é Wilmington Messenger.

WILMINGTON, N. C., SUNDAY, MAY 30, 1897.

My Playmates

The wind comes whispering to me of the country green and cool, Of redwing blackbirds chattering beside a

reedy pool; It brings me soothing fancies of the homestead on the hill;

And I hear the thrush's evening song and the robin's morning trill; So I fall to thinking tenderly of those used to know

Where the sassafras and snakeroot and chickerberries grow.

What has become of Ezra Marsh, who lived on Baker's hill? And what's become of Noble Pratt, whose

father kept the mill? And what's become of Lizzie Crum and Anastasia Snell

And of Roxie Root, who 'tended school in Boston for a spell? They were the boys and they the girls who shared my youthful play; They do not answer to my call! My playmates, where are tney?

What has become of Levi and his little brother Joe, Who lived next door to where we lived some forty years ago? I'd like to see the Newton boys and

Quincy Adams Brown, And Hepsy, Hall and Ella Cowles, who spelled the whole school down! And Gracie Smith, the Cutler boys, Leander Snow and all

Who I am sure would answer could they only hear my call! I'd like to see Bill Warner and the Conkey boys again,

And talk about the time we used to that we were men! And one, I shall not name her, could I see her gentle face And hear her girlish treble in this dis-

tant, lonely place The flowers and hopes of springtime, they perished long ago, And the garden where they blossomed is white with winter snow.

O cottage 'neath the maples, have you seen those girls and boys-That but a little while ago made, O! such pleasant noise? O trees and hills and brooks and lanes and meadows, do you know Where I shall find my little friends of

forty years ago? You see I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far;

I am looking for my playmates, I wonder where they are! -Eugene Field.

A Designing Delucinea

Manuel Terreno sat in his office, overlooking the plaza, in an unamiable frame of mind. His cigarette burned slowly toward the inclosing fingers as he thought bitterly of the little sign on the door, "licenciado" following his name. he had come to San Marco six months before, hopeful and with a little money. His three remaining dollars rattled dully against each other, emphasizing his lack

of clients. The alcalde, influenced at first by a letter commending Manuel to his favorable notice had thrown some business in his way; an invitation to dinner had follow-Fortune seemed about to smile, when the inevitable woman put in an appearance. Julia, the alcalde's daughter, saw fit to approve of Manuel's personal appearance, and made up her mind, with that celerity and thoroughness which thirty years of maidenhood give, that only in him were united those qualities necessary to make her happy for life. It soon became apparent to him, and later to others, that he had but to say the word in order to obtain a wife whose full tale of years was carefully concealed by a deft use of powder and good judgment in placing the lights, but who possessed a revenue-producing hacienda in her own name. Again, what more delightfully easy way of building up a legal practice could be imagined than to become the son-in-law to the chief judge of the dis-

At this stage the matter might have been accommodated. Unfortunately, a second woman must needs indorse Julia's good taste in her approval of Manuel by falling in love with him openly and with violence. This in itself was not necessarily a complication. The palpable error in the affair was that Manuel reciprocated her passion, nor was he less open in acknowledging in words what she confessed in blushes. Now, Anita's father was administrator of Julia's hacienda. To prefer to the owner of the place the daughter of one whom she chose to consider a servant was certainly turning the knife in the wound. Hesitation was no part of Julia's character, so she promptly rode out and interviewed with terrifying force trembling Anita, but gained only an avowel of constancy to the doubly blessed

Returning, she found Manuel just closing a consultation with the alcalde, and at sight of him her calmness was not restored. The father's confidence in his daughter's discretion had never been jarred in their thirty years of companionship, hence he felt safe in leaving the two together in response to a nod from her. Manuel never had a clear rememberance, | walking a trifle unsteadilly. but he walked down the street in a confused sort of mind, one idea overshadowing the rest, that of gratitude at having escaped with his life.

