

# THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER

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In the Interests of the Colored People  
of the Country.

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There is a typographical error in spelling the word "trust" on the back of the new \$5 silver certificates. There is an "n" for "t," making it "trast." You will find it just over the letter "t" in the word "States."

The Americans living in Paris held a meeting on the evening of the day when some of them had gone to decorate Lafayette's grave, and passed resolutions to the effect that a proper return for the gift of Bartholdi's statue would be a statue of Washington, or of Washington and Lafayette, to be offered to the French people and to be set up in Paris April 30, 1889, the centennial of the day when, thanks to the assistance given by France and Lafayette, our first President took the oath of office.

The recent attempt made by some French aeronauts to reach a great height above the earth has not been productive of any particular scientific results," says the London Spectator. "The balloon in which the ascent was made reached an altitude of over 20,000 feet without the occupants of the car experiencing any ill effects, except a tendency to faintness on the part of one of them. When about twelve years ago a similar attempt was made, and the height of 20,000 feet was reached, it was with fatal results to three out of the four aeronauts. The success of the present experiment is explained by the allegation that the difficulties due to the rarefaction of the atmosphere only begin at an altitude of 23,000 or 24,000 feet. This view seems supported by the fact that in the Himalayas and the Andes heights of about 20,000 feet have been on several occasions reached without any inconvenience. In such cases, however, the ascent has always been gradual. The ill effects experienced in balloons are possibly due to the suddenness of the change."

The case of James Cline, a young burglar who was shot in the head recently in New York, who was taken to a hospital, has become interesting to the doctors. When he was taken to the hospital his whole right side was paralyzed. The paralysis first disappeared from the face. It was thought that he could not live, but in hope of saving his life the operation of trephining was performed. Three torn arteries in the brain were tied up, but the bullet which had entered the left side of the head near the top, could not be found without endangering the patient's life. After the operation the paralysis seemed to leave the right leg, but soon returned. Now he is gradually regaining control of his leg and arm. It was found that the power of speech had also left him. This is attributed to the fact that that part of the brain which usually appears to control the vocal organs was entirely blown away or badly lacerated. Cline, the doctors say, will remain speechless until some other part of the brain learns to perform the function of the destroyed portion.

## THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

Weekly Bulletin Issued by the United States Signal Service.

WASHINGTON, October 2.—The following is the weather crop bulletin issued by the signal office:

During the week ending October 1 the weather has been cooler than usual in all the agricultural districts east of the Rocky Mountains, the average daily temperature ranging from 3 to 6 degrees below normal in the central valleys, except from Virginia to Florida, where the temperature was but slightly below the normal. The temperature for the season, from January 1 to October 1, was slightly below the normal on the Atlantic coast and from New England westward to the Missouri Valley, and it was slightly warmer than usual in Ohio and central Mississippi valleys, and generally throughout the Southern States, the average daily excess or deficiency generally amounting to less than 2 degrees.

### RAINFALL.

The rainfall for the week has been in excess throughout the greater portions of the cotton and tobacco regions, and over the winter wheat regions from Ohio westward to Missouri and Iowa. In the regions that have suffered most from drought, covering the greater portion of Illinois, southern Indiana, eastern Iowa and the greater portion of Missouri, the rain fall for the week has been largely in excess. Less than the usual amount of rain fell along the South Atlantic coast, in northern New England, western New York, Nebraska, and the north western portions of Iowa.

The large deficiency in rainfall for the season continues in the central valleys, but this deficiency has been reduced during the week in the wheat and corn regions of the Northern States. Over the greater portion of the cotton region the deficiency has exceeded 10 inches. In the tobacco regions of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee the deficiency in rainfall for the season generally amounts to less than 5 inches, except in the extreme west portions of Tennessee and Kentucky, where the deficiency in rainfall for the season exceeds 10 inches. The only States reporting excess of rainfall for the season are Pennsylvania, Maine, southern New York, the west portions of Kansas and Nebraska, northern Texas and Colorado.

