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In the Interests of the Colored People or the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contrib

ute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its col-

umns. Itis not sectarian or partisan, but independent-dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticise the shortcomings of all public officials-commending the worthy, and recommending for election such meu as in its opinion are best suited to serve

the interests of the people.

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

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W.C. SMITH Charlotte N C

It is expected that before long a practical test of one of the numerous harnesses for the control of Niagara's power, brought into existence under the stimulus of a \$100,000 prize, will receive a practical test, which will demonstrate its use or prove it a failure, and give something further on which to base arguments that Niagara contains no great shakes of available power. An endless chain, with feathering buckets, was the invention of a Buffalo man. The rights for Erie and Niagara counties he sold for \$65,000. A stock company with \$1,000,000 capital is to be formed if the coming test proves successful.

Western towns which have a boom can appreciate the power of the press. The people of Tucson, Arizona, buy 8,000 copies of their local paper every month for the purpose of sending it abroad, and in addition pay it \$200 a month for special "write-ups." the citizens of Fort Scott, Kansas, have just spent \$7,000 in advertising the town. Hutchinson, Kansas, claims to give its local paper a bonus of \$10,000 a year for remaining alive and kicking, while Newton, Kansas, pays its page. The \$15,000 a year. There is nothing at all improper in this, as the money is paid for legitimate advertising. On the contrary, it is very creditable to the citizens of these towns that they thus encourage their local papers and at the same time benefit themselves.

of steamers existing in the world in 1880 was estimated at 9,000, of an aggregate burden of 19,531,843 tons. In the previous year the number was stated at 9,642, of an aggregate burden of 10,291,241 tons. The world's steam shipping in 1886 was thus distributed: steamers, 8,198, of an aggregate burdon of 8,911,406 tons; steel steamers. 770, of an aggregate burden of 32,820 tons; and wooden steamers, 822, of an aggregate burden of 380,655 tons. Of the steamers affoat in 1885, 5,792 were owned by the United Kingdom and its colonies, their aggregate burden being 6,505,871 tons. The other countries of the world owned steamers in the following order: Germany, 579; France, 509; Spain, 401; the United States, 400; Norway, 287; Russia, 212; Denmark, 200; Italy, 173; Holland, 152; Brazil, 141; Japan, 105; Greece and Turkey, 82 each; Belgium, 68; Chili and the by the grand company in which she finds herself." Portugal, 27 each; Hawaii, 21; Mexico, 15, and miscellaneous 50. From the shove figures it appears that, notwithstanding the great depression prevailing in the steam shipping trade, the number of steamers affoat last year increased to the extent of 327 as compared with 1885.

Weet Faith is like the daisy bright,
With heart of gold and petal white,
That blooms from morn until the night,
And wakes from day to day,
Each year, from spring till winter's gloom.
Then only sleeps again to bloom
And cheer life's rugged way.

Fair Hope is like the cedar tree;
No matter what the season be,
Its verdure we may ever see,
It tells us constantly—
Though faded are the wayside flowers,
Though lonely are the wintry hours—
Of immortality.

But Love, the greatest of them all,
Blooms winter, summer, spring and fall,
Nor night nor death its strength appal
Through all eternity.
Sweet Faith, Fair Hope, within it dwell;
All flowers of its beauties tell—
A perfect trinity
—{Emile Pickhardt in Boston Herald.

CELESTE'S WEDDING.

One day, business requiring my presone day, business requiring my presence at X., a small town with a population of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, distant twenty hours from Paris, I arrived there about ten in the forenoon, and was greatly surprised to find the streets which are generally so silent and peaceful, unusually animated. Groups of men were standing in front of the shops women were cossining at the shops, women were gossiping at the windows, young men and young girls were wending their way toward the public square, while urchins were running about in every direction.

ning about in every direction.

The Hotel of Commerce, my customary stopping-place, seemed upside down. Travelers, who had been abandoned to their fate by the waiters, were tugging furiously at their bell cords, one calling for his boots, another for his breakfast, this one wanted his mail, that one his paper, while the corridors were the scene of an indescribable confusion. The master of the house, a stout, jovial man, known to all as Father Philip, traveled up stairs and down, perspiring, panting, and fumbling at a loss as to which call he should answer first. I stopped him as he was going by.

by. "Hello! Father Philip," said I with a laugh, "what's the trastter! Are your servants on a strike?"

