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Every Saturday,

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 Gen

country, and it will consider the construction of the day.

The Messencer is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectorian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticise the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such 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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:



W. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C The undertakers of Philadelphia have again invoked the aid of the clergy to

put an end to Sunday funerals. It is well-known that the Roman Catholic clergy have strongly protested against the practice, and have to a large extent succe.led in breaking it up among their congregations; but ministers of the various protestant denominations have so far refrained from taking similar action.

The Venice of the poets and the Venice mentioned as follows in the London Times seem different cities: "The filthy corners of Venice are as foul as of oldin some cases filthy beyond endurance. Decayed fruit is sold to and eaten by a population deprived of its ordinary resources. The wells are still used by the majority of the population, for the Brenta Aqueduct water is sold by the foot and is very dear."

France is determined to have no sympathizers with oppressed royalty within her borders. The Rev. J. W. Drought, an English clergyman of Chantilly, who wrote the Count of Paris a polite letter of regret at his exile from the country, was required by the French government to go too. Drought had met the Count in charitable work in his parish, and there is considerable indignation among English residents in France over the affair.

There are comparatively few jewels ste ed in the treasury vaults at Washington, and how these jewels came there no one can tell. Among the valuables is an old sword, with jeweled hilt and golden chain. No one can tell to whom it belonged, but it is a relic of the revolution, and was probably captured and given to the Government, but locked up with the treasures instead of being sent to the museum. There are two or three small bottles filled with precious stones, but these are scaled up and no one knows their value. They may be "stage jewels"for all the keepers know. In the box there these trinkets are kep old bettle containing attar of roses. It is variously claimed to be worth from \$100 to \$100,000. Often when the box is struck and jarred or moved, the sweet odor of the attar of roses permeates the vaults and lingers about the cold corridors for days. These, together with a few little golden trinks, make up the Jewals of the treasury.

Inquiry among the new York insurance men has elicited the fact that none of the companies insure against earthquakes. If fire results from an earthquake in an insured building, however, the policies are paid. Manager Dane, of the Niagara Insurance Company, said: "The nearest we come to earthquakes are cyclones and hurricanes. Our company and the Continental as well have a special insurance contract for them, but we only insure, as a matter of course, in certain specified territory. I hardly think that this branch of the bus ness will last very long, however, as only those who are pecultarly liable to loss from wind storms irsure against them. The money to be made from insurance is in the generality of the risks. Do I think it probable that insurance companies will include earthquakes in their risks in the future? Well, hardly. I don't presume we'll have another shaking up in the time of the present generation. If carthquakes were general, however, I see no reason why property should not be insured against them the same as hurricanes. I never heard of such insurance companies in countries where carthquakes are com-

Only a cloud in the summer day,

And the oak in the shadow bowed low its While the bird in its branches with be

Sang from its nest a soft lullaby.

Only a flash of lightning at even, From a cloud that had hovered all day in'

And the oak lay shattered, struck down in

its might;
But the bird, still singing, flew toward

Only a cloud in the heart of man,

Yet the strong frame bowed down 'neath the chill and gloom,
'Till his spirit had whispered. "be brave, for

Success shall crown cach purpose, each plan!

Only a flash; a gleam of death's rod-

So vivid, so brief, like a dream that is o'er The body is dust, shall be dust evermore, But the soul set free rises up to God. -Francis Foote, in Boston Traveller.

UPPER FIVE.

Why I left the Pullman car service at 11 o'clock at night at a water tank in Middle Arizona will also explain why, although I am not yet thirty-five years old, my nervous system is shattered, my health wrecked, and even my mind so effected that now and then my ideas get uncoupled in a curious way and go running wild all over the division and breaking into sidings where they have no busning wild all over the division and breaking into sidings where they have no business to be. The doctor says I must have had a bad fall some time and perhaps taken too much bromide of potassium since, but I know better. It is all on account of "upper five." I was a conductor on the Southern Pacific system at the time it happened, and my run was from Tucson, Ari., to Los Angeles. Cld tourists will remember my car. It was the Grenads. Most men say the business is a dog's life, but I own I rather liked it. A sleeping-car is a proscenium box in the sleeping-car is a proscenium lox in the theatre of life. S ngle acts of every-body's little dramas are continually played before me. i cople become naturally unreserved and communicative on a train. You get down beneath the surface, their peculiarities are laid bare, their oddities stand out like bumps, you see their hopes, disappointments, prejudices, likes and dislikes, and feel before the end of the division as if you had known them for years. This was particularly true of a car load we carried out of Tucson one certain day in August. I remember we had a bridal party on board, remember we had a pridat party on board, two or three drummers, a couple of stockmen from "the Nation," and—what I especially recollect—a portly old gentleman named Bliss and a widow named Paxton. who was traveling with her invalid daughter, a young lady of about twenty.

valid daughter, a young lady of about twenty.

