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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

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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W. C. SMITH Charlotte N C

In Philadelphia, reports the *New York Graphic*, there seems to be discontent in regard to some statuary, as in other cities. A statue representing "A Lioness Carrying a Wild Boar to Her Young," designed for a public park, has been criticized as "too sanguinary," as "likely to have a bad effect upon children," and as inappropriate. One critic said "he would rather see more statues of the early men of the country, instead of filling the park with men on horseback all dressed in the same uniform."

A Brazil paper reports that an ox suffering with carbuncle was killed and eaten a short time since at a place near Conceicao dos Garulhos. The result at last accounts was that two persons had died with that disease and some ten or twelve more were attacked by it. It is said that many animals were suffering from carbuncle in that locality. Later advices stated that seventeen persons were under treatment for this disease, three of whom were in a serious condition.

The face of the late United States Attorney-General Brewster was disfigured by burns received when a mere child in the rescue of his baby sister from a fire. A newspaper story, current a few years ago, embodied what purported to be Mr. Brewster's own statement. One of the lawyers during the trial of a case had a bad taste to allude to the marred features of his opponent. Mr. Brewster, in dignified and simple language, told of a faithful nurse, wearied with tending laborers, who fell asleep while holding a little child; the tired arms relaxed, the precious burden fell on the hearth—and when the little one was saved the face of her rescuer "was burned as black as the heart of the man who could twit another of a personal deformity!"

An ingenious writer has been figuring out in the *Contemporary Review* the comparative burden of the national debts and war expenditure of the chief European nations and that of the United States. Taking France and England together he shows that they pay some \$407,000,000 a year on their public debt, and \$340,000,000 for army and navy, besides giving up to military service the productive energy of 730,000 able-bodied men. Estimating the value of this labor at \$100 each, there is another \$73,000,000 to be added to the annual charge which France and England pay for their armies, navies and debts. This, it will be seen, reaches the appalling total of \$820,000,000, to be paid by a population only 25 per cent. greater than that of the United States, and one certainly very much less able to bear such a burden. As against this we pay a little more than \$150,000,000 a year for army, navy and debt, leaving \$670,000,000 a year in our favor as compared with France and England together. That, under such conditions, this country must go ahead in the race for world supremacy as rapidly and as surely as European nations must fall behind, needs no prophet to foretell.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

GOSSIP FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The report of the Department of Agriculture says:

Low temperature and deficient rainfall with drying winds and some frost have reduced the condition of winter wheat in the central States. It has also been cool on the Atlantic coast and not favorable to improvement, and yet the plant has nearly held its own in this region. On the Pacific coast only medium development is reported. Southern States changes are slight, several averages being the same as last month. Pennsylvania shows a decline of 4 points, New York 16, Ohio 12, Michigan 12, Indiana 6, Illinois 7, Missouri 2, Kansas 3. The general average is reduced 9 points—from 82 to 73. Last year the condition was reduced from 89 in April to 83.8 in May. State averages of winter wheat in the principal States are as follows: New York 76, Pennsylvania 87, Virginia 90, Ohio 56, Michigan 64, Indiana 59, Illinois 57, Mississippi 80, Kansas 94, Texas 90. Spring ploughing is not quite so well advanced as usual. It is relatively later in the more Northern States of the Atlantic coast, slightly later than usual in the Middle States, and scarcely up to a full average in the South. Its progress is an average in the Ohio Valley, but late in the Northwest, especially in Dakota.

Cotton planting was delayed by excess of moisture in February and low temperature in March, the soil not being in condition for early planting. The delay was greatest in Texas and Louisiana. In Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina from 4 to 6 per cent less than usual was planted on the first of May. In States on the coast, from South Carolina to Mississippi, planting is nearly up to its average advancement.

Investigation of the rate of wages of agricultural labor shows that no material change has occurred since the last previous inquiry, in May, 1885. There is a slight increase in New England, in the northern tier of States from Michigan westward, and in some of the Southern States. There is no appreciable change in the Central States. Next month's report will give rates by States.

Winter rye remains very nearly as in April, the average being 92.9 instead of 93.5. The condition of winter barley is 88.3, promising a medium crop.

