

The Newberry Herald and News.

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GREATNESS IN DEATH THAN IN LIFE!

Francis Warrington Dawson.

The writer was once contemporary with Captain Dawson, and it is pleasant now to recall the congenial intercourse of the years that are past. He well remembers his comely presence, and his pleasant smile and voice and words, and courteous bearing, and he would add another link to the beautiful chain woven by many friends to encircle his grave and perpetuate his memory. He would weave it of the immortal, with "pansies for thought and rosemary for remembrance."

As the hurrying shaft that suddenly falls in the path of the unsuspecting traveler, came the swift and terrible tidings of Captain Dawson's death. "Can this be possible?" was all that he could say, as trying to realize that he, who but yesterday moved with quickened impulse among the ringing voices of life, should so suddenly and so sadly have gone to join the pale processional upon "the river that runs through the realm of tears."

And now that the Easter-tide has departed, and the closing hours of the May devotions are passing from us—periods in the calendar of his Church the deceased loved so well—we have left the little world about us to its festive enjoyment and its busy scenes, and have taken ourselves in imagination to the place where the silent sleeper is at rest, there to linger awhile in the happy memories of the past, as the musical voices of the yester winds come forth to mingle their tender requiem with "a hundred happy whisperings of flowers," for they so sweetly tell us, in the beautiful lines of Burton, that here, in this restful spot,

"They do neither plight nor wed In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours:
But they lie while 'er them range Winter blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.

No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

"They do neither sing nor sigh In the burgh of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.

No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

"There is only rest and peace In the city of surcease
From the failings and the wallings 'neath the sun;
And the wings of the swift years Beat but gently 'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers, every one.

There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease, and know that life is done."

We are very sure that the words which should be entwined with his memory are those upon the escutcheon of a band of brothers he loved so well: "Valor and virtue." Did he not cross the sea in the bloom of boyhood to draw his sword in defense of the weak in numbers against the strong? And sheathing the sword did he not take the mightier pen and wield it trenchantly while yet the sword of Damocles glittered in the Southern sunlight? Truly did he cleave the way through envy, detraction and opposition in that long dark day of oppression, rising rapidly from martial prowess to civic and journalistic success! Fame and fortune followed as a legitimate sequence—as the just compensation. And garnering the golden fruitage of his labors, while yet in the meridian of his days, and fighting with a Titan's strength for principles undying, he has fallen. He gave his life's blood while pleading for the defenceless! He knew the meaning of that royal word sympathy. He knew, also, how to "put himself in another's place," as the great and good of earth have done. Because he wore "the white flower of a pure life" "his strength was as the strength of ten."

The tide of public calamity and private grief which had swept the city of his adoption through the eventful years, seemed now to have reached its climax in a flood of sorrow!

We cannot understand the mysteries surrounding us, nor the permissive providences of the Omnipotent. But shall we not say that the martyr-sleeper is greater in his death than in his life? Shall not his sublime influence and fragrant memory give new life to virtuous action?

A multitude may defame and deride the sanctity of woman, and a legion mock at her dethronement. It is only now and again that one, seeing her peril or hearing "the cry of innocence for protection," will rush to the rescue and, if need be, pour his blood at the foot of some cross as a ransom for her deliverance. These men are like the stars of magnitude that flash upon the midnight sky!

We can enlarge the poet's lines and apply them here:

"No pent-up continent now claims his fame,
The boundless universe pays tribute to his name."

For although he cast his lot with the stricken Southland he had learned to love so deeply and so well, yet his cosmopolitan character, his catholicity and his humanity made him a citizen of the world. In his life he was among the most princely of men, and in his death among the most illustrious of sufferers!

As a leader in journalism he observed both the written and the unwritten code of journalistic ethics. "The liberty of conscience and the

RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT," ETC., HE DID NOT ARROGATE TO HIMSELF, BUT WITH MAGNANIMITY TOWARD ALL MEN, YIELDED GRACEFULLY, AND WAS EVER TOLERANT OF THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS.

