

THE HON. H. W. GRADY.

ORATOR AND EDITOR AND PROMINENT MAN OF AFFAIRS.

Sketch of One of the Best Men of the New South—His Recollections of the War—His Efforts to Obliterate Sectional Animosity.

The late Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, editor and publicist, was one of the most prominent if not the ablest of the leaders of the south. Unlike Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee, ex-Governor Brown and others of the Confederate survivors, who at the close of the war accepted the situation and placed the selves abreast of the times to bring back prosperity to the south, Grady was a man of the young generation. He was, therefore, clear in record and free from the prejudices of the great political contests of the past. The position that he occupied before the reading and thinking world was remarkable for one man at any crisis of life, and especially for a man of Mr. Grady's years. He was editor of The Atlanta Constitution, a strong southern organ, and contributor to many first class northern periodicals; he inspired, if he did not govern the southern policy of The New York Herald, and he could command an audience composed of the cream of the people whenever he chose to appear on the platform. And yet he was considerably under 40 years of age.

Grady's recollections of the war, as he delighted to recount, were that he was a school boy, and, in common with his classmates, had the war craze, and by hook or crook got to the front just at the windup. His father was a soldier in the Georgia contingent at Petersburg, and when young Grady reached the command it was to learn of his father's death in Lee's last aggressive movement, the brilliant but disastrous night sortie led by Gen. Gordon against Grant's lines at Forts St. Johns and Haskell in the spring of 1865. When the troops scattered from Appomattoch and went home the bright young Georgian found friends among his father's comrades, and in the course of the war he became the protégé of Gen. John B. Gordon, the first soldier of Georgia. During the reconstruction period Grady could not leave school work, wrote and reported a little, and finally started a country newspaper, with the usual result of that trial—failure. His newspaper work, however, had made him capable of representing The Herald in the south, and with this acknowledged position he began to rise. His Herald connections opened up the southern country to him, and it also developed in him his views and the highest capacities of journalism. Grady entered the editorial rooms of The Constitution as part owner and editor in 1878. Almost his first great work was the management of the wonderful political campaign of 1880, that made Gen. Gordon governor of Georgia. Gordon, who had been United States senator, and had resigned in 1880 and entered business, was a man of high character and high ability, and his nomination, with all of the party machinery and the press nearly a unit pledged to his support. The victory was credited to Grady, and it came very near making the young editor United States senator.

Grady's national reputation was derived from his labors in interests pertaining to the whole south. He identified himself strongly with material and social developments, and in this department he took a somewhat unique stand, and held it with boldness. He said in 1877 that the young men of the south were ready to forget the war, although respecting its heroic southern traditions, and that slavery would not be re-established if the thing were possible. Industrial and commercial enterprises, he thought, would occupy the time and the energies of the young men, and as editor of a prominent paper he threw himself heartily into the reconstruction of business. About the time of his elevation to the editorship of The Constitution the articles by Mr. Cable on the status of the freedmen were attracting general attention, and in 1885, no strong voice having as yet arisen to speak for the south in reply to Mr. Cable, Grady published an essay in The Century Magazine, stating the negro question from a southern point of view. The article was entitled, "In Plain Black and White." This paper suggests, if it does not plainly state, all of the views upon the vexed question which Mr. Grady has given out in his numerous writings and orations since. He began by saying that the south should make a full and frank reply to the query, "What will you do with it?"—the negro problem. Making full and frank answer, the author said that the south has measured the difficulties and found them to be that of two distinct races placed upon the same soil in social and civil equality. The relations between the whites and the blacks in churches, schools, social organizations, on the railroad and in theatres had been fixed by choice in both cases on "the basis of equal accommodations, but separate." The conclusions of the author, after stating all phases of the problem, were that unmistakable domination of the white races would be the outcome. This would be due simply to "the right of character, intelligence and property to rule."

