

## WANTED TO ORGANIZE A MONKEY TRUST.

### Great Scheme for Training the Simians as Agricultural Laborers.—Ludicrous Practical Joke of Col. Musgrave

"Yes, I noticed that little story from Georgia about a prospect to have monkeys do all the cotton picking," said Col. Robt. Jasper, of Birmingham, Ala., as he settled himself comfortably in an easy chair in the lobby of the Marlborough.

"Great idea, isn't it?" he continued with a chuckle. "Reminds me of one of my old friend Musgrave's practical jokes. Musgrave was one of the sharpest business men I ever knew, but always he had time for a practical joke. He made his great pile in the old real estate boom days in Birmingham, and it was at that time that he played the joke I have in mind.

"In those days things were wild in Birmingham. Men made money in everything and would take stock in anything. That was exactly what made it possible for Musgrave to carry out his ridiculous joke. Just when things were at their wildest a sprightly young fellow came to Birmingham from some place in Mississippi. He had accumulated about \$15,000 and he looked for a chance to double it in about two months.

"One of the first men he went to was Musgrave, for Musgrave was known all over the South for his remarkable financial success. Jackson—that was the young fellow's name as I recall—just dogged the life out of Musgrave begging him to invest his money for him. Musgrave kept putting him off till he finally got tired of the man's importunities and resolved to have some fun out of him. So Musgrave went to several of his friends, Col. Ralph Armstrong, Col. Bankhead and myself included, and told us about the young man and instructed us if he came to any of us to tell him that Musgrave had some great scheme under way and that there might be a chance for him to get in if he was persistent enough.

"Sure enough, Jackson dropped in on Col. Bankhead in a couple of days, and the colonel told him of Musgrave's great secret scheme. Jackson went wild at once, hunted up Musgrave and almost went down on his knees begging him to take his \$15,000 and put it into the scheme, no matter what it was. Musgrave hemmed and hawed and offered many objections, but finally said there was just \$15,000 worth of stock not yet sold, which he had been holding for his brother. But as long as Jackson was so anxious he would let him have it and not tell his brother anything about it.

"Jackson was, of course, delighted. He quickly turned his money over to Musgrave, and promised to be on hand at the first meeting of the stockholders, the next day. Musgrave sent us all word and we gathered the next day in his office, all eager to learn what this wonderful but mysterious project was.

"First off, Musgrave nominated Jackson for president, and then one of us nominated Musgrave for treasurer. But having been elected unanimously Jackson called the meeting to order, appointed me temporary secretary and suggested that the time was ripe for Musgrave to enlighten the stockholders as to the nature of his project. Musgrave rose promptly, and unrolling a big roll of papers, heavy with seals and ribbons and covered with sprawling and illegible signatures, proceeded to explain that the capital of the company was \$100,000, fully paid; that the company's headquarters would be in Birmingham, but that its chief fields of operation would be a plantation 25 miles from Birmingham and the wilds of South America and Africa.

"Then Musgrave paused and apparently was about to take his seat without saying anything more. Jackson was on pins and needles.

"But what is the business we are going into, Col. Musgrave?" he asked, in tones that revealed his anxiety.

"Oh, yes," said Musgrave. "I almost forgot that. Why, we are going to buy, sell, raise and train monkeys as farm laborers. They are now being used on the great plantations in South America and are found capable of doing all the work in the fields better than it can be done by human hands, and their first cost is the greatest expense. They do not demand wages, and half a dozen monkeys eat less than one man, while they require no housing whatever, sleeping in the trees. They don't need any clothes, and they work from sun up to sun set, without any time off for dinner, and work whether it rains or shines. We can get all the monkeys we want at \$50 a head, train them for \$50 more and sell them for \$1,000 apiece. They will revolutionize the farming industry, and we ought to make \$1,000,000

clear of all expenses the very first year."

