

The Chronicle,
WILKESBORO, N. C.

BILL ARP'S LETTERS.

Atlanta Constitution.

This is a bright and blessed morning. I feel better—a good deal better. Think I will write a verse or two of poetry. If a sick man has good surroundings it beats medicine. Good, cheerful company to call and not stay long—good children to sympathize and watch the clock for medicine time, good grandchildren to come and kiss you and go to and from and talk and make a noise; a good wife to scold you and tell how imprudent you have been, and a good doctor to look at your tongue and choke you with a spoon handle so as to see away down the esophagus. But nature has the best of medicines stowed away in the blessed sunshine that gives life and vigor to everything animal and vegetable and revives the drooping spirits of the sick. It has been a long and hard winter—the coldest and most disagreeable one hundred consecutive days that we have had for years. How I envied the good people of Florida while I read Tom Sawyer's rhapsodies in the Clear Water paper over the advent of spring with its peach trees and yellow jessamine perfuming the balmy air with their fragrant blossoms. But it is coming—gentle spring is not far away now and a day like this is its harbinger. If it were not for the daily catalogue of horrible things that headline the daily papers even a sick man could be calm and serene on such a day as this. An aged country friend told me that he had quit taking the daily papers for it distressed him to read such things. "I haven't long to live," said he, "and I don't wish to cloud my mind with a daily record of human misery." But most all people have to mix up with the affairs of nations and men and keep posted about everything that happens. We can't skip the bad and read the good only. There is a fascination about horrible things that we cannot resist. They are the first things we look for. They excite our pity or our indignation or our wonder. Our childhood began that way for we never tired of Jack the Giant Killer and Rowhead and Bloody Bones and Robinson Crusoe. And now the editor of the press dispatches carelessly looks over the little slips that are laid upon his desk and reads "Another explosion in the mines—one hundred killed." "Another railroad wreck—thirteen killed" and then resumes the little anecdote he was narrating to a friend. We are all growing case-hardened to pain and grief and offering for the same reason that the surgeon becomes case-hardened to the pain of his patient.

But even and anon some new horror comes along that shocks humanity and astounds the world. I read three long columns last night about the horrors of adulterated food in Paris and how 18,000 infants died the last year from poisoned milk. How the great incorporated dairy companies in the suburban towns have to deliver 800,000 quarts every night. It it skimmed before it is canned and then is watered 20 per cent before it is put on the cans. On arrival at their depots it is delivered in cans to 800 milk boys (garoons) who get \$1.40 a night and as much more as they can make by watering the milk from the hydrants that are supplied from the river Seine, the filthiest river in all France. One hundred detectives are employed to watch these boys, but the boys have detectives, too, and are seldom caught or arrested. The superintendent of police says it is impossible for one hundred men to follow and watch eight hundred boys and he now asks for two thousand. This watered milk quickly sours and by the time it is delivered to the retailer at day break it has to be watered again with a solution of bicarbonate of soda. This is the milk that supplies all Paris, and is daily fed to infant children and in a brief time they take cholera infantum or diarrhoea and die. The medical faculty all testified that this milk caused the death of over 18,000 infants in Paris in one year and the mortality was on the increase, and this does not include the death of children over one year old. These eight hundred boys are organized into a powerful syndicate for protection and defense. Each pays into their treasury \$4 a week, making a total of \$14,000 a month with which to pay lawyers' fees and fines and the wages of those in jail and to bribe the city detectives not to catch them when watering the milk. They water it while the wagons are on the go—pumping in behind with cans of water. The milk suspected is turned over to the city chemists, who analyze and report and if the boys are arrested most of them escape punishment in some corrupt way, but none are discharged. They go back at once into the company's service. But Paris is aroused as it never has been and declares the death-dealing business shall be broken up if it takes two thousand detectives to pursue the eight hundred boys. "Our children are fed on microbes from the river Seine," is now on every tongue. Other cities have taken up the cry and Boven and Dunkirk show a larger death rate of infants than Paris, and now they say no wonder the popular of France is decreasing instead of increasing. We are poisoning three-fourths of all the children before they are a year old, and half the remainder soon after. Seine water, microbes and bi-carbonate of soda!