As a true knight, he would sometimes wield the battle-axe with fearful force. Yet not with a spirit of revenge.

The brilliant, versatile, conservative staff with which he had surrounded himself, is in itself a conspicuous tribute to his ability, sagacity and power of discipline. His self-discipline was seen at its very best, perhaps, in the peril and alarm of the moments when his devoted city trembled as it were upon the verge of a dying world. When in the horror of that hour he sent his paper forth with graphic editorials of faultless rhetoric and elegant diction minutely describing the thrilling incidents of the earthquake.

The inspiration, training and nerve of his accomplished force was most manifest in the darkness of the day whose setting sun had heralded the departure of their chief. During the blackness of that fateful night they kept their posts with aching heart and quivering nerve, yet never a sign or word of despair, or revenge, could be traced between the lines as the paper came forth with the rising sun in its usual fullness and excellence—telling, with quiet dignity yet touching pathos, the startling story of its bitter bereavement.

Captain Dawson had both a phenomenal mind and a unique character. The very largeness of nature's gifts was apparently poured upon him. To splendid physical health and personal attractiveness was added a volume of moral and intellectual strength. Seeking no model he mapped out for himself a natural path of rare beauty and renown. The imperishable traits of his character were moral heroism and transparent truth. He did not "use language to conceal his thoughts."

To an iron will, dauntless nerve, and a quick eye and ear, were united a thoughtful, cheerful mind of rapid concentration, grasp, decision and action. His presence was remarkable.

He knew neither fear nor delay, and being always well up with his work was ever ready. His life was beautiful in its symmetry. With no "lost motion" or friction in his mental machinery, nor undue exhaustion of his nervous energy, his fruitful mind was always buoyant, elastic and properly toned. Hence it is no wonder he achieved so much. He was a man for the surprises and crises that come of great key-moments, whether of revolution or convulsion, and he crowded into the forty-nine eventful years of his life the work of a century!

We can truly apply his own lines—"Only a Private," to himself, for thus came he to us as he leaped from his ship to join the jackets of gray:

"Only a private, 't his jacket of gray Is stained by the smoke and the dust; As Bayard, 'er his brave; as Rupert, 'er his red; As Murat, in heat of the fray, But in God is his only trust."

Of the same blood and lineage, he was a Carolinian in all things save his nativity. By adoption and association, and in sympathy and sentiment he loved South Carolina "from the centre all around to the sea." "He did not love Caesar less because he loved Rome more." His home was in the metropolis but he was anxious to see the illusive lines that disturbed the State expelled by a spirit of unity that would have been coterminal with the bounds of the State.

He came to Virginia and the Carolinas and ate salt and brake bread and bled with the bravest of the flower and the chivalry of the South. Cavalier and Huguenot alike locked shields with him in the thick of the fight. And when the shock of battle was over and a valiant people found themselves without a bank and almost thrown from affluence to penury and woe, moral courage was needed for the war of the interregnum. The South must be rehabilitated, for, figuratively, "its world had come to an end." The noble sires had lost all save their manhood. The proud prestige, born of their homogeneity and conservative social system, was well-nigh crushed, and they were almost ready to accept despair and death; but the sons must live in the dawn of a new day. And only a Carolinian "native and to the manner born," yet with the courage of a *Cour de Lion* and the excellence of a *Cour de Hampden* could "beat back the just indignation and forgive" while assisting with heroic effort in bravely bridging the chasm that long, dark, pitiless night. In this he was sometimes misunderstood and, pioneer-like, suffered; yet he is "a hero not without the laurel and a conqueror not without the triumph!"

We are persuaded that wherever men "count time by heart-beats, and live in noble thought and generous action," Francis Warrington Dawson will be estimated at his real value. And wherever the name of woman is sacred, his memory will be treasured.