when he was handed a letter from the Argonaut. alcalde which asked him to come to the palacio at his earliest convenience. A dozen ideas filled his mind as he presented himself to the judge and said he had found it convenient to answer his honor's summons at once. The judge smiled benignantly and wound up a series of neat compliments by handing over to him the defence of a woman who had poisoned her lover and whose trial was set for the next day. Then the truth dawned on him that he had been commissioned to defend a case which admitted of no defence solely to make his present unpleasant position less bearable. His curiosity had taken him to the preliminary examination, and he saw no point upon which to hang even extenuation of the crime. He interviewed the woman in the jail, but could get no help from her. She was not guilty, though she could offer nothing in support of the fact. She loved her husband; he was her husband though no priest had joined them; then why should she wish him harm? She had nothing more to live for, and would glad-

ly join her husband. The trial next day was a torture to Manuel. He tried to get the woman to How fairy-like a monody there swells plead guilty, but she refused. The public prosecutor brought out the stories of the several witnesses concisely, and she was sentenced to suffer the death penalty. She had purchased a packet of strychanine from the druggist, who had put it up in a red paper tied with a blue string. Only a small part of the amount sold by the druggist had been used. The remainder had disappeared. The woman made no denial of any part of the story, and heard her sentnce with inattentive ears. The only clew to fight on that Manuel could grasp was one thin wisp of fact that the package containing the poison could not be found. He set to work on this, and on the eve of the day of execution he not only learned that the woman's little son had stolen the bright-colored package, but found the package itself where the child, under the impression that it contained sugar, had carefully tucked it away in the kitchen between two adobes. the paper slightly torn and a part of the

powder gone, It still lacked a couple of hours of daylight, giving ample time to call on the judge and set a postponement of the execution. With such evidence, he was sure no difficulty would be encountered. Walking rapidly, his spirits rose as he fancied himself telling the story in court and,

with true dramatic instinct, bringing foryard the youthful criminal at the proper

Arriving at the alcalde's house, he was about to raise the heavy knocker, when he heard a well-remembered voice: "Eres tu, Don Manuel?"

Drawing back a step, he saw the calm features of Julia in an adjoining window. "Yes, it is I. I want to see your father at once.' "At once? Is the matter, then, so pressing? It must be, indeed, for you to be out ous than slashed cheeks or torn scalps. at this hour of the morning.'

"It is a matter of life or death. Sen for your father at once." "You are impertinent. I'm not a criada to be ordered about. You can't see my father at this hour.' "Call him at once, or I will arouse the

"Really, you are too violent. Besides, the servants have gone to a baile, and noise would be useless. Let us talk of something else. How is the fair Anita?" 'Dofia Julia-Julia-please call your fath-

er. It concerns a woman who—''
"Not the demure Anita, I hope. Surely she can have done nothing to bring her to grief yet. Controlling himself with an effort, he begins again: "Julia, dear Julia, listen to me. An innocent woman is to be shot at daybreak, but your father can prevent

it. She is innocent.' "Ah, yes! I remember. The one you defended. My father said your work in the case was remarkable. She poisoned her-husband, was it? No doubt he deserved it. Many do. "Manuel," changing her tone, "I treated you badly that day, and said much I was sorry for. I was angry, but meant nothing by it."

"I understand-of course you didn't, Julia. I'm sorry, too-and Julia, por el amor de Dios, I must see your father. I always did think a great deal of you, and all that sort of thing," he concluded. weakly.

"Very well, I'll let you in, since the porters has gone with the rest." A moment after the small door of the zaguan swung open and Manuel passed through and into the parlor. Julia followed and took her place at the open

"Sit down, Manuel, we can talk more easily now. My father will doubtless return soon. He went to the Casa Moran early in the evening." "Then I must follow him there. Why.

in heaven's name, did you not tell me at once?" He rushed from the room, bu almost immediately returned. "Where is the key? The door is locked." Holding her hand through the rejas which barred the window, she said, 'Here it is.'

"Give it to me at once," striding toward "Another step, Manuel, and I drop into the street. "What is the meaning of this farce.

