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THE
Charlotte Messenger

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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 men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

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

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W. C. SMITH Charlotte N. C.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sign for a money lender—Lucie here! Gentlemen learning the cornet should employ private tutors.

An awkward waiter frequently plays the deuce with the tray.—Hotel Mail.

Miss Columbia was the first girl to get a New Jersey.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The pen is a mighty engine, and it sometimes runs away with the engineer.—Chicago Times.

The barber's is a strange profession. You seldom see one that is not at the head.—Statesman.

Says the New Haven News: "A fool rule—wear overalls." We should call that a two-foot rule.—Norristown Herald.

When Dakota becomes a State it will doubtless adopt as its coat-of-arms an ear mill, couchant and a shiver rampant.—Graphic.

To bashful correspondent—The first thing for you to do is to pop the question, the second to question the pop.—Burlington Free Press.

When Grecian athletes sought the field? And nobly fell, in bravery utter. They brought them home upon their shield—They bring them home now on a shutter.—Detroit Free Press.

We don't know whether to believe the story that Mr. Howells replied to a person who asked for a list of the best hundred books: "I have not written a hundred books."—Life.

A girl who weighs 120 pounds and has \$30,000 in her own right, no matter how homely, unattractive or cross-tempered she may be, is worth her weight in gold.—Boston Courier.

The Boston Transcript knows of an erudite clergyman who spoke of the unfortunate woman of Sodom as "Lot's lady who was transformed into a monolith of chloride of sodium."

Their chaste salutes are not misplaced. When women kiss a friend or brother, but of life's honey what a waste. There is when women kiss each other.—Boston Courier.

Deacon Jones (to minister)—"The collection this morning, Mr. Goodman, was gratifyingly large." Minister—"Yes, deacon, I noticed quite a number of strangers among the congregation."—Epoch.

Husband (groaning)—"The rheumatism in my leg is coming on again." Wife (with sympathy)—"Oh, I am so sorry, John. I wanted to do some shopping to-day, and that is a sure sign of rain."—Epoch.

A lover who addressed a love-scented letter to the object of his affections, asking the young lady to become his partner through life, inscribed on one corner of the envelope, "Sealed proposals." The result was he was awarded the contract.

A note from a rural postoffice in Tennessee reads: "Dear —: The reason I didn't laff when you laft at me in the Post Office yesterday was because I had a bile on my face and can't laff. If I laff she'll bust. But I love you, bile or no bile, laff or no laff."

The way some lovers cough and hem, And seem to lose their breath, aha! You'd be inclined to pity them. Thinking their trouble is the asthma. The way some maidens cough and hem, You'd think their trouble is the asthma; But 'tis not that which does all them. They're only troubled with the "ask ma!"—Goodall's Son.

Nothing Serious.—Miss Clara (to Featherly, who is making an evening call)—"Poor little Bobby swallowed a penny to-day, and we've all been so much worried about it." Featherly (somewhat at a loss for words of encouragement)—"Oh, I—er—wouldn't worry, Miss Clara; a penny is not much."—Harper's Bazar.

WASHINGTON

GOSSIP FROM UNCLE SAM'S CAPITOL

What our Busy Law Makers are Doing. Congressional and Other News.

The President has nominated Jabez C. Street, of Alabama, to be receiver of public moneys at Huntsville, Ala.

Representative Perry has received several communications from fourth-class postmasters, inquiring what his position is on the proposition to increase the pay of fourth-class postmasters. He states that he is heartily in sympathy with the postmasters and cordially endorses all they claim in their petition to Congress which has been fully set forth in this correspondence.

The internal revenue reduction bill has been completed by the Democratic members of the committee on ways and means, and is now being printed. It will be laid before the full committee in a few days. The Randall tariff bill is nearing completion and will be made public in a day or two.

Col. Elliott has introduced a bill to extend for one year the time for the redemption of the school farms in Beaufort county, S. C., still held by the United States. He has been notified by the postmaster general that his request for daily mail (Sunday excepted) from Sumter to Bishopville has been granted and the change will go into effect from the 16th instant. A new post office has been established at Tomotly, Beaufort county S. C., with C. C. Gregorie, postmaster.

