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VOLUME I.

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MY WIFE AND CHILD.

[This poin was written by Henry pootes Jackson, the recently appointed Minister to Mexico, during the Mexican campaigns, in which he took part. It then went the rounds chance it got into the current of the Southern press, and was attributed to Stonewall Jack-sor.] of the press, and during the civil war by some

The tattoo beats; the lights are gone, The camp around in slumber lies; The night with solemn pace moves on; The shadows thicken o'er the skies; But s'eep my weary eyes hath flown,

And sad, uneasy thoughts arise. I think of thee, oh, dearest one! Whose love mine early life hath blest; Of thee and him-our baby son-Who slumbers on thy gentle breast,

God of the tender, frail and lone,

Oh, guard that little sleeper's rest! And hover, gently hover near To her whose watchful eye is wet-The mother, wife-the doubly dear, In whose young heart have freshly met Two streams of love, so deep and clear And cheer her drooping spirit yet! Now, as she kneels before thy throne, Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies!

That while by thy behest alone Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise; No tear is wept to thee unknown, Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies; That they canst stay the ruthless hand Of dark disease, an I soothe its pain; That only by thy stern command The lattle's lost, the soldier slain; That from the distant sea or land Thou bring'st the wanderer home again,

And when upon her pillow lone, Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed May happier visions beam upon The brightening currents of her breast; Nor frowning look, nor angry tone Disturb the Sabbath of her rest! Whatever fate those forms may throw, Loved with a passion almost wild By day, by night-in joy or woe-By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled; From every danger, every foe, Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

BY MEREST ACCIDENT.

"Mr. Witney!" Iressed.

"I want you to cross to France this

It was a holiday-a holy day, appar- middle-aged bachelor lawyer. He had ently, for the inhabitants had just come | already a romance; he would find Desfrom the church, and the girls were moulins and Pulcherie, and then-. dressel in holiday garb, walking in pic-turesque groups; laughing, chattering, turn with him, and assume his civilian and while avoiding, yet glancing saucily attire; to quit the army if he liked afterward, but first to come to England at the young men, who, standing or seated, also in pairs or threes, would dis- and find Pulcherie and the kind aunt. cuss the weather and the fishing and the After much parley, this was agreed to. Next day the lawyer called on M. cattle, while always keeping the young ladies in sight. A happy, pleasant pic-ture, and Peter Witney looked on at the Desmoulins; found him a bully and a roue; quelled him by stern threats of exposure in the tribunal and in the vilscene with great delight.

He determined to give himself a holilage, where he was hated. Finally, he day, too. He could not do busin succeeded in getting from him a quitsuch a scene. So he made triends ditance of all claims, and, with the French recily, and inquiries indirectly concern- avocat who had accompanied him, took ing the premises he had come to take his leave. over and have transferred. He learned In fiftee In fiftcen hours he was in London.

that the house lay away from the village; The business had developed in a roit was a mere farmhouse, amid trees, en- mance and Peter Witney was as eager as closed by a wall and paling. It had a boy.

been untenanted some time. The family had sold everything, and quitted the "Then you do not think the place will

village some weeks before. suit me," said Mr. Barnstone, after talk-"They were poor?" said the English- ing the matter over. "It is dull, quiet,

not near the sea. No, I will let it to The man addressed shrugged his some young couple who want to live and shoulders as he replied : love alone. They may have it for a song. "Well, not entirely. The good man lt's no use to me, and only a farmhouse, and his wife had died. His sister and after all!" their daughter lived in the house till the

"May-I-have the-refusal, sir, last harvest. The son was away in the asked Peter, timidly. army of Africa. Young M. Desmoulins, "You, Witney, you? are you going to the miller's son, had paid much atten- be a Benedict, after all? Well, I am surtion to the young lady and had been re prised. My good sir, certainly. You pulsed by her. So, being the owner of are a faithful, good fellow. Take it as the property, he had taken his revenge a wedding present. It will cost me little, and managed to frighten them away. remember, and may do you good," he added, hastily. "No thanks, please."

English and more voluble French, ex-

plained to Mr. Barnstone and her aunt

alternate'y how she had become ac-

selle here?" said Mr. Barnstone. "If you

So Peter Witney, the "old bachelor,"

met his fate-a charming wife and some

fortune-in Pulcherie Malais-all, as

"Our Margaret."

many monuments erected to the famous

rounded by stately dwellings and groves

figure of a stout woman who is seated,

holding a little child, on which she

looks down, her homely face illumined

with a noble benignity and tender love.

