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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.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men 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 interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

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The most novel scheme ever adopted for increasing the circulation of a newspaper is that of a Detroit daily, which advertises that its publishers will give \$100 to the next of kin to any person who is killed in a railway accident in the United States or Canada, provided a late copy of the paper be found on the person of the deceased.

The United States heads the world in the matter of locomotive engines, with a horse-power of 7,500,000. Then come England, with 7,000,000, Germany with 4,500,000, France with 3,000,000 and Austria with 1,500,000. The horse-power of the steam engines of the world represents the work of 1,000,000,000 men, or more than double the manpower of the whole working population. This means that steam has trebled man's working powers.

The march of progress is shown by the following statement: It is now possible to construct a complete sewing machine in a minute, or sixty in one hour; a reaper every fifteen minutes or less; three hundred watches in a day, complete in all their appointments. More important than this even is the fact that it is possible to construct a locomotive in a day. From the plans of a draughtsman to the execution of them by the workmen, every wheel, lever, valve and rod may be constructed from the metal to the engine intact. Every rivet may be driven in the boiler, every tube in the tube sheets, and from the smokestack to the ashpan a locomotive may be turned out in a working day, completely equipped, ready to do the work of a hundred horses.

The cost of the ditches of Colorado, constructed for irrigating crops, is estimated at \$11,000,000. More than two million of acres are irrigated by them. About five million acres of the whole State are tillable. The mining country takes up more than the Western half of Colorado. The High-line Ditch, built by foreign capital, is eighty-three miles long, forty feet wide and seven deep, and its capacity is such that it will irrigate five hundred and twenty hundred-acre farms. There are three other large irrigating canals in the State, viz: The Grand River Ditch, with a capacity of sixty-five thousand acres and a cost of \$170,000; the Uncompaghe Canal, which waters 75,000 acres, and cost \$190,000, and the Citizens' Ditch and Land Canal, which cost \$210,000, and can irrigate 100,000 acres. There are still three other companies, which have canals that cost half a million in the aggregate, and irrigate many thousands of acres. These lands were originally bought cheap, and are now held at high prices. Thus it is seen where portions of "the people's money go." We bread on the waters, to be found with increase in the future.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

When Christmas comes, and 'neath the snows
The barren ground lies deep, there grows
A softer beauty o'er the earth
And where before there was a dearth
Of Good, there doth the Pure repose.

And where before all selfish rose
Rank weeds of Greed and Hate, now those
Are covered, at Love's snowy birth
When Christmas comes.

Broadest the choir of angels strews
Good will; and to hard hearts bestows
A kindly softness that is worth
A life to men. Wild rings the mirth
And earth's great soul with gladness glows,
When Christmas comes.

Christmas on "Old Windy."

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

The sun had barely shown the rim of his great red disc above the sombre woods and snow-crowned crags of the opposite ridge, when Dick Herne, his rifle in his hand, stepped out from his father's log-cabin, perched high among the precipices of Old Windy Mountain. He waited motionless for a moment, and all the family trooped to the door to assist at the time-honored ceremony of firing a salute to the day.

Suddenly the whole landscape catches a rosy glow, Dick whips up his rifle, a jet of flame darts swiftly out, a sharp report rings all around the world, and the sun goes grandly up—while the little tow-headed mountaineers hurrah shrilly for "Chris'mus!"

As he began to reload his gun the small boys clustered around him, their hands in the pockets of their baggy jeans trousers, their heads inquiringly asked.

"They air a-goin' ter hev a pea-fowl fer dinner down yander ter Birk's Mill," Dick remarked.

The smallest boy smacked his lips—not that he knew how pea-fowl tastes, but he imagined unutterable things.

"Somehow I hate yer yer ter go ter eat at Birk's Mill—they air sech a set o' drinkin' men down thar ter Malviny's house," said Dick's mother, as she stood in the doorway, and looked anxiously at him.

For his elder sister was Birk's wife, and to this great feast he was invited as a representative of the family, his father being disabled by "rheumatics," and his mother kept at home by the necessity of providing dinner for those four small boys.

"Hain't I done promised yer yer ter tech a drap o' liquor this Chris'mus day?" asked Dick.

