

# THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. III. NO. 41.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1887.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Single Copy 5 cents.

THE  
**Charlotte Messenger**  
IS PUBLISHED  
Every Saturday,  
AT  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

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Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, does not believe in gentle preaching to rich sinners. He says there are some pastors who go to it in this style: "Brethren, you must repent, as it were; and be converted, in a measure; or you will be damned, to some extent."

Honduras is reported to be making rapid strides in substantial development. The national debt is being reduced; schools, colleges and telegraph lines are being established, and roads are being built. Under this favorable condition of affairs American capital is flowing into the country, where it is amply protected by law, and valuable concessions granted for public improvements. A bank—the first in the country—has just been established by Americans at Truxillo.

"Englishmen, Germans, Americans, Frenchmen and Italians do not take kindly to bull-fights," says the Boston Transcript. "Spaniards and their descendants delight in them. Englishmen, Germans, Americans, Frenchmen and Italians make good soldiers, and Spaniards and Mexicans do not. Perhaps this is not a coincidence, but it certainly is suggestive of a rare decadence, when people enjoy a ghastly and cruel spectacle in a bull ring and shrink from a battlefield."

The Kansas City correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution tells a long and interesting story of how a congregation in southwestern Kansas placed on the spire of its church, as a weather vane, a large gilded fish; and how a fishhawk hovering about the vicinity was so deceived by its life-like appearance that it swooped down upon it and carried it off in its talons. The most interesting point in the narrative is the presence of a fishhawk in southwestern Kansas.

A New York physician writes that cocaine, belonging to the class of excellent remedies, is apt to beget a habit that is almost impossible for the individual to subdue—a habit worse than that of alcohol, opium or chloral. He recommends the establishment of asylums for the victims of morphine, chloral and cocaine. The hypodermic use of morphine, he declares, is second only in evil to the use of cocaine, and instrument makers should be prevented from selling, under any circumstances, an instrument to any one who is not a physician.

A curious proposition has just been made by M. Camille Flammarion, the well-known French scientific writer. He wishes at once to preserve international peace and to enlarge the sum of human knowledge concerning the structure of the earth. To this end he would have the various European governments unite and turn their soldiers into miners and their bayonets into pickaxes and spades. At some suitable place a vast well should be excavated, miles in depth. Indeed, M. Flammarion would dig downward until he reached the "central fire," or the centre of the globe. Thus positive knowledge of the structure of the earth would be gained; peace for the time would be secured; for the nations would neither fight nor fear each other while all their armies were underground; and, indeed, a permanent reign of peace would be begun, since the soldiers in the mines would forget the arts of war, and the nations, finding out how well they got along without them, would raise no more great armaments. The New York Tribune says this "is an ingenious plan, and probably would have the results M. Flammarion predicts, if the Powers could be persuaded to go in for it. But we fear that 'if' is fatal."

### THE VILLAGE O'ACLE,

Beneath the weather-blest porch  
That shades the village store,  
He sits at ease, an aged man  
Of threescore years and more;  
That ample seat for him is placed  
Beside the open door.

His face is very keen and shrewd,  
And piercing are his eyes,  
As with an air of prophecy  
He scans the cloudy skies;  
And children look with awe on him,  
For he is weather-wise.

And jolly farmers riding by  
On loads of fragrant hay,  
Call out: "Good morning, Uncle Dave,"  
And "Will it rain to-day?"  
While boys who would a-fishing go,  
Await what he will say.

"Wal, ef the wind should change about,"  
(They listen eagerly,  
But he is very slow and calm,  
For thus should prophets be.)  
"Mebbe them clouds will bring us rain,  
But—I dunno!" says he.

And ever as the seasons come,  
And as the seasons go,  
The oracle is asked the signs  
Of wind, or rain, or snow;  
And still he never hesitates  
To answer: "I dunno."  
—Miss Anna E. Treat, in *Stiftings*.

### ANNA SHIPTON'S TRIAL.

"Your mind is made up, then, Anna. You throw me over for them."  
"Throw you over, George," said the girl in a pained voice. "Oh, no! no! no! But don't you see that my first duty is to my parents? Oh, you must see it, George; so, please don't be so hard upon me!"

