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THE VERDICT OF ACQUITTAL.

Defects in the Criminal Procedure of the State.

Judge J. H. Holton in News and Courier.

Two years ago I wrote for the News and Courier a series of articles upon our Circuit Courts, the object of which was to call attention to some defects in the present system, as well in the arrangement and orders of the Courts and methods of conducting the business, as in the general administration of the law. I attempted also to suggest the remedy, in part at least.

I withheld my name from these communications hoping thereby to elicit a free and full discussion of the subject through the press of the State and, thus to call the attention of our lawmakers to the importance of needed reform in the administration of the law by our Courts of justice. I fear, however, that my views made but little impression upon the Bar, the Legislature or the people.

Since that time events have occurred in the State, shocking crimes with startling verdicts of acquittal, which have riveted the attention of the people, called forth free and full censure from an enlightened press, and awakened a feeling of uneasiness and deep concern in the minds of all lovers of law and order.

The discussion of this interesting and vitally important subject by the newspapers of the State, conducted as it has been in a calm and proper spirit, and with due respect to our Courts, is to be commended rather than condemned, because our people, and our legislators as well, desire all the information possible upon the subject, and no better medium exists for conveying it than the press.

I propose to contribute to the examination of the methods of the trial of criminals in our Courts as at present conducted, and to disclose as far as I can, the causes which lead to the acquittal of so many accused of high crimes, and especially the crime of murder. I despair of being able to unravel the mystery of all verdicts of juries, and still more of being able to suggest complete and adequate remedy against erroneous results of trials by jury in our criminal Courts, but I hope to show that useful reforms are available, and imperatively needed for the protection of the law-abiding portion of the people.

Our criminal procedure in cases of homicide begins with the inquest. This is held by the coroner, or in his absence or remoteness from the scene of death, by a trial justice.

All will admit that this inquiry should be made with great care, patience and diligence, and with due caution and circumspection. On the contrary, however, as a general rule, the investigation is conducted with carelessness, haste and manifest impatience by the coroner and his jury. The sole purpose seems to be to ascertain who did the deed; but the vital inquiry as to the circumstances attending its perpetration is ordinarily considered of little importance. This is left to be ascertained at the trial. The jurors are hastily summoned; the farmer from his plough, the laborer from his hoe, the mechanic from his work bench, the clerk from his counter, and the loafer and idler from his seat on the dry-goods box. They assemble in haste, view the dead body, inquire who slew the person, examine a few witnesses superficially, find that A came to his death from a gunshot wound in the hands of B, the coroner issues his warrant accordingly, and the Court of Inquest and curious crowd disperse, all impatient to return to their respective places of occupation and abode, and indulge in speculation as to the real facts, and the chances of the accused before a petty jury.

Whether the homicide is murder, manslaughter or excusable in self-defense, was never inquired into nor attempted to be determined. It is left to the solicitor to gather up from the friends of the deceased, as best he can, the real facts of the case for the State—a labor either far too arduous for, or beneath the dignity of, an inquest; the jury's labor, in their opinion, being fully accomplished by finding who did the deed.

In cases of secret and mysterious homicides the investigation ordinarily reaches the climax of haste, carelessness and impatience, and not infrequently results in the actual, though unintentional, obliteration of all those little marks, traces, facts and circumstances unavoidably left in the path of a murderer, and which, if opportunely noted and prudently followed up and unravelled, will discover the guilty one.

All duty is fulfilled under the present practice, it seems, by reach-

ing a verdict that the "deceased came to his death by the hand of some person or persons to the jurors unknown." If perchance a few patient and weighty circumstances pointing to the guilt of a certain person are forced upon the attention of the jury, so as to justify a verdict against him, they hastily so find, and then disperse, leaving uninvestigated many other facts then available, which, if fixed upon definitely and recorded would, with the other leading facts, fix the proof of the guilt of the accused.

But haste and impatience prevent that full, thorough and satisfactory investigation so imperatively demanded by the exigency of the case and the cause of justice, in this, the first step in the criminal procedure.

