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AN OLD FAVORITE

HOME, SWEET HOME

By John Howard Payne

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, author and actor, was born in New York city June 9, 1792, and died in Tunis, north Africa, in April, 1852. He made his first stage appearance in New York at the age of sixteen and met with great favor. He played also in England and France, and retired from the stage in 1832. From 1843 to 1845 and in 1851-52 Payne was United States consul at Tunis. He was the author, translator or adapter of more than sixty plays. His most popular song, "Home, Sweet Home," occurs in his opera "Clari; or, The Maid of Milan."

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain—
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call—
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

"I still live." I was ruminating about the last words of great men, and those of Daniel Webster always impress me with peculiar force. On the very confines of eternity, on the brink of the everlasting change that he knew was at hand, his great mind seemed to be studying and waiting for the moment of his departure—waiting and watching for the separation of the soul from the body, and wondering how he would pass the c isis. There was no fear, no dread, as he camly whispered, "I still live," and immediately died. His body died, and what was the next vision of his great soul the world would like to know, but it is forbidden. I thought of all this not long ago as I seemed to be drawing near the end and approached the confines of that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. I was serious and solemn with expectation, but was not alarmed, for my faith is that my Maker will take care of me and of all others who love Him and try to do right. All that troubled me was the separation from those I love and their grief at my departure. Two months is a long time to be a child again without vital force enough to walk alone. But I have passed the crisis, and though weak and nervous am on the upgrade, and can walk about the garden and carry the little grandchild in my arms and give him flowers on his smiles and caresses.

Well, that is enough on that line, You readers can find sermons and prosy commentaries on sickness and death on another page. "Carpe diem." Let us enjoy the day and be thankful that we still live. But to drop reverently from the sublime to the ridiculous, I recall that when I was young a number of us were quoting the last words of great men such as Seneca and Plato and Calvin and Luther and one said: "Well, you know what Daniel Webster said?" No, we did not remember and he replied: "Why, he opened his great big eyes and looked at his friends who were weeping around him and whispered, 'Boys, don't cry; I am not dead yet.'"

Forty-one years ago last Sunday the battle of Mannassas was fought. It was the first battle of the civil war and made a deeper impression upon those engaged in it than any other. Compared with the great battles that came after it, it was almost insignificant, for there were only four hundred and seventy federals killed and three hundred and seventeen confederates. The federal account gives sixteen hundred of their army as missing. That is a mistake, for by 4 o'clock they were all missing. Our cavalry couldn't find them, though they followed their trail of discarded guns and haversacks for miles and miles. There never was such a rout and such a panic during the war. We didn't have enough wagons next day to gather up the scattered munitions of war, and it took McDowell a month to call in his army of twenty-seven thousand men and reorganize. But in the long run they got even with us and a little ahead, and the Grand Army is still bragging how four of them whipped one of us in four years. That's all right. We are satisfied with our record and it grows brighter as the years roll on. Anno domini will tell. The other day my doctor said I must take some exercise and he took his mother and me up the river road for a few miles to the ruins of the Cooper iron works. It was a wild, weird, ghosty place on the banks of the Etowah, where once were rolling mills and foundry and furnaces and flour mills and tan yards and hundreds of cottages, where happy laborers and mechanics lived. But Sherman's army burned and destroyed everything, and since then most of the crumbling walls have fallen and the trees have grown up in their midst and wild vines have climbed the trees and nothing is visible but ruins and the sad spectacle of a cruel and brutal war. But this is one burning that, according to the rules and usages of war, was justified, for these iron works were making cannon for the confederacy. It was the lonesome chimneys of the poor all along his line of march that marked his brutality and proved his assertion that "War is hell."

