

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

Vol. XXI.

W. H. GIER,
Editor and Proprietor.

GASTONIA, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1900.

(\$2.00 per Annum,
Cash in Advance.)

No. 40

A GREAT READER.

THAT IS WHAT ARP SAYS OF LATE SIMON RICHARDSON.

Has Been Reading His Book—Bill Know the Good Old Man and Admire Him—Some of His Work. Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

I have not found more entertaining reading in a long time than the "Lights and Shadows of Limerick Life," being the autobiography of Dr. Simon Peter Richardson. For fifty years he was on the go from the Blue Ridge to Key from Dalton to Brunswick and all the intermediate country. He knew more people and was known by more than any man of his day. He was original, unique, fearless, honest in his convictions and ready at all times to maintain them. He never complained never shirked a duty, traveled thousands of miles on horseback and sometimes on foot, crossed swamps and forded streams at his peril, was fed and sheltered by the poor. What faith what zeal, what diligence, and all for what?—a sense of duty and his love for the Master and the Master's work. No earthly reward was gained or expected for he and his family often suffered the pining of having his house burned and all his furniture and his wife and children had to sleep in the barn upon the cotton seed.

But he never faltered and was always aggressive. He fought a good fight and kept the faith. He would have succeeded in any of the learned professions and acquired both fame and fortune for he had mental force, quick perceptions, personal magnetism and was a holy terror to evil doers.

Mr. Lucien Knight has reviewed the little book with charming and truthful words. As he says, there is not a page but shows the genius, the faith and the humility of the man. He was not bound through prejudice or early training to any creed, but made his own and even dared to impugn the inconsistencies of John Wesley. His attitude to Calvinism was intense. The idea of mankind being responsible for Adam's sin shocked him and he would have stricken the words "original sin" and "total depravity" from every creed and prayer book. The doctrine of lost infants provoked his bitterest sarcasm.

But these things are not in the book to any irrelevant extent and it contains but one serious error. The error is the account of the death of the author. The account of his death is a story of a young man who was a member of the church and was a member of the church and was a member of the church.

He refused to administer the sacrament to any one who sold or drank whisky. At a revival once a church member, who was well off but very stingy, began to shout with great vehemence, and Simon Peter stopped him to stop or leave the church for no man had any right to shout who had not paid his quarterly. During reconstruction days a federal captain forced him to take the oath. He would not pray for the president. "And so I prayed that the Lord would take out of him and his allies the hearts of beasts and put in them the hearts of men or remove them from office. The captain never asked me again to pray for the president. I have never been convicted of any wrong in speaking or fighting. I can see no good reason now why I should not do it again." Speaking of original sin he says: "Mr. Wesley declares that all the children are born under the displeasure of God and are subject to spiritual, natural and eternal death. This is to me a horrible doctrine." Speaking of revivals he says: "A revival is a solemn farce that does not produce a radical reformation. Faith without works is a low form of Calvinism that has quietly stolen into Methodism and paralyzed her power."

When the earthquake of 1896 came the doctor was preaching at a camp meeting and says: "The people became much alarmed and we had no trouble in getting mourners to flock to the altar."

A Campbellite preacher got into a doctrinal controversy with Simon Peter in A. Argyle, and Dr. Landrum took it to Simon Peter says: "Brother Landrum is a very lovable man and a very popular preacher he is like a pig in a china shop. He used investives and personalitis and took in Catholics, Episcopals, Presbyterians and Jews and stirred up the town. His seat was a note and two of his sermons. I replied that I was running fire down at St. James and had no time to look after his water note, but when my revival closed I would take him out of the west and hang him on the fence to dry, then get him off and take him in the Methodist church."

But this is enough of the book. These

THE COST TO CLOTHE A CHINESEMAN.

The Native Extremely Frugal in Their Habits and Dress—Five Dollars a Year for Maintenance. Baltimore American.