Mr. Bliss was not in good health himself, and was full of querulous complaining. He had a dusty voice, little eyes, with large pads of fat under them; and I can see him, sitting exactly in the middle of his seat, growling and gasping, with his collar unbuttoned in front and the two ends sticking up like horns on each side of his face. Mrs. and Miss Paxton were, on the contrary, accomplished travelers, and mide the best of everything. The mother was a pleasant,

grimy perspiration poured off him in streams. Toward night the heat was still excessive, and I believe it was about tree, and branch, and 9 o'clock when the porter began to make up the berths. The Paxtons had section five. There is a difference of oninion up the berths. The Paxions had section five. There is a difference of opinion among travelers as to the comforts of lower and upper berths in summer, and among travelers as to the comforts of lower and upper berths in summer, and a good many hold that the uppers are the best, as being nearest the ventilating windows. This was the view the ladies took of it, and when the berths were mado up I lifted the invalid girl in my arms into upper five. I remember hearing her say good-night to her mother, and telling her she would sleen well. say good-night to her mother, and telling her she would sleep well. About half an hour later old Bliss

About half an hour later old Bliss came tottering and swaying into the smoking room, where I was counting my tickets. He was furious. His berth was lower seven, next to the Paxtons, and he wanted to know why the upper berth had been let down.

"There is nobody in it," he sputtered, "and it is all foolishness to make it up. It just makes mine as hot as a bake oven."

I explained to him that the rules re

I explained to him that the rules required all disengaged berths to be made up to accommodate possible local travel.

"But nobody's going to get on in this desert," he insisted, testily. "Why can't you just push that one up?"

"I can't do it," I replied a little nettled, "unless you pay for it."

He abused the road, myself, and everybody else incoherently for a while, but the upshot of the matter was he paid for the upper berth, and asked in a surly voice that it be put up at once. By that time I was pretty mad, and hurrying back into the car, I parted the curtains, unhooked the two wires that hold the upper berth down, seized it by the edge, and with one violent push swung it up in place. I heard the spring locks click, threw the curtains together, and returned to the smoking-room. Meantime Bliss and one of the cattlemen had got into a political

discussion, and it was near 11 o'clock before the old fellow became too indignant over some statement as to the civil service to continue the argument and went staggering and puffing out. He returned almost immediately.

"Conductor," he wheezed, with a sort of forced calmness, "I thought I bought that upper berth to my section?"

"So you did," I replied.

"And you told me you put it up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."
"You did no such thing!" he exclaimed, suddenly bursting into a rage, "the infernal thing has been down all night, and is down now, and my berth like a sweat box. Give me my steaming like a sweat box. money back!"

"You looked into the wrong berth," replied. "I put that upper back my replied. "I put that upper back my-self and nobody's touched it since."
"I looked into section seven," he said, furiously. "I don't believe you ever touched it."
"I just want to show you that you

furiously. "I don't believe you ever touched it."

"I just want to show you that you don't know what you're talking about," I answered, leading the way back into the car. "Here is your section. See." At this I threw back the curtains and stopped dumbfounded. The upper berth was down, and, what was more, the wires did not appear to have been touched. Bliss started to say something in reply, when I felt of a sudden as though a bullet had gone through my heart. A horrible thought had flashed across my mind, too quickly to be shaped in words. The blood came throbbing through my neck in slow, bursting waves, and more like a machine than a man I stretched out my arm and opened the curtains of section

machine than a man I stretched out my arm and opened the curtains of section five. The upper berth was shut.

I had made a mistake. In a hideous, moving tomb, swung, like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and carth, I had buried the girl alive! For a moment it seemed as though the arteries of my throat would burst; my heart beat with quick, sharp pangs; my skin had all the icy contraction of a sudden plunge into cold water. It was then that a sort of secondary intelligence seemed to work water. It was then that a sort of secondary intelligence seemed to work within me, and, while my senses reeled with fear and horror, impelled me to push up the berth in the old man's section and get away. I scarcely knew what I was doing, but Bliss noticed nothing and grumblingly crawled into his berth, while I hurried out to the platform.

form.

