at this juncture the wind suddenly veered, and began to carry the wreck out to sea. That was the final blow—the castaways gave up all hope and began to write, or rather carve, their own obituary notice on the ship's bottom. The sense of the German was as follows:

"We have died of starvation and exposure, after having endured countless agonies for eight days on the keel of this wreck.

"HANS MESSEH,
"RUDOLPH WISCHEMANN."

This melancholy task accomplished and overcome by despair and their growing weakness, the two castaways fell asleep.

Meanwhile, some men on shore, observing the wreck, vowed that they could see several persons on it. This being so, a lifeboat man called for volunteers to go to the rescue. Manning an ordinary boat the life-savers pulled away with a will. Their task, however, was no easy one, for the sun's rays, reflected from the water, blinded them, and they lost sight of their half-submerged objective. They were finally compelled to pull once more to the shore, and landed near Perweik. From the downs there they located the wreck some ten miles off the coast.

Re-entering their boat they rowed swiftly away, and in about ninety minutes were close enough to the hulk to recognize that the wreck was a capsized ship, with what appeared to be a lifeless body firmly secured to the keel and two apparently sleeping men lying beside it. The fishermen shouted at the top of their voices, and presently the two castaways awoke and jumped up.

For some moments they stared vacantly at their rescuers, apparently thinking that their eyes must be deceiving them. Surely help was not at hand now, when they had abandoned all hope, after eight days of suffering on the brink of death? Then, like a flash, realization came to them, and their frantic joy baffles description.

The living men were first tenderly helped into the boat and given a little food, and then the body of poor Fritz was unfastened from its lashings and taken on board. Next the rescuers turned about, reaching the shore again about 1 o'clock, where they were accorded a great ovation by the assembled villagers. A doctor took charge of the sufferers and commenced the work of coaxing them back to health and strength.

It is thought the Anna Rebecca had sprung a leak, and that it was this which caused her to capsize so easily. The wreck was towed into Memel by the tug Roland, where it was visited by crowds of people. The places on the ship's bottom where the three men had lashed themselves to the keel were distinctly visible, the perpetual slipping backwards and forwards of their bodies as the vessel rolled having polished the oaken boards till they positively shone—a mute testimony to the length of their ordeal which greatly impressed the sightseers. The Anna Rebecca has since been righted and made fit for sea again.—The Wide World Magazine.

An Electric Motor Horn.

The electric horn for automobiles, an English device, is an electric buzzer, fitted to a common automobile "toot" horn. A brass cylindrical case contains a steel vibrating disk, held at its periphery by two flanges and two electro-magnets, and the rapid vibration of the disk caused by the magnetization and demagnetization of the magnets yields a sound which is magnified in volume and effectiveness by the horn. The current is provided by an eight-volt accumulator. The signal can be maintained as long as it is necessary or desired, the blast being louder and more continuous than that of the ordinary wind horn, and with the switch on the steering wheel the driver can give his warning without removing his hand from the wheel.—Harper's Weekly.

The Careful Guesser.

One man in 208 is over six feet.
One in 100 women carries life insurance.
One man succeeds in business for eight who go bankrupt.
There is one sudden death among women to eight among men.
One cold is taken out of doors where nine are taken indoors.
One in each 1000 couples lives to celebrate the golden wedding.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DAVID JOSIAH BREWER,
Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

WITCH RANGING.

Home of One of the Victims May Change Owners.

There is not in all New England a house having sadder associations than those that cluster around the old Rebecca Nourse house, in Danvers, Mass., twenty miles from Boston. One cannot read any extended account of the terrible witchcraft days in Massachusetts without finding some account of Rebecca Nourse, who was taken from this house to die because she was supposed to be a witch.

The Nourse house is one of the oldest houses in New England. The exact date of its erection is not known, but it is believed that it was built as early as the year 1635. The builder was a man named Bishop, and he sold it to Francis Nourse. Rebecca Nourse was the wife of Francis Nourse. She was arrested in this



The Rebecca Nourse House.
(A memento of the famous witch hanging days in New England. It may soon be purchased by an historical society.)

house on the charge of being a witch, on March 23, 1692. Of course, the poor woman protested her innocence, but this did not keep the justice before whom she was tried in the near-by town of Salem from committing her still standing, and is now a part of the residence of Abner Goodell, of Salem.

Poor Rebecca Nourse remained a prisoner in the Salem jail, with others accused of witchcraft, until April 11, when she and her unfortunate companions were taken to Boston for trial. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, but the witchcraft delusion was at fever heat at that time, and a violent protest was made against the verdict of the jury. The mob in and out of the courtroom became so violent and made such threats that the jury withdrew and soon returned with a verdict of guilty.

Rebecca Nourse was then taken back to jail, and on July 3 following she was led in chains down the aisle of the First Church of Salem, and was solemnly excommunicated from the Church of which she had been a faithful member. On July 19 she was led out to Gallows Hill, in Salem, and hanged as a witch, amid the hootings and execrations of the crowd that had assembled to witness the aged and infirm woman die

for crimes it was impossible that she or any one else could have committed.

