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COUNTLESS PERCELE.
The Famous and Notorious Adventure of a South Carolina Beauty—Once Belle of the Palmetto State—She Begins Her Notorious Career by Proving a Traitor to the Southern Cause—Her Adventures and Tragic Death.

[Atlanta Constitution.]
"The Countess Percele has lost her head." Such is the news that comes from far-off Japan. The Countess often before happened with this misfortune, figuratively speaking, and notably, at the great court of the white Czar of all the Russians, but at the court of the wily little Mikado, she fell a victim, like Mary, the beautiful but unfortunate Scottish queen, to malice and jealousy, and lost her head at the hands of the axman, her marvelous beauty and indiscretion being the author of her ruin.
"And who was the Countess Percele?" Who this distant princess that we of the South should be interested in her sad ending? At one time the State of South Carolina would have listened with bated breath to catch one word of this famous beauty. She was of the South, and a South Carolina. She was born in Newberry District in 1843, and was ranked by common consent the most beautiful and accomplished lady in the State. Her father was a Mr. Burton, who died while Mary, the subject of this sketch, was yet a child. Her mother married a Mr. Boozer, who adopted her, and gave her his name and fortune. For some cause, gossip has its domestic trouble, Boozer committed suicide. The widow then married a Mr. Feaster and took up their abode in the aristocratic city of Columbia.

Feaster being a man of wealth and having no children of his own, lavished his money upon the stepdaughter, giving her all the education and accomplishments that wealth could bestow. She grew in grace and loveliness, as she merged into womanhood, and became one of the most beautiful and fascinating young ladies in the whole State, and her personal charms were surpassed, if such was possible, by her brilliancy, her wit and charming manners. In fact she was said to be a perfect model of grace, beauty and loveliness. Her rare accomplishments and dazzling beauty, to say nothing of her wealth and social standing, made her without dispute the social queen of Columbia, and her hand was often sought in marriage by sons of the wealthy planters of upper tennam.
But to all such overtures she turned a deaf ear, and remained "unfettered and fancy free." The war came on and the young swains deserted the ballroom and scenes of poetic gaiety for the more real and prosaic battlefield. With war came ruin, devastation and upheavals in society. Paradoxical as it may seem, this light-hearted, brilliant blue blooded Southern belle and her mother took sides with the Union. A batch of yankee prisoners were imprisoned in Columbia during the progress of the war and her interest in their welfare and her zeal for the cause she had espoused caused her to be socially ostracized and kept continually under military surveillance. She effected the escape of a young officer from Ohio and kept him concealed in her own house till the city was evacuated by the Confederates.

When General Ord, commander of the infamous ninth corps entered Columbia, she emerged from the place of his long concealment, and lost no time in proclaiming it to the army the name of his fair benefactor. General Ord hastened to the presence of this beautiful and bewitching little Southern traitress, and hearing from her own lips the story of her many acts of kindness to, and the unflinching friendship for the Union soldiers during their incarceration in Columbia, and the danger that beset her in consequence, prevailed upon her to accompany him North, promising to aid her in every manner that lay within his power, a promise he faithfully kept.

The finest carriage that could be found in the city with a magnificent span of horses were taken from the rightful owner and placed at the disposal of the mother and daughter, and in this, surrounded by a regiment of cavalry, as an escort, this erratic, talented, beautiful, once idolized but now scorned enigma, left the land of her birth, the home of friends and kindred and began her grand triumphal march in the van of the army, the despoilers of the country, the fons of her people. It was in the line of duty of the writer, as commander of a company of scouts for General Johnston to often be near her and witness the grand ovation given her by the officers and men of Sherman's army, and he can truthfully say her equipage and retinue was of oriental splendor, and she gracefully performed the roll of a veritable Cleopatra, such was the magnificence of her display, the tribute and homage paid to her beauty and the romance of her career.

