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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 contrib ute 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 col-umns It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the righ tto criticise the skortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to zerve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the intensets of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Ser and a

(Always in Advance.) LAIMSECTRED DAY AN Address,

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

James Tucker (colored) of Sandystone, Sussex County, has the distinction of being the most extensive producer of eggs in New Jersey. His poultry yards contain 500 hens of the white Leghorn breed, and from these he obtains thirty dozen eggs a day. Mr. Tucker has been so successful in poultry raising that his methods are being widely adopted, and he is quoted as authority on questions relating to the business.

According to a Cleveland (Ohio) letter James A. Garfield has been studying law with Judge Boynton in Cleveland, and is looked upon by friends of his father as the son most like him in every way. He has his father's size, complexion, eyes and manner. Both sons are now men, and have, it is said, great ambition. Miss Mollie, the only daughter, is now a young woman, taller than her mother, and has about finished her stud-

Governor Hauser, of Montana Territory, in his annual report, says agriculture there this season has been almost a failure, by reason of the unusually light fall of snow last winter and the drought last summer; that the most serious loss to the Territory is that of the natural grasses upon which vast herds of cattle, horses and sheep are fed; that should the approaching winter be severe great loss must inevitably follow. Some stock owners, he says, are driving their herds into the British possessions to winter. He thinks Congress should provide for allowing stockmen to graze their animals on the Indian reservations, for which the Indians have little or no use. He estimates the number of cattle in the Territory at 1,500,000; horses, 130,000, and sheep, 2,000,000. The permanent population of the Territory is placed at 120,000, an increase of about 10,000 during the year. Mine products he estimates as follows: Gold, gross value, \$3,450,000; silver, \$9,600,000; copper, \$8,000,000; lead, 1,250,000. Total, \$22,300,000.

According to a writer in the Nineteenth Century it has been almost a cruelty to forbid the practice of suttee, or the suicide of Hindu widows, while taking no steps to defend such unfortunate persons from the miseries to which they are condemned by native social laws. The theory is, as enunciated by the ancient Hindu lawmaker Manu, that "a virtuous wife ascends to heaven, if, after the decease of her lord, she devotes herself to pious austerity; but a widow who slights her deceased husband by marrying again brings disgrace on herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord." Hence he directs that she ahall 'emaciate her body by living voluntarily on pure flowers, roots and fruits, but let her not, when her lord is deceased, even pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing harsh duties, avoiding every pleasure, and cheerfully practising the incomparable rules of virtue which have been followed by such women as were devoted to only one husband." These laws, though laid down nearly 2,500 years ago, are still mercilessly enforced, and the life of a the Hindu widow is, in consequence, almost serve the prescribed routine of life. For two days of each month, for instance, she must neither eat nor drink anything, no matter how seeble may be her health. Otherwise sie loses "caste" and forfeits the respect and care of her family. We advise American widows to stay where

THE LITTLE RED COW.

They sing of the graceful Jersey, The queen of the modern churr The beautiful cow whose butter To mass s of gold will turn.
We dim not one ray of glory
That over her frame is shed,
But here's to the "little Devon," The trim little cow in red.

The beautiful, haughty Shorthorn, The 'red and white and roan,"
The elegant white-faced Hereford, Will sneer at our cow and groan,
But brave is the little Devon,
She holds up her shapely head,
And stands by her chosen colors,
The trim little cow in red.

The little red cow is modest-No wonderful master's hand Has written her butter record All ever the smiling land.
Far up on the heights of honor Her banner has never led; She works with a modest patience. This trim little cow in red.

The little red cow is patient. She never will fret or mean Because of the bare, bleak pastures When summer's warm days have flown; She knows that the rain and sunshine Alike in our lives are shed; She looks for a better future, This trim little cow in red.

A modest and patient woman Who cares not when glory calls, Can build an annex to heaven Inside of four roughened walls, When many a stately lady, Who begs for the world's renown, Will find her home sunshine darkened,

Her happiness trampled down. And thus does the little Devon, Untouched by the blinding glare Of glory, work on, and ever Seek bravely to do her share.

Then here's to the little Devon, This wreath for her shapely head, The teautiful, modest Devon, The trim little cow in red,

MISS JANE'S HOBBY.

BY LIZZIE G. JORDAN.

Miss Jane Chandler was a woman of remarkably strong prejudices. Every inhabitant of Russellville acknowledged that, and strangers who came to town were speedily and thoroughly enlight-ened. No half-way sentiments originated in her setive brain; her views were clear and decided, and she believed in them and herself implicitly.

and herself implicitly.