This exposure comes from late official sources and is no doubt the truth, or very near it. Just think of it and shudder—18,000 innocent helpless babes murdered in one year in one city. Tom Hood wrote a song about the poor sewing women that aroused all London. If he were alive in Paris now

what a pitiful subject he would have for another song. What a shame upon our sex, for it is not women who do these things, but men and boys. The mothers suffer in giving them birth. They nurse and cherish and clasp the little things to their bosoms and love and hope and pray, but the destroyer comes and then all she can do is to grieve and weep. England slaughtering the Boers and France her innocent children. What next?

A graphic writer in The New York Press describes a different kind of horror that we know not of, but is a living, breathing, seething thing that is not new but has come to stay and grows bigger and more horrible as the years move on. He says: "It would have been unnecessary for Gustave Dore to follow Dante for a text in order to picture the horrors of hell." The government has established free baths at Hot Springs where thousands of the most miserable of all God's creatures congregate and bathe for relief and a cure from their loathsome diseases. The wretches leave their rags upon the cemented floors which are an inch deep in water, then stagger or reel or crawl naked as the fiends in the chambers of hell. From thence they crowd into a third room where the water and the air is up to 110, and the stench of foul odors is horrible. In this room are two large pools like vats in a tan yard, and the victims tumble into them like hogs into a mud puddle. No doctor, no soap, no towels, no attendants, and they are soon hurried out to make room for more, for several hundred a day is the maximum. Ten, fifteen or twenty at a time soak their loathsome infirmities in the nasty, filthy, hot healing waters, and then reclote themselves with their wet rags and go somewhere to dry. All are benefited and 10 per cent are cured. What a picture! Their lives, such as they have made them, are not worth saving, but they cling to them and live in hope and defy despair. One hundred and seventy-eight thousand of these human beings passed through the free baths last year. One bath room is for white men, one for white women, one for negro men and one for negro women.

Not far away is a magnificent hotel, and there is a fashionable ball going on. The rich, the gay, the elite are there. One moment a man is waltzing with his wife, the next with some other man's wife, the next with somebody's mistress, and the next with his own mistress. Everything goes, and all is hell. A famous physician took his daughter there this season, but sent her home quickly to keep her from the company of wealthy and diseased parasites. Almost every one who goes there registers under an assumed name and plays incognito during his stay. A southern judge was recently called upon for a toast at a hotel banquet and said: "Here's to the names we left behind us." But the half has not been told—some of it is too bad to tell. Every night the poker rooms are in blast and thousands won and lost. The reader ponders and wonders can such things be in this Christian land, and in this God's country. Verily, the humble and the poor who live around us on the hills and in the valleys or down in the piney woods should be thankful for the health and morality that comes from poverty. Burns never wrote a truer verse than that which says:

"And I know by the smoke that so gracefully curled From among the dark elms that a cottage was near, And I said to myself if there's peace in this world, The heart that is humble might hope for it here."
BILL ARP.

Pig for Marriage Fee.
Baltimore Sun.—"A Lutheran minister in a Western Maryland town told me an amusing story the other day," said a gentleman to a reporter of the Sun. "Some time ago, as this minister was walking along a street of the town an old German advanced toward him with extended hand. The minister shook hands, but remarked that he could not recall his name. 'Oh, yes,' said the old German, 'you remember me. I am the man who gave you a pig when you married me.'"

"The minister smiled as he recalled the incident, and as he was about to ask about the wife, the old German said: 'Now, I tell what I'll do. When you married me I gave you a pig, so I'll give you two pigs if you will now marry me.'"

—Salisbury correspondence Raleigh Post: "A contract was let yesterday for the railroad to be built by the Whitney Reduction Company from New London to the Narrows. The contract was awarded to Wm. J. Oliver & Co., the largest railroad contractors in the South. Immediately on notification of the fact that he had been given the contract Mr. Oliver loaded a special train at Atlanta with an equipment and will begin work on the road at once. He will employ about 1,000 men and agrees to have the road completed by May 15th. The road is to be 5 1/2 miles in length and will cost the Whitney Company \$75,000."