The new champion of the south gained a transient reputation by this essay, but the great question was then causing only a ripple, and had Mr. Grady been satisfied with this single pronouncement the very ideas that have made him fame as an orator would have passed into obscurity. Meanwhile the world giving the essay but a passing attention, the Georgia editor was forcing to the front in affairs



HENRY W. GRADY.

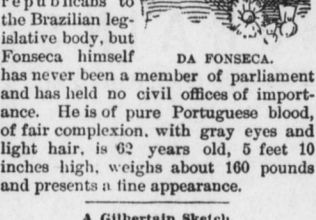
of a more local character. The city of Atlanta undertook in 1885 to enforce local prohibition, and Grady became an ardent champion of the "dry" element. Owing to a difference of opinion among the managers of The Constitution the paper was not committed to prohibition, but Mr. Grady waged the warfare of the "drys" over his own signature. Many amusing things occurred during the campaign. Grady and some other editorial exponent sometimes took opposite sides in the same issue of The Constitution, and The New York Sun, which always takes a humorous view of the eccentricities of the fraternity, called this "double back action journalism." The prohibition excitement continued for three years, but The Constitution's position after the first campaign, which made the city "dry," was strictly neutral.

As a local character Mr. Grady won personal fame. He was called the autocrat of Atlanta, and was almost as hard to reach, when he chose to be, as the Grand Lama. One of the stories of his cast iron sway in the sanctuary that he acted upon the Thunderer's motto of never taking anything back. One day a man whose obituary had appeared in The Constitution made his way to Mr. Grady's room, and with fire in his eye demanded a denial in the next day's issue. The editor, who was almost as broad as he was tall, rolled carelessly over until their eyes met and coolly declared that this would be impossible. "We have put you in as dead," said he, "and yet you come to us alive and ready to kick, if not kicking; so I'll make it all right by putting you among the births."

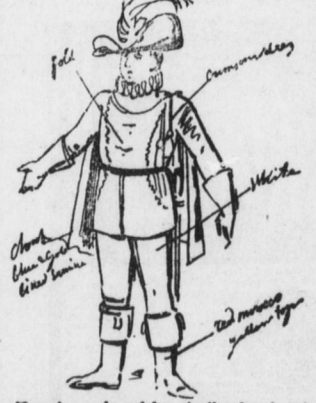
Mr. Grady's latest triumphs were in oratory. In responding to a toast at the banquet of the New England society, in 1886, he gave speech to the sentiments he had long cherished and written about, and, fortunately for his fame, he was listened to and applauded by representative men of the whole nation. It was then that he stamped the phrase "New South," and became the acknowledged champion of southern progress on new lines. He awoke the next morning to find himself famous. A year later Mr. Grady engineered a very successful southern exposition at Piedmont, near his home, and here and at Augusta he delivered two powerful orations on the problems of the south, industry and the race question. Now the south applauded, and in a sense responded to his leadership. The recent effort of Mr. Grady before the Boston merchants was a bold summing up of the results of the movements for progress with which he was associated for the past ten years.

Grady was a voluminous writer. His thought was clear, although the language used was somewhat involved. As a speaker he was ready and forceful. His stature was low, with a well developed figure, and his face was full of expression. A smile played continually about his lips, and a pair of very bright eyes lighted up his almost swarthy skin. Some neighborly critic, in a spirit of faint praise, dubbed him a "genial Irishman," his ancestry having been exiles of old Erin. The title was not a misnomer, for he was brim full of geniality and far too good natured to be a partisan leader. Perhaps his greatest work was to prove by example that a young man of liberal and progressive ideas can rise to power in the south and have a large following among men of his own generation.

Da Fonseca, of Brazil. The serious illness of President da Fonseca, of Brazil, came at a very inopportune time for the new republic, as the first enthusiasm had given place to a reaction, and there has been some rioting. President Deodoro da Fonseca is a life long soldier and not much else, but he has shown good judgment in making just half his cabinet of editors. San Paulo, his native province and nominal home, has always been the stronghold of republican sentiment, and has elected a vowed republican to the Brazilian legislative body, but Fonseca himself has never been a member of parliament and has held no civil office of importance. He is of pure Portuguese blood, of fair complexion, with gray eyes and light hair, is 62 years old, 5 feet 10 inches high, weighs about 160 pounds and presents a fine appearance.