Of course, I am speaking of the prevailing carelessness which characterizes the methods of conducting coroners' inquests. There are, now and then, notable exceptions to this rule, when the coroner and his jury behave in a most praiseworthy manner, taking full time, exercising patience and prudence, and leaving no available testimony neglected. Such inquests usually bring forth good fruit, resulting in the detection and conviction of the guilty one. Instead of being the exception to the rule, such inquests should constitute the rule and perfunctory ones be the exception.

The protection of society requires the greatest care, diligence and efficiency in the discharge of this duty by the coroner, because the proceedings of his Court generally fix the final result, or seriously affect it. The solicitor, in nine out of every ten cases of homicide tried in our Courts, depends largely, if not entirely upon the testimony furnished him by the coroner. He has no other source from which to draw, and no time amidst his arduous labors to inquire elsewhere. How important, essential in fact, is it that he should have placed at his disposal all available evidence, and upon whom but the coroner can he depend?

Unfortunately, outside the county of Charleston, the office is without emolument, the compensation or income being necessarily so small as to afford no inducement to a citizen to accept it. So much so is this the case that usually in nominations to office, and at elections, the candidate is the object of jokes and merriment, and accepts the office merely "for the fun of the thing" and to fill up the ticket. Under the circumstances efficiency cannot be expected, and through inefficiency at inquests the accused scores his first chance for final triumph over the law.

In the city and county of Charleston, the coroner, with the aid of experts and detectives, does efficient work, being further stimulated to activity and zeal by the income of his office; but the case is different elsewhere in the State where there are no detectives, and the coroner, by reason of comparatively few inquests, does not at all depend upon his office for income, and is content with hasty and inefficient work.

The attorney for the accused has ordinarily little to fear from the testimony furnished at the inquest, and the Judge upon the bench, presiding at trials for murder, cannot but be painfully impressed with the injury suffered by the State from a want of a thorough investigation of the facts of the case at the inquest over the dead body, where the event is recent and the impressions fresh upon the minds of all witnesses. By promptness, care and thoroughness in getting all the facts on the spot, and sifting the testimony of witnesses then and there, the coroner can forestall the subsequent efforts of the defence to vary and pervert the evidence.

I must not be understood as attempting to lay upon the shoulders of our coroners the blame of the acquittal of murderers. It would be unjust and untruthful to cast the blame upon them, even in a great part, because other shoulders must bear the greater part of the blame, and this I will strive to show as I progress in the examination of our criminal law and procedure. My purpose so far has been to show how vitally important it is to be exceedingly careful and painstaking in the inquiry by coroners, and how carelessness in this, the first step in the prosecution, often contributes to the escape of the guilty.

In my next number I will discuss the subject of arrest and bail, and perhaps, begin with the trial and its incidents.

The Rio Grande is overflowing its banks and inundating a large portion of country.

THE "GRAND OLD MAN."

Gladstone's Home Life at Hawarden Castle. Some Facts About this Man of Books, of Politics and of Oratory.

Hawarden castle (pronounced Har-den) is just visible as you pass from rare old Chester to North Wales alongside "the sands of Dee." It is of very moderate size, many a country house is twice as imposing, and it is mainly modern. The old castle saw any amount of savage fighting between the English and the warlike Welshmen. The property used to belong to the tory Stanleys, the earl of Derby, but on the seventh earl being beheaded for treason, Hawarden was dismantled and the estate was bought by Sergeant Glyn, or Glynne, Cromwell's lord chief justice, and it came into its present ownership through Mrs. Gladstone, who is a Glynne. It is not generally known that Mr. Gladstone is not the owner of Hawarden. The property belongs to his eldest son, William Henry, who is lord of the manor, i. e. landlord. Strictly speaking the ex-premier is only a guest on sufferance.

Inside the castle there is much that proclaims the manner of man whose home it is. The walls everywhere may be said to be papered with books. Even some of the lobby streamers with literature. And literature of every sort under the sun, from sacred scriptures, ancient parchments, Homers and Virgils to ponderous parliamentary reports, the latest books of science, art, poetry, fiction and ephemeral publications.

