

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

I have had an occasional request to reproduce and save from oblivion a sermon that went the round of the southern press some fifty years ago and was known as the "Harp of a Thousand Strings." Not long ago I quoted a paragraph from it and a friend writes me from East Feliciana, La., and says that the author of that quaint old sermon lived and died in that parish and his daughters and grandchildren live there now and are his near neighbors. Strange to say the author was a minister of the gospel, sober, serious, solemn and devoted to his calling and for a long time it was not known that the humorous writings over the signature of "Zedekiah the Scribe" came from his gifted pen. But some preachers can't help seeing and enjoying the ludicrous side of human nature. Sidney Smith, the famous English divine, was as solemn as the grave on solemn occasions, but he inhaled a great deal of merriment without a smile. He provoked others to the most convulsive laughter, but gave no sign save in the twinkle of his eyes. Judge Longstreet, the eminent jurist, the learned preacher, the dignified president of two colleges and a university and the author of "Georgia Scenes," was of similar type. I met him often during my youth, and do not recall that he indulged in a humorous anecdote. The last time I met him was during the war in the office of The Columbus Enquirer, when he indulged in bitter sarcasm against some Georgians whom he called traitorous obstructionists. I could hardly imagine that he it was who molded the inimitable characters of Ned Brace and Ransey Sniffle. Johns Hooper was not a preacher, but always a sedate and very dignified gentleman. He was secretary of the embryo confederacy that assembled in Montgomery and there was no sign of "Simon Suggs" or "Talking the Census" in his solemn deportment. My observation has been that the best story tellers and conversationalists have the least inclination to write or publish their own scintillations. It was common to say of my old partner, "Oh! rare Judge Underwood," but I could never induce him to put pen to paper in that line. He said that a good story or a flash of wit and humor lost its relish by writing it, for the tone of voice, the accent, the piquancy, the facial expressions could not be recorded.

When the Rev. J. T. Lewis wrote this sermon it was not uncommon for amateur preachers to perform up and down the western rivers and thus advertise their business, which was principally flat boating and peddling their produce. Lorenzo Dow took continental journeys from Maine to Texas, but he was a pretty good orthodox preacher. These flat boat preachers were a rough and tumble set and tangled up the scriptures awfully, but they could draw the crowds and their whiskey was a good card. It was an orthodox product then and preachers and the people were as fond of it as old Father Noah, who was a preacher of righteousness. Rev. Mr. Lewis does not give this preacher's name, but his sermon has been sent me by my friend and I give it to your readers as it was given to me. When it first came forth we thought it inexpressibly funny. It is not so funny now to the old people, but the younger generation are more easily amused than the veterans and for their sake I append it. A pretty school girl recited it last week at the commencement exercises of our public school and she did it well and brought down the house.

This sermon was said to have been preached at Port Hudson, where the amateur divine had "tied up" for the double purpose of observing the Sabbath and selling whiskey.

I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an educated man, an' I am not one of them as believes that education is necessary for a gospel minister, for I believe the Lord edicates His preachers just as He wants 'em to be educated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, live in the state of Indiana, where I live, that's no man as gets bigger congregations nor what I gits.

That may be some here today, my brethering, as don't know what perstasion I am uv. Well, I mnt say to you, my brethering, that I'm a Hard Shell Baptist. There's some folks as don't like the Hard Shell Baptists, but I had rather have a har-shell as no shell at all. You see me here to today, my brethering, dressed up in good clothes; you must think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering, and although I have been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capt'n in the flat boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethering, ah.

I am not gwine to tell exactly what my text may be found; suffice it to say it is in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the first chapter of the book Generations, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and of you will go search the scriptures, you'll not only find my text there, but a great many other texts as will do you good to read, and my text, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus, ah.

"And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfect."