Miss Chandler was, as some one expressed it, "a queer combination of contradictions." She ignored her neighbors in health, but attended them devotedly if sickness visited their homes. She loudly expressed her abhorrence of beggars, and privately but bountifully assisted every one who applied to her. Woe to the luckless urchin who, carried away by an irresistible temptation, dared to steal a peach from her beloved tree! The culprit was invariably pursued, the booty recovered and the small sinner dispatched to his friends bearing marks of a dire conflict. But the child who stood outside the little white gate and looked longingly at the ripe fruit, touching none, was generally called in and permitted to fill his pockets. The rising generation of Russellvile soon discovered and a the dwonthis feet and all the generation of Russellvile soon discovered and a ted upon this fact, and all the longing which the yearning of the human stomach can throw into the human eye was daily illustrated in front of Miss

eye was daily illustrated in front of Miss Jane's cottage.

There was one action of hers which the children discussed in mysterious whispers. Many of them had passed through the ordeal—others feared it—none could explain it. It seemed that occasionally she would invite some small cherub to walk into her parlor, where she would not be steamed to the could be steamed. cherub to walk into her parlor, where she would produce a number of strange-looking books and charts, "full of heads and faces," the children said, and then proceed to solemnly examine the small visitor's head, hanging in rapture over certain "bumps" and audibly deploring the prominence of others.

Here, in a word, was Miss Jane's hobby—phrenology! She also studied physiognomy, and indulged in the firmly-rooted belief that after a careful study of any persons head and features, she could read that person's character, "like an open book, before her."

an open book, before her.

She-was discussing the subject, as she sat one pleasant afternoon, on her little front lawn, with her friend, Miss Martha Cummings, the village milliner. Outside the gate stood several small boys, gazing on the peach trees with that carnest gaze that had so often been the open seame to Miss Jane's yard. But for once the ardent glances fell unheeded. Their benefactress was mounted on her favorite hobby, with considerable to say and a good listener. The boys had cause to look very blue indeed.

No. I don't spon you do blieve in

cause to look very blue indeed.

"No, I don't s'pose you do b'lieve in it," Miss Jane was saying, as she rocked slowly back and forth and turned the heel of a stocking with an accuracy and ease denoting long practice. "I rockon you're thinkin' this ble sed minute, that a woman uv my age ought to hev more sense. But mark my words, Marthy, the day's bound to come when you'l the day's bound to come when you'll understand jest what I mean 'n agree with me. The day'll come when every known where death from exhaustion and an' know enough to judge by the shape starvation follows the attempt to obe uv his head an' the cast uv his features, uv his head an' the cast uv his features, an' not by the cut uv is close or his smooth oily tongue. An' the sooner that time comes, the sooner folks'll escape bein' cheated, an' deluded an' fooled. Then folks won't open their arms to a friend an' find they've cherished a viper that'll turn an' sting 'em. I've always said, an' always will say, that life's too short to waste any uv it on people you don't care about, unless

you can help 'em in some way. The minute I see a stranger I can tell whether I want to have anything to do with him or not, an' I don't make any mistakes, either. Now, there was that Janet Clark, the new music teacher that came here last winter. I see it jest a stickin' out uv the bumps on that girl's head, that she was rash an' deceitful and sly. An' what did she do? Run away with the doctor's son and got married when his folks was so set against it that it most killed his ma! Humph! I knew just what was a comin'! Ch, you can laugh, Marthy, but I can laugh louder. She don't owe me four dollars and a quarter for a bonnit."

This opportune reminder effectually served to dispel Miss Cummings' mirth and she quickly replied;
"'Of course there always was a heap of

meanness in Janet an I always knew it. But I couldn't refuse her the bonnet

when she came in with the minister's wife and ordered it."

"Now, there's the new agent goin around town with those beautiful Bible.," resumed Miss Jane dreamily.

"There's a head to admire! I noticed it the day he came here with his books; there was benevolence, an' sublimity, an' there was benevolence, an' sublimity, an' ideality, an' veneration all standin' out like little hills—I declare I could hardly keep my hand; off his head. His percepkeep my hand; off his head. His perceptive faculties are beautifully developed, too. He admired mother's old silver set in said it was a priceless relic. I showed him all the old plate an' I never see a man so charmed. Before he left he asked if he couldn't come an' board with me; says Widow Brown's is too noisy, an' he wants a sheltered, quiet place, where he can read and study when

place, where he can read and study when his work's done.
"Goodness, Jane, you ain't goin' to take him, be you?" exclaimed her friend.
"Your house won't be the same place with a stranger runnin' 'round it. 'You don't think of it, do you?"