"That's a fact," his mother admitted. "But boys, an' men folks generally, air scandalous easy ter break a promise whar whisky is in it."

"I'll hev yer ter know that when I gin my word I keeps it!" cried Dick, proudly.

He little dreamed how that promise was to be assailed before the sun went down.

He was a tall, sinewy boy, deft of foot as all these mountaineers are, and a seven-mile walk in the snow to Birk's Mill he considered a mere trifle. He tramped along cheerily enough through the silent solitudes of the dense forest. Only at long intervals the stillness was broken by the cracking of a bough under the weight of snow, or the whistling of a gust of wind through the narrow valley far below.

All at once—it was a terrible shock of surprise—he was sinking! Was there nothing beneath him but the vague depths of air to the base of the mountain? He realized with a quiver of dismay that he had mistaken a huge drift-filled fissure, between a jutting crag and the wall of the ridge, for the solid, snow-covered ground. He tossed his arms about wildly in his effort to grasp something firm. The motion only dislodged the drift. He felt that it was falling, and he was going down—down—down with it.

He saw the trees on the summit of Old Windy disappear. He caught one glimpse of the neighboring ridges. Then he was blinded and enveloped in this cruel whiteness. One last thought of the "pea-fowl" and he seemed to slide swiftly away from the world with the snow.

He was unconscious probably only for a few minutes. When he came to himself he found that he was lying, half-submerged in the great drift, on the slope of the mountain, and the dark icicle-begirt cliff towered high above. He stretched his limbs—no bones broken! He could hardly believe that he had fallen unhurt from those heights. He did not appreciate how gradually the snow had slid down. Being so densely packed, too, it had buoyed him up, and kept him from dashing against the sharp, jagged edges of the rock. He had lost consciousness in the... when the moving mass was abruptly arrested by a knoll of earth. He was still a little dizzy and faint, but otherwise uninjured.

Now a great perplexity took hold on him. How was he to make his way back up the mountain he asked himself, as he looked at the inaccessible cliffs looming high into the air. All the world around him was unfamiliar. Even his wide wanderings had never brought him into this vast, snowy, trackless wilderness, that stretched out on every side. He would be half the day in finding the valley road that led to Birk's Mill. He rose to his feet and gazed about him in painful indecision. The next moment a thrill shot through him, to which he was unaccustomed. He had never before shaken except with the cold—but this was fear.

For he heard voices! Not from the cliffs above, but from below! Not from the dense growth of young pines on the slope of the mountain, but from the depths of the earth beneath! He stood motionless, listening intently, his eyes dilated, and his heart beating fast.

All silence! Not even the wind stirred

in the pine thicket. The snow lay heavy among the dark green branches, and every slender needle was encased in ice. Dick rubbed his eyes. It was no dream. There was the thicket—but whose were the voices that had rung out faintly from beneath it?

A crowd of superstitions surged upon him. He cast a fearful glance at the ghastly, snow-covered woods and sheeted earth. He was remembering fireside legends, horrible enough to raise the hair on a civilized, educated boy's head; much more horrible, then, to a young barbarian like Dick.

Suddenly those voices from the earth again! One was ringing a drunken catch—it broke into falsetto, and ended with an unmistakable hiccup.

Dick's blood came back with a rush. "I hev never heard tell o' the hoobies gittin' boozey!" he said, with a laugh. "That's whar they hev got the upper hand o' humans."

As he gazed again at the thicket, he saw now what he had been too much agitated to observe before, a column of dense smoke that rose from far down the declivity, and seemed to make haste to hide itself among the low-hanging boughs of a clump of fir trees.

"It's somebody's house down thar," was Dick's conclusion. "I kin find out the way to Birk's Mill from the folkses."

When he neared the smoke he paused abruptly, staring once more.

There was no house! The smoke rose from among low pine bushes. Above were the snow-laden branches of the fir.

"Ef that was a house hyar I reckon I could see it!" said Dick, doubtfully, infinitely mystified.