Dofia Juulia? This is no time for jesting. Give me the key and let me go. A woman's life hangs in the balance, and you are content to trifle at such a time!" "I am serious, Manuelito. What I mean is this: Either you promise to marry me within a month, or I drop the key into the street and scream. The sereno is standing at the corner, well within sound of my voice, and he would interpret the matter in but one way. My father is not one to allow his daughter's name to suffer. You would be obliged to marry me then, and it's better to avoid the appearance of scandal. I have made up my mind to marry you, and you must confess to certain advantages in the union, looking at it from your point of view." He suppressed as much as possible his disgust and said: "Your idea is to force me to marry you, when you know I'm betrothed to another, a-

'Better woman, you were about to say?" "Yes, better! Rather than marry you now, I'd-

"Shall I drop the key?" "Julia, be reasonable. Why should you wish to marry a man who, in spite of your many charms, does not love you?" "A very neat compliment, Manuel. Why, Because, strange as it may seem, I love you, and will not-do you understand?will not see you married to another. See, the east is brightening a bit, and you must be quickly if you hope to carry out your idea of rescuing your innocent

client. Confused ideas ran through his mind. It he could have approached near enough to throttle the woman, he would have done so. His client was even now about to be taken from her cell. Anita would be left desolate without a word, for his lips would be sealed as to this night's work. "Well?"

"I promise. Give me the key." She made no movement. Suddenly, raising her head, she said: "The ring you wear will make a pretty seal of our betrothal.

Drawing it from his finger, he flung it at her feet. "Now, the key," he said. "Here it is, dear. Come this afternoon He was out of the room and in the

street before she finished. He broke into a swift run, startling the serenos as he passed, for one does not run in Mexico. The rapidly brightening sky frightened him. Within a block of the Casa Moran Of what passed in the brief ten minutes he met the judge, with two companions, "Senor Alcalde," he panted. He leaned against the wall to catch his breath. "Senor," he began again.

As he did so, the sun burst into view To leave San Marco and, worse yet, over the eastern hills, and the muffled Anita, was evidently the proper step. | sound of musketry came dully from the He resolved to begin packing at once, arroyo below .- Edwin Hall Warner, in the

How "The Bells" Was Written

John Sartain, well known as the first great American engraver, and moreover, as a man of letters, the half-owner and managing editor, in the forties, of "Sar-tain's Magazine," the friend of all the great literary men of his time, still lives quietly in Philadelphia. Mr. Sartain was a firm friend of Poe. In his wild moods, frequently, it was Mr. Sartain only who could control the outburst. Mr. Sartain used to buy Poe's hasty lines and thus furnish the poet with a dinner-sometimes sadly needed. It was in this way that he bought "The Beils." One day Poe, very ragged, rushed into the office of the magazine, with a bit of verse, that he wished to sell. Out of compassion for his apparent suffering, the sditor bought the poem. After the writer had rushed out, he read it, without much admiration, and filed it away. This is the poem:

The bells, hear the bells The merry wedding bells, The little silver bells, From the silver-tinkling cells of the bells The bells, ah, the bells! The heavy iron bells, Hear the tolling of the bells; Hear the knells; How horrible a monody there floats From their throats! From their deep-toned throats: How I shudder at the notes From the melancholy throats

Of the bells, of the bells! Presently Poe, very wroth, asked why the poem had not been published. Being informed, he wrote a second, more elaborate version, and when that too had been refused he wrote a third. This was the form in which the poem at last appeared. -Boston Commonwealth.

Take JOHNSON'S

CHILL & FEVER

DUELS IN GERMANY

Four Thousand Fought Every Year-More

Than Elsewhere More duels are fought in Germany than in any other country. Most of them, however, are student duels, which culminate in nothing more seri-Of all German university towns little Jena and Goettingen are most devoted to the code. In Goettingen the number of duels averages one a day, year in and year out. On one day several years ago twelve duels were fought in Goettingen in twenty-four hours. In Jena the record for one day in recent times is twenty-one. Fully 4,000 stu-"Ay, Jesus!" he mutters to himself. dent duels are fought every year in the German Empire. Ir adition to these there are the more serious duels between officers and civilians. Among Germans of mature years the annual

number of duels is about one hundred. Next to Germany, France is most given to the duelling habit. She has every year uncounted meetings,"merely to satisfy honor;" that is, merely to give two men the opportunity to wipe out insults by crossing swords or firing pistols in such a way as to preclude the slightest chance of injury. In the duel statistics these meetings are not reckoned, as they are far less perilous than even the German student duels Of the serious duels, France can boast fully 1,000 from New Year's to New Year's. The majority of these are among army officers. More than half of these result in wounds; nearly 20 per cent. in serious wounds.