Hundreds and thousands of strangers have visited the old Nourse house, but it was not until the year 1885 that anything was done to place a permanent mark on the spot. Then the Nourse Monument Association erected a monument to the memory of Rebecca Nourse on the old homestead, and now the Danvers Historical Society purposes to buy the old house to use it as a home for the society.

The house stands a short distance from Salem's famous Witch Hill. It is on this hill that eight supposed witches were executed at one time, and the Rev. Nicholas Noyes said, as the poor creatures hung in the air:

"What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!"

The Rev. Nicholas seems to have enjoyed the spectacle, and when he twitted one of the women with being a witch she turned on him and said, with pardonable fury:

"You are a liar! I am no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life God will give you blood to drink!"



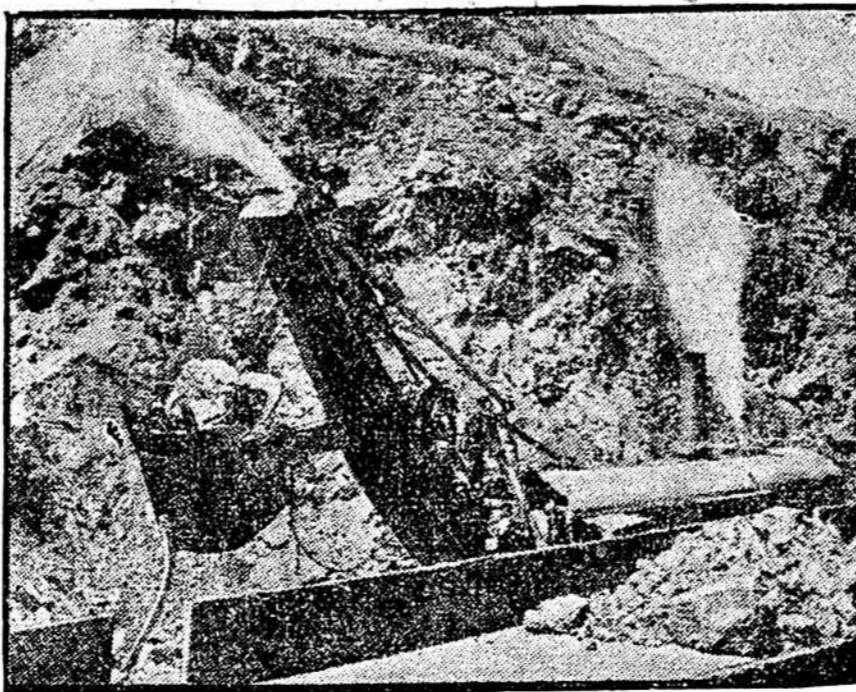
THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AND HEIR.

Caviere Grows Dearer.

Frequenter of the principal London restaurants are not a little fretful at the sudden rise in the price of caviere. It has jumped so suddenly that the worst is feared.

Is the supply coming to an end? they ask. The delicacy is now serving in London at twenty-two shillings a pound, whereas at the beginning of the war between Russia and Japan it was only ten shillings.

The reason put forward is that as a result of the great war the sturgeon fishery fell into a state of comparative disuse. There is apparently no lack of sturgeon, but the fishery has not been worked lately, so London is crying out at the increase in price of more than 100 per cent.



STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK IN LAS OBISPO CUT, PANAMA CANAL.

Palmetto State News

Life Sentence for Assault.

In the criminal court at Pickens, a few days ago, Ernest Langston was tried on a charge of criminal assault, found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Dispenser Not Indicted.

The grand jury, sitting at Columbia, found "no bill" against W. H. Wolf, the Richland county dispenser, who was charged with breach of trust. Several weeks ago Wolf's accounts checked up something over \$1,800 short.

Spartanburg Banks Consolidated.

The Central Bank and the Spartanburg Savings Bank have been consolidated. The merging of the institutions was recommended at the last regular meeting of the directors of the two institutions and the majority of the stockholders have agreed to ratify the actions of the directors.

Governor Ansel to Speak.

The exercises of the Thornwell College for Orphans will be held on the 15th instant. There are only three graduates this commencement who will finish at Thornwell, with a large class of juniors. On the same occasion an address will be given by Governor Ansel. The general supposition is that a large audience will be on hand to hear the governor's speech.

Pastor Victim of Appendicitis.

After only a few days' illness with appendicitis and peritonitis, Rev. Jas. L. Williamson, pastor of Aveligh Presbyterian church, at Newberry, is dead.

Rev. Williamson has served this congregation as pastor for the last ten years, during which time he had endeared himself to all who knew him. He was 60 years of age. He leaves a wife and four children.

Years for American "Justice."

The chief of police of Charleston has received a letter from Henry Praeger, alias J. H. Richards, who is at present in Usk prison, England, about to be tried for some offense and who wishes to be sent for by the Charleston authorities to be tried for a local robbery committed in 1895. Richards says that he is also wanted by "Mr. Sweeney," jailor at Savannah, for robbing a safe there of \$500. Chief Boyle will not send for Richards, as the man evidently wishes to taste American justice rather than the English sort. Praeger or Richards says that he knows where the stolen goods are hidden and is willing to make full restitution.