Miss Jane really had not quite decided-but the small opposition instantly, dispelled all hesitation, and she firmly responded.

pelled all hesitation, and she firmly responded.

"Yes, indeed, I do. He can have the spare room next to mother's, and he ain't goin' to be any trouble. Miss Brown says he always pays in advance, au' four dollars ain't to be sneezed at these times."

Here a diversion was caused by small Johnny Brown, who, in despair of euter-ing any other way, had rashly precipi-tated himself over the garden wall, and was discovered generously handing peaches out to his delighted compan-

peaches out to his delighted companions.

Miss Cummings did not forget the conversation, however, and repeated it at several residences on her way home, therefore, when it was ascertained several days later that the new agent had actually taken possession of the "spare room" at the Chandler cottage less surprise was expressed than might have been expected.

Nevertheless, when the following Sunday night, Miss Jane and the agent walked into the meeting house together, entered the same pew and even gazed

entered the same pew and even gazed into the same hymn book, the congrega-tion was so much excited that Elias Green sang out of tune twice and Alviny Brown entered in all the glory of a new white dress without causing the slightest

white dress without causing the sightest comment.

Things having begun in this propitious way, moved on serenely. Every day Miss Jane discovered new beauties in their boarder's head and fresh charms in his countenance. They walked, talked and rode together. The Bible business languished, but phrenology flourished. The village resigned itself to the state of affairs and merely looked on with interest until suddenly, without a moment's warning, came a local earthquake that shook Russellville to its very foundations. Mr. George Winburne, the new agent, had left town! He was not there; he had gone; and to assuage the pangs of parting and as a memento of that peaceful vale he had taken Miss Jane's watch and chain! Seventy dollars in cash!! Mrs. Chandler's solid lars in cash!! Mrs. Chandler's solid

developments showed that while Miss Jane and her mother were quietly reposing in the arms of Mor pheus, George Winburne, the man who personified the beautiful attributes of ideality, veneration and reverence, had risen from his couch and quietly stolen away. His perceptive faculties were certainly developed, There was no doubt of that. doubt of that.

Three days later Miss Cummings called on her friends with the laudable intention of explaining that the entire village had foreseen just what had occurred, and could have warned Miss Jane weeks before it happened. She rang the bell, but no one responded; so availing herself of the rights of an old friend she calmiy walked in.

Through the little dining room she passed out into the kitchen. The room was empty, but a fire burned in the

was empty, but a fire burned in the stove and on the bright coals lay a number of charred books, pamphlets, maps, etc. As Miss Cummings stepped nearer, a tongue of thame shot up in the center. of the doomed volume and one par-ticularly bright flash threw out in boid relief the title on a burning page, "How to Read Character; A Guide to Human Intercourse; by—"

The door opened and Miss Chandler entered from the garden. She looked

entered from the garden. She looked rather con used at seeing her friend and glanced hastily at the fire. Reassured by the blaze, she greeted the visitor calmly, and entered into an easy discussion. Only once did she lose the high security of her maner, when Miss Cumsers it is the security of her maner, when Miss Cumserenity of her manner—when Miss Cum-mings broached the subject so near her heart. Then Jane Chandler rose in her might, and with a few well-chosen re-marks, so awed the gentle Martha that she afterward remarked to Widow Brown: "I'd as lieve discuss murder with a full-fledged lunatic in the State asylum, as phrenology with Jane Chandler."—Arkansaw Traceter.

GUNBOATS AT VICKSBURG.

A NOVEL EXPEDITION TO PASS THE CONFEDERATE STRONGHOLD.

A Federal Flotilla Fails to Force a Passage Through Bogs and Swamps-Saved by Sherman.

Swamps—Saved by Sherman.
Carrington Smith says, in the Detroit
Free Press, that had any Confederate in
or around Vicksburg asserted that the
Federals would seek to pass that point
by sending gunboats through the Yazoo,
Sundower and Yallabusha Rivers and a
corps of men through the swamps and
marshes and bogs which cover the entire
country for fifty miles in length, he
would have been hooted at as a fool.
And yet, continues Mr. Smith, that was
exactly what Grant planned as cool as
ice and Sherman and Porter were sent
to carry out.