My text, my brethering, leads me to speak of sperits. Now, that's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, that's the sperits some folks call ghosts, and that's the sperits of turpentine, and that's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I've got as good an artikel of them kind of sperits on my flat boat as ever was foch down the Mississippi river; but that's a great many other kinds of sperits for the text says: "He played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfect." And that's a great

many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place that's the common old sort of fire, and then there's foxfire, and camphire, fire before you are ready and fire and fall back and many other kinds uv fire, for the text says: "He played on the harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is spoken of in the Bible, my brethering, is Hell Fire! and that's the kind of fire as a great many of you'll come to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for "He played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfect." And that's the kind of fire you can't dodge, my brethering, ah, for its fire that won't be quenched. You may fly to mountains of Hepsidan, where the woodbine twineh and the lion rostreth and the whangadoodle mourneth for its first-born, but you can't hide from the unquenchable fire, for it is the fire of hell and damnation, ah! And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfect.

Now as there are many kinds of sperits and many kinds of fire, ah! in the world, ah! jes so there are many kinds of Christians, ah! In the fust place we have the Piscopalians, and they are a high-sailin', high-roostin', hifalutin set, ah! and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard that flies up into the air, ah! and he goes up, and up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he comes down, and down, and down, goes to fillin' hisself on the carcass of a dead hoo, by the side of the road, ah! and "He played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfect."

And then that's the Methodis, ah! They may be likened unto the squirrel runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis beleeves in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up, and up, and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he comes kerflumix, and that's like Methodis, for they is allers fallin from grace, ah! "And he played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfect."

And that is the Presbyterians, my brethering, with their long frock coats and high shirt collars and dismal swart faces, but they never cleared no new ground nor burnt no bresh nor deadened no timber, nor killed no bars. They always waits for us hard shells to do that and settle up the wilderness and then they will slip in and go to plantin' and put on heavenly airs and claim to be the only people that are eleted and shore of eternal salvation—and they play on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made perfect.

And then, my brethering, that's the Baptists, ah! And they have been likened to a 'possum on a simmon tree, and the thunders may roll and the earth may quake, and the lions roar and the whangadoodle mourn, but the 'possum clings thar still, ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and clings and he clings forever, ah! for "He played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfect."

Lynching Brings Lawlessness.

News and Observer.

The lynching of the two negro boys at Salisbury is a circumstance to be deplored, and this because with it goes a spirit of lawlessness, the very thing which the lynchers are trying to stamp out.

The crime was a horrible one, and the sight of a young white woman, her brains oozing from her broken skull, beaten to pieces by rocks in the hands of vicious young brutes, was terrible enough to cause the wildest passions to animate the breasts of those who gazed at the piteous sight.

But the inhuman beasts had been found and the crime had been fastened upon them. They were in the hands of the law, and the courts of the State would have dealt with them. Their conviction, in view of the evidence which is at hand, seems certain, and the pity of it is that a law-abiding community has made these miscreants reap their harvest of death outside of the bounds of the law, and has thus violated the law itself.

Used the Wrong Decoy.

Philadelphia Times.

That Camden is as wide awake as the rest on the world is shown by an incident which occurred a few days ago in that town. The woman of the house was called to the door and found a man there, with whom she held the following conversation:

"Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes to be pressed and brushed."

"What suit?"

"Your husband's Sunday suit. He called at the shop going down this morning."

"And he said to let you have it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did he appear in good health and spirits?"

"Why, certainly."

"And look and act naturally?"

"Of course, but why do you ask?"

"Because my husband has been dead for 12 years and I had some curiosity on the subject."

"Perhaps I've made a mistake."

"Perhaps you have. The man you saw going out of here this morning is my brother. Good morning."

"And the man left."

Strange that he who lives by shifts can seldom shift himself.

STOLEN BY GYPSIES.

The Wonderful Story of Little Anita Bradley.

Up in the Sierra Mountains is a young girl who is the sensation of the hour. Every day wagon loads of visitors come to her father's cattle range. From Sugar Pine, Sonora and the ranches thereabouts they come to hear the wonderful story of Anita Bradley.

Ten years ago Anita Bradley mysteriously disappeared from Sugar Pine. Three weeks ago the Bradleys unexpectedly found their lost daughter with a band of strolling gypsies.

The events that led up to her kidnapping and the strange coincidences that brought about her recovery from the gypsies read like the libretto of the "Bohemian Girl," says the San Francisco Examiner.

When Anita Bradley was stolen by the gypsies she was a blue-eyed, sunny-haired child of 6 years, with never a care beyond her dolls.