It may be interesting to note, apropos of the troubles in China, how extremely frugal the natives are in their habits and dress. Of course the rich Chinese wear more expensive garments and live in a manner befitting their purses, but the ordinary Chinese man, in his native land, can and does live on as much per year as we spend each month. The Celestial and his wife can clothe themselves more than comfortably for the small sum of \$5 per year. Their clothing is made in two pieces, from cotton. Only two measurements are taken—one from waist to neck and one from waist to feet. The garments have no special shape, conforming to any figure. Underwear is unknown and in winter the garments are padded with cotton and once a year they are ripped apart and washed.

The following figures serve to illustrate the great need they are for the strictest economy: Common laborers are paid from six to seven cents per day; masons, stone cutters and carpenters are paid from twenty-five to thirty cents per day, and by day is meant from sunrise until dark. They waste nothing that can possibly be put to any use. Small splinters of wood are glued and nailed together to form posts or boards; scraps of paper serve as shoe soles and even the roots of grass and wheat are pulled up, cleaned and used in fires. The beautiful straw plaited work and weaving that we see brought from China was all made by women who were paid two cents per day for their labor—and still strive, as we have heard of and the Chinese laborer in Europe, as happy a member of his class as is found in the world.

The enormous demand for cotton makes it necessary even to import that article into the Flowery Kingdom, although a great deal is grown there, unlike the United States there is no such thing as the gin, all of the cotton being picked over by hand and the consequence is that a great amount of labor is employed; whereas, if the gin were used, thousands would be thrown out of employment. An abolitionist of the Celestial is bare feet. If he is so poor that he cannot afford to wear another stitch of clothing his feet will always be so. He is a man who has will be jauntily perched on his head. But of course, as everywhere else, there are well-to-do Chinese, who spend the most unheard of amounts upon food and dress. Tea sells all the way from a few cents to \$100 a pound, which latter price is often paid by the rich mandarins.

A certain Chinaman came to this country several years ago to go to school. He was the son of a very wealthy merchant in Shanghai, and when he got to Washington walked down Pennsylvania avenue and had not gone five squares before he had bought \$500 worth of his eye. One of his purchases was a very fine mouschroom pipe, for which he paid \$15, and a few moments later swapped with an Irish and returned for a short clay pipe. Having never handled any money before did not know its value.

Between the thumb and the will power of man it is now established that there is a direct connection. Science admits the fact and medical authorities make successful use of it in the cure of epilepsy and paralysis.

A case of unusual interest occurred recently in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. Louis Anderson, a boy suffering from epilepsy and paralysis, was completely cured by an operation, which was performed through the application of the knowledge of the relation existing between the thumb and the brain proving that the formation or development of the thumb is indicative of the amount of will power and reason possessed by an individual. The case was a peculiar one, and had baffled the skill of physicians for many months.

Louis had been committed to the Illinois State Hospital for the insane at Kankakee. He was in an imbecile condition, the result of epilepsy, which had developed in consequence of an infection. Up to the age of eight years he had been a sturdy boy and of sound mind. Various treatments and remedies had been tried, but day by day the patient grew worse.

After a while it was observed that he was losing the use of his thumbs. They grew weak and dwindling. Soon his entire right side was involved. To the quick eye of the surgeon, this symptom (atrophy of the thumb) offered the long-looked-for key to the case. A consultation was held and an operation decided upon.

Natural as well as medical science has long known that the extremities of all animals, as well as those of man, are developed in consequence of the development of the intelligence, and also that certain regions of the brain correspond to or are in direct relation with certain parts of the body. It has been proved many times that pressure upon a given center in the brain immediately produces an effect upon the corresponding part of the body.

Preparations were made for the operation performed. The skull was operated upon at the point above the area of the brain corresponding to the thumb. A piece of bone as large as a silver dime was removed. A decided thickening, or hypertrophy of the skull, was discovered, quite sufficient to have produced undue pressure upon the brain substance. The operation was tenderly watched and cared for while the trephined wound was allowed to heal.

That he was greatly improved there could be no doubt. The paralysis was gone and the boy's mind was clear, but he still had occasional attacks of epilepsy. After several months had elapsed another consultation was held and a second operation determined upon. This time the skull was removed over a much larger area, the hypertrophied portion trimmed away, the bone replaced and the scalp carefully sewed over the wound.

