MAHATMAS' MESSAGE.

I.

In the deepening twilight of an autumnal evening, Doris Shirley paced to and fro beneath the trees, awaiting with feelings of doubt and uncertainty the issue of the most momentous event of a maiden's lifetime—the interview between her lover and her parent. At the sound of advancing footsteps she paused, and as a manly figure reached her side it needed but once glance at his face to tell that his mission had been one of failure.

"He has refused?" she queried.

"Yes, love, absolutely and without hope."

"Did he say why he would not consent?"

"He said that you are aware that his wishes run in another direction."

Then the daughter's heart rose in hot rebellion against her sire, and her eyes flashed fire as she cried:

"He wants me to marry Joshua Bentworth because he's a Theosophist, but I will not, so there! He is nearly double my age and I hate him. Ever since father embraced Theosophy he has been quite a different man. His whole heart and soul is in it, and everybody and everything must be subservient to his creed. Marry Joshua! Never!" And then in softer tones: "You know, Sydney, in eighteen months I shall be of age, and then—"

"Eighteen months, pet—what a long, long time to wait."

"Is it not better than never? Well, if you do not care to wait we will say 'Goodby' now," and she held out her hand, pretending to be offended. The result was, of course, as she anticipated. She found herself encircled by her lover's strong arms, while kisses of contrition greeted her brow.

"Wait, darling? I would wait twenty years, but I could not live without hearing from or seeing you, and your father forbade me to do either after this last interview." And then, as in thousands of similar prohibitions, they plotted as to the ways and means by which they might hold communication unknown to the antagonistic parent.

A week passed away; it seemed like a month to Doris; and she wondered how she could endure eighteen months like it. Her father had told her of his interview with Sydney, and requested that the subject might never be mentioned again, and Doris had given him to understand that under no circumstances would she marry any one else. And now a week had passed—seven long, weary days—without hearing or seeing Sydney, and poor Doris, driven to desperation, had been wondering how she might best broach the subject to her father and try to induce him to reconsider his decision. But the task seemed hopeless; she felt that she might as well appeal to a stone wall as to his stubborn will. Was there no way but to wait?

II.

Mr. Shirley was sitting in the big arm chair in his own particular sanctum, generally referred to as the "study," and letting his thoughts run riot. First, they flitted here and there over various phases of his new hobby, and then, taking a sadder tone, conjured up the vision of his only child, whose dearest wish he had refused. Why was she so self-willed? There was Joshua, well provided with wordly goods, hail-fellow-well-met with every one, and, above all, a brother Theosophist; why could not the girl be satisfied with her father's choice? Then the truant thoughts pictured Sydney Wallace as certainly the better looking of the two, nearer Doris' age, a man of energy and excellent character; but—and there was the rub—he had been so openly and audaciously honest as to express his disbelief in the manifestations of Theosophy, and so he had sealed his fate.

It was now quite dark, and Mr. Shirley rose from his seat, lighted the gas, drew down the blind, and locked the door. It was his custom to spend his evenings alone with his books, and reaching a volume from its shelf, he drew his chair to the table, and was soon absorbed in new mystifications, theoretical and impracticable.

After reading for some time, he came upon a marginal note giving reference to another work which necessitated a visit to the bookshelves at the other end of the room. He soon found the passages referred to, and was about to resume his seat, when he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and cast a frightened glance round the room.

There, on the pages of the book open where he had been reading, was something which was not there when he left the table. A little roll of paper. With quivering hand and beating heart he picked it up and unrolled it. Apparently the paper was of foreign manufacture, and the characters on it, although English, did not seem to be inscribed with any of the materials in common use in his country. With indescribable feelings of wonder and awe he read:

"Coercion is abhorrent to us. Vex thy offspring no longer. It is our command.—Thibet, August 24th."

A message from the Mahatmas in far off Thibet, and dated that very day! Could there be trickery? he wondered and to place the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt, he made an exhaustive examination of the room and its contents. The window was fastened, the door locked, and the chimney closed, and there was no other opening in the walls. Continuing the search on his hands and knees, under the table, chairs and couch, he covered every square inch of the carpet and then rose, convinced that the room contained no living thing beside himself.