Why did I not open upper five? Because I realized instantly that the victim was long before dead. In a sleeping-car space is economized to the utmost extent. The swinging berth fits into space like a ball in a socket. The elasticity of the mattress and the slight figure of the circle long, made, it possible for me to

the mattress and the slight figure of the girl alone made it possible for me to close it with her inside. I gave one haggard look at my watch. An hour an a half had elasped. She must have died in the first three or four minutes.

I stood on the steps and tried to think, but I cou'd not control my mind. In swift defile it pictured to me the discovery, the blackened corpse tumbling from the blankets, the stiff fingers clutching at nothingness, the mother's shriek, the consternation of the passengers, the excited theories, the quick conception of the truth, the search, the denunciation, the awful machinery of the courts, the prison! By a violent effort I surveyed the situation from several standpoints. They all led to one conclusion—flight. There was but one time when I could have taken the benefit of the accident—that was at once, when I made the discovery—and I realized the impossibility. Paxton were, on the contrary, accomplished travelers, and mide the best of everything. The mother was a pleasant, grave, old-fashioned lady, and the daighter, a sweet-faced, hollow-eyed, patient little feather of a girl, who could not have weighed above eighty or eighty-five pounds at the most.

The weather was scorching. The deseit of white sand was simply a big reflector that threw the sun back into the lower air until, when it stirred, it was like a breath from a furnace. Everybody was tattooed with the fine black cinders and hoarse with the dust. The bride was a sight to behold, and the cattlemen swore like pirates in the smokingroom. Bliss cursed the management of the road, root, tree, and branch, and

watchman. I knew the lay of the land in a general way and that I could not be far from the little town of Mohawk Summit. To get out of the country the quickest way possible was my dominant thought, and old Mexico suggested itself at once. I realized that I must avoid the railroad with its accompanying telegraph lines, and I started, as nearly as I graph lines, and I started, as nearly as I could judge, southeast. As I walked along I cut the gilt buttons off my coat and vest and threw them away. I did the same with my cap and tore the gold braid from around the brim.

I shall not go into the details of that night, nor the many days and nights that.

night, nor the many days and nights that followed it. I was full of wild regrets at the course I had taken and saw a million defects in my plan. With agony I realized that my flight destroyed the theory of innocence. I could see a dozen ways that I might have remained upon I realized that my flight destroyed the theory of innocence. I could see a dozen ways that I might have remained upon the car—now that it was too late. My journey south was through innumerable hardships, and the ever present and sickening apprehension of pursuit. In the camps where hunger drove me it seemed to not that covariable leads the seemed.

camps where hunger drove me it seemed to me that everybody looked strangely at me. If a man turned his head my heart bounded with panic. Twice I was lost on the arid, sage grown plains, and once I wandered without water and burning with fever for two days.

I had \$94 in my pocket when I jumped from the train, but when I finally made my way to Guaymas I had less than fifty cents. Then I was forced to come into town and go to work. Tan and tatters had pretty thoroughly disguised me, but I was still haunted with the fear of arress. It was a long time before I could look at a newspaper at all, and when I finally plucked up courage to open one it was with the gingerly caution of a person who lifts a garment expecting to find son who lifts a garment expecting to find a snake underneath. I had a terror of seeing the details of the tragedy in print, and, I believe, much as it might have aided my escape, I would not have had the moral courage to read a paper containing them.

After a good many months a great longing seized me to see my own country again. The adobe houses and the foreign chatter to which I could never train my tongue were on me like a nightmare. I was miserably poor, but managed to make my way to Paso del Norte. On the other side of the Rio Grande is El Paso, the American town, and, although I never ventured over, the sight of visitors of my own nationality delighted, excited and frightened me by turns. I hung about the place, living from hand to mouth, until one day a great event happened.