"Ah!" replied he, as he mopped his face furiously with his handkerchief, "don't speak of it sir. Although I had forbidden it, they have all gone to the wedding. Ah! here they are now, coming back! It is about time!"

With contrite looks and hanging heads the three waters were returned.

ing back! It is about time!"
With contrite looks and hanging heads, the three waiters were returning as he said, sneaking along the wall. But father Philip, red as a boiled lobster, had caught sight of them, and without waiting for explanations, he bawled at the top of his voice:
"Say, are you all trying to make a fool of me? Augusta, chocolate to 7, coffee with milk to 11, letters to 9! Emile's 16's boots, 6's hat, Petit Journal to 2- No. 1's bill! Jules, 14's breakfast, the Time Table for 21."
Without questions, August, Emile and Jules disappeared up the staircase as if by magic. We heard them scurrying along the halls on the upper floor; doors were slammed and five minutes later the house had recovered its usual serenity. Then only did Father Philip become more calm and turning to me he said:
"Why, you have not been relieved of your value yet. I beg your pardon. Ah! my hear sir, one is anything but happy when he has to deal with such scamps! But then I cannot be angry with them to-day. The whole town is topsey-turvey on account of the wedding."
"Ah! that's so. You have just arrived and could not know. It is the

most unpleasantly surprised when I replied, without dreaming that I might give offense: "I can't see why the marriage of that particular lady should have revolutionized the town in this way."

revolutionized the town in this way."

He disdainfully stuck out his nether lip, a sure sign that he was pouting, or as his waiter would say, "showing his lip." Still, he was on the point of explaining why such a cause had produced so good an effect, when the rumbling of carriages resounded in the street and the air was filled with cries of "Here they come! here they come!"

It was the wedding—the famous wedding of Mile. Bondurand—which, after the ceremony at the town hall and at church was passing by the hotel on its way to the bride's residence. It was followed by a crowd of idlers who ran along, shouting, waving their hats, and along, should, waving their hats, and shoving each other, even under the horses' feet, as they scrambled in the dust after the sugar-plums the groomsmen were throwing by handfuls through the carriage windows.

We had posted ourselves on the stopp to get a better view of the corters as

We had posted ourselves on the stoop to get a better view of the cortego as it went by. Father Philip shared in the general enthusiasm, and seemed hugely delighted as he pointed out to me the family and the invited guests.

"There is Monsieur Bondurand, the bride's father, in the second carriage. Hello! his wife is not with him!

Parbleu, she has got into her daughter's vehicle. That bald-headed gentleman

is our sous prefet.
"And who is that peasant woman in full dress? She seems quite impressed

inds hersell."

'That is the groom's mother, old
Mme. Florent. Doesn't the worthy
woman seem happy? Anyhow, there
she is, for the first time in her life, rid-

ing in a carriage.

"The groom is not a rich man then?"

"Who! Jacques Florent? Why, he hasn't a cent to his name."

"And his wife?"

"Mile. Celeste Bondurand has a dowry of 500,000 francs, without mentioning future expectations."
"Monsieur Jacques Florent has failen into a well-lined nest."

into a well-lined nest."

Master Philip smiled approvingly,
As his eyes fell upon the occupants of
two of the carriages in the cortege, he
suddenly exclaimed:

"There they are! there they are!"
They were invited, too, it seems. "That
is a capital joke," he added, laughing
until the tears rolled down his fat
cheeks. "Tis really a good joke! Do
you see them?"

you see them?"
"Do I see whom? I don't see anything to laugh at."
"There, in the sixth carriage, that tall, light haired man at the side of that "There, in the sixth carriage, that tall, light-haired man at the side of that young girl in a pink dress with a white hat, is Monsieur de Vauvilain, the chief bailiff. And in the other vehicle, that small, fat man, vith the lady in green, is M. Chapuis, the wealthy land owner. There is no doubt of it, they are both invited to the wedding."

"Why, of course, Father Philip, or you would not see them in carriages following the bride. But tell me, why do you find it so funny that those gentlemen should be invited to attend Mile. Bordurand's wedding?"

"Tis true! I always forget that you have just arrived and have, as yet, heard nothing of it. If you only knew. Ah, no, let me laugh."

"There is an amusing story connected with the marriage then?"

"Amusing if you wish—that is, to these who are acquainted with the parties."

"All the same, tell it to me, father

"All the same, tell it to me, father

Philip, I long to hear it."