Though he sold the bulk of his unique collection of china a few years ago, Mr. Gladstone still possesses a goodly share of his pet porcelains and many valuable pieces come to him as gifts. His own room is a chaos, with something of an artistic purpose running through the disorder. Every table, chair, lounge, shelf and bracket bears some work of art, either a portrait, a bust, medallion or carving, or a curio of antique or modern make.

When he comes home for his holidays this wonderful Briton simply substitutes a hard day's work for a hard night's work of the parliamentary season. He dresses himself in a light tweed suit, puts on a slouch hat, ties a free-and-easy bandanna round his still freer and easy collar, and away he strides through the garden to early morning service in a village church. Though it is only a village church there is a parish to work, and well is it served by his younger son, Stephen, whom he appointed about 18 years ago. It is about the richest private living in England, producing some \$16,000 a year.

To see Mr. Gladstone walk a mile on the turf is a rich treat. Even on the streets of London he is about the most graceful and nimble pedestrian you will meet in a day. He strides with the springy freedom of an athlete and has all the elegant grace of a dancing master without a trace of the dandyism. More likely than not you will see him swinging his old hat in one hand while widening his collar with the other. Then in to breakfast, a wholesome, simple English breakfast, which he eats with a hearty relish that is the envy of most of his juniors. Then until lunch at 2, comes work indoors, letters, Homer (he is always peering away at his Homer), the writing of magazine articles on theology, Greek and Latin poetry, how to make jam, the Bulgarian question, practical forestry, old China, ancient Troy. Goodness knows what Gladstone has not written, is writing, or will not write about, and always as an authority, too.

He is a most moderate eater, and a careful one at that. It was about a year ago that he published the result of a prolonged scientific investigation he had long been engaged in, the result being that he pronounces it essential to good digestion to take two and thirty distinct bites with each mouthful of food (that is just one bite to each tooth, if you are lucky enough to possess a full set), and he religiously does what he bids us to do. Yet he chews away the meal times with all the easy volubility of a five-year-old spool-feeder. Though temperate, Mr. Gladstone is not teetotal. He has too much common sense and self-control. A glass of good ale at lunch, and a couple of glasses of some old port at dinner are his drinking vices, and long may they enable the grand old man to "renew his youth like the eagle."

When the season comes you will see the man of politics and books slip out of the house, habited in an extra-seedy pair of trousers, booted in a pair of indescribable clogs that would be the envy of the man who wants to kick his creditor to Coventry. On his head is a sordid relic of

a hat, on his shoulder rests a mighty ax, and evil is in his eagle eye. Behold—the ax will soon be laid at the root of the tree and another giant will soon lie low.

The liberal clubs of Lancashire and Cheshire often invite to picnic in Hawarden park, but permission is rarer than it used to be. The merry-makers always insisted upon a speech until the thing became a nuisance. But the working folk from the country side are welcomed occasionally, and the farmers gather to pay their rents, eat the good fare provided by their landlord; and then Mr. Gladstone doesn't mind treating them to a bit of homely oratory, generally instructing them how to make bigger incomes by growing more fruit for jam or tickling their hen to send more eggs to market.

So the days and the years roll around and the grand old specimen of English manhood ripens into the harvest. His hairs are scantier, and his wrinkles more than they were last year, but the glow in that brilliant eye and the fire slacks not in his heart. Come from the Hawarden home, with its reign of peace and its halo of glory around the loving fire side circle, come to the place where thousands strive for the prize of seeing and hearing Gladstone the orator, Gladstone the magician, who charms the people. I recall the greatest assemblage he or probably any other man ever addressed by the hour together and held them riveted. That was at Birmingham, 10 years ago, when 33,000 men gathered in the cattle-show hall, and greeted Gladstone as though he were a king.

The pale face, nervously compressed lips and intensely earnest expression would strike the audience as betokening physical weakness, but the flashing, piercing eyes kindle every one with the contagious fire of enthusiasm. His rich, sonorous voice soon reaches the outer fringe of the multitude, and in a few moments the feeling is that of being completely under the spell of a wizard in the arts of speech.

