State Library

THE CAUCASIAN.

VOL. XV. RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1897. NO. 31

BR'ER WASHINGTON'S ARRAIGNMENT.

And the Great Speech He Made to the Jury.

"I ain't nurver tole you 'bout de time dey had me up befo' de jedge at Nashvul fur makin', without license, er leetle ob dat licker dat makes kings ob us all, is I?" asked old Wash the other day. "I don't kno' how in de wurl dey kotch me," continued the old darkey, "fur I'd bin makin' it ever sense de war up in de holler ob de Indian Camp Springs, where de Indians made it long, long, ergo befo' enny ob us was bobn—jes' fo' or five gallons to keep de ole man's cow-ketcher gwine," he continued, "an' I don't see how in de wurl dese heah river-new offercers found it out. But dey did, an' fur one time de ole man was sho' in a tight place.

"You see," he continued, "it ain't everybody kno' how to make good whisky. I don't mean dis heah stuff dese po' white trash makes up in de mountings, so strong an' vile dat when you uncork a bottle ob it on dis yearth it makes de debbil sneeze in de regions below. But I'm talkin' 'bout sho' nuff whisky—whisky dat sho' nuff white folks drink—so pwore an' ripe dat all you hafter do is to uncork de stopper on dis yearth an' watch de roses bloom in paradise!

"You must make it in October," he said, knowingly, "erbout de time de fall poet begins to write his poem on de golden rod, when de leafs begin to turn purple an' golden, an' de air am crisp an' sparklin', an' de spring water am full ob fallin' nuts, an' de 'romer ob de sweet night dews. You mus' kotch yore water frum outen er col' spring dat flows frum under sum sweet paw-paw tree, runnin' ober er bed-rock ob blue limestone, in which er few acuns dun drapt to gib it de strenf ob de oak tree. Den, sum night when de moon am full an' de sent ob de wild haws fill all de air jes' go out—but dar now," he said, laughingly, "what's all dat gotter do wid dis story? Nemmine, jes' you cum roun' to my cabin sum day, chile, an' lemme let you taste it onct. It's den you'll see de gates ob glory open fur er minit or two, an' de ladder of konsolashun run up an' down 'twixt de heaben an' de yearth. O, it's den you'll wish yore neck wus er spiral pipe, runnin' roun' an' roun', so dat one drink would hafter go fifty miles befo' it got outer sight," and the old man laughed heartily.

"But dey cotch me," he continued, "an' dey tuck me to Nashvul, an' when dey put me in de jail my folks all got erroun' me an' cried an' tole me good-bye, an' my wife she tuck it pow'ful hard an' she wanted to go an' git de preacher to cum an' pray fur me. Dat's de way wid sum kristuns," said the old man, with a tinge of sarcasm in his tone, "dey willin' ernuff ter play hide-an'-seek wid de debbil long es dey think dey am safe, but jes' es soon es dey gits cotched up wid den dey wanter go in partnership wid de Lord! Huh! dey didn't skeer me 'tall, an' I jes say to my wife: 'Look heah, Diuah, you jes' stop yore wailin' an' bellowment an' go home, an' ef I win I dar by cane grindin' time, you jes go on an marry Brer Peter Dawson, de preacher, an' on de night ob yore weddin' supper, you jes' go down to de medder spring, dig fo' foot under it an' fetch out dat blue demmerjohn ob bred-in-the-purple licker I berrid dar fo'teen years ergo, an yer an' Brer Peter jes' drink it to my remembrance.

"She kno' dat I war gwi' stay heah in earth, chuckled the old man; "I didn't make dat whisky for my wife's secun' husban' to drink. Huh! I had no noshun for stayin' heah in dis jail twell cane-grindin' time. Not for makin' good whisky—now ef I made mean whisky dat ar' bin ernudder thing an' I'd bin willin to plead gilty an' say far'well," he added.

"Den dey saunt er leetle lawyer to me an' he tuck me off an' say he bin ployed to offen' me. An' den he say, he gwi' prove I wuz er yallerby—dough you see yo'self I'se jes' es black es er ero'—an' he say he gwi git out er writ of cirum-cumletehum, an' ignis fat-you-us, an' habe-etment corpus an' all dat. I tole im I much erbleeze ter him, but I wus gwi' go dar an' tell de truf an' talk to dat jedge myself, an' I was gwi' file er cross-cut-saw-bill into dat cote, sho'!"

"Jes' fo' de trial cum off, I saunt down to my wife an' tole her to dig up dat gallun I dun berrid down dar in de medder fo'teen years befo' an' to fill up dat decanter my ole marser gib me befo' he die, and to fotch it to me.

