

THE MONROE JOURNAL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

MR. FAIRLEY POINTS THE WAY.

Wants to Do Something Now That Will Be Permanent and Worth While, and Shows How It Can Be Done.

To the Citizens of Monroe Township and to the good people of Monroe in particular:

We all know the conditions of the streets at the present time. They are almost impassable. We think that this township especially has gotten to a point financially that it can remedy this condition if all will pull together.

My plan is for Monroe township to issue \$50,000.00 or \$100,000.00 fifty or thirty year bonds, which will enable us to put the streets and main roads of the township in a condition that people can travel.

We are now paying about \$7,000 a year road tax. While the roads in dry weather are all right, there has been no permanent work done. And it cannot be done without more money than we are getting now. Our taxes are as high as we think we can stand.

If we issue a hundred thousand bonds, the interest at six per cent. would only be \$6,000, which would leave us \$1,000 to be placed to a sinking fund, and our taxes would not be any more than they are now. The interest on this sinking fund would keep the roads repaired, and with the \$100,000 we would have all the roads in Monroe township and the main streets in the town macadamized in from three to five years. By that means the present generation that has been bearing the brunt of all the improvements that have been going on in the township and county may live to see or enjoy some of the benefits of these good roads and streets.

Otherwise if we go on in the way we have been doing, we will all travel the road from which no traveler returns without having seen or enjoyed the benefits that come from having good roads and streets.

I know that a great many of you will say that we don't want to leave a debt for our children to pay. In reply to that I will say that it is much better to leave our children these permanent improvements that they cannot waste or throw away than to leave them money that nine times out of ten will make worse citizens out of them than they would be without it.

While money is a very desirable and necessary thing, it isn't that which makes character and the best people we have. If we leave them these good roads and permanent improvements it will make them take pride in their county and State and have a tendency to keep them here with us to build up our own county and town, instead of emigrating to other sections where they have these advantages.

Look what Mecklenburg has done with her bonds and good roads. Look what the infant county of Lee and what she is doing. Only three or four years old, yet voted the other day \$100,000.00 bonds for good roads. She is not only doing this but is keeping up with all the improvements that are going on all over the enterprising counties of the State.

Take for instance my old county, Richmond, now part of it Scotland. They started out voting bonds for two townships about three years ago for good roads. Now every township in the county of Scotland has voted bonds to improve the roads, and they are having now as good roads as any county in the State. And it is not so much a necessity for spending money on the roads in that county as it is in ours.

So let us at once have the commissioners to call an election for this township for \$50,000 or \$100,000 bonds, at their next meeting. No doubt some of you will say that this is taking money out of the country, but instead of doing that it is bringing money into it, as the bonds will be sold in some other section of the country and the cash will come here to be spent among our people. It is true that it will have to be paid back, but it will be degrees and we will never miss it.

In conclusion will say let us be up and doing something, and not leave our footprints in the mud of time, but leave them upon the everlasting rock.

Yours truly,
J. M. FAIRLEY.

Morse Pardoned.
President Taft has commuted to expire immediately the 15-year sentence for violating the national banking laws under which Chas. W. Morse, the New York banker and "Ice King," served two years in the Federal prison at Atlanta, Ga. The commutation of sentence, which gives Morse his complete freedom—but which, unlike a pardon, does not restore his civil rights—was granted upon recommendation by Attorney General Wickersham and Surgeon General Torney. According to the surgeon general's report to the President on his condition, Morse could not live one month longer in confinement and even at liberty probably would not live six months.

Ande De Gurrowski, a Russian who has lived for 27 years in this country, and who is the owner of considerable property near Lynchburg, Va., has been ordered by Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel to be deported from New York, where he is being held. A recent trip abroad lost Gurrowski his American residence. While in Geneva Switzerland, he was convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude.

From the Wanderers.