Representative Elliott has given considerable attention to the subject of improving the inland navigation of South Carolina, and states that he will be glad to have any suggestions bearing upon this question from all persons who are interested in having the inland navigation along the coast of South Carolina improved. Of course surveys will have to be authorized by the Government before any provision can be made for future work.

An Inhuman Murder.

A special to the Greenville, S. C., Daily News from Pickens, S. C., says that news has just reached that point of a horrible murder in that county. Tom Alexander, a very well to do white man, living in the Crow Creek section of the county, quarrelled with his wife about putting wood on the fire. The wife struck at Alexander with a stick of wood, whereupon he seized an axe and dealt her a blow behind the ear. After the woman had fallen he cut her throat from ear to ear with the same bloody axe. Alexander was a witness before the coroner's jury, and testified that he killed his wife, but did so in self-defence. Dr. Earle, who examined him, expressed the opinion that bodily affliction had made Alexander of unsound mind.

The Bridge Burned.

The bridge across the Pee Dee river, at a point near Florence, S. C., on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad was burned the other morning. The bridge was a fine structure, and its destruction is a severe loss to the company. Until it can be replaced, trains from Wilmington must go to Wadesboro, N. C., and thence reach Florence by way of Cheraw and Darlington. This increases the distance between Wilmington and Columbia by about a hundred miles, but it is expected that there will be little derangement of Schedules and no interruption of travel. The Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta is the best equipped and best arranged railroad that operates in South Carolina.

A Cyclone in Louisiana.

A special from Opelousas, La., says: A cyclone has just passed over the southern portion of this parish. Dwellings were blown to pieces of Chapman Guidry, Mr. Prevost, Valentine Lavergrins, Mr. Marcote and Louis Bourgeois. Chapman Guidry and his son each had an arm broken. The youngest child of Valentine Lavergrins was killed. Three brothers, who were keeping a store, lost their houses, and their goods were scattered for miles. All the members of the family of Louis Bourgeois were injured. About a dozen dwellings and as many more outbuildings were demolished, and in every case the inmates were injured and the household effects destroyed. The path of the storm was three hundred yards wide.

Frozen Fish.

Frozen fish are imported into Marcellus by a society formed for the purpose. A steamer lately brought there some thirty-six tons of frozen fish in its hold, the temperature of which had been kept at about freezing point by means of a machine evaporating sulphuric acid. The fish are caught with the net in various parts of the Mediterranean and Atlantic. After arrival they are dispatched by night in a cold chamber. Experiment has shown that fish can be kept seven or eight months at low temperature without the least change.—Chicago Herald.

A Lake Boiling Hot.

Lake Rotokakahi, New Zealand, is inclosed by steep, lonely mountains, the volcanic deposit covering which looked just like half-melted, dirty, slushy snow. It is a rather significant fact in thermal activity that two or three years ago this lake rose to nearly the boiling point. This was considered a most remarkable phenomenon, as the lake was always cold before. It afterward regained its normal state.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HE DREW ON SIGHT.

THE DARING EXPLOIT OF A BANK ROBBER.

He Grabs at a Pile of Money and Runs. In the Chase After Him Two Men Are Fatally Shot—Being Pressed the Villains Commit Suicide.

A masked man, named Kimball, entered the Bradford Pa., national bank with a revolver in his hand, and when midway between the paying teller's and discount clerk's desk, nimbly jumped over the high glass partition and made a grab for the money on the cashier's desk. The suddenness of the affair paralyzed the clerks, but Cashier Tomlinson rushed from his private office and seized the robber. As he did so he received a ball from the revolver in the hands of the villain, over his left hip, going clean through him and coming out of the right. He dropped and the robber escaped at the front door with the money and ran down a side street. The report of the revolver attracted a crowd and a number of citizens started in pursuit and Kimball ran some distance, when he turned on his pursuers and shot A. L. Bleich, a butcher, in the abdomen, inflicting a dangerous wound. He then placed the revolver to his own head and fired. The ball entered at the temple and killed him instantly. The stolen money was found in an inside pocket of a rubber coat, which he wore. Tomlinson and Bleich are fatally hurt and can live but a few hours. Kimball was about twenty-eight years old and was formerly an employee of a producing firm. He was recently injured on the Erie road near Stamburg, in an accident, from which he is said to have received several hundred dollars damages, since which time he has been drinking heavily. He was formerly a real estate agent in Garden City, Kansas, where his wife died, leaving two girls. The whole city is greatly excited over the tragic affair. Tomlinson has a wife and child and is held in great esteem.

