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QUITE A SPELL.

There is a farmer who is YY
Enough to take his EE
And study nature with his II
And think of what he CC.
He hears the chatter of the JJ
As they each other TT,
And sees that when a tree DKK
It makes a home for BB.
A yoke of oxen he will UU,
With many haws and GG,
And their mistakes he will XQQ
When plowing for his PP.
He little buys but much he sells,
And therefore little owes,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.

CHILDREN BORN IN A TREE.

Family of Eleven Brought Up in a Tree Trunk in Tennessee.

It is not an ancestral mansion, though it has been some 500 years in building. The beginning of it was a sturdy sapling, standing in a tiny cove high on the side of an East Tennessee mountain. By and by the sapling became a big hollow tree. Notwithstanding the hollow tree was so big a tall man could lie stretched at length in it and there was an outer shell of sound wood and plenty of vigorous leafy boughs for shade. The hollow itself was rain and storm proof, so a couple of the mountain folk took up their abode in it.

They did not bother about furniture. There was no room for it, even in a hollow tree measuring seven feet across. The man put down a floor of puncheons—that is, rough slabs split from smaller tree trunks. For a bed they had dry leaves, and for covering skins of various animals round about. The woman knew how to dress them Indian fashion, so they served in large part for clothes, as well as cover.

An ax, a rifle, a bullet pouch, a powder horn, a hunting knife, an iron pot, a water pail, a jug, two or three big gourds, a bread tray, and a meal bag summed up the family's movable possessions. Cooking was done gypsy fashion at a log fire some little way off the entrance to the tree. Generally the pot sat beside the fire, simmering and stewing. The only bread was ash cake. For drinking there was a choice of sassafras tea, unsweetened, and moonshine whiskey.

The man, of course, was a moonshiner. He was also a dead shot—particularly in the case of a revenue officer. He was able thus to feed his family by working about half the time. His wife looked after the clothing, exchanging surplus peltry twice a year for coarse cloth, salt and snuff at the nearest crossroads store, fifteen miles away.

Eleven children were born in the hollow tree and grew up into strapping men and women. One of the boys stood 6 feet 9 inches—when he could be persuaded to stand at all. Usually he carried himself in rather the shape of a crescent. Each of the eleven was cradled in the half of a smaller hollow tree, smoothed out inside with the ax and imbedded with leaves. It did not need rockers, rocking itself at the slightest touch. As the big tree became crowded, hollow logs were sought, one for each child, chopped into convenient lengths, and dragged close about the fire. Into their open ends the bigger children crept, feet foremost, turned their heads to the fire and slept snug through all sorts of weather. Of course the logs were only for storms and severe weather. When it was fine the whole family slept outdoors. It was presumably a happy family, and certainly a healthy one, though it went barefoot the year round and never so much as heard of hygiene. The whole brood grew up innocent of contact with doctors, ministers, or schoolmasters. As the owner of a summer cottage down the valley said upon discovering them: "The truth is, they don't know enough to ever be sick."

Punishing a Sham Suicide.

Miles Salisbury, a resident of Norwich, Conn., had a tiff with his wife and determined to play a practical joke on her. Obtaining an ounce bottle of carbolic acid he smeared a portion of the poison upon his heavy growth of whiskers, staggered into the room where his employer was sitting, said he was tired of life, had taken carbolic acid and asked that his wife be informed. The employer called two doctors by telephone and produced a cupful of mustard and warm water. When Salisbury saw the matter was being taken seriously he weakened and declared it was all a joke. This his employer refused to believe and aid was called, Salisbury being held while the mixture was poured down his throat. Then the two doctors arrived, and in vain did the joker sputter, kick and protest. Emetics were forced down his throat while Salisbury fought like a tiger. At last worn out with his struggles and protestations he succumbed, and the doctors thinking he was sinking put a stomach pump down his throat and worked it vigorously. This caused the patient to nearly faint away and he was given heroic treatment to revive him. At last the doctors had time to look into Salisbury's mouth and found that he had taken no poison. The physicians left in disgust, but it will require some time to restore Salisbury to his normal condition.

Mother Slays Her Child.

STATESVILLE, N. C., May 17.—At 8 o'clock this morning, in a fit of insanity, Mrs. Mary Foster, wife of John E Foster, a farmer of Cool Springs township, this county, cut the throat of her 10-months-old baby boy with a razor, and killed him instantly. The mother then cut her own throat with the razor, but not fatally.

She had been insane for a month, but had improved and was not violent. Her husband is a poor but respected man. She will be arrested as soon as she can be moved, and it is hoped that she can be admitted to the hospital at Morganton.