On reaching Washington a bill was rushed through congress giving her \$10,000 for the service rendered under prisoners and the losses she sustained in so doing. At the capital she soon became the social lion and the best and most exclusive society felt honored in admitting this wealthy and aristocratic Southern beauty to their homes. Here she formed the acquaintance of, and married James Beecher, a wealthy New Yorker who became so infatuated with her charms that he made her a bridal present of a check for \$100,000. Now she was fully launched in the social swim and did honor to her

position in the extravagance of her display. Beecher grew jealous of her notoriety, or she of her common-place husband, and a divorce was the result. Being now free, young, rich and beautiful, she entered "fields green and pastures new." She took as a companion the notorious Coral Pearl, and away these congenial spirits winged their flight to the gay cities of Europe to bring to their feet, counts, lords and princes of the blood.

Armed with letters of credit for vast sums, and endorsements from Stanton and Seward, they found no difficulty in gaining recognition to the best of society, and admittance to royal favor. Courtesies and priceless gifts showered upon them. At St. Petersburg, the Archduke, a cousin of the reigning Czar, fell a victim to her wiles and a slave to her enchanting beauty, and in a moment of blind infatuation, made her a present of his grandmother's jewels, said to be worth a prince's ransom. At a grand court ball at the winter palace, to which she had been invited at the instance of this nobleman, she had the audacity and imprudence to adorn herself with these heirlooms of the royal family. She could not, however, escape the eagle eye of old Alexander, and this escapade came near costing her her life and the Archduke's estates. As soon as the truth was known the Czar ordered her out of his dominions with an imperative order never to return on pain of death, an order which it was best to obey. The Archduke was banished from his court and remained under royal displeasure until the death of the Czar.

The beautiful young adventurers now made their way to Paris and by their very boldness gained admittance to the palace of Napoleon. Count Percele, Ambassador to Japan, was the next victim to fall under the spell of her daring. They were married in the church of the royal family in Paris with great ceremony and splendor, receiving magnificent gifts, some from the hands of the Empress Eugene herself.

She shortly afterwards sailed with her husband to the land of the little Japan. Here she created the same excitement and stir as elsewhere. For a time things went well. The ideas of propriety in the polished little Frenchman were not so exacting as at Washington or St. Petersburg. At last the prime minister of the Mikado became entangled in the meshes of the dangerous beauty and soon was completely in her toils. The countess had passed the meridian of her power, the zenith of her glory was passed, her star was in the decline. She was at the age now for reflection, and her aim should have been to retain the honorable and titled name which she now possessed. But she seemed impelled irresistibly forward to meet that danger and ruin that she knew would sooner or later overtake her, without the powers to forsake the paths in which they lay.

The count deserted her, returned to Paris and procured a divorce. The countess married the prime minister of Japan, but on ward and rapidly she sped to the end. For some fatal or imaginary indiscretion her husband caused her to be thrown into prison, and obtained from the Mikado a death warrant, and away in foreign lands, friendless and alone, Mary Boozer, Countess Percele, paid the penalty of a wayward and wicked life by being brought to the block.

D. A. DICKERT.
Three Queer Epitaphs.
[St. Louis Republic.]
Addison, the great English writer whose biographers say he was "a man of exquisite taste and refinement," and whose society possessed an "indescribable charm," is said to have ordered the following lines inscribed upon his wife's tombstone:
Here lies my wife,
Here let her lie;
She's now at rest
And so am I.

Another tomb one in the same cemetery bears this inscription:
Here lies our Mary Ann at rest,
Pillowed now on Abraham's breast;
It's rather nice for Mary Ann,
But somewhat rough on Abraham.

A Mormon, whose three wives were blown to atoms in a powder explosion, inscribed the following lines upon a board set up at the single grave in which the remains of all three were buried:
Stranger, pause and shed a tear,
For Mary Ann lies buried here;
Mixed in some mysterious manner,
With Nancy Jane and probably Hannah.

Taking No Blanks.
[From the Chicago Record.]
Elaise—Would you ever get over it and forget me, George, if I should re-use you?
George—You bet I would.
Elaise—Well, then, I'm yours.

Tennyson on Spring.
We have the word of Alfred Tennyson for it that in the spring the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. It is singular that the great laureate omitted to mention the fact that it is in the spring that a considerable portion of the human race turn to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Probably nothing but the difficulty of finding a good rhyme for that invaluable remedy deterred him. Certain it is that the medicine is discarded in favor of the standard blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It purifies the blood and gives nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

CHILD, THE GENEROUS.
Stories About Philadelphia's Great Newspaper Man—He did not make his Fortune by Squeezing other People, but by Helping them—His Philosophy in regard to Tramps.