The Cradle of the Blizzard.

Where is the blizzard's cradle—its home? The Arctic regions. The papers talk about a blizzard having started from Manitoba, but that is not its home—its starting point. Manitoba is only its halfway house.

"Why do blizzards come by way of Manitoba, and make themselves most felt upon the west side of the Mississippi river? Why do we never hear of blizzards in Canada, New England and the Middle States?"

Because the Laurentian range of mountains stretches westward from Labrador along the southern line of British America 3,000 miles, skirting the north side of Lake Superior, and tapering out in northeastern Minnesota, furnishing a protecting wall of solid rock 4,000 feet high against blizzards for all the region south of it. Geologists tell us that this range is formed of the oldest silurian or sedimentary rock to be found upon the globe, and that it extends 30,000 feet below the surface.

From northeastern Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains is an open treeless plateau—a great doorway one thousand miles wide, through which the ice king rushes. From that line southward is, in the main, the same treeless prairie all the way to the Gulf of Mexico, forming west of the Mississippi river the royal toboggan slide, 3,000 miles long, upon which his ice crowned majesty, the blizzard, sweeps in all his jeweled robes to swoon in the arms of the tropical sun. The Texas north is only the frayed fringes of the blizzard king's mantle as he whirls past.—Atlanta Constitution.

Knew Its Mistress's Ring.

It requires quick hearing, sharp observation, and a good memory to know always a friend's peculiar ring of the house bell, although there is, no doubt, an individuality in that as in every other human act. Not to be able to do this, is not, however, a proof of dullness in child or man; but when done by a cat is worth noting. A lady in Boylston street in Boston had a cat which for years always left its rug and went down the stairs to the front door, when its mistress rang, to meet her; if the doors of the rooms were open; but it took no notice whatever of the ring of anybody else.—Our Dumb Animals.

A Twelve Days' Nap.

The daughter of Captain of Police Thomas, who is subject to a peculiar affection that causes her to go into long trances, awoke yesterday morning after a sleep that had been unbroken for twelve days, during which time she has partaken of no nourishment. When she awoke her mind was bright, but she had no recollection of events during her sleep. She enjoyed a hearty meal, listened to the news of the past two weeks, and finally felt to reading letters that had been awaiting her awakening. With a letter still in her hand and in the middle of a remark, she again suddenly fell asleep.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cigars for a Royal Baby.

The baby King of Spain received as a New Year's gift from Havana, Cuba, a large chest filled with the finest cigars. They were thought to be of chocolate, as they should have been for so small a specimen of royalty, but they were found to be real substantial rolls of weed of the most exquisite kind. The letter from the donor said: "These cigars are made of weeds such as will grow not more than once every twenty years. Let them be preserved, therefore, when King Alfonso XIII. will make his first attempt at smoking, which ought not to be made more unpleasing to him by having to smoke an inferior sort of tobacco."

A COTTON PANIC

THREE BROKERS BROKEN BY THE FALL IN THE STAPLE.

Several Large Operators Said to be Embarrassed—The Effect of the Reaction from the Scare about a Short Crop. The Price Drops Thirty Points.

Geo. T. Dixon, of No. 2 Stone street, N. V. King and J. H. Garrison, all cotton brokers in New York, have failed. The failures of the three brokers were announced before the close of the days business, and several large operators are said to be embarrassed. Prices at the close are 30 to 35 points below closing prices on Saturday. Transactions were very large, being four times those of an average days trading.