At the end of the main street is the principal curiosity of the town—the old

At the end of the main street is the principal curiosity of the town—the old cathedral. It is a venerable pile, built time out of mind, and falling into deliberate and respectable ruin. The white stucco that once covered the walls has peeled off in places and given it an air of picturesque dilapidation, and inside are curious effigies of Saints and the crucified Christ. In a word, it is the objective point of all tourists and visitors. I was in the place one afternoon in August, half dozing on one of the old carved benches, when a party of ladies and gentlemen came in. Back of me was the holy-water urn, and they were inspecting it when I looked up. At the sight of one of the ladies I felt as though I had one of the ladies I felt as though I had received a galvanic shock. I tried to rise, but could not. I shut my eyes and opened them again to find her still there. It was no hallucination, no apparition;

it was no naturanation, no apparation; it was Miss Paxton.
"Why, mamms," I heard her say, "the gentleman is unwell, I believe."
"You are Miss Paxton," I gasped.
"Yes, sir," she replied, with a little

"Who was on the Southern Pacific "Who was on the Southern Pacific train going to Los Angeles a year ago?"
"Yes, sir." Then she suddenly turned and said in a low voice: "Why, I believe its the conductor who ran away with the company's money that night.
"Who ran away with the company's money?" It was a construction of my flight I had never thought of. I controlled my impulse to shout out and

trolled my impulse to shout out, and "Were you not in upper five that

'Let me see," she replied. I think I

was. Yes, I remember: I was in it for a while, and then the jolting made me sick and I crawled down with mamma."
I rushed out of the cathedral like a mad man. I seemed to walk on air. mad man. I seemed to walk on air.
My past life appeared as vague and unreal to me as the fabric of a dream. I
laughed and cried, and went along the
streets talking to myself. That night I
slept on the other side of the river.

Perhaps the vesetion was too much for Perhaps the reaction was too much for me, for I have not been very well since, and the fits of nervousness have pulled me down to what you see me to-day. It seems as if there were chords twanging and quivering through me now and then, and that is when my ideas get side-tracked and wild trains go sailing over my mental railroad. But maybe that's the bromide.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Midnight Sun.

The Midnight Sun.

Edward K. Taylor says in the San Francisco Chronicle: No one comes to Norway without taking the trip to Nordland to see the sun at midnight. My deepest impressions from witnessing the sublime spectacle of the midnight sun were received at a point nearer the Arctic Circle. It was one of those hushed evenings which occur with a falling barometer; so still that the glossy surface of the undulating sea was unruffled even by the breath of a zephyr. South ward, above a wall of cloud, majestic mountains reared their snowy peaks. Far in the west floated a fleet of fishing craft, and long lines of water fowl were winging their way to rocky resting places. Above the sun, which from my stand near the compass, I watched swinging northward, lay several parallel strata of fleecy clouds. The water horizon rolled up higher and higher until, like a great northward, more fleecy clouds. The water horizon rolled up higher and higher until, like a great golden globe, the sun rested upon its im. The lower cloud stratum became orange-tinted. The next was dyed with saffron shades, while the rosy reflection of the upper stratum painted with delicate pink the Kjolen cliffs in the south. For several moments the motion of the For several moments the motion of the earth seemed checked, the sun still resting on the ocean's rim, and then—most startling vision!—a line of light appears below the fiery orb—the horizon is retrograding. By thus forcing the mind to grading. By thus forcing the mind to regard the sun as stationary in his true position, and centering the attention on our own planetary motion, an effect is produced far more amazing than that experienced by the startled Hezekiah when the shadow retreated on the great dial of

The Mexican White House.

The Mexican White House or Presidential residence is described as one of the most beautiful and artistic palaces in the world. The frescoing and painting have been executed by Cassarin, a disciple of Messionier, who has surpassed himself in the ceiling of the President's bed chamber, where the woodwork is ebony and gold, and the bed is of ebonized cherry, ornamented with gold and metal marqueterie. Out of this opens the bathroom, a grotto paved with mosares, and having walls of painted French tiles. On the first floor is a tropical garden, and the roof, after the manner of eastern houses, is a beautiful garden of flowers and fountains. The finest room of all is described as "the parlor," and is said to be like the Princess's apartments in a highly-colored fairy tale. Here the woodwork is in satin panels, with maple borders and gold flowers; the walls are capitonne with satin damask, relieved by blue and gold Aubussom borders, and the carpet, specially woven in the richest hues, is laid upon a floor inlaid with the handsomest wood the world produces.

Up to this date about 2,000 branches The Mexican White House or Presi-

Up to this date about 2,000 branches of the Knights of Labor have been organized.

NERVE OF A WHITE MAN

HE WHIPS A PACK OF REDSKINS IN ARIZONA.

A Hunter's Story of His Struggle With a Band of Hostiles—A Plucky Stand.

Plucky Stand.

