

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C. THURSDAY MAY 16, 1899.

NO. 30.

PIANOFORTE TUNING FOR SALISBURY.

Mr. OWEN H. BISHOP (pupil of Dr. Marx, Professor of Music at Berlin University, and Monsieur Benetzet of Paris) has come from England and settled close to Salisbury, and is prepared to tune, regulate and repair Pianos, Organs and Pipe Organs. Having had fifteen years' practical experience in England, Ladies and gentlemen, who wish their musical instruments carefully and regularly attended to, may rely upon having thorough and conscientious work done if they will kindly favor O. H. B. with their esteemed patronage. Living near town, no traveling expenses will be incurred, and therefore the terms will be low; viz: \$2.50 per piano, if tuned occasionally; or \$3 for three tunings in one year. Please apply for further particulars by postal card or note left at this office.

N. B.—Schumann says: "It is the falsest economy to allow any piano to remain untuned, as it rains both instrument and ear."



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his \$3.00 GENTLEMAN'S LEATHER SHOE. \$4.00 HANDED WELT SHOE. \$4.50 POLICE AND FARMER'S SHOE. \$5.00 WATER TIGHT CALF SHOE. \$5.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$5.00 and \$5.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in England, Boston and New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting. Most Comfortable. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

M. S. BROWN, SALISBURY.

CLARK'S EYE SALVE

For sale by J. N. H. ENNIS, Druggist.

WADSWORTH PAINT OIL & CO.

DAVID WADSWORTH, PRESIDENT.

OUR PATENT PAINT FORMS AN IMPROVED PORCELAIN SURFACE UNPARALLELED FOR DURABILITY AND RESISTING WEATHER CHANGES. FORMS A COMPLETE PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE. A COVERING CAPACITY OF 280 SQUARE FEET TO THE GALLON. WE GUARANTEE THE COST TO THE CONSUMER ONLY \$1.12 PER GALLON. CALL FOR CIRCULARS AT—

D. A. ATWELL'S HARDWARE STORE.

Where a full line of goods in his line, may always be found.

HOME COMPANY, SEEKING HOME PATRONAGE.

A STRONG COMPANY, Prompt, Reliable, Liberal!

Agents in all cities and towns in the South.

J. RHODES BROWNE, President.

W. M. C. COART, Secretary.

Total Assets, \$750,000.

J. ALLEN BROWN, Agent, Salisbury, N. C.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

THIS AGE

Is full of humbugs, and that remedy that dispenses this charge is a God-send to humanity. B. B. B. has never failed and that ought to count for something to him who wants to be cured of what B. B. B. sets itself up to cure.

UTTERLY SURPRISED!

Meridian, Miss. July 12, 1887.

For a number of years I have suffered untold agony from the effects of blood poison. I had my case treated by several prominent physicians, but received but little, if any, relief. I resorted to all sorts of patent medicines, spending a large amount of money, but yet getting no better. My attention was attracted by the cures said to have been effected by B. B. B., and I commenced taking it merely as an experiment, having but little faith in the results. To my utter surprise I soon commenced to improve, and deem myself to say a well and hearty person—all owing to the excellent qualities of B. B. B. I cannot commend it too highly to those suffering from blood poison.

J. O. GIBSON, Trainman M. & O. R. R.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Baltimore, April 20, 1887.—For over twenty years I have been troubled with ulcerated bowels and bleeding piles, and grew very weak and thin from constant loss of blood. I have used 4 bottles of B. B. B., and have gained 15 pounds in weight, and feel better in general health than I have for ten years. I recommend your B. B. B. as the best medicine I have ever used, and owe my improvement to the use of Botanic Blood Balm. EXERCISES A. SMITH, 318 Exeter St.

AN OLD MAN RESTORED.

Dawson, Ga. June 30, '87.—Being an old man and suffering from general debility and rheumatism of the joints, and shoulders, I found difficulty in attending to my business, that of a lawyer, until I bought and used five bottles of B. B. B. Botanic Blood Balm, of Mr. T. C. Jones, or J. R. Irwin & Son, and my general health is improved, and the rheumatism left me. I believe it to be a good medicine.

J. H. LAING.

Tutt's Pills

FOR TORPID LIVER.

A simple, pleasant, and safe remedy for all ailments arising from a torpid liver, such as Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Rheumatism, Sallow Skin and Piles.

There is no better remedy for these common diseases than Tutt's Liver Pills, as a family medicine. Price, 25c. Sold Everywhere.