### THE COTTON HARVEST.

During the week the weather has been favorable for harvesting cotton in the States west of the Mississippi, and in the extreme eastern portions of the cotton region, while cool weather and heavy rains have effected this and other growing crops unfavorably in Mississippi.

### EARLY FROSTS.

Frosts occurred in the northern portion of the tobacco region of the Ohio valley and along the Atlantic coast as far as Virginia, which probably resulted in some injury to the crops. These frosts were anticipated and warnings were issued by this office, giving timely notice of their occurrence.

### GOOD FOR WINTER WHEAT.

The rains which have occurred during the week in the winter wheat regions will prove of especial value, as the sowing of the wheat has been delayed in that section owing to the continuance of the drought.

### Jefferson's Education.

For a boy born in a wilderness, Jefferson enjoyed remarkable advantages in early youth, growing out of the fact that the frontier was as yet so near the parent colony. Good English tuition at 5, Latin, Greek and French at 9, regular classical studies at 14, and a college course at 17, fall to the lot of few American schoolboys. Trapping quails and shooting wild turkeys, deer stalking, fox hunting, and horse racing do not figure to any extent as his biographical exploits. Jefferson the boy is a book-worm—Jefferson the youth is the petted member of an exclusive coterie, social, aristocratic, and literary. The accomplishments and courtly habits of the town efface all the characteristics of the country lad, or rather soften them down and leave them but two in number—the keen zest of horsemanship and a true love of nature—the pure and passionate admiration of plant and blossom, of rock and stream, of fresh air and blue sky. These are the legacy of the forest; all else he learns from books and the social traditions which drift from the old world to the new. Yet such is the strength of nature's influences that by these two slender threads she held this nursing of society and made him the apostle and bulwark of that primitive equality he abandoned, against the pretensions and claims of caste and privilege to the favor of which he largely owed the development, if not the awakening, of his genius.—Century.

### Haymaking in the Alps.

The inhabitants of the Bavarian Alps depend largely upon their goats for subsistence. They are very poor; they have modest little homes among the mountains, their goats supply them with a little milk, and they make cheese and butter. Bread is quite rare, therefore they grow potatoes on a scanty farm to take its place, and with these, and the produce of their goats, the people live and keep healthy and strong. They gather as food for the goats the grass which grows on the almost inaccessible shelves of the mountain sides. A mow is often in a dangerous position, led down by his comrades by a rope in order to cut grass. Under him is a precipice of, say, 150 feet, which descends to a little valley where his home is. He cuts the grass, ties it in a bundle, and it is drawn up to be dried in the sun.—Frank Leslie's.

## General News Notes.

France will not go to war with Germany again, so long as Von Moltke and Bismark live.

The President's trip through the west and south will cost him about \$1,500, instead of \$10,000 as the New York Sun figured it.

Cardinal Gibbons has gone to Portland, Oregon, to confer the Pallium on Archbishop Gross, the former Bishop of Georgia.

Governor Hill, of New York, never drinks wines or liquors of any sort. At a recent public banquet where he was to be chief guest he requested that no wine be used.

Six years ago Calvin Bruce was running a little bank in Lima, Ohio. He was one of the men who built the Nickel Plate road and sold it to Vanderbilt at a price which made the builders millionaires. Mr. Bruce now lives in a Fifth avenue palace and has contracted for a \$500,000 home at Newport.

The United States supreme court having decided that privilege taxes on drummers are not constitutional, a suit has been instituted in Mississippi, to compel the disgorging of all such taxes, which were collected before this decision. The suit will hardly amount to anything. Mississippi promptly acquiesced in the supreme court decision.

## DESTROYED BY THE WATER.

Villages Completely Swept Away—Great Suffering in Texas.

