

**WOOL TURNED WHITE.**

**AWFUL EXPERIENCE OF A NEGRO BESET BY ALLIGATORS.**

**He Spent the Greater Part of Twenty-four Hours on a Stump in a Deep Swamp—He Held a Pig on His Back and Was Surrounded by Hungry Sawfish.**

On the edge of a little lake about ten or twelve miles northwest of Tallahassee, there lives an old negro whom I saw and with whom I talk every time I go hunting in that direction. At least I have always supposed he was aged, for though his wife is a buxom young woman, he is white haired, though hale and hearty in appearance. The last time I was out there I learned that he was quite young, only about forty in fact, and that his snow locks had a history. After urging I prevailed on him to tell me the story.

It seems that during the war this negro, Ben Aiken, had run off, and while hiding out in the woods subsisted as best he could on wild fruits, some game, young corn, and an occasional chicken if he was so fortunate as to find one far enough away from a plantation.

One day he happened to slip up on a half grown pig and, getting close enough, knuckled it over, and at once struck it with his knife and started off with his improvised hut. While picking his way through the swamp and going from one little mound to another, stepping on logs and stumps and cypress knees, he noticed that one log he was just in the act of stepping on was not a log at all, but quite a vicious looking crocodile.

He had lived long enough among crocodiles to feel no particular uneasiness over this one, though he also knew that they are mean to have around. Ben stepped back to the mound he was on (which was only about ten or twelve feet square) and concluded to wait till the alligator creature moved on. But the crocodile after awhile aroused itself, and in company with four or five others started toward Ben.

The negro concluded to beat a retreat, when he found that his little island was entirely surrounded by alligators, and he then realized that they had been attracted by the stumps he was carrying, which had left a trail of blood behind him.

ALLIGATORS ON EVERY SIDE. The darky was now thoroughly frightened. He saw the alligators crowding around his little island; he knew that at night, if he came up for him, he had no weapon except a knife, and a club; he knew there was no chance of anyone hearing his cries, and it was now nearly sundown. A half grown alligator came crawling up toward him and he brained it with a club, but it gave him no consolation, for he knew he could not keep that up through the night.

There was one cypress knee or stump on the mound which rose about five feet or more, but he doubted his ability to get upon its smooth top, and even if he got there he didn't think he could keep his place there long. He saw a tree trunk protruding from the swamp, and he decided that if he could get up on top of it, he could sit on it and rest.

At last he reached the top of the tree trunk. He was alone on it, and he was very nervous. He saw the alligators crawling around him, and he was very nervous.

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**CATCHING TROUT BY HAND.**

**An Old Trick That is Frequently Played on the Unsuspecting Tourist.**

One day a well dressed man visited a certain hamlet, carrying the newest of fly rods. He intended to fish for trout. Could anyone give him information as to the best place for his day's sport? As he asked for it at the bar of the small inn of the hamlet, the information was soon forthcoming. One of the customers there told him he knew where there was a big one, and all he had to do was to catch it. The bait took.

After a generous "liquor up" and the tip of a shilling away they started. He saw the fish, and for nearly the whole of a day he thrashed that water hard enough to frighten all the trout that ever swim in it. But even a fish the size of a sprat did not catch him.

At the inn, before his train started, as he rested for an hour, his guide of the morning appeared and asked him what sport he had had. "Not a single fish," replied he, although, "I would send half a sovereign in drinks if that trout lay in my basket, or give that sum to any one who would put me up to getting it there." Five minutes later the native whispered to him, "Did you mean what you said?"

The angler pulled out half a sovereign and showed it to him. "Here have a bit," said the man, "for the trout I don't start yet. If you had half an hour the angler was beckoned out of the bar to see the big trout, still alive and kicking vigorously, on some flag in a basket. He had a hook attached to a piece of broken gut in his upper lip, but a bribe or a mark was on him.