THE TORCH IN GEORGETOWN, S. C.

Thirty Thousand Dollars Worth of Property Destroyed by an Incendiary.

At about 3 o'clock in the morning a disastrous fire broke out in the range of brick buildings south of the market and swept away half a dozen brick stores and their warehouses. The fire originated in a wooden warehouse belonging to the estate of Joseph Sampson, and occupied by Mr. L. S. Ehrich. Sweeping northward it destroyed the fine brick store belonging to the estate of E. Baum, together with its warehouse. The progress of the fire was checked here by the large brick store belonging to the estate of Mrs. McFeely. Southward the buildings owned by the estate of Sampson R. Dozier, and occupied by Mr. R. Dozier, Jr., as a commission sample room; the store and warehouse belonging to Mark Moses and occupied by Mr. P. D. Lubs as a furniture store and workshop; the brick store occupied by John Lind as a restaurant were in turn destroyed, with their contents.

The fire is thought to be the work of an incendiary, and occurring as it did in the dead hours of the night, it had made rapid progress before the alarm could be given and the engines manned for work. The steam engine Winyah, being disabled, could not be used, and the whole work devolved on the two colored hand engine companies and the Salamander hook and ladder company, who battled heroically with the flames, and who are still at the pumps at this writing.

The total loss cannot be estimated just now, but it will hardly fall below \$30,000. I understand that Mr. Dozier and Mr. L. S. Ehrich were not insured. Mr. Lubs was insured to the amount of \$600 on his stock of furniture. He saved his tools.

But for the rain, which increased with the flames, the town would have been involved in a disastrous conflagration. Owing to the disabled condition of the steam engine, the intendment of the town telegraph for assistance to Florence and Charleston, which request was subsequently withdrawn, although both Charleston and Florence had made preparations to comply.

NORTH-EAST AND WEST

At Toronto, Canada, Archbishop Lynch died yesterday.

At Pratt, Kansas, the Pratt Company National Bank was entered and the safe robbed of \$4,016.

At Quincy, Ill., the Mississippi River is now ten miles wide, and hundreds of farms are submerged.

A cyclone of tremendous force whirled over a part of Northern Indiana. The extent of its ravages can only be guessed from the fact that the telegraph wires throughout a considerable territory are prostrated.

At the assay office, New York, the amount of gold bars on hand is larger this year than ever before. The amount is \$80,000,000, against \$37,000,000 a year ago, and \$15,000,000 in August, 1886. Besides gold bars on hand, the assay office has gold coin amounting to \$18,000,000.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

Loose Cars Run into a Train at Fountain, Col.—Several Persons Killed.

Train No. 7, known as the "Thunderbolt," arrived at Fountain, Col., at 2:41 a. m. Sunday, and had only been standing a few minutes when a caboose and some cars, the brakes of which had got loose in some way, ran down from the side-track and struck the train with terrific force. One car was loaded with naphtha, which exploded, throwing oil over everything and setting the train on fire. Trainmen shoved the uninjured cars back from the wreck, and were trying to save the depot, when it was discovered that two cars were standing on the main track that were not wrecked. The nearest one was burning, and was tagged "powder." Shortly afterward the car exploded, completely demolishing the depot, several buildings, and a number of cars. Three persons, one woman and two men, were killed by the explosion, and some twelve or fifteen injured, but none very seriously. There is a hole in the ground where the car stood about thirty feet in diameter and twelve feet deep. Two cars were burned, and sixteen, together with the locomotive, were more or less wrecked. It is supposed that tramps slipped off the brakes from the cars.

SOUTH CAROLINA CROPS.

Report of the State Agricultural Department.

The State Department of Agriculture publishes a report made up from 244 returns from all the counties except Georgetown, showing the condition of crops at the close of April. The area in cotton is slightly greater than last year's, and the condition as compared with last year's is rated at 47 per cent. The area in corn is increased, and its condition rated at 92. The area in rice is slightly smaller than last year's, condition 94. Tobacco is being planted simply to experiment, the number of plants being the same as last year's. The department is co-operating in these experiments in order, if possible, to add tobacco to the staple crops of the State. The condition of the wheat crop is reported at 94, and oats at 92, both below last year's estimate. The pay of farm laborers employed by the year averages \$8.30 per month, with board. This rate is an advance of forty-two cents per month over the average rate last year. The department notes increased interest among the farmers in its work, and a more general desire for information.