And there on the table lay the indisputable evidence that time, space, and brick walls were as nothing to a Mahatma. Was there ever such a charitable creed that the innermost circle should interest itself on behalf of one who had openly expressed his opinion that such manifestations were "bosh."

The next meeting of the Theosophists, before whom Mr. Shirley detailed, the circumstance and produced the evidence, unanimously agreed that his bodily health and perhaps his very life might be imperilled if he still persisted in opposing the wishes of his masters.

They implored and abjured him to relent, and worked on his feelings to such an extent that he went home impressed with an awful sense of some impending doom, some terrible calamity that was about to burst on his offending head.

III.

Meanwhile the situation had become as unbearable to Sydney as it had to Doris, all their plans for communicating having so far failed, the natural course of events having taken a turn for which no provision had been made. A love so intense as his could stand the separation no longer.

That very afternon he would boldly go to the house and ask to see his beloved; her father might say or do as he pleased. The resolution once formed, he was in a state of feverish impatience to put it into practice. He would start at once. And start he did, wondering what reception he would receive at the hands of her parent, and hoping that he might not be invested with the Order of the Boot. But Providence had prepared for him a surprise, one of those kaleidoscopic changes which ever made the "best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee."

Scarcely had he reached the gate when a telegraph boy ran up and handed him a message. Sydney's first thought, of course, was Doris—then, some dire disaster. As soon as his impatient hands had ripped off the covering he read:

"Come at once in friendship.

"Richd. Shirley."

An invitation from the very man whom he had been mentally picturing as kicking him out of the house!

"Say I'll be there like a shot," he said to the astonished messenger; then recollecting himself, "No answer," and the next instant he was speeding to the station to catch the train then due. His reception surprised him as much as the telegram. He was welcomed at the threshold by Mr. Shirley and taken into the study, his host beaming with the very essence of affability. After a few preliminary "hawe" and vicious clearings of the throat, Mr. Shirley addressed him thus:

"In refusing your ardent request for the hand of my daughter I believed that I was acting in the best interests of my only child. I know nothing against you; indeed, much to your advantage; but the principal reason that induced me to take the course that I did was your openly expressed disbelief of matters of which you could not possibly be a judge. Young man, read that," and with a dramatic flourish he handed him the message.

After minutely detailing the circumstances of its arrival, he continued:

"In compliance with the command therein expressed I have sent for you, to give my consent to your union with my daughter, and I am not without hope that the mysterious message you have before you may be the means of converting you by its tangible existence and the forgiving nature of its contents."

Sydney gazed at the paper bewildered, speechless. This was a complete floorer.

"Well, now go to Doris; she awaits you in the drawing room. Leave the paper here; it is too precious to trust out of my sight. I have to go out now on business, but if you will give me a call, say tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock, I shall be prepared to discuss matters with you."

It is needless to attempt to describe the rapturous meeting of the reunited lovers. Those readers who have experienced such blissful moments can picture it for themselves, and those who have not, may rest assured that to them the gates of Paradise still stand unrevealed.

The next evening Sydney kept his appointment with Mr. Shirley, whose exuberant delight seemed to show that a heavy load had fallen from his mind.

Then he would go through the incidents of the mysterious arrival again, taking Sydney by the arm and leading him around the room, all the while explaining how matters stood on the eventful night.

"You see, the gas was alight, just as it is now, and the window was fastened—look at it—cannot be opened from the outside; and the blind was drawn right down, like this. The only other means of ingress is the door, locked. Ah! I have not locked it," and as he spoke he shot the bolt. At the same instant a loud "ting" caused both men to spring round and rush to the table. There, floating on the liquid in one of the glasses, was another tiny roll of paper. Shot from somewhere, it had evidently struck the glass, making it ring. Unfolded, the contents ran:

"It is well. We are satisfied." Again from Thibet and the date the current day. It was with very different feelings that the two men gazed at the piece of paper. Mr. Shirley's face bore a calm expression which told of a thankfulness that danger was past, and that he felt once more at peace with his masters; while Sydney stood aghast in the presence of the unfathomable, his hair bristling on his head and his teeth chattering from very fear. At last he could bear it no longer, and flinging open the door, he rushed out, nor paused until he found himself outside the front door in the pure night air with the canopy of heaven and twinkling stars above him.