New Orleans knows "our Margaret."

"That is our Margaret," the stranger

She was a poor woman, who carned

sold from a little shop; a thrifty, ener-

getic, business woman, whose heart was

full of love for children. Before the

ragged urchin who would be sent away

As Margaret prospered, and the bake-

shop enlarged into a cracker factory, she

only man she would have married was

dead, and her heart was full of love only

poor little outcasts more wretched than

All her money, all her thoughts, and care as years passed, went to them. She

founded, out of her scanty savings, a

home for them which, as she grew richer,

she enlarged and endowed with all she

with full hands and a happy face.

In the city of New Orleans there are

but you and I know better.

"Then you actually directed mademor-

quainted with the "monsieur."

"But he had no right to do so," said Witney. "The house was mortgaged said a lad at this juncture. to an Englishman-he is dead now. It "Let her come up," said Mr. Barnstone. was handed over as security for advances 'My charming French client," he added ; to the young soldier's father." you shall see her." She is connected "That is as may be. The house is with this very house-my tenant. Ah! closed up, the affiches of the sale are on here she is." the doors It is deso!ate-empty."

"Is it far from here?" "Well, no. A walk of perhaps half an whom she called ma tante. She at once hour or so will bring you there-among the trees yonder. You see those tail poplars, those to the eastward?"

Poor gir!!

Peter Witney nodded assent. "Up there you will find the place; it stands above the road on your right hand; a little path leads up to the house. You cannot mistake it."

"Sir?" replied the individual ad-resed. ney. "I think I will go and see it." your nephew, madame?" "Yeter Witney made his way toward the "Alas! no; he was in poplars and passed them. He then 144th of the line. He will come home health. -Free Press.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES

Hoist by His Own Petard. "I have here," said the drummer, as

he entered the grocery store, "a wonderful baking powder; beats anything you er saw for raising." "We," responded the keeper, "it may

be pretty good for raising, but I've got a powder I keep here would raise a rock." "What is it called?" demanded the

drummer "Blasting powder, sir; blasting pow-

der." And then a sort of never-advertise si-

lence crept over the group that lingered about the raisin box and cracker barrel. -Boston Post.

Not Alone.

A Galveston female school teacher was on intimate terms with the male teacher the same school. He was in the habit of strolling into her room during the recess and chatting with the object of his affections. His name was Smith.

One day the lady teacher endeavored to make the class comprehend the omniresence of God. She explained to them fakirs in America. that God was everywhere.

"Now, my dear children, suppose you all go out of the room, except myself, and I stay in here. Am 'I alone?" asked the female teacher.

"No," exclaimed one of the little girls, "Mr. Smith will be with you."-Siftings.

He Boomed Too Hard.

"Miss Malais wants to see you, sir," A Detroit firm employed a new collector a few days ago, and among other their business wouldn't suffer at all. bills he was given one which had long been classed under the head of "doubt- king's English, who had come there to ful." He was informed that the chances | conquer and acquire their sand pile. of his getting anything were extremely dubious, but was promised half of all he could collect. In two hours after start- alkali water on their part and in requir-As he finished speaking, Mademoiselle ing out he was back with the money on ing their enemies to do the same for Pulcherie entered with a little woman, the doubtful bill, and when asked how he succeeded so well he replied : greeted Peter Witney, and in broken

"After getting into his office I locked durable Bessemer steel bowels. the door, pocketed the key, and told him he'd either got to come down or I'd break every bone in his body. He shelled out, and both of us are \$10 ahead."

had known, you might have saved your- the a case of "extorting money by mer and take his alimentary canal home "Thank you, monsieur," replied Wit- self the journey. Have you any news of threats of violence," and the collector with him in the fall. was kindly informed that he could have In the battle, the Arab charge is pecu-

to hire an amanuensis or assistant prophet to help him out. During the holidays, when trade was brisk, the Mahdi had to sit up and prophesy till 10 or 11 o'clock

at night. His.real name is Mohammed Achmed. and he was the son of a petty sheik, whose name I have forgotten. This man was an inferior person and a very ordi-nary sheik, I am told-just such a sheik as you could go in and find on the tencent counters of the Soudan anywhere. Mohammed Achmed for a long time showed one of the prevailing characteristics of a tramp, and so they began to educate him as a fakir. A fakir is a man who has permission to ramble through the country, chiseling people out of money and groceries in the name of religion. He is a sort of Oriental gospel bum, whose business is to go around over the country weeping over the sins of people who are too busy to be hypocrites. These fakirs are always devout, hungry and sad. They yearn for a bright immortality, but they are in no great rush about acquiring it. They are perfectly willing to wait till the Egyptians pullets run out. I am glad that we have no