"You nurver seed dat decanter, is you, suh? O, I tell you my ole Marser was er high roller an' dat decanter was er picture in er lookin' glass. It was es thick es de roun' pastern ob er race hoss an' made ob one solid piece ob cut glass, an' cyarved in cammeos an' Greek goddermites, an' de stopper itself wus de haid ob de Venus hersef on er bust—leastwise dat whut ole Marster sed—an' he lowed she wus sho' in de proper place to be on a bust! I tell you, suh, when dat whisky got in dat decanter it look lak de grape juice of heaven cotch in er dimon' urn an' named in all de class glory ob de insuunt Greeks. When de sunlight fell on it, it look lak er big blazin' star sot in de crown ob er cherubin! I'll slip it under my cote an' went to de cote-room. An' dar dey played er mean trick on me, for dey put me down in de same pen wid er lot ob po' white trash from de mountings dat had bin cotch in de mean act ob makin' wild-cat whisky! Lord, suh, hit made me mad fur I wan't used to 'soshatin' wid dat kind o' white folks!

"Toreckly de jedge an' de jury cum in an' de jedge sot down an' told out: 'Newnighted States ergin Washington Grundy.'

"'Heah, Marster, sez I, an' Gord bless yore soul, honey, I pranced up befo' dat jedge innercent lookin' ez de new-born colt when he paced ober de speckled calf layin' in de weeds. Den de jedge look ober his glasses sorter kind lak—Gord bless you', honey, he nows er gennerman when he sees him' an' he red sumpin' ergin me an' den he ax me ef I'm gilty or not gilty.'

"'Yes, Marster, sez I, 'I'm gilty an' not gilty, too, an' I'd lak ter 'splain to dis honorbul cote how it am.'

"De jedge he smile an' de jury laf—Gord bless you, honey, dey knows er gennermen when dey meet 'im in de rode, too—an' de jedge he tells me I has de right to make enny explunashuns I wants—dat dat wus my privulage, an' when he sed dat, I jes' made 'im er low bow, wid my hat under my arm, an' sez I: 'Thank you Marster, you am er genmen sho', an' er jedge lak de jedges ob de Bible.' An' I laid erside my hat, button up tight my ole dubble-breasted King Alfrud cote, date ole Marster gin me, whut he useter wear when he made big speeches, an' I sez:

"'Marse jedge an' genmen ob de jury, you sees befo' you heah a pore old nigger, coteh in de act uf manufactorin' fur his stummick's sake, a leetle ob dat devine stuff dat makes kings ob us all, an' fur dat reezun, fotch up, in his ole aige, befo' dis honorbul cote fur trangreshuns ob de law. You ax me ef I'm gilty ob makin' whisky—dat wild-cat stuff dat makes de rag-weeds bloom in paradise, an' turn de roses ob hope into de dog-fennel ob dispair, an' I tells you—No! But if you ax me if I gilty ob makin' a leetle ob dat dervine 'lixer, which turns de tuneless hart ob de most wretched an' misserbul ob mankind into a hall wid harps ob er thousau' strings, es I nurver tole er lie in my life, I must tell you—Yas! Not dat vile stuff dat kills our moral s'washun, an' lays us in de gutter wid de dorgs, but dat blessed angul-ile, which, taken in moderashun, es er genmen should, clothes de beggar in silk, makes friends fur de frien'less an' coins gold fur de goldless. Dis am de licker dat turns rags into roses, ole maids into bloomin' gals an' er grabe-yard funiral discorse into er poem on parerdise. Dat puts cheerity into our harts, youth in our veins, an' spreads de warm comfort ob lub over de feather-bed ob de yunerverse. Dis am de licker dat onlocks de doors ob de 'magerashun an' leads de poet's mind through de streets ob gold, mid crystal pillars, up to de wall of amerthest, up to de battlements ob light, whar he sees de stars ob beautiful thoughts, a millun miles befo' dey gets to him, cummin on angel wings in beams ob sunlight! Dis am de licker dat falls lak a splinter ob starlight to string de dew-draps ob de hart. Dat Sollermon drunk, and David sung to; dat Washington praised an' ole Hick'ry swore by. Heah it am, genmen ob de jury'; an' I pulled out dat decanter an' hole it befo' dey eyes, an' it blind 'em, lak de sunshine risin' in de valley—'heah it am, gemmen ob de jury, I sed, 'wid truth in its eyes an' lnb in its hart—de embottled poem ob de yunerverse! Taste it, an' ef it am whiskey—dat stuff wid cat-claws an' debbil breath—den sen' me up long wid dis po' white trash fur makin' wild-cat whisky, es er groveller wid swine an' er eater ob husks.

"But ef it smells lak de new-bohn bref ob de infunt anguls, looks into yore eyes lak de lakes ob lub in de depths ob de blue-yed cherubins, an' tastes lak de resurrected dream ob de fus' kiss yore sweet-hart gib you in de days ob long ergo, den sot de ole man free!"