TERRIFIC OIL FIRE

Rivers and Creeks on Fire From an Oil Overflow.

A great overflow of oil occurred at Oil City, Pa., Monday morning. The tank vomited its flames and contents, and huge islands of burning oil, some of them a hundred feet in diameter, floated down the creek. Booms proved useless, and the fierce mass of fire swept on, burning several dwellings, and the Western, New York and Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, two miles below, and a large barrel factory. The loss is estimated at \$250,000. There was very little sleep in the city that night, as it was feared the town would be destroyed. All night mothers with babes in their arms, young girls with shawls thrown over their heads, frightened children and grave men, silently watched the onward march of the flames.

A COLLISION AT SEA.

The Savannah Steamer Gate City Struck by an Unknown Vessel.

The steamer Gate City, from Boston to Savannah, collided with an unknown vessel 200 miles northeast of Cape Hatteras, in a dense fog, at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning. The steamer was struck on the portside forward. The vessel's bowsprit penetrated the steamer's side, tearing away the forward rail and part of the deck. The vessels rebounded and came together again after the first shock of the collision, and nothing was afterward seen of the sailing vessel. The steamer remained as near as possible to the scene of the collision six hours, cruising and blowing fog whistles, and then resumed her voyage and arrived in Savannah Monday afternoon. The passengers on the steamer were in a panic but no one was injured.

SHOOTING IN DAVISVILLE, ALA.

Pickens Pendergrass Killed by Sumner Little.

Pickens Pendergrass, of Davisville, Ala., was shot and instantly killed by Sumner Little, a negro, near Hefflin, Saturday evening. Alfred Newell, his father-in-law, who is implicated in the affair, has been captured and landed in Edwinstown jail. Little is still at large. About forty armed citizens have been scouring the country since the murder, bent on lynching the murderer. The excitement runs high. There is no doubt but Little will be mobbed if captured, and the people are determined to find him if possible.

The remains of Mr. Pendergrass were brought home and buried at White Plains.

Big Fire in Atlanta.

A few minutes before seven o'clock Monday evening a blaze was discovered in the roof and second story of what is known as the West & Edwards building, on Pryor street, corner of Line, Atlanta, Ga. In a short time the building was almost entirely consumed. The estimated losses foot up \$60,000, which is offset by \$40,000 insurance.

HORSES IN THE ORIENT.

REMARKABLE FEATS AND TRAINING OF THE TURKISH BREED.

Uninterrupted Rides of Over 100 Miles a Common Occurrence—Preparing Equines for a Raid.

On his native heath the Turcoman horse can't be beat. Some of the feats accomplished by him sound almost incredible; and yet they are true as gospel. I saw a Turcoman horse in Teheran that had once belonged to a chief of the Tekke-Turcomans, and had been captured on the raid during which his master was slain. This horse, standing eighteen hands high, with broad, flat hoofs, and of an iron-gray tint, was the scion of a long line of remarkable ancestors, each one famous in the traditional songs of the desert. His name was *Burg dar Behiakt* (Lightning from Heaven), and he deserved it. Poor old Lutf Ali Khan, his dumb master, had once successfully conducted a raid into Khorassan, a distance of two hundred miles from the Turcoman border line, riding Burg all the way. During the four days of this raid spent on Persian territory the horse had made one hundred and fifty miles in one day, only once drinking a few mouthfuls of water and eating absolutely nothing; yet going from sunrise to sundown at an easy, swinging gallop that brought no discomfort to the rider, and at a rate of speed not much slower than the average freight train in America. Uninterrupted rides of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles are nothing to the Thoroughbred Turcoman, and it was due much more to the excellence of his breed than to the sturdy heavey and love of liberty of his master that the tribes of Turkestan, the Tekkes and Czebehs, were able to maintain their independence for so many centuries, although they were a careless crowd in the sides of their neighbors, the Persians, Afghans, Chinese and Russians.

