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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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It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

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GAMBLER'S GEMS.

Why Ivory Speculators Invest Their Cash in Stones.

"Gamblers are among the best customers we have," said a well-known diamond-broker yesterday. "They buy better stones than most people, and pay better prices. You see," he continued, "they buy only when flush, and then a thoroughbred speculator in ivory will not stop at a few hundred dollars."

"Why is it that gamblers are so fond of diamonds?" "Well, there are many reasons, why gamblers buy diamonds," was the response. "You see," he continued, "whenever a man feels like a four-time winner he puts what money he can into good stones. These he knows have a permanent value, and can be turned into ready cash with greater facility than any other of his chattels. If he puts his money into real estate and wishes to dispose of the latter, days must elapse before a sale can be made and the title searched. Horses and carriages are liable to injury and a depreciation in value, but with diamonds it is different. Should a man make a loser playing bank he can obtain ready cash at a few hours' notice by selling or 'soaking' his gems. It is the work of a few minutes to test a stone, and the 'gam.' soon has money in his pocket."

"Then, too, it must be remembered the class of men of which we speak generally have no settled habitation. They migrate from place to place. In moving about they can carry their diamonds, and are thus ready for any emergency. They could not carry houses and lots. Then, again, they are, as a rule, men who like to appear wealthy, and diamonds, it must be confessed, do give a man the appearance of affluence."

"Who that you know has the most valuable diamond?" was asked of Mr. E. M. Gattie, who was seen in his office under the Coleman house.

"I think that Sheedy has," was the reply. "Mr. Sheedy has a great deal of money invested in diamonds, many of which are large and remarkable for their purity. Some time ago he bought two and had them set in gold bands for bracelets for his wife. Each stone weighed 4 carats, and the pair cost over \$5,000. He also purchased a pair of solitaire ear-rings for Mrs. Sheedy that cost \$1,500. He has a 54-carat stone that he values at \$7,500. Gus Abel has a fine large stone set in a ring that is valued at more than \$1,000. Davy Johnson has one weighing nearly two carats in a ring in a gypsy setting. Larry O'Brien has a cluster scarf-pin worth \$800 and a ring valued at the same. Matt Corbett, who went to New Orleans with Pat Sheedy, wears \$3,000 worth of first-water gems. Al Smith has several very fine diamonds. Ned Jones wears a handsome old mine stone in a heavy gold ring. Henry Morrison has an odd and valuable diamond-set-socket. Marty Malone has several fine gems set in rings and scarf-pins. Bud Kirby has a large single stone in a scarf-pin that always secures Bud a position as hotel clerk when his usual vocation is dull. Sam Emery and George Brotherton run over from Philadelphia occasionally, and sometimes lend the railroad company their scarf-pins for locomotive headlights. Johnnie Condon loads Chicago sports in the diamond line. Johnnie is worth \$1,000,000, and has many thousands invested in diamonds, as has also 'Parson' Davies.

Ridge Leven has a large diamond set in a ring, and it never fails to attract attention. Little Charles Davis sports a fine cluster scarf-pin, as does Pete Delacy. The latter has also a handsome diamond ring. Pete Dawney has two gems of the purest ray serene, and John Daly wears a handsome solitaire scarf-pin.

"Look at these," and Mr. Gattie drew from a secret pocket a package of unset diamonds ranking in size from half a carat to a carat and a half. These will not be sold for some time. The action of the authorities in suppressing gambling has had a bad effect on business of all kinds in this part of the city."—*New York World.*

Of the 200,000 working women in New York the highest average earning is \$7 a week. Numbers earn but \$5 a week. Thousands are unable, with sixteen hours' work every day, to reach the lower amount.

"Not Strangers There."

To whom would heaven's doors so freely open
As to a little child,
Who stands with timid feet upon its threshold,
Lovely and undefiled?

An such an one, of late, was lowly lying,
With fast receding breath;
O'er her face the first, last shadow falling—
She was afraid of death.

Her loved ones said, "Oh, do not fear to enter
That land, so wide and fair."
To all their words of cheer she could but answer,
"I do not know them there!"

But, even as she spoke, her hands were lifted
In sudden, sweet surprise;
And the reflection of some dawning splendor
Illumed her wondering eyes.