"Then he sat down with a silence you could cut with a knife. None of us moved or said a word. We all waited on Jackson. He looked at Musgrave a minute as if he thought the colonel was crazy and then looked at us to see what we were going to do about it. At last one of us—I think it was Col. Bankhead—arose and began to denounce Musgrave as a fraud and demanded his money back.

"But Musgrave was adamant. The money had been paid him in good faith; he had accepted it in the same way and he had already expended the greater part of it for monkeys, which were then on board ship bound for America. If anybody was dissatisfied he could take his money in monkeys, but in no other way.

"At this stage of the proceedings Jackson began to show signs of having a fit. 'I want my money back!' he fairly shrieked. 'I don't want any monkey farm business. This is all a fraud. You're a robber! I'll have you arrested. Give me my money,' and so on.

"Musgrave pretended to be highly offended and got up and left the room, and the rest of us, who knew it was a joke, followed, with Jackson trailing and still denouncing Musgrave.

"The next day Musgrave sent for Jackson and told him he would give him his money back; that he didn't want to be connected in business with such a squealer, that the day would come when Jackson would beg him to sell him some stock in his monkey company, but that he would never let him have a cent of it.

"Jackson was almost ready then to let Musgrave keep his money, and in order to end the matter Musgrave told him the whole thing was a joke and gave him back his check. Jackson turned on his heel and walked away and didn't speak to Musgrave again for a year. But Jackson finally did make some good investments and is now a retired banker in Birmingham. He and Musgrave are good friends, but they never talk about monkeys when they meet."—New York Herald.

#### First Arrest Made.

Augusta, Ga., Aug. 9.—A warrant was secured to-day by private detectives and J. H. Cunningham committed to jail on a charge of murder in connection with the mysterious death of J. C. Shirer on the night of August 1. Absolute mystery surrounds the arrest of Cunningham, the authorities refusing to discuss it, and no one being allowed to see the prisoner.

It is ascertained that two more warrants are to be served to-morrow, and at that time, "the woman in the case" will be developed. Shirer's body was found floating in the Savannah river, at the foot of Washington street, his neck being broken and there being a wound on the back of his head. Shirer's roommates testified at the inquest that he left home at 12:30 Monday night, the 31st, but investigation developed the fact that he did not go to his announced destination. Money he was known to have had with him was not found on the body.

#### Columbus Spradley Weds.

Augusta, August 8.—Columbus Spradley, the young man who was forced by the Holsteins to leave Monetta, S. C., after they had threatened and abused him at the point of pistols, because of his engagement to Miss Gussie May Holstein, was married to her here this afternoon. Spradley announced several days ago that he would marry the young woman in spite of the violent opposition of her father, brothers and cousins. He slipped to Monetta, got the girl and brought her to this city, and they were quietly married by Rev. A. D. Echols.

#### Unfavorable Report.

Washington, Aug. 9.—The senate finance committee to-day decided to report adversely the house cotton tariff provision bill.

The bill will go to the senate to-morrow.

Senator Cummins of Iowa will offer an amendment to the cotton bill when it comes before the senate, providing for the revision of the Payne-Aldrich law.

#### MISFORTUNE FROM RING.

Interesting Story Centers About the Finger Circlet.

Among the many curiosities left by the late Lady Meux is an Egyptian mummy which is said to have brought ill luck to every one who handled it, says Pearson's Weekly. Now, whether it is possible that a cursed pronouncement in the dim past can by any means work harm through the ages is a matter of opinion. But such stories and the strange facts connected with them are too numerous to be altogether neglected.

We may instance the case of the painted Egyptian coffin lid numbered 22,542, which stands in the British Museum, and the remarkable tale of misfortune and death which has been associated with this pictured face of the priestess of the College of Amen-Ra.

The story is fairly well known, for two years ago all the daily papers were full of it. It is sufficient to say that from the time of the discovery of the coffin in 1839 the priestess seemed to bring misfortune on every one who had anything to do with her coffin.

All five of the original finders came to grief, and even the carrier who took the case to the museum, the photographer, who photographed it and the well known writer who described the event connected with it all died shortly afterward.