And now, though the music of his voice and the cadence of his step no longer break the stillness of his home, he has gone with his splendid talent of virtues to those mystic heights, where the heroic and the beautiful together dwell in fadeless lustre forever!

This testimonial does not pretend to be a sketch of Capt. Dawson's life, as the reader will readily perceive, but simply an allusion to some phases of it. The attractive features of his childhood—the inspiration of his youth—the lofty faith, courage and patriotism; his fearless gallantry as a young Confederate; the brilliant achievements in the diversified lines

OF HIS LIFE-WORK, ENRICHED AS THEY WERE BY THE EARNEST DEVOTY OF A LOYAL AND LOVING HEART PIETY TO HIS CHURCH; HIS UNLIMITED CHARITIES AND PAIN-TAKING LABOR BOTH IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WAYS, SO FREELY AND CHEERFULLY GIVEN; AND THE MANY DESERVED TRIBUTES FROM THE CLERGY, AND THE LAITY IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE; THIS AND MORE WILL THE BIOGRAPHER GATHER AS A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO HIS WORTH.

R. H. GREENER.
Newberry, 30th May, 1889.

BABIES IN THE WORLD.

Nearly Thirty-Seven Millions of the Little Creatures Appear Every Year.

It has been computed that between 36,000,000 and 39,000,000 of babies are born into the world each year. The ratio of production is therefore, about seventy or rather more than one for every beat of the clock. With the one-minute calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means, when it comes to a year's supply, says the Leeds Mercury.

It will probably startle a good many persons to find that could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in the cradles seven deep they would go around the globe. We have the ingenious conclusion also that supposing the little ones to grow up and the sexes to be about equally divided, we should have an army of a hundred times as large as the forces of the British empire, with a wife in addition to every soldier.

The same writer looks at the matter in a still more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' charge, one by one, and the procession being kept up continuously night and day, until the last comer in the twelve months has passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate of speed is allowed, but even with these babies-in-arms going past twenty a minute, the reviewing officer would only have seen a sixth part of the infantine host file on ward by the time he had been a year at his post. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the work began would be able to waddle onward itself when a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the saluting post; and when the year's supply of babies was tapering to a close, there would be a rear guard not of infants, but of romping boys and girls. They would have passed, in fact, out of the maternal arms into the hands of the school teacher. Every moment of nearly seven years would be required to complete this grand parade of those little ones that in the course of a twelve-month begin to play their part in the first age of man.

Mrs. Cleveland met Mrs. Hayes.

There was an incident at the centennial ball which was an embarrassing one to Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Hayes as it was amusing to the bystanders. Mrs. Cleveland had expressed a desire to be introduced to Mrs. Hayes, so was led to her box by one of the Four Hundred who was dancing attendance upon Mrs. Hayes being engrossed in a conversation at the time and not immediately recognizing her visitor, simply acknowledged the introduction and went on with her conversation. Mrs. Cleveland stood slightly embarrassed for a moment, and then turned and walked out of the box feeling decidedly chagrined. In the meantime Mrs. Hayes who had supposed all along that her visitor was one of the numerous class of people who seek introductions on such occasions, looked up and discovering that the lady who had just been introduced to her had gone, inquired casually what her name was, and was much amazed as well as chagrined when a gentleman standing by replied, "Mrs. Cleveland—Mrs. Grover Cleveland—Mrs. ex-President Cleveland." And Mrs. Hayes faintly shouted for the General. "Call the General; bring him to me," and when the General arrived Mrs. Hayes was at once led to Mrs. Cleveland's box and was introduced over again to the ex-President's wife, where she apologized for and fully explained the reason for her lack of cordiality.

Sam Jones Stirs Danville.

DANVILLE, VA., May 22.—The Rev. Sam Jones closed his revival meeting here this morning. The meeting stirred Danville up mightily and nearly one thousand persons professed conversion. As a result of the meeting a petition is now being circulated for a local option election.

The Women Praise B. B. B.