Being a well-informed, loquacious inn-keeper, Father Philip did not require much persuasion. The wedding train and the crowd bad disappeared. We were alone on the veranda, where trav-elers generally sipped their coffee. I

ordered two cups and after tasting his the old fellow commenced as follows: "I must begin by telling you that Jacques Florent, whom you have just noticed, and who has married so well, noticed, and who has married so well, was born in this neighborhood. We used to see him, when quite small, going to the parochiol school, his satchel on his back, and his hands in his pockets. He was a civil, well bred youngster. When he met one he would politely doff his cap, and when school was dismissed, he would never loaf about the streets intend of going home. His mother who he would never loaf about the streets instead of going home. His mother, who managed a small farm near by, would take him to school in the morning when she came to town to sell the milk of her cows, and would call for him in the evening, on her way home. She was a widow, and worked hard to bring her son up reporely

widow, and worked hard to bring her son up properly.

On his side, little Jacques worked hard also. One year he won so many prizes that he could not carry them all. Then his mother determined to send him to college. She found no sacrifice too great in order to obtain the means of particle for his heard and ladding. too great in order to obtain the means of paying for his board and lodging. She would arise an hour earlier in the morning and go to bed later at night, while all day long she would toil like a slave. Poor Mother Florent. How she did move about in those days. Luckily it was not long before the youngster was able to provide for himself. He first won a scholarship here, another at college, still another in Paris at the Ecole Centrale, where he stood at the head of Centrale, where he stood at the head of

"He must be a phænix, then!"
"I don't know about his being a phænix, but one thing certain is, that, like his mother, he is a hard worker; and by working hard, one always gets on."

on."
"I agree with you there,"
"Well, to cut the story short, he succeeded. In Paris, during three years he faithfully attended to his studies, while he gave lessons here and there, and by this means made money enough to meet his smaller expenses. At last, he passed his smaller expenses. At last, he his final examination successfully with his diploma in his pocket, he returned home. His good reputation had preceeded him, and on his arrival M. Bondurand offered him a situation in his woolen mills."

"Ah! yes. Now I understand abo the marriage. But how about those two that you were laughing about awhile ago? Where do M. de Vauvilain, baliff, and M. Chapuis, the landed proprietor,

"Hold on, you go too fast. In plac-ing Jacques Florent at the head of his factory, M. Bondurand had not the least idea of letting him wed his daughter— neither did Mme. Bondurand, I assure Then Mlle. Celeste's marriage took

place against their wishes?"
"Never in the world,"

"I don't understand it at all then."
"That is not surprising. You don't give me time to explain things. You may well suppose that, with her fortune, Mile. Celeste, who is a charm-

ing young person, as you may have noticed yourself, and who was brough noticed yourself, and who was brought up as a princess, had no end of admirers. Every winter Mme. Bondurand's parlors are thronged with the best society of the town, and at her receptions the richest and most distinguished people are to be met. Being an engineer, Paul was invited. He never failed to attend, but he always remembered his place, while Messrs. Chapuis and de Vauvilain paraded in the first ranks, letting it be known that they were in love with Mile. Celeste. I believe, though, that they were only in love with her dowry. Each made up his mind to win the prize at any cost, and the conduct of both was in strict accordance with this determistrict accordance with this determi-nation. The strangest part of the whole proceedings was that neither attempted to get into the good graces of the young lady, who always treated them with marked coldness.

"Singular lovers, those!"

"They imagined that Mile. Celeste being a good girl of a very social disposition, she would always comply with her parents' wishes. So they proceeded to lay siege to the old folks. M. Chapuis, by displacing an interest in M. Bondurand's affairs, had no trouble in winning him over, while M. de Vauvilain, by means of his nobility, and by putting on the airs of a great lord, succeeded in getting the mother to espouse his cause to such an extent that, in a short time, she promised him her daughter's hand, while, on the other side, her husband was making the same promise to his rival."

"And of course Mile. Celeste protested?"

tested?"

"Not at all. She let things take their own course. It happened that she occasionally danced with Jacques Florent and had conversed with him in the parlor. The young engineer's quiet, serious character and his easy, distinguished manners soon impressed her. serious character and his easy, distinguished manners soon impressed her. One day he spoke of his mother, of her devotion to him, of the gratitude and affection that he bore her. This proved to the young lady that his heart was in the right place. Jacques, on his side felt himself more than interested in the beautiful and sweet girl that had so kindly pand attention to him, but as he knew her to be very rich, his demeanor was always so respectful that no word of love ever passed between them."