George William Childs, the late editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, was one of the most remarkable men of this or any period. He is remarkable first for his great success in business, but he is much more remarkable for the manner in which he has employed the means growing out of his success, writes T. C. Crawford in the New York World, some time previous to the death of the famous editor and philanthropist. He is of that rare type that prosperity improves instead of injuring. Most people make their money and their success in life through a studied selfishness. To make the ordinary fortune the interests of a great many people have to be sacrificed.

Mr. Childs has made his fortune in no such way. He has apparently conducted his business upon principles entirely opposite to those which govern the ordinary transactions of life. From the first he has been generous. He has always been ready to extend a helping hand to those about him and he has never sought a triumph at the expense of his individual associates. He is so exceptional a man in every one of his methods of doing business that it is certain no one resembling him can be found in any of the cities of the world.

Business friends never go to Mr. Childs to obtain a loan without success. He never yet received any interest on such loans. Notwithstanding the fact that he has loaned money right and left to any one who has any sort of a claim upon him, yet he has rarely lost anything by such liberality. His business judgment of men is nearly infallible.

QUICK TO DISCERN BUSINESS ABILITY.
A remarkable instance of his good judgment was shown several years ago, when a certain business man came to Philadelphia to establish himself. This business man had a moderate amount of capital. He launched out in a liberal style of advertising. This and his daring methods of business led a number of Philadelphia people to think that he would not last long. Mr. Childs thought of him, and as he is always ready to encourage new ventures he offered this merchant an unlimited credit in his advertising columns. As the rule of the Ledger office is cash down for everything in the way of advertisements this exception in favor of a new man, who was at best experimenting in establishing himself, was very remarkable.

The new merchant availed himself of this offer. His bills for advertising soon became very large. The cashier of the Ledger office became nervous. He went to Mr. Childs several times and said:
"Do you know this man owes us \$30,000?"
Mr. Childs said: "Never mind." The bill became \$40,000, and yet Mr. Childs made no sign of withdrawing; his favor. The bill reached the sum of \$80,000 before the merchant came near Mr. Childs to say one word about paying. One morning he walked in and said:
"Mr. Childs you have been very kind to me. Your credit has done much to maintain confidence in my ability to succeed. People have said if Mr. Childs can trust him we all can. The result is that I am now upon my feet, and can settle my bill to-day if you will take \$40,000 of it in trade dollars."

Mr. Childs accepted the offer, and sold them afterward as bullion. He thus recovered the full amount of his debt and thereby gained a very loyal and devoted business friend. This merchant whom he thus favored is to-day one of the most prosperous merchants in Philadelphia.

HE REFORMS A DRUNKARD.
The morning after the announcement was made that he had bought the paper the city editor of that then failing sheet called upon Mr. Childs for the purpose of finding out whether he would be retained in his place or not. He came into Mr. Childs's book store and said to him:
"I understand that you have bought the Public Ledger."
This city editor, whose name was Coleman, then continued:
"You and I are old friends. We come from the same town, Baltimore, and there is no reason why we should not get on."

"To be frank with you," said Mr. Childs in response to this, "I had made up my mind that you were the very first man that I should discharge."
"Why?" stammered Coleman in dismay.
"Because," said Mr. Childs, "you are a drunkard, and I will not have a drunkard in my employ."
"What if I should reform?" said Coleman.
"Then I will retain you and double your salary."