But no more of this. While viewing these ruins my memory went back to the time when Joe Brown was governor and ordered that 5,000 pikes be made with a spear point and a side blade curved donward like a reaphook and a long handle in a socket, so that our boys might take 'em coming and going. If they didn't run we were to spear 'em, and if they did run we were to overtake 'em and hook 'em back. That's what old man Lewis told me, and he was the master mechanic who made them, and he still lives near here and is in his 88th year. I saw him to day and he steps light and springy. He is an Englishman. "Mr. Lewis," said I, why didn't the Georgia boys use these pikes?" "Well, you see," said he, "the old army officers who were drilling our boys at Big Shanty looked at these pikes and said to the governor: 'What will the enemy be doing with their guns while our boys are rushing on them with these pikes? They will shoot our boys down before they can get to them, and they made so much fun over the pikes that they were refused. West Point wouldn't have anything that was not used at West Point." And so the further manufacture of pikes was stopped and those that were made are now scattered all over the country as curios for museums. A sister of mine says she saw one of them not long ago in a museum in Boston. But still I don't see why spears are any more out of order than bayonets when a desperate charge is to be made. "Charge bayoncts!" is in the West Point tactics, and why not "Charge pikes?" They are an awful looking weapon, and if they were coming at me and my gun was to miss fire I should drop it and run like a turkey. I had rather be bored with a bullet than stuck like a hog. But it is all over now, and we have beaten our spears into pruning hooks according to scripture and will not learn war any more, except when the mulattoes and niggers refuse to give up their lands to us. We want more land for territory and more niggers for subjects.

But I heard the dinner bell and must go—not to partake of the feast, but to say grace and preside and inhale the savory order of roast lamb and green corn pudding and look at the peaches and cream for desert. They let me do that and give me nothing but soup and rice for my share. My tomatoes are now in their prime and it pleases me to gather them in the early morn. My largest weighed 2 pounds, lacking 2 ounces, and was a beauty. It was working them in the hot sun and then filling up with ice water that laid me up.

BILL ARP.

Hardship on the Teachers.

Charlotte Observer.

From now until Christmas all county schools that are taught in Mecklenburg county will be conducted on a credit basis. At the end of each month the teachers will be given written instruments which are termed vouchers, by courtesy, but these will not be paid until the first Mondy in January. The papers are not considered good enough for the national banks to handle, and the teachers are forced to negotiate the vouchers through merchants or individuals. And they have been charged, and will be charged, a discount that ranges from 8 to 24 per cent.

To illustrate: If a Mecklenburg teacher conducts a school for three months at $40 a month he—or she—is legstimately entitled to $120. Yet the teacher is given a paper that must be discounted at, say, 20 per cen., which is, as the system works, necessary but unfair redncton of his earnings to only $96.

The fact might as well be faced: Despite the great educational cry that is heard from one end of this county to the other the teachers are not receiving their proper wages. The board of education does not deny this. The county supervisor of education says the system is bad and should be rectified. Yet no remedy is effected or contemplated, and the instructors of the young in this great and prosperous county work on a credit or have many dollars taken from them regularly by people who can afford to hold the poor paper that the teachers are not financially able to retain.

In the appointment of the school fund the teacher is the last person to be considered.

"A Chicago school teacher has sued a real estate dealer for $50,000 damages for an alleged attempt to kiss her. Great Scott! what would the figure have been had the man succeeded?—Chicago Post.

CHILD-LIFE IN VIRGINIA SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Marion Harland in Youth's Companion.

The little Virginia girl who came into this bright and beautiful world in 1842 had English calicoes for everyday wear, but finer and fadeless French prints were, as she would have said, "for nice." The English prints cost from twenty-five to thirty-seven and one half cents a yard, and the French seldom less than fifty; so that her attire was not as cheap as it would seem to readers used to nine penny calicoes and shilling ginghams. Moreover, money then was worth more than half as much again as now.

For highdays and holidays our little maid had white and figured muslins and lawns in Summer. In Winter her best frock was of merino, her second best of "circassian," a coarser woolen fabric.

Her stout shoes were made by the plantation or village shoemaker. He had a "last" for each member of the family, the lesser children growing up to those discarded by the larger as they succeeded to outgrowns frocks, jackets and trousers. If, under this law of succession, the shoes were not always an exact fit, the fault was not on the side of smallness. Toes and ankles were never cramped.

The fashion of her best bonnets changed twice a year. If the newest baby were too younug to be left at home while the mother made her annual pilgrimage to town for the season's millinery an obliging nieghbor who could go was intrusted with the family memorandum, or the conntry merchant nearest the homestead undertook to fill an order for three, four or six bonnets of assorted sizes and prices. Only boys wore "hats."