In sending in their renewals for The Journal, the people who have gone out from the old home county, seldom fail to put in their letters a word or two of appreciation of the paper. "We are always glad to get the paper," writes one, while another will say, "We could not do without The Journal, it is a weekly letter from home," and many are kind enough to say, "It is the best paper we get." We appreciate very deeply all these kind expressions, and it is always a pleasure for us to hear good news of "our folks" who have gone away, especially of the young people that the county sends out in such large numbers to serve and succeed in other sections.

One letter came in the mails a few days ago from a gentleman from an old Union county man unable to write for himself. It read, "Mr. J. D. Gordon gave me the money to send to renew his subscription. . . . Mr. Gordon also asked me to say to you that he highly appreciates his old home paper, which he has taken for the sixteen years he has been in Texas. He remembers you kindly and asked me to express his best wishes. The old gentleman was stricken with paralysis about three years ago and is almost helpless." Mr. Gordon's old friends in this section will be pained to learn of his condition. The paper joins them in hoping that he may get much better, and enjoy many more years of life.

Father Wants to Know Something of His Boy.
Three months ago David Tarleton, son of Mr. W. H. Tarleton of Vance township, got his uncle to haul two bales of cotton to Charlotte for him. It was cotton that he had made himself and he sold it and got the money.

His father has not since seen or heard of him. On Jan. 5th, his mother died, and so far as is known, the boy does not know this fact. His father is anxious for him to know that his mother is no more, and also very anxious to know some thing of his whereabouts. If this comes under his eye, or those of any one who knows anything about him, the father would be glad to hear something. David is nineteen years old, and his father says he is a good boy and never gave him any trouble. Mr. Tarleton does not want him to come back home unless he wishes to, but merely to communicate with him.

A Wanderer at Home.
Mr. James Robert Blythe is in Waxhaw for a two or three weeks' visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Blythe. His home is in Fort Smith, Ark., and when he left the first of the week he said the thermometer was below zero, ice was everywhere, and along the homeward trip he encountered late trains.

This is Mr. Blythe's first visit to Waxhaw since he left for the West six years ago, and he finds many changes here. The town has grown and many familiar faces are to be seen no more and girls who were then 10 or 11 years old are now beautiful young ladies. Mr. Blythe noted the felling of the timber and the cultivating of many tracks of land on the farms, and the growth of the town.

Mr. Blythe is a contractor and is pleased with the thrift of the West. He has two brothers with him in his far-off home, but owing to sickness they had to postpone their visit until summer.—Waxhaw correspondent Charlotte Observer.

Parcels Post for Rural Mail Routes.
Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Degraw urges the establishment of parcels post delivery on rural mail routes. The recommendation is based on the fact that the expenditures for rural service is increasing much more rapidly than the receipts; and the parcels post will provide much additional revenue. During the past year the rural mail receipts were \$7,570,000, while the expenditures were \$37,130,000. For the present year there has been appropriated \$42,790,000, while it is not expected there will be any appreciable increase in receipts. This loss will become greater each year, says Mr. Degraw, unless a parcel post is established to help.

There are at present more than 1,000,000 miles of rural mail routes and the average miles traveled per day for each carrier is 24.19 miles. During the past year 577 routes were added, making the present total 41,856.

Canada's Governor in New York.
Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 21.—Canada's Governor General, the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by the Princess Patricia, left this afternoon for New York, to be the guests for four days of Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador to Great Britain, and Mrs. Reid. The dual party left on the car Cornwall and York and were attended by Lieutenant Colonel Lowther, military secretary; Captain Rivers-Bulkeley, aide de camp, comptroller of the household; Miss Pelley, lady in waiting, and several servants.

The visit to be strictly informal and there will be no official recognition of it on the part of American authorities. It is the outcome of a promise made by the Duke to Ambassador Reid some time ago and of which Mr. Reid recently reminded the Governor General.

The dual party is expected to return to Ottawa Friday next.

Butter 48 cents a Pound in Baltimore.
Baltimore Sun.
The best butter here in Baltimore is now 48 cents the pound, and the protesting voice of the thrifty housewife is heard.