By and by Mohammed Achmed got a call to rise up William Riley and gather the clans of the Soudan together. He went to them and told them in confidence that he was the only genuine, all wool prophet on the Nile, and if they wanted some fun, to get their double barrel shot guns and join the gang. They did so. None of them ever did anything at home to obtain a livelihood, sa they could go away on the warpath all summer and

They then proceeded to murder the The Arabian style of warfare is pecu-

liar. It consists largely in drinking ninety days. So it becomes simply a question of who has the firmest and most

No one but a Bedouin would have thought of such a style of warfare. It is not, therefore, a question of courage or everlasting justice, it is a question of The next day the firm paid \$75 to set- who can drink concentrated lye all sum-

"Alas! no; he was in Africa, in the a long vacation for the benefit of bis liar in the extreme. The Arab does not stand up in line of battle for an hour,

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THE CONQUEROR OF BARRIOS.

Reminiscences of the Career of Zaldivar, President of Salvador.

Rafael Zaldivar, president of Salvador, with less resources than his oppo-nent, the late Rufino Barrios, president of Guatemala, has been unexpectedly successful. As far back as fourteen years ago he was in Germany, where Duenas, who died in San Francisco last year, sent him on a special mission as charge d' affaires of the Salvadorian republic. From that time dates his first appearance in the political field, for he then gave up his profession, in which he held quite a high position, being at the head of the medical faculty, and devoted all his attention to politics. After the battle of Santa Ana, in which the government, represented by Duenas, was defeated by the Liberals, led by Gonzalez, who then became President, Zaldivar had a narrow escape from death. For a few days he had acted as minister, and had enacted very arbitrary measures against certain moneyed men, in order to make both ends meet, which created a very strong feeling of resentment against him. The first reports circulated after the above-mentioned battle had been so favorable to Duenas that Te Deum was sung in the cathedral to thank God for the victory obtained by the govern-ment, and firing was indulged in to such an extent as to kill a woman on the plaza (in celebrating national events, Central Americans invariably shoot someone accidentally), Zaldivar, who attends always to pleasure before business, was celebrating the triumphs of his party, when suddenly the Liberals

appeared in the capital. He ran out of his house, sure that if caught alive he would be shot immediately, and seeing the French flag waving on the top of a merchont's he knocked panting at the front door, and upon being let in, threw himself on the mercy of th: Frenchman. Monsieur Bouineausuch was the name of the gentlemandid not hesitate in assuring him of his good will. After hiding him he answered personally to the calls of the soldiers who were yelling ferociously in front of the house, "Death to Zaldivar! (Que muera Zaldivar!) He told them that the ex-Minister had just run out by the side door, and must then be cn his way to the volcano, advising them at the me to follow him in that

THE HEART OF THE HOME. Be the home where it may, on the hill, in the valley. Hemmed in by the walls of the populous town. Set fair where the corn lifts its plumes to the rally, Or perched on the slope, where the torrent rolls down. Still ever the heart of the home is the same, Still ever the dearest of names is the name. And ever the purest of fames is the fame, Of the home-queen, the mother, whose gentle command. Unchallenged, bears rule in our beautiful land. Be the home what it may, whether lofty or lowly, The mansion, the cottage, the plain little room Tis the heart-beat of true love shall make the place holy, Tis the outlook to heaven shall keep 1 from gloom. For the heart of the home is the same, is the In hall or in hut, there is ever one name, Which kindles the torch of a swift leaping flame. As we bow to the mother, whose gentle command Is the sceptre that sways in our beautiful land Oh sweet with the dawn-flush of morning upon her, She cradles her first born in tender em brace; And sweeter, when age brings her glory and honor, She smiles with the glow of life's eve on her face. We are glad of her praise, we are sad at her blame,

Her name was the first for our child lips to frame,

And loyally, proudly all homage we claim For the home-queen, the mother, whose gentle command

Is potent and strong in our beautiful land. -Margaret E. Sangster.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

Dogma-Parent of puppies. A grave responsibility-The sexton's.

plunged into a more wooded country and and find it desolate-our home. We vening. Very well, sir," said Mr. Witney, wetty

"Or to-morrow morning will do. Here e your instructions. Read these papers ucfully; make the best arrangements I may want the house - you el can. ill see all about it in these docunents.