To begin with, each of the streams named was hardly more than a creek. While they had a good depth of water, they were narrow, crooked and obstructed by sunken trees, and at that date were hardly known even to flatdate were hardly known even to flat-boats. We made our start about the middle of March, having five gunboats, middle of March, having five gunboats, four or five large tugs mounting one gun each, but depended on for pulling away obstructions, and two or three floats, or flat-bottoms, on which mortars were mounted. It was understood by the fleet that Sherman was to keep pace with us with about 10,000 men. The novelty of the situation was such as no fleet ever experienced. After ascending the Yazoo for a few miles details of axmen had to be sent on ahead to cut away the limbs which would have brushed away our smokestacks in the narrow channels. smokestacks in the narrow channels. The woods, as far as the eye could see,

mokestacks in the narrow channels. The woods, as far as the eye could see, were hung with moss, ivy and wild grapes, and the ground was hidden by water. The oaly way to find the channel was to sound for it, and to follow the lead of the pilot-boat. The sight of us frightened away great flocks of birds, and alligators rolled lazily aside and serpents swam hissing away.

We were no sooner out of the Yazoo than the tugs had to begin on the logs and stumps and fallen trees, and our progress was slow and tedious. At one point the channel ran between growing trees for three or four miles, and three-fiths of them had to be cut away before the flect could pass. They were sawed off, the trunks hauled off, and then a couple of tugs would hitch to the "stump" and snake it out by the roots. At this one spot we suffered a delay of thirty hours, and got our first inkling of the difficulties of the voyage. Each day we crept along at snail's pace, clearing away the obstructions, and each night our hawsers were made fast to trees along the banks and we turned in with bruised hands and aching bodies.

As soon as the Confederates discovered the movement our troubles vastly increased. Scores and hundreds of trees

the movement our troubles vastly increased. Scores and hundreds of trees were felled across the stream in advance were felled across the stream in advance
of us, and our working parties were continually fired upon by men hidden in the
swamps for the purpose. We had not
only to work the vessels, but to clear the
stream of oqstructions and reep the guns
going. We now also had to work by
night as well as by day, for if we rested
the enemy were at work again with the
ax.

On the fifth day, when the stream began to broaden and deepen, and there was a hope that we had seen the worst, we found our progress absolutely blocked. The entire bed of the river was filled with willows, bushes, canes and young trees, and a channel must be cut, though or we must so hack. cut through or we must go back. A survey was made, and it was decided it would be a labor of weeks to cut a channel. We were even now under a hot fire, the Confederates having sent in-fantry and artillery from Vicksburg to head off the expedition. Sherman had found it impossible to keep the banks, and had sought to make cross-cuts. In this way we had left every Federal In-fantryman miles behind, and all the fighting was being done by the men of the flotilla. Our retreat began at daylight on the morning of the sixth day of the expedition.

The waters were rising and the current increasing, and each vessel dropped down stern first and had to be "snubbed" from tree to tree in the narrow places. In less than three hours this method had to be abandoned, the enemy filling the woods with sharpshooters and killing off the men handling the hawsers. Indeed, at atter awhile became impossible for any one to show himself on the deck of a single craft. Our men, protected by such barr endes as they could form, were returning the fire with all possible vigor, when the fleet was brought to a sudden standstill by obstructions which had been felled in the rear. At the same recommend it after awhile became impossible for standstill by obstructions which had been felled in the rear. At the same moment the Confederates began felling trees a mile and a half above, and to also increase their rifle fire. We were nicely penned up, and nine men out of every ten among us felt certa n that we must surrender. Every craft was short of ammunition, and the line was strung out in such a way, and one was so hidden from the other by the nees, that signals were of little use. Howe er, after lying were of little use. Howe er, after lying under a hot fire for about twenty minutes, a detail was sent of from every boat, making 500 or 600 men in all, and while some worked at the trees others held the Confederates at bay. We were still at work, suffering se-verely from the enemy's fire, when word

verely from the enemy's fire, when word was sent back from the front that the Confederates had received a large reinforcement, and that a body of regular troops, accompanied by artillery, was advancing to a bold attack. There was a panic among us for a few moments, each one feeling certain that this was the end, and every boat made ready for the final struggle. After what seemed a criminal wasse of time and with men dropping of time, and with men dropping dead at the rate of three or four per min-ute, we received orders to return to our ships. The movement was being exe-cuted when the head of one of Sher-

man's columns came up and struck the advancing Confederate force in flank, and after a brief fight scattered it through the woods. The providential arrival of the infantry certainly saved that whole fleet from capture, penned up as it was.

A Reminiscence of Lincoln's Assas sination.