If our maiden's last season's headgear was hopelessly shabby, there was always a spinster or widow in the neighborhood who eked out a living, or perhaps made her 'church money,' by bleaching, blocking and making over "straws." Chips, Dunstable and the more pliable leghorns were much worn. A good leghorn was expensive, but it went down through several generations of wearers, coming out as good as new every six months. The rural modiste bleached bonnets by hanging them in an inverted barrel and lighting a pan of brimstone underneath. When the straws had paled and cooled she cut them down, or pieced them out to order, wetting and shaping them upon a block which, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, could be made to last several years.

For daily wear there were plenty of homemade sunbonnets in Summer, and quilted hoods for the Winter that began just before Christmas and was over by the first of March.

We had for week-day wear stockings of lamb's wool or fine cotton knit at home, the heels and toes "knit double," and for Sunday what were called "India cotton." Every lady was proficient in plain and fancy knitting.

Some of our stockings were far prettier to our taste than the openwork silk hose imported for grown people, being wrought in lacelike patterns upon insteps and ankles by the deft fingers of our mothers, aunts or elder sisters.

At the top of every stocking, coarse or fine, the initials of the wearer were knitted in by some mysterious process of "widening and narrowing." There was not a letter in the alphabet which the gentlewoman of that time could fashion without the aid of a sampler. Of aprons we had great store,—black silk, embroidered with colored silks; muslin and fine linen trimmed with ruffles, or scalloped all around with "nun's cotton," bird's-eye huckaback, and checked muslin and gingham for play and school hours.

Behold, then, our little Southern girl, thus clothed and ready for the days work and play. She was dressed by a maid or nurse. The head nurse of the household bore the honorable title of "mammy." She was more likely to spoil than be severe with her charges, but her rule was generally judicious. She might and did lecture us; she never scolded, nor shook, nor struck one of us.

Her qualifications for the office were steadiness, neatness and fondness for children. The colored girl or woman who did not "take to" babies was never allowed to tend them.

Mammy managed us by talking, and did a good deal of managing. From the time we could frame the two words with our own lips, we were "little ladies," and were continually reminded of what was expected of us in that character.

Without ever hearing the phrase "Noblesse oblige," mammy interwove the spirit of it into all her monitions.

"Little ladies musn't run bar'foot like boys,"—which we were solely tempted to do in hottest weather. "Little ladies must have their hair platted and tied up with ribbons, not flyin' 'bout their ears like colts' manes."

"Little ladies mustn't hang down their heads, or put their fingers in their mouths, or lay down their arms over their eyes when anybody says 'Howdye do?' to them. Nobody but overseers' chillun an' po' white folk's chillun behave so."

"Little ladies mustn't say 'I declar'.' The Bible says there's but one 'Old Declarer,' an' that is Satan." "Little ladies must say their prayers every night an' mornin', same as they'd say 'Thankye,' when anybody is good to them, 'cause 'tis sut'nly mighty good in their Hevenly Father to take such good keer of them."

Mammy said "keer" and "cheer" and sut'nly," but she despised "negro talk"—she never said "nigger," nor let us say it—as heartily as she despised "po' white folks" and free negroes. She taught us through these dislikes, salutary avoidance of low company and improper associations. A "real gentleman" might be poor; an ill-bred millionaire was always "po' white folksy."

At breakfast, as at dinner, we, I regret to say, were fed upon just what our elders ate. There were always three or four kinds of hot bread on the table with eggs, two or three dishes of meat, honey, molasses or sirup, milk, tea, coffee and, Winter and Summer, batter—that is griddle—cakes.

We were cautioned against greediness as to quantity, but made our own selections as to quality.

A mortifying reminiscence of my childhood is the unexpected turn given by my mother to an economical device upon which I had prided my seven-year-old self. She had lectured me so often upon the sin of wastefulness that I expected praise for the practical illustration of the contrary principle.

"Mother," I whispered behind the coffee-urn one morning, "I made one sausage hold out for eight buckwheat cakes!"

"Fie! What a greedy little girl to eat eight buckwheat cakes!" I can see now the horrified arch of her brows.

Heavy suppers were interdicted because they gave children bad dreams. In all else pertaining to the kind of food we devoured and the times of eating, we judged for ourselves. If we were hungry between meals we ran into the kitchen and begged for whatever was at hand.