Poor Coleman had never had such an incentive to reform as this. He caught the proposition. He did reform, and it is through the efforts of this reclaimed city editor that the large reformatory for inebriates was established in Philadelphia. Mr. Coleman remained with Mr. Childs until a short time ago when he was retired upon full pay. Those who work honestly and faithfully for him will receive more than their stipulated salaries. Mr. Childs always gives to his men every encouragement to make them successful. He watches their personal habits. If he finds they are

not inclined to save, he tempts them to become economical by making good investments for them where they must save in order to carry on their investments. All of the Ledger employees who have families, as a rule, live in houses of their own, bought and paid for by Mr. Childs, who in return for this has only received back the principal advanced. He insures the lives of all the principal men of his paper and pays the premiums himself.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN GENEROSITY.
Some few years ago the son of the former proprietor of the Public Ledger came to Mr. Childs and asked him to help him start a new paper in Philadelphia. The young man said that his father had been forced to sell out his paper at a great loss. Mr. Childs had reaped a great fortune from the purchase of that property. He thought, therefore, that it was his duty to help him now. Mr. Childs promptly acquiesced in this request. He took hold of young Swain, and through his individual influence, secured for him admission to the Associated Press. He lent him machinery from his office and permitted him to go through and examine his system of books and lent him one or two of his chief men to get under way.

He had made preparations also to make a handsome editorial announcement of the new paper, and to do everything that he could to help it along. He was warned, however, by some of his men that young Swain would simply take advantage of his kindness, and that any attempt to be decently civil to him, would simply result in an injury to himself. Mr. Childs would not believe this.

One of his head men, who had been helping young Swain to get out his paper, went up the morning of the publication to further assist and advise. He found the doors of the new office closed and an order that nobody from the Ledger office should be admitted. That morning there appeared an exact duplicate of the Public Ledger in style, type, make-up, size of the paper and, even the title, with the exception of one word. It was called the Public Record instead of the Public Ledger. Its price was one cent. It was a direct blow at the very man who had done everything to make such a paper possible. Without the Associated Press this paper could not have stood for a day. Mr. Childs picked up an issue of this paper that was his own. Mr. Swain intended for a time to call his paper the True Ledger, but compromised by calling it the Public Record.

It never succeeded very well, however, until Mr. Singery, the millionaire, got hold of it. Swain was forced to sell. Mr. Singery the minute he got hold of the paper changed its entire character. He ceased the imitation of the Public Ledger. Through his skillful management the paper is today one of the most successful and prosperous in Philadelphia.

HOW TRAMPS ARE TREATED.
Tramps are among his callers. Some of the most hardened drunkards of Philadelphia go to Mr. Childs for money. He says to them very briskly when they come: "Never mind any excuses or special story. You needn't take the trouble to tell me a lie. You want some money for drinks. Well, here it is. Go and drink yourself to death just as fast as you can. I shall always be ready to help you in that, because you are beyond reformation. A hopeless drunkard can't get out of this world any too soon."

A FAMOUS FEATURE OF THE LEDGER.
His paper is famous for his marriage and death notices. It is said that in Philadelphia no one is legally married unless the notice has been printed in the Ledger. In the same way it would be impossible to administer upon the estate of any Philadelphia whose death notice had not appeared in that journal. Early in the management of his newspaper Mr. Childs had his city editor join every one of the societies of Philadelphia. He paid the expenses of his initiation fees to the highest degree of all the various lodges.

In those days it was customary for these societies when any one of their members died to send out a circular notice of the same to the other members of the society. The city editor soon persuaded the various societies of which he was a member to substitute these circulars by the publication of all these notices in the Ledger. Then Mr. Childs would send copies of this paper ready for mailing to the various members of the families of the deceased and their friends, and in this way he built up an enormous circulation.

Two Days.
[Chicago Daily Tribune.]
"Last Wednesday," observed Rivers, who was reading the speech of the Senator from Maine on the Hawaiian question, "seems to have been Frye day."
"But Thursday," remarked Banks, poring over the record of the House vote on Bland's bill for coining a vacuum, "was a sadder day."

Hood's and Only Hood's.
Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify and quicken your blood and to give you appetite and strength. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Any effort to substitute another remedy is proof of the merit of Hood's.
Hood's PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

The City of the Dead.
Water being only three feet below the earth's surface on the coast of Louisiana, the dead lie in vaults. The beauty of this custom suggested the following lines.
They were written by a former Newberry lady now resident in New Orleans, but whose parents reside in our town. We will be glad to have other poems from her pen.
On the bank of The Father of Waters,
I stood on a calm autumn day,
And the sun glimmered bright on its bosom
And the crescent stretching away.