Rev. R. N. Sledd, D. D., pastor of Main Street Methodist Church Danville, Va., died in the Grady Hospital in Atlanta, Ga., on Monday, the 15th inst. He left home two weeks ago to attend the Board meetings in Nashville, Tenn., and on returning by way of Atlanta took seriously sick and could not proceed farther.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

I am not happy. Some months ago I wrote to our yankee friends that if they were gentlemen they would apologize for all they done to us during that devilish war and after. I never received but one letter on that line and that was from a native born federal soldier who said he was friendly and that if I would write out an apology and send it to him he would sign it. He seemed to be properly repentant. And now comes this editor of The New York Herald down here to investigate our lynching business and to philosophize upon it, and he says the north made a mistake in giving the negro the right of suffrage, but he doesent apologize. He was one of the prime leaders in the whole business and speaks of it as a mistake. It was no mistake. It was malicious ignorance, and why doesent he say so? It has taken him and his folks thirty years to find out they knew but little about us and nothing about the negro. Senator Ingalls has got more sense and more candor. He came down to Texas ten years ago to investigate and went home and wrote a letter in which he said the negro was not fit for the ballot and that the north had made an egregious blunder in giving it to him. He dident apolizge, but it came pretty near it.

Now, a mistake doesent involve any moral turpitude, but a malicious blunder does. The time has passed for any more truckling. The stage of desperation is upon the south and political humility to the north has passed. We have never felt that humility, but our politicians have preached it and tried to get something from the public crib by pretending we were humble when we were not.

The truth is that the north is responsible for every outrage and every lynching at the south. Here is The Atlanta Age, a negro paper that is published by W. A. Pledger, that copies every venomous article from the New York papers about the Sam Holt business, and Pledger writes to The New York Sun that he is shocked at Governor Candler's utterances and he says the good negroes at the south are opposed to these outrages on our women. The paper is pregnant with comment on the lynching. I reckon that is all right, for the liberty of the press must not be restricted. But nevertheless these utterances from Pledger's paper go through the educated negro element and settle its convictions and thereby comes some more outrages and some more lynchings. New York niggers come out in their papers and advise the shotgun and the torch in retaliation, and those things are copied in the nigger papers at the south.

But here is the comfort: Uncle Sam is still helping me in my garden and doesent know and doesent care anything about all this business. He says he was born a slave and for thirty years has been a freeman and has always found that if a colored man done his duty the white man done his. Uncle Sam has a large family and through these republican influences they have been corrupted and demoralized and he has a lot of grandchildren who don't know their own father and the old man is grieved.

I was ruminating about all this and how these negroes have all been fooled about Grant and Lincoln being their friends and were fighting to free them, when there is not a word of truth in it. Neither of them cared a continental dime for the negro and both of them were more concerned about their own successes than anything else. But I have had great regard for Lincoln. He was a much better man than his party and his death was a calamity to the south. I have recently received a little volume entitled "The Genesis of Abraham Lincoln.". It is carefully and affectionately written by James H. Cathey, of western North Carolina, and its unprejudiced perusal will convince any man that Abraham Lincoln was the son of Abraham Enloe, and that Nancy Hanks was a good orphan girl who served in Enloe's family. The affidavits and other evidences establish this beyoud dispute. Old father Abraham Enloe was a second Abraham and poor Nancy Hanks a second Hagar and for the same reason she was sent away from the paternal homestead to keep peace in the family. The father of her chid had great regard for her and placed with his relatives in Kentucky, where she afterwards married Thomas Lincoln. Some of the witnesses to these facts are now ninety years old and have passed all desire to deceive anybody. The descendants of this Enloe family are numerous and their testimony has been taken from North Carolina, Missouri and Texas, and all confirm the story. All the very old people in the western North Carolina were familiar with the girl Nancy Hanks and the Enloe family and old man Enloe's acknowledgment of the child's paternity and why he sent this modern Hagar and her Ishmael away.

But this is no new thing. During the war it was talked of in the army and Lincoln was denounced by the entire Todd family, into which he married. Fifteen years ago, while I sojourned in western North Carolina, I found the story current that Lincoln was the son of Abraham Enloe and was named for him by his mother, Nancy Hanks. Now, Mr. Cathey writes a pretty little book about it and his excuse is that the truth cannot hurt the living or the dead; that Abraham Lincoln was America's most remarkable man, and there should be no attempt to cloud the life of a real hero. Cicero says that the first law of history is that it should neither care to say anything that is false nor fear to say anything that is true.