P. H. THOMPSON & CO. MANUFACTURERS.

Sash, Doors, Blinds, STAIR WORK, Scroll Sawing, Wood Turning, BRASS SETS, & C., AND CASTINGS OF ALL KINDS.

DEALERS IN Steam Engines and Boilers, Steam and Water Pipe, Steam Fittings, Shafting, Pulley Hangers.

—ALSO—Machinery of all kinds repaired on SHORT NOTICE.

Mar. 15, '88.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE "CAROLINA WATCHMAN"

Jean Goello's Yarn.

Before the wine-shop clerk overtook the beach, Sis Jean Goello, rough of mien and speech; Our coast-guard now, whose arm was shot away In the great fight in Navarro Bay; Puffing his pipe, he slowly spits his grog, And spins sea-yarns to many an old sea-dog Sitting around him.

Yes, lads—hear him say— 'Twas sixty years ago this very day Since I first went to sea; on board, you know, Of La Belle Honorine—lost long ago— An old three-masted tub, rotten almost. Just fit to burn, loud for the Guinea coast. We set all sail. The breeze was fair and stiff. My boyhood had passed neatly yonder cliff Where an old man—my uncle, so he said— Kept me at prauing for my daily bread. At night he came home drunk. Such kicks and blows!

Ah! me! what children suffer no man knows! But once at sea 'twas ten times worse, I found. I learned to take, to bear, and make no sound. First place, our ship was in the negro trade, And once off land, no vain attempts were made At escape. Our captain after that (Round as an egg) was liberal of the cat. The rope's end 'twas, kicks, blows, all fell on me; I was ship's boy—'twas natural, you see— And as I went about the decks my arm Was always raised to find my face from harm. No man had pity. Blows and stripes always. For sailors knew no better in those days Than to thrash boys, till those who lived at last As able seamen shipped before the mast. I ceased to cry. Tears brought me no relief. I think I might have perished of mere grief, Had not my friend—my friend—come. Sailors believe in God—no man at sea. On board that ship a God of mercy then Had placed a dog among those cruel men. Like me, he shunned his brutal kicks and blows. We soon grew friends, true friends, God knows. He was my friend. Black they called him there.

His eyes were golden brown, and black his hair. He was my shadow from that blessed night. When we made friends; and by the star's half-light, When all the forecastle was fast asleep, And our men 'caulked their watch,' I used to creep With Black among some boxes stowed on deck, And with my arms clasped tightly round his neck, I used to cry and cry, and press my head Close to the heart gripped by the tears I shed. Night after night I mourned our piteous case, While Black's long tongue licked my tear-stained face.

Poor Black! I think of him so often still! At first we had fair winds our sails to fill, But one hot night when all was calm and mute, For skipper—good sailor, though a brute— Gave a long look over the vessel's side. Then to the steersman whistled, half aside, "See that ox-eye yonder? It looks queer." "Hullo! All hand o' deck! We'll be prepared Slow roasts!" cried the course, "pass the word!" "Yain!" The squall broke ere we could shorten sail!

We lowered the topsails, but the raging gale Spun our ship about. The captain roared His orders—lost in the great noise on board. To devil was in the squall! But all men could To save their ship we'd die. Du what we could, The gale grew worse and worse. She sprang a leak; Her hold filled fast. We found we had to seek Some way to save our lives. "Lower a board!" The captain shouted. Before one would float Our ship broached to. The strain had broke her back. Like a whole broadside boomed the awful crack. She settled fast.

Ladsmen can have no notion Of how it feels to sink beneath the ocean. As the blue billows closed above our deck, And with slow motion swallowed down the wreck, I saw my part, life, by some fish outspread, Saw the old port, its ships, its old pier-head. My own bare feet, the rocks, the sandy shore— Salt-water filled my mouth—I saw no more.

I did not struggle much I could not swim. I sunk down deep, it seemed—drowned but for a moment.

For Black, I mean—when seized my jacket tight, And dragged me out of darkness back to light. The ship was gone—the captain's gig adrift. By one brave tug he brought me near the boat. I seized the gunwale, sprang on board and drew My friend in after me. Of all our crew, The dog and I alone survived the gale; Afloat with neither rudder, oar nor sail! Boy, thought I, was my heart was brave and stout.

Yet when the storm had blown its fury out, I saw—withered as can tell what wild emotion! That if we met no vessel in the ocean. There was no help for us—no hope was gone! We must await—by dog—what fate awaited! We had been saved from drowning, but to die Of thirst and hunger—my poor Black and I. No bucket in the well-swept locker lay; No keg of water had been stowed away. Like those on the Medusa's raft, I thought— Ah! that's enough. A story is best short.