King told a reporter that his suspension was only temporary and that his liabilities were about \$20,000. He added that his failure was very unexpected and was due to heavy customers' failure to respond to his margin calls. King has been in business since 1872, is captain in the 22nd regiment and is something of a social lion.

Garrison's failure is likewise attributed to a customer's inability or unwillingness to promptly increase his margin. From an excellent authority on the Exchange floor it was learned that both Garrison and King have been operating very extensively for a certain big Southern country operator.

It is stated on the same authority that when the revolution came, on the announcement that the supposedly small crop was in reality very large, the Southern operator failed to send remittances to cover his contracts. Garrison says he cannot state the amount of his liabilities, but he thinks they are covered by his assets. He has been in business since 1880, and expects to soon get on his feet and resume.

Dixon's failure was a general surprise. He is chairman of the membership committee of the exchange, and was looked upon as a wealthy broker. The amount of his liabilities could not be learned, but it is believed, like Garrison's to be smaller than that of King.

John H. Inman, said to be the largest dealer in the country, was on the Exchange floor the greater part of the day, but declined being interviewed.

Roll Bros, successors to the Old East Indian Company, who controlled most of the export trade, had a representative on the floor during the excitement, but he, too, refused to talk.

Various theories as to the cause of the excitement were advanced and generally discussed. Some held that the Mills tariff bill, which places substitutes for cotton on the free list, was responsible. Others thought a recent publication, which placed the present and prospective stock at a low figure and thereby considerably affected the market, had suddenly been proven erroneous. As a matter of fact it recently appeared that the stock was greatly in excess of all expectations.

A Railroad Wreck.

A special from Somerset, Ky., says: "A frightful collision occurred on the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific Railroad at Pine Knot, Ky., which resulted in killing one man, fatally injuring another and seriously wounding others, besides considerable damage to the railroad. The blame is placed on Conductor Taylor and Engineer Murray, of freight No. 20, who, it seems, attempted to run from State Line to Pine Knot ahead of time. Conductor Green Porch had orders to run to the State Line regardless of 20 on freight No. 15. When No. 20 was within a mile of Pine Knot, Porch's train dashed from beyond the curve and went crashing into him before the men of either train had time to jump. The engines were shattered into fragments. On the rebound ten cars toppled over the embankment and were shattered into splinters. Taylor is a new man, and came here highly recommended. Porch is from this place, and is one of the best conductors on the road."

A History of Columbia, S. C.

Dr. D. P. Robbins has received the proofs of about eighty pages of his "Historical and Descriptive Sketch of Columbia," and the remainder of the pamphlet will soon be ready. It is a publication containing much matter of interest and value, and cannot fail to go good to the city.

It will perhaps surprise Columbians as well as outsiders to learn from Dr. Robbins' book that Columbia employs over 1,000 persons, and has a million and a half of capital invested in manufactures, producing two and a quarter million dollars worth of manufactured products. Dr. Robbins finds that Columbia's wholesale trade aggregates two millions and the retail trade much more, while her cotton merchants handled here and elsewhere from sixty to seventy-five thousand bales of cotton, valued at from two and a half to three million dollars.

Esmonde in Charleston.

Thomas Henry Gratton Esmonde and Secretary Sutton, of the Irish National League of America, spoke in Charleston, S. C., and were given an enthusiastic reception. Hibernal hall was packed from the rostrum to the door, representatives of every class in the community uniting to do honor to Ireland's advocate. The address of Mr. Esmonde was a plain and practical statement of the needs of Ireland at the present hour and a scathing denunciation of the ministerial policy of the British government. The address was enthusiastically applauded. After the speaking, Messrs. Esmonde and Sutton were entertained at a dinner at the Charleston hotel.

RECALLING THE DARK DAYS OF '61.

A Romantic Southern Story from Life Before and Since the War.