"And still—"
"Of course, everything had to come out all right in the end. Here is the natural winding up of the comedy. The first time that M. and Mme. Bondurand communicated to each other their de-

communicated to each other their de-signs in regard to their daughter there was a terrible row. Just think. Mon-sieur wanted Chapuis for his son-in-law. Madame could not bear him; he was a Madame could not bear him; he was a baboon, Chinaman, a miser; he was ugly, deformed, ill-bred, badly dressed, unkempt and ridiculous. Madame wanted de Vauvilian, whom Monsieur held in holy horror. A snob, a talker, a boaster, a booster, a booster, a booster, booby, an ass; noble, it was true, but a wretched beggar who had to depend entirely on his situation."

"They could not agree, then?"

"Of course not. 'Vauvilain, never!' exclaimed M. Bondurand. 'Chapuis,' replied his wife, 'I'll die first!'

"It was at this point that Mile. Celeste took a hand in the game. She told her father that she loved M. Jacques Florent, that M. Florent loved her, that she would be his wife or else she would

she would be his wife or else she would marry de Vauvilain. She said the same to her mother, only the conditions were: Jacques or Chapuis, Neither hesitated. In order to get rid of the one each hated so much, both consented. The game

"Of course the engineer was expecting affairs to take this turn?"
"Not at all; but Mile. Celeste had been astute enough to foresee that there was no opposition to be dreaded from that quarter. She had her father to cell on him, and I need not say that the worthy young fellow's surprise was as great as his joy. You can understand that he accepted the offer eagerly, his only condition being that, at the wedding, the place of honor would be given to his mother. You have seen yourself, that his wish was have seen, yourself, that his wish was

granted.

"Now, if you want to know why the whole town attended the wedding, I must say it is because everybody likes Jacques. And," added Father Philip, with a cunning smile, if I must tell all, you should remember that we are in the country, and we have had nothing else to talk of during the past three months."—[From the French.

A Climatic Peculiarity.

A correspondent of an Eastern paper points out the fact that at Lucerne, in the southern part of this state, a high range of thermometer—he puts it at 116—can be endured even by the workers in the field without a great deal of incorposiones. He attributes the of inconvenience. He attributes the fact to the movement of the coast winds and the cool nights which tend so much to recuperation. This condition of the atmosphere is not peculiar to Lucerne and Southern California. It is con.mon also to Central and a part of Upper California. It is a well-established fact that in this state ninety degrees of heat does not cause a great deal of personal discomfort. It can be six degrees at the East. The higher range with us is not attended with wilted collars, nor crushed wristbands, except in the case of violent exertion.
The reason is not exclusively the
prevalence of coast winds, but the
dryness of the atmosphere. The heat prevalence of coast winds, but the dryncss of the atmosphere. The heat absorbed by the system at once radiates in all directions. At the East, in consequence of the greater moisture of the atmosphere, the heat is retained. Californians have been known to flee precipitately from New York with a thermometrical range of from seventy-six to eighty degrees, though ten degrees more would not render them uncomfortable in the southern country, or the Secramento or San Joaquin valleys. The radiation outward of the heat is also supposed to account for the absence of sunstroke, and of rabies among dogs.—San Francisco Enquirer.

Sad Fate of a Joke.

An American joke sometimes loses itself through translation into another language. A native humorist wrote: "Notwithstanding that a lady should always be quiet and self-contained she always be quiet and self-contained she cannot even enter a place of worship without a tremendous bustle." A French writer reproduces it in this form: "According to an American author, the 'adies of that country are so greedy of notoriety that they cannot enter the holysanctuary without disturbing the kneeling worshippers with their vulgar and unseemly ado."—Birghempton Remblican.

BESIEGED BY A PYTHON

A WEIRD TALE OF A CLERK'S TER RIBLE EXPERIENCE.

A Huge Snake at Large in a Counting Room.—Taking Refuge in a Safe.—A Lucky Es-

Twenty years ago I was the managing clerk in an English merchant's office. My work was heavy. Many nights I sat at my books until into the small hours of the morning. Once or twice I actually dozed off into a sleep, to be awakened by the woman who cleaned the various rooms coming to her work. The house I was connected with had a branch establishment in India doing a

The house I was connected with had a branch establishment in India doing a large business, and many curious consignments of goods, quite outside of our usual articles of commerce, passed through our hands. Priceless cloths and native fabrics, brass and gold ornaments set with precious stones, collections of stones, botanical specimens, birds, animals—everything, in fact, until at times the contents of the cases, if opened and spread out, would have made a very average museum.

