

THE STANDARD. LARGEST PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONCORD. CONTAINS MORE READING MATTER THAN ANY OTHER PAPER IN THIS SECTION.

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THE STANDARD.

CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 86.

THE STANDARD. WE DO ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK IN THE NEATEST MANNER AND AT THE LOWEST RATES.

POETRY.

UNCLE JAMES' SERMON.

Winston Sentinel.] [Wherein certain orthodox principles are inculcated which may account for the derby's partiality for the hen-roost. Text: Exodus, 22d chapter, 1st and 3d verses.]

"My friends, I ew gwine ter preach terday out ob de Good Book, whar it say, Et emy nigger steals er sheep, While de ole Massa an erselep, Er runs off wid de white man's ox, Fur ebry sheep he steals he mus' Gif four sheep back, an' it am jus De same wid oxes, 'ceptin' four Ain't quite eruff, it takes one more Ter wipe erway dat nigger's sin An' make things straight wid him agin.

"But ef dat nigger an' not got De sheeps and oxes, an' kinnot Pay back de intruss whar he owe Utoo de Lord fur doin' so; Dep do dat nigger like I saw De white folks do befo' de war; Dey puts dat nigger on de block An' bids erwhille, an' den dey knock Dat nigger down to hies' bid, Jes, like de ole slave-massa did. Yes, he dey sells you fur ter pay Fur sheeps an' oxes you took erway.

"So, niggers, you had better mind How you go 'round at night, er tryin' Like some ole sneaking, red-tailed fox Ter steal de white man's sheep an' ox; Fur you is sartin ter be caught, An' by some white man ter be bought An' sent off ter de cotton patch, De las' man ob you, in er batch.

"But I sarched all froo de chapter whar I read you, but dar am not dar, Nor am dar in dis blessed book, One word erbout er chickin coop; So ef you nigger's bound ter steal, De same as pigs is bound ter squeal, You'd better try de white man's hen An' let hies' sheep erlong, fur den Six months is all you git an' save Hies' hen ter bein' white men's slave."

Geo. Hines Gorman. Washington, D. C., Aug. 29, 1889.

Jackson's Child Dead.

MRS. CHRISTIAN DIES OF FEVER.

To Be Interred Beside Her Father.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF HER LIFE.

Charlotte Chronicle.] Died, Friday morning, August 30th, at 6 o'clock, JULIA THOMAS, wife of William Edmund Christian, and only daughter of Geo. Thomas Jonathan and Mary Anna Morrison Jackson, in the twenty-seventh year of her age.

This simple announcement will send a thrill of profound sorrow and regret through every Southern heart. Not only in the immediate neighborhood of her life and death, among those who have known and loved her, but throughout the length and breadth of the Southern States, will the death of Stonewall Jackson's only daughter bring a pang of heart-felt grief. Borne away in the flower of her youth, from all the ties that make life sweet and precious, loving and beloved, her early death, with a life full of promise before her, adds bitterness to the cup of sorrow.

HER LAST ILLNESS.

About three weeks ago, Mrs. Christian was taken sick with a malignant type of typhoid fever, at her home on West Trade street. The battle for life was bravely fought with an inherited fortitude, and it was not until Tuesday evening that her recovery was pronounced hopeless. The tidings that she was dying spread through the city like wildfire, and on all sides were to be heard solicitous inquiries concerning her condition. Everything that skill and patience and love could do to preserve life was done in vain. She expired at six o'clock Friday morning without a struggle. Mrs. Christian was conscious to the last. The day before she died was the first birthday anniversary of her baby, and even in her extreme illness she remembered the event. The baby was brought in at her request, and she kissed it and blessed it, even as her illustrious father, when on his death bed, was cheered by her smiling baby face, and called her "Little Darling."