There was a continual drip, drip, all around. Yet a thaw had not set in. Dick looked up at the gigantic icicles that hung from the crags, and glittered in the sun—not a drop trickled from them. But this fir-tree was dripping, dripping, and the snow had melted away from the pine bushes that clustered about the smoke. There was heat below certainly, a strong heat, and somebody was keeping the fire up steadily.

"An' air it folkses ez live underground like foxes an' sech!" Dick exclaimed, astonished, as he came upon a large, irregularly-shaped rift in the rocks, and heard the same reeling voice from within, beginning to sing once more. But for this bacchanalian melody the noise of Dick's entrance might have given notice of his approach. As it was, the inhabitants of this strange place were even more surprised than he, when, after groping through a dark, low passage, an abrupt turn brought him into a lofty, vaulted apartment. There was a great flare of light, which revealed six or seven muscular men grouped about a large copper vessel built into a rude stone furnace, and all the air was pervaded by an incomparably strong alcoholic odor. The boy started back with a look of terror. That pale terror was reflected on each man's face, as on a mirror. At the sight of the young stranger they all sprang up with the same gesture—each instinctively laid his hand upon the pistol that he wore.

Poor Dick understood it all at last. He had stumbled upon a nest of distillers, only too common among these mountains, who were hiding from the officers of the Government, and running their still in defiance of the law and whisky tax. He realized that in discovering their stronghold he had learned a secret that was by no means a safe one for him to know. And he was in their power, at their mercy!

"Don't shoot," he faltered. "I jes' want ter ax the folkses ter tell me the way ter Birk's Mill."

What would he have given to be on the bleak mountain outside?

One of the men caught him as if anticipating an attempt to run. Two or three, after a low-toned colloquy, took their rifles and crept cautiously outside to reconnoiter the situation. Dick comprehended their suspicion with new quakings. They imagined that he was a spy, and had been sent among them to discover them plying their forbidden vocation. The penalty of their still was imprisonment for them. His heart sank as he thought of it; they would never let him go.

After a time the reconnoitering party came back.

"Nothin' stirrin'," said the leader, tersely.

"I misloubts," muttered another, cast a look of deep suspicion on Dick. "Thar air men out thar, I'm a-thinkin' hid somewhar."

"They air furdur 'n a mile off, ennyhow," returned the first speaker. "We never lef' so much ez a bush 'thout sarchin' of it."

"The officers can't find this place no ways 'thout that thar chap fer a guide," said a third, with a surlly nod of his head at Dick.

"We're safe enough, boys, safe enough!" cried a stout-built, red-faced, red bearded man, evidently very drunk, and with a voice that broke into quavering falsetto as he spoke. "This chap can't do nothin'. Hyar hev got him bound hand an' foot. Hyar air the Philistines, boys! Mighty little 'I listine, though! hi!" He tried to point jeeringly at Dick, and forgot what he had intended to do before he could fairly extend his hand. Then his rollicking head sank on his breast, and he began to trol again.

"Old Adam he kem leavin' round," he spied the peelin's on the ground!"

One of the more sober of the men had extinguished the fire, in order that they might not be betrayed by the smoke outside, to the officers whom they fancied were seeking them. The place, chilly enough at best, was growing bitter cold.

Dick observed that they were making preparations for flight, and once more the fear of what they would do with him clutched at his heart. He was something of a problem to them.

"This hyar cub will go blab," was the first suggestion.

"He will keep mum," said the vocal-

ist, glancing at the boy with a jovially tipsy combination of leer and wink. "Hyar is the persuader!" He wrapped sharply on his pistol. "This'll scotch his wheel."

"Hold yer own jaw—ye drunken 'possum!" retorted another of the group. "Ef ye fire off that pistol in hyar we'll hev all these hyar rocks"—he pointed at the walls and the long colonnades—"answerin' back an' yowin' like a pack o' hounds on a hot scent. Ef thar air folks outside, the noise would fotch 'em down on us fur true!"

Dick breathed more freely. The rocks would speak up for him! He could not be harmed with all these tell-tale witnesses at hand. So silent now, but with a latent voice strong enough for the dread of it to save him!

The man who had put out the fire, who had led the reconnoitering party, who had made all the active preparations for departure, who seemed, in short, to be an executive committee of one—a long, lank, lazy-looking mountaineer, with a decision of action in startling contrast to his whole aspect, now took this matter in hand.