"Take him, basket an' all, for what he said," quote the native, "is a precious sight too big to go into that mess of yours. And I be sorry much obliged to you for this old half sov'rin, and no mistake." I was informed afterward that the fish had been so frightened by the thrashing of that would be angler that he had retreated to the utmost limit of his power under the bank, and there he had remained, as only a trout would remain.

**THE FIRST BAPTISM.**

It was the first Sunday after my ordination, and my pastor said to me: "W—, there will be a baptism in this afternoon's service. You may as well take it. It will be a beginning for you." "Very well," was my humble and somewhat tremulous reply.

The preliminaries of the baptismal office were over, it remained but to "name this child" and "baptize" it. Alas! it was more easily said than done, for the baby had a word to say against it. Yes, for he was eighteen months old, and could talk and walk. On that day for a first christening by a nervous man! I scolded him for it. It had to be a forcible grasp to perform my office. The rebel kicked and plunged like a frisky colt, twisted and twined like a slippery eel, rolled with all the power of his limbs, and was deaf and indifferent to the persuasive powers of his maternal relative. I held him aloft by main force, and dipping my hand in the water, began the sprinkling.

**FACTS ABOUT THE HEADS OF CRIMINALS.**

The belief of some anthropologists is that the criminal section of mankind is distinguished by certain definite physical characteristics which are susceptible of study and classification. Generally speaking, they assert, the habit of crime is undressed, his weight being disproportionately to his height, with a tendency to flat footedness. He is heavy in his movements, lacking anatomical symmetry and beauty. Particularly, his head is not symmetrical.

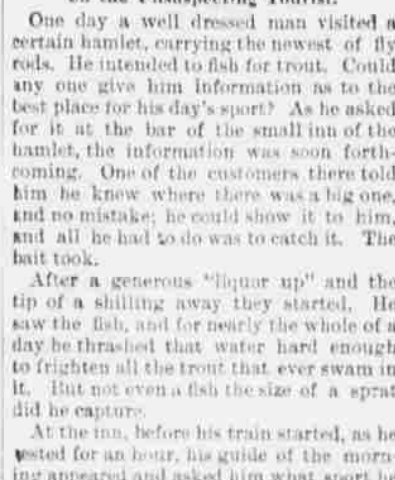
The regiment remained in India. Plassey accompanied the One Hundred and Second to England, being granted a free passage by the captains of her majesty's ships Junnamund Hemelajo. Two young leopards and a canine ally were his fellow passengers.

Plassey landed with the regiment at Dover, where suitable quarters were provided for him in the main fosse of the citadel, beneath the officers' mess. There Plassey lived a happy life with his friend the dog, his "personal attendant" being the adjutant's groom, who fed and looked after him. At meal time Plassey always allowed the dog to have the first "go in," but when he thought his canine companion had taken a fair share he would give him a gentle pat with his paw as a reminder.

When Plassey was nearly full grown and in the zenith of his popularity with the Fusiliers an old lady resident of Dover wrote to the general commanding the district and stated that she had "seen Plassey disembar," and that ever since she had remained a prisoner in her house, fearing to go out lest Plassey should have escaped and be roaming about the town! So frequent were this old lady's letters and complaints that at last the general felt compelled to take notice of them, and so poor Plassey was sent off to the zoological gardens, accompanied in exile by his faithful dog.—London Art Journal.

**THE FLOUR AWARDS.**

**"Chicago, Oct. 31.—The first official announcement of World's Fair diplomas on flour has been made. A medal has been awarded by the World's Fair judges to the flour manufactured by the Washburn, Crosby Co. in the great Washburn Flour Mills, Minneapolis. The committee reports the flour strong and pure, and entitled it to rank as first-class patent flour for family and bakers' use."**



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| Jennings—W. A. White, N. E. corner of Main and Third. | Chas. A. Brown, From & Porter, Superlative.                  |
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Scranton Tribune, Scranton, Pa., May 10, 1894.

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