Sometimes is was hot ash-cake and buttermilk; sometimes cold pone and a cupful of hot liquor from the pot in which bacon and cabbage were boiling; sometimes hot buiscuit or a "gingercake," and in "killing time," a broiled spare-rib, or a pig tail baked in hot ashes.

The least hurtful of these peripatetic lunches were green corn, roasted in the inner "shuck," and sweet potatoes raked out from the chimney-corner.

In fruit season we ranged garden and orchard at will. I am afraid to try to guess at the number of unripe apples, pears, peaches and plums we consumed daily

Our fairfaced mothers—most of them in delicate health themselves, I may remark—sat in the house or upon the shaded porches doing wondrous things with needle and netting-hook, and gave never a thought to our digestions.

"All children would eat trash. They would learn better by and by."

The "old field school," so named because the schoolhouse was usually built in the middle or upon the edge of a worn-out field given up to broom-straw and sassafras saplings, was attended by both girls and boys, and usually was taught by a college student or a graduate who desired to "put himself through" the university or law school or medical college.

While there was no actual prejudice against this primitive order of co-education, many parents preferred to have tutors and governeeses in their own homes. The schoolroom was an appendage to eight out of ten country houses.

Under tutor or governess we studied and recited with our brothers until they were fourteen years old or thereabouts, when they were sent off to boarding-school. The girls remained for a year or two longer under home rule before going to some young ladies' seminary or institute. Some of the best educated women I know never went from nome to such a school.

Our childhood ended at twelve or thirteen, when we begged to "tuck up our hair." But it was glorious while it lasted for those of us who were not pattern children.

Our regular duties were school lessons, and "tasks" of sewing and knitting. We learned to knit first upon garters, then upon stockings for ourselves that grew wofully grimy with much handling and unraveling and knitting up again before the toes were "turned off."

Our earliest tasks in the use of the needle were upon patchwork quilts. When we had knit a certain number of rounds above the bit of black thread tied in for a mark, and put together in unpuckered seams a given tale of "bed-quilt pieces," we were free for the rest of the day.

Freedom meant open-air exercise except in stormy weather. We dug in our flower gardens; we climbed cherry and apple trees; we tramped for hours, a retinue of small negroes at our heels, over old fields, knee-deep in broomstaw or "hen's-nest grass," hunting for partridge's eggs or wild strawberries, or persimmons, or chincapins, or huckleberries.

We rode colts and plow-horses and mules; we swung in loops made of wild grapevines or tore them down to use as jamping ropes; we played Hide the Switch, and Round about the Gooseberry bush, and Fox and Hounds, and sat on mossy banks, our bared feet in the warm water of forest brooks, watching the frightened minnows skurrying up and down stream.

Or, grouped under the pines, we told the small negroes stories of Cinderella and Red Riding Hood in return for the folk-lore they heard over the kitchen fire, of "Brer Rabbitt" and "Brer B'ar"—returning home in the breathless Summer sunsets and the dim Autumn twilights tired, happy and hungry, bringing our spoils with us.

Mammy's turbaned head was shaken at us from the porch like a mournful cotton ball. Our mothers scolded and sighed over torn frocks and mud-encrusted shoes, and fine young lady visitors held up hands of laughing horror.

But we got the good out of every day in that far-off time. Nature, disdainful of conventionalities, kept us in her own school. We bless her for it, in our riper years, and the animal spirits, the mere joy in being alive, that tempted us to follow her leading.

But for this merciful overruling where would be the stomachs and nerves originally bestwed upon children who were permitted to eat mince pie, boiled dumplings pound-cake, pot-liquor, nuts just ripe, and fruit quite unripe; fresh pork, sausages and fried cakes, and to drink, from babyhood tea, coffee and cider?

THEY DIED IN DEATH VALLEY.

The Fate of Twenty Missourians—Half Crazed by Thirst While Crossing the Desert They Drank from an Arsenic Spring and Not One Survived

San Francisco Chronicle.