"Nothin' easier," he said, tersely. "Fill him up. Make him ez drunk ez a fresh b'iled owl. Then lead him to the 'other end o' the cave, an' blindfold him, an' lug him off five mile in the woods, an' leave him thar. He'll never know whar he hev seen nor done."

"That's the dinctum!" cried the red-bearded man, in delighted approval. Then singing in his high quavering

"Twixt me an' you I really think it's almost time ter take a drink!"

he broke into a wild hiccupping laugh, inexpressibly odious to the boy.

In the preparations for departure all the lights had been extinguished, except a single lantern, and a multitude of shadows had come thronging from the deeper recesses of the cave. In the faint glimmer the figures of the men loomed up, indistinct, gigantic, distorted. They hardly seemed men at all to Dick; rather some evil under-ground creature, neither beast nor human.

And he was to be made as besotted, as loathsome, even more helpless than they, in order that his senses might be sapped away, and he should remember no story to tell. Perhaps if he had not had before him so vivid an illustration of the malign power that swayed them, he might not have experienced so strong an aversion to it. Now, to be made like them, seemed a high price to pay for his life. And there was his promise to his mother! As the long, lank, lazy-looking mountaineer pressed the whisky upon him, he threw it off with a gesture so unexpected and vehement that the cracked jug fell to the floor and was shattered to fragments.

Dick lifted an appealing face to the man who seized him with a strong grip. "I can't—I won't," the boy cried wildly. "I—I—promised my mother!"

He looked around the circle deprecatingly. He expected first a guffaw and then a blow, and he dreaded the ridicule more than the pain.

But there were neither blows nor ridicule. They all gazed at him, astounded. Then a change, which Dick hardly comprehended, flitted across the face of the man who had grasped him. He turned away abruptly, with a bitter laugh that startled all the echoes.

"I—I promised my mother, too!" he cried. "It air good that she's whar she can't know how I hev kep' it."

And then there was a sudden silence. It seemed to Dick, strangely enough, like the sudden silence that comes after a prayer. He was reminded, as one of the men rose at length, and the keezon which he had been sitting creaked with the motion, of the creaking benches in the little mountain church when the congregation started from their knees. And had some feeble, groping sinner's prayer filled the silence and the moral darkness!

The "executive committee" promptly recovered himself. But he made no further attempt to force the whiskey upon the boy. Under some whispered instructions which he gave the others, Dick was half-led, half-dragged through immensely long black halls of the cave, while one of the men went before carrying the feeble lantern. When the first glimmer of daylight appeared in the distance, he understood that the cave had an outlet other than the one by which he had entered, and evidently miles distant from it. Thus it was that the distillers were well enabled to baffle the law that sought them.

They stopped here and blindfolded the boy. How far and where they dragged him through the snowy mountain wilderness outside, Dick never knew. He was exhausted, when at length they allowed him to pause. As he heard their steps dying away in the distance, he tore the bandage from his eyes, and found that they had left him in the midst of a wagon road to make his way to Birk's Mill as best he might. When he reached it the wintry sun was low in the western sky, and the very bones of the "pea-fowl" were picked.

On the whole, it seemed a sorry Christmas Day, as Dick could not know then—indeed, he never knew—what good results it brought forth. For among those who took the benefit of the clemency extended by the Government to the "moonshiners" of this region, on condition that they discontinue illicit distilling for the future, was a certain long, lank, lazy-looking mountaineer who suddenly became sober and steady and a law-abiding citizen. He had been reminded, this Christmas Day, of a broken promise to a dead mother.—*Youth's Companion.*

Just That.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"I'm so tired that I should like to retire and sleep for the rest of my life."

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Well, that's just what you will do, for sleep is just that thing."

"Just what thing?"

"The rest of your life."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WISE WORDS.

A coxcomb is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice. Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

The wise prove and the simple confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.

We were determined resolutely to avoid vices, the world foists them on us, as thieves put off their plunder on the gullibles.

If doing what ought to be done be made the first business, and success a secondary consideration, is not this the way to exalt virtue?