"It's you that's hard on me I think," responded the young man bitterly, "and I see nothing of the kind, Anna, neither will your parents, I am sure. You know it was always a promise that we should be married this April, and now you refuse to keep that promise; if that's what your religion teaches you—to go back from your word—I don't think much of it."

"But, George," looking up at him with the tears shining in her hazel eyes, "don't you yourself think it would be wrong if I deserted my parents in their trouble? How could I hope for God to bless me in my married life if I failed in my duty to them who loved me before I knew it?"

"You talk so much of duty," said her lover, fretfully, "duty to them, I mean; you never seem to think that I ought to be considered at all, but the truth is you're tired of me, and make your mother's illness an excuse for throwing me over, only I think it would be more straightforward if you said so plain out."

"I thought you loved me, George," the girl said, looking into his eyes with her tear-dimmed ones.

"Of course you know I do, but it seems as though you cared precious little about me."

"But, George, if you love me, how can you think that I am deceiving you when I say that the reason I cannot marry you is because of my mother's illness? Surely one doesn't doubt where one truly loves."

"Ah! you are trying now to rake up some old grievance about me as a sort of excuse for your not keeping your word; out with it, then; give me a chance to defend myself."

"I was not thinking of anything of the sort," she answered, a little indignantly. Then laying one hand on his arm and looking pleadingly in his face, "George, do not let us part in anger to-night; indeed, I have enough to bear without that; let me keep your love to help me to do my duty bravely and cheerfully."

"Your duty, Anna, is to marry me," he said, stolidly; "a promise is a promise."

"And I would have kept it, George, oh, how gladly! had it not been for my mother's illness. The doctors say it will in all probability be six months, perhaps more, before she will be able to get about again; but doctors are liable to be mistaken; so perhaps it won't be so long as that; at any rate, we will hope so."

"I don't at all see why we should not be married in a fortnight's time, for all that," urged her lover. "You could always come over here once a week to see her, anyhow, and that would be as often as she could expect, considering that our home would be seven miles away. Come, my lass," putting his arm round her, "let us go to the old people, and see if I cannot persuade 'em to let it be as I say."

"Ah, no!" grasping his arm tightly, as though to hold him back from carrying out such an intention; "you must not do that. They might, perhaps, give in, thinking that it was for my happiness, when all the while—"

"It wouldn't be!" interrupting her.

"No, because it would be a selfish thing for me to do, and nothing shall make me do it," firmly.

"Very well then," said the young man, taking his arm from round her waist; "we will part, as you don't care for me enough to marry me. I'll set about looking for somebody else who does and will."

With that George Harwood strode away, she watching his retreating figure with a numb pain at her heart, only half comprehending that he had left her for ever—was no more her affianced husband; gone from her, never to return.

To realize it, when she fully came to the knowledge it, was so fraught with anguish that she threw herself down on the sands, convulsive sobbing shaking her frame, crying out—

"George! George! come back to me! Come back to me!"

But the words fell all unheeded on the evening breeze, he heard them not, nor answered.

Ere long her wild grief had spent it-

self, and she rose up with a prayer on her lips, that she might be enabled to do her duty bravely, and not let her heart's agony hinder her from performing her daily tasks, cheerfully, readily, remembering that He who had laid this trial upon her would also help her bear it.

All through the sweet spring time and the glorious summer Mrs. Shipton lay on her bed of pain. The doctors were right in saying that in all probability six months would elapse before she would regain the use of her stricken side, if she did at all. The greater part of Anna's time was taken up with her mother, who was very fretful and impatient, continually grumbling at her hard lot.

The winter snows were on the ground before Mrs. Shipton was able to leave her bed, and then she had not quite recovered the use of her limbs.

When the sweet spring flowers once more opened their eyes again, after their long winter sleep, Mrs. Shipton had left her bed. And though she would never be the woman she once had been, she was yet infinitely thankful at once more being able to potter about her little cottage and employ herself as of yore. The words she had so often said of George Harwood had come true. He had "taken-up" with Fannie Spring. So the marriage might be looked forward to any day. Anna knew this and bore it bravely—bravely, outwardly; but alone, in the solitude of her chamber, the anguish of her heart was unalloyed and in tearless agony, kneeling by her bed, she would entreat God to help her to bear what was before her, seeing the man she loved wedded to another girl.