IV

A train is throbbing swiftly northward bearing among its passengers two that have that day been made man and wife. The bridegroom sits absorbed in his thoughts, seeming oblivious to the fact that what should be all the world to him sits by his side. It is not that one deftly thrown slipper has made a bruise on his forehead, nor that sundry grains of rice had slipped down between his collar and his neck. What, then, was the cause?

"What makes you so quiet, dear?" asks the bride.

He starts as one called from another world.

"I am bewildered, love. Those messages, how real and yet how very impossible. I cannot believe, and yet—there, I know not what to think."

Doris laughs a little musical ripple, and then laying her hand on his arm, and nestling closer, she says:

"Shall I explain the mystery, love? I sent them."

"You! How could you! The gas was locked. I mean the door—I—but you—how could you?"

"I will tell you, but you must not let papa know. The paper came from India, wrapped 'round some presents that I had sent to me. The writing I did with my left hand with the moistened point of a stick of India ink."

"But the locked room!" interjected Sydney.

"Then I rolled it up very small and stood it upright on a projection of the chandelier and fixed it there with a tiny bit of wax from a candle. When the gas had been alight a little while the wax melted, and down fell the message with its own weight. See? But you will keep my secret from papa?"

And Mr. Shirley does not understand the mystery to this day.—Tit-Bits.

BUNCOERS ABROAD: BEWARE!

It is the trick of the Bryanized Democracy this fall to make false charges against Republican methods, raise a big dust, hire Republican malcontents to organize Republican bolts and then coax individual Republicans to desert their party on the representation that "party ties needn't count for anything in an off year." By this trick, if it shall work, the Bryanites will get a foothold for a hopeful fight in national campaigns, and make just so much more trouble for McKinley, the Republican congress and the cause of sound money.

You now see through this trick. Are you going to let it work?

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

A Western Citizen's Reminiscence of the Time When There Were Wild Buffalo.

From the Kansas City Journal.

"Speaking of liars," said the western Kansas man as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and looked at the real estate agent out of the corner of his eye, "I think western Kansas can show up some as rare specimens as I ever set eyes on. Now, there was old John S. I'll not give his full name, because the old man still lives out somewhere near Kiowa, and if he was to get in print as a noted liar he might get hot. When I read an account of Speaker Bill Street's speech up in Jewell county at an old settlers' picnic, where he said that he had stood on a knoll and seen a dense, moving herd of buffalo as far as the eye could reach, some way it brought old John to mind.

"When I first struck the short grass country old John was there. He got me cornered one day and was so tickled to get a fresh victim that he hardly stopped even to take a drink, until he had stuffed me so full that I was partially paralyzed for a month afterward. He gave me to understand that for years before he came to Kansas he was one of the most dreaded desperadoes and Indian killers that ever roamed through the Rocky Mountains. I learned afterward that he wouldn't fight a cat, and actually trembled with fear whenever his hatchet-faced wife turned loose on him with her tongue, but when I first met him his bloodthirsty talk fairly made my blood run cold.

"He informed me that he was known far and wide through the mountains as 'Tiger Jack, the terror of the Rockies.' But I was going to speak of his buffalo story. I asked him one day, just to bring him out, if he ever got into any tight places when he was hunting buffalo. 'Oh, I've been in places that I suppose most fellers would call ticklish,' he replied, 'but never any place that rattled Tiger Jack but once, and that time I own I was worried.'

"'I was huntin' buffalo down the Medicine Valley, along in '70. The country was just alive with the critters and I was knockin' 'em right and left, when all at once somethin' started a stampede, and three or four million buffalo came rushin' down the valley, just makin' the ground shake as they come. I seen at once that I would have to get out of there or be run over, but my pony was all fagged out, and the herd kept gaining on him at every jump. I saw that them buffalo was goin' to run that pony down and that something had to be done, and done quick. Well, sir, I seen that there was just one thing to do. I waited till the head buffalo was right on my pony's flank and then I made a jump on that buffalo's hump.