It is, therefore, the sole purpose of this little book to prove that this wonderful man was not without ancestors. His mother was Nancy Hanks. If he was the son of a worthy sire the world is entitled to know who that sire was, whence he came and what his characteristics. The custodians of this history of Abraham Lincoln are numbered by scores and hundreds of the first people —men and women of western North Carolina, for the Enloes were a large and influential family and their descendants have intermarried with many distinguished people. But I do not propose to review the book. It is an interesting and remarkable revelation, and is written by an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Lincoln, and establishes beyond question his paternity. Abraham Enloe was himself an extraordinary man—the father of thirteen children; and his photographic likeness to this particular son is very striking, both in form and feature. Both were the same height and had the same long, unshapely limbs.

This little book of 175 pages was written by James H. Cathey, of Bryson City, N. C., and is kind in motive and classic in style. I thought when I first opened it that perhaps it had better not have been written, but on its perusal I believe that it is better for the whole truth to be told than that this remarkable man's genesis should continue to be uncertain and unknown.

I am now trying to solve another problem; the problem of how best to destroy the potato bug or beetle. Last year I tried paris green and was not satisfied. I am now knocking them off morning and evening and hoeing the ground around the plants, and think I have whipped the fight. This will do for the garden, but not for the field. Professor Starnes will tell us a better way, I hope, for he is a scientific genius and the most enthusiastic experimenter I have ever met. Last week I visited the experiment station at Athens, of which he has charge, and was delighted with the progress he has made on the university farm. He is absorbed in his work and I am sure he will make it a great success.

"How is it," said I to him, "that you can be so enthusiastic over something that you do not own and never will?" He smiled and said:

"Six years' work in this business at Griffin and here has created within me an absorbing love for it, and I feel like this little farm and garden and orchard were all mine. My ambition is not only to make it a success practically, but to benefit the people by improved methods and by remedies for the failures and disasters that are incident to the profession."

He has now ten pupils under him and expects to have half a hundred in August. I hope the state will encourage him in his good work, for like Smithson, his desire is to disseminate knowledge among men. BILL ARP.

Morsels for the Unmarried.

New York Press.

Marriages wouldn't be failures if men weren't.

The only really fascinating girls you ever see are on the calendars.

The average marriage degenerates into either a family or a foundling asylum.

Probably when his father fell on the prodigal son's neck he jumped on it real hard.

Every new leaf a man turns over the devil lays on top of the pile under the grid he is saving for him.

When it is said by a woman that her hair "falls to her knees," she generally means when she bends over.

When a girl thinks she has a pretty foot she will generally find it is muddy most everywhere.

A hen has a right to cackle when she lays an egg; she has sense enough never to lay three at a time.

A good woman's love is like a star. The only reason it doesn't always shine is because it is higher than the clouds.

When a man swears off for any other reason but to please his wife he is apt to really think he is in earnest.

The average man would just as lief hear a girl gargle her throat as to hear her sing a thing with thrills in it at a church concert.

The reason why childhood is so happy isn't because grown-up people were once children, but because children have never been grown up.

A Champion Sneezer.

Louisville Post.

"Did you ever know a man who could sneeze loud enough to break up a camp meeting, to stop the taking of testimony in court, and cause a bellowing cow to stop in disgust and wonder what the noise was drowning its thunderous voice?" said an old fisherman last night.

On being informed that his sneezer was entitled to the cake and all the accessories necessary to conduct an up-to-date bakery, the gentleman consented to tell more his sneezing friend. He said:

"While fishing in a mountain town in Eastern Kentucky last fall I went to the village nearby one rainy morning to attend Circuit Court. The Judge was delivering an impressive charge to the grand jury, and every ear was listening to catch each word, when the stillness of the court was broken by an unearthly ker-chew, ker-chew, ker-chew, etc., etc., etc. The judge was thunderstruck and instantly every eye was turned toward the rear of the room, where a little unobtrusive looking old old farmer sat sneezing as if his head were coming off. The Judge ordered the sheriff to bring the intruder before the bench. The offender came forward, and the judge had a fine entered against the innocent cause of the disturbance.

"Two of the sneezer's friends were called, who testified to the man's good character and high standing, but said they could hear him sneeze three miles any day in the year. One said that the sneezer once broke up a campmeeting with a sneezing spell, and that he saw an enraged bovine stop a thunderous bellowing fit to look in wonder at the human who could make more noise than a mad bull. But the old fellow couldn't help it, and the fine was remitted."

Allowed His Dogs to Burn.