Then there was the case of Mr. George Alexander, who having discovered a mummy too large to conveniently carry away, deliberately beheaded it and brought the head back to Europe in a bonnet box.

Then everything went wrong with him. Misfortune piled upon misfortune. One day he chanced to meet a medium. The latter at once told him that he could see a figure with high cliffs behind it, and clouds of dust about it. The figure, he said, was headless.

As it happened Mr. Alexander had at the time forgotten all about the mummy head. Now he remembered it and, much startled, consulted another medium. From her he heard precisely the same story. This was enough. He sent the head back at once to its original resting place.

The late Shah of Persia owned a dagger which is said to make its possessor invincible. But as the superstition is that he who uses it shall inevitably perish by it, it is kept securely locked in a sandalwood box.

A curious parallel to this Persian dagger is vouched by C. W. Leadbeater. A certain English family owns a stiletto which inspires every one who holds it with a horrible and almost irresistible desire to kill some woman.

This weapon belonged to an ancestor whose wife deceived him and drove him mad. He swore revenge against the whole sex, and with the dagger killed his wife, his wife's sister and another woman before he was disarmed and secured.

In the summer of 1906 M. Andreef, a well known business man of St. Petersburg, bought at auction for 2,000 pounds a beautiful old necklace made about 120 years ago by a famous Parisian jeweler for the ill-fated Louis XVI.

Nearly all the members of the French royal family lost their lives in the revolution, but the necklace was taken by a survivor to Brussels and there sold. Over and over again it changed hands and every one who owned it was unlucky. Finally a Russian prince bought it for 4,000 pounds, and gave it to the dancer Tzukki.

Tzukki's health failed, she was reduced to abject poverty and died. The necklace was sold to M. Linevitch, the collector. He died suddenly at Monte Carlo and it passed to a relative, who lost all his money and was only saved from beggary by selling the piece of jewelry.

Andreef bought it, and almost the first time that his wife wore it he fell into a fit of senseless jealousy and cut her down with a sword.

Such instances may be multiplied. Count Zborowski when killed in a fearful motor accident at Nice in 1903 was wearing the fatal ring which had belonged to his family for four generations, every head of which had met a violent death.

Still more amazing is a story told by the late head of the Paris morgue. Five times within his experience dead bodies brought to the morgue were found to be wearing a certain ring easily distinguishable by its strange design.

It bore in Eastern characters this legend: "May whosoever wears this ring die a miserable death." M. Mace, late chief of the Paris police, vouches for the truth of this.

#### Not on Her Side.

A little boy who was very much puzzled over the theory of evolution, questioned his mother thus:

"Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know," the mother replied, "I never knew any of your father's people."

#### AWFUL CHINESE TORTURES.

Blood-Curdling Cruelties Practiced by Celestials on Prisoners.

Chinese military discipline is something fierce, according to Dr. A. L. Shelton, of Anthony, Kan., who has just returned as a missionary from the land of the pigtail. The doctor tells this blood-curdling story of the cruelty practiced upon a good friend of his who was major in the Chinese army.

"Three companies of Chinese soldiers under the major's command, but stationed in a distant city, rebelled and deserted, taking their arms and ammunition. As the Chinese army is in the main made up of men who accept the service in place of a penal sentence, the most rigid rules are enforced heartlessly to get a minimum of service and discipline. They are paid the equivalent of \$2.40 a month on which they must subsist. To them starvation is always imminent and a dead dog or mule or other animal, even when dead of disease, is greedily cooked and eaten.

"The major was held responsible for his rebellious troops, and only the intercession of the commanding general of the district, who got down on his knees and begged for the life of his subordinate to the civil governor, saved his head.

"The punishment was modified to dismissal from the army and 2,000 light blows from a small paddle. The paddle used is from one to one and a half inches wide, eighteen inches long and probably the eighth of an inch thick. In administering it the thighs are bared, and light, even blows are struck on the thick flesh between the hip and the knee, the victim lying prostrate on his face. The paddle is used with a sort of flip and for some time makes no impression; 500 blows makes the flesh red and puffy, 1,500 brings the flesh to a jelly-like consistency, and 2,000 mark the limit of torture. A strong man may endure and live.