A Hampton, Ga., letter says: In 1861 there lived in Henry county, near Sandy Ridge postoffice, an old lady named Swann, and with her a grand-daughter, Elaine Marston, aged sixteen. Adjoining was a plantation of Judge Miller, the wealthy father of young Harry, the sweetheart of Elaine. Harry was two years her senior, and when the order for all of Georgia's sons between the ages of eighteen and fifty years to go to the front came he began preparations. On parting with his sweetheart he promised to return and make her his bride. For a while letters came. Suddenly they ceased, and then came one written by a friend, telling of the capture of young Harry. Months of anxiety followed, and then came the news of his death, brought by some "exchanges" from the prison in which he was confined. The grief of Elaine was terrible, but in a few years the image of Harry was but a dim shadow, and the girl had developed into a handsome, charming woman.

On December 26, 1869, eight years after the departure of her boy lover, Elaine became the wife of one of Henry county's most respected citizens.

Last week a man in the guise of an old tramp passed through Hampton. He beheld the face of his once promised bride, bright and happy with the love of a devoted husband, bright and interesting children and the many comforts of a beautiful country home. Returning here he took the cars for his home in the far West, not as a tramp, however, but stout and hearty, and with only a few silvery hairs upon his temples. He told of the false report of the marriage of Elaine, which nearly drove him crazy; of his wonderful business success in California, and last of the report that was brought across the continent that Elaine did not marry till 1869, and was now a widow.

The latter part of the story he did not know to be false until he begged bread at her door. He says he will never visit Georgia again; that his people are dead, his heart's love withered, and nothing remains for him but to spend the remainder of his life as best he can.

An Adventure in Patagonia.

Tommy Riordan, seaman of the steamer San Pedro, is one of ten men lost by the ship Balaklava during a terrible storm off the coast of Patagonia last summer. He tells the following story of his experience: "The Balaklava encountered very stormy weather before my companions and myself were washed overboard. The sea had been running high for several days, but the day of the disaster it was running in long, heavy and powerful swells, which, had they been higher, would have washed the vessel into kindling wood. It was growing dark and it was thought advisable to take in sail. Just as we were about to execute the command a heavy sea washed over our vessel. I saw it coming, but it was too late to get out of danger, and I went down in the trough of the sea and must have been slightly stunned, for I don't know how it happened. When I came to I was holding on to a portion of the mast with all the strength there was in me. It is impossible for me to relate what I suffered in that cold water.

"I floated on the piece of wreck for two days and then I lost all consciousness. It is queer how I was washed ashore, but I was flung up by the surf on the only decent portion of coast line there is in Patagonia. When I regained consciousness a band of the most hideous-looking beings I ever saw were dancing around me. The men were giants in size and I could not tell whether they were cannibals or not. As I opened my eyes I tried to remember where I was and what had happened. Shouts of joy were uttered by all, and two big buicks raised me up and carried me with ease a long distance into the interior of a miserable country to their camping ground.

"I was well guarded, and a council was held to see what should be done with me. I imagined all the most horrible deaths and determined to escape, and I did that night. I still retained a little clasp-knife that all sailors wear, but it was impossible for me to get at it until my hands were liberated. On guard were two big men who watched me closely, while others slept by the fire. I kept working my limbs until they were free. One guard sat down and began to nod, and the other walked back and forth. When his back was turned I severed the cords which bound my feet and then I was free for action. The snoring of the sleeping sentinel became louder and louder, and at last I felt satisfied that he was fast asleep. The next instant I was on my feet and creeping up slowly behind the other guard.

"My left hand was on his throat, and with my right I plunged my knife into his breast, and he fell over, a dead Indian, without struggle or uttering a cry. It was a terrible experience, but I at last reached a place up the coast that gave some evidence of civilization, and this inspired me to fresh efforts. I don't know how I lived. I caught some fish, and these kept life in me. I at last sighted a canoe, and hailing it, the Chilean master took me up the coast, where I was put a board a small sailing vessel to Chiloe Island. The British bark Valdivia took me up the coast to Chili, and others have brought me here."

The Adventists in the United States have 91 churches, 107 ministers, 11,000 communicants; Second Adventists—583 churches, 501 ministers, 68,500 communicants; Seventh Day Adventists—798 churches, 213 ministers, 23,111 communicants; total—1,472 churches, 821 ministers, 97,711 communicants.