BOSTON, May 15.—John Welch, who lost fifty-five valuable dogs by the burning of his kennels at Brighton last Friday, says that he was in the house adjoining the kennels when the flames reached them, and that he might have saved the whole lot. He did not release them because he feared that the dogs, many of them of savage breeds, would have harmed the spectators and firemen, for, crazed with excitement, they would no doubt have bitten every one in their path. So Mr. Welch deliberately sacrificed his pets.

SAM JONES' SERMON.

Recently at one of his meetings Rev. Sam Jones preached from the text, "Why do you wait, place your hope in God," and the following is a brief summary of his remarks:

"Brethren, we have a great question to decide in our selection of the road we are to travel through life, and the devil tells us that it is a momentous question. But we must not let the devil get the best of us and make us believe this, for the only thing to do is to make a decision, and there is nothing momentous about it. Some of you brethren say, 'Mr. Jones, I am carefully considering this matter before I take the step;' but it takes no considering, for the man who says this is the most ridiculous sight the devil can present before God. Then some of our brethren say, 'Mr. Jones, I am waiting until the church gets right before I take the step;' and the man who says this reminds me of the men who went out to cut down a tree and refused to strike a big lick until he sweated. Wanted to sweat before he did the work. Brother, moral perspiration is moral determination. You say, 'If I join now and don't feel right, I am a hypocrite.' Waiting for a feeling! Friends, there is nothing in the Bible that says, 'Whosoever feels.' Don't want to come into the church simply because you don't feel like it; and sister, I want to ask were you a hypocrite when you got breakfast and didn't feel like it?

"Some of our boarding house women will say, 'I don't feel like coming into the church;' but, sister, there is no lack of feeling when it comes to tattling and playing cards.

"Now, I don't know much about the boarding house women up here, but I know all about the boarding house women down in Georgia. They will sit up on Saturday nights and play eucher and whist and on Sunday night they will sit up and sing, 'Come, Ye Angel Band;' and, friends, if the angels were to come and bear them to heaven, if there was a low place in the fence they would jump out, come back and finish that game Monday night. Haven't got feeling! I'll tell you how to get feeling. Just undo the wrong things you have done. You sisters who have been tattling about your neighbors, just go to them and ask forgiveness for it and you will have feeling; and you city officials just go to the violators of law in this city and tell them they must shut up shop and obey law and order and you'll have feeling enough to run a dirty dog like you.

"George says that the clergy and the thinking people of the city indorse his editorial, but he is mistaken. The thinking men may indorse it, but they are the men thinking how they are going to get out of this business. If he will get just one clergyman to sign a petition indorsing his editorial, that's all I want. Why, brethren, there is not an old low-down, black, mangy, peg-legged negro preacher who would indorse it. Waiting for the church to get right. Brother, the way to get the church right is to go into it and help make it right. Then some of you say, 'Mr. Jones, I am waiting until I am prepared to come into the church,' and friends, you remind me of the poor, long, lank, lean, hungry beggar, who, when you offered him a biscuit, refused it, saying his hands were dirty and he was not fit to take it, and when you told him to wash his hands he said he wasn't fit to wash. Waiting to get fit. Then some of you say you are not fit to get fit. Then some of you say 'I am waiting for that hypocrite to get out of my way,' and do you know that the only way a person can be in your way is to be ahead of you? Do you understand? And some of you people, who are waiting for the church to get right, will be frying in hell a thousand years before the church gets right. Brother, make the start today. Listen, friends, my hope is in God. If my hope was in the church, in the preacher, in angels, in wife or in children, the time might come when they would forsake me, but my hope is in God. I know I am weak and I know I am tempted, but my hope is in God, and brother, the man who places his hope in God will triumph over all temptation and evil. Listen, brother, the way is open for you and don't stop and hesitate, but make the start, live a grand, pure, noble, Christian life and God will help you and save you. Just say, 'I will join the church and die in the church,' and it will help you. My message is delivered. Now, if the feelings of any person here have been hurt by anything I have said, just come down here and beg my pardon and I will forgive you."

Buying a Paper.

"Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? You've got them. I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard to the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; hand me a paper; I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, 'cos it belongs to Limpy. He's just up the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"'Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't get around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I do see. So you have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're a goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and he went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.

The attorneys for the administrator of Miss Eleanor Stanback, have brought suit against the Southern Railway for the death of that young lady, who was killed at High Point last fall by a train. Damages are placed at $20,000.

A NORTHERN MAN'S VIEWS.

"If My Wife or Sister or Mother Had Been Outraged by a Double-Dyed Villain, I Cannot Say What I Would Have Done."