"'Then, sir, I just went jumpin' from the back of one buffalo to another and shootin' as I went—thought, maybe, you know, that I could scatter the herd and get a chance to get down on the ground. Well, sir, when I struck the rear of that stampede I was only a mile from home. I went out the next day and measured the distance from where I jumped and found I had traveled on the backs of buffalo for six miles and a quarter. I'll tell you honestly, I think it was a little the closest shave I ever had.'"

HE GOT WATER.

The Old Trapper Showed Them a New Device in Reaching Drinks.

From the Detroit Press Press.

"When people are suffering from thirst they will resort to all kinds of means to get water," remarked a gentleman who was at one time a member of the United States geological and surveying expedition in the Indian Territory. "For some time we had been without water and were suffering greatly. Among our number was an old trapper who was as keen on the scent for water as is a hound on the trial of a deer. Finally he paused at a place and stopped.

"'I think there's water here, if we could dig a well,' he observed.

"'But we can't,' I replied.

"'No, but we can do somthing else, he said.

"With that he cut a reed, tying some moss on the end of it. Then he dug into the earth, placed his reeed in the hole and packed the earth around the reed. He waited for a few moments.

"'Do you mean to say you can suck water out of that thing?' I asked.

"'Yes, if, as I think, there's water near the surface.'

"He drew strongly at it with much satisfaction.

"'Good,' he remarked; 'would you like to try it?'

"With little confidence in the result I sucked at the reed with the suprising result of getting plenty of clear water. To my parched tongue it seemed the very nectar of the gods.

"'It's as clear as the water of a spring,' I said.

"'Yes, the moss is our filter,' he replied.

"We pursued our journey much refreshed, and I never forgot the old trapper's advice."

NATIVE HAWAIIANS AND ANNEXATION

Why They Fear the Coming of American Domination.

WOULD HAVE TO LOCK THEIR DOORS

As It Is Now, Not a Key Is Ever Turned in Honolulu Because Thievery Is Practically Unknown There--Not a Compliment to the Prospective Immigration from the United States.

Writing from Honolulu to the Chicago Times-Herald, Janet Jennings says: Could the native Hawaiians be assured that annexation would bring no radical changes to deprive them of their present easy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, all would accept it without fear and anxiety. It must be admitted that they have good ground for fear and anxiety. The native Hawaiians are in no sense aggressive and have no conception of the meaning of the word. In competition with the new "hustling" element of Anglo-Saxon push and progress and ambitious acquisition of wealth the native Hawaiian would go to the wall. They have strangely contradictory traits of character. Honest and straightforward, kindly and generous, with a certain manly pride and reserve on the one hand, on the other their easy going, pleasure loving natures are ever ready to evade all responsibility. They have not sought to check the steady, plodding, silent industry of the Chinese, who have become the tillers of the soil, raising the vegetables and cultivating the taro, from which poi, the native food, is made. The Chinese lease a taro patch for $30 an acre, raise the taro and make the poi cheaper than the natives who own the land can produce it, and at the same time the Chinese make money by it. Why, then, should the natives work? Would the Anglo-Saxon, under the same conditions, stick to his taro patch? Certainly not, if he could make it more profitable by leasing it to the Chinese.

A TRANQUIL PEOPLE.

It does not follow that the native Hawaiians, after leasing their lands, become idle and shiftless. They seek employment without responsibility, and more congenial wharves and shipping (for they have a natural love of the sea), where, by working three days in the week, they earn enough to keep them seven days, including spending money for social festivities. In some respects they have the simplicity and credulity of children. Left to themselves they are an easily governed people, susceptible to good influences and singularly free from all jealousy of other nationalities. Superseded by the thrifty, calculating Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese on every hand, the natives are absolutely without bitterness or complaint. It is only when supplanted by the Chinese in matrimonial affairs that the Hawaiian men show resentment. An argument most frequently put forth by native Hawaiians against annexation is not without the force of truth. "If we have annexation," they say, "we must lock our doors. Bad people will come here from the United States, and it will not be the same as now. Everybody is safe now without locking doors, and also on the streets at any time of night or day. But it will not be so if we have annexation."