"Wid dat, I oncorks de bottle, an' lo! dat dingy ole cote-room change in er minnit! 'Stid ob de smell ob books, an' sweatin' lawyers, an' ambeer, an' dusty floors, you'd er thort all de skule gals an' nymphs ob de aiges hed cum dar ter bathe, perfumed wid de otter ob de roses ob Eden, an' dey ha'r dat fell ober dey allerbaster sholders, 'nointed wid de oil Eppollo made. You'd er thout de janitor ob heaben hed turned de sprinklin' pot ob glory on de yearth, filled wid de water ob peppermint an' camfire, purfumud wid vi'lets an' tinctur'd wid angul tears!

"De ole figured paper on de walls blossomed into rale flowers; de dingy ole winders blazed lak de winders ob mohnin' when de day-king rize; the ole dusty mattin' on de floor wus er carpet ob blue grass down in de medder, wid daisys an' daffodils all ober it, an' eben de spider-webs on de ceilin' was changed into tapestry of silver, whilst de freskoes hung down in fillergree works ob gold. I looked at de jedge an' de jury an' dar dey sot in stuperment an' 'stonishment wid acquittal writ in de tender depths ob dey meltin' eyes.

"I handed dat decanter to de fus' jury—he jes' smelt it an' fell ober in er dead faint, callin' out, sorter dream lak, 'Not gilty, not gilty." De naixt one taste it, an' I seed de light of genersis break in on 'im. De thud one tuck er big swaller an' dey had to hold 'im to de yearth to keep 'im frum 'vaporatin,' lak Exerdus, to heaben. An' all de yudders es fast es dey taste it was added to de numbers ob dem dat was fur me! But when it got to de jedge, suh, he tuck er grate big swaller to see if I wus lyin' or not, an' Gord bless yore soul, honey, he hadn't morn taste it befo' he riz from dat bench, shouted 'Glory hallylujah!' an fell on my neck an' wept. I look 'round at de lawyurs what hedn't tasted it, suh an dar dey sot froze to dey chairs, wid de 'sliver runnin' outen de corners ob dey mouths lak po' houns 'roun er sawsage mill. An' befo' I knowed whut it all mean dey all broke out singin' dat good ole him:

"Dis am de stuff we long hab sought
An' mourned bekase we foun' it not."

"When I seed I had 'em on the mourner's bench, suh, den it was my time! I drawed myself up two or three foot higher, buttoned up my ole King Alfrud cote anudder link, an' sed:

"An' now gemmen ob de jury, sense dis Newnighted States government dun seen fit to 'raign me, I wanter 'raign hit. I've been heh before ye' honer.' I've bin heah to listen to de greates' lawyer de State of ob Tennessee eber raised, my ole Marster, de 'Onerbul Felix Grundy, an' time an' ergin I've seed 'im stand rat heah, in dis very cote dat I've got on, an' in very room, an' shake de roof wid de thunder ob his larnin' an' de lightin' ob his wit. Allers on de side ob de po,' allers on de side ob jestus. An' ef he wus erlive to-day, he'd git up heah an' say to you all: 'Let dis ole nigger go!'—and you kno' you'd do it.

"In de good ole days gemmen, he tort me menny things. He tort me to be true, to tell de truf an' to raise horses. Men lak him an' yore fathers, gemmen, tuck my ancesturs out of de jungles ob barbarity an' led us into de blessed temple ob religun an' light. Dey made slaves ob us to do it, gemmen, but I thang God I was erlowed to be er slave in dis wurl fur de sake ob bein' etunally free in de naixt. Menny an, menny er time, gemmen, I've drive my ole Marster in his cheeriut an' fo', an' he'd tell you hissef ef he was heah to-day, I'm de onlies' nigger lef' in de state of Tennessee dat kin drive er thurrerbred fo'-in-han', holdin' de ribbins wid de fo'-fingers ob my lef' han' an' playin' on de tender moufs es gently es er lady touches de strings ob de light gittar. He made me er Christun an' er gentlemun, aigucated my po' cannaibal pallit to de glory ob Tennessee mutten an' de sweetness ob Tennesse beef. An' it was frum his side-board I fus' got de taste ob dat licker you jes' tasted—dat licker dat makes kings ob us all—an' all I wanted in dis wurl wus to stay wid 'im twell I die.

"But in my ole aige, heah cums dis Newnighted States guvermen' an sots me free. An' O, Marsters, dey sot me free indeed—free frum de friends I lubbed, free frum de comperny ob gemmen, frum de good things ob dis wurl, an' wus ob all, free from de sight but not de appetite ob dat licker dat makes kings ob us all! 'Stid ob drivin' er cheerit ob fo' down de pike ob de valley ob plenty, I mus' plow er leetle tow-haided muel on de flinty hillsides ob poverty. 'Stid ob soshatin' wid larned men who sot in de counsils ob dis country an' de cotes ob de kings, I mus' be cussed an' mocked by de hill-billy, an' de po' white, or forced to 'soshate wid lowlived and low-mannered niggers an' fiel'-han's. An' 'stid ob drinkin' de lixer ob life frum de decanter ob de gods, in my ole aige, I'm forced to drink de branch water ob poverty frum de gourd dat grows in de barn ob toil. Aigucated er gemmen, turned out wid tuffs! Raised on roast beef an' mutton, now hafter hustle ter git bacon an' greens! Used to de licker of civerlizashum, now hafter drink de branch water ob barbarerty. An' ef I chance to remember de things of my youth an' yield to de temptashun ob er higher aigucashun, be fotch up heah in my ole age to be saunt to jail fur tryin' to lib lak er gentleman an' er Christun, Gentlemen kin you do it? Marsters, will you sen' de ole man up?

