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PUBLIC OPINION.

I see him steppin' by to church
A-lookin' pore and thin,
His collar 'thout a smell o' starch
An' fastened with a pin.
His cost is ripped along the arm—
I feat can't he'p but see;
I want to mend him up, but, sho!
The town 'ud smile at me.
His wife. been dead two year er more,
An' folks 'ud gossip, fer
He uster to go with me afore
He ever went with her.

I dassent sweep his kitchen out Or send a batch 'o bread, Or neighbor him no way at all Fer fear o' heven' said

For fear o' heven' said

Thet I'm a-settin' out fer him—
A widower—while I
Am older then I was, ertho'
Oulest there's young folks nigh
I look some like I uster to look
When he—when love-times were,
He uster to go with me afore
He over went with her.

When he was layin' high an' dry
With Janders, this gone May,
I never felt right free to ast
Erbout him day by day.
I uster watch the doctor pass,
'N' strike him fer the news; An' onct I sent a glass o' jell-He never 'spicioned whose. I know he thinks I harbor spite Agin' him likely, fer He knows he uster to go with mo Afore he went with her.

Ef he should die I'd hev to miss The funer'l, like ez not: Fer folks 'ud watch me close to see Ef tears was comin' hot,
An' ef I wep' they'd smile an' wink,
An' ef my eyes was dry
They'd 'low thet some folks wouldn't keer
Ef all their kin should die. An' ef I didn't go at all
They'd jedge I dassent, fer
They know he uster to go with me
Afore he went with her.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

Among the dwellers in northern New England, more than a hundred years ago, was old Grandfather Moore; not, as the appellation would seem to indicate, feeand superannuated, but a hale old man of 60 years, able to strike out from the shoulder with any pioneer of 25. He was an Irishman, and his strong vitality and the generous vehemence of character which accompanied it were gifts of which the green isle is prodigal to her children. His appearance, with head creet, coming squarely and almost fiercely up to the work, when he had aught to say or do, would not have discredited his ancestors. One of these, though the old man cared not to speak of it in Protestaut New England, had fallen in St. Ruth's battle with General Ginckel; while another, having gone over to Scotland, had als last blood at Dumblaine, Perhaps be himself had smelt powder in more than one bloody fray with the Sasnagh. If so, he knew it was nothing to be ashamed of.

I have said "perhaps." but there is no need of this qualiflation, for the old man's more intimate friends know that once he had carried his own brotherpierced through with a British bayoneta mile upon his shoulders, from one of those dreadful scenes of strife. Grandfather Moore's neighbors felt for him a kind of rough admiration; so frank, so ready he was with word and deed; so like one of those fierce chieftains whom we may imagine to have disputed the island soil with Strongbow and his robber knights in the days of that English Harry the Second, who was surnamed "Broomcorn."

And the old man was very genial. Be-sides his wife and his immense watch-dog, he had but one living treasure—his beautiful grandchild Mary, now 12 years old-and upon her he poured the ardent sunshine of his nature till she became glorified in his imagination. All nations have lovely women, but all women have not the fresh, vigorous beauty of the Scotch, the Irish, and the Welsh, The most lovely elements of the Celtic type were met in the old man's grandchild. When a little creature, scarce able to toddle alone, he had carried her in his

arms by the banks of the Shannan; and now, in the great American wilderness, she was his solace and delight.

It was a dark epoch in the history of the colonies. English and Anglo-American were alike depressed by the successive victories of the gallant Montcalm. Month after month the British lion crouched in unavailing resistance, or shrank cowering away. The abilities of the renowned French marquis had inspired the Gallic armies with unwonted energy, and from post to post they pushed on their successes, under the leadership of that brave and most able man.

Grandfather Moore feared nothing for himself; but the wild Hurons, and the warriors of many another tribe by the great lakes, penetrated the country around him, carrying many an unfortunate to long captivity, and leaving only death and silence by the ashes of many a hamlet. He feared nothing for himself; he could fight and die stout hearted; but his white fily from the banks of Shannon -who would protect her when his old head-when the old grandsire that so loved her-should lie cold in death, his gray scalp dancing at the belt of a Huron

warrior? It was in the middle of the night. As Grandfather Moore awoke, the old clock that he had brought from Dublin was just finishing the 12. A tall clock it was, that no doubt had cost 20 guineas. It stood upon the rough floor, with great feet like those of a lion; its arched top reached almost to the beams above the room, and over the dialplate a ship swung lazily to and fro. It took a long time to speak --

"tong, tong, tong"—end sometime in the night, when it began thus holding forth, Mary Moore could not help wishing it a little less circumspect. It was too like a stammering man bringing news, But Mary was not now swake. Grandfather Moore heard the closing strokes and guessed that the old clock had been striking 12.