NO THIEVES.

It is quite true that there is a complete sense of safety in Honolulu without locks or bolts, and this is the more remarkable because almost every nationality under the sun is in the 30,000 population. But people of all classes and conditions enjoy this feeling of security alike. In the finest residences, where there is most wealth, therefore greatest risk, the key is seldom turned in a door. One of the most prominent men in Honolulu, who has a charming home on Huwano avenue, said the other day: "I was born on the islands and have lived here all my life. We have employed almost all nationalities as house servants, but have never locked our doors. Theft is almost unknown, or at least seldom committed by Chinese or Japanese servants, and the native Hawaiian would feel it to be a reflection on his honesty if you turned the key against him. Occasionally a business house is entered, but the law makes the punishment so severe that burglaries are few and far between. Men and women, too, are perfectly safe about the city at night and are never molested in our quiet streets."

This delightful sense of security comes to the stranger before he is fairly landed on the dock. "Just give your keys to the man who takes up your baggage and he will see it through the custom-house," said a Hawaiian fellow-passenger, returning from the states. I hesitated about leaving my worldly goods not only to the mercy of a strange customhouse officer but also to a strange baggage man.

"It will be all right," said the man, touching his hat, "and will save you the bother of waiting." Half an hour later my baggage was in my room, all right and attended to better than I could have done it myself.

"You need not lock your door," said the proprietor of the house. "You are quite safe in Honolulu not to lock your door, but leave it open if you like."

DOORS LEFT OPEN.

My room opens on a piazza, as all rooms do in this climate, and since the day of my arrival, a month ago, the door and windows have stood wide open night and day. The house is three minutes' walk from the business part of the city and very accessible if anybody cared to enter it. All the servants about the house are Japanese, and Chinese laundryman come and go at will, but nobody in the house turns a key. An American woman endeavored to explain the situation at breakfast one morning. "There is only one other spot on earth where I feel as safe," she said. "That is on Nantucket Island, thirty miles out from the Atlantic coast. Nobody locks any doors there. Honolulu is 2,000 miles out from the Pacific coast, and we are just as safe here."

CRACKERS AND BISCUITS.

You Don't Know How Important They Are Until You Read the Figures.

From the Sun.

About every one has heard (and if everybody hasn't it is not the fault of the campaign orators) of the Biscuit Trust and the Cracker Trust and of the enormous business which both control, running high, as the campaign orators say, "into the millions." But every one does not know the value of the business carried on in these commodities, essentially American in respect to patronage. The American Biscuit company has a capital stock of $10,000,000. It is an Illinois concern, having ramifications throughout the country, but with headquarters in New York, and having forty ovens with a capacity to convert a thousand barrels of flour into biscuits every day. Its main factories are on Tenth avenue and give employment to more than a thousand persons. There is a big branch at Cambridgeport, Mass., with sixteen ovens for the New England supply, another at Chicago for the Western supply, another at Grand Rapids, and another at Philadelphia. The extent of the cracker and biscuit industry of the country is not fully shown by these figures, for the gross capital of the cracker and biscuit companies consolidated in 1890 is $25,000,000.

The opinion in general is that flour and water are the chief ingredients of crackers and biscuits, but some figures collated during the present year show the extent to which various products are required for the biscuit and cracker industry in New York state. Nearly 3,000,000 barrels of flour are used each year for this purpose, and in addition 50,000,000 pounds of sugar, 35,000,000 pounds of lard, 2,000,000 gallons of molasses, 1,000,000 pounds of honey, 6,000,000 pounds of butter, 2,000,000 dozen eggs, 400,000 gallons of milk, 2,000,000 pounds of soda, 1,000,000 pounds of figs and almonds, 4,500,000 pounds of salt, 2,000,000 pounds of cocoanut, 800,000 pounds of currants, 500,000 pounds of ginger, 600,000 pounds of jelly, 250,000 pounds of chocolate, 100,000 pounds of cream of tartar, 100,000 pounds of apricots, 100,000 pounds of almond paste, and 500,000 lemons. In the making and sale of biscuits and crackers 25,000 men are employed, inclusive of the packers, and each year 10,000,000 wooden boxes are used in this industry, exclusive of a million or more tin boxes in which biscuits and crackers are packed for shipment. The partiality of Americans for biscuits and crackers is very marked, and it is due to what may be called a national preference.