All day long, as she lay dead in a grief-stricken house, throngs of grieving friends and relatives came to take a last view of the departed, and to offer consolation and sympathy to the afflicted mother and husband. The house was filled with flowers, tokens of affection from sympathizing friends. Over the mantle, in the room in which she lay enclosed in a beautiful casket, was a painted portrait of the immortal Jackson, with his martial insignia upon him. Directly underneath was a picture of a fair bride, his daughter, in bridal costume, wreathed in lovely flowers. On the door was a heavy mass of crape, which told of the grief within.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral services were conducted at the First Presbyterian church Friday afternoon with military honors. All the stores in the

city were closed in her honor, and thousands came to pay a last tribute to the memory of the dead. Both sides of Trade street were lined with people as the funeral procession filed slowly by. At the head, with slow and measured tread, marched the Hornet's Nest Riflemen, with muffled drum and reversed guns. The flag, all tattered and torn in Confederate service, was draped in crape. Following the soldiers were the pall bearers, the hearse, and then carriages containing the relatives of the deceased. Around the church marched the soldiers, entering at the rear gate. They halted and stacked arms in front of the church, filing in one by one on both sides of the pulpit. The floral decorations in the church were magnificent. In the midst of vases of the most beautiful flowers, and covered with floral wreaths and crosses, was placed the coffin, directly in front of the pulpit. Behind the pulpit, and stretched out in all its magnificence, was the grand old flag of the Stars and Bars, the flag in which Stonewall Jackson's body was wrapped in the last funeral rites. Shortly before the great soldier's death, the congress of the Confederate States had adopted a design for their flag, and a large and elegant model had just been completed, the first ever made, which was intended to be unfurled from the roof of the Capital. This flag the President of the Confederacy sent, as the gift of the country, to be the winding sheet of the corpse. And thus, the same old flag, the first of the Confederacy, which had once enclosed the remains of the gallant father, was unfurled once more to wave over the remains of his only daughter. The General's sword lay upon the coffin. Stacks of arms draped with flowers, around the coffin, lent impression to the ceremonies. The church was filled to overflowing at six o'clock, when, in a soft mournful strain, the choir began the services by singing "De Profundis," "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."

Rev. Edward Mack then offered a feeling prayer, invoking the benediction of God on the grief-stricken mother and husband, and protection for the motherless children. After reading of the first of the nineteenth Psalm, the choir sang, "Our God, our help in ages past." Rev. Mr. Mack chose as the text of his sermon Numbers 23:10, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

After the final hymn, "How blest the righteous when they die," Rev. Mr. Reed pronounced the benediction, and the long line of mourners passed slowly out of the church. The coffin was carried back to the home of Mrs. Christian, to await removal this morning. The pallbearers were D. H. Hill, Jr., Joseph Hill, Frank Irwin, Will Graham, James Osborne, F. B. McDowell, Gilmer Brenizer and Baxter Davidson, all consins of Mrs. Christian. The remains were taken to Lexington, Va., Saturday morning, and were interred there with military honors by the side of Gen. Jackson. Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Christian, Mrs. Alfred Morrison, Misses Sophie Alexander, Anna Irwin, and Sallie Davidson, Col. F. E. Brown, Dr. Paul Barrier, J. B. McDowell and Gilmer Brenizer accompanied the remains to Lexington.

SKETCH OF THE DECEASED.

Julia Thomas Jackson was born in Charlotte, at the home of James Irwin, November 23rd, 1862. The war was then at its height, and her renowned father was battling in Virginia for the lost cause, and was then at the zenith of his power. When she was six months old her mother took her to see her father, then commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, and stationed at Hamilton's Crossing, near Chancellorsville. That was just a month before a stray bullet shattered the hopes of the Confederacy. During that visit to the camp she was baptized on the tented field, that being the first time her parents had met since her birth. After the immortal Stonewall was wounded on May 3rd, Mrs. Jackson was summoned to his bedside and carried the infant Julia with her. His arm had already been amputated, and he was dying, but his last moments were cheered by her presence. On May 10th, Memorial Day, the Sabbath he died, the laughing babe was brought in at his request, and he blessed her as his "Little Darling."