"No! by the Eternal we won't!' said er nice lookin' gemmen dat wus settin' on de jury, an' den dey all riz an' say: 'Jedge not gilty! Not gilty!' An' dey crowd 'round' me so de jedge has to 'journ cote, an' dey shook my han' wid de glory ob dat licker still in dey eyes shinin' lak cherubins in de lakes ob lub. An' es de jedge pass out he tech my arm an' say:

"'Washington, de jury found you not gilty, but heah am fifty dollars to pay de tax on de naixt run ob de still at Indian Camp Springs; an' ef it happens ter be er good deal too much to pay de river-new, jes' make er leetle mo' an' send it to yore friend de jedge ob de Suddern Deestrick of de Newnighted States.'"

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

Gleason and the Horse.

It is necessary for any man wishing to handle horses successfully to be self-possessed, determined and to give some attention to the horse's natural habits and disposition. There are doubtless a great many men in this country who have made a study of man's great friend, the horse, but none are so conspicuously successful as Prof. Oscar R. Gleason, the world renowned horse trainer and tamer. It would not be claiming too much for his system to say that, by its use, any horse may be broke (regardless of his being previously spoiled) so as to make him perfectly docile, and even safe for family use.

Prof. Gleason does not waste his time in mysterious tricks. His principles are those of a universally applicable system, for the better training of horses for man's use, producing absolute docility. The three fundamental principles are, First, control; Second, kindness; Third, a proper appeal to the horse's understanding, associating mastery with kindness, rebuking wrong and awarding the right.

We have secured a limited a number of Prof. Gleason's great Horse Book, which has always sold at $1.50, but which we offer with every subscription with this paper.

See advertisement in another column.

A Wise Suggestion.

Baltimore Sun.]

At the recent convention of the State railroad commissioners at St. Louis a report was read by Prof. H. C. Adams, statistician of the interstate commerce commission, proposing, among other things, "the appointment of public railroad examiners who shall have access to the records and accounts of all railroads, the companies to be required to furnish annual and monthly reports, which shall be filed with the interstate commerce commission and certified to by all the examiners." This is a valuable suggestion, in the interest of the owner of the railroads and their "securities, as against smart "financiers" who take charge of railways merely to wreck them. At present nobody can find out what the financial condition of a railroad is by inspecting its published reports. The reports are too often such merely as the president, upheld by a clique of directors, chooses to make them. They are means of deceiving the public and defrauding innocent investors. There is no reason why a railroad's accounts should not be made public monthly. There is much reason why they should be, seeing that secrecy is utilized by a few on the inside to obtain unfair advantages. An impartial auditing ought to be enforced by law.

LOOK AT THE TIMES.

The Contrast of The Past and Present—Women in Competition With Men—What Effect Will it Have on Marriage—Can Our Legislators Solve The Problem?

The Chautauquan.]

It was the fashion forty years ago for a boy to be engaged as an apprentice to learn a trade as a wheelwright, a shoemaker, a blacksmith, or a chairmaker. The term of service was from three to four years. He would receive three dollars per month and board. He would work ten hours every day and from the first of December till St. Patrick's Day he would work from seven to nine o'clock every week evening except Saturday. He would perform various duties such as sweeping out the shop, making fire in the morning in cold weather, doing chores of the establishment, and sometimes the chores for his employer's family. From year to year as he increased in knowledge, his services grew more valuable and very often an apprentice would finish his trade with a better knowledge of the business and be more proficient in the trade than the proprietor himself.

The advantage gained by the apprentice was that he acquired an industrious habit of life by continuous service. By working each day for a series of years industry was ground into him. This habit became his chief stock in trade. It has made the foundation of many a man's character in the business and professional world, for it was held in the early times that if a boy learned a trade he could in the future fellow it or not as opportunity and inclination would suggest. But the knowledge of a trade was considered so valuable that it was held by parents, guardians, and business men as a fundamental principle of life that a trade was a fortune.

In these days the trades have been broken up by large manufacturing establishments where ten men make a shoe, and the old idea of learning a trade is exploded. Trades unions have come in and advocated a rule that only one boy can serve as an apprentice for every ten journeymen. New employments have taken the place of the old trades. On railroads an army of men is employed in this country now where none were employed in former times. Machinery introduced into manufacturing establishments has taken the place of mechanics. A revolution has been worked in the industries of the country, quietly but steadily, until labor organizations say how many shall learn trades, and machinery says that we do not need as many tradesmen as we used to have in proportion to our population, and thus the question is lifted into legislation and becomes a political problem for statesmen to solve.