A PLEA OF GUILTY.

The Sudden and Unexpected End of the Trial of the Bald Knobbers.

St. Louis, September 10.—A special from Jefferson City, Mo., says the trial of the Bald Knobbers came to a sudden termination yesterday afternoon by the defendants in a body entering a plea of guilty.

In the morning Col. Boyd, their counsel, showed fight and the case of Geo. Deaton was called. He was charged with bulldozing Homesteaders Ridenbone. John Denny and Geo. Silvey were arraigned for whipping Caleb Atwood, and entered a plea of not guilty. Col. Boyd asked for a severance of the two cases, which was denied. He then objected to the jury on the ground that it was prejudiced from hearing the other cases.

The Court ordered the trial to proceed. When the Court adjourned at noon the Government had made the best case up to date. The direct and circumstantial evidence was very strong and when the afternoon session opened Col. Boyd said: "All you Bald Knobbers who have not been tried come forward."

John Wright, Wm. Silvey, Geo. Silvey, John Denny, E. H. Denny, and W. F. Wright responded. Col. Benton stated to the Court that an agreement had been reached with Col. Boyd that the prisoners that had not yet been arraigned, together with the prisoners on trial, should submit cases jointly to the jury, and agree to a verdict of guilty of all the indictments; also that the prisoners convicted and under a second indictment for beating Hugh Ratcliffe had agreed to the same process. The jury returned verdicts of guilty in each case. Col. Boyd then withdrew all the motions for new trials, and announced that the prisoners awaited sentence.

Judge Kreckel said he would not pass sentence before next week. The men are all young and of good characters, none of them being over twenty years of age. There is no bloodthirsty demand for vengeance, and is generally believed will be mild.

A Delicate Hint.
She—I saw a funny thing in the paper. It says that somewhere out west the weather is so hot that a farmer who went into his cornfield found that all the corn had popped. It must be awfully nice to have such weather.
He—Why, what are you talking about? Think how you'd suffer.
She—Yes, I might suffer. But, then, perhaps other things beside the corn might be pop. He popped.

BLOODSHED IN IRELAND.

Two Men Murdered at their Mitchellstown Meeting—Fifty-four Constables Wounded.

DUBLIN, Sept. 9.—Mitchellstown, where the case of the government against William O'Brien under the coercion act was to have been heard to-day, was crowded all day with civilians, police and soldiers. Mr. O'Brien did not appear in court to answer the summons. The service of a summons was proved and the judge granted a warrant for O'Brien's arrest. An open air indignation meeting was subsequently held Henry Labouchere and others made speeches denouncing the government for its course in regard to Ireland.

The meeting in Market square was attended by 7000 persons. Messrs. Dillon, Brunner, Labouchere, John Ellis, Gill, Condon and O'Hea were present. The government reporter, with an escort of police, tried to push to the front. The crowd resisted them with sticks and stones. The police then made a charge against the crowd, and were repulsed by men on horseback. Condon tried to pacify the crowd, Dillon advised them to treat the police with insolent contempt, because home rule was nearly won and then the Irish forces would be under the control of the people instead of as now, in the hands of their enemies.

The row was renewed, however, and reinforcements of police who had been drawn from the barracks fired into the crowd. One man was killed, and several others were wounded. One of the wounded has since died. The police next charged and dispersed the crowd.

FIFTY-FOUR CONSTABLES HURT.

Mr. Labouchere was a witness of the whole scene from a carriage. He asked Magistrate Seagrave if the meeting might be held elsewhere without molestation. Seagrave replied that the meeting might be held anywhere outside of the town. Then the constable came up and spoke to Seagrave and the latter immediately corrected himself, declining to allow the meeting to be held anywhere. Seagrave was in the hotel when the police fired. It is not known at present who ordered them to fire. Mr. Dillon, Father O'Callaghan and Father O'Connell followed the police and entered the barracks with them. The two priests were put out. Mr. Dillon was inside during the firing. He says that much confusion prevailed nobody seeming to be in command. Mr. Labouchere arrived later and asked the inspector to ascertain who fired the shots. The inspector refused to make any such inquiry. A youth has been found who says he can identify the constable who killed Reardon. Dr. Fenton expresses the opinion that Reardon was not killed by a bullet, but by a blow on the head with the muzzle of a carbine.