"Am I to purchase the premises, sir?" "No, no; they have come to me-to ne firm-in consequence of an advance hade by my old partner, who, you know, lied the other day. Take possession; see what the place is like-whether it ill do for a summer residence. You now the kind of thing I want to take he children to, and I can depend on

Mr. Witney bowed, and said he hought Mr. Barnstone might depend on im. He took the deeds, made his ar-

ingements at the office, tidied and tied his papers on his desk, and then rolled homeward at 3 o'clock to pack portmanteau. He was a man of out forty-good-natured, trustful, and rust worthy-a man of whom little chilen always stop to inquire "the time," I were satisfied if he did not drag out s watch-a man who piloted old ladies nd blind men over dangerous London ssings-a man beloved by animals nd children, and who cherished an afction for a cat, which followed him as thfully as a dog in and about his house t Brixton.

Mr. Peter Witney strolled homeward, partments he passed his quiet evenings. ostollice, when a young and decidedly nd said, in broken English:

can fin I the Lincoln's Inn Fields?" "Lincoln's Inn, mademoiselle; mais vacity. He told how he had been ertainement; je-"

"Ah! monseur parle francais," she velaimed, interrupting him with a leased expression.

holar, addressed her in her native were not always poor; we held up our ingue, and walked with her a few heads once. My poor sister promised aces in order to put her in the right for marriage by her enemy and mine. her living by making bread, which she rection. So they went through Lin- Oh, Pulcherie!" oln's Inn, chatting, and he found her

stination was none other than Mr. arnstone's office.

Having parted with his young comat the office, he hurried away to tonished Frenchman. udgate again. He had learned from a up of paper she gave him that the fair house and in her. An English firm owns unced her arrival to the clerk in

"A very pretty girl indeed," murwed this middle-aged bachelor; "a a ming face: and what a pretty name! man of his meeting with the young lady, ulcherie; quite fitting too, for a won- and of his having escorted her to Lin-Malais is not so nice, but it may coln's Inn Fields.

¹² day be changed. Ah, me!" Thinking of Pulcherie, Peter Witney fered the train; still thinking of her, went home, and packed "Pulcherie" his portmanteau. But somehow that ing person escaped, for she was with in all the evening in the train to New-