No longer clinging to her tender watchers,
And darkened by their woe,
She looked as if she saw some loved one
Looked on, and was in haste to go.

What she beheld we saw not, and her rapture
Our hearts not yet might share,
But with a last, bright smile she whispered gladly,
"They are not strangers there!"

—Francis L. Mao.

WAS IT DOROTHY?

"Now, Uncle Buttonball, I think you are foolishly prejudiced about it." Mr. Benedict Buttonball, commonly called "Uncle Ben," shook his head at Frank Worrall's levity.

"Maybe I am," said he, "but we're not to blame for our convictions. I can't help mine, anyhow. And I couldn't any more marry in the face of my promise to Hephisbah than I could join the Mormons!"

"Paulina Pepper is a pretty girl," said Frank, "and a good girl, too. Although not young."

"If she was she wouldn't be suitable to me!" said Mr. Buttonball. "I don't deny that it's all true enough, what you say. But you perceive, I am the victim of circumstances."

"Circumstances be hanged!" ejaculated Frank Worrall, losing his temper at last and banging the door behind him, as he hurried out of the room.

Mr. Buttonball again shook his head, took his silver spectacles out of their case, and unfolded the newspaper.

"Polly Pepper would make a nice wife," he thought to himself. "As plump and round and fresh-colored as a September peach, or a cabbage rose; and a woman, too, that thoroughly understands housekeeping. I almost wish I hadn't promised my dear departed Hephisbah never to marry again! But it's all past and over and it can't be undone, more's the pity!"

"Isn't he a fool!" said Dorothy Martin. "And is he really so superstitious about breaking the promise that that unreasonable virago of a wife exacted from him?"

"Unquestionably he is," said Frank Worrall. "I suppose he actually believes that my Aunt Hephisbah would haunt him, if he married again, without her express permission. For a man of ordinary intelligence, Uncle Buttonball is superstitious."

"How?" questioned Dorothy. "Oh, he sees winding sheets in the candle, believes there will be a death in the family if a dog chases to howl under the window and would sooner cut off his right hand than begin haying or go on a journey of a Friday."

"Frank!" hesitatingly began Dorothy. "Well!"

"What sort of a woman was your Aunt Hephisbah? You know I never saw her. She died before I came to Hopton to live."

"A little, fat woman, with spectacles and a brown fore-top, who always wore brown gingham and talked through her nose. I forgot, though—she had a monocle of a cap, with a frill two inches wide all around it, and a colossal bow of snuff-colored ribbon perched on the very top—a guy of a cap, only fit for a scarecrow."

"Not at all like Paulina Pepper," said Dorothy. "And Paulina really likes Mr. Buttonball—and she needs a home, poor thing. Not to speak of Mr. Buttonball's evident admiration for Paulina. It would certainly be a match if—"

"If it wasn't for the departed saint in snuff-colored ribbons," said Frank, with an irreverent imitation of his Uncle Buttonball's peculiar intonation when speaking of his deceased wife.

"Poor Paulina!" said Dorothy.

"And poor Uncle Buttonball," echoed Frank Worrall. "Upon the whole, darling, it looks like a hard case."

"Past eleven o'clock," said Uncle Buttonball, looking up at the clock over the rims of the silver spectacles. "Well, I hadn't an idea it was so late. And snowing and blowing like all possessed, and the wind howling down the chimney fit to set a man's teeth on edge. Just such a night as poor Hephisbah died four years ago, and—bless me," with a slight cold shiver down his spinal column, "if it ain't the 29th of November—the identical anniversary of the sad event. Poor Hephisbah," folding his hands and looking thoughtfully into the fire; "I hope she's happy in the other world. She never took much comfort in this, what with flies and dust and poor kitchen help."

And then Mr. Buttonball fell into a doze or a reverie—he never could be quite certain which—from which he was aroused by the old kitchen clock striking twelve.

"Midnight! It ain't possible!" cried Mr. Buttonball, chilly, uncomfortable, and superstitious. "And the fire 'on

a-most out. I guess I'll rake it up and go to bed."

But as he rose with a sort of rheumatic stiffness from his chair the door leading from the buttery creaked slightly, a slow, heavy footstep sounded on the floor, and looking around with startled and dilated eyes, Mr. Buttonball beheld—the departed Hephisbah. "Benedict!" spoke out the quivering and nasal voice. "Benedict! Benedict!"