As a result of the consolidation of the various biscuit and cracker bakeries the price at which crackers are sold has been steadily reduced.

ENGLISH UNDEFILED.

The President of the Board of Education Furnishes a Negative Example.

From the Youth's Companion.

It was commencement day at the Dashville high school. The hall was densely packed with the friends of the graduates and it was a hot evening, as it usually is on the occasion of a commencement. The president of the board of education, a worthy but not highly educated citizen, took charge of the exercises by virtue of his office, and, amid a silence broken only by the fluttering of fans and the rustling of dresses, he rose and began his address:

"Graduates of the Dashville high school, ladies and gentlemen: Owing to the length of the progr'm and the fact that the heat and and the crowded condition of the room discommodes a great many of you, I shall try and be brief. Young gentlemen and ladies, this a noo age of the world. Noo conditions are constantly rising, and we must rise to meet them. The lesson comes to you and I every day we live. What constitooted an education two or three decayeds ago will not do for these kind of times.

"I am not one of those men who believes that the school he went to when he was a boy is better than schools are now. I believe in noo ideas. I believe in pro-gress. As far as the board of education are concerned we have tried to keep up with the march of progress.

"We have provided teachers whom I believe are not excelled anywheres. We have furnished apparatuses as good as money can buy. We are glad to see that the children have become enthused over their work, and I want to impress upon the minds of the payrents the dooty of visiting the schools.

"Every payrent ought to take enough interest in their children to once in a while go and see how they are getting along. If you do this the graduating classes will grow larger and larger every year and the teachers will resoom their labors at the beginning of every school year with renooed confidence.

"I have great pleasure now in presenting Mr. Herbert Rice, who will deliver the first oration on the progr'm on the subject, "Let Us Preserve the English Language Undefiled.'"

As soon as the loud applause and the convulsive coughing that greeted the close of the president's speech had subsided, Mr. Herbert Rice arose, red with suppressed emotion, and delivered an impassioned plea for the preservation of the English language in its original purity, a plea that is still spoken of in Dashville as a masterpiece of eloquence.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

Over 1000 Killed on Roads of United Kingdom Last Year.

From the London Times.

From the general report to the English Board of Trade upon the accidents that have occurred on the railways of the United Kingdom during 1896 it appears that there were 93 passengers killed and 1586 injured, including those who had suffered from their own want of caution or misconduct. Similarly 447 railway servants or contractors were killed and 3966 were injured. "Other persons" killed, 468, and 297 injured. Total killed, 1008; injured, 5877.

In addition to the above the companies have returned 85 persons killed and 11,002 injured from accidents that occurred on their premises, but which were not connected with the movement of railway vehicles. Thus the total number of personal accidents reported to the Board of Trade by the railway companies during the twelve months amounts to 1093 persons killed and 6,879 injured.

The total number of passenger journeys, exclusive of journeys by season ticket holders, was 980,339,677 for the year, or 50,568,768 more than in the previous year. Calculated on these figures, the proportions of passengers killed and injured during the year 1896 were 1 in 10,541,287 killed and 1 in 618,121 injured. In 1895 the proportions were 1 in 11,202,059 killed and 1 in 838,387 injured.

During the year only five persons were killed and 388 injured from causes beyond their own control, the killed being the same as in 1895 and the injured 11 more in the last named year. In 1894 the figures were 16 killed and 347 injured.

Fast Running.

From the Buffalo Enquirer.

It was in a negligence case recently, and a good-humored Irishman was a witness.