Mrs. O'Brien: "Good mornin', Mrs. McCabe. An' phwat makes yez look so sad?" Mrs. McCabe: "Shure, Dennis was sint to th' Penitentiary for six months." Mrs. O'Brien: "Well, shure, don't worry. Six months will soon pass." Mrs. McCabe: "Shure, that's phwat worries me."

Teddy—I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning.
Mamma—You see now how wrong it was, don't you dear?
Teddy—Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party.
Tommy: "Ma, can I have two pieces of pie this noon?"
Ma: "Certainly Tommy. Out the piece you have in two."

A PICTURE TO LOOK UPON.
Raleigh Post.—The following from the Charlotte Mill News, a paper devoted exclusively and intelligently to the interests of mill operatives, is so crushing a refutation of the silly twaddle indulged in by "agitators" and their allies that we reproduce it. We have often thought that the operatives in our North Carolina mills would resent sooner or later the sudden interest in their welfare by those who picture them as "paupers" and "oppressed hirelings," without the spirit much less the opportunity to resist the cruel despotism under which they live. The following from The Mill News is an excellent and truthful picture of the general condition which prevails throughout the mills in this State:

"A certain class of writers are having much to say these days about what they term the deplorable condition of the Southern cotton mill operatives. They are striving hard to make the impression on the public that the average mill operative is the most oppressed and downtrodden person on the face of the earth. It is true many of the mill operatives are poor and hard run, but there are poor people in all walks of life. There are many advantages offered the Southern mill operatives that are superior to those enjoyed by many other classes of people, and the mill people themselves appreciate these advantages. It makes no difference to them how much the professional growler, who makes his living by showing his teeth, talks about their 'terrible condition.' They know he is either lying or don't know what he is talking about. While the condition of the Southern mill operative is not all that could be wished for, it is much better than that of the average farmer, and a thousand times better than the worthless men who do not toil themselves, but eke out an existence by making others feel miserable. To show how senseless this charge of squalid poverty and merciless oppression of mill operatives is we will give a few facts and figures from one mill village in this section. The operative of this mill have on deposit with the company and in banks amounts as follows: One family \$1,200 One family 800 One family of two 225 One family of two 130 One young lady 120 One family 200

In addition to these, there are quite a number of small deposits ranging from \$10 to \$100. Some ten or twelve other families are living in their own houses and paying for them through the building and loan associations out of their weekly wages.

"The above all belongs to a moral and self-respecting class of people who, instead of moving from place to place every few weeks, stay at one mill for years, and by work and energy make for themselves places at good wages."

"What is true of the operative of this village is true of the operatives of many other mills throughout the South. These people have more money to-day than four-fifths of the farmers who own their farms. This does not look like the mill operatives are such a law, downtrodden lot of people as they have been painted by a set of men who claim to be their friends."

"No; if some of those fellows who are strolling around over the country slandering and belittling the honest mill operatives of the South would go to work themselves and earn an honest living, the country would be much better off."

Following Up the Argument.
"Dr. Fourthly, does the performance of one good act make a good man?"
"By no means."
"Then why should the committing of one sin make a man a sinner?"
"Well, suppose a man is covered with fleas. If you remove one flea from him you don't make him happy, do you?"
"No."
"Yet if he has just one flea on him he's a miserable man, isn't he?"

A Pleasing Prediction.
The professor was explaining to the class at a girls' high school the theory according to which the human frame is completely renewed every seven years, and, addressing one of his pupils, he said:
"Thus, Miss Brown, in seven years you will be Miss Brown no longer."
"I devoutly hope that may be so," said the young lady, demurely casting down her eyes.

It was morning, and as he glanced out of the window he was surprised.
"Why it rained last night," he remarked.

There was a flash of lightning in his wife's eyes as she turned on him.
"Rain!" she exclaimed. "Well, I guess it did rain, and I had to pull up the awning and put down the windows."
"But you needn't have done that," he protested. "Why didn't you wake me?"
"I tried to," she answered coldly, "and I found the other the easier job."

"Did yez show Casey, the contractor the Wash'n't'n monnymint?" asked Mr. Rafferty.
"I did," answered Mr. Dolan, "an' he was deeply impressed."
"What did he say?"
"He said it war the tallest one-story buildin' he iver saw."