Italy has had 2,759 duels in the last ten years, and has lost fifty citizens by death on the field of honor. Some 2,400 of these meetings were consummated with sabers, 179 with pistols, 90 with rapiers, and one with revolvers. In 974 cases the result was given in newspaper articles, or in public letters regarding literary articles. More than mouth. Political discussions led to 559, religious discussions to 29. Women were the cause of 189. Quarrels at the gambling table were responsible for 189.

A summary shows that, as regards numbers, the sequence of dueling countries is: Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Russia. As reg:ards deadliness of duels Italy come first. Then come Germany, France, Russia, and Austria, in the order named. For the most serious duels the pistol is the favorite weapon in all five countries.

Orators and Entertainers (Atlanta Journal.)

So materialistic has the age grown that in certain quarters the impression seems to prevail that orators can be turned out

Somehow the queer idea has developed that the old fogy system, as some are pleased to call it, of making orators in the south is wrong, and we are told that it ought to be changed, that this section is fearfully far behind the north, east and even the west in the manufacture of

It is claimed that the only hope of the south in the matter of oratory is to adopt the methods of what is called the Boston school of oratory. It is supposed that this is actually a place where people are taught to be orators-a sort of orator factory, where raw recruits in the ranks of eloquence are by some hocus pocus, in due time, for phenomenal fees, meta-

morphosed into veteran orators. This idea that a young man or woman can be taught oratory in a school like mathematics is misleading. It is questionable if any real orator who ever lived could tell precisely how he produced his effects. Certain it is, that schooling will

make no man an orator. Even Daniel Webster, who used to be in Boston, said that eloquence must exist in the subject, the occasion and the man. Labor and learning he said might toil for it, but they would toil in vain. The chances are that Webster knew what he was talking about. He had had much experience as a public speaker, but none as an entertainer.

And, by the way, it is not recorded that Webster ever attended the Boston school of oratory. It is certain that Henry Clay did not, and yet he was an orator. We do not believe that orators are even made by a system-old fogy or other-But if we are mistaken about this it is hard to see how the southern system, if you please, under which orators were produced, could be improved by

an oratory factory in this section. The south has done well. There are Henry Clay and Patrick Henry and Sargent S. Prentiss and William L. Yancey Robert Toombs and Benjamin H. Hil and Alexander H. Stephens and Howell Cobb and Herschel V. Johnson and Bishop John Pierce and John C. Calhoun and Andrew Johnson and Mirabeau Lamar and a host of others, all orators, who speak for themselves.

schools of oratory. They grew up under the old regime, i you please to call it so. Now, where i the northern, eastern and western list of orators, who have been turned out by the orator factories and have made such an impression in their time as the men

God created these men orators-not

No: schools of elocutions or schools of oratory teach the tricks of speech, the technique, but they cannot fuse the soul of eloquence into the student. But they can teach him how to be an entertainer. a platform speaker for prices of admis-

An orator is a man who moves men on some great public issue. An orator moves the masses often changing them. The best illustration in all literature of the power of oratory and eloquence is in Shakespeare's tragedy of Julius Caesar, where Brutus and Mark Antony are speaking to the populace. Shakespeare probably wrote it to show what true oratory is. It is one thing to catch the tricks of

affected speech in the schools and make money out of them on the platform.

A Northern Colony in North Carolina Although many of our readers have read

about the great colony of people from the

north which has recently settled in Georgia, it is quite probable they know nothing of an interesting colony of northern people which has settled in our state-at Chadbourn, Columbus county. On a recent trip we became acquainted with two representatives of this colony, young men with abundant thrift and aggressiveness in them and a fine measure of tact. Instead of going to more widely advertised fields, they went where land was cheap and instead of making the usual North Carolina crops, they have diversified them and added the more attractive and at present more promising occupation of fruit growing and trucking. Two weeks ago they were in the midst of the strawberry season, and being ahead of other sections, they had a ready market. The colony is unquestionably making money this year. We were told that their fields the cement to the broken edges with a were models of culture, and they them-selves are models of industry, economy brush and then fasten the two parts