For five long nights, and a longer dreadful day, We floated onward in a tropic haze. Pierce hunger gnawed us with its cruel fangs, And mortal anguish with its keener pangs. Each morn I hoped, each night when hope was gone.

My poor dog licked me with his tender tongue. Under the blazing sun and starlit night I watched in vain. No sail appeared in sight. Round as the blue spread wider, bluer, higher. The fifth day my parched throat was all on fire. When something suddenly my notice caught— Black crouching, shivering, underneath a thwart.

He looked—his dreadful look no tongue can tell. And his kind eyes glared like coals of hell! "Here Black! old fellow here!" I cried in vain. He looked me in the face and crouched again. I rose, he started, drew back. How pitheously His eyes entreated help. He mopped at me! "What can this mean?" I cried, yet shook with fear.

With that great shudder felt when Death is near. Black seized the gunwale with his teeth. I saw that slimy foam drip from his awful jaw. Then I knew all! Five days of tropic heat, Without one drop of drink, one scrap of meat, Had made him rabid. He whose courage had Preserved my life, my messmate, friend, was mad!

You understand? Can you see him and me, The open boat tossed on a brassy sea, A child and a wild beast on board alone, While overhead streams the tropic sun? And the boy crouching, trembling for his life?

I searched my pockets and drew my knife— For every one instinctively, you know, Defends his life. 'Twas time that I die so, For at that moment, with a furious bound, The dog flew at me, I sprang half around. He missed me in blind haste. With all my might I seized his neck, grasped and held him tight. I felt him writhe and try to bite as he Struggled beneath the pressure of my knee. His red eyes rolled; signs heaved his shining coat.

I plunged my knife three times in his poor throat.

And so I killed my friend. I had but one! What matters how, after that deed was done, They picked me up half dead, drenched in his gore, And took me back to France?

I have killed men—ay, many—in my day, Without remorse—for sailors must obey. One of a squad, once in Barbadoes, I Shot my own comrade, when condemned to die. I never dream of him for that was war. Under old Magon, too, at Trafalgar, I backed the hands of English boarders. Ten My axe lopped off. I dream not of those men. At Plymouth in a prison-hulk, I slew Two English jailers, stabbed them through—I did—confound them! But yet even now The death of Black, although so long ago, Upsets me. I'll not sleep to-night. It brings—

Here, boy! Another glass! We'll talk of other things!

—From Harper's Magazine.

Emigration of North Carolina Whites.

To the Editor of the Star:—Your article recently published in regard to emigration from North Carolina by white men, and the comments upon it by other State papers offers a tempting opportunity for some one to speak the plain, naked truth about the characteristics of our people. In these characteristics the whole philosophy of the subject is to be found. The mere fact of emigration signifies nothing. That is common to every State in the Union. The American people are a restless, migratory population. But the causes of emigration are very different in different localities. A New Englander seeks other regions because agriculture is impossible at home, and the other industries are over-crowded, and so it is in most of the other Northern States. He goes because there is too much life, and too much competition at home to make success easily attainable in the ordinary pursuits open to him, but a North Carolina emigrant abandons a State whose natural advantages are almost unparalleled—whose resources, though practically limitless, are undeveloped, after an occupancy of the land by an English speaking people for two hundred years, whose climate is absolutely the best in the world and whose population though comparatively sparse is a people enough to make a great and prosperous commonwealth. Eliminating the element of mere adventure, which is common to all American communities, why have so many North Carolinians in the past sought their fortunes elsewhere, and why are so many young men leaving and preparing to leave the State now? It certainly is not for any lack of natural advantages for accumulating a competency, or even great wealth; it is not due to unjust or unequal laws which favor classes, corporations or individuals, or hamper the spirit of enterprise; it cannot be because of unfaithful or corrupt administration for there has been none; and no State has, or ever had, a better constitution or laws; or has been freer from the vices of modern civilization (so called) than she.

Why, then, is it that there is and has been such a widespread feeling that there is little or no prospect of advancement here, and that "North Carolina is a good state to move from"? It seems to me that the answer to this question presents a subject worthy of greater consideration than it has ever received, and one which demands frank and fearless treatment at the hands of those who discuss it.