Fifty-four constables were treated for slight injuries. Mitchellstown is quiet to-night. Mr. Dillon remains there, but Mr. Labouchere has gone to Cork. The persons killed were an old man named Reardon, a resident of the locality, and an elderly cabman from Fermoy. The injuries received by the police consist principally of scalp wounds and bruises.

Jones Still in Jail.
Special to News and Courier.
EDGEFIELD, September 8.—Jones has not yet furnished bail. He has made no effort to do so since Saturday last. On that day four parties were present to go on the bond, whose aggregate property on the auditor's books amounted to \$23,690. The clerk of the court deducted the amount of homestead and liabilities on the clerk's books, amounting to \$9,808, which left \$13,882 as the amount in which the parties could justify, and enable them to go on the bond to be given in the sum of \$6,941.

It is said that another effort to give bond will be made on Saturday, but it is thought by many that Jones will not be able to comply with the requirements provided by Judge Wallace in his order granting bail. There is a much more healthy sentiment in Edgefield County in regard to this case than the outside world knows. Whether Jones is able to give bond or not, the public may rest assured that the clerk of the Court will see to it that he is not released on straw bail. A good bond will be given, or Jones will remain in jail.

THE TRIPLE MURDERER THINKS THAT HE IS PERSECUTED.
EDGEFIELD, September 7.—Jones's proposed bondsmen, four in number, were again in town a few days ago. They insisted that they were financially able to meet the demands of

Judge Wallace's order. The clerk of the Court, after a thorough investigation, thought otherwise, and so Jones's second attempt to give bail has failed. It is said that the bondsmen came within \$2,000 of making up the bond. It is generally believed that they will succeed and that in a few days Jones will be at liberty.

It is universally conceded that Judge Wallace's action in the matter conformed to the law, and while some papers demand it, it is not thought proper, nor is he called upon, as no other Judge is in any case, to make a public apology for the course pursued.

I understand that, in conversation with a reporter of an Augusta paper, Jones claimed that he was the worst hounded down, persecuted and abused man that ever lived, and all because he is a Georgian. He has been made to suffer imprisonment and been deprived of home comforts and social pleasures, and made subject to a trial and, worse than all, convicted of manslaughter, and took this because in self-defence he took the lives of three men.

The Tinfoil Business.

"What was that he threw away?"
"Oh, only a piece of tinfoil from his tobacco."

Only a piece of tinfoil. Did you ever consider how large a manufacturer of that article, apparently of so little value, is carried on? Will you believe it when you are told that more than 1,000,000 pounds of the foil are used annually to cover the smoking and chewing tobacco manufactured in the United States alone? The method of making it is interesting. The tin is of course first taken out of the mines, the best of which for this purpose are in Australia and the Dutch possession of the East Indies. The metal is found in veins or fissures called lodes, though it is also often found in a dispersed form in loose stones, which when found continuously are called streams. The rock containing ore is blasted with gunpowder and carried to the stamping mill, where it is pounded and washed. It is next melted and the tin run into clocks containing from 200 to 400 weight each. This is the condition in which the metal is kept for ordinary use.

Two means are used to reduce it to the necessary thinness. The old manner of hammering by hand, after first being cut is still used to a great extent. By this process, however, only one surface could be produced, and to obviate this difficulty rolling mills were invented. Prior to their invention nearly all the tinfoil was imported, but their use has completely revolutionized the trade. The metal is now placed between two heavy rollers, which gives it a finished surface on both sides. It is then cut into widths of from 12 to 15 inches, rolled upon wooden reels and carried to cutting machines, where it is cut according to order. It is then packed in boxes of 100 pounds each, being laid in without pressure. There is another difference between the foil which is beaten and that which is full of small holes, but foil to be used for tobacco wrappers must be airtight.