Reminicences of |Earle

The life of man is woven of mingled shade and light. Much shadow clouds the brightness; excess of light banishes the shadow. When a career like Senator Earle's has closed and we read the stainless roll of his achievements, conviction seizes brain and heart that his public life redounded to the honor of the land. as his private life had ever illustrated the shining virtues of the Christian gentlemen. In a time of evil men, of foul speaking, of wickedness rampant and blatant, of a social upheavel, he "saved his erown of spiritual manhood" and followed not "a multitude to do evil." His course foreshadowed a brilliant career in the halls of national counsel-brilliant and yet founded on the rock of unremitting labor. "Over there in the undimmed light at last you love and know" who fought the fight and died like a Roman sentinel at his post.

Sixteen years ago one dark night a boy lay on a cot in a little canvass tent at Buck Forest, North Carolina. The tent faced east where lights twinkled in the windows of the hotel. As the boy lay half dozing a tall form filled the doorway, and in the half-light became visible the form and features of a splendid man. heaven, what eyes! The voice stamped the impression. It was my first sight of Joseph Earle. Nothing has ever dimmed that recollection. It was an era in my life. Colonel Earle became a paladin. I fancied the ringing voice calling mail-clad knights to battle-himself the knightliest figure in the throng. That boyish enthusiasm helped to a better understanding of the man. There was really no office nor station that he would not have graced and dignified.

There was in the man a force de reserve that signified uncommon mental strength. South Carolina was seething like a hot caldron in 1890. Everything ran like a millrace for reform. Tillman was the idol of the masses. Against all that Earle lifted up his voice. He fought the hydra of revolution at the mouth of its lair. He failed, of course, as any man must have failed; but he won more genuine respect from reformers themselves-from the best of them-than Tillman could inspire in the plentitude of his power. The effect of his superb fight was his election as judge, followed later takes years of study to produce any rehis election in the democratic pr 700 principals were insulted by word of maries to the United Staes senate. He conducted that campaign on the highest plane. The unbiased judgment of newspaper men at the time was that it was the only campaign of education they had ever witnessed in the state. Men heard with attention and went away instructed upon the great issues that engaged the attention of the country. Had he done no more than to pitch the standard of public debate on that lofty height, h would deserve an apotheosis.

> I met Senator Earle in the campaign of 1892. He was returning to Columbia from a business trip. In response to a question he gave his judgment to the effect that the opposition would fail and that Tillmanism would wane slowly if upright men were put forward and elected to office. Otherwise, it would quickly pass and South Carolina be the better for its

> After the election to the senate he wrote me from Beaufort, in answer to a congratulatory note, saying that he would strive to fulfill the expectations of his friends, but that the issue was in God's hands. Prophetic thought! Potent utterance! "Dis alitur visum," and now he lies asleep, sentinelled by the blue mountains in the "Pearl of the Pied-

Thousands will render tribute to his worth, and will pay fitting respect to his memory. I joined the throng to lay this one flower on his bier and now say farewell. James Henry Rice, Jr.

Wife of Nansen

Of Dr. Nansen's wife not much information has found its way into print, She seems to have a very imperfectly developed taste for publicity, but what is known of her is interesting and indicates that she s an uncommon woman, both in talent and character. It is recorded by Dr. Nansen's biographers, Brogger and Rolfsen, that his first meeting with his future wife was in the woods about Frogner Seator, where one day observing the soles of two feet sticking out of the snow, he approached them with natural curiosity, in time to see Eve Sars emerge from snow-bank. Dr. Nansen was married in 1889 after his return from his successful expedition across Greenland. When he started in the Fram, in 1893, his wife, left at home at Lysaker, near Christiana, with one child, turned for occupation to the development and use of her gifts as a singer, and with notable success. King Oscar of Sweeden is one of her

dmirers, and especially likes her singing, which he has often heard, and since she has been in England the compliment has been paid her of asking to sing before the Queen. She is a stanch backer of her adventurous husband, whose departure on his perilous errand cost her anxieties and misgivings as to which she said little at the time. Since her husband's return she has sometimes spoken in conversation of her fears, and has said that careful comparison of Dr. Nansen's diary with her record of remembrance of her own sensations bears her out in the belief that the times when she was the most concerned about him were the seasons of his greatest peril. That implies a telegraphic communication born of intense sympathy and solicitude, the possibility of which science seems no longer to deny.

