

# THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER

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THE  
**Charlotte Messenger**  
PUBLISHED  
Every Saturday,  
AT  
**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**  
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 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 Carolina.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS:

(Always in Advance.)

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3 months	75
4 months	50
3 months	40

W. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C.

A chimney statistician writes that at the Mechnich lead works in Germany, the tallest chimney in the world has recently been completed. It is 440 feet high, six feet more than the famous chimney of the St. Rollox chemical works, near Glasgow, Scotland, which, until the German one was built, was without a rival. The flue of the Mechnich chimney is eleven and a half feet in diameter at the bottom and ten feet at the top.

A queer phase of railway industry is a railway tie nursery, near the little town of Furlington, Kan., in the southern part of the State. It is the largest artificial plantation of forest trees in North America, and is owned by the Southern Pacific. The different sections have been planted, respectively, two, four and six years. One-fourth is planted with the alantus, the rest with the catalpa, and a few of white ash. Those first planted are now about twenty-five feet in height, the last about twelve. Some of the taller are seven inches through the stem. There are about 3,000,000 of trees in full vigor on those plantations. Out of those trees will come the railway ties of the future.

Captain Murrell, of the English steamer Surrey, reports to the United States Hydrographic Office that while on a voyage from Baltimore to London, in March last, he experienced heavy gales, a high and confused sea sweeping the decks and causing considerable damage. He filled the pans of the closets aft with oakum and waste and then poured in machine oil until the waste was fully saturated, allowing the oil to drop gradually over the side. The effect was remarkable, as no more seas came aboard. About 12 o'clock at night the oil in the waste became exhausted, and almost immediately afterward a heavy sea swept the deck, washing the man from the wheel and doing other damage. The supply of oil was replenished and no further difficulty was experienced, the ship running easily for eighteen hours and shipping no more water on deck. The Surrey was loaded with cattle, and Captain Murrell attributes the preservation of the animals entirely to the use of oil.

The United States letter sheet envelope, a unique device for correspondence through the mail, is a combination in one of a letter sheet, envelope and the new postage stamp of the denomination of two cents, bearing the military portrait of General Grant. These letter envelopes will be sold at the rate of twenty-three dollars per thousand, in any desired quantities, separately or in packages or pads of twenty-five, fifty or one hundred each, or folded in incased packages of twenty-five each, especially adapted for use when traveling. The letter sheet is of unruled paper, single, with a space nine and a quarter by two and five-eighths for writing. It has gummed sides and flap, and perforated lines to serve as guides in folding and opening. On the face is an ornamental design, a shield and wreath, and the words "United States letter sheet envelope," also a two-cent stamp bearing a portrait of General U. S. Grant, all engraved in steel, and printed in green ink. In the left hand corner are the words, "If not called for in ten days, postmaster will please return to," and on the flap, outside of the perforations at both ends, the directions are given, "To open tear off the ends." These new letter sheet envelopes are to be furnished only for the present to a few of the larger postoffices.

## INTENT.

An act launched forth upon the sea of time is gone beyond recall;  
An angel may not bid it stay  
When once it is upon its way.

A wraith unladen or spirit bright unto the sun  
which gives it birth,  
Each act achieved must ever be  
Through time and through eternity.

The motive gives direction to a deed forever  
and for aye:  
When once sent forth for good or ill  
It keeps that first direction still.

A force which conquereth all power of evil  
is good intent;  
Whatever the act, the motive pure  
And for the good it shall endure.

—Antoinette Van Hoesen Wakeman

## TWO CATS.

"You dearest, sweetest little duck, so it was! Manny's pussus pet."  
It sounded much like "manny's pussus pet," but the voice was so young, so fresh, so cooing, that Joe Parker could not believe his ears.

There was something "magnetic" about it, to use the slang of the day; at least it attracted Joe to the row of raspberries that flung their green arms all abroad on the old picket-fence between his garden and the next neighbor's, and irresistibly bent his head to peep through those respectable palings and see what he could see.