The great duty of life is not to give pain, and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature.

Few of our errors, national or individual, come from the design to be unjust—most of them from sloth or incapacity to grapple with the difficulties of being just.

It is best to strive to cultivate an interest in simple, innocent and inexpensive pleasures. We may thus aid in diffusing that spirit of contentment which is of itself rich and a permanent possession.

If the way in which men express their thoughts is slipshod and mean, it will be very difficult for their thoughts to escape being the same. If it is high-flown and bombastic, a character for national simplicity and thankfulness cannot long be maintained.

"Feeling the Enemy."

Colonel William W. Lang, the Consul at Hamburg, has a characteristic reminiscence of Southern fighting methods during the war. Colonel Greene, of Texas, was a dashing, invincible cavalry officer, who rushed precipitately into battle without any plans or preconceived notions. He had a simple way of firing his command with reckless enthusiasm. Whenever Colonel Greene tugged his wide-brimmed hat down over his eyes and shouted, "Boys, I want a few volunteers," every one knew it was to do or die. In anticipation of General Wetzel's march from New Orleans to Port Hudson with 4,000 troops and supplies for the relief of the beleaguered garrison, Colonel Lang scouted the intermediate country, and with General Taylor, of the Confederate infantry, planned an interception and battle. Greene was called to the council and ordered to move out with his 1,500 cavalry to "feel" the advancing Unionists and then retreat to draw them into an ambush of 4,000 infantry and artillery. The intrepid Texan, unaccustomed to this kind of warfare, upon receiving the orders scratched his head resentfully, though he finally obeyed without any uttered protest. His command on that memorable occasion was a dejected "Well, come along, boys."

There was more of the funeral than the martial air in the advance, but after having got beyond the sight of headquarters a change came over the spirits of the column. Greene halted and made this address: "Boys, I want a few volunteers." One long, loud shout answered him. When they came in sight of the Unionists a wild, sweeping charge was made with Greene in the lead, and Wetzel and his entire command were captured, while Taylor was complacently waiting for the expected victory of his ambulance. The success of Greene's impetuosity could not appease Taylor's anger and disappointment, however.

"You have disobeyed your orders, sir," said he. "I told you plainly to only feel the enemy."

"Well, General," replied the Texan, playing sheepishly with the brim of his hat, "all I know about feelin' the enemy is to pitch in and fight 'em like the deuce."—*Chicago News.*

A Historic Tree.

An incident of the Revolutionary War which is authentic, though not included in our histories nor widely known, is the story of the Liberty Tree which stood in Charleston, South Carolina. It was a huge live-oak, which grew in the centre of the square between Charlotte and Boundary Streets.

When the popular excitement over the Stamp Act was at its height in Charleston in 1766, about twenty men, belonging to the most influential Carolinian families, assembled under this tree, and were addressed by General Gadsden. He denounced the measure with indignation, and prophesied that the colonies would never receive justice from the mother country. He then, after a moment's solemn pause, declared that the only hope for the future lay in the severance of all bonds with England, and in the independence of the Colonies.

This, it is asserted, was the first time that the independence of this country was spoken of in public.

The men assembled then joined hands around the old oak, and pledged themselves to resist oppression to the death. Their names are still on record. Most of them were distinguished for their courage and patriotism during the struggle which followed.

The Liberty Tree was regarded with such reverence by the enthusiastic Carolinians that Sir Henry Clinton, after the surrender of Charleston to the British, ordered it to be destroyed. It was cut down, and afterwards its branches were formally heaped about its trunk and burned.—*Youth's Companion.*

A block of granite twenty-five feet long, and five feet thick and wide is being cut in Vermont for a California bank vault. It will take thirty span of horses to draw it the four miles to the railroad.

Some Valuable Woods.