After the soldier's death, Mrs. Jackson returned to Charlotte to live, and resided for fifteen years in the house in which Julia Jackson

died. The early part of her education was received here under the instruction of Mrs. Sallie Caldwell White, and her former teacher and class-mates testify in the most affecting terms to the loveliness of her disposition and the saintliness of her character. At the age of fifteen, she went to Baltimore and remained two years at a leading school for Southerners.

Previous to her marriage, no young lady of the South received so much attention and adulation; idolized wherever she went, she was absolutely unspoiled by the admiration, and ever retained her modesty of demeanor.

She joined the First Presbyterian church in this city when fourteen years old. A year before, in Richmond, she was present at the unveiling of the celebrated monument to her father, a tribute from England to the great Southern leader. There, before thousands of old Confederate soldiers, who had known and loved her father, she was brought forward, a timid, modest girl, and presented as Stonewall Jackson's daughter. Her presence called forth the wildest cheers—the old rebel yell in memory of the brilliant leader.

She was married on the 2d of June, 1885, to William Edmund Christian at Rev. Moses D. Hoge's church in Richmond. They went to St. Paul, Minnesota, and then sought the milder climate of San Diego, California. There her two children, Anna, aged three, and Thomas Jackson, whose first birthday was Thursday, were born.

Just before Christmas of last year Mr. and Mrs. Christian returned to Charlotte, and have resided since that time in their former residence on West Trade street. Young, happy and beloved, blessed with a devoted husband, lovely children, and hosts of friends, her life was full of a promise of usefulness. Cut short by the fatal typhoid in the outset of her career, she will long be remembered as the Daughter of the South, to whom the Christian hero's last smile was given.

The Dread Unknown.

Detroit Free Press.] A patrolman on Rivard street came along to a grocery on his beat about 11 o'clock the other night and found a large watermelon on the platform, while leaning against a post a short distance away was an aged colored man. The street was deserted, and the officer could not understand what kept the melon and the negro apart.

"Isn't that a temptation to you?" he asked the man. "I dun reckon it is, boss. I'ze bin lookin' at dat mellyun fur de last half hour."

"And why didn't you take it?" "Bekase, sah, I'ze had some 'specience wid white folks in my time. Might possibly be dat de grocer dun forgot to take dat mellyun in when he closed up, but it's a good deal mo' possibler dat he poured in a dose of jalap an' left it out yere to be walked off wid."

"But how are you going to know?" "Dat's what makes my heart ache, boss. If de mellyun ar' all right, den I'ze lost a golden opportunity. If it's bin dosed, den I haint bin played fur a sucker. It's de onsartin' dat's kept me around yere till my knees ache an' I feels like havin' a chill."

He Remained.

At midnight the other night a patrolman found a man lying on the grass under a tree in the Randolph street park, and he aroused him with:

"Come, mister, no one is allowed to sleep here."

"But I have a good excuse," replied the man. "What is it?"

"See dat house over there? Well, please do me de favor to go and ring de bell and ask if William Dockery is at home."

The officer ascended the steps and rang the bell. A head was thrust out of an open chamber window and a female voice demanded:

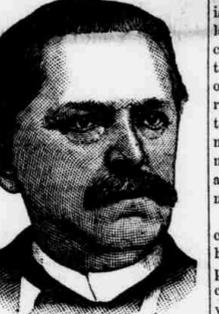
"Now who is dere?" "Madam," replied the officer, "is William Dockery at home?"

"No sir, and I don't expect him until daylight!" snapped the woman, and at the same moment a bowlful of water descended on the officer's head and half drowned him.

"Well," said the man on the grass, as the dripping officer came up, "you see how it is, don't you? I'm Dockery. That's Mrs. Dockery."

Governor Lowry.

Robert Lowry, Governor of Mississippi, was born in Chesterfield District, South Carolina, March 9th, 1831. When less than three years of age his father, Col. Robt. Lowry, moved to Tishomingo county, Miss., and afterwards to Raleigh, Smith county. While yet a lad his uncle, Judge James Lowry, requested his brother to let his son Robert live with him. Robert entered the store of his uncle as salesman and collector. But at the age of seventeen he commenced business on his own account. While at this period of his life he was considered a little wild, though sober and generous to a fault, characteristics that have ever since distinguished him. At the age of



twenty he married Miss Maria Miller Gammage, a beautiful girl, the daughter of the late B. V. Gammage, of Jasper county.