The people of North Carolina, as a community, are lacking in self-respect, (I do not say State-pride, for that term may be misapplied. I use the phrase that conveys my meaning.) The best possible evidence of the truth of this assertion lies in the notorious fact that the State has commanded and received less respect and consideration from the General Government, and from her sister States, than any other—certainly less than any of the original thirteen. Why? A more kindly, hospitable, generous, self-sacrificing people—a better people in the right sense—do not, in my judgment inhabit the earth; but they make no sign. They have never even claimed that which was theirs. Their State seal would have perfectly represented their civilization, if beneath the two women—one of whom is sitting down, and the other leaning on a cornucopia and pointing to a becalmed sailboat—there had been inscribed the words "Laissez Faire." No well-informed and candid person will deny this.

But this carelessness and indifference to our reputation as a community, which has resulted in our being compelled to see the most honorable facts in our history ignored, or denied and discredited, and our State referred to as the only one in the world that is absolutely without memorials, is not the sole peculiarity that has served as an obstruction to development and progress.

We are, and always have been "a house divided against itself." Local prejudices and jealousies almost universal prevail, and united effort for the advancement of the common weal has rarely occurred in our civil history. There has been no systematic legislation on the questions of most vital importance to the people, and the fear of conceding undue prominence to any one locality has always been a marked feature of our industrial, commercial, and political life. One of the best illustrations of this may be found in the history of "internal improvements" in the State. In many of our ideas and practices we are narrow and provincial, but

at the same time, much given to the habit of preferring foreign products, whether of brain or brawn, to our own. Taken individually we are apt to be intensely loyal North Carolinians; taken collectively we exhibit no such spirit. So firm is our belief in the principle of equity among men that we incline to regard the display of unusual capacity or ambition or as a rather unfair sort of thing, which is not to be encouraged; but if it will assert itself and in a way to reflect credit on the community it is tolerated, and even applauded, but it goes at times no peculiar claim to consideration. We do not regard the fact that we are "behind the age" as a matter of reproach at all; on the contrary, we felicitate ourselves on the tranquillity of our surroundings. We boast of only one thing, namely, our modesty, but of that we are very proud, and are content to offer it as a sufficient answer to any unfavorable criticism upon ourselves or our civilization. We really luxuriate, as a people, in the virtue of self-abnegation.

Now, this serene condition of affairs, unreasonable as discontent with it may appear to be, has not that attractiveness for a young man of ordinary ambition that it seems to have had for his father and he grows restive under it. He prefers a more disturbed atmosphere and naturally seeks it. He generally meets with success, to the great astonishment of those he left behind him, who will tell you that he was not regarded as a remarkable young man at home, and that there is a plenty of equally able young men here, without (apparently) ever having asked themselves why these able young men at home do not achieve as great success.

When the people of North Carolina fully realize this difference of environment and apply the remedy there will be less emigration of the best brains from our State but not until then.

I have merely touched this subject in the foregoing paragraphs, but it seems to me to be an eminently deserving of the careful consideration of all who love North Carolina, and desire to promote her welfare.

A NORTH CAROLINIAN.

"Baby McKee" and "don." Russell P. Harrison.

Plunkism and toadyism are rampant under this administration. President Harrison has married a daughter, a Mrs. McKee, and Mrs. McKee, just like many other married women, are some few unmarried ones here at home, has a baby. Mrs. McKee has been with her parents at the White House since they took charge of it, and the columns of the sentimental press have teemed with not about "Baby McKee." They cannot chronicle the simplest item of information about the inmates of the Executive Mansion without dragging "Baby McKee" to the fore. A foreigner dropping down into this country without any previous information about it, and reading the out-giving about "Baby McKee," would suppose that this is a monarchy and "Baby McKee" the heir apparent to the throne. There is precious little said about Mrs. McKee and so very little about Mr. McKee as to lead to the conclusion that he is about third lieutenant in the family; indeed, he hasn't mentioned since inauguration day when, by virtue of being "Baby McKee's" daddy, he was given a place in the procession. If "Baby McKee's" little stomach hurt it last night we will read about it in this morning's papers; though if its daddy ran rusty nails in his feet while walking we will never learn anything about that. The country needs a rest on "Baby McKee."

But President Harrison has a son as well as a daughter and the son's name is Russell. He runs a paper out in Montana and also assumes to run the Territory. He doesn't hold any office—but so much as a justice of the peace—but that Philadelphia breeches-maker, as old man Thurman felicitously calls Mr. Postmaster General Wanamaker, had occasion to write him a letter, some days ago, and addressed it to "Hon." Russell B. Harrison. As a sample of toadyism pure and simple this lays over the "Baby McKee" business. The New York Sun calls it "a novelty red hot from the bargain counter—the latest and sweetest thing in American manufactured ceremony. Doesn't it beat the world?"