And this is what he saw: Such a lovely girl! Her hair was red, to be sure, but it was that bronze red that looks brown in the depth of its ripples and gold on their crests. Just now, in the blazing sunshine, it was all a rich deep red, with gilt threads among it; but then she had such eyes—large, clear, red-hazel eyes, as beautiful as a robin's or a squirrel's fringed with dark lashes, and overbrowed with delicate dark arches, a little lifted with a look of surprise that was the result of shock and awe.

I regret to say that her fair soft brow and cheeks were slightly freckled; but in such a fresh red and white the smallest spot will show, and nobody is perfectly beautiful, not even Mary Ann May, commonly called "Manay May." For instance, her mouth was large; but then it was so full, so red, and parted over such firm white teeth, that it seemed just to match the saucy little nose above and the round dimpled chin below it. Her waist was large too, just as large as the waist of any sculptured goddess wrought by Phidias or Praxiteles, for Manay had never been pinched in mind or body, or given over to that awful tyrant, "They," who puts out girls to the torture of rack and boot from infancy, that they may be and do as "They" do and are.

But she had a tall, strong, shapely figure, and all her movements were all instinct with the untrammelled grace of nature. As she stood in her mother's garden, with both hands clasping her pet to her bosom, a basket of dandelion greens and an old case-knife at her feet, she was a perfect picture; and she had not an idea of it.

Joe's theories fled as he gazed. The voice had not misled him, it was not a mother's voice; the darling on whom Manay lavished her sweet words, her tender embrace, even her kisses, was—a cat.

But such a cat! Peter was as great a beauty as his mistress. His coat of deep blue-gray was striped and dashed with shining black; a ring of black encircled his massive neck; his tail was ringed also with sable, and five wide black stripes ran from between his ears down to the very tip of the tail, merging as they went into one broad band; then there was a snow-white spot upon his breast, and his powerful paws were black as jet.

Manny's dumb sally about that there cat," was her father's chronic growl; but, since Manny was all the child left to him, and in his secret heart his living idol, he only growled. He would not have uttered a derogatory word about Peter for anything; he even remembered to get a bit of meat for him whenever he went to the village, and had once been known to turn back half a mile for that very purpose.

As for mother May she spoiled the cat just as she had spoiled Mary Ann. She was a dear, kindly, tender-hearted old woman, with an utter inability to rule or order or mold anybody or anything. She took life as she found it, and neither fretted at nor tried to amend it—a sort of moral father bed, soft to exasperation, but, after all, restful to the eager, hard-worked, exasperated and wiry people of her race.

"A proper nice woman," Semantha Carrier said; "always an eternally good-natured. No faculty in her, but one that ties you consider'ble when you want to have things go; but when you're sick or sorry, sort of comfortin' like a poultice."

Peter knew his power and his position. Patted from his early kittenhood, he soon learned, like the young of the human species, that he could tyrannize over his petters, and then the warmest, softest seat was given up to him, the door opened at his first appeal, the giblets of the rarely used fowls were saved for him, his tastes gratified, and his notions respected. One is sometimes tempted to half accept the masculine theory that women like tyrants, when one sees how they manufacture them for themselves.

Now Joseph Parker had just come to Meriden to live. A certain Mr. Webb, who had a manufactory in Vermont, had moved to Meriden to get more water-power, and as Joe Parker was his foreman in the paper-mill, he had moved too, hired a house a little way out of the village, next to Mr. May's homestead, and brought with him his mother—and his mother's cat. Hence this story, and whatever tears may besprinkle it.

Mrs. Parker's cat was not at all like

Peter May; he was black, all black, with green-yellow eyes, and an aspect that made a stranger think of the regulation cat that was the familiar of witches in all history. He came from Hanover to Meriden by rail, nailed up in a strawberry crate, hissing, spitting, yowling, and sharpening his claws on his frail prison all the way, to the terror of every passenger in the car. Indeed, Joe was forced to carry crate and all into a baggage-car at the third station, and ride with it the rest of the way, for the brakemen refused to look after it, so daunted were they by the wild animal within. Tiger was sent into solitary confinement in the cellar as soon as Mrs. Parker reached her house, and was subdued by hunger and darkness before they dared let him range abroad in the new neighborhood.