The voice of his favorite heirloom carried Grandfather Moore back to Ireland and the past. He lay and mused very naturally of his ancestors; of the former scenes of blood in the old land; the hopes of his kindred, and their disappointments.

The night was still and moonlit, and when the old man had crept softly to one of the small, high windows of the fortress like cabin, he s.w the shadow of the forest, strongly defined in black, sleep movelessly upon the verge of clear ground encircling his abode. The watchdog had assumed a position of defiance, and his attention seemed directed to the thicket.

Scarce a minute had Grandfather Moore gazed from the window, when his ear caught a sharp vibration, and in-stantly the great dog leaped in air, then fell stone dead upon the ground. What were those short, slight objects fixed in the animal's side and made just perceptible by the moonlight? As the old man's involuntary consoi usness answered its own question, he f it that the hour of fate had come. Were they not the quills of the wild goose, such as the Huron warriers fastened to their arrows? Though their arm of chief reliante was the musket, they often carried, for stratagem and silence, the original weapon of their

Grandfather Moore awoke his wife, then the gentle sleeper in another room, for he would not suffer them to be first aroused by the uproar of an attack that anust so terribly affright them. The long gun by the wall was taken from its rest, and the unfaltering old man stood at his post-stood in the lonely cabin, miles and miles from any human aid, to beat back the savage avalanche which threatened all he loved.

Grandfather Moore waited a moment, the pause being filled by the dreary how! of a fox a mile off in the deep forest; then he saw a dusky figure close to the ground, moving so stealthily from the thicket that at first he thought it c shadow. But it took shape in the moonlight, and grew upon his vision, and came nearer. Another followed, and another, and the old man counted the successive shapes that, leaving the thicket, crept toward the house. His grandchild, trembling close behind him, wondered if the dreadful red men were really come, wondered how many her grandpa saw, and if they would yell fearfully, and when they would begin; but she dared not speak, not even in a whisper.

"Sixteen!" thought Grandfather Moore, be! he uttered no word.

Sixteen ! and from every dusky figure shot at intervals an almost imperceptible glimmer, as carbine or belted l'atchet glanced athwart the moonbeaus. Mary had never heard a gun fired in the house; and now to be awakened at midnight, and see grandfather standing in the gray darkness, his face at the small loophole, and the old king's arm clutched in bot's hands, gave her an indescribable thrill of fear. She caught her breath quickly, as Grandfather Moore drew back the hautmer with a "click," and then, hiding her face with her hands, she shut out from her sight the flash that illumined the old man's head. The report was not very loud in the house, the concussion being without the loophole, but a sulphurous odor from the burnt priming filled the room. Grandfather Moore was greatly excited but resolute.

"Cheer up, wife," he said, "and you, Mary, darling. There are but 15 now. The air, but late so silent, was now rent

with frightful yells. Old Mistress Moore did not answer the cheering words of her husband; indeed, she had not entered the room. Her health had been feeble, and the sudden terror had proved too violent for her. White and silent, she leaned ir. a sitting posture against the wall at the head of her bed; and Mary, going to seek her, lifted her grandmother's drooping head, rested the cold face against her own, and then realizing the dreadful truth that she was dead, with a low, piteous wail,

sank insensible by her side. So Mary lay beside her grandmother, and heard not the strange midnight battle. She knew not how often the yells of the enemy died away to be succeeded by fresh bursts of fury, as the warriors, taking counsel with each other, varied their plan of attack. Lost upon her ear was the occasional report of Grandfather Moore's gun, as some incautious brave a moment darted in view; lost also to her were the old man's ejaculations of self encourage-