Round about me there lay a great city;
Wandering and winding and vast,
As the shape of the river had whis-
pered
To the builders as it passed.
And this was the city of Orleans—
A city of story and song,
Where nation with nation has strug-
gled
For the right to conquer the wrong.

An illustrious city of heroes,
A city most dear to our hearts,
Where monuments and scars mark the
siding
Of brave ones who did well thy parts.
Oh honored and beautiful city,
With their murmuring currents of life,
Where, oh, where are the many dead
thousands
Who served thee years past in their strife?

Not buried in earth and in darkness,
With heavy sod over their breasts,
And the dark, chilling rains of the
winter
Thy last and thy only bequests.
But, behold! thou hast built them a
city
Glittering, and fair and grand,
And erected them temples of marble—
Statues carved by a master's hand.

In quaint groves of whispering orange,
Thou hast laid them away to rest;
And upon the arched roofs of their
houses,
The song birds have builded their
nests.
So, as soon as the summer approaches
And the land is made warm and
fair,
Many cheerful, melodious warblers
Make melody throughout the air.

There are monuments raised here to
heroes,
And statues and fountains of praise
And tears for the memory of loved
ones
Who fell in those sad, far off days.
For, at the great gate of the city,
Where all those who enter must
see,
The figure of Joseph E. Johnston
Points boldly out over the sea.

At the foot of the mound of his statue,
In garments all tattered and old,
Stands a life-like appealing sad image—
The corporal calling the roll.
Ah! but where are the hearkening voices
Who should answer the call made to
day?
They have given their lives for their
country—
This green mound contains but their
clay.

And yonder is a small Grecian temple,
Majestic, exquisitely fair,
Supported on seven smooth pillars,
Admitting the free light and air.
Where a beautiful, crowned sculptured
seraph,
In garments of unsullied white,
Is writing the names of beloved ones
In the great book of life and light.

Oh! spirits of you who have left us,
Look down from your high homes
above,
And see how we cherish your memory
With honor, with tears, and with
love.
Side by side in this wonderful city
Lie the bodies of friends and foes,
And all nations and creeds are for-
gotten
In the mutual sharing of woes.

The dark angel Death leaves sad
traces
That truly cannot be effaced
But our grief for the lost ones is less
eased
By the beauty in which they are
placed.
And so fair and serene is this acre,
So grand are these palaces rare,
So commingled is beauty with sad-
ness,
So far is removed chilling fear.

And so pure is the glistening marble,
So sweet are the skies overhead,
That it seems to us not a lone grave-
yard,
But a City meet for the Dead.
NEW ORLEANS.

A Financial Circle.
[Atlanta Constitution.]
In the discussion of the United States banking bill in congress, some time in 1835, or 1836, John Randolph, of Roanoke, who was opposed to the passage of the bill, which was intended to establish a United States bank, said that he had discovered perpetual motion, and that it was very simple, being the fact that
"Paper makes money,
Money makes banks,
Banks make poverty,
Poverty makes rags,
Rags make paper,
Paper makes money,
Money makes banks,"
and so on for ever and ever.

Something Unusual.
As a medicine, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And, because of that, there's something unusual in the way of selling it. Where every other medicine of its kind only promises, this is guaranteed. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's the only guaranteed remedy for every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood. Dyspepsia, Biliousness, the most stubborn Skin, Scap and Scrofulous affections, even Consumption (or Lung-scours) in its earlier stages, are all cured by it. It purifies and enriches the blood, rouses every organ into healthful action, and restores strength and vigor. In building up both flesh and strength of pale, puny, Scrofulous children, or to invigorate and brace up the system after "Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases, nothing can equal the "Discovery."

Catarth is positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy.

ALL DEADHEADS.
App Was Unaware of the Cause of His Large Audience—A Collection Taken Up at the Era—Bill Speculates That the Drummers Put Up a Job on Him—Down Among the Phosphate Mines.