One night when Anna was returning from the little shop, whither she had been to make a few frugal purchases for their little household, she met her old lover, arm in arm with his new love. A flush came into her pale face, and her heart took quicker pulsation as she passed them.

Fannie nodded a gay "Good night, Anna!" but her companion never spoke, and she did not look at him. Henceforth he must be nothing to her; he who was still so dear—so dear.

Fannie Spring was frequently in the habit of running down to the Shipton's cottage; but to her credit, she never once mentioned her lover's name to the girl whom she had supplanted. She was a gay, volatile young creature, wilful as gay, and completely ruled her aged father, who almost idolized her.

Anna always welcomed the motherless girl kindly. Perhaps she was not so thoughtful of her father's comfort as she might have been; but then she never had anybody to teach her what was right and dutiful, therefore every excuse was due to her.

There are some natures to whom duty's dictates come naturally, but with Fannie Spring it was not so; self was the chiefest thing with her. But her manner was so bright and winning that it hid a good many of her faults; and love's eyes are, as we all know, proverbially blind.

This was the girl George Harwood now intended to marry.

"What use was it having a nice snug cottage down at Sutton, if there wasn't a wife in it?" he had been heard to say; but that defect was soon now to be remedied, for Fannie Spring was known to have bought her wedding dress, so the wedding must be close at hand.

One night a little girl came to the Shipton's cottage with a message to Anna from old Matthew Spring, begging her to come and see Fannie, who was "rarely on it." Anna set out at once, and found the latter with flushed cheeks and wildly-gleaming eyes, in the first stages of fever.

"She had not been well for a day or two," her father said, "but that night she seemed a sight worse, talked such gibberish he couldn't think what ailed the lass."

For three whole weeks Anna stayed with the fever-stricken girl, nursing her night and day with all a sister's affectionate care. In vain. Nothing could bring back the strength which the fever had taken. Nothing would bring the hue of health to the sunken cheeks. She was fading away as surely as the summer flowers when the autumn winds shake the frail petals to the ground.

It was a cloudy April night when the spirit foresook its tenement of clay and soared upwards. Anna, seeing the end was near, went down to the kitchen to tell the poor father that his petted child's last hour had come, and to help him upstairs to take a last farewell. She found George Harwood seated with him. This was the first time she had been in his company since that April night a year ago, for though she knew every day he came to inquire after Fannie, she had never come across him at those times.

"You will come upstairs, too, will you not?" she said to him; "she is quite sensible, and has been asking for you."

When they reached the dying girl's room the father fell on his knees beside the bed sobbing out:

"My bonnie bairn! my bonnie bairn! George Harwood more composed as he tenderly bore the poor father up, and bade him "not take on so, as it would worry." But she was beyond all that now, already the once bright eyes were dim with the mists of eternity, the gay voice low as the faintest echo. "George!" and though his name was uttered scarcely above a whisper, he, to whom she spoke, heard it and bent over the bed anxiously.

"Fannie!" and when her dim eyes rested on the one who had nursed her so untiringly for three long weeks, night and day, she murmured: "so good!—happy—when I am gone." She never spoke again, gradually the lids drooped over the once bright eyes, gradually the breathing grew slower and yet more slow, until it ceased altogether; Fannie Spring was dead.

Once more the scent of summer flowers fills the air, the haymakers are busy in the fields turning over the new-mown grass, the birds are singing their sweetest songs.

Two figures are coming up the narrow slope leading from the seashore to the land, on whom the setting sun shines lovingly.

"Why should we wait, darling," he says. "Your mother is well again now, and poor Fannie has been dead three months? Oh, Anna, if I had married her I should have been ever after a most unhappy man, considering that I loved you best all the time. She knew this. I told her so; but she was willing to have me. 'I should forget you in time,' she used to say. But I knew well enough she was not the one who would help me to do it. Will you forgive me, Anna, for all the hard words I said to you that April night? I see now, darling, how good and brave you are, putting all thoughts of self from you altogether, and nobly doing your duty. You have taught me a lesson, dear, which I shall endeavor to live out to my life's end—that to do to-day's duty well is the best preparation for doing to-morrow's well also."