(It was always so, Uncle Buttonball remembered, in all well-authenticated ghost stories, the summons was distinctly enunciated three times.)

"W—w—well, my dear," stammered Mr. Buttonball, holding tight to the arms of his chair lest his teeth should chatter him off from it.

"I have brought a message from the other world, Benedict," solemnly uttered The Presence. "You want to marry again?"

"N—not if you object to it, my dear," faltered the shaking widower. "I—I—that is—"

"Peace! Disturb not the voices of a higher sphere."

"No, my dear, I won't," said the submissive husband.

"Peace, Isay!" (Hephisbah's old way of putting him down, without a loophole for argument) "and listen, you are absolved from your promise to contract no second marriage. You are a free agent. My eyes are opened now to many things, among them the folly of my earthly jealousies. Go, marry whom you will, and my blessing rest upon your bride. The word is spoken, the oracle is closed."

Slowly the brown-tinged form retreated backward, with gleaming spectacles and uplifted finger, through the buttery door, into the back kitchen, while Uncle Buttonball sat staring and transfixed with an agony of superstitious terror.

"He has really asked you to marry him, Paulina?"

"Yes, really," said Paulina Pepper, her blooming face all smiles and dimples. "And I'm so glad! Because—there can't be any harm in owning it now Dorothy dear—I did like him ever so much!"

"He's a very nice old man—I mean middle-aged gentleman," said Dorothy Martin, demurely. "But I thought he had determined never to marry again."

"Oh, that's all settled," cried Paulina, looking complacently down at the red shine of her garnet engagement ring. "He thinks he has had a vision—that his departed wife appeared to him and released him from his vows."

"Dear me!" said Dorothy. "How very strange!"

"Of course the dear fellow must have been asleep and dreaming, though. Don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly," said Dorothy. "For—what are you laughing at, dear?" Paulina Pepper broke off to say.

"Nothing, nothing; only it seems so ridiculous that in this age of the world people can believe in ghosts!" cried Dorothy, giving way to a hearty peal of laughter, as she caught up her embroidery and hurried out of the room. Frank Worrall followed her.

"Dorothy," he said, "it was you!"

"What do you mean?"

"The ghost."

"Prove it if you can!" cried Dorothy, saucily. And that was all she would ever admit.—*New York Daily News.*

A Dreadful Contingency.

You may have heard that the southern country is booming. They've got faro banks and saloons, and crooks, and cable cars, and real-estate agents, and subscription lists, and Marcus Meyer, and other evidences of civilization. And I'm told it isn't San Francisco capital that is doing it, either. In fact, it is undeniable that the new settlers despise us to some extent, and are already beginning to dream of making the Golden Gate the extreme entrance to Los Angeles. Those are eastern people with money. They've come out to settle and to develop things and have a good time. A young couple who arrived lately went to a real-estate agent the other day to inquire concerning an investment. The lady was apparently as deeply interested as the gentleman.

"I have an elegant piece of property at Pasadena," said he. "Pasadena is the modern Garden of Eden."

"It's very pretty, and I'd like to live there; but there are so many people there for their health, you know."

"Consumptives, you mean. Yes; but there are sick people everywhere."

"Yes, but consumption requires a great deal of pure air, I am told, and I'm afraid the consumptives will use up all the good air, and we'll get sick."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The English postoffice authorities have introduced the tricycle into the parcels post service. Two of these machines, each capable of carrying 200 pounds, run between Waterloo and Croydon, about twelve miles, and between London Bridge and Woolwich. Two journeys are performed by each carrier in a day. Formerly the same work was performed by a van and two horses, and the new system is therefore a considerable saving. The postoffice tricycle consists of three parts, a semi-circular dome for long parcels, a body for heavier goods and a well for lighter goods. Each portion is separately locked. The whole is painted red, and is marked with the letters V. R.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The most attractive thing about a toboggan is a pretty girl.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Even misfortune has its blessings—to the other fellow who profits by your ill-luck.—*Somerville (Mass.) Journal.*

"I wouldn't be a fool, if I were you," said Jones to a friend. "If you were me you wouldn't be a fool," was the reply.—*Judge.*