There are forty-five female lawyers in the United States.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

News Collected by Wire and Mail From All Parts of Dixie.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The report of the superintendent of public instruction shows that last year no less than \$635,000 was expended on public education in North Carolina, 36 per cent going to the colored race.

A railway from Henderson, on the Raleigh and Eastern road, through Nash county to the Wilmington and Weldon road is an assured fact.

Miss M. E. Bowden, who sued A. B. Bailes in Mecklenburg county for \$10,000 damages for slander, has been awarded \$1,500. The judge took occasion to compliment the jury upon the verdict.

Delegates are being appointed from some fifteen counties to attend a meeting at Charlotte on the 15th to take some steps for building a railway from Charlotte to Weldon.

At Hillsboro, as the jailer opened the door of one of the cells to feed the prisoners, two of the latter sprang on him. They struck him several blows on the head which knocked him down, then dragged him into a cell and locked him in. They took the keys from him, and opening another cell, released another prisoner. All three then fled, taking the keys with them. The jailer who, by this time was on his feet, fired at them as they ran. A hue and cry was raised, the citizens turned out and caught one of the men named Hopkins.

The commissioner of agriculture will next Monday begin a new series of farmer's institutes. He will organize the farmers that day at Smithfield. He will then visit the fish, oyster and game farm at Newberne, and organize them there, and will then go to Lenoir and Wayne counties. In each county he will arrange for an experiment farm. The following week he will devote the same manner to the remainder of the counties east of the Wilmington and Weldon railway.

News has been received at Raleigh of the drowning of three white men in the Scuppernon river, Chowan County. Their boat capsized as they were going to their nets. Another man, named Hatfield, got his boat ashore, but just as he reached it, dropped dead from exhaustion.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Scott Young, a white man about thirty years old, was knocked from the railroad track and killed one mile below Starr, a station on the Savannah Valley Road, by a passenger train. The unfortunate man was deaf, and of course did not hear the warning whistle.

A ten year old son of John Crews, of Anderson county, had his arm broken in two places while playing about his father's cotton seed crusher.

Seventy-five thousand dollars were spent last year in erecting new buildings in Florence.

Charles D. Miller, of Florence, has won by competitive examination the West Point cadetship controlled by Congressman Dargan.

One of Japan's Curiosities.

In the Espant del Kioto, Japan, is a great bell, which swings in a huge wooden tower. The bell is a large bronze cup, with nearly perpendicular sides and a flat crown, and it is sounded by bringing a big beam against the rim. It needs twelve natives to ring it. It is used to be rung once a year, but may now be heard twice or thrice a month. It is eighteen feet high, nine a half inches thick, nine feet in diameter, and weighs about twenty-four tons. It was cast in 1638, rim upward, and the gold that entered into its composition is estimated about 1,500 pounds. The tone of the bell is described as magnificent, and when struck with the open hand the vibration may be heard a hundred yards off.

A "Cat Home."

One of the most unique of Philadelphia's institutions is the Refuge for Lost and Suffering Animals, more commonly called the "Cat Home," at No. 1242 Lombard street. The "refuge" does an extensive business in providing easy mortuary honors for old, decrepit and vagrant felines, who are daily despatched by the fumes of charcoal. This was has been supplied by the generous gift of \$70,000 by the late Mrs. R. W. Ryers, who bequeathed that amount to establish an infirmary for animals, which is entirely distinct from the refuge.

A Lost Substitute.

He got aboard the train at Larchmont, sat down in the forward end of the smoker, and began to talk in a voice that woke up the rear brakeman, four cars behind.

"Just been over to 'Execution Rock' duckin'," he howled. "Had a bad accident there, yesterday. The steam fog-horn broke down—"

"How did the authorities happen to allow you to leave in such an emergency?" asked the meek man with big biceps in the seat back of him.—Tid-Bits.

Force of Habit.

Hostess (at an evening entertainment)—"Oh, Mr. De Hobson, where can I find young Mr. Sissy? We want him to complete a set."

Mr. De Hobson—"I saw him only a moment ago, Mrs. Browne, down stairs, at the free lunch coun—er—that is—at the banquet table. May I have the pleasure of fetching him?"—Epoch.