"Pooh!" said Daisy, scornfully, "the idea of your being afraid of a poor old house dog! Why, he cats out of my hand."

"I don't doubtit," replied Burroughs dubiously, "but what I am afraid of is that he might take's notion to eat out of my leg."

The Baltimore Sun says that eggs are selling there at 45 cents per dozen.

DISCOMFITED BY MR. IRISH.
Mr. John P. Irish, Naval Officer of Customs at San Francisco, who has been spending considerable time in Washington this winter attending to Federal matters, is an Iowa and a former neighbor of the new Secretary of the Treasury, Governor Shaw. "Iowa has produced many brilliant orators," said Mr. William L. Cuberton, President of the First National Bank of Carroll, Iowa, who was present in Washington to welcome Governor Shaw. "Iowa is one of them."

The naval office which Colonel Irish fills is a branch of the Treasury Department. It is one of a series of similar offices which were established for the sake of convenience and economy in certain Customs districts where the extent of transactions makes it impracticable to forward a daily accounting to the Department at Washington.

The power of Mr. Irish as an orator has been recognized by political leaders and he has been much in demand in big campaigns. Prior to Bryan's first nomination for the Presidency Mr. Irish had engaged in several joint debates with the Nebraskan, and during both national campaigns he was commissioned by the Republican managers to follow in Bryan's wake. Wherever Bryan spoke, there on the following night Irish would address the people.

Irish is a man of nimble wit. On one occasion, while addressing a convention, some delegates opposed to the course which he was urging began to hiss.

Instantly his followers shouted rebuke. The voice of Irish, which in carrying power has been likened to Webster's, rose above the clamor. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing his supporters and waving his hand toward the hissing delegation, "let them hiss. I have always been an advocate of absolute liberty of expression. Neither in this convention nor out of it would I apply closure to the means employed to vocalize the thoughts of men or the predilections of animals. The snake hisses out of instinctive venom, the goose hisses out of the stupidity of its nature, and all creatures, including man should have equal rights to express themselves according to their congenial endowment."

Then turning to his disturbers Mr. Irish added: "You may, gentlemen, if that is the ordained method for the expression of your emotions, continue to hiss."

Neither Sampson Nor Schley Entitled to any Unusual Reward.
The salient features of President Roosevelt's decision in the Schley case are as follows:
All the accusations against Schley, based on his conduct prior to the battle off Santiago, are thrown out. The president holds that if Admiral Schley erred during that period his offenses were condoned by his retention as second in command.
On the question of command the president says:
"Technically Sampson commanded the fleet and Schley, as usual, the western division. The actual fact is, that after the battle was joined not a helm was shifted, not a gun was fired, not a pound of steam was put on in the engine room aboard any ship actively engaged in obedience to the order of either Sampson or Schley, save on their own two vessels. It was a captain's fight."

Sampson was hardly more than technically in the fight. His only claim for credit rests upon his work as commander in chief in planning to meet the Spanish ships when they should come out.

Schley is entitled, as is Captain Cook, to the credit for what the Brooklyn did in the fight. On the whole, the president finds that the Brooklyn did well, though he considers the vessel's "loop," or "one grave mistake" made by any American ship during the battle.

The president considers that the most striking act of the battle was that of the Gloucester, whose commander, Wainwright, pushed into the fight through a hail of projectiles in order that he might do his part in destroying the two torpedo boats. For this conduct Wainwright was entitled to receive more than any other commander with the possible exception of Clark, of the Oregon.

It was just to Admiral Sampson that he should receive a greater advance in numbers than Admiral Schley. There was nothing done in the battle that warranted any unusual reward for either.

There is no excuse whatever from either side for any further agitation of this unhappy controversy. To keep it alive would merely do damage to the navy and to the country.

Marconi Ready for Business.
LONDON, Feb. 20.—At a meeting of the Marconi Telegraph Company today, Signor Marconi, referring to the recent experiments, announced that the next series of tests would include the transmission of words and messages.