In politics he was a Whig, and cast his first vote for that party. At the outbreak of the war Robert Lowry enlisted as a private, but on the organization of the Sixth Mississippi Regiment he was elected major, with his life-long friend, Z. Y. Thornton, as colonel. At the battle of Shiloh Col. Thornton and Maj. Lowry were both wounded and the regiment suffered a greater loss than any other command on either side. The Sixth Regiment was in Gen. Pat Cleburne's brigade, and the following is an extract from his report of the battle:

"The Sixth Mississippi and the Twenty-third Tennessee charged through the encampment of the enemy. The line was necessarily broken by the standing tents. Under a terrible fire much confusion followed. The Twenty-third Tennessee was rallied about one hundred yards in the rear. Again and again the Sixth Mississippi, unaided, charged the enemy's line, and it was only when the regiment had lost three hundred in killed and wounded out of an aggregate of 425 that it yielded and retreated in disorder over its own dead and dying. It would be useless to enlarge upon its courage and devotion. The facts as recorded speak louder than any words of mine."

After the re-election of Col. Thornton, and before he had recovered from his wounds, he retired from the army and was succeeded by Col. Lowry, who continued to command the regiment until he was promoted brigadier-general. His service was in the Army of Tennessee, and constitutes a part of the history of the country.

Immediately after the war Gen. Lowry resumed the practice of the law, in which he was interrupted by the outbreak of hostilities, and continued to do a large and lucrative practice before and after his second election as senator for Rankin and Smith counties. After serving one session in the Senate he resigned, and again resumed the practice of his profession. It was during this session of the Legislature that he was appointed by Gov. Humphries, with Col. Giles M. Hillier as his colleague, commissioners to visit President Johnson in the interest of a pardon for ex-President Davis. Gen. Lowry, as is well known, would not accept the reasons assigned for the further detention of Mr. Davis, but insisted with force and eloquence on his release, which was subsequently effected. In the meantime Gov. Lowry had become identified with every effort to redeem and disenfranchise Mississippi, and in every canvass his voice was heard all over the State against the rule of the carpet-bagger.

In 1877 he was prominently mentioned for Governor, and led the race, and was only defeated by a combination of all the weakly candidates. In 1881 he was not a candidate, but was finally nominated as a compromise between other aspirants. His administration was so able, wise, conservative and satisfactory that he was unanimously re-nominated in 1885 for another term of four years. He is emphatically a man of the people, and when he retires from the executive office it will be with the popular plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Attention, Farmers!

THE COTTON CROP AND SUPPLY OF BAGGING.

An Address to the Order at Large by C. A. MACUNE.

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND CO-OPERATIVE UNION OF AMERICA.

There is great necessity just at this time for a thorough understanding on the part of every cotton-grower of the exact plans and methods of the Alliance for wrapping, handling, and selling the crop now about to be placed on the market. Every member of the Alliance and Union in the cotton-growing States is pledged by the action taken at the last session of the National body to co-operate in selling the crop, and they are expected to carry out such obligation by holding themselves in readiness to obey the instructions of the National cotton committee at a moment's notice. This shows the necessity of a perfect understanding and the importance of complete harmony of action.