In the matter of the New England codfish, we do not want to fight; but, by jingo, if we do, we've got the—by the way, what have we got?—*St. Louis Republican.*

There's the land-slide, the snow-slide, and the toboggan-slide; but the slide that has the money in it is the slide of the bad cashier into Canada.—*Philadelphia Item.*

A German inventor has devised a machine for deadening the sound of the piano. Next to a machine for deadening pianists this is a splendid discovery.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A petrified Indian has been exhumed in Arizona. The savage is supposed to have been petrified with astonishment on discovering an honest Indian agent.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

The largest diamond known is that of the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo. It is not stated whether Mr. Rajah is a summer-resort hotel clerk or an end-man in a minstrel troupe.—*Norristown Herald.*

If you have ever noticed the men who occupy the front seats at the theaters you must have remarked how much more polite they are than the ladies. They do not even wear any hair.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Ma," anxiously inquired a small boy, "is a tapestry like a turkey?" "Why, bless you, no! What put that into your head?" "Well, it says something here about a Gobelin tapestry, anyway."—*New Haven News.*

Gotham matron—"Why, Lydia, didn't you go to the cooking-school, as you intended?" "Yes, ma, but there was no session; the lecturers is sick." "I am very sorry. What is the matter?" "Dyspepsia."—*Tid-Bits.*

"A man can get nothing without labor," said a woman to a tramp who declined to saw some wood in exchange for a dinner. "I know better than that," he replied as he turned away; "he can get hungry."—*Boston Courier.*

"The lips that taste liquor shall never kiss mine." Girls are now confronted by another society whose motto is: "The lips that kiss puddles shall never kiss mine," and they say that puddle dogs are not as popular as they were once.—*Danville Breeze.*

Reporter—I have just brought a lovely theatrical scandal, full of the most revolting details. Editor—Good! Run it leaded, head it "Too Sickening for Publication," and give instructions to the printers to run off 20,000 extra copies.—*London Topical Times.*

As an instance of the remarkable cheapness of Chinese labor we note that, in Chinese courts of justice witnesses can be hired at 10 cents apiece to testify on either side of the question at issue, or on both sides at 15 cents.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Orlando, I didn't see you with Miss Brown at the concert last night." "No, Percy, I'm not calling on her any more. I can't until she retracts what she said the other week." "Ah—what did she say?" "Well, she said I needn't call any more."—*Harper's Basar.*

At the 50-cent table d'hôte—Guest (who has been elegantly served with almost nothing)—Now, waiter, that I have struggled through eleven courses of cut glass, silver, and air I begin to feel hungry. Bring me some corned beef and cabbage and a glass of plain every-day water.—*Tid-Bits.*

It was raining heavily when Parson Surplus Eel, in crossing the street, met a poorly-clad boy whose clothes were soaked. "My dear little boy, why don't you get an umbrella?" said the kind-hearted clergyman. "Since pa has quit going to church, he never brings home any more umbrellas."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Hand-painted coal scuttles have made their appearance in New York." Very esthetic, no doubt; but when a man goes into a dark cellar with a hand-painted coal scuttle and collides with a post, or bumps his head against a joist, his language is apt to be as lurid and vigorous as if the scuttle were simply daubed with coal tar by machinery.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Yale College paper says that the secular magazines and papers are removed from the Dwight Hall reading-room Saturday. It is supposed the religious weeklies are substituted in order to give the students an opportunity on the Sabbath to read the patent-medicine advertisements and the long list of "valuable premiums" offered to subscribers.—*Norristown Herald.*

Dr. B. Manley tells of a good sister who expended \$300 in educating a young minister, through whose labors in a year or two 800 souls professed conversion, and he is gathering in more almost every day. The dear old sister smiles and cries both as she talks about how glad she is that she put her money into a young preacher, and not into a bank.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