How to Tell Fresh Fish

Nothing is more difficult in marketing than to tell whether a fish has been death and then treated so as to appear properly slaughtered. The only absolutely and have which, if observed, will result in the purchaser getting fish of good quality.

Fish purchased killed must not smell any different from the ordinary fish odor: they must have their natural color, and should never be covered with slime. When the meat is slimy and fatty it proves that the fish is not fresh. Fish, the meat of which looks bleached, with spots on the skin, sunken eyes and discolored mouth and gills, should not be bought under any consideration. Fresh water fish must be of brilliant color, the scales must adhere closely to the body, the eyes must be clear, the gills rosy. Slimy fish, with the scales loose and projecting from the body, or with traces of mould at the joints of the scales, are spoiled and very unwholesome. Dead eels are easily told by the odor from the mouth, which is offensive, and spoiled salmon can also be recognized by the color of the meat, which turns yellow and even brown when too far gone. Salmon in this condition is

very dangerous to life. Sea fish will keep longer and better on ice than fresh water fish, but care as to their appearance should also be exercised. Codfish, for instance, should be of a spotless white color, without stains of mould on the skin, and not too soft. Particular attention must also be given to preserved and canned fish, and if only slightly discolored, it is the best policy not to eat it.—Philadelphia Record.

When desirous of mending a piece of broken glass or china a cement may be made by dissolving half an ounce of gum acacia in one gill of boiling water and stirring in plaster of Paris until the mixture is the consistency of a paste. Apply

AMERICAN ART

Its Growth Has Been Slow, Sure and Steady

(New York Tribune.) It appears that the typical American with all his singularity, his Gradgrind fashion of demonstrating facts and his practical, hard, keen, every-day, business view of life, has a soft spot for art. That there has been a slow but sure growth in apparent. It may be that the effect of riches and consequent culture has somewhat helped this development, but probably not to any great extent.

The real growth has come from the people. The students in our art schools come from all over the rural parts of the United States-the children of farmers who make sacrifices to send them to the cities where they may receive instruction. American art is the strongest exponent of a dawning sense of the beautiful and true, which is gradually resulting in a national school -individual, forceful, realistic-showing the impression of the French school with which it is particularly in sympathy, but as distinctly indigenous as the literature of our day, which no one can deny has its own peculiar individuality.

It is only for the last twenty-five years that there has been any instruction in this country that could rank with that of

Twenty years ago even a young artist would begin composition before he had mastered the rudiments. That he should now voluntarily devote himself to long years of study before venturing to paint shows that an advance has been made in true artistic feeling. Herkomer asserts that he desires his pupils to be first thorough "craftsmen" and then "creative artists." Another celebrated artist has put "The painter must come first, the thinker afterward;" in other words, the technical part must be mastered before the picturesque is attempted. It seems a truism to say that "art is long," but it is nevertheless one of the most difficult truths to realize. People who give their children opportunities to study painting expect that they will be able to paint "pictures" in ashort time whereas in music they recognize the fact that it

newly awakened enthusiasm for art, and to prophesy great results from the great number of pupils who are devoting their lives to its study, the problem cannot help suggesting itself. It is hardly probable that one in a hundred of these young people will develop genius. What is then to become of the ninety and nine? Would it not have been better if some of those young women had stayed on their father's farms and attended to the poultry and butter making?

Why They Fail

Now and then you will hear a merchant complain that advertisting does not pay, and the solicitor who calls on him for business gets a curt refusal. "I put so many lines in your paper three times last week and I can't trace a single sale that pays me for my investment. So I have quit." Thus the argument runs if you can dignify it by that name.