"Now there are 13," he murmured-"11-yes, I'm sure he dropped-only 11 now. Thank heaven! that was to the purpose! How high the copper skin leaped! Only nine! Holy mother be

praised!" Neither did Mary hear the hatchet strokes upon the door, nor the dull fall of a warrjor who had reached the roof, and whom Grandfather Moore, directed by the sound, had shot dead through the

stout oaken covering.
"Only six now," he said; "but they are hard at work on the floor. More than once the Hurons had attempted to fire the cabin; but on the day

shower, the effects of which, joined with the heavy night dew, defeated their endeavors. The windows, high above the ground, were less than a foot in width: the chimpey was too small to admit the passage of a man, and the door was of three inch plank, Upon this last, however, the attack was finally concentrated. The old man had fired 14 times -10 times with complete success and four times either entirely missing or only slightly wounding his enemy. But the tug of war was yet to come.

The break of day witnessed a fearful struggle, and when again the sun apeared, all was silent in the cabin. A Huron warrior, lying mortally wounded and unable to rise, saw a young girl step from the door, like one walking in a dream. He knew, from her singular movements and the wildness of her gaze. that she was one of those whom the touch of the great spirit renders sacred to the red man. Her reason was gone, and for such as she the hatchet of his people had no edge. But for himself he was going to the happy hunting ground; and it was while chanting his death song that he saw the fair, wild daughter of the pale face disappear in the shadowy woods.

it was high noon when a band of settlers came upon the desolated cabin, and finding blood and death around it and within, they questioned the dying Huron who lay without the door.

"Young equay; gone," he said. "Old-man fight hard; he great brave; he kill many Huron, but Huron take lodge, kill old man. Two warrior get in, but no come out."

Two warriors, surely enough, lay dead in the house, and the brave old man between them. The settlers saw the body of the slain watchdog; they counted 13 dend Indians outside the cabin; so 15 had been killed outright, and the 16th was even now breathing his last. They saw the bullet hole in the roof, the powder stain upon the rafters, blue and sulphurous; and without, upon the eave, were traces of blood where the dead warrior had slid heavily down. The door had been hacked, unavailingly, it would seem, with tomahawks; but had finally yielded to a primitive engine of red men-a straight and green pine,

It was from the wounded Indian that the settlers learned most of the particulars which I have given relative to the old man's defence, as, for instance that he had thrown away but four shots.

At sunset the red warrior died. He and his companions were hastily buried in a trench; but upon the day following a sorpeople side by side upon a pleasant knoll Globe. where the October grass was just dying beneath the frost. In quest of the hapless girl who had fled, perhaps frenzied, from the scene of death, the settlers scoured

the woods in vain. It was supposed that the sweet daughter of Erin had fallen a victim to wild beasts or prowling savages; but years later her story became known. A band of Huron warriors had found her in the forest, and respecting her calm and melancholy delirium in which they recognized the hand of the Great Spirit, took her with them to Montreal. The Marquis de L. ontealm, learning ber namo and history from a captain taken nearly at the same time, became greatly interested in the unforturate and beautiful child. He employed in her behalf the ablest medical talent at command; and this, together with the healthful elasticity of her system, restored reason to the disordered brain. The scenes through which she had passed unfolded themselves little by little to her view, till she remembered all. She related how in the cabin she had awakened to consciousness ere the fight was ended, and the further incidents of the desperate conflict that led to her grandfather's death.

'My child," said Montealm, struck with anguish at the young girl's terrible grief for her poor old grandparents, nothing that I can now say will much comfort you; but of this rest assured, you shall never want a protector. I owe your family much. I learn from the prisoner yonder that you are descended from that Colonel O'Moore who lost his own life in saving that of a French offi cer in the Irish army, at the battle of Aghrim. That officer was my grandsire, the Count de St. Veron. By a singular coincident your father, Brian O'Moore, 54 years later, saved the life of another French officer, at the great victory of Fontency, sacrificing, like his ancestor. his own. That officer, my child, was myself. I subsequently lost all trace of your family, which, though then in poverty, I was aware had descended from the ancient nobility of Ireland. In your behalf it may be vouchsafed a French marquis to discharge in some inconsiderable measure the debt he owes to your gallant race. I will be a father to you; and though I can not restore the lost, all that wealth, and love, and sympathetic sorrow can give shall be