The suffering of women certainly awakens the sympathy of every true philanthropist. Their best friend, however, is B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). Send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for proofs.

H. L. Cassidy, Kenesaw, Ga., writes: "Three bottles of B. B. B. cured my wife of scrofula."

Mrs. R. M. Laws, Zalaba, Fla., writes: "I have never used anything to equal B. B. B."

Mrs. C. H. Gay, Rocky Mount, N. C., writes: "Not a day for 15 years was I free from headache. B. B. B. entirely relieved me. I feel like another person."

James W. Lancaster, Hawkinsville, Ark., writes: "My wife was in bad health for eight years. Five doctors and many patent medicines had done her no good. Six bottles of B. B. B. cured her."

Miss S. Tomlinson, Atlanta, Ga., says: "For years I suffered with rheumatism, caused by kidney trouble and indigestion. I also was feeble and nervous. B. B. B. relieved me at once, although several other medicines had failed."

Rev. J. M. Richardson, Clarkston, Ark., writes: "I have suffered twelve years with rheumatism and female complaint. A lady member of my church had been cured by B. B. B. She persuaded my wife to try it, who now says there is nothing like B. B. B., as it quickly gave her relief."

Another Letter from Mexico.

NEW LAREDO, MEXICO,
May 27, 1889.

DEAR _____:
As I have an eighteen hours "lay over" I will write you at length. Since my last letter to you I have resigned my position in the shops and gone back on my engine, which I like much better for several reasons. First, the labor in the shops is very unsatisfactory—being a conglomeration of Americans, negroes, Mexicans and Indians—the whole being troublesome to control properly. Besides this, the responsibility of the foreman must dance to the music.

Again, it does not pay so handsomely as my old engine does, neither is my engine so confining. I feel free and easy on my run, and there is always varied and grand scenery on every hand. For instance, a few nights ago I was cautiously coming down the mountain steeps, with peaks on one side, frequently rising to the height of 500 or 800 feet, and precipices on the other of nearly an equal depth. It was about 4 o'clock in the morning—the moon was shining dimly through a dense fog—the preceding day had been fearfully hot. It had now become quite cool, though the great metal, like boulders which line these mountains had not cooled, and the heat which they emitted into the cool damp atmosphere caused a light which resembled one immense, continuous sheet of lightning. I cannot explain it on scientific principles. I am not scientist enough for that. I can only say that it was sublimely grand to behold. I tell you, railroading in Mexico, on this road especially, is a little of the biggest thing I have ever seen, much less tackled.

Besides the regular scheduled trains, we frequently send out as many as ten to twenty extra trains every twenty-four hours, and could send more if we had the engines. Just think of a train of seventy-five or eighty cars, being drawn and pushed by five large mountain engines. It is a grand sight. This makes up of a train is done to prevent accidents. A train of cars drawn by a simple engine up the steep mountain grades is liable to break, and the results would be fearful. But with a train of seventy-five or eighty cars with an engine in front, one in the rear and several at proper distances between these two, accidents of this character are avoided.

These Mexicans, while they seem as a general thing, to regard God and religion very lightly, yet they spare neither pains nor money to guard against the loss of human life on their roads. In this particular, they are much more guarded than our own people.

The greatest precautions are taken to prevent accidents. I have taken out an accidental policy for \$3,000, but it seems to be almost a useless thing when it is remembered that this road has the safest record of any railroad on either continent. It has averaged only one accident per year since it has been built, but that one accident might happen to me, so I am on the safe side.

Money is plentiful here, especially among railroad men. This company clears on an average \$80,000 per month. Many of the employees seem to attach little value to their earnings. I have seen men draw \$250 per month and spend then go back work another month, draw their pay and spend it again, and so on, never saving a dollar. True, everything here is high in proportion to the plentifulness of money. For instance, I pay \$7 per month for a single room, \$8 per month for washing, but still can put \$100 inside my vest pocket every month after spending all that I need. True, I need but little, except for board, washing and clothing. Board is first-class here, but it costs something to eat. I pay fifty cents for every meal I get, but it is good. Eggs, chickens, turkeys, butter and vegetables in abundance. I ate a magnificent Easter dinner, but I did not think much of Easter until it was past. Easter and Sundays are little observed here. There are no Protestant churches here—nothing but Catholics, and they seem so different from those in the United States.