The price of butter has been soaring steadily of late. A few days ago it reached 45 cents, today it took another jump, this time to the aforesaid 48. And, according to several prominent dealers throughout the city, it may reach the half-century mark, and even then it may not stop.

Thirty-one members of the fourth class at West Point have been dismissed as a result of the semi-annual examinations. The young men were appointed after competitive examination and also passed the regular entrance examination, but after six months trial at the academy they feel down.

MASTER OF OWN DESTINY.

A Writer Says the Farmers Must Help Themselves and Those Who Work for Them.
The cotton crop of 1911 is the largest ever grown in the United States of America.

We have made more cotton than we can sell at a price that pays us to make it. If this large crop is followed by another big one, one even two million bales less than the present, the price of cotton will not only not go up, but will go down.

Let us look this fact squarely in the face. The cotton grower in the Southern States of America is the only enemy whom this cotton grower need fear, for he is the only enemy who can do him any permanent injury.

The cotton grower outside of the United States is neither enough nor of the right sort to do him any real harm. This cotton does not seriously compete with the Southern farmers' cotton.

The Southern farmer then having a natural monopoly of his staple crop is the sole master of his fate. It is childish to blame the spinner for buying cotton just as cheaply as we will sell it to him. We ourselves do not refuse to buy what we need because the price is too cheap.

It is a waste of time, besides being very foolish to condemn the bear speculator for putting down the price of cotton while we at the same time continue to give him the weapon with which to do it.

The spinner and the bear speculator love us just as much as we love them, no more, no less, they take advantage of us when they can and laugh at us for cutting up about it, seeing that we give them this advantage and then help them to keep it.

We would take advantage of them if we could, and we can if we will. There is only one way to do this, make less cotton and at the same time perfect a judicious system of selling cotton after we have made it. We will not only compete with each other, in making cotton, having made it, we fairly fall over each other in a wild scramble to sell it, before the price goes any lower.

Under these conditions can we look for anything, but a continually falling market? When cotton went below 12c a pound, it fell below the price where there is a profit in it to the man who makes it.

If this be true, because as our critics claim, we spend too much money on outsiders in making it, I ask what is to become of those who make the articles which the cotton grower buys, and of the labor which the cotton grower hires?

Labor used in making cotton is not too high, it is too low, as every man knows, who ever followed a mule up and down a cotton row in July and August, and as every woman, and every child will testify who bend their backs under a September sun, and get their fingers frock bitten by winter cold, while picking cotton.

The plane of living in the ranks of all who work, should be raised, not lowered, for certainly they have too many hardships and should be entitled to as much of the good things of life as other classes of citizens.

We ought really to live better than we do, give our children better clothes, more of the comforts and pleasures of life, and educational advantages. Fellow farmers, we can do all this without grinding down those who look to us for a living wage. It is up to us, and to us alone to better, not only our own condition, but also to better the condition of those who work with and for us.

We appreciate the sympathy of our governors, the offer of our bankers, to lend us cheap money, the efforts of our agricultural commissioners, in our behalf, and the speeches of our politicians, ripping up the bears, but unless we get together to protect ourselves, not so much from outsiders as from each other, the road to ruin lies straight ahead. Let us organize our counties by beats, our sates by counties, inviting the counsel and co-operation of every man who sympathizes with us, and out of this organization there will come a way, not to hurt anybody, but to help ourselves, and those depending upon us to greater prosperity and to more happiness than any agricultural people have heretofore ever known.

John H. Rogers.
(The above article was handed us for publication by Mr. J. M. Fairley, who clipped it from a paper, saying "Them's My Sentiments.")

Starved Patient to Death.
Seattle, Wash., Jan. 20.—Miss Dorothea Williamson, who, with her sister, Claire, was held to an Australian estate of \$500,000, continuing her testimony at Port Orchard in the trial of Linda Hazard, a "starvation doctor." Mrs. Hazard is accused of murder in the first degree, the charge being that she starved Claire Williamson to death.