Thomas F. Pendel, who has served twenty-three years as a guard at the White House, has been talking to a Philadelphia Press reporter about his life in the Executive Mansion. Speaking of President Lincoln's assassination, Mr. Pendel said:

Pendel said:

"On one dark rainy day the President and myself walked over to Secretary Stanton's office in the War Department. He and Mr. Lincoln held a conference and then we started again. On the stairway of the department we met a stranger, who looked at the President and he looked at him. I watched them both intently. The man passed on his way up stairs and the President kept going down, but Mr. Lincoln kept his eyes way up stairs and the President kept going down, but Mr. Lincoln kept his eyes on him. When the stranger reached the head of the stairs he turned and peered over the balustrade, and when he reached the pavement the President spoke for the first time. Pendelton, he said, H received a letter from New York yesterday telling me that a man answering his descripton and dressed just like him was on his way to Washington to kill me."

"Then came that terrible night. Mr. Ashmer, of New York; Mr. Colfax, Speaker of the House, and Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, were chatting in the parlor before starting for the theatre. Richmond had fallen and the house was illuminated. Do you know the reason the President went to the theatre that night? It had been advertised that Grant would be there, but he couldn't, and Mr. Lincoln went so that the people would not be disparentled.

went so that the people would not be disappointed. I saw the party off, and sent a guard to look after them. About nine o'clock the bell rang, and when I answered it a man said: 'Do you know they have tried to cut Secretary Seward's throat?' I said: 'No, it can't be.' A few moments later he returned, breathless, and exclaimed: 'Yes, it is so. The cayfew moments later he returned, breathless, and exclaimed: 'Yes, it is so. The cavalry are up and down the avenue,' Then I grew uneasy about the President, and sent out messengers. A few minutes afterward I saw Senator Summer coming up the hill, followed by a crowd of men and boys, and he gasped: 'How about the President?' He had hardly finished talking when Commissioner Newlin arrived and said: 'The President has been shot through the back of the head.' I went to Captain Lincoln's room. He had shot through the back of the head.' I went to Captain Lincoln's room. He had just returned from the front, and I said: 'Captain, something has happened to the President.' I told the Military Secretary plainly what it was. He turned white as death and said: 'Don't let any one come in the house.' I was going down stairs when little Tad, who had been to the National Theatre, rushed into my arms and sobbed: 'Oh, Tom Pen, somebody has killed my papa to-day.' It was an awful night. I rushed through crowds on the streets to Peterson's tailor's store, where the President had been taken, passed the line of guards, and Mrs. Linpassed the line of guards, and Mrs. Lin-coln met me in one of the parlors with hair disheveled and almost wild. 'Oh, Pendleton,' she cried, 'if you had been here it would not have happened.'

Quaint Epitaphs.

A San Franciscan on the occasion of a recent visit to the East discovered in an old graveyard in Groene, Trumbull County, Ohio, the following quaint and humorous—if such a word can be used in connection with a graveyard—epitaphs, which he copied. On one old,
fat, brown headstone, fallen down and
broken in two, is written:

WYMAN WAKEFIELD. * * *

During his life he voted for and helped to elect the following Presidents:

George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Munroe, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce.

On a small white marble shaft in the same cemetery was read the following wenderful inscription:

Our father lies beneath the sod,
His spirit's gone up to his God;
We never more shall hear his tread,
Nor see the ven upon his head.
The only distinguishing trait of this
old man was that while living his head
was adorned with a large and beautiful
wen, and his children, wishing to record
and perpetuate his virtue, had the above
touching and appropriate lines engraved
upon his tembetage. touching and appropriate lines engraved upon his tombstone.

On a plain white marble slab was read

RUTH, DAUGHTER OF I. AND M. SIRRINE. Strange as it is, but it is so.
Here are three sisters in a row;
We were cut down in all our prime,
The daughters of I. and M. Sirrine.
We have paid the debt you plainly see,
Yet to be paid, my friend, by thee.
The above was written and caused to

recorded upon the stone by the father

of the three sisters.

The above-named Isaac Stirrine was man of very eccentric character in his day in Northeastern Ohio. Before his death he wrote the first four lines of the following epitaph, which can be seen upon his tombstone in a graveyard in Cherry Valley, Ashtabula county, O. The last two lines were added by his brother after his death:

Here the old man lies;
Nobody laughs and nobody cries.
Where he's gone, how he fares,
Nobody knows, nobody cares.
But his brother James and his wife Emeline,
Were his good friends all the time.