Well, I have again been promoted. I have now attained to the goal which I long have sought. I am now running a passenger train, consisting of four passenger coaches and a sleeper, with a schedule of forty-five miles per hour. I feel good over my position. I feel good over it. I am only sorry that I can't have Joe Green here as a looker on. I think he would come to the conclusion that he is not the only man in the world that a poor young man would have to beg for a job. I would give a \$100 if I could just run my train into Columbia under his eyes.

I hope Schump has recovered from his spell of sickness. Tell him I sent Tom Bladen. He arrived here last night and will fire for me until he becomes accustomed to this water and coal, and learns the road. He will then take charge of an engine. I was greatly amused at Tom on his trip out. The natives, their ways and manners, the immense herds of sheep, goats, cattle, wild horses, the cow boys watching their herds, vast droves of turkeys, the broad expanse of prairies dressed in the most gorgeous array of all the wild flowers indigenous to this climate. Then the lofty mountain peaks looming up in the distance—all these were too much for Tom to take in at one time. He would stare at

These scenes in almost breathless amazement, and finally he would exclaim: "This is a dream, 'tis a dream. I'm not living in a reality." Then he would get on the tender and throw a piece of hot coal at a drove of turkeys, but Tom never got one.

These ranchmen here, and their stock often live two and three months without water. This may seem incredible to you, nevertheless it is true. The ranchmen substitute milk for water, and the cattle eagerly eat the watery cactus, in fact when the thorns are burned off, they will eat the cactus in preference to drinking water, even when the water is plentiful. Thus nature has adapted herself to the wants of man and beast wherever found.

A few days ago I saw Mr. W. C. Husa, of Prosperity, S. C. He is in high spirit and says he is getting rich. I must confess that I have not as much faith in some of these Mexican boomerang towns as some persons have. For instance take Laredo, Tex. True real estate is advancing, but the question is, with the make up of the population, will it maintain the advance? So with New Laredo, Mexico. I asked the candid opinion of a real estate broker a few days ago, and he gave me little encouragement. I have more faith in the fertile farm lands and stock raising here than I have in booming real estate. I do think that Mexico is the greatest cattle, horse and sheep country in the world. You can go to any of these ranches here and buy fine young horses for from \$5 to \$25, but they are almost wild, have never been broken even to ride. Cattle are worth more than horses. Mexicans take little stock in mules. I have not seen more than half a dozen since I have been here. I have seen more sheep and goats in one view than a man could count in a week, were he to do nothing else. Sheep are valuable here for their wool and goats for their flesh and hides.

The new foot bridge across the Rio Grande connecting the two Laredos is completed and was dedicated on the 6th of April. A grand ball and pyrotechnic display was given on the bridge in honor of the events. These Mexicans honor everything by a grand ball. I was there, but only remained a short while—had to go out with my train. The bridge is a magnificent affair. The architecture is unsurpassed, and was built in the remarkable time of three months. This foot bridge is the only one that connects the United States and Mexico.

I am highly pleased with Mexico and her surroundings, but I like South Carolina better. I am not home sick, but if the fates are not against me I shall start for a visit home about the first of August. So look out for me.

D. C. DICKERT.

Eighty-Eight Millions Not Enough.