Mrs. Bradley had taken Anita and her son, Marion, 4-year-old lad, into the woods gooseberrying. Mrs. Bradley kept Marion close at her side, but Anita, with the greater dignity of her six years, was permitted to wander a little distance. Presently she failed to answer her mother's calls. Then Mrs. Bradley became alarmed, and, with Marion stumbling along beside her, she hurriedly made a circuit of the berry patch. She found Anita's half-filled pail and her blue sunbonnet, but no other traces of the child. Could she have returned down to the river to get a drink? Half dragging, half carrying, the frightened, tired little Marion, the mother hastened down where a swift-running fork of the Tuolumne hurries on to join the main stream.

When night came and Anita was not yet found cowboys on the range joined a searching party. They roamed the woods till dawn and then, with sinking hearts turned again to the river. It was the only solution of the mystery.

Mrs. Bradley refused to believe that Anita had been drowned. On the fourth day of the search the men gave up the hunt. That night in her fitful sleep, Mrs. Bradley saw Anita playing a tambourine before a motley crowd. The child passed a little red can around for small coins and handed the money to a swarthy woman who wore a gray scarf tied around her head and huge gold hoops dangling in her ears.

"The gypsies! the gypsies!" cried Mrs. Bradley, and awoke her husband to tell him of her dream. "I knew Anita was not drowned. I felt it all along. The gypsies have stolen her." For 10 long years Mrs. Bradley clung to this idea, while others thought it but the natural impulse of a heart-broken mother to clutch at a straw. Everybody else believed that the child had been drowned.

Mrs. Bradley's hope was not the creature of a grief tortured brain. A month before Anita's disappearance a band of gypsies had camped on the Bradley range. They had traveled down the Bodie road from Nevada and were making for Sonora, and thence down to the San Joaquin plains. The Bradley place is on a cut-off of the Bodie road, and when the gypsies straggled by the house burdened with a sick child and begged leave to pitch their tents near by Mr. Bradley could not refuse. But they were detected stealing later and were driven off. It was two weeks after this that Anita disappeared while berrying with her mother.

The years went by, but the mother never gave up all hope. Three weeks ago Mrs. Bradley drove down from the ranch to Sugar Pine. Half a mile from the cluster of pine trees that gives that place its name she came upon a camp of gypsies.

"I looked closely at the faces," she explained afterward to the friends who rode miles to hear the story, "but I did not recognize any of them as belonging to the band that had camped on our place when Anita disappeared. An old hag asked me whether I wanted my fortune told. While she was dealing a greasy pack of cards a frowsy-headed boy came up and said something to her. She mumbled an excuse and shuffled off to a tent. I asked the boy what was the matter and he told me that one of the girls was sick. It must have been my good angel who prompted me to follow the old woman.

"Inside the tent was a young girl rolled up in a bedquilt. Her ehort, golden-brown hair covered her face, but I brushed it gently away and saw the fever spots on her cheeks. I took the gourd of water from the crone and put it to her lips. She opened her eyes and I saw that they were blue like those of my lost child's, with the same straight, long black lashes.

"I could hardly hold the water, my hands trembled so. My heart said 'Anita,' but I did not dare tell the name pass my lips for fear the old crone would get her away from me.

"Now I tell fortune, come!" urged the old woman, moving toward the door. But the girl gave a cry and caught my hand. "Let me stay with her awhile," and slipped a half dollar into the woman's hand.

"Then I was left alone with the girl. I thought she would remember enough to give me some kind of clue. But no sooner had the tent flap closed than she gave a contented sigh, nestled closer to me and fell asleep with her head on my arm. I knew it was the best thing for her fever and I knew it was Anita, even if the golden hair had changed to brown. I knew it just as well as though Mr. Bradley were here."

But right at this part of the story is where Mr. Bradley always breaks into his wife's narrative.

"You see," he says, "I was down in the canyon when I heard a shot. I knew it wasn't one of the boys. I guessed it was someone trying a little gun play on a steer. I made a bee-line for the spot where I heard the report of the gun and I got there in time to see a brown-skinned cuss dragging a year-

ling into the brush. I knew his game—to skin it, bury the hide and hoofs and salt away the beef. I covered him with my gun and said: 'You blank, gypsy, you'll go to jail for this!'