The treacherous, merciless sands of Death Valley have yielded up the story of another grewsome, ghastly tragedy fifty years after it was enacted. Stories of similar tragedies in that Valle de los Muertos have been told again and again, yet they are always new in the telling, for their fascination lies in their horror. Yearly, as the white men traverse that trapdoor of hell, they play their lives against the tales of yellow lure that lie under it and some lose. The next year their mumified corpses are found by others, who pity them as "good men; they played the limit and lost." There is no occasion for mourning; they were strong men, and knew the game they were against. They accepted the chance in the gamble with death, and, having lost, they paid the winner in full. But when women and children go down that journey of death only because husbands and fathers go there is an excuse among those who "know" for the moisture that collects on sundried eyelids.

Fifty-one years ago a party of men, women and children—twenty in all—left Indepeudence, Mo., in two wagons drawn by oxen, bound for the gold fields of California. From that day until now they have never been heard of, and their fate has always been a mystery, although it was thought probable that they had strayed from the overland trail and had been massacred by the Indians. All these years has the "bare, brown-breasted" desert held the secret securely locked, and only recently have its restless, crawling sands disclosed the key; that key was the huge, rusted hook of an ancient ox chain.

Don Pickett is a prospector, with a frame of tempered steel and sinews and muscles as tough as whang leather. He is not well known in San Francisco, but is a familiar figure from Carson to the Mexican line. Tonopah, the sink of the Amargosa, Death Valley and the Desert of the Colorado know him. He is in the city now, and it is difficult for him to back-track himself from a mining office on Montgomery street to his hotel, but in the country named he knows the trails as they are known to the Indians and the eagles. He has just returned from a prospecting trip from Tonopah through the Panamint country and Death Valley, by way of Mojave and Keeler. It was in the northern extremity of the Panamint range that he picked up the key that unlocked the half-century-old secret.

At a foot of the spur of the Panamint Mountains on its northeastern slope he and his partner, Len Gorson, had stopped to rest themselves and their burros from the exhaustion attendant upon their trip across Death Valley. Where they stopped a spring of perfectly clear, cold water bubbled from the rocks and lost itself in the sands a few yards further on. They did not drink of the water; they knew it; so did their burros, and the animals hardly sniffed at it as they turned to nibble at the scant herbage. It was poison, deadly poison, and the arsenic contained in a good draught would kill a drinker. Years ago some prospector had scrawled the word "Poison" on a board from a packing box and had fastened it to a stake by the edge of the spring. It was while resting in the shade of the rocks and brush that Picket saw, a few feet from him, the top of a rust-eaten iron hook projecting above the sand. He took hold of it, but it did not come away easily, and exerting his strength, he uncovered an ancient ox chain forty feet in length, the kind that is practically out of use now. From its rusty condition it must have lain buried in the sand for at least fifty years, and knowing the manner in which the desert concealed its secrets, they took their prospecting picks from the packs and began drawing them through the sand. The points of the picks turned up bone after bone and pieces of wagon irons. Some of the bones were of oxen, and some were of humans, a few evidently being those of women and children. As many of the bones of humans as they uncovered they re-interred in a trench in the sand and then packed on across the dreary waste that stretched away before them. They told the story of their find to Indians and old white settlers in the Amargosa country, and from one and another of the old men they gathered the following:

It was in the fall of '51 that a party came down Amargosa way with two worn-out ox teams. The party had left Independence, Mo., that spring, but had been delayed by sickness, and had once lost its way and had left the trail, consequently they did not approach the Sierra Nevada mountains until the nearness of winter prohibited their passage. They had, therefore, turned south from Humbold sink and had taken the Southern route by the way of the old Salt Lake and Los Angeles trail. One or two of the women and several of the children had died on the way, one of the wagons had broken down, and the oxen were so thin and worn that all were attached to the best wagon and the other abandoned, as were some of their goods. The remaining women, children and outfit were packed in one wagon, and with the men on foot, the sorrowful little cavalcade toiled on toward El Dorado. Nothing more was seen or heard of them by the Amargosa settlers, and it was presumed that they had gone through in safety. The grewsome find at the poison springs tells a different tale. It is a tale easy in the reading for men who travel the desert and know it better than you know the park.