The Pension bill for the current fiscal year appropriated \$80,400,000 for the payment of pensions and \$8,000,000 more to meet a threatened deficiency, making the total appropriation \$88,400,000. This whole amount will be necessary to meet the demands of pensioners, and it may be there will be a deficiency, but it is said at the Pension Office that there is no truth in the statement that \$105,000,000 will be expended for pensions during the fiscal year. A. C. Bell, Chief of the Agents' Division of the Pension Office, who is intrusted with the duty of seeing to the expenditure of pension appropriations, says it is true that the \$88,400,000 appropriated for pensions has all been drawn from the Treasury, but that more than \$16,000,000 of the amount drawn out is in the hands of the eighteenth United States pension agents with which to meet the quarterly payments of pensions which fall due on June 4. It is thought that this amount will nearly suffice until July 1, when the appropriation for the next fiscal year will become available, though it is said that some of the agents may run out before that time.

Mr. Bell says the appropriation for the next fiscal year, \$80,400,000, is too small, and that there will be a deficiency of about \$15,000,000. General Black, he says, did not ask for enough money to prevent a deficiency, even on the basis of expenditures then existing. The pension roll at the time the appropriation was made was and it still is constantly increasing, so that it is evident that if we expend \$88,400,000 this year, \$80,400,000 for the next year will be wholly inadequate.

Killing Frosts in New York.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 29.—Killing frosts are reported in Livingston, Orleans and Monroe counties. Grape vines were wilted and all sorts of garden truck were killed in some parts of Orleans County. The damage will be very heavy.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 29.—Not in five years has the grape crop of the Kenka Valley been so badly cut up by frosts as it was last night. Over 15,000 acres are devoted to grapes in that region and the estimated loss is 25 per cent.

EFFECT OF THE FROST IN NEW YORK.
LOCKPORT, N. Y., May 29.—By midday to-day it was apparent that great damage had been done by last night's frost in this vicinity. Nearly all the young plants are wilted to the ground and the grape vines are frosted nearly six feet from the roots.

FROST IN PENNSYLVANIA.
LOCKHAVEN, PA., May 29.—There were heavy frosts in this section this morning, with the temperature low enough to form ice. The damage to crops is not yet known.

The Eclectic for June.

The Eclectic for June contains the following varied and interesting table of contents:

The Agnostic Controversy. A Symposium. By Professor T. H. Huxley—Cowardly Agnosticism. By W. H. Mallock—Christianity and the "Geocentric" System. By Professor Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L.—A Knight's Tale. By Alexander Charles Ewald—The Cup and the Critic. By H. Arthur Kennedy—Look Seaward, Sentinel! By Alfred Austin—The Personality of Prince Bismarck. By Alexander Innes Bland—The Position Finder—Examinations in America—The Physical Force of the Mob—Ethics and Religion. An Address Delivered before the Ethical Society of Cambridge. By Professor J. R. Seeley—With Father Damien and the Lepers. By Edward Clifford—Meditations of a Western Wanderer. By the Countess of Jersey—Christianity and Agnosticism. By Rev. Dr. W. L. M. Bright. By R. W. Dale, LL. D.—A Pickle of Salt. A Tale of the Indian Monopoly. Right and Left—Individualism and Socialism. By Grant Allen, and the usual variety of Foreign Literary Notes, Varieties and Miscellany.

Special attention will be directed in this number to the discussion on Agnosticism, the subject which, more than any other, is exciting the interest of thinking readers to-day. Professor Huxley, W. H. Mallock, Professor Freeman and Dr. Wace have contributed on the subject in the current number.

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A Day Laborer Awarded \$22,000,000.

An especial from Tacoma, W. T., says: "Twenty or thirty years ago Robert Shields, then a comparatively young man, acquired a homestead on the banks of the Missouri river on the site where the city of Omaha now stands. After perfecting his title he left California with his wife and family, and there acquired a considerable amount of property. Some twelve years ago he quarreled with his family, and left his California property in the hands of an agent. Shields moved to Puget Sound, and has for some years been working as a day laborer in Puyallup, eight miles from here. After he left for California the Omaha Township Company jumped his claim and included it in the land it sold. Shields commenced suit against the company sixteen years ago, and the case has been in the courts ever since. He has received word that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided the case in his favor, and that the damages have been assessed at \$22,000,000. Shields has sent his brother, who is a State Senator of Nebraska a power of attorney, with instructions to go ahead with the enforcement of the judgment obtained. Shields is a man of fifty-eight or sixty years, and has many friends throughout this country."