Now Joe Parker had not been in Meriden long enough to make much acquaintance there, and was very hard at work the first few weeks of his stay, so that he always went to sleep in church on Sunday, and missed any sight thereby of the blooming damsels in the choir or in the pews; he was ashamed of it, to be sure, but there was the change of air from Vermont mountains to the flat meadowland and low-lying pastures about the river, and then he was really overworked for a time in helping to place the new machinery, move the old, and settle his mother in this strange place, where he knew no one to whom he could apply for help or suggestion. It was not Sunday to-day when he peeped through the fence at Manny, and suddenly, as if by a stroke, lost his honest young heart; for, beloved reader, this is only a love-story. Only a love-story; only a record of the great world-song, the event of so many lives, the finality of all.

"Love will find out the way," says an ancient song, and Joe was no exception to the rule of the Pathfinder. He persuaded his mother to send him over to the neighbor's the very next night for a pitcher of milk, and also to negotiate for their daily supply. This being successfully effected, he went daily for the milk before mill hours, and his pail was filled by Mary Ann, blooming with the sweet morning air, neat, trim, and lovely at six o'clock A. M. as a city girl at her late dinner. Joe grew worse and worse. He thought of Manny in mill and market; her face shone above the machinery, her laugh tinkled with the mill bell. He made friends with Peter also; for cats know lovers—when they are lovers—just as well as children know their friends. Tiger was still kept in the high-fenced chicken-yard on the Parker premises—now devoid of chickens—as a measure of precaution against his straying; he was too dear to his mistress to be ventured at large yet. It is not to be denied that Manny looked with favorable eyes upon Joe Parker; a personable young fellow with a good position does not fall at the feet of every farmer's daughter, even if she is a beauty. The "anxious and aimless" have in their ranks many a lovely face and capable character. Manny had been no farther than the district school for her education, and her home training was to hand, practical, thorough work. She read no novels or "story papers;" the *Weekly Covenant* and the *Puritan Recorder* helped her through Sundays, but on week-days she had work to do, and at night was tired enough to go to bed early. She was simple as well as sensible, in the best sense of simplicity, and did not coquette with Joe any more than was natural to any girl. She dimpled and blushed when he came in, pretended to be vexed when Peter preferred his knee to her lap, called him an "awful thing," if he caught her hand in his with the milk-pail handle, and was always ready to go to singing-school and evening meeting with him, so that his true love ran ominously smooth.

But, alas! there was trouble coming. Tiger, the Parker cat, hurt himself seriously in an attempt to climb the palings of his jail-yard, for they were old and rickety, and could not bear his weight. His mistress nursed him in the house for six weeks with great care, and when he was quite well again, and stronger than ever with much feeding, he was turned out-of-doors, and allowed to roam and ravage as he would, and at once he lit upon Peter.

Dire was the conflict, but Mrs. Parker hastened to the rescue with a pail of water, and the astonished Peter, quite drenched to the skin, fled while Mrs. Parker picked up Tiger and carried him into the kitchen, lamenting over him as if he were a hurt child. Now Mrs. Parker was a shy and silent woman, but very resolute; she at once made up her mind that the Mays' cat should not intrude on her premises to disturb Tiger. She had the garden fence re-enforced, and even a strip of wire netting added to its height on the Mays' side; but she could not cabin, crib, or confine Tiger himself—a circumstance that vexed her much. And when Peter came home to Mary Ann after that first duel, dripping like a drowned rat, she too was indignant; but what could she do? Battles set in, howls by night, skirmishes by day; a piece was soon bitten out of Peter's lovely waving tail, and Tiger lost half an ear. Manny made invidious remarks about Mrs. Parker's cat every day of her life, and Mrs. Parker made Joe's meals bitter to his soul with evil-speaking of Peter and Peter's family—meaning the Mays. Yet they were friendly enough except on the cat question. Mrs. May taught Mrs. Parker how to knit new heels into Joe's yarn stockings, and Mrs. Parker showed Manny's mother the last pattern of crochet edging; they exchanged samples of cake, talked skilfully of pickles and preserves; in fact, had a liking and respect for each other—all but the cats.