It is no secret in commercial circles that the markets of the world have not for several years been so poorly stocked with manufactured cotton goods at this season of the year, and it is also known that the mills are in possession of very little cotton from which to manufacture. The stock of cotton on the markets at the various ports is generally of the less desirable grades and styles. New York, for example, is said to have ten or fifteen thousand bales of cotton of such an inferior quality that no person desires it, and it is kept there as a menace to the future dealer who would attempt to exact delivery on a purchase of futures. The visible supply of last year's crop is reported about 300,000 bales short of two years ago, but when the character of the supply and the certainty of a greater demand by the mills is taken into consideration, the deficiency, it is fair to conclude, is at least double that amount, or 600,000 bales. The crop is not as large as has been reported. Besides the worms in some sections, they have had too much rain in many places east of the Mississippi. In Texas the crop, reported at 2,900,000, will scarcely reach 1,500,000 bales, on account of excessive rains damaging cotton in the bottoms in places, followed by drought in sections. Altogether the outlook for total crop is no better than at this time in 1887.

The farmers of this country will soon have in their possession about six millions of bales of cotton, which, if they received pay for the labor expended in proportion to that received by teachers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, insurance men, and bankers, will have cost them about 50 cents per pound; but if they only receive pay for their labor at the same rates paid such skilled labor as carpenters and other tradesmen their cotton would probably cost them 20 cents per pound or \$100 per bale, making the six million bales worth \$600,000,000. Of course no such price can be realized. It is simply cited as no more than just, if it could be obtained. But the world demands this six million bales of cotton for immediate consumption, and must have it. That is to say, the mills must, at the lowest estimate, have five hundred thousand bales of cotton per month for the next twelve months. There are two ways in which the cotton-growers may turn it over to the consumer.

First, make all the haste possible to dump the whole pile into the hands of the speculators before it goes up (as it always does later in the season), and thereby enable such speculators to dribble it out to the mills at the rate of five hundred thousand bales per month, at an advance of from \$7 to \$15 per bale, or say a probable average of \$8 per bale, or \$48,000,000 on the lot.

Second, having developed a short interest, keep it short throughout the year by only selling each month what the mills will actually need, and by that course secure to the farmer that \$48,000,000, even if no higher prices ensued than the speculators would have made. Surely the latter plan must commend itself to the planter.

It was estimated by a high authority several years ago (in 1882) that the demand of the world actually required 7,000,000 bales of cotton every year. Now, if the increased demand be only 10 per cent, the demand would be 7,700,000 bales, while this crop is only 6,800,000, leaving a deficiency of 900,000 bales.

In view of all this it is evidently greatly to the interest of the cotton-

grower to be in no hurry to sell his cotton. This is a year in which all can well afford to wait for and govern themselves by the instructions from the cotton committee, which has the matter in charge. Why this undue haste to get the first cotton wrapped and sold as early as possible? Such a course is evidently to the interest of some one, but not to that of the planter. Some men seem to deem it very important that they get bagging at once and sell their cotton. There are two classes of men who are delighted to see this sentiment, and who are interested in encouraging it, and these are, first, the jute men, who desire anything to beat cotton bagging, and use this as a prize to induce some men to use burlap or Dundee cloth; and second, the cotton men who have sold the cotton short and must have cotton to fill their contracts. These two classes are deeply interested in anything that will induce the planter to sell at once. The cotton man who has sold short wants to fill before the rise, and the jute man wants to crowd the farmer to sell before he can get cotton bagging. There is another class of men who are terribly frightened lest the farmer will not sell his cotton in time to pay his merchant early enough for the merchant to meet his maturing obligations on time, and as a consequence they claim that any delay in selling on the part of the farmers will bankrupt all the merchants in the country. They forget that the farmer has for several years been accommodating the merchant by turning his cotton loose as soon as gathered, regardless of price, until now the stomach argument is compelling him to look after his own financial interests, and for once to be just before he is so generous. Be just to himself, his wife, and his children before being generous to the poor merchant. The merchant who is a friend to him will be glad to assist him to hold until such time as he can get the best price, and will not join in with his enemies and try to make him surrender to the jute man and the gambler in futures.

It would probably be best for the cotton-grower if he were irrevocably pledged to use cotton bagging and the mills made it so slowly that it would require till August, 1890, to make enough to cover the crops. But such is not the case. The mills have the capacity to make enough to cover the crop by February, and it is not likely that members of the order will market near all the crop by that time.