The result was more than gratifying. The recovery of the boy was rapid. He has never had another attack of epilepsy. His mind is completely clear, and to-day—four years since the operation was performed—he is well and strong, working full time at the pressman's trade, which he has selected as his vocation. The only peculiar thing about him is an extra thick growth of hair over the portion of the skull operated upon.

His Life Was Saved. Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hazlett Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of consumption. When I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery, one bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvelous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all Throat and Lung troubles. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at J. E. Curry & Co's. Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

What He Wants. From the Baltimore American.

Hungry Henry—I'm in favor of 'de full dinner pail."

Thirty Thomas—What I want is four years more of 'de full growler.

ELECTION BETS TRAGIC AND COMIC.

Vagaries of Winners and Losers—Why George Francis Train Was a Duck Sold Through an Omaha Winter. St. Louis Republic.

The election bet is abroad in the land, and is making itself felt. It always does; for there was never an election held that there were not bets made on the result.

The largest cash bet so far made public is the one of \$20,000 on the election of Bryan, made by Richard Croker, the Tammany leader, against \$50,000 by Louis W. Worman, a New York banker. Mr. Croker lost \$30,000 which he bet in 1898 on the election of Van Wyck for Governor of New York, and he is determined to get his money back in November. Mr. Worman has made many other bets on McKinley, the total so far reported being in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars. He gives odds of 5 to 2, and there are plenty of Democrats with money to take him up.

In St. Louis there have not so far been any important bets recorded. One gentleman, connected with a wholesale iron firm, confesses that he has sixteen hats and four suits of clothes at stake; and as he is betting on McKinley, he is beginning to feel shaky. He is so uncertain, in fact, that the last bet he made was at even money \$5 against a \$5 bet against a \$3 bet, which had been his offer before. This gentleman is not as bad off as was the New Yorker, who, in 1892, had 300 hats at stake. He was betting on Harrison, and it cost him more than \$1,500 to pay off.

One bet that was made in St. Louis in 1890 is not so far as known, been repeated this year. It was between two Franklin Avenue residents, and the terms of it were that the loser was to eat a live cockroach. And he did—without salt, pepper or any condiments.

Recently The Sunday Republic told of an election bet out of the ordinary that had been made in New Mexico. The stake is a bride. If Bryan is elected, the loser is to marry Mary Johnson; if McKinley is elected, the terms of the wager—which are with the father of the girl—call for the cessation of the young man's courtship. This case is, of course, very different from the first recorded election bet, but still there are points that suggest a resemblance. In the time of Pliny, ever so many years before time began to be counted, A. D., a rich patrician bet one of his favorite wives with a grandee on the result of an election. Whether the bet was at even odds, one wife against another wife, or at odds, one wife against two or three wives, or whether real estate, cash or a case of perfume, was the other end of the wager, history does not record.

At any rate, the patrician lost, and the grandee collected the wife. It so happened that the grandee already had all the wives he wanted, and he did not see his way clear to add another one to his household. But he had a friend who, having recently moved in a larger city, was short of a wife, and he thought him that it would be a precious thing to present him with his wife. And he did so, much to his political profit.

Coming down to the early days of the American republic it is recorded that in a campaign between Federalists and Democrats, a case of six was made on the result by two prominent men of Philadelphia. The terms were that the stake was to be drunk at the Blue Anchor Tavern in Dock street, then a widely patronized inn. A fortnight after the election was held enough returns had come in to show the result, and the bet was paid. There was a good, old-fashioned jamboree at the ale drinking, and before the night was over a whole party was in the hands of the night watch. The newspapers of the day got hold of the story and printed it, but, after the fashion of those days, no names were given. And, also after the fashion of the day, the little affair referred to as "a brawl and affray, when in these days it would be called a case of "drunk and disorderly."