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June, 1889.

A story of thrilling interest to all class of readers, and contributions to our national history that has ever appeared in a magazine, is Colonel Richard J. Clinton's account of "John Brown and his Men, before and after the Raid on Harper's Ferry," in the June number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, just out. The value of this notable paper is enhanced by the illustrations which accompany it, including portraits of Owen Brown, Richard Realf, and others, together with reproductions of the only existing contemporaneous pictures of the scenes at Harper's Ferry, and Charlestown, where John Brown was tried and executed. A dramatic account of the great Parnell-Timball Commission, by Richard B. Kimball, LL. D., profusely illustrated, is another feature of this number. Amongst other illustrated articles may be specially mentioned Noel Ruthven's "Up and Down the Famous Saguenay," A. L. Rawson's "Copts in Old Cairo, Egypt," W. A. Croffitt's "Historic Houses in Washington," and Joel Benton's charming essay on old chimneys and fire-places, which he fancifully calls "A Picturesque Outlaw." Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly has steadily increased in merit as it has flourished in prosperity; and its readers now enjoy about double the amount of good reading and pictures furnished by any other monthly magazine.

The Man Who Wants to Pay His Debts.

PHILADELPHIA, May 24.—An advertisement in a local newspaper to-day calls upon the creditors of Joseph Battin, grocer, to present their claims. Mr. Battin failed in 1837 and made a partial settlement with his creditors, which left him destitute. He moved to Albany, invented a coal-breaker engaged in the gas business, and now, at the age of eighty-three years, has retired from business with a fortune. Before he dies he wants to pay all his creditors in full, but after fifty-two years finds a good deal of difficulty in finding who they are and what he owes them—hence his advertisement.

"The Women Talk Me Every Day."

"That all my bloom has passed away." But they could no longer chide you with loss of bloom and beauty if you made use of the great restorative, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. All female weaknesses and derangements vanish before this excellent remedy. Thin, pale and emaciated women, who find existence burdensome, on account of their ailments, should at once have recourse to this unrivaled specific Druggists.

A VALUABLE OFFER.

The R. & D. R. Co. Offers to Assist in Developing the South.

T. M. R. Talcott, first vice-president of the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, has issued the following letter:

"The Richmond and Danville Railroad Company desires to assist in the development of the region tributary to its lines by acquiring and disseminating accurate knowledge of such minerals, building stones, etc., as are accessible and can be utilized for practical purposes, and to encourage prospecting, which may result in the discovery of valuable minerals. The cooperation of all persons who are interested in the development of these natural resources is invited, and they are requested to send to this office the best specimens obtainable of whatever mineral substances they may find, or which they may know where found, in the region above stated, with a full description of locality where found, character of deposit, and apparent quantity. The nature and value of specimens, when ascertained, will be made known to the persons who send them. All agents of the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company are authorized to ship free of charge specimens of minerals, timbers, building stones, etc., which are addressed to the undersigned. In every case the name of the sender should accompany the specimen."

A Good Investment

is that which yields large returns from a small outlay. Reader, the way is clear! No speculation, no chance, big returns! If you are like most of mankind you have somewhere a weakness—don't feel at all times just as you'd like to—headache to-day, backache to-morrow, down sick next week—all because your blood is out of order! A small outlay and what large returns! You invest in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon pure, fresh blood courses through your veins, and you are another being!

And yonder is the grave of one

Who died while he was in his prime,
Ah! little thought he that his sun
Would set within so short a time,
Boyant with youthful hopes no doubt

He had his hopeful plans laid out
The highest moment to climb,
But in a most unlooked for hour
He fell beneath the monarch's power.