The premises which Peter Witney ins assisted us, for he pretende 1 to love the homely figure should remain among months that is sufficient for evening services, 4,074,000; trade and transpormens' cemetery, the Jewish cemeteries, own as Gr to investigate and arrange for, were Pu'cherie, monsieur; and I, like a fool, them, a type of truest mother-love.dress. In the morning he puts on his tation, 1,810,000: manufacturing tom-tom by tying two cats by the tails payment of a fee, varying f:om twentyturban, buckles a six-shooter around his chanical and mining industries, 3,637,atted some little distance up the coast went away and left her. His attentions Youth's Companion. and hanging them across a clothes-line. live cents a month to several dollars, enor near a village which boasted a small aroused the fears of my aunt and sister; waist and he is dressed. It doesn't take 000. In 1870 the number engaged in -Newman Independent. titles the member to free burial at the ver and a fishing population of am-hibious habits. The place shall not be wretch Desmoulins had a claim on them; occupations was 12,505,000. Of those in Mahdi long to make his toilet. In the spring a young man's fancy Lightly turns to thoughts of—Nancy; But in the summer turns again, Lincoln and the Railway Pass. hands of the society to which he be-Years ago he decided that he would 1000, 2,647,000 were women. The numore particularly described, but the he broke up their home. Oh, monsieur, The Mechanical Engineer publishes the retire to a lonely island in the Nile and ber of persons over ten years of age is longs. These burial societies, paradoxical as And then his thoughts are all of Jane ; er flowed through the valley of the I wish I had died!" following letter written by Abraham put himself in training for a prophet, so 36,761,000, leaving 19,369,000 unac-When autumn comes-thrice-fickle man !--he Proclaims himself the slave of Fanny ; it may sound, are also instrumental in he crawled into a cave and lived there counted for. The latter number is about age, and the stream and the increasing Peter Witney noticed that the young Lincoln on the subject of renewing a promoting social intercourse among the Fishermen, dealers in cattle-for the Desmoulins, and feared he would proon whatever he could get hold of. While equal to the number attending school or But soon, these three forgotten quite, Daar Rose becomes his heart's delight railway pass: others were down at Khartoum, having a good time at the skating rink, Mahdi sus shows an increase over 1870 of about members. The colored people give a SPRINGFIELD, February 13, 1856-B. B. Blank, Esq.-Dear Sir: Says Tom to John: "Here's your old rotten wheelbarrow. I've broke it, usen on it. I wish you would mend big yearly entertainment in connection ley is pastoral-lacemakers, these are e inhabitants, and they follow their "Never mind, I can expla-aceful desided and they follow their "Never mind, I can expla--Critic. with one of their leading societies, in remained in his gloomy cave, setting up thirty per cent. in population, but an in-"A scientist says that 'the way to sleep which the most elaborate festivities are held, and full dress prevails. "Never mind, I can explain all. M. aceful occupations contentedly. It s a very fine morning when Mr. Wit-y reached the morning when Mr. Witthe pins to go into the prophet business crease of thirty-nine per cent. in the number engaged in occupations. This and murder the king's English. Some people began to hear of El Mah- increase in number in occupations over The number of plant specimens known I should say that you would sleep all the time, my dear," said her husband. "No reached the village; he had walked have come to claim the property. I er from Dieppe the day after his ar-al in that town, and found the people te ma." Acting on this as a precedent, I say: "Here's your 'old chalked hat.' I wish you would take it and send me a new one, case I di, and as he put a card in all the morn. the gain in population is accounted for al in that town, and found the people to me." ing papers of the Soudan, he at once had by the growth of the factory system. -sil the prophesying he could do and had Scientific American, to botanists has been placed at 100,000, doubt, Mr. Smith, for I think a great fete in the village, shall want to use it the first of March." deal of you."-Newman Independent. but there many still unknown. A sudden inspiration had seized the Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

the road tended southeast. Then he must return, monsieur, to Dieppe. You came to a gate and a path on the right, have been an angel to us, indeed." as indicated. He entered and ascended the path, passing in the direction whence duty; in this instance a positive pleashe had come. But in a moment he re- ure. Have you-pardon me-all necescoiled in astonishment.

saries for your journey?" Seated on a ruined portion of a wall "Madame need take no journey to see

was a young soldier, apparently on fur- her nephew," said Peter, in French. lough. A small bundle lay beside him "How, monsieur! Is it possible-he in the rank grass; a short stick was still is-he is dead?" hooked within it. The man's attitude "No, madame; alive, well, and in exhibited the deepest dejection. His London. He returned with me; I will head rested, hatless, on his arm; his at- bring you to him. I met him near the titude, the limp and hanging right arm, old home yonder." the hidden face, the who'e pose of the "Go," said Mr. Barnstone, wiping his poor fellow, to'd a sad tale of disap- spectacles. "Run away, good people; I

pointment. He had returned full of life am busy." and ardor to the place. perhaps his home, and found it deserted-the torn bills of had been promised, and after awhile the pen?" the sale still flapping idly in the autumn three returned to Dieppe. The following wind which stirred his tangled locks. "Poor chap!" Peter Witney mentally crossed the channel, and spent three

remarked; "he has found his home de- weeks in France near his new friends. seited. Our house, by the way. Ah! I shall gain some information here." The spectator after awhile advanced, and then paused. Again he advanced, tion to a commission-an officer; not by

and touched the young man, who arose the kind aunt, for she lay in the village turbed. He glanced at the Englishman, and come for "their honeymoon."

turned round again without speaking. "My friend," said Mr. Witney kindly, "can I assist you? You are ill, sorrowful; I may help you. Do you know this some think, "by the merest accident," place?"