But the training of these horses is something remarkable too. Let us suppose that Mohammed Ezet, Khan, the young chieftain of the Czebehs, is meditating a raid into Persian territory. His larder is empty and his haron needs replenishing. His desert home will give him nothing but feet horses, herds of cattle, and what they yield. But there in Persia, just a few days' journey off, with its fertile valleys, its rich trade, and pretty women; and, since it is inhabited by a race of infidels (Sherees, while the Turcomans are Sunnites), it is righteous and profitable as well to despoil them. So the youthful Khan thrusts his long spear into the turf next to his tent, and one of his dependants at the same time proclaims in a sonorous voice that Mohammed Ezet Khan, a pillar of the Tekke tribe, a young lion whose courage never failed, and whose prey never escaped, is ready to go forth on a crusade against the unbelieving dogs, the Farsees, worshippers of a false apostle of Allah. The field will be taken against the infidels at the time of the next new moon and all those wishing to join him, to swear allegiance to him, become his true comrades in arms and share in the spoils, may come forth within five days.

The raid is arranged. Some one hundred and seventy young men of the *aul* (nomad villages) pledge their faith to the chieftain, and then two weeks are left to make everything ready. Now is the time to put the horses through their peculiar training. Every one of the raiders needs two, one to ride, one to carry his baggage and to mount in case his own horse is disabled or killed. All the horses are put for a few days to a laxative regimen, and then the food and water allowance of the horse is gradually reduced to induce him to privation. For two days before the departure the horse is fed exclusively on balls of highly concentrated food, the two principal ingredients of which are suet and sifted barley flour. This puts the horse in first-class condition. His coat becomes glossy, and his eyes gain in animation. Thus he starts, and, during a *razz* lasting often five or six days, the animal subsists on nothing but the tough, wiry buffalo grass that grows wild, and a drink of water once in a long while.

His rider returns to his *aul*, laden with spoil and with a fair new inmate or two for his harem—all due to the extraordinary speed, fecundity and endurance of his charger. It is any wonder that the Turcoman values his horse higher than anything else on earth, and that the best horses in Turkestan cannot be purchased? Cases have been on record where an imprisoned Turcoman, offered life and liberty in exchange for just one piece of ransom—his horse—has indignantly refused, and suffered torture and death rather than give up his cherished idol to his hated and despised enemies, the Persians. A noted Turcoman stallion, Farnugh Teshme, was recently sold to the new Governor of Russian Turkestan for an immense sum, viz.: fifty-three thousand roubles (twenty-seven thousand dollars), but this was an exceptional case, dictated more by policy than a love of gain.—*Cosmopolitan*.

When a Great Artist Begged for Bread.

Jean Francois Millet, the greatest of all modern artists, lived a life of poverty. A sad story of the lack of appreciation of that which is truly great was told to the lecturer by Mr. Quincy Shaw, of Boston. That gentleman possesses about thirty of Millet's best works, and among them a little picture of a peasant girl, with a head that might be a Leonardo. This picture Millet had taken to every picture shop in Paris to sell for thirty francs—only \$6—to buy food for his starving family, and now the picture would fetch \$25,000. This was one reason why the lecturer advised any one of his honors who wished to paint to paint for love of the art only.—*San Francisco Alta*.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Almanacs were first introduced in 1441.

In Mexico parrots are eaten, but they are rather tough.

Small stuffed alligators are now used as umbrella stands.

Spiders roasted are a sort of desert with the New Caledonians.

A truss for straightening crooked noses is among the novelties in surgical instruments.

The first printing types were Gothic, but they were modified into the present Roman type about 1469.

A Macon (Ga.) colored man, after sleeping continuously four days and nights, awoke a raving maniac.

A passenger on a Missouri train was shot at by a desperado, and was saved by a plug of tobacco, which stopped the bullet.

Miss Olive Green and Ivory White were wedded in an Iowa town recently, the Rev. Mr. Black performing the ceremony.