Oxen in the desert are worse than useless; they cannot haul enough water for their own needs. It is a long, thirsty way from water to water between the sink of the Amargosa and Death Valley if one does not "know"—and the party from Independence did not. If they had, they would have dug a few feet in the dry sand of the bed of the lost Amargosa and found water, bitter, it is true, but it would have preserved life. Neither did they know that if with the axe or hatchet they had split the huge "bull" or "niggerhead" cactus they would have found an acrid, juicy pulp that would have moistened the parched throats of their oxen and themselves. But all this they did not know, and struggled on with staring eyes and parched and cracking tongues through the hot and stifling alkali dust, straining their eyes across the dreary, dull gray waste for a spot of green that might mark the presence of water. They saw that spot at the foot of the Pinamints and headed for it, goading on their dragging, jaded oxen. They reached it and all drank their fill. That was fifty-one years ago and their dry bones have just been found. Pickett found an old Indian who remembered seeing years ago, an apandoned tumbledown wagon near the spring.

The woodwork of the wheels had dried and fallen apart and the running gears were held up only by the rusted tires. How many years ago the Indian did not know, he did not measure time by years. Since that time the drifting sand, beaten back by the mountains of basalt and granite as the shore beats back the surf, had buried the evidence of its crime. It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture that scene of lonely death, the little party of tortured emigrants dying at the moment they thought life had been found.

That part of Death Valley lying below the level of the sea is only about eighteen miles long and three or four miles in width, but the Death Valley proper is about seventy-five miles long and from five to fifteen miles wide. As miles go, the distance, with water, is not far; without water, entirely lies between one and the little black dots on the map that shows the location of water. There are true and correct maps of the valley, but they are seared on the brains of a few hardy prospectors. There have been men who thought they could cross that country alone with the aid of a topographical map. Their bleaching bones offer mute but indisputable evidence of their error of judgement.

In the cooler seasons men inured to the hardships of the desert have been known to go for several days without water, subsisting on the juice of the cactus; in the summer season from twenty-four to thirty-six hours is sufficient to unsettle their reason. A newcomer, a "tenderfoot," will go stark, raving mad in from four to eight hours in hot weather if he has not water. To such men three gallons of water a day are necessary—the hot, dry atmosphere causing a rapid evaporation and phenomenal thirst. During the days in the middle of the summer the thermometer stands anywhere from 125 to 135 degrees in the shade in the coolest place that can be found. On the sand in the sun the hight to which the mercury climbs is almost beyond belief. Only the excessive dryness of the atmosphere permits one to live in such heat. Given the humidity of San Francisco in the same temperature and neither man nor animal could live in it a day. It is this terrible heat that boils the blood of a "tenderfoot" until the steam cooks the brain and drives him a naked maniac, shrieking across the blistered sands. That is a peculiar feature always accompanying dementia from thirst in that region—the tearing of all clothing from the body. Men have been found in this condition, and it was necessary to tie them with a lariat for a day or two and give them water slowly, a few sips at a time, until their sufferings were relieved. To permit them to drink their fill at once would have been little short of murder.

Those who "know," in going from one waterhole to another, always carry enough water to last them there and back in the event the objective water hole should be found dry. There is water at certain points in Death Valley, but unless one knows the exact location of these springs or water holes, it is death from horrible torture to attempt to traverse the valley in the summer months. The daily sameness of the country is such that all mountains and rocks look alike to the stranger and he may pass to his death within a few yards of where he could have found life. The frequent sand storms obliterate the trail and in that region of constant mirage effects, a stranger is easily lured to death.

Sparking Pairs Stuck Fast.

New York Sun.

There is much indignation among the young residents of the Morris neighborhood section of Bloomfield, N. J., over the work of a practical joker who recently poured tar all along the coping of the stone bridge over the Yantacaw River at Franklin avenue near Broad street.

The bridge is a favorite trysting place for young people. It was warm that night and the bridge was filled with young women and their escorts. All went well until one of the couples thought they would like some ice cream. As the young man attempted to jump from the coping his head went forward, but the rest of his body refused to follow.

He tried again and this time there was a ripping sound. The young man put his hand behind him and made for cover. When the young woman tried to jump down she found herself also stuck. Most of the other couples discovered that they were in the same fix. A crowd gathered and guyed them.

The bridge presented a curious appearance late in the evening with its bits of feminine and masculine apparel stuck here and there.

Our hearts and arms are never so strong as when justice is behind.

HAS LIVED 101 YEARS

And Has Never Lost Her Temper in All That Time.