One afternoon a large box was delivered from one of the ships labelled "To be kept in a moderately warm place." I was away from the warehouse at the time of its arrival, and the men placed it in the outer office. On my return I casually noticed the case in passing, and saw that one end was slightly crushed, as if by some heavier case falling on it. This was a mere accidental observance.

My private office was just four walls, hung with maps and charts. A writing bureau in the centre of the floor behind the door; behind the bureau a large iron fireproof safe some six feet high and four feet square, standing twelve or four teen inches from the wall, and a case of books and three or four chairs a branch establishment in India doing a

and four feet square, standing twelve or fourteen inches from the wall, and a case of books and three or four chairs completed the inventory. I was going to work late, and in a short time I was alone in the large building.

I worked steadily until midnight. I arose and paced about the room for a few minutes.

few minutes.

A sound, as of a chair being moved in the adjoining room, startled me.

I stepped to the door, and opened it. The light from a street lamp lit the room fairly well, and after a glance I concluded it must have been fancy, and returned to my desk, leaving the door

harsh sound came from the same direction, a curious, rubbing sound, undenia-bly within the next room, and quite as

bly within the next room, and quite as undeniably moving toward the door leading to where I was sitting.

I rose to my feet, and as I did so the head and neck of a hugh snake protruded through the doorway into the well-life room. well-lit room.

well-lit room.

I stood transfixed with horror.

When the reptile saw me it stopped for a second, its eyes grew more and more affame until they resembled two lurid balls of fire, its tongue darted in and out of its mouth, and the head raised higher and higher until nearly level with my own. I could hear its level with my own. I could hear its body coiling and recoiling in fury in the darkness beyond, and there I stood powerless, unarmed, and apparently unable even to move.

unable even to move.

I looked once around in a despairing search for some outlet of escape, and, as I took my eyes from those of the horrid reptile, it lowered its head and larted toward me. Another second and it would have caught me, when, seeing the open safe, I rushed in and shut the door. A small petty cash book fell to the floor, half in, half out of the safe, holding the door open about half an inch.

hook inside but the snake simultaneously with myself, had dashed itself against the safe, and in its brute fury thinking the safe part and parcel of myself had thrown its coils around it, com-pressing the door so tightly that I forpressing the door so tightly that I fortunately could not remove the book,
which was my sole means of ventilation.
Half crazed with fright I pulled and
lugged at it without avail. The perspiration rolled down my face, my heart
beat almost to bursting, and even with
the book holding the door ajar I seemed
to be at the point of suffocation. Gasping for breath and utterly nerveless I
fell against the door and slid to the floor
in a dead faint.

How long I remained so I cannot tell; perhaps a few minutes, perhaps an hour At last my senses returned, and although At last my senses returned, and although dreadfully cramped by the position into which I had subsided in the narrow space, I feit I had not the power to rise, and lay there gazing through the narrow opening at the two folds which encircled my refuge, feeling a horrible sensation that I shall never forget. I even passed my finger out and touched one, feeling a quivering movement that told me the reptile had drawn its coils to their utmost tension in the hope of crushing the shell that held the precious kernel of myself. kernel of myself.

By an effort I collected my ideas, and,

By an effort I collected my ideas, and, remembering the box and the crushed end, could readily account for the presence of the intruder. I knew that it was customary to feed them to satiety before shipping, send them off, and as a rule they arrived here still in the state of stupor. This one might have had a long passage, and coming out of the sleep wanted water, grew furious, burst the weak end of the case, and finding me attacked me by instinct.

I grew calmer and investigated my position thoroughly. I rose to my feet, and as I did so my foot rested on something uneven. I picked it up and found it to be one of those long ink erasers, having a blade about four inches long.

sharp as a razor, tempered like a Damascus blade, the handle being about five inches long and flat in shape. It must have fallen out of the cash book, these knives frequently being shut in the books by the careless clerks. Taking the knife in my right hand I thrust it into the thinest fold with all my strength. There was a horrible, siekening tearing sound, and quickly withdrawing the blade, I thrust it again and again into the folds until at the third or fourth stab I saw the folds relax and go sliding down the sides of the safe to the floor, lying there squirming and writhing in convulsions.