Before the last pleasant autumn days were gone Joe had gathered courage to ask Mary Ann to marry him, and she had pretty consented; they were "keepin' company" now, and the old folks looked on well pleased to think that neither of their children would stray far from home, though Joe insisted on having a small

home of his own, if only a tenement in the village, properly remarking: "We won't mix folks, Manny—it don't succeed; be side, I want you all to myself"—a peremptory sort of logic that pleased Miss Mary Ann, and made her assent hearty and prompt.

They meant to be married in April; in no less time could the modest array of clothing and house linen be made ready, for chiefly it must be sewed by Manny's deft hands; and sewed it was, with no intervention of machinery, and almost ready, when—how shall I tell it!—one pleasant February day Peter trailed into the house with a bleeding ear, a blinking eye, and one leg so hurt that he could not even limp on it. This was the climax. Manny had winked at Tiger's enormities all that winter for Mrs. Parker's sake (meaning Joe's); she had only once hurled a basin of dishwater over him, three times chased him with a broom handle, and not thrown more than a dozen stones at him—which didn't count, for women never hit anything they throw at, or at least men say so.

But now Manny's patience gave a great gasp and died. She flew out of the door intent to maim or slay, but Tiger's black tail just waked out of the gate; she could not follow him, so she did the next thing, which was to wash Peter's wounds, put him to bed in the cellar, fetch him dry catnip and warm milk, and leave him to that solitude that the wounded animal seeks, and the wounded man shuns.

It was tea-time then, and when Joe came in at his hour for visitation he found Manny no longer tender, arch, or sentimental; the hazel eyes had a redder spark in them than he had ever seen, the cheeks flamed, and the red lips were puckered into a lovely severity instead of wreathed with smiles.

"Joe," she began, rushing at once into the fray, "you will have to kill Tiger. I can't stand it. He has chewed up Peter till he's most dead."

"My dear girl," said Joe, in a dismayed tone, "mother sets by Tiger so. I can't help it; he's a horrid, dreadful cat, and he'll murder Peter, and he's got to be killed."

"But, Manny, think of mother; she's goin' to be alone, and she thinks everything of Tiger. Why, she never would forgive me if I killed him."

"Well, if you like her better you do me, all right. I shall kill him, unless pa will; so there!"

Now Joe was not used to girls and their ways. He thought Mary Ann meant every word she said. He was really frightened.

"But, Manny, just think. What will mother say?"

"I don't care a cent what anybody says. I will not stand by and see my dear sweet old cat killed by a dreadful beast like that, and not defend him. I'll pi-on it."

"Oh, Mary Ann!" cried Joe. "Then kill him yourself," she retorted. "I cannot," said Joe, steadily.

Well he knew how his silent mother loved Tiger; like many another woman, she bestowed on her pet all the demonstrative affection she was too shy and too reserved to lavish on Joe. The cat slept on her bed, followed her about the house and garden, sprung up into her lap and purred there as she sat alone in the evenings, and however fierce a fighter of his kind, was devoted and loving to his mistress. More than ever did she cling to him now, in her wordless jealousy of Joe's new love; for well she knew that

"My son's my son till he gets his wife," and deeply she felt, as most mothers feel, that her rule and her joy were over.

Joe looked at Manny with his heart in his eyes, but that young person's wilful soul had got the better of her sense and her affection both; she had given Joe her final test; she would find out now whether he loved her or his mother best. Poor Joe!

"You won't!" she asked, setting her lips in a firm red line.

"No," said Joe, with equal firmness. The situation had come to a dead lock.

Just then a wild scream was heard, and a scurrying of feet. Mrs. Parker, with a face of fright, drew herself up on the picket-fence, and called for Joe.