"Often gangrene sets in and the victim dies; with the best of treatment it is months before the man paddled can use his legs naturally. In the case of the major the flesh sloughed off his thigh an inch and a half deep, five inches broad and seventy inches long. He expected to get well, but his legs would always be crippled. The rebellious troops were pursued, 200 of them were killed in action and the balance brought to camp for beheading. Eighteen of the soldiers were given swords and required to cut gashes in the flesh of their captain who was unable to prevent their rebellion, then they were beheaded before the captain.

"To stimulate other officers to greater zeal in handling their men the captain was then taken in hand by the official executioner who had bound him to a big stake for the men to gash with swords. With a keen knife the lips of the captain were sliced off, then his nose, later his eye lids were cut off and his eyeballs were exposed to the pitiless sun. After a few hours the skin of the forehead was cut away and allowed to drop over the blinded eyes, hanging by the corner edges. Then later the breasts were cut off, all but the skin at the lower edge, and allowed to hang; if the victim survived that, and the captain did, then the flesh covering the bowels was cut away and allowed to hang apron fashion while the wind and sun dried and the flies and vermin fed upon the blood and cut flesh. In this case the captain long unconscious, died with disembowling; in cases where a man survives that, then a knife is plunged in his heart at the end of the day of horrible torture."—Kansas Journal.

#### He Wasn't Spiteful.

A man had for years employed a steady German workman. One day Jake came to him and asked to be excused from work the next day. "Certainly, Jake," beamed the employer. "What are you going to do?" "Well," said Jake, slowly, "I think I must go by mein wife's funeral. She dies yesterday." After the lapse of a few weeks Jake again approached his boss for a day off. "All right, Jake, but what are you going to do this time?" "Aber," said Jake, "I go to make me, mit mein fraulein, a wedding." "What? So soon? Why, it's only three weeks since you buried your wife!" "Ach," replied Jake, "I don't hold spite long!"

#### Police Suspect Foul Play.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 9.—Suspecting foul play in the disappearance of Mrs. Lyra May Bishop, 16 years old, the police to-day arrested her husband, E. S. Bishop, a solicitor for a telephone company. Mrs. Bishop has been missing from the home of her mother, Mrs. Pierce, near Decatur, Ga., for more than two weeks. She was last seen in Atlanta July 22.

The Pierce home is three miles from Decatur and a thorough search is being made about the lonely neighborhood for some trace of the girl-wife.

#### YOUNG MAN IN TROUBLE.

South Carolinian Charged With Forgery at Hendersonville.

Hendersonville, N. C., August 9.—Charged with forging his father's name to two checks, E. A. Fairry, said to be a son of a prominent business man of Denmark, S. C., was placed under arrest in the office of the Wanteska Trust and Banking Company, while preparing to offer a third check for payment. Pending advices from his father, who is expected to straighten out his financial difficulties, the young man is in the custody of the police, but has not been placed in jail. Fairry, it seems, had already secured \$115 upon checks bearing the forged signature of his father. The warrant was sworn out by Cashier J. Mack Rhodes, of the First National Bank.

#### Part of the Punishment.

Oliver H. Curtiss, the well-known sociologist of Omaha, said in a recent lecture:

"But our slums are much cleaner than the old slums of Europe. Our slum denizens are cleaner, too. Among us it is unusual to sew up children in woolen underwear for the winter—not so abroad—and I once heard in Hungary of a case that you will hardly credit. A man was arrested for stealing a pig, and they told him he must take a bath before entering his cell.

"What! Take a bath? The man cried, in a horrified voice.

"Yes," said the jailer. "How long is it since you've had a bath?"

"So help me," said the prisoner solemnly, "I never was arrested before—never."—Los Angeles Times.

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