I dared not move for nearly an hour, until all seemed quiet; then opening the door, I dashed across the room into the outer office, banged to the door, locked it, and, hatless, rushed to the nearest police station. At first my story was discredited, and I was almost locked up as being drunk, but eventually four officers armed with revolvers came with me.

We found the reptile nearly dead, but

me.
We found the reptile nearly dead, but we found the reptile nearly dead, out still tremulous when touched, the cuts with the keen knife, owing to the ex-treme tension of the coils, having nearly severed the body in half. It measured just 33 feet 5 inches from head to tail.— New York Sun.

In a Jeweler's Window.

A retail jeweler's window.

A retail jeweler says: "Do I ever keep a lookout for suspicious characters in front of my show-window with pieces of lead-pipe or bricks? No, I can't say that I do. The watching wouldn't amount to much unless it was pretty steady, and that would necessitate a trusted man behind the counter for that purpose alone. But a funny thing that ruspose alone. But a funny thing that I do notice is the regularity with which some people will come up to gaze upon a certain article, who nevertheless have ueither the means nor the desire to pur-

reither the means nor the desire to purchase it.

'Now, a schoolboy will come again and again to feast his eyes upon a peculiar mechanical clock, and stick his tongue a little further into his cheek each time as he marvels upon how it is made to work. Just so, I suppose are the poorer classes of people fascinated by a display of glistening gems, which represent a sum by them at once converted in thought into delicacies innumerable, and three meals a day for several months. Sometimes a person becomes really attached to some article displayed, and really feels had when it goes.

displayed, and really feels had when it goes.

"I remember one instance of a seedy-looking individual who came regularly every morning and took a long look at a handsome diamond and ruby bracelet worth nearly \$800, and always went away with a satisfied smile. He came regularly for two months, and at first I suspected him of evil designs, but I soon saw my fears, were groundless. Well, the morning after the bracelet was sold that man came up and looked high and low for the familiar object. Finally he walked in and demanded of my clerk where it was. "Sold," said he. "What!" shricked the seedy man. Sold! Why you fraud, what do you mean by putting goods in your window to attract buyers, and then selling them! You don't catch me buying anything here!" and he stalked out in a high dungeon. Some other dealer is probably 'attracting' his custom now. I have had many amusing experiences with the window-gazers, but in oddity this one excelled them all."—[The Jewelers' Weekly.

Reducing their Weight.

the open safe, I rushed in and shut the door. A small petty cash book fell to the floor, half in, half out of the safe, holding the door open about half an inch.

But for that book I would have speedily been suffocated. Not thinking of that I stooped and tried to draw the book inside, but the snake moving and it is the more so when it is done weight for a next day mount. Two or three years ago McLaughlin reduced his flesh nine pounds in one day in order to ride in a great match race. That was when he was young, though, and wil-ling to make any sacrifice to win such

an event. He could not stand such physical exhaustion today.

Bobby Swim, who was the greatest jockey on the American turf ten or a dozen years ago, reduced his weight eleven pounds in one night when he was riding on the Mobile. Ala., course. riding on the Mobile, Ala., course. Swim was riding for Price McGrath, who was known as the Irish Prince from the fact that he always appeared at who was known as the Irish Prince from the fact that he always appeared at the Lexington track on opening day in a suit of green broadcloth. Swim became dissipated, and when the great race between Major Thomas' Himyar and Cammie F. was run, Swim was refused the mount on Himyar. He thereupon went to the owners of Cammie F. and offered to ride that horse for nothing if he lost and \$500 if he won. This was the day before the race, and the jockey would have to reduce his weight eleven pounds to ride Cammie F., but nothing daunted the "jock" set about the work, his offer being gladly accepted. That night Swim was rolled in three heavy blankets, after having taken previously a Turkish bath. Then he was laid out for the greater part of the night before a blazing wood fire, and sweated till the blankets had to be changed. In the morning he was given another Turkish bath. When he entered the paddock he was so weak he had to be supported to the saddle. He won on Cammie F., finishing a length before Himyar, who had been a heavy favonite. That was Swim's last great race, for he went to the dogs shortly after through drink.

The dwelling-house in Litchfield, Englind, famous as the birthplace of Dr. Samuel Johnson, is to be sold this