Know the place, indeed! Was he not ist to Ludgate Hill station to take a a native of it? Had he not lived there ain to Brixton, where in bachelor until the conscription came, and when he was paid to take the place of another e was crossing Chancery lane, by the young man? The money was welcome. statesmen and soldiers of the South. So much the stranger managed to But there is one which has a more panetty girl, a French girl, stopped him, gather from the half-indignant remarks thetic and deeper significance than any of the soldier, who at length yielded to of these. It stands on Prytania street, "sare, would you be so kind?-you the kindly influence the Englishman in the midst of beds of flowers and surpok very kind-could you tell my where generally exercised. He sat up, and after a few m-nutes recovered his vi- of the crange and palmetto. It is the

treated. "You went as a substitute, then?" "Yes; my relatives were poor; the

man had held out threats. I loved my Then Witney, who was a French sister-oh! where is she? Monsieur, we is told when he asks what it means. All

"Pulcherie your sister! Not Pulcherie Malais?" "The same, monsieur. How could you counter was always to be found some

know? You are English," said the as-"Yes; but I am also interested in this

reigner's name was Pulcherie Malais, this property; the rent has not been had her lovers, like other women. But at he did not inquire her business in paid; the former owner, the Englishman, she turned a deaf ear to them all. The incoln's Inn Fields after he had an- is dead; all is chaos; but your sister-" "Yes, yes; tell me of her."

"She is in London-was in London a for children; for the orphans and the few days ago." Then Peter Witney told the young orphans.

"Ah, yes! it is there her benefactor used to live. She has, do doubt, gone to him. Our aunt knew him well. He had. was a lawyer-un avocat!"

my aunt remained. Young M. Desmoul- women erected this monument so that this turban, though during the summer 7,670,000; professional and personal the Odd Fellows' cemetery, the Firet in love! ter music than a piano, and is much tes of Prayer, etc. The cheaper. Any one can readily make a

Why She Wouldn't Have Him. "And so she wouldn't have you?"

"Not a bit, madame, only doing my "Indeed she wouldn't." "How'd that come?" "Well, I sat down alongside of her

and took her by the hand, as I heaved a away. When the battle ground is exsigh too deep to sound." "How was that?"

"It didn't make noise enough. You see, I alwa's do my sighin' in'ardly, an' breathe through my nose.

"Well, what then?"

so I said it, but I got left." So they went and found Antoine, as "You don't tell me. How'd it hap

"Well, she fired up like a hornet, an'

month, plain good Peter Witney again was referrin' to sp'ilt fish." Lo and behold ! the year after the old

farm house was again inhabited : not by world did you do it?" Antoine, who had gone away on promo-

Vcetnee," as they were called, who had Ledger.

Old, but Good.

The Cincinnati Gazette a number of years ago published a good story on a distinguished lawyer named Benham, of that city. He was a fine orator, but the fork in the middle of the backbone, much given to a display of his vast clas- and cut close to the backbone, from one sical learning. In a murder trial he end to the other, freeing the sidebone. warned the jury to not allow public As soon as the legs and wings are disopinion, which was against his client, jointed, begin to serve, offering Thite to influence the verdict. In concluding or dark meat, as each prefers. Do his appeal, he said : "Gentlemen of the jury, give up; drop all feeling in this important matter, and be like the ancient Roman in his adherence to the trath. who in its defence eloquently declared : 'Amicus Cato, amicus Pluto, amicus

Cicero, sid major veritas" (I am a friend sine. to Cato, a friend of Pluto, a friend of Cicero, but a greater friend to truth). The papers the next morning reported the eloquent lawyer as having "closed his great speech to the jury by finely saying: I may cuss Cato, I may cuss Pluto, I may cuss Cicero, said Major Veritas.""

This is something similar to a story that has been going the rounds of the press concerning General Sherman. He was walking along the streets of St. Louis with a friend and was very pleasantly accosted by a gentleman whom the general did not quite remember. The gentleman, seeing how it was, said in a low voice: "Don't you remember me. I food and water. make your shirts." "Oh, yes." replied the general, smiling, then turning to his friend, said: "Colonel ----, allow me to introduce my friend, Major Schurtz."

Bill Nye on El Mahdi.