The National Cotton Committee will meet in Atlanta, Ga., on the 28th of August, and immediately thereafter the whole order will be apprised as to the avenues and methods by which the National committee will transmit instructions as to selling throughout the season to State agents, who, in turn, will communicate to county officers.

Brethren should get together in the subordinate organizations and compare notes, and such as have obligations that must be met before the cotton can be sold should be assisted by those who are able, so that each sub-Alliance or Wheel act as a unit to hold every bale of its cotton to the proper time. Merchants to whom indefinite obligations and crop mortgages will fall due should be notified early of the purposes of the order in the premises, so that they may prepare and assist in the effort.

The question of tare is beyond the reach of Liverpool and American cotton exchanges, and must be solved finally by justice. The mills want to buy cotton and not bagging and ties, and whenever they learn that the white bales contain ten pounds more cotton than the brown bales, they will certainly pay about one dollar per bale more for them, and when a buyer can always sell a white bale for about a dollar more than a brown bale he will soon be compelled to make that difference in his purchases. This is plain, because two halves each, weighing 500 pounds, if one be in jute and the other in cotton, will not contain the same amount of cotton. The cotton-wrapped bale will contain about ten pounds the most.

In conclusion, it is suggested that every member who has not placed his order for cotton bagging do so as soon as possible, and then make his arrangements to meet his obligations without selling his cotton, so that he may have plenty of time to wait, not only for the cotton bagging, but after that comes, to wait for instructions from the National Cotton Committee. Demand on every sale the eight pounds premium over the actual weight of the bale, unless the price is based on cotton as the stan-

dard and jute is docked eight pounds; in that case the premium could not be claimed, but when jute is the standard and the gross weight of a bale wrapped in cotton is 500 pounds, it should be settled for as 508 pounds. Stick to cotton bagging. There is plenty of time for it before the spinners come after your cotton.

C. W. MACUNE.

That Saloon.

Farm, Field and Stockman.] Keep away from that saloon, boys. It is a bad place for you. Some things you can see, others you can not. Beer, whiskey, cigars, candy and sometimes fruits and nuts are seen. These are seen where the windows are clear, and somebody cleans the handle of that big front door. There is another room where papers are provided for reading, and games played for checks, redeemable at the counter in the outer room. This may be all you will see if you go in there a few times; but by-and-by you will see a grinning, dull-eyed creature staring at you from the mirror on the wall. Perhaps he will make his appearance while you are waiting for more beer, and you will never think it is a reflection of yourself. There is poverty, disgrace and death sold over that counter, paid for often in money which should buy bread for starving ones.

Yet this is an elegant saloon, furnished in palatial style, brilliantly lighted and regaled with music. The evil spirit seems to have spent his greatest cunning in disguising the horrors of intemperance. Boys will go into such a saloon who would not think of going into a common drinking cellar. But thousands who have taken their first glass in such a saloon have ended in the lowest groggeries. Boys, do not do as they have done. Don't exchange your good thoughts, your bright hopes for intoxicating drink. Don't shorten half your life and make the other half contemptible. Live as God intended you should live. If you begin to drink, no matter how small the quantity or how weak the quality, you cannot tell where you will stop. I read in the paper the other day of a man serving a life-sentence in prison for the murder of a friend. He began to drink as a boy, so little at first he never thought of danger. When a young man, on one occasion he drank too much, and his brain was on fire; a word angered him, he struck a blow which made him a murderer. In paying for liquor he paid for his murderous disposition. It was one of the things not seen.

My dear boys, as you value your life and happiness, keep out of that saloon.

IN THE FIRST PLACE AND THE SECOND PLACE.—A man from Indiana called at police headquarters the other day to make inquiries about his wife, who had eloped and headed this way, and whom he believed to be in the city.

"She ran off with another man, did she?" queried one of the detectives.

"Yes, she did."

"Well, don't you think it foolish to run after her?"

"Foolish? How?"

"Why, she can't love you."

"Well, perhaps not."

"And she'll probably try it again at the first chance."

"Yes, she may."

"Then why do you follow her?"