Dorothea told her diet while she and Claire were patients of Mrs. Hazard in Seattle. She said she was given two meals a day, each consisting of a cup of water in which arapagus or tomato had been boiled. Sometimes orange juice was substituted.

After two weeks of treatment Dorothea was unable to walk and experienced delirium and fainting spells.

On April 22, when Dorothea was very weak, she and her sister were placed in separate ambulances, conveyed to the wharf and embarked for the Hazard Sanitarium at Olalla. Soon after their arrival Dorothea was permitted to see her sister. The latter was little more than a skeleton covered by a parchment of skin.

Dorothea herself ravenous for food, begged Mrs. Hazard to give her sister milk, honey, crackers or tea biscuit, but Mrs. Hazard sternly refused.

Victim of Practical Joke.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 20.—With both feet and hands frozen, half starved and semi-insane from his physical condition, James Fry, a 17-year-old boy, was found in a freight car here tonight.

He had been locked in the car last Tuesday at Peru, Ind., by practical jokers. When the patrolman who found him tried to feed him a roll, Fry endeavored to swallow it whole, and it was only with the combined efforts of four men that he could be held long enough to allow nourishment to be given him.

He was taken to the city hospital and the physicians hold out little hope for his recovery.

Stories of intense sufferings during the cold weather are now common. This rather strong one is sent out from Kansas City: Frozen to death in his saddle, his horse dead under him, and scores of dead cattle about him, T. C. Bidwell, a ranchman, was found half buried in the snow near Scott City, Kan. Bidwell lost his life trying to drive his herds to shelter.

A Real Good Idea.

Some of the boards of trades of different towns are having sales day—one day set apart for the people to gather from all sections and buy and sell things that they may have on hand or need. At Lexington the Board of Trade will have its first sales day on Monday, Feb. 5th. The advertisement in the Lexington paper explains the idea quite fully, and is copied below:

"There is going to be a big crowd in Lexington on Sales Day, Monday, February 5th. If you have anything on hand that you want to dispose of come and bring it along with you. If it is salable, you will have no difficulty in getting the cash for it. If you have nothing to sell, come anyway. The chances are that there will be something sold that will be the very thing you are looking for.

"If you don't want to sell or buy, come and see your friends from other parts of the county. They will be here. A great deal of interest is being shown by all of the people of the county. Even outside of the county, they are talking about Sales Day in Lexington and they are coming.

"The Lexington Board of Trade proposes to make Sales Day a regular institution. The merchants are going to join in and will offer special cut rates on certain lines for that day and you can save a great deal of money by watching their ads and being on hand to purchase at the proper time. Watch the advertising columns of the Dispatch next week and the week following for the merchants' part of Sales Day. It will be attractive.

"The prospects now are that there will be a big line of articles offered for the first of these sales days. Every citizen of the county, who has anything to sell, should send a list of articles he will offer to H. B. Varner, secretary of the Board of Trade. Do this now. These articles will be advertised in this space next week and the week following, free of charge so that there will be a host of bidders here.

"Don't forget that there will be no charge for the services of the auctioneer, use of the city scales, or any other item connected with the sale. Everything is absolutely free to you and you will have a ready market for everything you want to sell.

"Bring anything and everything. Don't worry about glutting the Lexington market, for you won't do that. The Board of Trade will make arrangements to take care of everything offered and will see to it that there will be buyers for all of it.

"Remember that, beginning with Monday, February 5th, the first Monday in the month will be sales day. All hand sales as nearly as possible, and all mortgage sales will be held on this day. Always plan to come to Lexington on the first Monday. It will pay you.

"There will be music throughout the day by a first class brass band. Come and bring the wife and babies."

Little Girl Killed by Car.
Charlotte Observer, 23rd.
The most shocking tragedy which Charlotte has known in many months was the death of little Dorothy Virginia Withers, 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd C. Withers, who was killed by a north Charlotte bound street car at 5:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The accident occurred on South Tryon St., in the center of the first block south of Morehead and immediately in front of the George W. Bryan residence.