Following the course of time and the election bet, it is found that twenty years ago Jay Gould put up steamboats as a stake on an election. Whether the other party to the wager put up another steamboat, or an equivalent in cash, real estate or railroad stocks and bonds, is not recorded; but at any rate Mr. Gould won. Later he sold the steamboat he had wagered to a wager that his man was defeated he would wear a duck suit all the year round. Mr. Train's guests was bad and he lost. He lived up to the letter of the bet, however, and for a whole winter—one of those Omaha winters, too, in which the thermometer takes sudden and unexpected dips to far below zero, and blizzards come along overnight and freeze everything that is not securely on fire—wore white duck. There were those who said he violated the spirit of the bet by wearing half a dozen suits of underclothes under his white duck. But Mr. Train could stand criticism better than he could stand an attack of pneumonia, and refused to abandon his term underclothing.

They tell another story of an election bet in the blizzard country. It is to the effect that in 1892, Ezekiel Timrock of Hannesville, Kas., made a bet in these terms: If Oberwald was defeated he would join the church. Timrock was a gentleman with a reputation as a tough and a bad man generally. He had long scorned religion, and cursed religionists. So his bet was a heavy one. Well, he lost. There were many who thought he would back out, and compromise by giving the winner a big farm, or something of that kind. But he didn't. He made application for membership in the church. It so happened, however, that the deacons knew the terms of the bet, and his application was blackballed. Timrock thought this released him, but the man who held the other end of the wager insisted that he had not paid up. Timrock considered that he was insulted, and promptly there was a shooting match. Both were equally quick on the trigger, and both were equally good shots; and the result was the death of both parties. The coroner summoned a jury, and when the inquest was over a verdict holding the church responsible, because it had rejected Timrock's application, was returned. The coroner declared his intention of setting aside the verdict, and in the ensuing quarrel with the foreman of the jury both were killed. Then the citizens took a band in the matter. They declared that as all the principals were dead, everybody had been punished; and as there was a further investigation into the case would cause either deaths and perhaps the extermination of the whole settlement, no more lawsuits should be heard. Therefore the matter was allowed to drop.

In the campaign of 1894 an enthusiastic Republican merchant of Omaha believed would be elected that he bet his building, stock and business, valued at \$100,000, against \$50,000 cash put up by a Democrat. As soon as the election of one who had been elected was settled the winner went around to collect. He found the loser ready to pay up, and the transfer of the property was made without further ado. Then the winner, in a spirit of generosity, invited the loser to go out with him and have a drink. The loser did so, and they had a jolly time for fully half an hour, when the winner had to hurry back to take charge of his store. The loser, who had not a dollar left in the world, walked cheerily to his home, found a comfortable place in the garret and hanged himself to a rafter.

In 1898 a New York man made a wager of \$25,000 on the election of McKinley. He won, of course. As he had no particular need for the money, he invited a crowd of friends, including the loser, to help him spend it. When guests gathered, he ushered them into a stable, where he invited them to sit at a long table spread across the stable. And then came a sumptuous dinner as was served! The host had spent the whole \$25,000 on the dinner. One of the courses was a huge pie, which, when opened, revealed four and twenty live can birds. It is not recorded that the birds began to sing—but the guests did.

Some men who have made a study of such cases, and of statistical facts of mind, estimates that the champagne that was bet on the election of 1898 was sufficient in quantity to fill both basins of Compton Hill reservoir; that the beer would have furnished a keg to every man, woman and child in St. Louis, East St. Louis and Belleville; that there were enough silk hats to give one top piece to every actor in the world; enough derby hats to adorn all the denizens of the Bowery; enough gloves to equip the entire population of Kansas City; enough umbrellas to cover the whole watershed of the Merimian River, and enough cases to cover the top of the Red Sea. He also estimates that the money wasted in waddling winners in wheelbarrows would run thirty-two 700 horse-power engines for six days, nine hours, forty-four minutes and seven seconds.

A PRANKY PARTY. One Pleasant Form of Amusement for Chilly Evenings. Table Talk. Peanut Jack-raws—Group four guests by four round small tables and give to each group a heap of peanuts and a pair of candy tongs. They play in turn, taking as many from the pile as possible without disturbing the others. Time is called at the end of ten minutes.