A Big Increase in the Phosphate Royalty.

COLUMBIA, Sept. 7.—All of the returns of phosphate rock mined during the fiscal year ending August 31st have been made to the Agricultural Department by special assistant E. L. Roche, and they show that the State will receive a royalty this year of two hundred and eight thousand eight hundred and forty-two dollars and sixty-one cents, against one hundred and ninety-six thousand and eighty-nine dollars and eighty-eight cents by last year, showing an increase of twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty-two dollars and seventy-three cents. This is the largest royalty paid into the State since the development of the phosphate industry.

The Constitutional Centennial.

PHILADELPHIA, September 8.—Gen. Sheridan to-day assumed command of the troops that are to participate in the military display, September 17, in honor of the Centennial of the Promulgation of the Constitution.

A Favorite Friend.

Omaha mamma—Now, dear, you must invite one of your little friends in to share your candy.
Listle Dot—I-I guess I'll invite Lucy.
"Well, that will be nice."
"Yes, candy makes her tooth ache and she never eats much."

EX-GOVERNOR AIKEN DEAD.

One of the Richest Ante-Bellum Statesmen—His Career as a Public Man.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 7.—Ex-Governor Wm. Aiken died to-day at his country place at Flat Rock, North Carolina, aged 81. He was Governor of South Carolina in 1844, and Congressman from 1851 to 1857. He was the largest slaveholder in the State, and was a successful rice planter.

Wm. Aiken was born in Charleston in 1806, graduated at the South Carolina College in December 1825, embarked soon after for Europe, and travelled for several years on the continent. He returned to Charleston in 1829, and in 1830 became proprietor of Jehoshe island, on the Pon Pon river, some thirty miles south of Charleston. The island, containing nearly four thousand acres, was admirably adapted to rice culture. Its new proprietor at once addressed himself with great skill and energy to its development, devoting himself to this labor for many years. Commencing with the cultivation of three hundred acres, he soon had in use two thousand. He executed large work in canalizing and embankments, so as to command ample supplies of fresh water. He erected his own rice mills, threshing and other machines. His negroes, 1,000 in number, were settled in neat and comfortable houses, disposed in villages beautifully grouped, and were said to exhibit a remarkable degree of comfort and contentment.

In 1838 Governor Aiken was drawn from his retirement and private pursuits by the people and sent to the State Legislature, and was returned again in 1840. In 1842 he was elected Senator, from the same parishes, without opposition. In 1850 he was elected representative to Congress, re-elected without opposition in 1852 and 1854, and declined re-election in 1856.

In the State Assembly and in Congress his conduct was marked always by good sense and a rare amenity of manners. He was not a debater, and never ambitious of oratorical display. He cultivated the social charities in public life, was uniformly mild of temper, gentle in bearing, unobtrusive in society, unpretending in discourse and conciliatory to opponents. He was supported by the Democratic members for the speaker's chair and lacked but a single vote of success. He was regarded as one of those persons who, at the time of great political bitterness, might be looked to as capable of reconciling the most hostile extremes.

Governor Aiken was one of the wealthiest men in the South before the war. He employed his wealth judiciously, contributed greatly to local enterprises, and was distinguished by munificent charities, bestowing large donations upon the Orphan Asylum of Charleston, contributing to the endowment of the Charleston College and other public institutions of his native city. He consistently opposed nullification and secession, and took no part in politics after leaving Congress. He was also one of the first appointed trustees of the Peabody fund.

A TORNADO IN MICHIGAN.

A Train Meets its Centre—A Gentleman with his Wife and Child Blown Off his Buggy.