He added that there was nothing to prevent the company from undertaking commercial communications with ships at sea. The system at present was in permanent use on board 70 ships, and there were 25 land stations. His transmission of 25 words in a minute did not compare badly with the work of the cables. The defects with reference to secrecy had been removed.

Southern Place for Hobson.
The people of Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson's native State, being convinced of his intention to quit the navy, are now urging him for the presidency of the State University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa. The former President resigned last June because he could not control the students. The prime requisite at this time for the President of this institution is ability to discipline and control the students. Hobson is conceded to be a disciplinarian. Many high in the State's influence declare the Merrimac hero is the ideal man for the place and want his consent to the use of his name.

Skeleton in House Walls.
SYRACUSE, Feb. 21.—While tearing down the old Vandermark house at South Troupsburg, carpenters found the skeleton of a man between the partitions in one of the rooms. The house has been vacant for many years and the discovery has created great excitement. It is said that a peddler was seen to enter the house twenty years ago and was never seen afterward. There is no opening in the partition and how a person could get in there unless imprisoned and walled up is a great mystery.

Hearts Not Trumps.
"Oh, darling!" exclaimed the young man as a look of pain chased itself across his open-faced countenance; "you have broken my heart."
"Your heart?" interrupted the maiden fairly; "I'm so sorry."
"No, not my heart," he rejoined, "but every cigar in my vest pocket—and they cost 10 cents apiece, too."

Not Guilty.
The provincial barber remarked the sparsity of his customer's hair. "Have you ever tried our special hair wash?" he said, expectantly. "Oh, no, it wasn't that that did it," was the customer's crushing reply.

IS ALASKA TROPICAL?
Baltimore Sun.—The Sun some months ago reprinted some sarcastic remarks made in Congress about fifteen years since about the climate of Alaska, and its alleged tropical character. The moral was that fifteen years ago we knew very little about Alaska. But, according to Governor Brady, we will have much to learn about our ice-patch. An officer of the United States army is quoted as saying: "The climate of Alaska is better than on the great plains of Wyoming, Montana and some parts of Nevada. In all parts of Alaska there are more hospitable winters. There are no severe storms in the interior, and in the dead of winter horses and cattle can be worked without any danger of being frozen. People who go there think they will experience a great change in climate, but this is a mistake, for all last winter I very seldom wore an overcoat."

The Governor of Alaska adds his own valuable testimony to the semi-tropical character of the country. "Alaska," he says "is susceptible of very great agricultural possibilities. The great river valleys embrace cultivable areas large enough for good-sized farms. There is a tract southwest of Yakutat, lying between the sea and the mountains, which is 60 miles long and from 15 miles to 30 miles wide, which to-day is covered with redbud which stands as high as a man's shoulder."

Apart from its gold and copper mines Alaska may, then, after all turn out to be a good investment. The stories of the mildness of the climate are a little surprising. They may be exaggerated. Still it will have to be borne in mind that the territory embraces, all told, 369,520,600 acres, a large part of which is still unexplored as to mineral wealth, agricultural resources, fisheries and timber. Much of it, no doubt, is perpetually frozen, lying beyond the arctic circle and facing the midnight sun. But it is a vast area and much of it is warmed by the winds of the Pacific ocean. There is already a white population of some 60,000. A railroad 400 miles long is said to be under contemplation to a point on Bering strait. The British have already built a railroad toward the Klondike, with the result of greatly cheapening the transportation of machinery and supplies. The gold-mining craze has revealed the value of all that part of the world.

Folger Gets Twelve Years.
SALISBURY, Feb. 20.—This morning Judge Shaw passed a sentence of 12 years in the penitentiary upon Alfred D. Folger, the slayer of Robert Moore, who was found guilty of manslaughter yesterday. It is the general opinion that Folger is coming off remarkably light, thanks principally to the painstaking ingenuity and ability with which the defence was conducted by his counsel in the face of the most damning evidence. The judge intimated as much in imposing the sentence, without, however, criticising the jury in any way. It is nevertheless true that the verdict can be partly explained by the low average intelligence of the jury.