### Incidents at Fredericksburg.

Concerning incidents of the battle of Fredericksburg, Private Smith of the Second Wisconsin thus writes: A round shot ripped open a soldier's knapsack and distributed his clothing and cards. But the boys could not forego their little joke; so when that column of cards was thrown some twenty feet in the air, on all sides could be heard the cry: "Oh, deal me a hand!"

Other shots in that battle did queer work. Our brigade came to a halt upon the river bank for a few moments before going into position. We had been paid off that day, and the gamblers began to play at cards the moment we halted. A man who was about to "straddle" a "50-cent blind" had his knapsack knocked from under him by a solid shot, and he "straddled" half a dozen soldiers who were covered with a cart-load of dirt. Another shot struck a paymaster's tent. The struggle between that paymaster and the stragglers for possession of the flying greenbacks was both exciting and ridiculous. During a moment's halt, behind a slight rise of ground, we lay down. A soldier facing to the rear was conversing with a comrade. Suddenly he made a terrific leap in the air, and from the spot of ground on which he had been sitting a solid shot scooped a wheelbarrow load of dirt. It was a clear case of premonition, for the man could give no reason for having jumped. On the evening of December 14 our regiment was on picket duty. We had not been in picket line more than twenty minutes before we made a bargain with the "Rebs" and the firing ceased, and neither they nor ourselves pretended to keep under cover. But, at daylight, the Twenty-fourth Michigan came to relieve us.

Before they were fairly in line they opened fire upon the Confederate without the warning we had agreed to give. We yelled lustily, but the rattle of musketry drowned the sound, and many a confiding enemy was hit. This irritated the Confederates, who opened a savage fire, and it was with difficulty a general engagement was prevented. All that day, until about 4 o'clock, the picket firing was intense, but was abruptly ended by a Confederate challenging a Sixth Wisconsin man to a first encounter in the middle of the turnpike. The combatants got the attention of both picket lines, who declared the fight a "draw." They ended the matter with a coffee and tobacco trade, and an agreement to do no more firing at picket lines unless an advance was ordered.—*Century*.

### What Becomes of Deer's Horns?

Mr. A. S. Fuller, the well-known author, writes in the *American Agriculturist*: "What becomes of deer horns? is often asked of persons residing in regions where deer are plentiful, but it is rarely satisfactorily answered. That the horns are shed annually, there are no reasons for doubting, for it is a well established fact; but that the horns are rarely found is also quite as true, as stated by Mr. Yoder in the *American Agriculturist* for February. I well remember looking for shed deer horns, many years ago, in the woods of Wisconsin, and during one of these rambles, extending over only a few hours, I saw fifty-seven very lively deer, some with very handsome antlers, but failed to find a vestige of an old horn. Upon inquiring of old hunters, who were supposed to know all about the habits of deer, I was informed that when a buck dropped a horn he immediately dug a hole in the ground and buried it out of sight. Upon further investigation, however, I was unable to find a person who ever saw a deer performing the operation, or one who ever found a horn that had been buried by its owner or any other similar animal. But in late years I have had several opportunities to learn where some of the naturally shed deer horns go to, if not all of them. The deer shed their horns in spring, and they no sooner fall to the ground than the wood mice attack them, and they disappear before the teeth of these little rodents so quickly that a few weeks are sufficient to obliterate every vestige of the noblest pair of antlers. Even the squirrels like to gnaw the deer horns and fresh bones of various kinds, and it is this natural or depraved taste that make our common red squirrels rob birds' nests when the young are nearly full grown; for so far as I have observed, they devour the feet and legs of the birds only. I have frequently made them drop the young birds they were slowly torturing, and have always found that they were eating the feet and legs, perhaps because these parts had a nutty flavor."

### In the Autograph Album.

A few days before his death, Mr. Beecher was asked by one of his nieces to write in her autograph album. He penned the following lines:

"To Mother Earth:  
"Give your greenest mound, and your fairest flowers, to your dearest lover."

### A SOUTHERN GAME PARK.

A HUNTING PRESERVE OF 4,500 ACRES IN LOUISIANA.

Turning a Plantation Into a Shooting Place After the English Style—A Rich Man's Idea.