"Come quick!" she cried. "Tiger has tumbled into the cistern."

Joe ran as fast as he could. He knew the cistern was two-thirds full, and its sides slippery, but he had not an idea what to do; he lost his wits—and Mary Ann found them!

She overtook him at the door of his mother's kitchen. "Here! here!" she said, breathlessly; "here's pa's scoop-net; it's real strong. You can't get him out any other way." And yet five minutes before she had made it a vital issue with Joe that he would not kill this very cat. Girls are queer.

So Tiger, resisting to the last, was fished out of the water-butt and handed over to his delighted mistress, who rolled him in her apron and took him in for repairs, flinging over her shoulder to Manny a curt: "I don't know how to thank ye enough."

"Manny!" said Joe, holding out his arms in the moonlight. "I did act like a possessed! I never should have liked you a mite again if you'd killed Tiger!" Oh, woman! woman!

So they were married, and lived happy ever after, and had a cat of their own handsomer than Peter, better than Tiger, and as peaceable as a Quaker.—*Love Terry Cooke, in Bazar.*

## Two "Chestnuts."

"For you," he said, "I'd gladly die, I've loved you well and long." The cruel girl made no reply, she rang a chestnut gong.

"When was beefsteak highest, Mr. Coon," said the minstrel, "Pray you tell 'When the nimble cow jumped over the moon." Clang went the chestnut bell.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

## "BATTLE OF THE OSAGE."

CAPTURE OF MARMADUKE, MISSOURI'S PRESENT GOVERNOR.

A Federal Captain's Account of the Fight—A Charge Led by a Rider on a White Horse.

The "Battle of the Osage" was fought in the latter part of October, 1864. There were two engagements, one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

During the morning fight the present Governor of Missouri, General Marmaduke, was taken prisoner. I was a participant in the charge made by the Union forces, and an eye-witness of his capture, although his identity was not known for half an hour afterward. The country for miles in the Osage region is unbroken prairie; the ground undulating; the hills and hollows seeming to run parallel. It was, therefore, a model battle ground, and, in reading the accounts of the English campaign in the Sudan, I was reminded vividly of our pursuit of the Confederates through Missouri.

Just after crossing the dry bed of the Osage River, we heard skirmishing, and soon came in sight of the enemy, formed in line of battle, and waiting for us. I was Captain of Company H, Tenth Missouri Cavalry; Col. Bentine, commander, and General Fleasanton, Brigade Commander. My position was on the left, as we drew up in line. During my four years' service I had seen some very close quarters. But never had I seen 9,000 horsemen drawn up in battle array, and the sight was certainly a thrilling one. I believe I am safe in saying that since the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt, modern warfare had not seen the like. The enemy were well supported by their artillery, and as I looked across the intervening space I could see the muzzles of the cannon. While we sat on our horses waiting for orders, Generals Pleasanton and Curtis came riding down between the lines. As they passed me I heard Pleasanton say: "We must come together now." These words, and the ominous looks of the cannon, assured me that a serious moment was at hand. I had \$600 about me, and I put it into an official envelope. I then directed it to my officer, and gave it to our surgeon, with the request to forward it in case of my death, or as the boys were in the habit of saying, in case I did not "come out."

At last the bugle sounded the charge. The long lines surged in and out, but no advance was made. Again the bugle rang out on the still air, and again the lines wavered. Then suddenly a rider on a white horse burst through the ranks and rode at the foe. Like an avalanche we followed. In the excitement every fear vanished, and we rode through the enemy's ranks, dispersing them right and left. They had fired one volley and had no time to reload.