This great heathen and full-blown prophet was once a poor boy, without a dollar in his pocket. Years ago when little Mahdi used to snare suckers along the White Nile, no one thought that to-day he would be the champion heavy and trained for further use. Taming weight prophet of the known world. It and exercising them for the sporting shows what can be done by a brave,

In apperance he is a brunette of about "Bernardin-M. Jules Bernardin-he friends, and upon whose breast no child that she has preserved them all these years is proof that she never used them societies by themselves, and the various the style of the successful meerchaum of persons engaged in gainful occupaaven; she crossed the channel with was our friend. He helped us; he as- of her own had ever lain, became "our pipe. He does not dress as we do, but tions as 17,392,090, or 47.31 per cent. of secret societies have their own cemein the "Normandy," and reached sisted my father-my poor father-and Margaret" to the people of New Orleans, teries. This classification system brings to Slapper children .- Norristown Herald. wears a white turban that looks some total persons over ten years old. These "ppe with him in the warm autumn lent him money on security. Then and a mother to all the poor babies of about a multiplicity of cemeteries, as, like an Etruscan hen's nest. On chilly were engaged in the four chief lines of The principal instrument of music in ylight, as bright and fresh a memory ever! Oh, Peter, Peter! truly thou ready passed to heaven. My sister and the great city. tin local the great city. When she died, other charitable the great city. When she died, other charitable this monument so that this turban, though during the summer 7,670,000; professional and personal for instance, the Free Masons' cemetery, China is the tom-tom. It produces bet-

while the commanding officer gallops up tion if they wanted to capture him. and down the line on a "heavy" horse The soldiers did not wait for any more and the enemy pours a galling fire into explanations, but started in quest of the his ranks. He sails up toward the enemy, man whom more than half of San Salwaves his Oriental night shirt in the vador would have been pleased to see Egyptian air, shoots some one and goes shot. After they had gone kind hearted Monsieur Bouineau sent a good horse amined on the following day, it is disout of town with a servant who had covered that eight hundred brave and an order to wait for his friend, and then, handsome English soldiers are killed and having blackened Zaldivar's face, hands one old moth-caten Arab has stepped on and feet, he dressed him like a moyo his Gothic shirt tail and sprained his (servant) with cotton shirt and drawers,

barefooted, a big broad-brimmed ha*, and with a heavy load of vacate or green grass on his shoulders, the future president crossed several main streets on his way to the suburb where the servant and the horse were waiting for him. Upon reaching them he quickly threw the yacate aside, jumped on the horse, and disap-

peared, leaving a message of eternal gratitude to his savior. In the meanwhile the soldiers had returned to Monsieur Bouincau's house with an order to search everywhere, but it was too late. The bird had flown. Zaidivar did not stop until he reached Costa Rica, where he was well received.

He returned to Salvador only to fight for the presidential chair, which he has occupied for two terms. He was reelected, with some opposition, however, for a third term, about a year ago. Since he has become president of Salvador he has amassed several miliions. He is a married man and has one son and two grown-up daughters. He is greatly addicted to pleasure, and will at almost any time give up business in order to have a good time. If success, however, is the best recommendation, he can be highly praised, for his career, though eventful, has been remarkable and brilliant.-San Francisco Call.

Crescent City Cemeterles.

New Orleans' cemetery system is one prolific source of disease, even at its best, writes an Inter-Ocean correspondent. As is well known, there are many burial does not show up with half the intensity societies in the city, which have vaults of those of the roller-skater who fails to The ground being cleared, the chiefs

stationed themselves at distances all peculiarly fitted up for the reception of strike out in attempting to strike out.-bodies. The swampy nature of the ground makes it impracticable to inter round a large circular space, cach concealed under a low shed or covering of brushwood, having by his side a net atbelow the surface, and so in the case of tached to a long bamboo, and in his the poorer classes a large number of hand a stick with a tame pigeon on a crook at the end of it. This pigeon was immense depositories are needed. Some of these have accommodations for as high as 100 corpses, to my personal knowledge. When a vault becomes quite full of bodies, and the society trained to fly round and round as directed by its owner, with a string at its foot thirty feet long, attached to the end of his stick. Every man flew his pigeon, lacks funds for purchasing ground and building again, it is customary to reand then the whole circle looked like a move the coffins, and hold a grand, place where pigeons were flocking round open-air cremation. The evils of this operation are apparent, inasmuch as no furnaces are provided for carrying off

the deadly funces that must necessarily be generated.