Kind Words and Bald Heads never dye. The music-loving tailor's favorite tune is Neptune. The woman who is thoughtful is never a successful gossip. The dictionary that is bound to sell ought to be spellbound. Some men are naturally lazy and some are born constitutionally tired. Praise the man who sets your advice, and he will go away satisfied. "Very good, but rather pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the baited hook. If a man's teeth ache, he can get it pulled, but it's different with his conscience. Women do just as much thinking as men, but they dilute their thoughts with unnecessary words. When the wind propels a hat, it is chased, but the remark of the man who owns the hat is seldom chased. The Tread Veined Bryan. Boston Post.

The swing of popular sentiment is strongly toward Bryan. No man overheard of what he sees about him can fail to recognize this fact. No amount of shouting for McKinley can obscure it. It is in the air. And seven weeks from today the vote will determine the issue. Is it possible for the second term residents to hold the sweep of the pendulum in that time? Can all the forces which the Republican combination has at its call avail to check and turn the tide that is making for a change in dynasty?

Bed Not From the Gun. Was the ball that hit G. B. Stedman, of Newark, N.J., in the Civil War, it caused hospital Union that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Beckth's Arnie's Hair cured him. Corns, Oils, Brulons, Burns, Blisters, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions, Itch, Piles cure on earth. 25 cts a box. Curry guaranteed. Sold by J. E. Curry and Company, Druggists.

INDOOR GAMES.

And Punter in Great Demand, But the Supply is Short. Chicago Chronicle.

"What new games are there?" is the question now being asked. The merchant who has games to sell shakes his head, for there is at present a dearth of games. There are no games on the market, either old or new, and the prospect for new things in this line is poor. Since the game known as Teddy Roosevelt's both came on the market fully three months ago there has been a lull in the making of games.

All the department and all the specialty stores have ordered their full stocks of games, and in disappointment have been forced to take old things instead of new. There are the purchased boards and the games of authors, just as they were ten years ago; there are the dominoes still, and the lotto cards.

"It is almost as bad as though we had to sell little-de-winks," growled a merchant the other day. "There is next to nothing on the market, and there was never so early a demand for them. Something has certainly gone wrong; all our inventive geniuses have deserted us in our time of trying hard, and here we are with the winter trade coming and nothing to meet it."

"There is just one game I know of that could be called new. That is a little game of new century grover, which is much like autumn, and, like all those games, will have a good sale. There is a constant demand for games of that character, their educational value having as much weight with it as their possibilities of entertainment."

"And why should that have anything to do with the game?" Let's a game made and sold for the entertainment of children?" was the question. "That may all be true," answered the merchant, "but at the same time you will find that for children solely the educational game has the great sale."

Parents like to think they are giving their children an education by the use of games. And it is true that these games do have an influence upon the minds of the players. They not only teach bits of literature or historical or geographical facts, as the case may be, but they train the mind and the memory sharpens the mind and the memory sharpens the mind and the memory sharpens the mind.

Other games of this character are constantly being put before the public, but contrary to the regular run of such things this seems only to increase the demand. It is the most popular form of children's games and one of which children are never tired.

Painted Paragraphs. From the Chicago News. Kind words and bald heads never dye. The music-loving tailor's favorite tune is Neptune. The woman who is thoughtful is never a successful gossip. The dictionary that is bound to sell ought to be spellbound. Some men are naturally lazy and some are born constitutionally tired. Praise the man who sets your advice, and he will go away satisfied. "Very good, but rather pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the baited hook. If a man's teeth ache, he can get it pulled, but it's different with his conscience. Women do just as much thinking as men, but they dilute their thoughts with unnecessary words. When the wind propels a hat, it is chased, but the remark of the man who owns the hat is seldom chased. The Tread Veined Bryan. Boston Post.