The New York Herald has sent Rev. George H. Hepworth to Georgia to investigate the causes of the lynching of Sam Hose. In his first letter he tells of the hideousness and brutality of the crime of Hose, and its retribution. He says that the retribution, terrible as it was, was natural, and that he cannot tell what he might have done if he had been there. Then he follows this up in a judical tone, showing that for the good of the South and the whole land some remedy for lynching should be devised. The letter is in part as follows:

"The people of Georgia are willing to be judged, provided the judgment is just, and are more ready to accuse themselves than we are to accuse them. They take as grave a view of the situation as we of the North do, and as earnestly seek a remedy for existing evils as the spirit of progress could desire.

"The case of Sam' Hose, alias Thomas Wilkes has one peculiarity—namely, that it cannot be duplicated in the history of this or any other country. His crime was unique in its hideousness. Its atrocity was simply unthinkable.

"The neighborhood was aroused. There was vengeance in the air. Religion, law, even civilization, was lost sight of. The populace was frantic, for no one could tell whose family might next be devastated. The heir of popular passion broke loose. The man was chased by whites, by blacks, by a blood hound—at last caught. Was any torture too great? They lost sight of the fact that some methods of punishment degrade those who inflict it, and bring them to the level of the savages. They were beside themselves with an uncontrolled thirst for revenge. They thought of their wives and daughters and their blood beat in their veins like a pent up tempest, God pity them, God forgive them. They were not men; they were maniacs. Their fury knew no bonds.

"The calm second thought has come. I can assure you that everybody concerned regrets the part he took in that tragedy. There were, perhaps, five thousand people on the scene, and excesses are easily resorted to by a crowd. What a dozen men can't do a thousand can. Numbers fan a flame into a conflagration. I have talked with all classes of the people here in Atlanta, learned and illterate, poor and rich, and not a man has expressed any opinion save one of regret.

"We shall be greatly puzzled unless we can fully grasp the social situation here, which is very different from anything to be found in the North. I am not at all sure that we should not ourselves have pursued the same course under the circumstances. The cry which made the welkin ring was 'We must protect our wives and daughters,' and that is the key to the problem. If my wife or mother or sister had been outraged by a double-dyed villian, I can't tell you what I would or would not do. When the matter is brought home to yourself you reconize its horror. There are no lengths to which you would not go in the way of punishment. It is easy to condemn when a thousand miles away, but hard to condemn when on the spot with a like fate staring you in the face. I neither plead nor excuse; I simply say that I also am human.

"Ninety per cent. of the negroes have the entire confidence of their employers. They are respected because they are law-abiding citizens. They have property interest of their own to guard, and a man who has a few hundred dollars' worth of property at stake is conservative. But the 5 per cent. of fellows who are not only ignorant, but vicious, who know no restraint and will commit crime without compunction, have ample opportunity to perpetrate deeds of daring devilry, and as at present constituted the people of the region are powerless to protect themselves, and live in the continual consciousness of insecurity.

"A woman dare not trust herself at any distance from her home after dark. With nine men out of every ten whom she may meet she will be as safe as at her own fireside. It is the unknown tenth whom she fears. We can hardly conceive of this state of affairs, but it is the actual condition in many counties in this State and in other States of the South."

The following editorial comment on the recent lynchings in Georgia from the current issue of Harper's Weekly is also significant as indicating that the people of the North are at last beginning to understand the situation in the South. Harper's Weekly says:

"Whatever any Northern reader may feel about the burning of the negro Sam Hose and the lynching of the negro preacher Strickland, in Georgia, one thing he should always bear in mind, that there is no vital difference between the white man in the South and the white man in the North, and that what white men do in Georgia white men from New York, or Massachusetts, or Minnesota would probably do in Georgia under similar circumstances. A county in Georgia went stark crazy over Sam Hose. Northern readers cannot understand it. A letter has come to the Weekly from a Georgia women which tells a story of Sam Hose's crime as Georgia understands it. It is hardly a letter that the Weekly may print but it may all be believed, and it helps to an understanding of what has happened. No man who believed what this woman believes and has written about Hose and Strickland and negroes of their class in the South would be surprised at anything that might follow such a crime as Hose committed. It may be that nothing can justify such an orgy as was held over Hose, but there is plenty that can explain it. The men and women of the South believe that certain unruly negroes can only be restrained from horrible crimes against white women by swift and terrible punishment. We of the North have little experience of these crimes, but our blood circulates, and we know what sort of dispositions such crimes can arouse. To read the story of Sam Hose's crime as our Georgia correspondent has written it begets absolute indifference to that negro's sufferings or fate. It fills the mind with horror and makes one feel that any means that is effectual to prevent such crimes is justified. One forgets the monstrousness of the Sam Hose lynching and only wonders whether it was expedient."