I am still perusing the inland towns and good people wherever I go. Now there is Inverness that is only two years old that is the county seat of Citrus County and has only three or four hundred people, and is yet in the woods, but it has a good trade and a look of prosperity. The lakes near by are lovely, and the phosphate plants give everything a lively appearance. There is one right close up to the village—the Covehead—that belongs to Mr. Jackson, that is, perhaps, making more money for its cost than any in Florida. The outlay for the plant and the land is only \$4,000, and its products are fifty tons of rock per day at a cost of \$1.50 a ton loaded on the cars. He gets \$5.50 per ton f. o. b.—that is business. Sixty dollars a day net profit! He has no salaried officials, no bosses, and has built no houses for laborers, but seems to boss everything himself. If the pockets give out, he can pick up and work with little loss or delay. The Hamburg plant, a mile or two away, is an immense concern with unlimited capital. All of their products go across the water, and are made into fertilizers and sold in Germany at \$75 a ton. They have now on hand 3,000 tons ready for shipment. The plant with all its machinery and outbuildings cost \$150,000, and yet they cannot tell how soon the deposit will give out. In fact, it did give out on one side the day I was there, and left a clean wall of sticky and that was worthless. Nevertheless there are several extensive pits near by that still hold out, and the company has no fears of exhausting the deposits for years. The overseer told me that their greatest provocation was the uncertainty of negro labor. All along the line of this road from Pemberton to Archer are to be seen phosphate plants or turnouts that lead to them; and the wages of the laborers are freely spent and give life and activity to the little towns. Most of the plants are foreign or northern capital and whether they make money or not, the wages are spent. The magnitude of this business grows on you as you travel. England, Germany, France and Scotland are heavy purchasers, and are feeding their millions from crops fertilized with Florida phosphates.

To my great pleasure I found Mr. and Mrs. Vance on the train going from Tampa to Suwanee sulphur springs. The Senator was languishing in the sleeper upon pillows wherewith to rest his rheumatic limbs, for he had been a great sufferer of late and said he had found no relief from the doctors. Then he quoted Scripture with a sad smile. "And Asa was diseased in his feet and sought not the Lord but physicians and he slept with his fathers." We recalled the pleasant evening spent some years ago at Judge Ashe's house in Wadesboro, and when I remarked that I had many a time repeated the good stories he and Judge Ashe told that night, smiled and said, "Major, I hope you treated me better than Senator Vest does. When I tell him a good story he tells it again and if the crowd enjoys it heartily he gives no quotation marks, but if it falls flat he is sure to say I got that from Vance." His good wife is a merry hearted woman and is yet beautiful in feature and bright in conversation. It seems like her very presence would cure rheumatism—at least a man ought to be willing to have it with such a comforter around. It was with great reluctance that I bade them goodbye at Duellen.

From there I departed for Crystal River. When about five miles away our car became uncoupled and the train with eight freight cars went on and we felt as helpless as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. At the next station the engineer missed us and came back, and so it was quite late when we reached the little town that had invited me to come and talk. After a hurried supper on the best oysters I have found in Florida, I went to the church and found it quite full of good people awaiting me. Taking a side seat in front I was introduced to a number of pleasant gentlemen—some of them from Georgia, of course. I felt flattered that so many people had turned out to hear me, for it is a little hamlet. Directly an old gentleman, who seemed to be master of ceremonies, came to me and with great dignity and kindness of manner said, "Major, would it be all improper for us to take up a little collection to remunerate you for your traveling expenses. We have conferred about it and think you ought to have that much if it is agreeable to you."

My photograph ought to have been taken right then. I turned my face toward the door to see if it was possible that there was no doorkeeper. There was none and more people kept walking in just like they were coming to church. I looked at my venerable friend and said: "Have none of these people paid anything?"
"Well, no," said he. "We didn't know that you charged anything, but we thought we ought to take up a little collection," and so the hats were passed around and some few put in quarters. Many more put in dimes. Still more dropped in nickels and two put in coppers and the rest put in nothing. I've got the coppers yet as a memento of the lost cause. I did not look in the hats until after the lecture and I tried my best to be calm and serene, for it was all done in kindness

and good will. Indeed, they seemed to fear that I might not like it if they offered me anything. One man told me that the report was out that I was lecturing for The Atlanta Constitution and another man thought that it was a kind of missionary work. You see my custom is to let the inviters fix the admission fee according to custom, for in most small towns the ruling price for a show is 25 cents; while in larger places it is 50 cents, and their pleasure is my pleasure—that is except dimes and nickels and coppers.
But they gauged it pretty well and left me four dollars after defraying my railroad expenses, and I was thankful for getting my hat back, but the next time I lecture without a doorkeeper will be some time during the millennium. I would tell this joke on myself if it had not already got out and is being right smartly exaggerated by the drummers. There were two drummers there and my opinion is they copped on me. I rather suspect them of getting up that report that I was lecturing for The Atlanta Constitution. Mr. Beckham travels for John Daniel's drug store in Atlanta and John Daniel is the cleverest man in Atlanta.