A dispatch from Brownsville, Texas, says: It is reported that great distress prevails on both sides of the upper Rio Grande country, on account of high water. It is said that entire farms are under water, and that families residing near the river have been washed out, and have lost all they had. A large number of these families have lost their entire crops reaped during the past season. The river has overflowed its banks for miles, and looks like an ocean. The water is still rising at Brownsville. Edinburg and LaPueblo, situated sixty miles above Brownsville, have been washed from the face of the earth; and at Santa Maria the water is gradually making its way to destroy the place.

## Watches for the Blind.

"This is one of the cutest things in the watch line that has yet appeared," said Jeweler Charles S. Crossman, holding up one of the new Swiss watches designed for the use of the blind. "The old raised figure watches were clumsy and the blind people were constantly bending or breaking the watch hands by touching them. In this watch a small peg is set in the centre of each figure. When the hour hand is approaching a certain hour the peg for that hour drops when the quarter before it is passed. The person feels the peg is down, and then counts back to twelve. He can thus tell the time within a few minutes, and by practice he can become so expert as to tell the time almost exactly. They have been in use about six months, and there is a steady and growing demand for them.—New York Sun.

## WASHINGTON NOTES.

THE PRESIDENT WILL STOP AT CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Ex-Representative Pettibone, of Tennessee, headed a committee from Chattanooga, waited on the President and urged him to stop at that city on his coming trip to the South. The President informed the Chattanooga committee that he would spend one hour in that city on his way from Nashville to Atlanta on Monday, October 17.

## COMMERCE WITH SPAIN.

The President has issued a proclamation removing the discriminating duties against Spanish commerce, he having been officially assured by memorandum of an agreement between the American secretary of State and the Spanish minister at Washington that no such duties were enforced by Spain against American commerce.

## A Case of Deliberate Wife Murder.

A dispatch from Chattanooga, Tenn., says: A white fisherman named John Davis was arrested for the murder of his wife and committed to jail without bail. Mrs. Davis died Monday week very suddenly. Davis stated at the time that she had eaten a hearty supper and was dead in an hour and a half. Suspicious circumstances aroused the officials, and the remains were disinterred and the fact was revealed that the skull had been fractured by a blow. Davis' sons claim that their mother had fallen in a fit and bruised herself, but later information is to the effect that Davis hurried the remains to the grave without allowing any one to examine the body. It is clearly a case of deliberate wife-murder.

## Sharp Goes to Sing Sing.

A dispatch from New York, says: The Supreme Court in general term affirmed the judgement of conviction in the case of Jacob Sharp, all four of the Judges concurring. The case can be appealed to the Court of Appeals, but Sharp will be sent to Sing Sing at once.

## Saratoga Chips.

"Do Saratoga chips come from Saratoga?" inquired a Mail and Express reporter of a New York grocer.

"Not much," said the grocer. "They are made in this city, and many are shipped to Saratoga. But if you want to know all about them just go up to the bakery and see how they are made."

At the bakery it was learned that the concern has a monopoly of the business in this city, and that there are only three makers of Saratoga chips in the country. Chips are an American institution, and are not known abroad save for some small lots that have been exported. The process of manufacturing is in part a secret. The potatoes are peeled and sliced by machinery. They are washed and dried between muslin clothes. If they were not fried the amount of starch that they contain would make them brown, and the secret of the business is to remove all of the starch, so that the chips will be perfectly white. When this is done they are put into the hot grease, and come out curled and crisp and with the delicious flavor that has made them famous the world over. Said the manager:

"We use seventy-five barrels of potatoes a week, keep seven bakers at work, and have three wagons out delivering. Hotels take them by the barrel, restaurants take them in twenty-five pound boxes, and for grocers to serve to private families we put them up in one pound cartons. The dining cars on nearly all the railroads use them, and we have sent some to England. Cities as far away as Jacksonville, Florida, and San Francisco send us for Saratoga chips. They will keep for three months. A few minutes in a hot oven makes them as crisp as, though they were just fried."