It seldom occurs to the dissatisfied advertiser that the fault is in himself. He has delayed writing his advertisement until the last minute. Then in a furious hurry, he dashes off a string of incredible adjectives and some prices. He does not devote to this vi-I hear a rumple and a roar, like wrecks tion he would give to examining into the qualifications of a new office boy. The advertisement brings him no perceptible returns. Half a dozen of the mechant's neighbors have the same varied and uninteresting style of advertisement in the same paper. They all

grumble and vote advertising to be little better than a humbug. It may be well to remind these gentlemen that their advertising would be more profitable if they would be content to say less in any one advertisement, and to say it better. Do not give the bargain-hunting shopper more than he can digest. This is the principle followed out in the great department stores, which never dream of advertising more than a small portion of

their stock at any one time, A deep and varied knowledge of human nature is the first requisite in advertising. To attract and hold the attention; persuade, to convince -these are the psycological problems to be grappled with. A merchant who does not give his advertising the closest and hardest study has no good reason to complain of failure.-National Advertiser.

A Clincher

A clever young teacher of a class of children, between the ages of ten and fourteen, varied the monotony of their studies by little talks on the best books and their authors. Then, to finish the work of the term, and find what the children had really "marked, learned and inwardly digested" of her subject matter, she planned for a certain day a discussion by the class of whom they considered the greater properly killed. It should be killed as author. Scott or Dickens. The chilsoon as taken from the water, but too dren at first were a little backward in frequently it is allowed to gasp itself to expresing their views, but gradually greatness grew to colossal proportions, owing to the quick-wittedness killed before one's eyes. This certain rule and appreciation of a small admirer with a ready tongue, and consequently the stenchness of Scott's adherents began to waver, till, in a burst of contagious enthusiasm, one small maid sprang to the rescue. "But, Miss Anthony, Dickens can't be, for, don't you know, men 'always say, 'Gret Scott!' and never 'Great Dickens!' "-Harper's Drawer.

Sultan Fooled the Banker

A capital anecdote is told of the late Sultan of Turkey, says the Weekly Telegraph. He was very fond of gossip, and sent for the banker, Abraham Beg, to learn the small talk of Pera and Stamboul. As Abraham was being conducted to the sultan's residence by the master of the horse, that functionary begged him should the sultan question him on the subject, to say that the funds were at thirty, his majesty having been so in-formed by his ministers. Poor Abraham consented. He had not been long with Abdul Aziz

when he was questioned as to the funds, and replied as he had promised. To the horror of the banker, the sultan express ed himself as delighted, and handed Abraham a large bundle of bonds to sell for Abraham sold at twelve, and paid Abdul Aziz thirty. The sultan had originated that little "joke.

For removing the stains of fruit from table linen oxalic acid, javelie water, boiling water, and milk are all recommended, together with many other liquids. Our grandmothers removed all such stains at this season, "laying the linen northern and western states to the south upon the grass when the fruit trees are during the past few years.—Risley's

Man Put in Soak to Save His Life

The surgeons of Bellevue hospital, in-New York, are watching with great in-terest the results of a treatment now being tried upon Louis Mecke He is being treated for autrophy by what might be called, not improperly, external irrigation. For two and a half days the man lies in a tub containing four

much improved, says the New York Jour-nal, that Dr. Dow, who is making this novel experiment is greatly encouraged. Never before, so far as the physicians of Bellevue hospital are aware, has any this direction for the last twenty years is such treatment been attempted. Mecke is fifty-eight years old and has always led a sober and industrious life. He lived until the first of this month at No. 136 Allen street. A few months before that he was taken ill, and it was the opinion of the physician who attended him that he was suffering from gangrene.

feet of water, and his condition has so

As he rapidly grew worse it was decided to take him to Gouverneur hospi-After he had been in there two weeks and showing no signs of improvement, it was determined to remove him to Bellevue hospital for more careful observation and treatment. He reached that institution on May 7 and was consigned to Ward 26, in charge of Dr. Dow. There was seen that atrophy was set-

ting in. The entire medical force of the hospital gave the case their attention, while several eminent physicians were called in to view the case. Despite the application of all known remedies and the retrial of all former experiments, the atrophy did not abate, and to make matters worse, the man seemed to suffer from a

nervous disease. Dr. Dow finally decided in his own mind that an uninterrupted submersion of the wasting unnourished body in water might bring about beneficial results, if not an absolute cure. He consulted the other physicians of the hospital, and while they did not all agree with him, yet they decided that the man would die unless something was done.