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, who has been studying the negro question in the South not altogether from a standpoint friendly to that section, is compelled to make the following admission in a recent letter:

"The people of the North have a very imperfect idea of the negro, as a rule, and do not half weigh the burden and annoyance to the South which his presence in such large numbers necessarily constitutes. Much of the Northern criticism of Southern affairs is unintelligent. This is apparent to every man on the border line who has any opportunity whatever too see both sides."

Porto Rico's Winter Climate.

Review of Reviews.

On reviewing the impressions of a tour nearly all around this island by railroad and carriage and cross the island over the great military road, the first and perhaps the last are of the delightfulness of the climate and the beauty of scenery. The extraordinarily equable temperature is due to the prevalence of the tradewinds; for Porto Rico lies far out in the ocean, east of Hayti, and 1,000 miles east of Havana. In our midwinter the thermometer stands every day 80° in the shade and goes down to about 70° at night, or in the hills to 60°. In the summer a temperature of 90° is reached, but never more than 92°. There is thus no winter. All the year around the army officers attend receptions in their white linen suits, and only the thinnest under-garments can be worn. The constant wind blows directly across the island. In winter the moisture carried from the sea condenses into an occasional little shower, more frequent in the hills, and all day cumulus clouds are scattered about the horizon or afford a few minutes' shade from the bright sun. The air is absolutely clear, with no smoke, haze, or dust. The heavier summer showers and the moisture of the air in winter (about 75 per cent. of saturation) with occasional spits of rain keeps the streams full and the ground even in what the people would call a dry season. The winters are most delightful, and the island ought to become, like Bermuda, a favorite winter resort for invalids.

Thirty Years in One Room.

Harrodsburg (Ky.) Democrat.

There lives in Washington county, we are informed, six or seven miles south of Springfield, one of the most eccentric human beings, we feel warranted in saying, in Kentucky. Shortly before Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States, on the 4th of March, 1861, Basil Haydon was to have married a young lady in the neighborhood in which he now lives, but before the day set for the marriage arrived she eloped with another man. This weighed so on the mind of her former admirer that he went to his room in the second story of the building and declared he would never step on the earth again as long as he should live, and though this was nearly thirty-eight years ago, so far as is known, he has never broken his word. He is the owner of a good farm and employs a man to attend to his business, but his employe has at no time been further than the door of his room; neither has any one else. He orders his clothes and other necessary articles through his assistant, who delivers them at his door. He is now about sixty years of age.

Elizabeth College Commencement.

The Observer acknowledges an invitation to the commencement exercises at Elizabeth College, June 3d to 6th.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. J. A. Morehead, A. M., president of the Southern Lutheran Theological Seminary, Mt. Pleasant, S. C. The address before the missionary society will be delivered by Rev. R. A. Yoder, A. M., president of the Lenoir College, Hickory. Address before the literary societies, by President George B. Cromer, president Newberry College, Newberry, S. C.

The programme of commencement week is as follows:

June 2d, at 8 o'clock, senior class day exercises; 3d, at 8 o'clock, literary societies' annual meeting; 4th, at 11 o'clock, baccalaureate sermon; 4th, at 8 o'clock, address before the Missionary Society; 5th, afternoon, art reception; 5th, at 8 o'clock, address before the literary societies; 6th, at 11 o'clock, commencement exercises; 6th, at 8 o'clock, annual concert and reception.

The Troubles of the Rich.

LONDON, May 16.—Andrew Carnegie left London to-day for Skibo Castle, his country seat in Scotland. In an interview he said:

"I am looking forward to protection in my Highland solitude from the army of mendicants which every hour is importuning me for subscriptions to every conceivable object. Even were I disposed to accede to these applications for promiscuous assistance, my resources for philanthropy have already been fully hypothecated, and bombarding me with further appeals is simply adding to the postal revenue."

Populist Editors Against Fusion.

KANSAS CITY, May 16.—The national convention of Populist editors today, by a large majority, declared against further fusion with the Democratic party and against Bryan as a presidential candidate. Ignatius Donnelly, in a speech, said the Democratic party deserved defeat in '96, and Bryan would be beaten if renominated. One editor declared that if the Populist nominated Bryan he would vote for McKinley and get a Gatling gun ready for civil war.