Death Calls Dr. Neville.

Dr. W. G. Neville, president of the Presbyterian college of South Carolina, located at Clinton, died a few days ago, after a short illness, from heart disease. He was buried at Greenwood Monday.

Dr. Neville was born in Oconee county, July 6, 1855. He graduated from Adger college in 1878, and from Princeton theological seminary in 1881. He became pastor at Lexington, Ky., in 1890, resigning in 1893 to accept a charge at Yorkville, this state, which he served until he became president of the Presbyterian college of South Carolina in 1904. The college has prospered under President Neville's administration, and extensive improvements were under way at the time of his death.

Mills Will Obey New Law.

A Columbia news item is as follows: The new ten-hour labor law affecting cotton mills, which passed the last legislature by a large majority after several years' vain attempts to get it through, goes into partial operation the first of next month, when every cotton mill in the state will have to rearrange its time schedule.

Beginning with the first of next month, the law limits the hours to 62 a week, the 60-hour schedule to go into effect the first of next January. There is a provision which stipulates that lost time accruing from accident or other unavoidable cause may be made up to the extent of sixty hours in the course of a year.

The mill people say the new law will be promptly and permanently obeyed both in the spirit and to the letter. They say the change will operate against them, as both North Carolina and Georgia still have a 66-hour law, and competition for help is sharp.

Negro School Not Desired.

To prevent the establishment at Cherokee Springs of a large industrial school for negroes, a party of citizens residing in that section of the county have purchased the property from Mr. John D. Humphreys of Spartanburg. The purchasers live in the neighbor-

hood of Cherokee Springs and are among the best known and substantial citizens of the county. It is not known what improvements will be made on the hotel and springs, though it is understood just as soon as the company is organized extensive improvements will be made.

Booker Washington, president of Tuskegee Normal institution at Tuskegee, Ala., at one time quite recently, thought seriously of buying the property from Mr. Humphreys and erecting a large college for negroes. In fact, it is said Washington would have purchased the property had not the citizens of Cherokee Springs formed a company and bought the springs and adjoining property.

GRAVES OF CONFEDERATES.

Decorated in Arlington National Cemetery—Southern Cross Unveiled. Confederate memorial day exercises were held Sunday at the Arlington national cemetery at Washington under the auspices of the Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp No. 171, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans' Association, the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Southern Relief Society of the District of Columbia.

John G. Capers, of South Carolina, the newly appointed commissioner of internal revenue, was the orator of the day, and the thirteenth United States cavalry band furnished music for the occasion. The graves of the 275 confederate dead in the cemetery were decorated and then all united in decorating the tomb containing the bodies of unknown union dead. The grave of General Joseph Wheeler was among those decorated.

The Southern Cross presented by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans was unveiled by Miss Caro Benning Greer, camp sponsor, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Gould, maid of honor.

RECEIVER FOR OIL COMPANY.

Judge Puts Quietus on Business of Otopus in Texas.

After hearing the arguments of the defense upon the application of the state for the appointment of a receiver for the Waters-Pierce Oil company in Texas, and declining to listen to the arguments of the state, Judge Brooks at Austin, Texas, Monday announced that he would grant the request and appoint a receiver, not because it was necessary to insure the collection of the penalties according to the verdict brought in by the jury, but because it was evident that the defendant proposed to continue to conduct its business in the manner and by the same means as had been found by the jury to be in violation of the laws of the state of Texas.

PRESIDENT'S GUN EXPOSED.

Laughable Incident Occurred at a Corner-Stone Laying.

President Roosevelt and his six-shooter convulsed the large audience which witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the Masonic temple at Washington. The master Mason tied a white apron about the waist of President Roosevelt, and in doing so raised the tails of the frock coat of the president.

Every one began to snicker and the president soon became aware that something was wrong. Some one motioned that his "gun" was exposed and he made several futile efforts to cover the revolver. He was greatly embarrassed. Finally he appreciated the humor of the situation and joined in the laughter.

JAPANESE HUNTING TROUBLE.

A Campaign of Hate for Americans is Being Launched.

A Washington special says: Thousands of dollars are being raised by the Japanese on the Pacific coast to carry out the compact they have entered into with the progressive party of Japan for the overthrow of the Saionji ministry, and ultimately of the exclusion clause in the immigration bill and the guarantee of the naturalization rights of the Japanese subjects residing in this country.

LINE OF HAYWOOD DEFENSE.

Effort to Show Great Counter-Conspiracy Will Be Made.

In the further cross-examination of Harry Orchard, at Boise, Monday, counsel for William D. Haywood repeatedly threw the suggestion of a great counter-conspiracy formulated and carried out by the enemies of the Western Federation of Miners and indicated a determination to construct their main line of defense on that field.

ASSASSINS FINALLY TRIUMPH.

Report Out That Guatemalan President Has Been Killed.

A private dispatch received in Mexico City, states that President Cabrera of Guatemala was assassinated Sunday. It is said several men were concerned in the plot.

Dr. Louis Toledo Herrarte, the Guatemalan minister at Washington, had received no advices up to midnight regarding the report.