"Wall, in the first place," slowly replied the man after due reflection, "she either went off with Hezekiah Smith, John Tobias, or Erwell Green, and I kinder want to know which one it was, and in the next place, I thought if I found 'em and blustered right up strong I might git damage money enough to pay my taxes and fix up for winter."

There is such a thing as too much ingenuity in finding excuses. A prisoner at the bar, who was charged with stealing a dozen apples from a poor woman's fruit stand, was cross-examined by the prose-cutting attorney:

"You admit that you took this fruit from the woman's stock without paying her?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do that for?"

"I didn't know how much the price wuz."

ODDS AND ENDS.

New York city has a debt of \$98,000,000.

A cat that will drink beer is one of the curiosities of Calamet, O.

The only cross-eyed cow is owned by George Williams, of Conley, O.

'Squire Yeager, of Snowshoe, Pa., is seventy-three, and all his hair is coal black.

There are thirty-five thousand more women than men in the city of Philadelphia.

In Para, Brazil, a license to sell liquor costs \$5; a license to keep a school costs \$10.

An Ohio man the other day counted up and found that he had been concerned in 139 lawsuits.

A mule, forty-five years old, does a little service for a Georgia physician, who has had him since 1840.

An egg, the shell of which shows all the colors of the rainbow, is the product of an Ellsworth, Me., hen.

A church deacon at Galesburg, Mich., claims to have a parrot which will lead a hymn at prayer meeting.

A live turtle was found waddling around among the mails in the post-office at Pottsville, Penn., the other day.

A young man named Leatherers, of Pittsford, Mich., died from the effects of drinking maple sap to excess.

John Cole, of Lapeer township, Mich., has a hen which makes a regular thing of laying 6x8 1/2 inch eggs.

An Atchinson man, says the Globe, recently married a widow because she took such good care of her first husband's grave.

T. H. Davis, of Clarkville, Mo., was three times married to the same woman, his own temper and two divorces making this possible.

During a recent storm a stone weighing eleven pounds dropped from the clouds into the yard of a farmer living near Essex, Ia.

In Burlington, Vt., workmen, while digging for a new sewer, found nine skeletons, supposed to be those of soldiers of the war of 1812.

A young woman at Rincol, Cal., has begun a suit for \$1,500 damages against a rancher for kisses that she says were forcibly inflicted upon her by the defendant.

Mr. Pulver, of North Vineland, N. J., has eaten an egg every day in the year for the last half century. The total consumption up to date amounts to 1,521 dozen.

It has been computed that the average growth of the finger nail is one-thirty second of an inch per week, or a little more than one and one-half inches per year.

The Russian army will soon be provided with breech-loading rifles which will carry a distance of 9,000 feet. Noiseless powder will also be used in future by the army.

The largest circulation on record is that attained by the volume, "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." Twenty million copies have been sold in the eighteen years of its existence.

A reporter for a Paris newspaper entered a den of hyenas to prove that it did not require any particular pluck. He was so bitten and torn that the surgeons doubt if he can recover.

One of the natural gas towns the local paper tells of some stirring experiences that followed its introduction. One cook gave her mistress prompt notice to leave, as she would never be willing to "cook God's meat with hell fire."

Under the new constitution of Japan a debtor is allowed three days' grace in which to settle a bill. Formerly he could be lugged off to prison one minute after the bill was due, and the creditor made it his business to be on hand.

An old church in Cahokia, Ill., that was built in 1684 of cedar logs, was torn down a few days ago to make way for a more modern building. There were only two churches in America—at St. Augustine and Santa Fe—that were older.

England gets most of its ice now from Norway, Scandinavian competition having almost entirely destroyed the business of shipping ice from Boston to England, which was once very profitable. Ice is sold in London from 58 to 81 cents per hundred weight.

One of the most valuable lots in the town of Huntington, Penn., will always remain unimproved. By the will of the party who formerly owned it the building which was then standing upon it was to be let rot away, and then a paling fence was to be put around it and no other building to be erected.