The child, with her younger sister and brother, Helenora and Lloyd, Jr., was with their nurse, Eva Young, at the home of their aunt, the sister of Mr. Withers, Mrs. B. Swift Davis on the east side of Tryon street. The nurse went into the home with the younger children leaving Virginia on the porch, where she bade her remain. Seeing a little child across the street, however, Virginia ran across to greet her. Then, looking back and noticing the reappearance of the nurse, and disregarding the warning wave of the latter's hand, she was hastening back across the street to the Davis home, when she narrowly escaped collision with the horse and buggy of Mr. C. Boyce Bell, only to be struck an instant later by the north-bound car. Her face was turned toward the north the entire time and evidently she did not see the trolley car at all.

The child was almost lifeless when taken from beneath the car and expired within five minutes after the lowering beams had borne the little body to the earth with relentless force. The car was going at the usual rate of speed, but though there was slight warning. Motor-man J. M. Massey reversed his current and brought the car to a stop. It is claimed, within three-quarters of a length.

Come Again, Squire Rogers.
Sixteen years ago when the chain gang was established in this county, there was a meeting held in the court house to talk of road improvement. Among those who made speeches was Esq. R. W. A. Rogers of Buford. And he said: "I came to town to-day on horseback, and rode all the way through the woods because it was better than the roads." Since then we have had some improvement, but nothing like what should have been done. It is time for Squire Rogers to make another speech, for we have gotten back in about the same fix again.

He Shot Three Serenaders.
If a court holds that a man is justified in filling another with buckshot because of a midnight serenade, there will be a score of murders in Sapulpa, Ok., alone, the instant the decision is rendered. A. M. Huff evidently has an ear for music and is also a good shot with a shot gun. Consequently when he heard the singing of "Casey Jones" by three young men as they passed his home on the road near Sapulpa he ordered them to quit. When he got an impertinent answer he wounded, although not seriously, all 3 of the young men.

Wise Selection.
First Saleslady—Are you going to marry the gentleman that comes here every day? Second Ditto—Nope. I'd rather have a job without a husband than a husband without a job.—Life.

A TRAGIC DAY IN COURT.

Two Murder Cases Disposed of in Anson in One Day—A Pathetic Scene.
Wadesboro M. and I.

Last Thursday was an eventful day in the Superior court of Anson county for the trial of criminal cases. A negro, Will Logan, was sentenced to forfeit his life in the electric chair in the State's prison at Raleigh for the murder of Fred Hendrickson, and Thos. J. Flake, a member of a well known family, was sentenced to serve a term of ten years on the roads of the county for killing his cousin, Sam Smith, at Lillesville.

Both the dead man and Flake were members of well known and largely connected families in Lillesville township. The killing took place late upon a Sunday afternoon of last October in the town of Lillesville. Flake was under the influence of whiskey and upon some trivial provocation drew his pistol and shot Smith while Smith was running away from him.

Flake, neatly dressed in a black suit, was surrounded by his lawyers, his wife, his sister, his brother and his aunt and other kinsmen. His little three-year-old daughter, a remarkably pretty girl, was in his lap, while a younger child was held by his sister. Appeals, made very touching by the presence of the women and little children were made by Flake's lawyers to the judge to send him to the roads rather than the penitentiary. During this time the prisoner broke down and wept and there was scarcely an eye in the court room that was not moist.

Judge Whedbee in passing sentence told Flake that his little children had saved him five years penitentiary and that for their sake and against his better judgment, he was going to send him to the roads instead of to the penitentiary. In commenting on the crime the judge emphasized the fact that the homicide was due entirely to the fact that the prisoner was under the influence of whiskey at the time and exhorted him to forever abstain from all intoxicants in the future. The sentence, 10 years on the roads of the county, was then entered.

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Wise Selection.
First Saleslady—Are you going to marry the gentleman that comes here every day? Second Ditto—Nope. I'd rather have a job without a husband than a husband without a job.—Life.