But if you wish to get out of Florida and to feel like you are back at home among the hills, go to Brooksville. There is a rectangle of ten by twenty miles in Hernando County that is a mistake. Dame nature just humped herself when she threw up this region and made it into hill and valley and adorned it with hard wood trees, such as live oak and poplar and sweet gum and tupelo and big magnolias and Florida mahogany. When at Brooksville you can plant your feet upon the solid ground without fear of sinking into its bosom. You are away up in the sky and you can look upon a beautiful panorama. The orange groves flock the hills, and from this point are shipped annually near 400,000 boxes—about one-tenth of the crop of the State. There are beautiful valleys between the hills. I crossed one that was half a mile wide and five times as long, where there were large flocks of sheep grazing and where they kept all winter. As a farming and stock country, I have seen nothing like it in Florida. There is a railroad to Brooksville, but I traveled overland twelve miles from Fitzgerald and journeyed away fourteen miles to Lenard, a station on the Orange Belt. I like that. I like to see the country at my leisure and stop when I please and look around. When you get tired of piney woods and sand go to Brooksville. I journeyed with a Clear Water friend who lives in both places and has interests in both and is an honest man and was born and raised in this region. If anybody wishes to know all about either place let him write to S. A. Jeffords, Brooksville.

BILL ABP.
A CITY BUILT ON MUD.
Chicago's Tottering Buildings and What They Signify.
CHICAGO, March 4.—The undeniable insecurity and decrepitude of many of the large buildings of this city is a subject which is beginning to agitate and alarm builders and business men. The Post Office and Custom House has been settling upon its soft clay foundation for years, and is now generally spoken of as "the ruin." This is not alone because the city wants a new building, but because the structure is absolutely unsafe. Its floors are uneven, its walls are crumbling, and the drainage pipes are so broken and disconnected as to fill the building frequently with noxious gases.
If this were the only case of the kind in the city it might be laid to the door of the Government Architect. But here is the Board of Trade building, whose 325-foot granite tower is the pharos of the lake mariners, leaning badly to one side and threatening to fall over and destroy the entire building. The walls on both sides of the tower are cracked by its settling and the string courses are badly out of level. It has been decided to take down the tower as soon as possible and finish it at a level with the roof of the main building.
Only a few days ago the ceiling fell in of Judge Stein's court room in the County building, the east wing of the great granite City Hall. The court escaped annihilation under the 25,000 pounds of debris only because it was not in session. All the adjacent walls and ceilings are disfigured with meandering cracks, and it has been decided to take down all of the ceilings in that part of the building and to replace them with lighter material. A month ago, owing to some sudden movement of the walls, the stone jamb of one of the windows was dislocated, and a fragment weighing 100 pounds scaled off, fortunately lodging on the broad watershed below it instead of falling to the pavement, as did a fragment recently from the Board of Trade tower. The County building has a solid concrete foundation upon piles, the piles being driven as close together as they could stand, and the building was supposed to be good for ages to come.
When such accidents are happening to these comparatively solid and substantial structures, architects as tenants are asking what is to be the fate of the tall skyscrapers which form Chicago's pride. The settlement of the Auditorium tower and of the great Masonic building have exceeded the architects' calculations; and some fear that the fate of the former will be similar to that of the Board of Trade, the weight being more than twenty times as great.