"I marched him to the corral to get one of the boys to help me to take him into town. The boys made him think they were going to string him up then and there. The fellow was so plumb scared that his teeth chattered. He fell at my feet and began to jabber something that I couldn't make out at first, but I caught a word or two and began to prick up my ears. Well, the truth of it was that he had belonged to the band that camped on my place ten years before, when Anita disappeared. A week after I had turned them off the woman's boy died of diphtheria. It was through no fault of mine, of course, for it was a stomach fever he had here, and he was all over it when I drove them off the place. But the old hag swore vengeance on us, and while the rest of the band waited for her down Rights Ferry way she stole back here and kidnapped Anita. She covered her tracks so smoothly no one ever guessed it.

"The fellow confessed that after the woman who stole Anita died he cared for her like a father. He fetched her with him when he joined this band and saw no harm ever came to her. I promised him I'd let him off if he was telling the truth and would lead us to 'Nita."

"All the way to the gypsy camp I was thinking how I'd prepare mother for the shock, but at the camp I found Mrs. Bradley with 'Nita asleep on her breast. 'Nita told us that the man really had been good to her, so I told them they'd better clean out before the authorities got wind that they had a stolen child with them."

So, for the first time in 10 years, there is rejoicing on the Bradley ranch. Anita is putting her life with the gypsies behind her and will soon be deep in neglected school-books.

"I'm still afraid it's a dream," she says, "and that I'll wake up and find myself with the gypsy band. It all seems too good to be true."

North Carolina "Corn" vs. Kentucky "Rye."

Washington Post.

An interesting discussion is in progress between Representative Wheeler of Kentucky and Representative Kitchen of North Carolina as to the relative merits of Kentucky "sour mash" whiskey, as it is called in that State, and "corn" whiskey, as it is known among the tar heels. Up to the present time Mr. Kitchen has the best of the argument, because he tells this story:

"Down in my district," he says, "a drummer happened to mention that I had been in Clinton county, Ohio. 'I have a brother living out there,' said a sad-eyed man, sitting on a box in the store, 'and if you ever see him I wish you would tell him that I am mighty hard up, my farm is mortgaged and I don't believe I will ever be able to educate my children. But, anyway,' he added, 'let's take a drink.'"

"So they took one drink of corn whiskey and then the sad-eyed man had another message for his brother. 'Tell him,' he said, 'that I am getting along tolerably well, even though I haven't much money.'"

"Then the drummer proposed another drink, and the sorrowful man grew happier. 'Tell my brother when you see him,' he remarked, 'that I am making a good living, getting along first-rate.'"

"After that there were several interchanges of hospitality, and the man, sad-eyed no longer, addressed the drummer. 'Tell my brother when you see him,' was his final message, 'that if he ever wants anything to draw on me.'"

"If that doesn't beat anything you can produce in Kentucky," said Kitchen to Wheeler, "I will send you a case with my compliments."

No Pension Grabber.

News and Observer.

Gen. Maximo Gomez, the gallant old patriot of Cuba is to the fore in an action which more than ever stamps him as a true lover of his country and entitled to be classed with the patriots.

The Cuban Congress has before it a resolution which carries with it a pension of \$6,000 a year for the acknowledged leader of the Cuban revolution.

When he learned of this Gomez promptly published a letter declining to accept the pension and asked his friends to vote against the resolution.

He considers Cuba yet in no condition to reward those men whose fortunes and lives were devoted to her and does not want to be specially favored, declaring that he will wait with the others till Cuba can meet all just demands for services rendered.

It is no more than might have been expected from the great Cuban, and this commendable act will still further endear him to the people who know what his life has done for Cuban independence.

KIVERED AND UNKIVERED PIE.

New York Sun.

A few weeks ago certain students of Butler College, Indiana, flung into the world this apple of strife:

"Resolved, That pie is of greater service to civilization than ice cream."