Mrs. Bagley (sharply)—"Go away, man! I have nothing for you." The man who pulled the bell—"I must have made a mistake. I was told that a beautiful lady lived here, and I was anxious to see her face before I died. If I have mistaken the house—" Mrs. Bagley—"Don't go; step inside, sir. It shall never be said that I turned away a starving man."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Little girl (who is spending the afternoon with her aunt)—Auntie, mamma said that I was not to ask you for anything to eat. Aunt—Yes, Flosie, your mamma was quite right. It wouldn't be polite, you know. Little Girl (contemptively)—No, it wouldn't be polite, and perhaps she thought that as I was your guest you would offer me something without asking.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The ways of the hour at the clubs.—Crashley (entertaining friend at club)—S-s-sh! We can't go into the smoking-room now. Friend—But I want to smoke, my dear fellow. Crashley—Can't do it now, old man. You see, Mr. Titmuss don't like to be disturbed. He's our old steward. Saved up his fees and bought the building, and we had to admit him or move out.—*Tid-Bits.*

Presiding Judge—So then, you acknowledge having written this libelous letter? In the whole course of my experience I never met with such a conglomerate of vulgar abuse. What have you to say in extenuation of your conduct? Prisoner—Well, your Honor, allow me to tell you that it was evening, and rather dark at the time, so that I could hardly see what I wrote!—*Fliegende Blätter.*

One of the most eloquent preachers of this city tells a good joke at his own expense as follows: "When I was in Florida last winter I preached to a negro congregation one Sunday, excusing myself from saying much on account of my poor health. The colored minister in his closing prayer said: 'O, good Lawd, bless our brother L—who has preached to us in his pore, weak way.'"—*New York Tribune.*

An excited English speaker recently perpetrated the bull: "Sir, she was man enough to resist Russia," and another leader said: "The voice of England, which sounded so clearly at the last general election, would not be lost sight of."—*Paris News.*

After the clerk had pulled down everything in the store without satisfying his customer, a woman, she asked him if there was anything else he had not shown her. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "the cellar; but if you wish it I will have that brought up and shown to you."—*Lovell Citizen.*

"You know I am about to marry Miss X. She is impossibly ugly, I admit, but think of her dowry—500,000 francs. I shall simply wed her with my eyes shut." "Yes, my dear fellow, and you will do well never to open them again."—*French Fun.*

"Young man," said the stern parent to the applicant for his daughter's hand, "are you sure you can support a family?" "I wasn't m-making any calculations on that," stammered the young man; "I only want the girl, you know."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Ethel (reading)—A brute of a Memphis man recently enticed a young heiress into the house of a blind clergyman and at the point of a pistol compelled her to marry him. Maud (who has been reading the London Court Journal)—How delightfully English!

It is next to impossible for a man to teach a girl to whistle. When she gets her lips properly puckered she looks so bewitchingly tempting that he loses his head and kisses her, and the consequence is she doesn't have a chance to blow a note.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Mrs. Maloney's boy of 4 years was beating the cat with a rolling-pin. Tears of pride came into her eyes as she murmured: "Poor darlin'; you make me remember yer father that's dead an' gone, as he was when he was just appointed on the force."—*Lovell Citizen.*

Miss Clara (with a sigh)—Do you know, Mr. Featherly, that for some unknown reason I feel very blue to-night? Mr. Featherly (anxious to say the proper thing, but somewhat at a loss)—Well—er—Miss Clara, blue, you know, is very becoming to your complexion.—*Harper's Basar.*

"Reginald, dearest, father has at last told me that we may be married early in January." "What has changed his mind?" "Some benevolent friend sent him a fashion paper which says that it is no longer in good form for the father to give a check to the bride at the wedding."—*Boston Record.*

A machine has been invented which will sew on buttons as fast as seven girls could do the work, but when it comes to sitting up of a Sunday night with a young man seven machines can't begin to do the work of one girl. There is no fear of any invention driving the girls out of market.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A bold, bad boy in Illinois thrust a couple of plugs of tobacco into a big jug of whisky he found in the horse-shed during a church supper. And the next day the local physicians reported seventeen cases of ice-cream poisoning, all men, and the poor women who made the ice cream cried their innocent eyes out about it.—*Burdette.*

"Mary Jane Berks!" "What ma'am?" "What be you a-doin'?" "Eatin' pie, ma'am." "What be you a-eatin' it with?" "Knife." "So you be! Now, what have I told you about eatin' pie with your knife, Mary Jane? Take

that pie up in your hand and eat it as you ought to."—*Boston Record.*

There is a lovely love of a woman living in Newaygo county, Wisconsin. She picked blackberries last fall for market, and so industrious was she on foot and so nimble of finger that returns for her fruit were quite considerable. What did she do with the money? Buy a jersey and some stockings or a winter hat? Naw. She went to town and "blowed in" the whole business on a fiddle for her husband.—*Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal.*

In a Bob-Tail Car.