A tear rose to the blue eyes of the mar quis, and Mary felt irredistibly attracted

toward the great French captain, From that hour he was her hero, her demigod; nor was he unworthy of her utmost admiration and confidence. At Quebec she heard with joy of his brilliant victory at Isle de Montmorencie, little dreaming that it was the last gleam in the bright day of his military triumphs. Upon the plains of Abraham the sun of

his glory set. In France Mary Moore for the sorrow previous there had fallen a drenching of her story, her beautiful Celtie face.

young spirit-became the pet of the Gallic nobility, between whom and the Catholic Irish there had long existed a bond of sympathy, cemented by their common hatred of the islanders of Albion The seven years' war ended in 1763, and a year later, at the age of 17, Mary was married to a young officer of 19, who 28 years later was known through all the civilized world as the famous republican commander, Dumourier. It was a love match, at once romantic and happy. The daughter of Erin lived to rejoice over her husband's victories, but not to witness his unhappy defeatat Neer-Windem. Sacred to her heart was her childhood's love for dear Grandmother Moore; and many a tear she shed in the foreign land over the recollection of the night attack,

The Circus in Mexico. Crude entertainment as it is, the circus is gradually replacing in Mexico thewanton brutality of the bull fight. In many of the States the bull fight is prohibited by law, and in Mexico city and the largest State capitals the revolting exhi bitions are becoming more and more infrequent. The reputation of the circus meanwhile is increasing. It is the most popular American institution in Mexico. there may be a deep rooted dislike of the invading host of American railway operatives, mining engineers, contractors. speculators, and tramps, but the prejudic. does not extend to the American clows who can crack jokes in tolerable Spanish Let him be careful to avoid wounding national susceptibilities and he will be the most popular American in Mexico, but if he once gives occasion for offence he will be hissed whenever he reappears in town and never forgotten. Mexicans have tenacious memories when their dignity is compromised. They love those who flatter them. They resent unnecessary and wanton affronts. The successful American clown of the evening could give diplomatists, if he would, useful hints for regulating their dealings with the Spanish race. His keen wit leaves no sting behind it. His merry jests keep the audience in a tumultuous state of merriment from 9 until midnight. Then the cafes are filled with loungers for another hour.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The executioner is a man who takes

life easily.-Atlanta Journal. The law is no worse, nor better than human nature.—Arkansaw Traveler.

When a man fights in his mind he alrowful group of pioneers laid the two old ways comes off victorious.-Atchison Character is to intellect what a loco-

motive is to a train of cars.-Texas Sift-Misery travels on free pass; happiness always has to pay for a ticket.-Texas

Apples always look nice in an orchard that has a high fence around it .- Ram's

Horn. The man who avoids mistakes by never trying to do anything makes a big mistake.-Puck.

Wrinkles tell the story of age to one who can read between the lines,-New Orleans Picayune. It is human to err, and it is human for

your wife constantly to remind you of it,

too.-Cape Cod Item. A man's idea of being good to a woman is to give her opportunities to be good to him. - Atchison Globe.

It is better to know when to say yes and no than to know the meaning of every word in the dictionary.

A fool can always endure and enjoy another fool; it is the smart people who -can't get on together.—Atchison Globe. Smile at the world and it will smile back at you. Let it see you weep and it will

laugh at you .- Somerville Journal. Men are apt to believe that they began smaller and have grown greater than is true in either case.-Milwaukee Journal. Willie-Pa, why do they call the devil Satan? Pa-Oh, that's an Old Nick

game, my son.-New York Herald. No one feels poorer than the rich man whose income has just been reduced 5 per cent.—Somerville Journal.

Whenever you find a man who says that honesty does not pay it is a sign that he has never tried it .- Jewelers' Review. Tommy-Paw, what's an "agnostic?" Mr. Figg-Why, er-a sort of religious mugwump.—Indianapolis Journal.

One reason why some people are not so wicked as others is because they haven't had so good a chance.-Ram's Horn.