TOLEDO, Sept. 7.—The tornado which visited this section yesterday originated in Southern Michigan. It first struck Sylvania, a village ten miles north of here, blowing down two gas well derricks, and wrenching a boiler from its brick foundation. Three horses in a pasture were killed by falling trees. All tall trees were levelled. One farmer had fifty acres of fine timber all blown down. The brick schoolhouse at Michie was destroyed. The track of the tornado was south by east from here along the line of the Toledo and Ohio Central road, and in some one to two hundred yards wide. No fences or tall trees are standing. Corn is scattered and houses and barns are unroofed for miles. At Waterville and other villages to the southward, much damage was done, and the total damage will amount to many thousands of dollars. No loss of life is reported. The slate roofs of a number of buildings were badly damaged, and towering chimneys of the main building of the insane asylum were blown down, crushing in the roof. The total loss to the asylum is eight thousand dollars. Dr. Embury, assistant superintendent of the asylum, was driving into the grounds at the time, his wife and little daughter were with him.

The buggy was overturned and all three were thrown out. The doctor held on to the horse, which, with the vehicle, was lifted and carried several rods. His wife and child were carried over a hundred feet and dropped into a ditch in two feet of water, from which they were rescued unhurt. The Wabash train met the centre of the tornado, and the smoke-stack of the locomotive was carried off.

OCEANS OF MILK.

Some Facts and Figures Concerning the Cows in This Country.

New York Herald.

Our American dairy interests are startlingly enormous. They represent an investment of nearly five times as much as the entire bank capital of the country—that is to say, the bank capital is a little less than \$671,000,000, while the dairy interests amount to more than \$3,000,000,000. Of course our readers cannot swallow such frightful figures in a lump, and we will therefore arrange them in several smaller but still heroic doses. The number of milk cows is estimated at 21,650,000. They give each an average of 350 gallons of milk annually. This would make an aggregate milk production of 7,580,000,000 gallons, a miniature ocean, a fair sized Niagara. Four thousand million gallons are used for butter, 700,000,000 for cheese, and the remaining 2,480,000,000 pass through the adulterating hands of the milkman and grocer, and down the throats of 60,000,000 men, women and babies in this land of freedom. The quantity of butter manufactured and used is about 1,350,000,000 pounds, and of cheese 5,500,000 pounds. The value of our dairy products for the last 12 months was nearly \$500,000,000. This is \$20,000,000 more than the value of our annual wheat yield, while it closely approximates that of our corn crop, which is the most valuable of our farm products. To support this immense dairy herd 100,000,000 acres of pasture land are required, worth \$2,500,000,000. It is easy enough to see, therefore that the 4,000,000 farmers in this country are an important element of our national welfare and prosperity.

A BRITISH PROPHECY.

One Hundred and Forty-Four Thousand Christians to Embrace the Faith.

From the London Truth.

A Rev. M. Baxter, of the Church of England, has just delivered three prophetic lectures at Liverpool. There is nothing vague about this prophet. England is to be separated legislatively from Ireland, India and her colonies. Lucien Bonaparte is to become king of Syria, and later on, emperor of France. Belgium and the Rhine provinces are to be annexed to France.

In 1896 144,000 watchful Christians are to ascend from earth to heaven, and the millennium is to commence on April 11, 1901. The lecturer challenged any minister or individual to show that he had made any mistake. No one, as yet, has taken up the challenge.

"Wearing the Breeches."

Chicago News.

The moment of supreme dignity in the boy's life is when he first gets into trousers. Perhaps the feeling of triumph is due more to his now having discarded long skirts than to anything else. This appears from the remark of one observant youth, who, upon the memorable occasion, glanced down upon the new glories of his person and exclaimed: "Now, I've got two legs, just like Sam!" Small Robin, when he had come to this first turning-point of life, showed himself under similar circumstances more of a gentleman. Arrayed in his new suit, he was at first speechless with sheer delight. Then at length his joy found tongue, and he burst out: "Oh mamma, pants make me feel so grand! Didn't it make you feel grand when ——" But as usual consciousness came over him that this bliss had never been shared by his mother, and he laid his wee, chubby hand pityingly against her cheek, saying, pathetically: "Poor mamma! poor mamma!"

New Use for a Bustle.

Texas Sifting.

Tommy Petyerby rushed excitedly into his mother's presence and said: "Mamma, lend me your bustle quick."
"What for, my son?"
"Pa saw me fighting with another boy on the street, and he says he is going to whip me as soon as he comes home, and he is coming around the corner now."