## Washington's Wonderful Monument.

I have been living now for some months at a distance of a mile away, in full view of the Washington monument, looking directly upon its eastern face, says a correspondent of the Kansas City Journal. It never seemed twice alike. It has its moods and changes of color, like the tops of the Swiss Alps. This morning the base of the 600-foot structure was lost in a deep blue mist, which filled the valley for a depth of a couple hundred feet. Then came a section of, perhaps, 100 feet more in which the shaft was purple and pink, the whole crowned with a white blazing column, hundreds of feet high, flashing back the sunlight, set against a deep blue western sky! At another time you will see the cold, gray base of the monument rising above the deep green foliage which surrounds it, with the dark blue highlands of Arlington beyond, and overlapping all these the graceful shaft pierces the heavens, towering far above the horizon line, until its top is lost in a sea of fleecy clouds. It is a realized vision of Jacob's ladder, a real visible stone causeway leading from heaven to earth. Do you know of any other monument like this? A few evenings ago there was a grand thunder shower in the east. The west was black with darkness, and even the white monument was blotted out of sight. But at every flash of the lightning the whole eastern face of the monument gleamed and flashed like a polished sword, coming out of the darkness with a suddenness and vividness that was startling. It seemed to be a ghastly monument, a column of electricity, which leaped from the earth to the sky. I am sure no other monument in this world can exhibit such a phase as that.

## Where Dancing is a Passion.

I presume those who have not traveled in Spain hardly realize how thoroughly that country is given to the worship of St. Vitus. Says a recent writer: "The dance demon seizes on Spaniards at all times and under all circumstances—in the streets, on the public squares, under the porches of the stately mansions. A peripatetic musician comes along strumming his guitar, and in an instant the maid servants throw aside their brooms, the work women set down the pitchers they are carrying to the fountain, the muleteers leave their mules, the innkeeper forgets your dinner, and all spring forward, arms akimbo and eyes sparkling. Their feet just touch the ground, they balance in unison with the music and dance with their souls as well as with their bodies. Let a tourist pay a visit to Toledo and put up at the ancient hostelry of De Lino, and let a guitar player station himself under the great sombre archway that Don Quixote himself would not have passed without a foreboding of evil. He will see with his own eyes how the natural order of things will be disarranged and everything thrown into confusion. A fandango will begin in the court, the kitchen and the street, and amid such a hubbub that he will think that he has taken leave of his senses. One day at St. Sebastian the regiment passed by with a band at its head. A fandango was played. Even the children who had been industriously engaged in making dirt pies pricked up their ears, caught each other by the wrists, and tried to go through the steps. Their nurses joined in, snapping their fingers. The passers-by came to the assistance of the nurses. The soldiers themselves couldn't stand the temptation, but fell out of the ranks and mingled in the dance.

## Old Shoes "Worked Over."

One of the curious industries of New York is the rehabilitation of old shoes, the cast-off kind gathered from the ash heaps and refuge of the streets. A regular market for these is found in the cobbler's basements along Baxter and Mulberry streets—more particularly in the region known as "The Bend." This rejected stock is worked over by the shoemakers, mended and patched so as to be water tight, and then blacked to the brilliancy of stove polish. Long rows of them may be seen displayed on the boards in front of the cobbler shops in "The Bend," glistening in the moonlight sun with dazzling brightness. A small boy, generally one of the scions of the paternal son of Crispin, stands at their side in the double character of guardian or salesman, though the former duty is often discharged by the oscillating salesman in charge of the stock of cheap clothing on the floor above, who hallooos down the basement to the proprietor whenever a would-be customer for the shoes stops to make an investment. Prices for this strange merchandise range from seventy-five cents up to \$1.50 a pair. There must be a market for it, or it wouldn't be produced. Its existence shows how many poor fellows are "down on their luck" and compelled to buy such goods.—Brooklyn Citizen.

## A "Fair" Joke.

Suppose, at the fair, they should offer some day Two washing machines to bestow On the good, honest farmer, who sent the best hay. The competition would never be slow. Then, suppose, at the fair, the winner should get A cloth and some soap for his pains; And told "they were washing machines, you just bet!" The committee gets up and explains, You need not call that a cheat and a lie, And go off like some gunpowder smoke, Unfair you might call it; yet so should not I. I should call it a pretty fair joke.—Goodell's Sun.