Women have entered manufacturing establishments in large numbers; they are found in all kinds of business houses; they are entering professions, and this complicates the question still more. It is feared by some the conflict of sexes is to be one of our dangers in the civilization of the future. A man has filled a position as bookkeeper at twenty five dollars per week. He has a wife and three children. He worked up to his position from being office boy during twelve years of service He was unable to save anything from his salary, but to his surprise one day he was informed that the firm had employed a lady as bookkeeper at ten dollars a week. He lost his place. He looked about in his community for another situation as bookkeeper. The best offer he could get was ten dollars a week. Disheartened he complains that women have come into competition with men and are driving them to the wall. They are doing this as agents, waiters, bookkeepers, stenographers, cashiers, editors, and in great many other positions.

The army of unemployed women will no doubt ask for places in the business world, they will get them and force an army of men out of these places. We do not share in the apprehension that there will be any "conflict" between the sexes over this industrial problem, but we may inquire, Will it not work hardship to many a man and result in the distress of many a family? Will this condition in the business world deter young men from getting married? Is it one of the signs of the times that points to a reduction in the cost of living? Shall we not find the standard of living in America brought down to a lower figure as a result of having more people who want work than can find work?

It is a great industrial problem when we find machinery taking the place that workmen formerly occupied, women coming in to do the work that men used to do, the native population constantly on the increase, and emigration from foreign countries to our shores reaching high tide. These questions affect the life of the average citizen, and they appear in the political condition of the country in large form where the political questions of free trade or protection will help or hinder in the improvement of the rate of wages among the masses.

The rule that the world is run by the law of "action and reaction" may be applied to this condition by a philosoper, on the principle that things regulate themselves, and that out of this social chaos is to come order and harmony and the highest good of the average man. Yet it remains true that thousands of men will suffer while leaders in social work and social problems are getting their bearings, and a multitude of industrious and useful men will be disabled in the battle of life; but history of every civilization teaches that there is no royal road for the poor man or the rich man. In our present state the poor man is in danger of losing his trade, the rich man is in danger of losing his money, and neither man is safe without the other, and what is also true neither man is wise enough without the other, or efficient enough without the other, to reach the goal of a settled condition where unity and contentment make the joy of life. Capital must wait on labor, labor must wait on capital; they must both wait on the market which is made by the people, and they must all wait a time with patience for legislators to give both labor and capital the legal protection they seek. In the meantime it is well to believe that "life is worth living," and that we shall all presently have enough of work to do, and to trust the government under which we live for wholesome laws, because it is the best government on the earth, and above all believe that God rules.

Miniatures From Balzac's Masterpieces.

"Legally" is a robust adverb that props up many a fortune.

We can cauterize a wound, but we know no remedy for the hurt produced by words.

Newspapers are no longer made to enlighten, but to flatter opinions.

In society we know how to put overcoats on all truths, even the prettiest.

Do not be afraid of making enemies. Woe to him who has none!

We never lack money for our whims, but we dispute the prices of necessities.

Conscience is one of those sticks which every one takes up to beat his neighbor with, but which he never uses upon himself.

Not to listen is not merely a lack of politeness, it is a mark of contempt. Though such impertinence is accepted without protest from a noted man, it produces a leaven of hatred and malice deep down in the heart: among equals it often goes so far as to desolve friendship.

To do good in obscurity offers no temptation to any one.

Use your wit, but never parade it for the amusement of others; for know, that if your superiority wounds a mediocre man, he will withdraw and say of you in a tone of contempt, "He is very amusing."

Politeness consists in appearing to forget ourselves for others. With many it is a social grimace which relaxes when self-interest shows itself; a noble then becomes ignoble.

You will never have more than three or four friends in the course of your life; entire confidence is their right. But to give it to many—is not that to betray your real friends?

What physiognomist is so prompt to divine character as a dog is to know whether a stranger likes or dislikes him?

As soon as trouble comes to us there is always a friend ready to tell us about it—to probe our heart with a dagger and ask us to admire the hilt.

Friendship knows nothing of bankrupt sentiments.

The habits of the mind form the soul, and the soul gives expression to the face.

In great crisis the heart either breaks or hardens.

Debts are the silent partners of experience.

We live in an epoch where the defect of governments is to make man for society rather than society for man.

In society we like those who listen to us.

We are ticketed not according to what we are but according to what we have.

The world is full of respect for ability under whatever form it shows itself: results make laws.

Love and hate are passions that feed upon themselves, and, of the two, hatred has the longer life.

There are two kinds of silliness, the silent and the talkative. Silent silliness is supportable.

Do you want to know how to make your way in the world? You must plow through humanity like a cannon ball, or you must glide through it like a pestilence.

Flattery never emanates from great souls. It is an attribute of small minds, who thus still further belittle themselves to enter into the vital being of the persons about whom they crawl.