The commercial agents of governments were first distinguished by the names of consuls in Italy in the fifteenth century.

The Romans are said to have first used feathers in beds, and feather beds were in use in England during the reign of Henry VIII.

Recently an Omaha couple were forced to leave home to be married, for the reason that the groom was the one person in the county who could issue a marriage license—so found he must either resign, go elsewhere, or remain a bachelor.

James Moran, of Montrose, Mich., found a small piece of placer gold in the gizzard of a chicken that he killed. A search around the neighboring streams showed evidence that placer gold may be found there in considerable quantities.

Sheriff Franklin has shown the Cartersville (Ga.) *Courier* a knife that is 128 years old. It is of the "barlow" pattern and has the initials of the makers, M. F. & S. The single blade is considerably worn, but takes a better edge now than the finest knives bought these days of adulteration and shoddy work.

The ancients were acquainted with seven metals which they supposed to possess certain mystic relationship with the planets, and were represented by the hieroglyphics by which the planets were known. Gold was called Sol or sun; silver, Luna, or moon; iron, Mars; lead, Saturn; copper, Venus; tin, Jupiter; mercury, Mercury.

The sole tenant of a lonely miner's cabin that stands on the summit of Gold Hill, opposite the Buena Vista, Col., is Mrs. Mary Mallen, noted throughout the West as the only woman miner in the State. She has lived alone on the mountain for several years, spending her time in prospecting for gold, but thus far without apparent success.

Three years ago a harsh voiced man, John Steiner by name, stood on State street, Chicago, offering "twenty-four sheets of note paper for a nickel." Today it is stated, he is the owner of the leading stationery store in a town of 15,000 inhabitants in Iowa, and he made his start selling a quire of writing paper for five cents on one of the busiest streets in Chicago.

In October, 1883, a harness was stolen in North Haven, Conn., and was found in the possession of Charles E. Sparks. He claimed to have bought it, but was convicted of the theft, and sentenced to the State Prison for three years and served his time out. Frank Hicks when he was lying in Claremont, Mass., wrote a letter confessing that he stole the harness and sold it to Sparks for \$12.50.

What Queen Elizabeth had for dinner we can only guess; but it is not likely that her English subjects had much variety of vegetable food. Shakespeare has plenty to say about venison and capons and beef. He says very little about vegetables. We have the line, "And grossy Joan doth keel the pot"—that is, put keel into the pot—keel being the root-vegetable of the Saxons, who called the mouth of February Sprout-keel, as the time when the r. root pottage herb began to sprout, and we have some few other such allusions. But it would seem almost as if vegetables had not yet made their way into the national diet.

Raising Goats for Their Flesh.

A car load of 220 goats arrived in Chicago recently from Texas, and the animals were disposed of to a local butcher. The goats, says the *New York Sun*, averaged dressed, about 48 pounds. The pelts sold for 60 cents each, making the net cost \$2.40, or about 5 cents a pound. This allows the meat to be retailed at a fair profit, for one-half the price of mutton, and gives the public a cheap and desirable meat supply.

There are large flocks of goats in Texas and Mexico, but they are raised almost wholly for their hair. The native goat when crossed with the Angora produces a fleece which makes the finest kind of mohair cloth, and sells about the same as wool. Mr. Fanon of New Valley, Texas, is in the heart of the goat-raising country. His flock numbers now 5000, and he intends increasing it to 15,000. He thinks that a goat can be put on the market at 2 years old for a merely nominal cost, say \$1, as the hair clip will more than pay all expense of raising. At \$3 then there is a snug profit, far more, indeed, than in any other kind of live stock. Goats are sure breeders, and there is no risk from disease or any of the dangers that threaten other domestic animals. All they want is a sage-brush pasture and some rough land to exercise over and they will prosper. Idaho has a wide stretch of country unfit for cattle or sheep that would make good goat grazing fields, and the man that plants a flock there can count on getting rich fast.

IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP THAT ARTISTS BUILD AND WORK IN.

Away from the World—What He Does Up There—Clay, Plaster and Marble—Death Masks.