## IN NORTHERN PULPITS.

A Sensational Preacher in Washington Denounces the Anarchist and is Boisterously Applauded.

A Dispatch from Washington D. C. says: An unusual scene occurred at the Metropolitan M. E. Church, when the Rev. John P. Newman, in a sermon on "Infidelity," referred in severe terms to the Anarchists. "Could any American citizen," he said, "ten years ago have imagined the circulation of a petition to pardon those whose hands are red with blood of the defenders of public peace and safety? What is back of this anarchy, this dare devil movement on the part of those villains who ought to have been hanged long ago?"

At this point many of the audience rose to their feet, clapped their hands and with loud demonstrations announced their approval of the minister's words.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, who is to pronounce the eulogy on Henry Ward Beecher in the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Monday night, preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in the Pulpit where his friends had stood for forty years. His subject was "Not here, but risen." The sermon, which was delivered without manuscript, was largely a memorial discourse, several sympathetic references being made to the dead pastor. Telegrams were received by Dr. Parker, while he was in the pulpit, from his people in London, sending their good wishes.

## Assaulted by Negroes.

A Dispatch from Dallas Texas, says: John Barlow and Miss Julia Walker, a respectable young couple, who were to have been married in a few days, while walking in the city park at about midnight were confronted by two negroes who robbed Barlow of his money, watch and chain. One of the negroes then stood over Barlow with a cocked revolver, while the other dragged Miss Walker a short distance away and outraged her. The negroes will be lynched if caught.

## Bull vs. Bicycle.

There are many instances on record where men's lives have been saved by speedy horses, but, possibly, the first instance in which the treacherous looking bicycle has figured as a life saver occurred at Stanford, Ky., the past week. Dr. W. B. Penny, of that place, is a typical Kentuckian, over six feet tall, and built in proportion. The doctor makes a specialty of pulling teeth, and uses his wheel—a fifty-six-inch sky scraper—in making his visits. One evening recently he made a call several miles from town, and was delayed until nearly dark. He started home, however, after lighting his hub lantern. He had pedaled along serenely two or three miles over the smooth Stanford pike, thinking of supper, when suddenly he heard a commotion in his rear. Glancing back, he was startled to see a mad bull, with head down and tail erect, charging at him with full speed. The red side lights of the lantern had roused the bovine's ire, and he had determined to annihilate it. There was no time to think. Grasping his handles firmly the doctor bent himself to business, and pedaled as he never pedaled before. Faster and faster went the light machine, but closer came the infuriated bull. Straining every nerve the doctor pulled himself up a hill, knowing that once up he could gain upon his bloodthirsty pursuer, and possibly escape. A slipped pedal or a header meant death, and he knew it. But strong legs and a stout machine gained the victory, and the hill top was reached with the bull not over thirty feet behind. But the doctor knew he could quickly coast away from his enemy on the declivity before him, and throwing his tired legs over the handle bars, he rapidly drew away and left his pursuer. The race was only three-quarters of a mile, and did not last much more than two minutes, but it seemed miles and hours long to the man on the wheel.—Courier-Journal.

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In 1880 there were only about 500 miles of railway in Mexico. By the close of the present year there will be more than 3,600, with a capital of \$120,000,000 invested. Of this amount 2,700 miles are owned and operated by Americans. Their benefit to the country is demonstrated by the increase of the public revenues from \$17,800,000 in 1879 to \$33,000,000 in 1886.

## SOME D. A. Y.

Some day when least you dream of such a woe,  
The air will tremble to the sounds of woe-  
ing;  
And pale and still with white and folded hands,  
The one you love will silently be sleeping.  
And burning tears will rain from your sad eyes,  
Because you failed to value while you possessed;  
Then wait not for the bitter day to come,  
But cherish while you may the tender blessing.