Young Man Finds His Mother.

Mr. Ralph Carraway was a happy young man last evening when he boarded the train in Waxhaw to go as fast as it would take him to see his mother, whom he had not seen since childhood, and whom he never expected to see again. The life-story of young Carraway reads like a romance.

In 1902, Ralph Carraway and his sister, when they both were small, were put in the orphanage at Charlotte. They had no remembrance of their father who had died some years before. The boy had not been in the orphanage long before he ran away and drifted about, finally settling with Mr. A. A. Hagler of Waxhaw. For the past ten years he has made his home with Mr. Hagler, working with him day by day in the blacksmith shop, and was looked on as almost one of the family.

Ralph Carraway had often said if his mother was alive he did not know it. He had not heard a word from her or about her for ten years, and it was his belief that she was dead.

The little sister, who was with him in the orphanage, now a grown young lady, he learns, is alive, and she and the old mother live together at Gum Neck.

Young Carraway appears to be about 21 or 22 years old. He is industrious, honest, kind, and will be much missed in the honest home of the smith, as well as the old shop where for these many years he has been at the flaming forge and has made the anvil ring.—Waxhaw Correspondence Charlotte Observer.

Frozen Stiff While on His "Hunk-ers."
Charlotte Chronicle.
The papers from all parts of the State are bringing in cold weather stories—of burst pipes and exploded ranges and busy plumbers—but the best of all comes from Salisbury, in which Mr. Ed. Heilig was frozen like the letter Z. It happened like this: When Heilig got home Saturday night, he found the water pipes doing business at a great rate and he recognized the fact that something had to be done in a hurry. He finally got two plumbers and went into the basement to hold a lamp for them. The work of repairing a broken pipe is not a matter of a few seconds and while the plumbers were on the job, Heilig remained in a squatting position, holding the light. So absorbed was he in the process of the repairs that he was unconscious of the gradual stiffening of his joints, and when, at the end of about an hour the plumbers quit and the lightbearer started to get up, he found that he couldn't move. He was frozen stiff as a corpse, but not so comfortable a position, by a long shot. He was assisted into the house, and after the doctors had worked over him for several hours, he was able to stretch out, and no serious results are anticipated. This is about as good a story as the engine being frozen to the track at Lynchburg.

A Matter of Manners.
Showing the false standard common to a very large degree in modern "society," we quote a question directed to Cynthia Grey, a syndicate writer on social form. The inquirer asks: "Should a girl offer to shake hands when introduced to a lady or a gentleman on the street?"

What real value has the lifting of a hat, the opening of a door, the shifting of a chair, if not inspired by real kindness of heart? Does it matter—really matter—whether we address the wedding gift to the bride or to the lucky man himself. Is it wrong—really wrong—for a man to send a girl anything besides fruit, flowers and candy until he has known her 47 years? Is it really beyond the pale for a girl to offer to shake hands on the street if she likes the person, the person likes her and both think they are glad to meet.

What real effects do "just manners" have in the development of a race, mentally, morally and physically? The real thoroughbred may be born in a palace or in a poor hut; it doesn't matter. The fitness of the courtesy that thinks first of others may be expressed in graceful, cultivated way, or with untutored roughness, but it is courtesy, true manners, just the same.

So, instead of worrying ourselves over what is correct in manners, let's just shake hands, literally and figuratively, with every human being whose life touches ours now on. A glad hand and a warm wholesome heart is the only true guide to good manners.

The Retort Courteous.
George Ade had finished his speech at a recent dinner party and on resuming his seat a well known lawyer arose, shoved his hands deep into his trouser's pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly inquired of those present:

"Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

When the laugh had subsided Ade drawled out:

"Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

Gov. Colquitt, of Texas, a few days ago received a letter signed by 30 State penitentiary convicts offering a reward of \$291 for the capture of two of their fellow-prisoners who had escaped. The convicts subscribed sums ranging from \$1 to \$10. In their letter they said that they were well-treated and that the escape was an outrage.