A New Orleans letter to the *New York Sun* says: Mr. John A. Morris of New Orleans and New York, is seeking to create in this State a shooting park, preserves attached, such as are to be found by the hundred in Great Britain, but which are altogether new here; and, in carrying out this idea, which he has had for more than three years, Mr. Morris has worked earnestly and systematically. Louisiana, once an excellent State for game, has become an almost worthless field for the sportsman. There is some shooting of ducks and snipes in the swamps, but with this exception the native game has either been killed off or frightened away by the negro hunters and their guns. Mr. Morris, who is a great friend of sport, finding that there was no chance for it here, set to work to create a game park for himself and his friends.

He was fortunate in possessing in the Hennen place an admirable location for such a park. This place, some 4,500 acres in extent, is fifty miles or so above New Orleans, on the Illinois Central Railroad. The country there is varied and beautiful, rolling in gentle slopes, well covered with grass, with here and there streams intersecting it, their borders fringed with oaks and magnolias. There is an agreeable mingling of fields, thickets, and groves, and more variety in the scenery than is to be found anywhere else in Louisiana. In the centre of the place stands the old Hennen mansion, nearly a century old, one of those comfortable, old-fashioned plantation houses, to be found only in the South, with large, airy rooms, and open fireplaces big enough for the largest yule logs. The house is surrounded by the broad verandas peculiar to the Southern residence of former days. There is everything near to make life comfortable; orchards of all varieties of fruit, hot houses, etc.

It is the game preserves and park, however, that are the distinctive feature of the place. The work of transforming this old plantation into a shooting park has been about completed, and by this fall it will resound with the echoes of shotguns. There was some game on the place originally—mainly deer, quails, doves, and native rabbits—but not enough to afford much sport. Mr. Morris's work has been to supplement this by importing game from England and from other parts of this country. The first importations were of pheasants, the favorite bird for shooting in Great Britain. Some of these handsome birds were brought here more than three years ago, and Mr. Morris has continued importing them until there is now a large number in the park. Other importations from England were of park deer, the objectionable burrowing rabbit, about which such a row was raised; English partridges, and hare. A professional game breeder came over with them, who saw to their location in their new home. The birds suffered severely on shipboard, and many died; but since they have thriven, become completely acclimated, and are breeding rapidly. The rabbits in particular have made themselves thoroughly at home here. It is strange that while the English birds did so well an attempt to establish prairie chickens, which are quite abundant in western Louisiana, proved a failure. The chickens are dying. Mr. Morris is also seeking to raise wild turkeys, once abundant in Tangipahoe, but lately destroyed by the hunters by setting the tame birds on wild turkey eggs, and he has several large broods of this fine game bird which will be turned loose on the estate as soon as they are large enough. It will be seen, therefore, that as far as game goes the park affords an excellent variety, that will furnish shooting all the year round, including deer, hare, and rabbit, both native and foreign, squirrels, wild turkey, wild duck, pheasants, partridges, quails, doves, and such other smaller birds as are native to this district.

The greatest care is taken to protect the game from its enemies, and to keep it within the park and to provide it with an abundance of food. The entire park is surrounded by a wire fence, so high as to keep even most of the birds within it, and they are so well provided with food that it is hoped they will be satisfied with home, and never incline to roam.

The preserves proper are each four acres in extent, surrounded by high board fences. Into these the birds with clipped wings are placed, and remain for a year, being allowed to breed.

It has been no easy matter to assure to the birds a sufficiency of food and water. Although there are a number of streams running through the place, Mr. Morris deemed it prudent to provide an extra supply of water for the game in the event of a drought, and accordingly bored a number of artesian wells. These were not wholly successful, and he has been compelled to resort to windmills and pumps. Artificial lakes have been created, along the borders of one of which rice has been planted in order to attract wild ducks. The result has been thoroughly satisfactory, the lake affording an abundance of mallard and teal this winter.

The provisions for food seem almost extravagant. The Hennen place was formerly a valuable plantation, some 150 negroes being employed on it. It is not to be cultivated to-day, but 300 acres are under crop wholly and solely for the game, in corn, millet, buckwheat, peas, and such other grain as birds, rabbits, and deer like. The land is ploughed and planted, and the crop cultivated like any other; but it is not to be harvested, and the game animals are to be the only reapers. For the rabbits and pheasants several acres have been planted in peanuts.