It was publicly charged that the jury which decided against pie was bribed by ice cream. Even the most charitable friends of the jury admitted that it had listened not to reason, but to gallantry, the young women of the college being the champions of ice cream in the debate. From Butler College the great argument spread over the country. Patriotism, logic and fact flew to the side of pie, whose long and splendid service as the mother of heroes and the nurse of statesmen has been gratefully and generally recognized. But even pie eaters are not infallible. The New Orleans Times-Democrat, which ranged itself in opposition in the ice cream discussion, shows itself to be no genuine friend of man-ennobling pie. The Charlotte Observer, a bulwark and battery of pie, has been reviewing pleasantly the classifications of the pie kingdom along the banks of the Yadkin:

"In Rowan county, N. C., they are of three varieties, known as kivered, unkivered and barred."

The New Orleans friend of pie uses this interesting scientific fact as the text for an attack on pie and for an attempt "to inject sectionalism" into that national and catholic dish:

"It is true that in Rowan county these three species are recognized, but the people of Rowan county are sturdy Americans and they eat only one sort of pie themselves—the unkivered. The barred pie may be dismissed without discussion, being a mere compromise, a pabulum for colorless individuals who are the mugwumps of the dining room. The kivered pie, in Rowan county, as in all distinctively American communities, is prepared for strangers, and is not eaten by the natives. The Rowanese would as readily drink the juice of the corn on which excise tax had been paid as to eat kivered pie, which is distinctively a product of New England civilization, and has no place in the simpler and more democratic State where tar adheres to the heels of the people. The true Tarheel, the descendants of the men who made the charge up King's Mountain, the Majuba Hill of this continent, take their pie unkivered. They will not touch the kivered abomination, which appeals only to those who have reached the first stages of the ice cream heresy. The most democratic of all pies and the most popular in all truly American communities is the punkin pie, and that is never kivered down South even by the most dudsish of chefs."

Evidently these are the words of a man who doesn't know pie, who wasn't brought up on pie, whose youth was not sustained, whose age will not be soothed by pie. The "kivered" pie, apple or mince, for example, stands high in the royal family of pie. Its triumphant composition requires of the artist higher qualities of head and heart, a more delicate touch, a higher strain of genius, a sublimer imagination than the composition of the punkin pie. There must be magic in the upper crust of it. Ah, that delicious, finely flaking upper crust, designed by a deep-revolving brain and fashioned by a sensitive hand, a cate Queen Mab would be glad to nibble! Punkin pie is a noble pie, albeit we don't suppose the New Orleans critic ever ate a real punkin pie or would know one from the common squash substitute therefor; but there goes much more skill to the making of a mince pie. Within the fortunate inwards of that president of pies are strange dainties and spices and Dr. Johnson's drink of heroes. The elements are so mixed in it that nature may stand up and say to all the world, this is a pie. A great mince pie is a masterpiece. Your punkin pie is a good homely subject, a Tanagra figurine.

Be that as it may, "kivered" pie is a national blessing. Were it distinctively a product of New England, New England could afford to go out of business, happy in the thought that it had conferred a priceless gift upon mankind. Probably punkin pie is more characteristic of New England than any kivered pie, be it mince, apple or huckleberry. But Rowan county and all other sensible folks will never quarrel about the origin of successful pie, barred, kivered or unkivered. They will take the gifts the gods provide.

Didn't Dare to Risk It.

Among other things found in an old scrapbook which has recently come to light is an amusing anecdote of Wendell Phillips, taken from a copy of the Richmond Dispatch at the close of the Civil war:

"The distinguished abolitionist went to Charlotte, S. C., once, before he was very well known, and put up at a hotel. He had breakfast served in his room, and was waited upon by a slave. Mr. Phillips seized the opportunity to represent to the negro in a pathetic way that he regarded him as a man and brother, and more than that, that he himself was an abolitionist.

"The negro, however, seemed more anxious about his breakfast than he was about his position in the social scale or the condition of his soul, and finally Mr. Phillips became discouraged and told him to go away, saying that he could not bear to be waited on by a slave.

"You must 'scuse me, massa,' said the negro; 'I is 'bliged to stay here 'cause I'm 'ponsible for de silver-ware.'"

A Pretty Good Reason.

Durham Herald.

A man that we could not conscientiously support in the conventions we could not support at the polls and this is one of the reasons why we hold off.

THE TRAINED NURSE.

Statesville Landmark.