A single lie destroys that absolute confidence which for certain souls is the foundation of love.

Never allow yourself to act either against your own conscience or the public conscience.

One of the most important rules in the science of manners is that of almost absolute silence about ourselves. Play a little comedy for your own edification, speak of yourself, and you will see indifference succeed to a feigned interest; then *ennui* follows, and if the mistress of the house does not politely interrupt, the company will disappear under various pretexts adroitly seized.

A hobby is the medium between a passion and a monomania.

Talent, like gout, sometimes skips two generations.

Beauty without expression is a monstrosity.

If the human heart pauses to rest as it scales the heights of affection, it rarely stops when it starts on the rapid slope of hate.

There is nothing less known than that which everybody is obliged to know—namely, the law.

Money matters can always be settled, but feelings are pitiless.

We spend the greater part of our lives in weeding from our hearts what has been allowed to grow in their youth. This operation is called "acquiring experience."

Intellect is the lever which moves the world; but the fulcrum of intellect is money.

How a Soldier Cooked.

"I had no cooking utensils, and yet last night I had a good supper of bread, liver and spare-ribs. I will tell you how I did it: I fried out some grease on a "spade" to put it in my bread, made up the dough in a "bag" and cooked it in the spade and then fried my liver and ribs on the spade, and truth to tell, they were just as good as if cooked in an oven. Give me anything to eat and I will find a way to cook it, sure. Some times I have wrapped my dough on my ramrod, holding it to the fire, and it cooks splendidly."

SCRAP-BOOK.

Byron used a great deal of hair-dressing, but was very particular to have only the best to be found in the market. If Ayer's Hair Vigor had been obtainable then, doubtless he would have tested its merits, as so many distinguished and fashionable people are doing now-a-days.

The cruiser New York sailed from Boston last Thursday under sealed orders, relating it is thought, to a filibustering expedition to Cuba.

MOBBED AND LYNCHED.

An Infuriated Mob Take a Negro Rapist From The Sheriff and Hang Him.

PRINCES ANNE, Md., June 9.—William Andrews, the young negro, accused of felonious assault upon Mrs. Benjamin T. Kelly, was taken from the Sheriff here to-day and beaten into insensibility, then hanged to a tree by an infuriated mob, immediately after having been arraigned in court and sentenced to death for his crime. Andrews, who was but twenty years old, came here from North Carolina, and on May 5, of this year, was arrested for assault upon Mrs. Kelley. At that time a mob endeavored to lynch him, but he was hurriedly taken to Baltimore and confined in the jail in that city until last night, when he was brought here for trial. During the night a number of men assembled and carefully planned to day's programme.

THE DOLLAR.

[B. F. Cochran, Omaha World-Herald.

A bright, round dollar rolled on its way,
And I said, "Hello, my friend, please stay
Your onward course. Why not stop here?"
It checked its speed, and then for fear
Of falling flat upon the ground,
It turned and circled round and round,
And flashed its charms upon my sight,
As with a true coquette's delight.

"Establish your claim, if any you have,
I'm nobody's fool, and nobody's slave,"
Said the coin, while keeping just out of my reach.
"Although I serve, I command and I teach.
I am worshipped by beggar and lord and king;
I measure the value of everything;
I prompt men's efforts and lead their desires;
I bring them their food and feed their fires.

"The highest power in all the land
Is mine for protection and mine to command.
I roll through the winding channels of trade,
My imprint avails, I pass unweighed.
I dazzle the eyes of proud millionaires,
And see common rivals racing like hares
To win me and catch my coveted smiles,
And trying all sorts of witless wiles."

"Miss Dollar, said I, "you're a mystery;
You're a wonder, indeed, to a stranger like me;
Jump into my pocket and rest awhile;
I suppose you have traveled many a mile."

"Oh!" said the dollar, "I never get tired;
To be 'on the go' is what's desired;
My mission allows no time for rest,
When I am hidden I lie unblest."

Perplexed at this, I prompt replied,
"How, then, may one in you confide,
And how in the world can wealth increase,
If as soon as you're caught you can force a release?
What is your mission of which you speak,
And what is in it that men should seek?
Is it enough for such as I,
To 'sit on the fence and see you go by'?"

"Again," said the Dollar, "I'm called upon
To teach, as I so often have done,
What even a child should be able to see—
I do not bring wealth, but wealth brings me.
Wherever there's wealth to be exchanged,
And mutual faith is not deranged,
I serve as the medium willingly;
Elsewhere I find no need of me."

"And don't I, then, know what wealth is?"
Said I, "is it not simply this,
Command of dollars and nothing more?
Who's heard of wealth without money before?
"Ah," said the coin, "there's wealth in brain,
Wealth in land and in fields of grain;
In muscle and nerve there's countless wealth;
And the richest of mines is the mine of health.
"In good reputation are richest untold;

In honor is something better than gold;
And knowledge is wealth, and so is skill;
And money can't measure the wealth of good will.
Where all these abound I'm nimble and gay,
And where all these are scarce I have no way
To increase them, or find much use for myself;
There I'm sunk to the level of pelf."