The swing of popular sentiment is strongly toward Bryan. No man overheard of what he sees about him can fail to recognize this fact. No amount of shouting for McKinley can obscure it. It is in the air. And seven weeks from today the vote will determine the issue. Is it possible for the second term residents to hold the sweep of the pendulum in that time? Can all the forces which the Republican combination has at its call avail to check and turn the tide that is making for a change in dynasty?

Bed Not From the Gun. Was the ball that hit G. B. Stedman, of Newark, N.J., in the Civil War, it caused hospital Union that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Beckth's Arnie's Hair cured him. Corns, Oils, Brulons, Burns, Blisters, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions, Itch, Piles cure on earth. 25 cts a box. Curry guaranteed. Sold by J. E. Curry and Company, Druggists.

It's tough on the man at a contentious performance theater who wants to go out between the acts; the best he can do is to come in between drinks.

FATHER OLD FATHER.

The History of One That is Known All Over the World. New York Telegram.

"Old Bailey," the most famous prison in England and second only to the Bastille in France for history and location, is about to be demolished. This prison, which has been a terror to criminals will soon be pulled down and a magnificent structure, embodying all the latest ideas in sanitary inventions will be built.

In 1173 the original structure was destroyed and on the site was built the Court House. This too fell in the "no paper" riots of 1780 as readers of "Barnaby Rudge" will remember and the place was rebuilt and enlarged in 1806. So the "Old Bailey" has been a witness to day in only about one hundred years and it is one of the most ancient buildings in London, and its most ancient has probably prevented more crime than any other agency in the world.

"Their name is legion" might well be said of the celebrated criminals who have been their fate in that historic dock. Among political offenders sentenced to the "Old Bailey" perhaps the region are the most numerous. Out of the 21 prisoners arraigned in 1893 were executed while seven paid for their part in the execution of Charles I by life long imprisonment.

A tragic episode in history of the "Old Bailey" was the invasion of the Court by the jail fever during the summer of 1793. The fever obtained such a hold in the neighboring prison that it forced a way into the Court, causing the death of the Judge of Common Pleas, Sir Thomas A. A. Barron, the Lord Mayor and several other members of the Bar and of the jury. These plagues were directly connected with the lax sanitary laws. Little was known of the art of artificial ventilation. The prisons were in a shocking condition.

"Old Bailey" will always be familiar to those who have read Dickens, especially the lovers of Barnaby Rudge, Tattler, Great expectations and Oliver Twist. The great novelist made a study of English prisons, and he did it in English schools. "Old Bailey" was a shock to the English public to the horrors of their common school system, Little Dorrit raised a storm of indignation that prison classification, the greatest need of the time, was introduced. As Dickens disappeared so before the eyes of the public, "Old Bailey" became things of the past, and today Newgate is a model prison. The old building now to be demolished was made as comfortable as possible and held all the limited space would permit and the new edifice about to be erected will be one of the finest in the world.

A Case of Luck. Do not know what has become of him? Snapped the pretty girl in Miss. "and what is more I don't care?" He called her regularly for two months, and she never came. He got the construction put on it, necessarily so when he took such notice of February time he called, and you know Fido can be very disagreeable to call. Will he keep coming and making eyes at my dog until I hear to wonder if he was aware that I was in the room. I went on like that for some time, but at last he found his tongue and said: "I suppose you have wondered why I have been calling here so constantly lately?"

"At that a delicious thrill passed over me as I realized that the supreme moment had arrived. I did my best to look as if I was awfully surprised. "Of course you know," he continued, "that I am a great dog. I fancy your Fido is much like I could love to him forever. Ah, how I envy you! Of course I know you would never dream of selling him, so the only way I could feast my eyes on him was by calling."

He didn't say anything more for right then something happened, and I faster upon that when that power man left, so he did rather suddenly he had a fit in his ear, and he didn't get it from Fido either!"