One of the largest bathtubs in the institution was prepared for the patient. It is an especially deep tub, and it was lined with rubber cushions. Into it was turned four feet of water heated to 96 degrees. When, on Thursday morning, Mecke was taken to the bath he was very weak, his wounds were excessively painful and he had a high fever. He was placed in the tub and the heated water was kept constantly running. At noon of that day the temperature was increased to 99 degrees, and at night it was reduced to 94

On the first day he was fed on milk and crackers, and from that time up to the present that diet has not been changed, nor has the temperature of the water. Up to last midnight he had been in the water exactly sixty-two hours and his improvement had been most marked. The fever had subsided to a considerable extent and his wounds gave him less pain. He sleeps in his liquid bed much more soundly than at any time since he was taken ill, and seems to relish his food an drink more. Until the submersion was adopted he scarcely ate at all Mecke is attended by Nurses meridan and Yule, and last evening was able to talk to them with a cheerfulness that

The medical board of the hospital will probably meet today to discuss the case. and if it should prove successful the new treatment will be named in honor of Dr. Dow. The indications are that Mecke will recover. How long he will be kept in the bath Dr. Dow and his advisors have not decided.

was previously quite foreign to his na-

The Power of Prayer

Last summer I was in Norway, and one of the party was a lady who was two delicate to attempt great mountain excursions, but found an infinite compensation in rowing along the fringed shores of the fjord, says Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton, in the London Sunday Magazine. One day we had followed a narrow fjord, landed, and pushed our way through the brush of birch and alder, making a devious track which it was .. ard or impossible to retrace. Suddenly my companion found that her golosh was gone. To be without it meant an end to all the delightful rambles. With the utmost diligence, therefore, we searched the brake, retraced our steps, recalled each precipitous descent of heather-covered rock, and every sapling of silver birch by which we had steadied our steps. But neither the owner's eyes, which are keen as neebles, nor mine, which are not, could discover any sign of the missing shoe. With woeful countenance we had to give it up and start on our three-mile row along the fjord to

the hotel. In the afternoon the idea came to me, 'And why not ask our gracious Father for guidance in this trifle as well as for all the weightier things which we are constantly committing to his care? If the hairs of our head are all iumbered, why not also the shoes of our feet? I there fore asked Him that we might recover this lost golosh. And then I proposed that we should row back to the place. When we reached the end of the fjord and had lashed the boat to the shore. I sprang on the rocks and went, I know not how and why, to one spot, not far from the water, a spot which I should have said we had searched again and again in the morning, and there lay the shoe before my eyes, obvious, as if it had fallen

I think I hear the cold laugh of prayeress men. "And that is the kind of thing on which you rest your belief in prayer; a happy accident. Well, if you are superstitious enough to attach any importance to that, you would swallow anything.' And with a smile, not, I trust, scornful, or impatient, but full of quiet joy, I would reply: "Yes, if you will, that is the kind of thing; a trifle rising to the surface from the depths of a Father's love and compassion.

Why Settle in the South?

The question is frequently asked, 'Why do men, who are seemingly settled in comfort in the north, become dissatisfied and wish to make a new home in the south?" Probably the correct answer to this question is that the experience of the past few years has demontrated to the northern farmers that very little beyond a mere existence can be earned upon the farms of the extreme north, and that even this result is reached through trials and privations. The very cold weather, the recurrence of blizzards, the repeated failure of crops, have all tended to render the northern farmer a very much discouraged individual.

In the south he can buy land very much cheaper, he is almost entirely un-troubled by blizzards or cold weather, he can live in a house that costs scarcely one-quarter of the amount required in the north, and find a great deal more comfort and a great deal less of anxiety and worriment.

The schools and churches of the south have been so much improved in the past few years that they afford equal advantages with those of the north. The hospitable people of the south welcome the northerner with open arms; the railroads have been extended so that equally good transportation facilities can be had to the markets of the country as from the west: the land is earlier and it has become a demonstrated fact that the farmer of the northeast and northwest, who just manage to live and scrape along from year to year, can sell his farm, pull up stakes and go south, and with the same amount of work and much less money invested can, in a few years, earn a competency for himself and family. These are the principal reasons that have obtained, with several hundred thousand people, who have migrated from the

Journal.