There was quite a scene on one of the Noble street cars the other day in the persistent refusal of a passenger to put his fare in the box. The driver rang the bell several times and finally he remarked to the delinquent: "Your fare has not been paid." "It is ready," was the rejoinder, "whenever you come to collect it." "But you must put it into the box," responded the driver. "I know nothing about any box," answered the gentleman; "the company under its charter is compelled to collect its own fares, and I am not going to turn myself into a conductor to collect from myself." "Then off you go," suggested the driver, and he came back to emphasize the threat, but abandoned it after sizing up the sturdy build of the defiant passenger. Then he claimed that he was not allowed to collect the fares, and the passenger regretted this, as the company would be out his passage money, and in this way the car drifted along to the terminal point. The fare was unpaid; neither was the delinquent passenger thrown off.—*Indianapolis News.*

Care of the Hair.

A French hair-dealer says that Americans neglect the proper care of the hair more than any other civilized women. Foreign women of all classes wash and brush their hair frequently, but many Americans seem to think they care for it enough to comb it twice daily. It is not an uncommon thing for a woman to come into a hair-dresser's place and say that her scalp has not been washed for a year—she was "afraid of taking cold." This seems incredible, but it is doubtless true. Much of the headache from which these careless people suffer is due to the clogged and unhealthy condition of an unclean scalp. Most of the false hair in the trade comes from the convents of Europe. The nuns sell their tresses at regular intervals to appointed collectors. All the cheap switches are made from Chinese or Italian hair, and this is usually anything but clean. Dealers are not allowed to buy hair cut from the heads of the dead.

Put Yourself in the Horse's Place.

It is worry and not work that kills. Let every owner of a horse think when he brings his team to the stable at night how much vital force has been expended in work and how much in worry, and then strike a balance. And, let him consider himself to be put in the horse's place, so that he may better know how it is himself. As thus:

A man goes out to work in the morning after having all night fought flies of the most pestilent kind, breathed hot, foul air, reeked in the sweat and dust of the previous day's work, eaten a breakfast in haste, without any sufficient cleansing of his skin, and with boots and clothing ill-fitting and galling the tenderest spots upon his person.

He is then, from the filthiness of his body, exposed all day to the venomous attacks of flies, which he fights with hands and feet, but which, from the exigencies of his work, he can only drive off for the slightest moment, after which a cloud of them settle upon his face and exposed parts and sting him severely.

He works on from hour to hour in the broiling sun without water to moisten his mouth or to quench his raging thirst until midday, when he rushes home, swallows a drink of dirty water, and hastily eats a dinner in the foulest-smelling and worst ventilated part of his premises.

The afternoon is like the forenoon, and after this has been occupied in the same way, the man, all foul with gathered dust and sweat, eats his evening meal as he dined, and lies down to rest (if, he can, on a filthy floor, in an apartment that is hot, close and swarming with flies, which he vainly fights as he catches an odd wink or so of sleep.

And so, again from day to day, he fights it out on this line all summer. Then how much of the resulting wear and tear is due to the worry and how little of it to the work?

Something like this is the weary condition of the average farm horse. No note is taken of the cruel lashings, the over-working, the injudicious feeding and watering, the torment of cheek-reins, the hindrance of blinders, the bad treatment of the feet by the blacksmith, and other mistakes which produce actual disease, nor of the truly horrible nostrums and poisonous stuff which are made use of as "remedies" for these complaints.

Thinking of all these things, who can wonder that the average farm horse, whose useful life is naturally twenty-five to thirty years, gets into a hole in the corner of the farm and is consumed by prowling dogs in less than half his allotted term of life.

A large and apparently vigorous woman entered a crowded horse-car in Baltimore the other day, and after casting withering glances on several gentlemen and not getting a seat, exclaimed: "I cannot stand up," and sank in a heap on the floor. This had the desired effect, for a gentleman at once arose and the lady was seated.