Arctic Remembrance. There is at least one new thing under the sun which shows signs of a circus tent, and that is Captain Woodward's really famous and only school of trained Alaska Sea Lions and Seals, which this season form one of the exhibits and unique features among the thousand and one attractions of the consolidated Great Adams Forenoon and Evening entertainments, circuses and big shows to pitch their camp in Gastonia on Thursday, October 18. When the extraordinary wild and timid nature of these strange Arctic animals is considered, coupled with the fact that they are provided with flippers only to supply the place of hands and feet, their performance are absolutely marvelous and teach some very valuable lessons. That some seemingly clumsy creatures should have been taught to drill, pivot, march, step upon different musical instruments, sing and imitate many other human acts and acts almost surpass belief, is what they do so is attested by the praise of New York in which city they enthusiastically drew big and delighted crowds.

A Railroad Hoop. New York Weekly. Mrs. Bibbs (as the train gives a lurch)—My goodness! Are we off the track? Mr. Bibbs—No, we seem to be running all right. Given we were on a curve, we'd be out by Chicago.

Mr. Bibbs—But Chicago was a thousand miles off when we started, and we've only been riding an hour. Mr. Bibbs—Oh! help! I looked at the map of this railroad, and there ain't a curve in it till it reaches Chicago. Hang up y'r things.

THE HISTORY OF ONE THAT IS KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

New York Telegram.

"Old Bailey," the most famous prison in England and second only to the Bastille in France for history and location, is about to be demolished. This prison, which has been a terror to criminals will soon be pulled down and a magnificent structure, embodying all the latest ideas in sanitary inventions will be built.

In 1173 the original structure was destroyed and on the site was built the Court House. This too fell in the "no paper" riots of 1780 as readers of "Barnaby Rudge" will remember and the place was rebuilt and enlarged in 1806. So the "Old Bailey" has been a witness to day in only about one hundred years and it is one of the most ancient buildings in London, and its most ancient has probably prevented more crime than any other agency in the world.

"Their name is legion" might well be said of the celebrated criminals who have been their fate in that historic dock. Among political offenders sentenced to the "Old Bailey" perhaps the region are the most numerous. Out of the 21 prisoners arraigned in 1893 were executed while seven paid for their part in the execution of Charles I by life long imprisonment.

A tragic episode in history of the "Old Bailey" was the invasion of the Court by the jail fever during the summer of 1793. The fever obtained such a hold in the neighboring prison that it forced a way into the Court, causing the death of the Judge of Common Pleas, Sir Thomas A. A. Barron, the Lord Mayor and several other members of the Bar and of the jury. These plagues were directly connected with the lax sanitary laws. Little was known of the art of artificial ventilation. The prisons were in a shocking condition.

"Old Bailey" will always be familiar to those who have read Dickens, especially the lovers of Barnaby Rudge, Tattler, Great expectations and Oliver Twist. The great novelist made a study of English prisons, and he did it in English schools. "Old Bailey" was a shock to the English public to the horrors of their common school system, Little Dorrit raised a storm of indignation that prison classification, the greatest need of the time, was introduced. As Dickens disappeared so before the eyes of the public, "Old Bailey" became things of the past, and today Newgate is a model prison. The old building now to be demolished was made as comfortable as possible and held all the limited space would permit and the new edifice about to be erected will be one of the finest in the world.

A Case of Luck. Do not know what has become of him? Snapped the pretty girl in Miss. "and what is more I don't care?" He called her regularly for two months, and she never came. He got the construction put on it, necessarily so when he took such notice of February time he called, and you know Fido can be very disagreeable to call. Will he keep coming and making eyes at my dog until I hear to wonder if he was aware that I was in the room. I went on like that for some time, but at last he found his tongue and said: "I suppose you have wondered why I have been calling here so constantly lately?"

"At that a delicious thrill passed over me as I realized that the supreme moment had arrived. I did my best to look as if I was awfully surprised. "Of course you know," he continued, "that I am a great dog. I fancy your Fido is much like I could love to him forever. Ah, how I envy you! Of course I know you would never dream of selling him, so the only way I could feast my eyes on him was by calling."

He didn't say anything more for right then something happened, and I faster upon that when that power man left, so he did rather suddenly he had a fit in his ear, and he didn't get it from Fido either!"