The tulip tree is a native of America, and is found from Canada to Florida. It is especially abundant in the Western States. The wood is greatly valued for the ease with which it can be worked. Satin wood is the name applied to several woods of commerce which acquire a peculiar lustre when polished; the principal of these are brought from India and the Bahamas and West Indies. The Indian satin wood is from a tree of the meliaceae family, which grows to a height of 50 or 60 feet, and is found along the Coromandel coast and other parts of India; the wood is hard and yellow. The Bahaman wood comes from a tree of another species; it is lighter colored than the India wood. Rosewood is a name applied in commerce to several costly kinds of ornamental wood, which come from different countries and from very different trees. The best-known rosewoods are from Brazil and other parts of South America. Africa and Burmese rosewoods are thought to come from a different species of the same family as South American trees. Other kinds are brought from different places and are obtained from very different trees. One kind is found on the Canary Islands only, another on the island of Jamaica, and others at different places. Sandal wood is the name of the aromatic wood of several species of santalum, mainly found in the East Indies, and on the mainland of India, though certain kinds are also obtained in the forests of the Hawaiian Islands, the Feejee Islands, and in Australia. Black ebony wood is found principally in Ceylon, Madagascar, and Mauritius, where it grows spontaneously, and is cultivated to a certain extent in other localities of the East. The wood of all species of the holly tree is remarkably white when the tree is young, but assumes a darker color with age. The European holly is found especially in Italy, Greece, and the Danubian provinces. It grows abundantly throughout Southern Europe, and is also cultivated in Great Britain. The American holly is found along the Atlantic coast, from Maine southward, and is especially abundant in Virginia and the Carolinas. It does not seem to flourish so well in the West.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Notwithstanding the colossal imperial speculation, private enterprise in the same direction is visited with summary punishment. The Sultan desires a monopoly. A thief—not an official—is punished by having his hand cut off at the wrist, which is plunged into a pot of boiling pitch, in order to cauterize the wound and prevent fatal bleeding. The bastinado is used on the slightest provocation. Not long ago the keeper of the prison was asked by an American traveler, whom for some reason he was anxious to please, what this punishment of the bastinado was like. The answer was that he should see for himself. In a few minutes a man was brought in, fastened to the floor face downward, and terribly beaten upon the upturned soles of his bare feet. The screams and entreaties of the poor wretch were so heartrending that our countryman interfered and begged for mercy, when the punishment was immediately stopped.

"What has this man done?" said he to the officer.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Then what are you whipping him for?" was the amazed question, which was answered in a tone of equal astonishment.

"Why, didn't you ask to see a man bastinadoed?"

They had gone into the street, seized a passer-by, and severely whipped an inoffensive man merely to gratify the curiosity of an amiable foreigner.—*Comopolitan Magazine.*

A \$10,000 Watch.

The death of Mr. Alfred Denison removes a well-known figure from London society. He was a younger brother of the celebrated George Anthony Denison, Archdeacon of Taunton, and of Mr. Speaker Denison, afterward Viscount Ossington. Lady Ossington presented her brother-in-law with \$10,000 for certain services. This money Mr. Denison invested in a sumptuous watch. A very musical repeater of the best workmanship was enclosed in a gold case literally studded with jewels, and each jewel a picked stone. The watch chain had a succession of black pearls, and the signs was a scarabeus. The worst of this costly whim was that the owner scarcely dared wear the watch for fear of being robbed in the street, and could not leave it home for fear of burglary.—*Liverpool Courier.*

More Interstate Business.

"Better keep your head in the car," continued the conductor on the Lansing train as he passed through a coach and saw an old man with his head thrust out.

It was slowly drawn in and the owner turned to a man on the seat behind and asked:

"What harm does it do to put my head out?"

"You might knock some of the telegraph poles down."

"Oh, that's it! Well, if they are so afraid of a few old poles I'll keep my head in. That's the way on the railroads since that new law went into effect!"—*De'roit Free Press.*

Six Hevty Old Brothers.

A very remarkable group was recently photographed at Charlottetown, Canada. It consisted of six brothers whose average ages amount to 465 years, or an average of 77 1/2 years each, as follows: Charles Stevenson, of Tijuah, 86 years; John Stevenson, New-Glasgow, 83; Andrew Stevenson, Fredericton, Prince Edward Island, 80; William Stevenson, Fredericton, Prince Edward Island, 77; Robert Stevenson, New-Glasgow, 73; Robert Stevenson, Rustico, 67. They are all hale and hearty.