Some day the air will echo to sweet music  
Of drum and bugle call and martial tread,  
And with the flag draped o'er his pulseless bosom,  
The gallant soldier will be cold and dead.  
And all the tributes heaped upon his bosom  
Will fail to thrill his heart with joy or pride.  
But had he heard in life one-half your praises,  
Or felt your fond caress he had not died.

Oh, keep not back the words that might be spoken;  
While hearts are hungering for the blessed speech,  
Value your treasures, fold it to your bosom  
Before it slips forever from your reach.  
The saddest words that sound in all life's measure  
Are these, wrung from the heart by cruel fate,  
The undertone to every note of pleasure,  
"I found my jewel's value, all too late."  
D. M. Jordan.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Complaint of the stage carpenter—all work and no play.

To remove mill-due—pay off what is due on the mill, of course.—Sifting.

Although the hen is proud of her little ones, yet does she love to sit on them.—Puck.

The most popular man in the P. O. department—General delivery.—Washington Critic.

A man running for office may get out of breath; but he will be more apt to get out of money.—Penny.

When you come to think of it, young man, isn't the marriage ceremony misleading?—Yonkers Statesman.

An exchange publishes "The Song of the Gas Man." Of course it is sung to long meter.—Newman Independent.

Send us the dresses a woman has worn, and we can tell you whether her husband is in Canada or not.—Omaha World.

When you see a person literally devouring a book you may be sure it is filled with tender lines.—St. Paul Herald.

Talk is cheap. The man who talks too much gets so liberal that he gives himself away.—Baltimore American.

It is true that doctors disagree, but they don't disagree half so much as their medicines do.—Burlington Free Press.

An up-country town is proud of a female blacksmith. We presume she began by shoeing hens.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Mr. Jones, of St. Paul, has had the blood of a lamb introduced into his veins. He is now ripe for Wall street.—Burlington Free Press.

Coffee and tea it is well known, are apt to make the features brown. And so the girls, I'm pleased to state, have got to using chalk-late.—Detroit Free Press.

No wonder they say the Yankees exaggerate. We know one who complained to his butcher that the last piece of steak sent him was so tough that his mother could not chew the gravy.—Holt Gazette.

"What I dislike about the large hotels," said Miss Culture, "is their gregariousness." "Well," responded the Chicago maiden, rather bewildered, "those fancy puddings never did agree with me either."—Boston Globe.

Prodigal Son—"Father, after twenty years of fruitless wandering, I have returned to my old home." "Oh, it's you, is it, Bill? Well, there ain't a ny wood split for your ma to cook the dinner with. Praps you'd better get up an appetite."—New Haven News.

A man whose fair features were terribly marred. By an accident, said: "Little head. People gave to me once, but my luck, though ill-starred, now has made me a marked man, indeed."—Boston Budget.

Wong Chin Foo, who has the whiskers of a tiger, whose waist is three miles round, and whose wit is the forest of pencils, asks in the North American Review, "Why am I a heathen?" Because, oh most wise and courtly mandarin, thou wast born a boy. Hadst thou been born a girl, thou wouldst have been a she, then. Send us the chromo. Or hold; we'll take an ulster.—Burdette.

## A "Fortune" That "Come True."

Some years ago Christine Nilsson, whose recent marriage, you remember, had the lines of her hand examined by a palmist, who told her she would have trouble from two causes, fire and maniacs. This prediction was verified, for during the Chicago fire she lost \$25,000, and when Boston was burned she lost \$200,000. When at New York a crazy man followed her for a week, believing that the words addressed by Marguerite to Faust were intended for himself. In Chicago a poor student decided to marry her, and wrote passionate letters to which he received no answer. One day he came in a superb sleigh, drawn by four horses, to take his affianced bride to the church. The manager quieted him by saying, "You are late; Madame Nilsson has gone there to wait for you." The third insane person was her husband, M. Ronzeard, who died in an asylum.—Musical Record.

The grain elevator capacity of Chicago is 28,850,000 bushels.