When a President's infantile grandchild comes to be the most conspicuous object in an administration, and a President's son comes to be addressed by the Postmaster General as "Hon." President's son, it is time for plain Americans to laugh a horse laugh in order to keep from getting sick at the stomach.—Statesville Landmark.

A Test for Diamonds.

"It do not require an expert," said Dr. DeMenil, "to tell whether a diamond is genuine or not. The test is very simple, and can be made in any place and in a moment. All you need is a piece of paper and a lead pencil. With the latter make a small dot on the paper, then look at it through the diamond. If you can see that the stone is genuine, but if the mark is scattered or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered you at \$500."—St. Louis Democrat.

Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew.

THE SUBJECT OF EX-GOV. SCALES ON MORAL DAY.

Raleigh News and Observer.

The following account of Gen. Pettigrew is taken from Capt. W. R. Bond's Historical Essay, "Pickett or Pettigrew" and published as being pertinent to the memorial celebration which takes place on Friday:

"The family of Johnson Pettigrew was one of the oldest, wealthiest and most influential of Eastern Carolina. His grandfather, Rev. Chas. Pettigrew, was the first Bishop-Elect of the Diocese of North Carolina. He was born on his father's estate, Conarya, Lake Scuppernon, Tyrrel county, North Carolina, on July 4th, 1828, and died near Bunker's Hill, Va., July 17th, 1863, having been wounded two days before in a skirmish at Falling Waters. He graduated with the first distinction at the University of North Carolina in 1847. A few months after graduation, at the request of Commodore Maury, principal of the Naval Observatory at Washington, he accepted a professorship in that institution, having remained there about eight months he resigned and went to Charleston, South Carolina, and became a student of law in the office of his distinguished relative, Hon. Jas. L. Pettigrew, obtaining a license in 1849. In 1850 he went to Europe to study the civil law in the German Universities.

There also he became thoroughly acquainted with the German, French Italian and Spanish languages. He became so well acquainted with Arabic as to read and appreciate it, also with Hebrew. He then traveled over various countries of the Continent, also England, Scotland and Ireland. In 1852 he became Secretary of the Legation to the U. S. Minister at the Court of Madrid. In the winter of 1861 he had printed in Charleston for private circulation, an octavo volume of 430 pages, entitled "Spain and the Spaniards," which has been very much admired by every one who has read it; for its learning, its research and the elegance of its style. A few months returned to Charleston and entered upon the practice of law with Mr. Jas. L. Pettigrew. In December 1856 and December 1857 he was chosen a member of the legislature from the city of Charleston. He rose to great distinction in that body, by his speech on the organization of the Supreme Court, and his report against the reopening of the African Slave Trade. He failed to be re-elected in 1858. Again in 1859 he went to Europe with the intention of taking part in the war then in progress between Sardinia and Austria. His application to Count Cavour for a position in the Sardinian Army, under Gen. Marmora, was favorably received. His rank would have been at least that of Colonel; but in consequence of the result of the battle of Solferino, when took place just before his arrival in Sardinia, the war was terminated and he was thereby prevented from experiencing active military service and learning its lessons. In 1859 he became Colonel of a rifle regiment that was formed and that acted a conspicuous part around Charleston in the winter of 1860-'61. With his regiment he took possession of Castle Pinckney, and was afterwards transferred to Morris Island, where he erected formidable batteries. He held himself in readiness to storm Fort Sumpter in case it had not been surrendered after bombardment. In the spring of 1861, his regiment growing impatient, because he could not justly be incorporated in the Confederate Army, he became Colonel of a private, and went with that body to Virginia, where active service was to be met with.

A few days afterwards, without any solicitation on his part, he was elected Colonel of the 221 North Carolina troops. While at Evansport he was offered promotion, but declined it, upon the ground, that it would separate him from his regiment. Late in the spring of 1862 an arrangement was made by which his regiment was embraced in the brigade. He then accepted the commission. He and his brigade were with Gen. Johnston at Yorktown and in the retreat up the peninsula. He was with his brigade in the sanguinary battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks, where he was severely wounded, and left insensible upon the field and captured. He was in prison only about two months, and on being exchanged returned to find that in his absence his beloved brigade had been given to General Pender. A new brigade was then made up for him. How well this body was disciplined and of what material it was made this essay has attempted to show. In the autumn of 1862, he was ordered with his brigade to Eastern North Carolina, where he was engaged in several affairs, which though brilliant have been overshadowed by the greater battles of the war. In May, 1863, his brigade was again ordered to Virginia and ever after formed a part of the Army of Northern Virginia. While commanding Heth's division in Longstreet's Assault, he received a painful wound, a grape shot passing through his left hand. At Falling Waters on the 4th, he had just been placed in command of the