Greensboro people are very much "cut up" over the recent sale of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad to the Southern, by the Atlantic Coast Line. They are now bottled up without competition. They say they would give a neat little sum for some other road to extend its line in there.

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GENERAL NEWS.

Students at Princeton attacked a parade of Pawnee Bill's Wild West show on the 13th and a pitched battle took place, in which many were injured.

The residence of Dr. L. C. Bagwell, ten miles from Dalton, Ga., was burned recently, and Dr. Bagwell, his three children and the negro housekeeper were burned to death. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the explosion of a lamp.

Admiral Dewey will return to the United States at once. He will sail from Manila next week on the flagship Olympia. A movement has been started in New York to purchase a residence for the Admiral in Washington by national subscription.

An unknown man was struck by the New York Central train on the 11th and hurled with great force forty feet in the air. Peter Berbee was standing near the tracks at the time. The swiftly moving body struck him, knocked him down and broke his arm. The stranger had been killed instantly.

The Southern Baptist Convention, in session at Louisville, Ky., elected ex-Gov. Northern, of Georgia, president. The resignation of Dr. Whitsett, president of the Theological Seminary, was accepted. The acceptance of this resignation has caused much controversy, the Church being divided on the question.

Gen. Gomes has resigned his position to act for the Cubans in the distribution of the $3,000,000 giving to Gen. Brooke his reason that certain Cuban generals have formed a cabal against him and that his work is hindered and he is thoroughly disgusted. Gen. Brooke sympathizes with him but will proceed to pay over to the men the $75 apiece and disarm them and will brook no fooling. The troops will be disarmed. At Cienfuegos on Monday there came near being a riot on account of some boisterous laborers who were insulting in their demands for some back pay. The local police had a sharp fight to arrest them in which one culprit was killed and several persons were wounded including a few members of the local police.

It will be recalled that a few years ago Rev. Dr. Briggs, a prominent divine in the Northern Presbyterian Church, embraced and promulgated certain views regarding the Scriptures which his Church—or a majority of it, for he had many sympathizers and followers—considered unorthodox. His case attracted wide attention but was finally settled by his leaving the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Briggs connected himself with the Episcopal Church and has become a minister in that Church, having been ordained by Bishop Potter in New York city Sunday. Many Episcopal clergymen protested violently against the ordination of Dr. Briggs, holding, as the Presbyterians had, that his views are not orthodox, but Bishop Potter accepted him.

Another "Southern Outrage."

ATLANTA, May 15.—Winnie Roach, a mulatto woman, came near being lynched by an angry mob of incensed negroes to-night. The crime with which she and her husband were charged was brutally burning their four children nearly to death by igniting paper saturated with kerosene, with which their bodies had been wrapped. The man, Lawrence Roach, ran away during the afternoon, when he heard that his treatment of the children had been reported to the police.

The woman had been away from home all day and did not know that her cruelty had been found out. She was in the house when the mob gathered and was in the act of applying more fire to one of the children when the crowd broke in. Telephone messages were sent to the police station by white people living in the neighborhood, who said they believed the woman was about to be burned by the crowd. A wagon load of officers was sent to the place. One of the children had all of the flesh burned from her legs in several places and will die. The other three are badly burned.

Schedule of the New Train on the Mocksville-Mooresville Road.

Charlotte Observer, 12th.

The passenger train between Charlotte and Winston, over the Mooresville-Mocksville division, will begin regular operations May 14th. The trains will be known as Nos. 15 and 16. No. 15 will be the train coming into Charlotte, and No. 16 the outgoing train.

The schedules will be as follows:

Leave Charlotte at 9.18 a. m., leave Derita at 9.29; Croft at 9.38; Huntersville at 9.47; Caldwell at 9.52; Cornelius at 9.56; Davidson at 10.00; Mt. Mourne at 10.06; Mooresville at 10.14; Mt. Ulla at 10.42; Barber Junction at 10.59; Woodleaf at 11.10; Mocksville at 11.30; arrive at Winston-Salem at 12.30 p. m.

Returning, leave Winston-Salem at 5 p. m.; Mocksville at 6.05 p. m.; Woodleaf at 6.25; Barber Junction at 6.38; Mt. Ulla at 6. 54; Mooresville at 7.09; Mt. Mourne at 7.31; Davidson at 7.38; Cornelius at 7.40; Caldwell at 7.47; Huntersville at 7.53; Croft at 8.06; Derita at 8.15. arrive at Charlotte at 8.20 p. m.