Clericus-After all, honesty is the best policy. Cynicus-And, like the others. you can't collect on it until you are dead. -New York Herald. "How much is he worth?" "Nothing." "Why, I thought he had a fortune of

\$1,000,000?" "So he has; but he isn't worth it. "-Boston News. Jumpuppe-Confound these theosephists. Jasper-Why? Jumpuppe-Thev convinced my wife that she has seven bodies, and she went off and bought a

dress for each one.-Toronto Mail. A Good Memory for Faces, -"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar." "Yes. madam, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner." "Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere. I never forget a face."-Brooklyn Life.

At Houlton, Mer, the police turn on a hose inside a drupken mau's shire.

SOUTHERN DEVELOPMENT.

In its issue of September 12th the Manu facturers' Record says :

The recent advance in cotton, and the assurance of the largest grain crops for many years, have still further strenthened the position of the South in all business and financial matters, and everything indicates a very active winter and spring. The tendency of capital sceking investment must inevitably be Southward, for no other country possesses such wonderful resources and nowhere else are the possibilities of and nowhere else are the possibilities of profitable development so promising. The increasing importance of the South's foreign trade and the position of Southern ports as the future outlet of the West is illustrated by the fact that Calveston is to have a 1,000,00c bushel clavator and New driven to Constant "ahiming." and who driven to Constant "ahiming." and who driven to Constant "ahiming." and who Orleans one of 300,000 bushels capacity, while the grain trade at Norfolk has developed so rapidly that the elevator there has been unable to haudle the business, and a floating elevator has been secured from New York, and even one of the big coal New York, and even one of the big coal experience—I would rather be a convict in State original and a rice swarm, than piers is being used in helping to transfer
the immense traffic from the cars to the
steamships while some days ago the Norfolk & Western had nearly 600 grain-loaded
to pass through life under the Parrow of
delst. Let no young man misjudge himself
unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he
has the full use of his limbs and faculties cars on the track at Norfolk. This rapid and is substantially free from debt, growth of the export business of the South, added to the industrial development that has been going on for the last few years, will greatly enhance the prosperity of this whole section. New industrial enterprises are daily being organized, and as this is not a speculative period, they must all be of a soild character. Among the number reported in this week's issue of the Manufacturers' Record are the purchase of 190

Hunger, celd, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagrees. ble; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is: "Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peek of corn, parch it, and live on it, ruther than owe any tone. growth of the export business of the South, factorers' Record are the purchase of 190 acres of land near Basic City, Va , as a pocation for powder and cartridge works, to employ, it is said, 500 hands; the organ, ization of a \$400,000 phosphate company in Charleston; a \$1,000,000 improvement and development company in Fort Smith, Ark ; a \$25,000 quarrying company and a \$50,000 lumber company in Virginia; a such let every youth humbly pray God to \$50,000 brick company and a \$50,000 coal preserve him evermore! company in Kentucky; a \$100,000 grate manufacturing company and a \$10,000 lumber company in Knexville; a \$75,000 cctton seed oil mill in Dallas. l'exas; a \$75,000 company for shipping fish frozen in ice from Florida to the North ; a \$30,ooo lumber company in West Virginia; a the close of business hours on Saturday they \$50,000 manufacturing company and a had \$8,722 775 in excess of legal rev

METEOROLOGICAL SUMMA RY FOR THE STATE OF N. C.

small, are being organized.

AUGUST, 1891,

TEMPERATURE: The monthly mean temperature for the State for August was 75.7 degrees, which is 0.7 degrees below the normal for the past twenty years. The highes, monthly mean temperature for August occurred in 1878 (mean 78 7 degrees) the lowest in 1889 (mean 73.5 degrees). The highest mean this month was 79,4 degrees at Southport; the lowest 69.5 deobserved was 97 degrees at Chapel Hill on the 9th, at Douglass and Southern Pines on the 10th, and at Morganton on the 11th; the lowest temperature observed was 45 degrees at Franklin on the 24th, The highest temperature before recorded for August was 1: 3 degrees in 1888 at Weldon; the lowest 44 in 1889 at highlands. The greatest mouthly range was 47 degrees at Franklio; the least 18 at Hatterns and Kitty Hawk Mean maximum temperature for the State 84 4; mean miniarum

MAIN FALL: Average for the State for August, 8,00 inches, which is 1.91 inches above the normal for the past nineteen years. The wettest August was in 1887 the average rain-fall being 9,37 inches; driest was in 1881, average 3.16 hohes. Grastest amount this August 16,30 inches at Smittifield; least amount, 2.80 at Franklin. The greatest amount previously re. corded was 58.05 at Asheville in August

WIND: Prevailing directions, south and southwest; average hourly velocity 5.7 miles. Prevailing afrection deduced from many year's observation, southwest; average hourly velocity, 6.8 miles.