Arctic Remembrance. There is at least one new thing under the sun which shows signs of a circus tent, and that is Captain Woodward's really famous and only school of trained Alaska Sea Lions and Seals, which this season form one of the exhibits and unique features among the thousand and one attractions of the consolidated Great Adams Forenoon and Evening entertainments, circuses and big shows to pitch their camp in Gastonia on Thursday, October 18. When the extraordinary wild and timid nature of these strange Arctic animals is considered, coupled with the fact that they are provided with flippers only to supply the place of hands and feet, their performance are absolutely marvelous and teach some very valuable lessons. That some seemingly clumsy creatures should have been taught to drill, pivot, march, step upon different musical instruments, sing and imitate many other human acts and acts almost surpass belief, is what they do so is attested by the praise of New York in which city they enthusiastically drew big and delighted crowds.

A Railroad Hoop. New York Weekly. Mrs. Bibbs (as the train gives a lurch)—My goodness! Are we off the track? Mr. Bibbs—No, we seem to be running all right. Given we were on a curve, we'd be out by Chicago.

Mr. Bibbs—But Chicago was a thousand miles off when we started, and we've only been riding an hour. Mr. Bibbs—Oh! help! I looked at the map of this railroad, and there ain't a curve in it till it reaches Chicago. Hang up y'r things.

THE HISTORY OF ONE THAT IS KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

New York Telegram.

"Old Bailey," the most famous prison in England and second only to the Bastille in France for history and location, is about to be demolished. This prison, which has been a terror to criminals will soon be pulled down and a magnificent structure, embodying all the latest ideas in sanitary inventions will be built.

In 1173 the original structure was destroyed and on the site was built the Court House. This too fell in the "no paper" riots of 1780 as readers of "Barnaby Rudge" will remember and the place was rebuilt and enlarged in 1806. So the "Old Bailey" has been a witness to day in only about one hundred years and it is one of the most ancient buildings in London, and its most ancient has probably prevented more crime than any other agency in the world.

"Their name is legion" might well be said of the celebrated criminals who have been their fate in that historic dock. Among political offenders sentenced to the "Old Bailey" perhaps the region are the most numerous. Out of the 21 prisoners arraigned in 1893 were executed while seven paid for their part in the execution of Charles I by life long imprisonment.

A tragic episode in history of the "Old Bailey" was the invasion of the Court by the jail fever during the summer of 1793. The fever obtained such a hold in the neighboring prison that it forced a way into the Court, causing the death of the Judge of Common Pleas, Sir Thomas A. A. Barron, the Lord Mayor and several other members of the Bar and of the jury. These plagues were directly connected with the lax sanitary laws. Little was known of the art of artificial ventilation. The prisons were in a shocking condition.

"Old Bailey" will always be familiar to those who have read Dickens, especially the lovers of Barnaby Rudge, Tattler, Great expectations and Oliver Twist. The great novelist made a study of English prisons, and he did it in English schools. "Old Bailey" was a shock to the English public to the horrors of their common school system, Little Dorrit raised a storm of indignation that prison classification, the greatest need of the time, was introduced. As Dickens disappeared so before the eyes of the public, "Old Bailey" became things of the past, and today Newgate is a model prison. The old building now to be demolished was made as comfortable as possible and held all the limited space would permit and the new edifice about to be erected will be one of the finest in the world.

A Case of Luck. Do not know what has become of him? Snapped the pretty girl in Miss. "and what is more I don't care?" He called her regularly for two months, and she never came. He got the construction put on it, necessarily so when he took such notice of February time he called, and you know Fido can be very disagreeable to call. Will he keep coming and making eyes at my dog until I hear to wonder if he was aware that I was in the room. I went on like that for some time, but at last he found his tongue and said: "I suppose you have wondered why I have been calling here so constantly lately?"

"At that a delicious thrill passed over me as I realized that the supreme moment had arrived. I did my best to look as if I was awfully surprised. "Of course you know," he continued, "that I am a great dog. I fancy your Fido is much like I could love to him forever. Ah, how I envy you! Of course I know you would never dream of selling him, so the only way I could feast my eyes on him was by calling."