It was an ideal. The very atmosphere was different from that outside. Spanish moss hung in great wavy bunches on the wall, while here and there were photographs and medallions. Bits of bright ribbons gave a coquettish effect, and contrasted with the sombre drab of the moss, just as summer does with winter. The mantel was covered with pictures, bits of sculpture in clay and plaster, and a score of sea shells. The room was full of models, cases, casts and busts.

"Where are your hammer and chisel, and marble?" asked a reporter for the *Atlanta Constitution*.

She sculptor laughed heartily.

"Now, how many people in Atlanta do you suppose think that a sculptor's first and only work is in marble, and with a hammer and chisel? No, the art is all in clay—every bit. Putting it in marble is merely mechanical. It is just as if we molded in clay, and then by some chemical process could change the clay into marble. There is no art in that—it is all in the clay. After a death mask is perfected, a mold in plaster will be taken, and then it will be put in marble."

"What is the use in changing it into plaster? Why not take the measurements direct from this?"

"It's too soft, and you cannot allow it to harden, for it will crack and draw. There is the death mask of Judge Lochrane. I am making a marble bust of him, and it is being put into marble now."

The mask referred to is in plaster, and being taken by direct impressions from the face of the dead, the mask is a vivid reproduction—the whole effect being heightened by the pallid color. The features were perfect. The eyes were closed as if in sleep, and the general expression is one of peace and of rest.

This was taken soon after death, and the features are perfectly natural.

"That is taken," explained the sculptor, Mr. Franzeo, "by impression, the soft plaster being spread over the features, and blown carefully into each crevice and wrinkle. That forms the mold, and the cast is taken by simply running in plaster."

"How do you make a medallion?"

"From photographs, and then perfect them from life."

"Suppose the model is dead?"

"Then the best of all aids is the death mask. That's true in making a bust as well. But if we haven't that we get as many photographs as we can—front, three-quarters and profile, if possible. Then we work in clay until it's as near perfect as we can make it from what we have to go by, and then get critic's upon the work from those that knew the dead. After the clay model is perfect the art work is complete."

"Is that clay in a solid lump?"

"Oh, no. We build a frame of straw usually for a bust, and for a larger statue a frame or skeleton of wood or iron. Gas pipe is splendid."

"Where does the clay come from?"

"It is potter's clay from Ohio. I like the New York potter's clay better, though, and we shall begin using it soon."

"Can you use the same clay over and over?"

"Oh, yes. The same clay would last a life time, but, of course, it is wasting continually."

"Why not use the common clay?"

"It is never free from mica scales and grains of sand. That ruins an artist's tools. Then it is not so pliable nor so cohesive."

"Where does the marble come from?"

"Italy. We can use only Carrara marble. For two thousand years those mines have been worked and there has been no substitute. By far the closest imitation comes from Western North Carolina, and I believe that as they mine deeper, the marble will be come as pure as Carrara."

Buying Back His Lost Caste.

Fallen as the rupee has in the esteem of Europe, the coin has not lost all its magic-working power in the East. Judiciously used as a backsheeh, it can still claim to rank among the governing powers of society. In one matter, indeed, its efficacy appears to be increasing rather than diminishing. What would it not have cost a high caste Hindoo in former times to recover his caste privileges after losing them for crossing the ocean? Some thousands of rupees, at least; in some cases, we believe, the expense of expiating the deadly sin ran to five figures. But, this being an age of cheapness, the Brahmans have seen fit to reduce the tariff to quite a democratic level. In a recent instance, a young Hindoo, who had been studying engineering in England, was out-casted the moment he set foot in his native land. The family were, of course, plunged in the deepest distress by the cruel sentence; it cut them off from the poor pariah, and condemned him to life long degradation. But a knowing old Brahmin, on being called into council, made rather light of the matter, and offered to negotiate for a whitewashing on strictly reasonable terms. These were soon arranged; on payment of 32 rupees, supplemented by a feast to a party of Brahmans, the youth was restored to his former position in society.—*London Globe*.

A Storm Threatens.

Dakota lady (scanning the sky from her window)—"I am afraid, John, that we are going to have a awful storm."

Husband (anxiously)—"Yes, it looks like a regular New York blizzard."