The Silver City (Ari.) Enterprise has found E. C. Montgomery, who had a fight with Indians a few weeks ago, and learned his story of the remarkable affray. The Indian slayer was clad in a loose fitting blue shirt, tight fitting, plainly made trousers, over the bottoms of which came the tops of his heavy boots. His hair and beard, of medium length, were sprinkled with gray, though the owner was apparently only forty years of age. Small of statue, neatly built, quick in speech and motion, he gave an impression of being wary and dangerous in combat. He proved himself an intelligent gentleman, a good conversationalist, evidently truthful, and devoid of a swaggering or boastful conversationalist, evidently truthful, and devoid of a swaggering or boastful spirit. In the course of the conversation that followed, and in response to numerous questions Mr. Montgomery told his story about as follows:

"I am a hunter, and the scalps of animals I kill are paid for by Arizona. For mountain lions I get \$25, and for bears \$10, I have been on the frontier sixteen years. These scars you see on my body

\$10, I have been on the frontier sixteen years. These scars you see on my body were made by Indian arrows when I was acting as scout in a war waged upon Indians by McKenzie. The place where I had this recent fight was in Arizona, twelve miles from the reservation and about forty miles from Clifton. I was thoroughly familiar with the ground having hunted there about four years. I was going along a trail with my horse and pack mule, on which were provisions and animal scalps, intending to reach water and make a stand about two o'clock. I was near my destination when I saw a fresh Indian tending to reach water and make a stand about two o'clock. I was near my destination when I saw a fresh Indian trail. Apparently there was a party of three or four, with a horse. Soon I saw another, and concluded I was in for it, and that there were Indians behind me and others waylaying the trail. I led my horse up behind a swell, where bullets would pass over him, and the mule followed. My dog was growling all the time. Then I began picking my way along a ridge, protecting myself as far possible and watching. Soon two Indians, about two hundred yards away but some distance apart, fired at me. I tried to return the fire, but they disappeared. At that instant my dog gave a sharp growl. I wheeled, and as I did so I saw a big burly fellow, who was trotting for me, apparently thinking I had been shot. I felt a burning sensation in my right ear, the ball passed so close. As he was attempting to put another cartridge in his gun I threw up my rifle, saw his breast through the sights, elevated the weapon, aimed at his head and crashed his skull just above the eye. He tumbled forward upon his gun, doubled up. He was between me and the horses. I had found where the Indians were, and saw that the animals must be moved. As I ran toward them I passed the Indian, who had been straightened out by the dog. I took my hunting knife, circled the neck, and twisted the head off. In going to the horses I was shot at several times. When the horse and mule had been moved I sneaked back and waited, fearing that the Indians were all around. I waited

the horse and mule had been moved I sneaked back and waited, fearing that the Indians were all around. I waited twenty minutes and heard no sound. Then I took the head, partially exposed myself, and waved it above my head as high as I could reach.

"They arose and shot at me. I saw the outline of the form of one as he sank again. I fired, and he stumbled forward and lay there. The other fellow was not game. I did not see either again, and when an hour had gone I stole away and then began a journey. I would go half a mile, tie up, pick my way back to prevent them slipping on me, and then travel again. I kept that up until dark, then unloaded the mule and made a flying ride, using mule and made a flying ride, using mule and horse alternately. At daybreak I came to a white man's ranch and rested. came to a white man's ranch and rested.

From there I went to Clifton. It was a good square fight, and I won. Luck was with me when they had the drop on me, and after that I was even. Yes, I was excited during the fight, but I could shoot better than I could now, as I had shoot better than I could now, as I had been keyed up tight for twenty minutes, but when I felt that I had got away from the gang I had to get down from my horse, bathe my head and lie down a few minutes. Two hours of such suspense unnerves a man. No, I did not have a Winchester rifle. That's a good saddle gun, but when a man 'eads the life I do one shot is all he wants, and ha needs a better gun than a Winchester. I had one of the latter kind in a fight with a bear once, and while I was trying to remove a shell that had lodged the bear mutilated me so that I could not sit in the saddle during the next six weeks. I had a Sharp of 46-calibre in this fight. I am going to wait until that scalp is thoroughly tanned, and then write its record upon it and give the ornament to record upon it and give the ornament to my sister, who has two others that I took "cars ago."

Figuratively Speaking.

Astronomy is 1-derful And interesting 2. The earth 3-volves around the sun, Which makes a year 4 you.

If watchful Providence be-9, With good intentions fraught, Did not keep up its grand design We soon would come to 0.