Miscellaneous: Thunderstorms becarred at various places in the State on the following dates: 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13-15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27

Hail occurred on the 28th. GENERAL RAMARKS: The first part of the mouth was warm and favorable for the growth of crops, but the latter part was too cool, with very heavy mins, causing the condition of crops, especially conton, to d. terio, ate rapidiv.

O. F. VONHERRMAN, H. B. BATTLE Ph. D. Weather Bureau,

ALLIGATORS.

Florida can still lay claim to altigators. The Yankees have not killed them all out yet, for there have been shipped to Raleigh. had kicked them off the floor of the stock N. C, to be shown during the Southern Inter-State Exposition, October lat to De too fleccers.-Wil. Star. eember 1st, twee ty-eight alligators. Florida will no doubt have the most interesting and novel exhibit at the Exposition, The

HORAGE GREELY ON DEBT

Among the many timely articles written by Horace Greely for the New York Ledg-

er was the following on being in debt : To be baugry, ragged and penniless, is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horror of bankruptcy. All the wealth of the Rothchilds would be a poor recompense for a five year's struggle, with the consciuouspess that you had taken the money or property of trusting friends—promising to return or pay for it when required, and had betrayed their confidence through insolvence.

I dwell on this point, for I would deter driven to constant "shinning," and w

Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt

on it, rather than owe any back a dollar!"
Of course I know that some men must be business that involves risks, and most give sacrifice on the one side, obligation and de.

MONEYIN:NEW YORK.

The Savannah News has the following to say about money in New York :

"The New York banks have plenty arge cold storage warehouse in Baltimore. ments. On the same day of the mount they had wanted Many enterprises of smaller magnitude less than the legal requirements. They are have been reported, and as many, large and therefore more than \$12,000,000 better of

than they were a year ago.

And money can be obtained on call in New York at a very low rate of interest, but time loans are difficult to get. This condition of affairs explains why there is such stringency in the money market. The loss of confidence caused by the Baring Bros' disaster has not been fully restored. Bankers don't like to let their money go where they cannot get it immediately if they should need it.

They have no particular reason for think ing they will need it, but there is an a plainable something in the financial situa. tion which makes them extremely conservative. And they could not afford to be caught without sufficient money to meet the grees at Frankliu. The highest temperature demands to which they must respond as

soon as made. A great deal more money could be used with advantage by the banks of this city but they cannot get it from the New York banks. They are willing to pay the interest demanded for time loans, but they could not safely bind themselves to return money whenever it might be called for. Their inability to comply with this condi-tion is what prevents them from getting all the money they need.

The financial situation is, however, gradually improving. Confidence is returning though slowly. Unless some unforcer though slowly. Unless some unforcement disaster occurs in the financial world it will not be long, probably, before money will be as plentiful as it was before the prese stringency began.

COURTESY REPAID.

HOW KINDNESS TO A NURTHERN STRANGER WAS RICHLY RECOMPENSED.

A special to the State Chronicle, from Wilson, N. C., dated Sept., 16th, says: Last full a weal hy northern gentler visited tooky Mount, He was very fond of Lunting and Mr. C. H. Harris, who for sometime last fall was an auctioneer for the Wilson warehouse and is the ex t of the Rocky Mount Plain Dealer, lent the stranger his dogs and showed he numerous courtesies. The stranger dra ped dead on Monday and when his was opened it was found that he nad queathed Mr. Harris one hundred thou dohare for courtesies and favors al him, to be paid by his executors in Un States currency. Mr. Harris left to-day to get the mosey.

One Wall street broker wants mother to pay him \$10,000 damages for kicking him on the floor of the stock exchange. There are lots of Wali street brokers who would be more than \$10,000 ahead if some one exchange before they fell into the hands of

If you desire your hens to lay well during and novel exhibit at the Exposition. The the winter, keep their coops wirm and Florida display will be worth going to comfortable and feed heating food with charcoal, ment scraps, and boue meat.