Mr. Hewitt's Speech Down South.
ATLANTA, March 4.—To-day I met in a Southern Trade-Lee of Georgia, a most charming gentleman of the anti-war school. The Judge was reading Mayor Hewitt's speech. As he finished the last word he banded the Constitution to Dr. Shelly, saying:
"Doc, jes read that old Yankee, Abe Hewitt, sez about us! Sez we South'ners ha'n't brains! 'Why, Doc, we've got brains 'nough to capture this Government!'"
"Yes," said the Doctor, "we had sense enough to vote ourselves into power, while Abe Hewitt's Yankee Democrats voted themselves out. I wonder if it occurs to those Yankees up there that we South'ners are on top just now—that we are running Congress?"
"And that we are the nation to-day," continued the Judge, "while the Yankees are only a colony. Why, our brainy Southern Statesmen have made a low tariff for Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, put it through the House, and what Yankee has dared to stop us? Amos Cummings kicked, but we Southerners whipped the rest in. Then we've got it through the Senate, too, and only Col. Bruce, Gorman, Hill, and one sugar renegade from Louisiana have dared to ask a question. I tell you brains tell, and our Southern men are running all over the Yankees. We've got about 15,000,000 people out of the 65,000,000, but we are sailing the ship. We know how to manage, we do."
"You get big representation in Congress, Judge," I suggested.
"Why, yes, and Hewitt's Yankees gave it us. It was Yankee votes that allowed 30,000 Southern votes to make a Congressman in Mississippi and Louisiana, while it takes 125,000 votes Lewis's district. Why, we've got one district in Georgia where 24,000 smart Southern white men make a Congressman. The fact is, our Southern statesmen have got brains enough to run the South and whip in enough Yankees to capture the North and run that, too. Abe Hewitt talking about brains! Why, the old Yankee has got corn on his brains and chilblains on his heart, and—"
"All out for Athens!" interrupted the conductor, and I had to miss the end of the sentence. ELLI PERKINS.

Familiar Phrases.
It does not signify much whom one manages, as one can find the next morning it was someone else.—Samuel Rogers.
Put your trust in God, but be sure to see that your powder is dry.—Oliver Cromwell.
Life would be quite tolerable if it were not for its amusements.—Sir George Lewis.
I can drive a coach and six through every act of Parliament.—Daniel O'Connell.
I dislike monkeys; they always remind me of poor relations.—Henry Luttrell.
A great unrecognized incapacity.—Bismark. Spoken of Napoleon III.
Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.—Becher.
We are in the same boat as the Romans do.—St. Ambrose to St. Augustine.
Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.—Thomas G. Appleton.
Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well and stuffed.—Becher.
Call no man happy until his death.—Solon, spoken to Croesus.
Straws show which way the wind blows.—John Selden.
The English are a nation of shopkeepers.—Napoleon.
Nothing is certain but death and taxes.—The sick man of Europe.—Nicholas I. of Russia.
I will die in the last ditch.—William of Orange.
Save me from my friends.—Marshall Villars.
Architecture is petrified music.—Goethe.
Where there's life, there's hope.—Cicero.
In peace prepare for war.—Washington.
New brooms sweep clean.—Lord Eldon.
A temper in a leopard.—Montesquieu.
We are in the same boat.—Clemens L. Corporations have no souls.—Coke.
The unspeakable Turk.—Carlyle.

tures is peculiar. The foundations practically float in mud. Beneath the ten or twelve feet of sand is hard pan clay, eight or ten feet in depth, and under this is clay saturated with water, not a quicksand, but a soft mass into which an iron rod will sink to an unknown depth. Builders adopt two methods, pile foundation, with concrete, and iron bars crossed in cob house fashion and filled with concrete, making a sort of raft upon the clay upon which the structure is supported. It is asserted by some that additional load merely increases the depth of the hard pan by driving out the water; but other engineers maintain that this is an error, and that when once the hard pan is penetrated or broken the settlement is continuous. It is a fact well known to the builders of sky-scrapers that there is a constant and uneven motion going on throughout the whole structure, called by some molecular vibration, to an extent which can be measured with the naked eye. Girders will move an inch or more, and then come back into place. The causes of this movement are as yet entirely unknown, as are their extent and duration. Another peril which menaces this class of building is oxidation. The steel frames are enclosed in fire proofing and beyond the reach of examination or the application of preservatives. The disintegration may be slow, but the day must come, so say good authorities, when the great buildings must succumb to rust and ruin, unless they are sooner toppled over by un-equal settlement into the mud.

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