Composition on Daniel Boone.
The following was picked up by a reader of Odd Tales near a public school in Baltimore:
Daniel Boone was born in Pensylvania the year of 1735. He was fond of hunting he used a gun when he could hold it, he used to like the woods and hunting and shooting deer at night, once he was hunting at night with a torch he saw something shining like a deer eye he saw another that it was a lady, who he married afterwards, not long after he got marriage he went to Kentucky it was a lonely place, bears and wolves were a lot there. He once built a bear on a tree when he was a boy 18 once his daughter were picking flowers when some Indians came and took them off one of them broke of some limbs of a tree and one of the indians cough her doing and he told her if she didn't stop it he would kill him she for some of her dress off and they found the girls buy their rags that that girl got off the went and they saw a lot of indians sitting around a far and they shot and two fell dead and the others ran a weigh. He once got.
The remaining pages are missing.

One on Joe Bailey.
A group of senators gathered in Senator Mason's committee room and indulged in a pastime which is a delight to the Illinois statesman—impromptu story telling. One of the yarns concerned Senator Bailey, of Texas, and was to the effect that while the Texan was a member of the house he attended a mass meeting in his district. During the meeting he constantly referred to Jacob T. Patrick, a prominent republican from Kentucky as "judge." This incensed Mr. Patrick, who finally arose and said:
"I am not a judge. I never was, and more than that, I have no title. I am plain Jake Patrick, the only strictly private citizen in the entire commonwealth of Kentucky. I am not even a 'mistler.'"

"Well, sir," replied Mr. Bailey, "you are unique. I should think that you would be at least a 'colonel.' I have always understood that in Kentucky it is the easiest and cheapest thing in the world to be a colonel."

"There is something in that," replied Mr. Patrick. "It is almost as easy and cheap to be a colonel in Kentucky as to be a congressman in Texas."

Sickness is a misfortune at which it is cruel to laugh. But there are two cases of sickness that have an effect upon our ribs that we cannot control. One was the rheumatism that laid up Evangelist Fife just as he had discovered the truth of the doctrine of divine healing by the laying on of hands and the anointing with oil. The other was the case of Judge Ewing, a Christian Scientist, who came upon the platform in New Orleans the other day, ill, and while demonstrating that there was no such thing as sickness had to stop the lecture on account of his sickness and was carried from the hall.—Presbyterian Standard.

Mr. R. N. Page of Biseco, Montgomery county, has recently announced himself a candidate for Congress, and the contest between him and Mr. Blair, of Troy, waxed warm.

A REPRESENTATIVE GATHERING.
Earned, Vigorous Young Men Meet in Convention.

The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of North Carolina will take place in Charlotte March 8-11. It will be unlike any convention ever held in previous years. Not more than one-half a dozen topics will be discussed, as the convention will confine itself to the discussion of several vital, live subjects which have to deal with the religious life of men. It will in every respect be a Twentieth Century Convention. Practically every important college and many preparatory schools for boys will send delegations of their choicest men. City and town associations will be represented by some of their leading men. Railroad men from several terminal points are also coming to participate in the convention programme.

This year the convention will open on Saturday evening, closing on Tuesday night. Sunday will be a red letter day in Charlotte. There will be services in nearly all of the prominent churches, with union meetings at night, addressed by some of the most prominent association leaders in North America. In the afternoon there will be a great mass meeting for the men of Charlotte. The local association hopes to have over a thousand men present at this service. Mr. Augustus Nash, the Religious Work Secretary of the Cleveland Ohio, Association, will address this mass meeting for men. Among other prominent speakers who are to participate in the convention are Messrs. Don. O. Shelton, of New York City; C. L. Gates, of Atlanta; H. E. Roseover, of Louisville.

The music will be a special feature. The executive committee have secured Mr. E. O. Sellers, of Washington, D. C., to have general charge of this feature.

A cordial invitation is extended to every pastor in North Carolina and to all men who are interested in their fellow men. Young men from towns and rural districts where there are no associations will be especially welcome. It will be necessary, however, for them to secure the proper credentials. By writing to A. G. Knebel, State Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Asheville, N. C., within the next ten days these credentials and all other information will be promptly forwarded.

The good people of Charlotte will entertain all delegates. The majority of the railroads have granted reduced rates. It would be well, however, to see your local ticket agent in advance, and ascertain whether or not he has received instructions.

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