The dollar passed on and out of my sight.
I longed for that dollar so round and bright.
Perhaps I worshipped its magical power,
But I've thought of its words for many an hour,
The sources of wealth it pointed out,
The wonderful things it talked about;
And yet this puzzles me, I confess,
The relation of money to true success.

Reorganization.

Artemus Ward once said: "I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt it again. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed to be betrayed into drinking several people's healths; and wishing to make them as robust as possible, I continued drinking their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at nite with considerable licker concealed about my person. I had somehow got possession of a horse-whip on my way home, and remembering some cranky observation of Mrs. Ward's in the morning, I snapt the whip purty lively, and in a very loud voice I said, 'Betsy, you need reorganizing! I have come, Betsy!' I continued cracking the whip over the bed. 'I have come, Betsy, to reorganize you!' I dreamed that night that somebody had laid a horse-whip over me several conseketive times, and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drunk much of anything since, and if I ever have another reorganization job on hand, I shall let it out."

Famine and plague are reported to be causing many deaths in China, north and east of Szechauan.

Whiskers that are prematurely gray or faded should be colored to prevent the look of age, and Buckingham's Dye excels all others in coloring brown or black.

AN ORIGINAL PACKAGE STORE.

It is Selling Liquor in South Carolina Under the Decision of Judge Simonton.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 10.—The first "original package store" for selling liquor in this State under the provisions of the recent decision of Judge Simonton, of the United States Court, was opened here to-day.

An agent of a New York firm imported a thousand cases of liquor. The goods were hauled through the streets, and, without being molested by the State constables, were lodged in a storeroom.

The establishment was opened at once and began selling liquor in original packages. It continued business throughout the day without trouble. Within the next few days other similar establishments will be opened here.

All the liquor sold today was in gallon packages, but in a short time packages containing pints and half pints will be put on sale. Exactly what action in the case is to be taken by the dispensary authorities is not yet known.

RIOTERS PAY THE MILITIA.

They Also Sign a Promise to Recognize Town Authorities.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 9.—A curious compromise of the riot in Lucknow on Sunday has been effected. Two whites and seven negroes, sawmill employees, questioning the constitutionality of the town's incorporation, it having but 150 inhabitants, proceeded to defy authority by practicing rifle shooting at targets down the main street and threatening to shoot the marshal.

A military company from an adjoining county was ordered by the Governor to subdue the riot. It did so, arresting these men, and escorting them to jail at Camden. The rioters have been released on paying the militia and all other expenses, and signing a promise to recognize the authorities of Lucknow and abide by the town ordinances.

WENT TO THE WHITE HOUSE TO PRAY.

A Virginia Negro Kneels Down in the East Room and Prays for the Return of Prosperity.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—John W. Seldon, from Orange county, Va., the little negro who walked all the way from his Virginia village last week to see President McKinley and failed, was at the White House again today. This time he came to pray, and not to see the President. He entered the mansion shortly after 1 o'clock, and learned of the President's absence, but when informed that he would be in after 2 o'clock, the little man walked slowly out and bided his time until the President arrived. Then, with a cautious tread, he tiptoed into the big East Room, walked to the extreme southern end, and knelt down in prayer. He removed his hat and old army coat, laid them carefully on the floor, clasped his hands, and, looking up to the ceiling, prayed fervently for several minutes. The room was well-filled with sight-seers, who were much amused at the old darkey.

"What are you praying for?" asked a reporter.

"I'se praying for the return of dis here prosperity what I hears so much 'bout," replied the old man in much earnestness.

One of the White House ushers was about to remove him from the room, but on second thought concluded to let the old man bring prosperity, if he could, by praying.

[If all those who are now praying in vain for a return of prosperity will vote right next time, then their prayers will be answered. The Lord helps those who help themselves.—ED. CAUCASIAN.]

The Country Full of "Such Fools."

Washington Post.]

There is no news in the statement that Senator Hanna is opposed to what he calls this agitation about Cuba, for his efforts to prevent a vote in the Senate on the belligerency resolution are still remembered. The other day, however, he was expressing his opinion in very emphatic terms to a fellow Senator. "There isn't the least bit of interest in the question in Ohio," asserted Mr. Hanna, "and I do not think the country is half as much concerned as some of the agitators here would have us believe."

"Well, Hanna," said his colleague, "I will bet you $500 that your State convention declares for Cuba."

"Very likely," slowly assented Mr. Hanna, "because some fool will get up with a resolution which nobody will care to oppose."

"And the country is full of just such fools" was the other Senator's parting shot.

To Make a Good Whitewash.

June Ladies' Home Journal.]