rear guard, which consisted of his own and Archer's brigade when a skirmish occurred in which he was wounded. He died on the 17th, and his remains were taken to his old home, Bonarva, and there he lies buried near the beautiful lake, whose sandy shores his youthful feet were wont to tread. May he rest in peace.

Mark Twain on Warts.

Mark Twain is, as his signature shows, responsible for the following in the New York Sun:

"Sir, find the enclosed direct wadding about the ocean of journalism: 'I'd give a thousand dollars,' said a well-to-do New Yorker the other day, 'to have that mark removed,' and he held out a well shaped and well cared for hand, on the back of which, between the thumb and first finger was tattooed a big blue anchor. 'When I was a little fool at school, with my head full of stories of adventure, my highest ambition was to go to sea. An old sailor who lived in the village tattooed about a dozen of us on the sly, and I remember the lies I told my mother, as I kept my hand done in a rag, pretending I had cut it, till the sore healed. Then she gave me such a thrashing as broke up my plan, fortunately, to have a fine red and blue heart done on the back of the other. The disfigurement has caused me no end of annoyance and since has cost me considerable for gloves, which I always wear, winter and summer, though I detest them in warm weather. But a man can't wear gloves at the table, and often at restaurants I catch people staring at my hand, and I wonder if they think I have served my term in the castle of some oyster scow or lumber schooner.'

"A tattoo mark is easily removed. I drop into personal history? When I was a small boy I had my share of warts. I tried in turn the 998 ways of removing them, but without result; in fact, I seemed to get warts and warts right along. But some day I revealed to me the 300th way and cured it. Thus: I drove a needle into the basement of the wart; then I held the other end of the needle in the flame of the candle; the needle became red hot throughout its length and proceeded to cook the wart. Presently I drew the needle out; if it had white atoms like nuts sticking out its point; that wart was done. If the point was clear, I drove it in again and cooked till I got those white things. They were the roots of the wart. Twenty-four hours later the wart would become soft and flabby, and I removed it with a single wipe of my hand. Where it had been was a smooth surface now, which quickly healed and left no scar. Within two days I was wartless, and have so remained till this day.

Well, a long time afterward, when I was 16 years old, a sailor tattooed an anchor and rope on the back of my left hand with India ink. The color was a deep, dark blue and extravagantly conspicuous. I was proud of it for awhile, but by time I had worn it nine years I was tired of it and ashamed of it. I could find nobody who could tell me how to get rid of it; but at last my wart experience of near half a generation occurred to me and I got me several needles and a candle straightway. I drove the needles along just under the surface of the skin and tolerably close together and made them include the whole tattoo mark; then I fired up on them and cooked that device thoroughly. Next day I wiped the device off with my hand. The place quickly healed and left no scar. A faint bluish tint remained, and I was minded to begin again and cook that out; but as it was hardly detectable and noticeable, it did not seem worth the fuel and so I there, and there it is yet, though I am the only member of my tribe that knows it.

I was in London a good many years ago when the Tichborne claimant's case was being tried, and experts testified that an India ink tattoo mark could not be removed; but I was not asked to testify, and so those people don't know any better to this day. Let the well-to-do New Yorker fetch me some needles and a candle and name his bet. I will take him up.

MARK TWAIN.

Hartford, April 18.

Congressman Ben Butterworth of Ohio, speaking at the Republican Club dinner said that New York city of today has more industries in it than the whole world had seventy-five years ago. The Ontario declared that few had an adequate comprehension of the hundreds of thousands of American industries. He visited a bachelor friend living in one room several months ago and, after a casual glance about the room, asked his friend to tell how many American industries were represented in the furniture and fixings of a room. His friend guessed ten at first and finally raised his estimate to twenty-five. Then the "ultra-protectionist from Ohio," as he describes himself, ruffled about the room, and discovered by actual count the very modest belongings in the room represented 140 American industries.

In advising all young men to study politics and the affairs of the country the Congressman said: "Virtue and not the vice in political battle, but the balance of power."—New York Sun.

Advertisement for a book or publication.

Advertisement for a book or publication.