A few days ago Miss Margaret B. Boyd, a young woman who was formerly a nurse in Waits Hospital, Durham, died in Baltimore from the effects of a blow which she received from a delirious patient whom she nursed in the Durham hospital. The death of this young woman calls attention to a profession—a noble, self-sacrificing one—to which so many young women have dedicated their lives in recent years. It is doubtful if the work of the trained nurse is appreciated as it should be. These women who devote their lives to sick rooms are ministering angels. No matter what their motive for engaging in the work, if they faithfully perform its duties they deserve the honor of men and the everlasting reward reserved for those who spent their lives in relieving suffering. The physical and mental strain, the dangerous, trying experiences which one must undergo in constant attendance on sick rooms requires more than the ordinary powers of endurance, of intelligence, of patience and of love for humanity. It means practically a sacrifice of the pleasures of life which young women usually enjoy; it means, in short, a life of work for which no remuneration except the knowledge of duty well done can adequately compensate.

Every experienced physician will tell you that in the great majority of cases of illness careful nursing is the important thing; that no matter how skillful the physician, in many instances a patient's life is lost purely for lack of proper care and attendance in the absence of the physician. And what a burden do these trained nurses take from the shoulders of those in a home where there is sickness! They see that the physician's directions are faithfully followed and assume all the care of a patient. By reason of their training and skill they do what experienced hands cannot do, no matter how anxious and willing these may be. All hail to these Sisters of Mercy, the trained nurses! This one who lost her life in the discharge of duty is as deserving of a monument as any of the great captains who have won fame and renown by doing nothing more—their duty. It is to the everlasting credit of the young woman of the South that so many of them are giving their lives to this great work.

War on Birds on Hats.

Members of the Illinois Audubon Society, after years of attempted moral suasion, has begun aggressive action to stop the sale in Chicago of birds and plumage for millinery purposes. The action was taken after conference with State and Government officials and with the directors of kindred societies all over the United States.

Last week there was mailed a notice and a warning to every milliner and to every dealer in millinery goods in Chicago. The notice calls attention to the law, which is quoted, but the meat of the communication is near its end, where wholesalers and retailers alike are told that unless they comply with the statute prosecution will follow.

The law on birds for millinery purposes makes necessary only the proof that a dead bird or a part of it is held in possession. The only birds which may legally be used to trim bonnets are those enumerated in the law. It makes no difference whether the bird was killed in Illinois or not. That point has been passed upon by the Illinois Supreme Court.

The act known as the Lacey law, a Government statute forbidding the transportation from State to State of animals or birds killed illegally, could easily be invoked were the State law not as strong as it is.

She Showed Him Her Work.

The woman had her arms in the tub, and was fiercely scrubbing one dirty garment after another. Book agents don't often penetrate to that part of Chicago, but this one did. He knocked on the front door until he was tired, and then he went around to the back door. The woman was bobbing up and down over the washboard.

"Good morning, madam," said the book agent, pleasantly.

"Good mornin'," said the woman, shortly.

"Pleasant day," observed the book agent, sparing for an opening.

"Good enough," answered the woman.

"Excuse me, madam," said the book agent, "but I have here a work that I would like to show you."

"Have you?" answered the woman.

"Well, I've got a lot of work that I'd like to show you." She took one soapy hand out of the tub and waved it at a great pile of dirty clothes.

"That's my work," went on the woman. "If your work can beat that, all right; if it can't, why skip out."

The book agent skipped.

Emption Negro Lawyer.

J. S. Leary, the negro attorney, of Charlotte, continues to parade himself and air his views. Before the Acting Recorder, Mr. Hilton, one day last week, he kept quoting law after the court had told him to quit. It was in the case of a gang of little negroes who were charged with malicious mischief at an ice cream supper. The court informed the negro that it knew its business and the negro replied that he did not have to be told his. A quietus was put on the negro attorney finally and his client found guilty.

A 5-year-old girl living on West Mulberry street, like many older persons, becomes much alarmed at thunder. "What's that, mamma?" she exclaimed recently during a storm. With the idea of impressing her, the mother replied: "That's God speaking to you." Instantly the little one replied: "I wish you would tell Him not to talk so loud. I'm not deaf."