Their right wing was completely cut off from the main body and surrounded. Having no other alternative they surrendered, and we were soon busy dismounting them and hurrying them to the rear. On my way back with a crowd of prisoners, we met General James Lane going to the front. He stopped, and pushing his way through the crowd of guards and prisoners, walked up to a tall, fine-looking Confederate, held out his hand and said: "How do you do, General Marmaduke?" The man shook his hand warmly, and after a few words General Lane walked away, taking General Marmaduke with him. When taken General Marmaduke had on his hat a star and crescent. At the time no one knew him, and Colonel Bentine noticing the ornaments cut them from the hat as trophies of war. The star was last heard from in a museum in Chicago. General Marmaduke had no insignia of office from which he could be distinguished from the common soldiers, having a simple gray uniform and a large slouch hat. I have never learned who the rider on the white horse was that led the charge other than that he was a staff officer.

The Confederates made a stand again in the afternoon, forming in squares, but could not stand before our onslaught, and again retreated. That night horses and men lay down and slept together. So utterly worn out were they that no one thought of eating; going to sleep was so much easier.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Deformity in an Italian City.

A Milan letter to the *Paris American Register* says: All the monsters physical I have seen elsewhere throughout my whole life would not, if collected together, approach by even a few hundred all the persons similarly afflicted whom I have met in the streets of Milan during the past three months. I could not go into one of the public gardens, traverse one of the piazzas, enter one of the churches, sit in a tramcar, without finding myself confronted with at least one or two hunchbacks. It is, in fact, a veritable city of Quasimodos. Add to these bewhiskered and chimney-pot hatted dwarfs some four feet high, brushing pompously past you, and diminutive women, young and old, still lover of stature, waddling along the pavements, cripples of regular and irregular sizes and of both sexes, and you might well ask yourself in wonder, as I asked my artist friend, how comes it that we find such an inordinate amount of deformity in a country where the rudest clothopper has a soul and passion for beauty, whether it be in flesh or blood or on canvas? The answer was brief and to the point: "These deformities are traditional. Lombardians are well known to be so clannish in their habits (and have been so for many a generation) that they often intermarry within the forbidden degrees of kindred."

## The Horses of Beloochistan.

A correspondent in India, in a letter to the *London Field*, writes as follows: Seeing the controversy in the *Field* about horses of Eastern breed, I venture to write a few words about a race of horses whose qualities I do not think have been brought before the breeders at home; they are the Beloochies. I cannot give many particulars about them, as I am unacquainted with the lore of horse breeding; but I can mention what strikes the average mortal on seeing them. First, their size, which for pure Orientals is remarkable; the usual height is from fifteen and one-half to a little over sixteen hands; their general appearance is surprisingly like an English hunter, rather light for its size; they are big-boned without much flesh, rather Arab-like heads, and powerful quarters; altogether they have a very sporting look. They are much appreciated by the officers of native cavalry regiments stationed in Beloochistan, who are remounting their corps as much as possible from the district, while many are being purchased to take down country as an investment. These horses are very tractable and docile, and easily learn a beautifully easy trot when ridden by a European.

The Beloochi is wonderfully hardy and very fast, although this may be only comparative be a use of their size, when tried against the smaller races of horses out here. The most usual color is a black brown with a few white hairs about. The Beloochi horseman does not use a severe bit; he has no hands to speak of, and rides either at a fast walk or a smart canter. His saddle is a wooden framework, which he covers with his spare clothes and the family bedding when he goes out. There is another stamp of horse bred in Beloochistan, and which, when they find their way down country, are called Belooches in advertisements; but I think they are Tartar ponies, of sorts. They run from 13.1 to 14.1 in height, and are altogether a lower class of beast, though I believe very hardy. The soundness of wind, leg and foot of the true Beloochi is remarkable, and, to judge from the country they are reared in, nine months in the year everything the ground produces they must eat, except actual stones.

Three American horses are to be shipped to Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter. One was bred on the Sun River, in the Rocky Mountains; another is a wild horse caught on the head waters of the Niobrara, and a third is a mustang from the Brazos River, Texas. They are designed as specimens of horses used on our frontier.

Vineyards of from 1,000 to 2,500 acres are numerous in Southern California.

## WAITING.

They have gone through life together,  
They have braved its stormy weather,  
Many a year;  
Time has filched from beauty's treasures,  
But love scorns the hoard he measures,  
With a leer.