For a good whitewash for your bedroom ceiling put a piece of lime weighing about five pounds in a granite pan or bucket; pour on it a gallon of water, allow it to boil and slack until the steaming is over; take from this two quarts of the liquid lime, put it in a wooden or granite bucket, and add sufficient water to make it rather thin. Add a small amount of pure indigo, sufficient to give it the proper color; add a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of lampblack, stir well. This will give you a perfectly white ceiling; if you wish it colored add one of the colorings which you may purchase at any druggists, stating that it is to be used with lime.

Of Interest to B. Y. P. U. Delegates. Re Route to Chattanooga.

The idea now is, and arrangements are being made to that effect, to have a "sunrise-prayer-meeting" at Norfolk, and a "fish breakfast" at the same point; a banquet will be tendered them at Wake Forest, by President Taylor, of the Wake Forest College; fruit dinner will be given at Southern Pines, and at Atlanta the delegates will be entertained at the Spellman University; they will then proceed to Chattanooga, via the "Kennesaw Route."

Full particulars will be given later by the Passenger Department of the Seaboard Air Line, at Portsmouth, Va.

TREPHINED A FORGER'S SKULL.

Lawyers Summon Witnesses to Prove Charles N. Cunningham Insane.

CLEVELAND, June 10.—Charles N. Cunningham, the man who was arrested several months ago for trying to pass a forged check for $75,000, bearing the signature of Judge E. T. Hamilton, is now on trial in the Common Pleas Court. Cunningham's attorneys set up the plea that he was insane, his condition being due to an injury received by being thrown from a horse in Colorado. To prove their theory they had the man sent to a hospital, where his skull was trephined and the brain examined. The surgeon who performed the operation has testified that he believed Cunningham insane, and persons with whom the prisoner had dealings corroborated that testimony.

Witnesses will be produced by the prosecution to prove that Cunningham was sentenced to State prison in New York for a similar crime before he went to Colorado. The trial promises to be very interesting.

PREPARING AND COOKING VEGETABLES.

Mrs. Rorer Points Out the Superior Food Value of Garden Products.

"Although it is well known that the American markets give an abundance of vegetables, it is regretted that there is no country where they are so little appreciated," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the June Ladies Home Journal. "To this omission may be traced much discomfort among the poorer classes. The leguminous seed, peas, beans, and lentils, yield almost double the amount of muscle-making food to be found in beef. One pound of beans costing five cents will give a food value equal to two pounds of beef at fifty cents, an item of economy worthy of thought. I am in this considering old peas and beans; those green or unripe contain a larger amount of water and more sugar, and less albuminous matter, but on the other hand they are more easily digested.

"All concentrated vegetable foods require long, slow cooking to render them suitable for use. A little baking soda added to the water in which old peas are cooked removes the strong flavor making them more delicate. All vegetables should be washed well in cold water. Green vegetables, such as spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cucumbers, kale, onions, leeks, asparagus, turnip tops, peas and string beans, should be cooked in boiling salted water, and boiled slowly until tender, not a moment longer or the flavor will be lost."

The Summer School.

Holders of Teachers Assembly tickets, desiring to attend the Summer School at the University or Wake Forest, can stop at these stations or at Raleigh and have the limit of their ticket extent to July 25th.

The opening date of Wake Forest Summer School has been changed from June 23d to June 28th. This action was taken by the faculty after their announcements had been printed and partially distributed. The change was made to avoid any conflict with the Teachers Assembly program, and in order that those who wish to do so could get the benefit of both occasions.

CHARLES J. PARKER,
Secretary.

Intends to Preach Like Paul.

RICHMOND, Va., June 9.—Rev. Charles M. Bower, an evangelist of the Apostolic Church founded by Rev. J. W. Daugherty, has built him a unique boat with which he proposes to soon start out, after the fashion of the Apostle Paul, to preach the Gospel on the water. The mission-boat, which will herald the doctrine of sanctification as taught by Rev. Mr. Daugherty, though not on quite as advanced lines as it was practiced on Chingoteague Island a year or two ago, has been rigged out and will start down the James river in a few days.

A Shooting Scrap.

JONESTOWN, Miss., June 8.—Ex-Mayor G. B. Mosley, a banker of this town, was shot and killed today by Mayor G. W. Wise in the streets in front of the latter's office. Wise is in custody. A small lawsuit in which Mosley was interested was tried before the mayor last week, and the decision of the latter displeased Mosley. The ill-feeling has been growing since, culminating in today's shooting. Both men had firearms, and opinions differ as to which made a threatening movement.

NEWS BREVITIES.

Miss Isabelle Perkins, heiress to $17,000,000, was married in Boston to Mr. Larz Anderson, who was until recently first secretary of the United States at Rome.

Governor Johnston, of Alabama, ordered out troops to protect Lewis Moore and Claude Neville, colored, who are accused of felonious assault on Nellie Lawton, white, aged thirteen years.

Mr. John W. Foster's mission to Russia to arrange for the protection of seals in Bering sea is said to be meeting with sympathy and support in official circles in St. Petersburg.

Torrential rains in the province of Taurida, Russia, have caused lo