Mrs. Anastas Simpsohn, of Evansville, Ind., has just celebrated her one hundred and first birthday. She has never lost her temper in all these hundred years, and has lived in peace with all the world. It is safe to say that no one living in the world to-day can parallel this record.

Mrs. Simpsohn tells the story of her life in the following words:

"I was born in the town of Goldenton, Russia, in the spring of 1801. My parents were poor, but had good standing in the neighborhood, and when a girl I went to school just like other girls and never dreamed that I would ever see America. America, in fact, was to us in those far-off days merely a name.

"I just can remember seeing the great Napoleon. The scene will never fade from my memory if I should live 100 years old. I remember I was standing by the window in our home, and my mother told me to see the soldiers go by. They were several hours in passing. My mother said they were going to try and defeat the forces of the Czar and do us all kinds of damage. The soldiers looked fine, and their uniforms were bright. In the rear of the army were several striking-looking men on horseback. One of them was a small man, perfectly erect, and wore a hat turned up at the side. I remember my mother said that was Napoleon, the greatest general in the French army. The men who rode by his side were lager than Napoleon. A short time after this I remember hearing my parents tell about the burning of Moscow, and how the French soldiers had frozen to death on their retreat from that ruined city.

"After my parents died my husband and I went to Caracas, in South America. If I remember correctly, I was not over 45 when I went there. We lived in Caracas for three or four years. My husband was a merchant and made money, but he afterward lost it by unwise investments. Our only daughter died in Caracas, and we laid her to rest there. I like the city of Caracas with its many sacred memories. After we left Caracas we came to the United States, landed in New York and finally located in Cincinnati, where we lived a long number of years.

"You ask me how I manage never to get angry. To that question I will say that it is the easiest thing in the world. When I was a girl I knew so many people who would lose their tempers. To me it seemed to spoil their dispositions. I just made up my mind then and there that I would cultivate a spirit of good will for all people and that I would never lose my temper.

"I believe I have carried my good resolution into everyday practice. Of course the temper has come to me, and often, too, but I have always had will power enough to rise above all difficulties.

"I cannot recall any particular case where I was greatly vexed or worried, for I trained my mind when a small girl to be cheerful and always looked on the bright side of the picture, come what would.

"About the closest I ever came to getting angry was when I lived with my husband in Caracas. A man came to our house to collect a bill that had been paid. When I insisted that the bill had been paid and produced the receipt he grew abusive, and my first impulse was to pick up something and strike him but I controlled my temper and was glad of it afterward. That was over 50 years ago.

"I have taken good care of myself. I go to bed at 8 o'clock every night, and have for years. I eat heartily and enjoy my meals. My favorite dishes are soup, chicken and fish. I do not care for fancy dishes and do not believe they do anyone any good. Plain food is the best every time. My health is good and I do not see why I should not live many years yet. My physician says my health is better than many people who are but half my age."

Epidemic of Blindness.

NEW ORLEANS, July 29.—The surgeons of the New Orleans eye, ear, nose and throat hospital have been surprised lately by the large number of patients received by that institution from the country districts around New Orleans suffering from partial or total blindness. The surgeons were unable at first to discover the cause of the blindness, but an investigation has disclosed the fact that it is due to the general use in Louisiana of a cheap antiseptic which contains a large amount of methyl or wood alcohol, a poison that acts directly on the optic nerve when taken internally. Upon discovering this fact the hospital submitted the antiseptics used by its patients to Chemist Moore, of the board of health, who, after analysis reported that some of the specimens contained as much as 30 per cent of methyl alcohol, rendering them totally unfit for internal medicine. Most of the persons affected will not fully recover their sight.

Must Stand Examination.

It is andounced that the Southern Railway Company has decided to require all its employees to stand an examination every three months on the rules of the company. The new ruling will apply to all employes except colored brakemen and flagmen, who have not responsibility and cannot be promoted The Charlotte Observer says it is maintained by Southern Railway officials that many accidents are directly due to the fact that employees are not familiar with or misunderstand, rules, and the purpose of the examinations is to see to it that the men in the service of the company have a correct interpretation of all rules and regulations.

When a fellow begins to forget the date he was married he wonders if it wasn't April 1.