In France the number of suicides is alarmingly on the increase. In 1851 there were ten suicides to every 100,000 inhabitants, but in 1884 there were twenty to the same number, as the statistics

I dream of days now long forever fled-A time when life was earnest, real and

true Before the hope of happiness was dead;
Before life's sorrows filled my heart anev

With fleeting fancies—wishes never gained-Though oft they seemed close to my eager grasp; Ambition lured to heights I ne'er attained, To friends whose hands I always failed to

often dream of days that now are here; Of hopes that urge me on my tollsome way Of stars that shine, my wayward course to

Up to the realms of longed-for famed day. The more I strive the farther off it seems— This goal for which, I vainly dream and

hope— The sun obscured—to me it hides its beaus-While I in doubt my rayless pathway

grope.

Then I have dreams of life not yet begun,
Hidden away in years—long years—to be,
On wheels of life—where golden threads are spun; Y When toil is done—the weary spirit free.
This dream is one I fain would realize;

To prove that life is not quite all in vain, But if it reaches fat beyond the skies-Before death comes oh, let me dream

-Clint L. Luce, in the Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Half the pepper sold in Boston consists

The darkest hour is when you can't find the matches. Nations of Europe appear to have nary a Prince who is able to govern Bulgaria.

o govern Bulgaria. Gems of thought—Where is the win-ter coal coming from?—Waterloo Obser-

If there is one thing that quicker than another will drive a man to drink it is

It is said that bees can predict weather. They can certainly make it hot where they are.—Boston Post. There is nothing especially murderous or ferocious about a gilded youth, and yet he takes life easily.—Rambler.

A farmer's journal says tomataes will ultimately be propagated from shoots. Planted with a gun, eh?.—Siftings.

Can a man lose anything he never owned? Why, certainly; people lose railroad trains every day.—Boston Post. Light moves 192,000 miles per second. Sound moves 743 miles a second, and scandal travels around the world in no

The West is said to be a great grain growing country, but it cannot raise its own bread without the assistance of the yeast.—Dallas News.

E. Stone Wiggins, the late earthquake prophet, parts his hair in the middle. For all that, his head does not appear to be evenly balanced.—Graphic.

It is stated that mosquitoes will not sting grown persons if there is a baby in the room. They probably realize that the baby causes them sufficient suffering. -New Haven News.

Two clergymen once hotly disputed on some knotty point of theology until it was time to separate, when one of them remarked: "You will find my views, very well put in a certain pamphlet," of which he gave the title. To his surprise his antagonist replied: "Why, I wrote that pamphlet myself."—The Churchago.

After Concealed Treasure.

One of the curious schemes that find a One of the curious schemes that and a lodgment in this city is that of a stock company designed to make a specialty of hunting up concealed treasures. Captain Bridgewater, one of the stockholders, tells me it is doing a good business. I asked him how they went to work. "Well," he said, "we are guided by circumstances. We learn as much as possible about the characteristics of people who are supposed to have concealed cumstances. We learn as much as possible about the characteristics of people who are supposed to have concealed treasure, and then work accordingly. I was once called by the friends of an insane man to look after his money. He had hidden it while supposed to be in his right mind, and after he became insane he could not be induced to talk on the subject or give any clew. One day I suddenly pulled out of my pocket a big roll of b l's, and quietly remarked. We stumbled on your hid en pile the other day. He gave a quick glance to the corner of the room and shouted: 'You lie!' and then laughed gleefully. I had that corner searched that night and found the money. I knew gleefully. I had that corner searched that night and found the money. I knew that he would not be satisfied to stay in any place where he could not be in sight of his treasure. Another case where we made \$2,000, was that of a wealthy man stricken with paralysis. He was about to deposit \$2^*,000 when stricken down, and the money was gone. He could not recall a thing. All that was known was that he was found string on the and the money was gone. He could not recall a taing. All that was known was that he was found sitting on the front hall stairs bereft of mind and speech. We hurried everywhere, and I made up my mind that he had been robbed. We examined his person, and found a bla k and blue mark on his hig and another on his forehead. A sliver of blue painted wood was on his clothing. We then started out to find where the sliver came from and where he got his marks. We found in the barn cellar s dumn cart that gave us our clew, and dump cart that gave us our clew, an where he had fallen we found the money."—New York News.

The British Museum has one of the largest libraries in the world, and it is greatly used by students and readers engreatly used by students and readers en-gaged in special research, So great is the overcrowding in the reading-room that it is now proposed to provide an additional room for general readers.