### REMEMBERED BELLS.

Chime, chime, O mellow bells, to ring  
The roundelay of time!  
Bring back to me the budding spring;  
Now, with her swelling blossoms, bring  
(Fond, fond the pealing chime)  
That, full, keen voice, that heart, which  
poured  
Each fiery, melting, kindling word  
By which my life a bliss became  
And upward roared in flame!

Bring back the rocking rose, the tender green,  
The morning passion and the morning sheen,  
The early grace, the happy mystery,  
The eager rapture, by a look set free,  
O'erjoyed that joy to share,  
Which filled the breathing air.

Lost Youth! Lost Love! O faithful Memory,  
Thine shall the chimes forever, ever be!  
Thine till the dream, the spell, the magic  
hour,

The potency that sleeps within the flower.  
A maiden breast, with timid rise and fall,  
Still yields, and at that tone confesses all.  
Time irks no more; I set my heart toward  
thee—  
Ring! hollow bells; ring! bells of memory.  
—D. H. R. Goodale, in *Independent*.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A tussle with a boarding-house stoak is now called a "bull-fight."—*Houston Post*.

The author who wrote "There is beauty in extreme old age," probably never tackled an over-nursed egg.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Little Scholar—Why is "man" called a noun? Elderly Schoolmistress (with acidity)—Because its the name of a thing.—*New York Sun*.

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.—*Siftings*.

A man has hard work to make his wife believe that he doesn't own the earth when she gets him into a bonnet store.—*Fall River Advance*.

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea,  
Broke, broke, broke,  
Is the song that you sing to me.  
—*Louisville Journal*.

Johnson—By Jove, Jackson, that baby looks the very picture of your father. Jackson—Well, when that baby has a set of false teeth, a red beard and the rheumatism, I'll believe you. In the meantime, excuse me.—*Lovell Citizen*.

The deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and leaning over to her scapegrace nephew, she whispered: "Have you any cards about you?" "You can't play in church," was the solemn, reproving answer, and the good woman was so frustrated that she forgot her text.—*Cataraugus Republican*.

A new baby had arrived at little Johnny's residence, and the youngster was admitted to take his first look at the little stranger. He surveyed it calmly for a moment, and then looking up exclaimed enthusiastically: "His face is just the color of Uncle George's. Gosh, but he must be a hard drinker."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

### A Creole Dish.

No cook in the world, says a New Orleans letter, excels the old French negro cook, who is by the way, an autocrit in her department; no one but she can make, as ought to be made, that Creole dish par excellence, the gumbo, in all its varieties. "This dainty dish to set before the king," the inspiration of some Creole epicure of the past, deserves a wider gastronomic reputation than it now has. "Mark Antony would have bartered a province to have gained a repast of gumbo file for Cleopatra," an enthusiastic gourmet once said, "for did he not bestow a whole municipality on a cook who pleased this lady with a far inferior dish?" "A dish worthy of Lucullus and Apicius" heads a receipt for this most toothsome compound. It is a thick soup whose basis is chicken and beef broth, afterward filled in with oysters, a touch of file added and then served with rice. Ah, but the way it is cooked. Therein lies the secret of its perfection. The file is a fine powder made from the dried leaves of the red sassafras, and its use was taught to the early Creoles by the Indians. The Indian squaws still have a monopoly of the trade in file, which they bring in large baskets of their own make to the French market, where they squat on the flagged pavement and sell file by ladlefuls to costumers. Crab gumbo is another of the many varieties of the excellent dish.

### A Scene at Sedan.

At Sedan there was a truce before the final surrender. General Wimpffen, who was in command of the French troops, wanted favorable terms; but, like General Grant at Fort Donelson, the Germans insisted upon an unconditional surrender.

"Then we will resume the battle," was the reply.

"Very good, sir," said Von Molke, quietly. "We have 240,000 men, you about 80,000, and 500 cannon are in position to open on your lines."

De Wimpffen hesitated a few moments, and decided to surrender.

"Is it the sword of France," said Von Molke, or of Napoleon III., which you are delivering up?"

"The sword of the Emperor, sir" was the answer.—*San Francisco Call*.

Here, in my opinion, lies one of the greatest secrets of practical godliness, and the highest attainment in close walking with God—to come daily and wash, and yet to keep as great a value for this discovery of forgiveness, as if it were once only obtained and no more.—*[Thomas Halyburton (about 1698).*