But in time of epidemics the question of burial is one of difficulty, and the blood, his eyes are larger than his consequences from crowded interments stomach. - New York Graphic. are most appalling. More than once George Riddle, of Carroll County, large vaults have been burst asunder by Mo., has twenty-two daughters. He the action of gases arising from a large lives just on the outskirts of civilization, number of freshly entombed bodies. Of and whenever a dressmaker locates withcourse the wealthy endeavor to have in twenty-five miles he moves further their own private family tombs, or be- into the woods.—Burlington Free Press. long to influential burial societies that

was his name?" illiterate woman, who was without land. married seventy years ago. The fact The census of 1880 gives the number

Goat's milk ought to make good butter

Liniments go up as roller skaters come down.-San Francisco Post.

The success of a church choir singer s, after all, largely a matter of chants. In the bright lexicon of the district messenger youth there is such a word as anail.-New York Journal.

All animals have their good points, but for abundance of the same none can compare with the porcupine.

While roller-skating may do well in the spring, one would think it would be unpopular in the fall.-Siftings.

The parsons out West think roller skating has a tendency to promote backsliding.-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Speaking of spreading one's self, the skating rink seems to be the place of all others to do it successfully .- Derrick.

There's no trouble about twisting the tail of a sleeping bulldog. The disagreeable part comes when you let go. Shakspeare wasn't a broker at all, but do you know of any man who has furnished so many stock quotations?--Boston Times.

"Can a cat come down a tree head first?" asks a writer on natural history. It can if the tree is within range of a bootjack.

A scientist now declares that the tip of the nose is the home of the soul. It has certainly often shown where departed spirits have gone.-Boston Post.

A recent article is entitled "A Poet on an Editor." We cannot exactly understand this, but perhaps he grabbed him while his back was turned.-Boston Post.

An exchange contains a long article which tells how to distinguish a perfect woman. The way to distinguish an imperfect woman is by talking to her brother. - Call.

When a baseball player strikes out in attempting not to strike out his feeling Hatchet.

A writer in Harper's Bazar says: "The ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eyebrows or lower than the tip of the nose." People who are dressing for a party should not forget this. - Call.

A correspondent says that people in India are rarely bitten by snakes, as boots are worn to protect the feet. How different it is in this country where people can't keep the snakes out of their boots. -Brooklyn Times.

It is said that the heart of the average man sends 48,000 pounds of blood through the arteries every hour. When a ruffian threatens to drink your heart's

So wise, so tender and benignant was Mrs. Slapper, of Sumter, Ga., has the "What! an English solicitor? What she in her care of them, that this poor, courageous little boy even in a foreign maintain some specially imposing vaults. The colored people have cheaper burial white slippers she wore when she was Census of Occupations.

The scene soon attracted some wild pigcon, and as it approached the spot, whoever was next to it raised his net and tried to entangle it. He who got the greatest number of pigeons was the

hero of the day and honored by his friends with various kinds of food, with which he treated his less successful competitors. Some of the pigeons were baked, others were distributed about

season was a common pastime.

BILL NYE.

To Carve Poultry. Place the fowl on the platter with said she wouldn't never marry no man the head at the left. Cut through the what popped the question as though he skin round the leg joint. Then cut off the wings, and divide wings and legs "Well, that beats all. How in the at the joints. Carve the breast in thin

which divides the ribs; separate the breast from the neck. Then turn the back over, place the knife midway, and with the fork lift up the tail end, separating the back from the body. Place not remove the fork from the breastbone till the breast is separated from the back. Use an extra fork in serving If all the fowl be not required, carve only

Pigeon-Catching in Samoa

slices parallel with the breastbone. Some "Well, I sorter give her hand a little prefer to cut it at right angles with the squeeze, to show her I was cheerful, an' bone. Take off the wishbone, separate then I says, quite glib like, says I-Mir- the collar bone from the breast; . . p the with suddenness, angry at being dis- churchyard; but by "M. and Madame andy, can you stomach me?"-Chicago knife under the shoulder blade, and turn it over. Cut through the cartilage

> from the side, leaving the opposite side whole for another meal. - Godcy's Maza-

ankle. "I felt her hand flutter in mine, an' I El Mahdi is not a bad looking man at could hear her heart thumpin' like a all, and the report that he has lost his Waterbury watch. I thought that teeth, so that when he gives his orders meant 'say the word an' I'm yourn,' an' he has to gum Arabic, is not true.