'Mid the world's turmoil and fretting,  
They'd no tears, and vain regretting  
For the past;  
All their troubles firmly breasting,  
They have found the time for resting  
Sweet, at last.

There are graves upon the meadow—  
Baby forms that lie in shadow,  
Dark and still;  
Ah! they felt life's fountain drying  
When they looked on baby, dying,  
But—"They will!"

Now with pulses throbbing steady,  
Hand in hand, they're waiting, ready;  
Not a sigh  
For the time that's swiftly fleeting,  
There will be a joyous meeting—  
By and by.  
—*Hollis W. Field, in Detroit Free Press.*

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

After all, it is the bad child gets the palm.—*Judge.*

The board of education.—The blackboard.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A man of exalted berth—the fellow who has the upper bank in a steamer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Most of the pie factories are situated in New-England, as are also the pill factories. There is a moral in this.—*New Haven News.*

The advice "always aim a little higher than the mark" scarcely applies to kissing. Nobody would want to kiss his best girl on the nose.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A contemporary has an article on the most inexpensive way of filling the teeth. The most inexpensive way we know of is to eat peanuts.—*Boston Courier.*

"Are Southern girls flirts?" asks the *Richmond State*. Why, bless you, yes. So are Northern girls. Also Eastern and Western girls. Ask us something hard.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Leather Reporter has an article headed: "How to Take the Hide Off a Calf." The best way to take the hide off a calf is to lead the calf into politics.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A New Jersey girl has cloped with an Indian. The manner in which our government permits the Indians to be imposed upon by the white race is shameful.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is astonishing how much easier it is at 11 o'clock in the evening to get up at 8 o'clock in the morning than it is when 8 o'clock in the morning has really come. You would not think it would be that way, but it is.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

The consumption of lead pencils in the United States is placed at 250,000 a day. If every woman who uses a lead pencil were to sharpen her own the consumption, it is estimated, would amount to about 250,000,000 a day.—*Norristown Herald.*

## The Beloochies.

A correspondent in India, in a letter to the *London Field*, writes as follows: Seeing the controversy in the *Field* about horses of Eastern breed, I venture to write a few words about a race of horses whose qualities I do not think have been brought before the breeders at home; they are the Beloochies. I cannot give many particulars about them, as I am unacquainted with the lore of horse breeding; but I can mention what strikes the average mortal on seeing them. First, their size, which for pure Orientals is remarkable; the usual height is from fifteen and one-half to a little over sixteen hands; their general appearance is surprisingly like an English hunter, rather light for its size; they are big-boned without much flesh, rather Arab-like heads, and powerful quarters; altogether they have a very sporting look. They are much appreciated by the officers of native cavalry regiments stationed in Beloochistan, who are remounting their corps as much as possible from the district, while many are being purchased to take down country as an investment. These horses are very tractable and docile, and easily learn a beautifully easy trot when ridden by a European.

The Beloochi is wonderfully hardy and very fast, although this may be only comparative be a use of their size, when tried against the smaller races of horses out here. The most usual color is a black brown with a few white hairs about. The Beloochi horseman does not use a severe bit; he has no hands to speak of, and rides either at a fast walk or a smart canter. His saddle is a wooden framework, which he covers with his spare clothes and the family bedding when he goes out. There is another stamp of horse bred in Beloochistan, and which, when they find their way down country, are called Belooches in advertisements; but I think they are Tartar ponies, of sorts. They run from 13.1 to 14.1 in height, and are altogether a lower class of beast, though I believe very hardy. The soundness of wind, leg and foot of the true Beloochi is remarkable, and, to judge from the country they are reared in, nine months in the year everything the ground produces they must eat, except actual stones.

Three American horses are to be shipped to Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter. One was bred on the Sun River, in the Rocky Mountains; another is a wild horse caught on the head waters of the Niobrara, and a third is a mustang from the Brazos River, Texas. They are designed as specimens of horses used on our frontier.

Vineyards of from 1,000 to 2,500 acres are numerous in Southern California.