The judge, lawyers and everybody else were trying their best to extract from the Irishman something about the speed of a train.

"Was it going fast?" asked the judge.

"Aw, yis, it were," answered the witness.

"Oh, purty fasht, your honor."

"Well, how fast?"

"Aw, purty fasht."

"Was it as fast as a man can run?"

"Aw, yis," glad that the basis for an analogy was supplied. "As fast as two min kin run."

THE TRUE VERSION.

That Famous Remark About Its Being a Long Time Between Drinks.

From the Florida Citizen.

Every man in the United States is supposed to know what the "governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina," but, perhaps, some do not know when and under what circumstances the famous remark was made. Nearly a century ago a man prominent in political affairs in North Carolina moved across the border and settled in South Carolina. He had been there only a short time, when he committed some small crime, for which he was indicted. To escape arrest he returned to his old home in North Carolina. In due course of time the governor of South Carolina issued his requisition on the governor of North Carolina for the fugitive criminal.

The fugitive had rich and influential friends in his native state, and they interceded with the governor until he refused to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence followed. Prominent men in South Carolina told the governor that he had not been treated with proper official courtesy by the governor of North Carolina. The result was that the South Carolina governor, accompanied by a large party of friends and advisers, journeyed by stage to Raliegh for a conference with the governor about the matter of giving up the criminal. The governor of North Carolina and his party of distinguished friends, met the governor of South Carolina and his party several miles from town, and escorted them to the governor's mansion with all the ceremony due such distinguished visitors. Before the object of his visit was stated, the entire assemblage sat down to an elaborate dinner. After dinner, wine was served, and after wine came brandy—the apple-jack for which the Old North state is famous.

After many rounds of drinks the decanters and glasses were removed, and the governor of South Carolina stated the object of his visit. He demanded the surrender of the fugitive criminal. The governor of North Carolina refused. Then followed a long and heated discussion, in which the attorney-generals of the two states took an active part. Finally the governor of South Carolina grew angry, and, rising to his feet said:—

"Sir, you have refused my just demand and offended the dignity of my office and my state. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the state and, returning with my army, I will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?"

All eyes were turned on the governor of North Carolina, and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The governor rose slowly to his feet, and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified, as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the governor of South Carolina demanded, "What do you say?"

"I say, governor, that it's a long time between drinks."

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought out again, and, while the visitors remained, if any one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit, he was cut short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks. When the visiting governor was ready to return home, he was escorted to the state line by the governor of North Carolina, and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.

TRAVEL IN KENTUCKY.

From the Chicago Tribune.

I was trying to find my way to Colonel Ted Baxter's on George Creek, eastern Kentucky and got lost.

I met an old man with a gun on his shoulder and six hounds at his heels.

"I'm trying to get to Colonel Baxter's," I said, as I drew rein.

"Don't keer of ye ar," returned the old man, unlipping a gill of tobacco juice and looking up sharply in my face.

"I'm lost," I continued.

"Well, ef you know enny o' the landmarks, ye go straight on this road till ye come to whar ole Bob Peters cut the gizzard outen ole Tobe Mason. Thar the road splits, an' you go to the left, about 200 yards, till ye reach the spot whar Ben Carpenter split ole John Capfield's brain box open with er handspike. Go on then a little furder ter whar John Simpson let daylight into ole Moge Turner with a butcher knife, an' thar the road cracks open agin, an' you take to the right an' go on till ye cum to whar I sent a gourd full o' buckshot into ole George Lemmons's lungholder. Thar ye take to the left agin, an' keep goin' till ye reach a house whar an ole man an' an ole woman are drunk in the front yard, cussin' and fightin'. Ax if Colonel Baxter lives thar, an' he'll say: 'Yas, darn ye. Git down, take a snort o' moonshine, an' make yerself to home!'"

A POLITICAL POINTER—

If you indorse the free trade and free-silver Chicago platform as the Lackawanna Democracy does, "fully and without reserve," then work and vote for Schadt, Horn, et. al. If you believe in McKinley, protection and prosperity, turn these agents of Bryan down.