William Tolbert, a young man living near the Yadkin river, on Mr. J. A. Ludwick's place, below Trading Ford, Rowan county, was drowned on the 11th by falling into the river. He was subject to spasms and it is thought was seized with one while on the river bank looking after fish baskets.

—While Mr. E. M. Andrews was assisting his wife on the train in Charlotte last Saturday some one stole a $125 diamond scarf pin from his scarf.

STATE NEWS.

Rowan county court house is to be remodeled and enlarged.

Only one case of smallpox now remains in the city limits of Raleigh.

The State convention of the W. C. T. U. will be held in Greensboro, June 2nd to 5th.

By a vote of 4 to 1 the town commissioners of Morganton have refused to issue license to retail liquor.

During the storm last Friday night, lighting struck the Methodist church at Spencer, setting it on fire. The flames were extinguished before much damage was done.

The seventh annual commencement of the State Normal and Industrial College, at Greensboro, takes place on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 23rd and 24th.

There was a wholesale discharge of smallpox patients and suspects from the pest house and house of detention at Raleigh Saturday, forty being sent to their homes as cured or beyond danger of contracting or spreading the disease.

Thirty thousand crates of strawberries were shipped from points along the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad Tuesday. The berries filled 86 refrigerator cars and were valued at $100,000. This is the largest day's shipment in the history of the industry.

Two negro men on Mr. J. R. Wallace's place, near Huntersville, got into a dispute Monday which ended in Jim Hanes empting two loads of shot into Doc Johnston's legs. Dr. C. E. Walker was summoned and he says the legs will have to be amputated.

The Salisbury Sun says that Jule Chambers, colored, who lived at Mr. Pleas Barber's, near Barber's Junction, was found on the railroad, dead, Sunday. It is thought that he went to sleep on the track near his home Saturday night and was killed by a passing train.

Jim Roberts, an aged man of Yancey county, drank a half-gallon of whiskey last Thursday night and died from the effects. It is said that he went to sleep as soon as he drank the whiskey and and could not be awakened. He had been a heavy drinker for years.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Arthur Wilson Parks, son of Mr. A. D. Parks, of Statesville, and Miss Mary Isabella Davidson, of Hopewell, Mecklenburg county. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride Thursday afternoon, May 25th, at 3 o'clock.

The Grand lodge of Odd Fellows, in session at Raleigh last week, elected the following officers: Grand master, John A. Stevens, of Clinton; deputy grand master, M. W. Jacobs, grand warden, R. Murray; grand secretary, B. H. Woodell, of Raleigh; grand treasurer, Richard J. Jones. The grand lodge will meet at Winston next year.

Greenville Weekly says that in Greene county last week the wife of Hilliard Anderson, colored, left her 3 year-old child with two children of Susan Harper, colored, aged seven and eight years. When the woman returned the children of the Harper woman had beaten her child to death—having crushed its skull with sticks.

In the breasts of some of the negroes in Wilmington savagery is still alive. This was exemplified in the police court on the 15th when two negroes were arraigned on a charge of disorderly conduct by making dangerous threats against white supremacy and its advocates. Mayor Waddell sentenced each to ten days imprisonment and then took occasion to warn the negroes against indulging in such talk, telling them if they did it would not be healthy for them.

Five Dollars for a Joke.

Concord Times.

Miss Margaret McCall, who is visiting Miss Janie Ervin, recently contributed a "Joke" to Life, a New York illustrated publication. Life not only accepted the contribution, but sent the author a check for $5 for it. The following is the article:

Smith—"I have great sympathy for Southern railroads."

Jones—"How's that?"

Smith—"We both have so many poor connections."

Pride of Country.

A negro who recently came over to Georgia from Cuba, and speaks English but imperfectly, became involved in a quarrel with a native colored citizen whom he referred to as an "African."

"Tand de Lawd," replied the Georgia negro, "ef I is Affikin, I ain't no Spanfel; en what's mo', I ain't no blamed black Philistine! .I kin speak Nunited States—I kin!"

—The case against P. F. Hedrick for killing A. D. Shuping in Salisbury, the charge being manslaughter, was concluded last week. After being out about fifteen minutes the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

As proof of the assertion that Monroe is one of the most orderly towns of its size in the United States, The Enquirer shows that the fines in the mayor's court for the past year were only $100.

—Lincolnton voted in favor of liquor license at the recent municipal election but defeated a proposition to establish a graded school. No wonder the town is dead.

Mr. Henry Williams shot and killed two gray eagles on his farm near Asheboro Saturday, measuring seven feet each, from tip to tip. They are a vicious looking pair of vultures.