LIFE'S COMMON GIFTS

Life's common gifts themselves renew;
Oh bless the power that wills it so!
Behold you clover wet with dew—
Only a few short weeks ago.

Keen scythes laid low the fragrant stor And lo, it cheers again the eye— Thus is repeated o'er and o'er, The beauty of the earth and sky.

Our child's soft kiss, the love-lit eyes, The tender words that morn and night Ne'er fail us—can it be we prize Them all too little, hold them light

Prize more the grace of purity
Than aught of empty gaud and show,

Nor mourn with eyes tear-wet the while, "Our blessings vanished e'er we knew
Their value—Oh, dear kiss! oh, smile!
Ob, clover blessoms wet with dew!"
—Springfield Republican

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A young man of polish—The boot-

A climbing plant with tendrils isn't half so annoying as a mosquito with one.

—Philadelphia Call.

An exchange tells about a sailor who was tried for assault. He turned out to be one, too.—Burlinyton Free Press.

"Garments without buttons" are advertised. They are not the kind bachelors are looking for.—Philadelphia Call.

"There's plenty of room at the top," as the champagne remarked when it flew to the dude's head.—Boston Transcript. It's pretty hard luck. In summer we have horselies, and then again in winter we have snow flies.—Eurlington Free

"Women can do a great deal of talk women can do a great dear of taking with their eyes." says a Philadelphia editor, who has evidently stepped on a beauty's dress in a crowded ball room.—
Omaha World.

"You don't know Dr. A? Why, it was he who just passed us." "What! that man? He looks like a corpse" "Well, yes. I always take him for one of his patients."—French Fun.

patients."—French Fun.

The Abbe Liszt, one of the greatest pianists the world ever produced, died poor. There are a good many people in this country who seem likely to die poor pianists.—Springfield Union.

It has been pretty generally admitted that every man is the architect of his own fortune, but it does seem that some men would have done better to have let the job out.—Kansas City Squib.

Judge—"Have you anything to say be-

Judge—"Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?"
Prisoner—"Well, all I got to say is, I hope
yer honor 'll consider the extreme youth
of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."—

A dog which has been riding up and down the m nes on cages and wandering through drifts and crosscuts was recently washed and his shaggy coat of hir assayed \$23.17 worth of gold dust.—Monticallo (Col.) Champion.

A cat that disappeared twenty years ago through a trap door in the floor of a freight house at Ansonia, Connecticut, was found there on Monday by workmen who were tearing away the building. Contrary to expectations, it was not alive.

Norristown Herald.

Fogg had said the meanest thing at man ever was capable of saying. When Mrs. F. left him alone in the house the other evening she remarked: "You won't be lonely, dear? "No." he replied: 'I shan't miss you at all. The parrot, you know, is here."—Boston Transcript.

A Remarkable Well. One of the attractions of Lem

yet but little known, although in the future it may become famous, is the artesian well of the railroad company, sunk for the purpose of obtaining water to the locomotives. When first tapped it attracted but little attention; however, it attracted but little attention; however, a few months since its medicinal qualities began to be talked about, it proving to to be highly impregnated with iron and sulphur, and now it is all the rage there. In fact, it is claimed that its continual use will effectually do away with the desire for ardent spirits. If such be the case, unnumbered millions of gallons of it could be beneficially disposed of in almost any quarter of the globe. A peculiarity of the water is that you can drink immense quantities of it, whether overheated or not, without feeling any injurious effects. A story is told of it that a gentleman who had for twenty-years been so seriously affected with dyspepsia that he could keep no solid food on his storach, and who, being a man of means, had spent thousands of dollars with doctors and at various noted springs in a vain attempt who, being a man of means, had spent thousands of dollars with doctors and at various noted springs in a vain attempt to cure himself, was induced to try the water, and after several drinks was greatly elated to find that he could retain soft boiled eggs and similar food. In a few days his joy knew no bounds when he discovered he could with safety eat meat, vegetables or whatever his appetite might crave. He resides in San it rancisco, and every week has a quantity of the water shipped to him. Another gentleman informed the writer that he had for years been troubled with nervous sick headache, but that since he had commenced the use of this wonderful water, of which he drinks a large quantity daily, his afflictions had entirely disappeared, and he now enjoys perfect health. Many other like o currences were related, but space forbids mention. If the well belonged to a private individual it is more than likely that a santarium would undoubtedly become a famous resort for the afflicted. As Col. Sellers says, "There's millions in it."—Tracere (Dat.) Tidings.