DA FONSECA.



Here is a reduced fac-simile of a sketch made by W. S. Gilbert, of the opera producing firm of Gilbert and Sullivan, showing his method of indicating to the costumer how the characters should be dressed for the stage. The sketch was made in preparing the newest opera, "The Gondoliers," for production.

Their Left Together. "I haven't seen Jones lately. How's his cough, do you know?" "It's gone." "You don't say so?" "Yes, Jones went with it."—New York Sun.

HELD FOR RANSOM.

We had been out from Melbourne two days, journeying toward the new town of Murray City, on the Murray river, and we were only two miles from a post station, where a guard of mounted police had their headquarters, when the driver of the stage or wagon suddenly brought his horses to a dead stop. This was in the days of thirty years ago, before any part of Australia was half civilized by the English, and before the big island had been more than half surveyed. There were plenty of bush rangers haunting every highway, and every stage was usually accompanied by a guard. In our case five of us had put together and hired a private conveyance. It was one of the usual stages, but making a special trip for our benefit. Of the five three were Englishmen going up to the valley of the Murray to locate land, the fourth was an American who had been in the country two years, and I had landed in Melbourne only the week before. My compatriot was named Davis, a widower, and he had his only child along—a bright little girl 8 years old. He was going up to sheep ranch in partnership with a friend already settled, and he could not bear to leave his child behind him in the town.

The five of us were well armed, and every hour since leaving Melbourne we had been ready to defend ourselves. As we had met with nothing to alarm us thus far, and as we knew we were close upon a station, no one was prepared for what happened. The stage had no sooner stopped than two men came up on a side, covered us with revolvers, and a gruff voice announced: "Now, then, the first move and off goes yer heads! Step out here one by one!" I was the first one out. It was just at sundown, and on a portion of the road between two ridges. The two men on that side were rough, unkempt, desperate looking fellows—fair samples of the other two—and the instant I saw them I knew that we were in for trouble. When we were all out they ordered the driver to turn into a blind road to the right, and we followed after the wagon. As we were ordered to follow the vehicle the leader of the gang said: "No foolishness, now! The four of us have got our pistols looking right at ye!" After going thirty rods we were as well hidden from the highway as if we had gone ten miles, and were brought to a halt in a little glade. As there were five to four, you may wonder that we did not make a break. The first man who had moved to pull his revolver would have been shot in the back. Davis could not have been counted on anyhow, as his anxiety for his child took all the fight out of him. The driver, if not in league with the rangers, was at least treated as neutral. While he was armed, he took matters so coolly that we saw he was out of the scrape. The five of us were placed in a row, and while three men stood behind us the fourth disarmed us and went through our pockets. We were a poverty stricken crowd. The \$30 they took from me constituted my worldly wealth, while Davis and the others had been too sharp to trust their money to a stage unguarded. The whole amount did not pan out over \$150, and the bush rangers were furious.

"Why, you bloody bloke!" shouted the leader, "you alone ought to have at least £200 with you!" "Do you think I'm carrying my money about the country for such as you?" protested the hot headed victim. "I'm a-wishing you hadn't got a blasted penny!" added the second. "The idea of it! You'll all be hung for this!" growled the third. Davis and I had nothing to say. The leader, speaking to the two of us, asked: "You are not English?" "No, Americans." "I thought so. Where ye bound for?" We gave him our destinations. "Well, we're a bit sorry to take your money, small as it is, and so delay your journey; but we've got to do both. These three coves is rich, and we ain't going to let 'em off with shillings where we ought to have pounds."

While we were held under guard one of the men went over to the driver and held a consultation with him, and the result was that he turned his team about and disappeared in the direction of the highway. We were then ordered to proceed in a northerly course through the scrub, one man leading and the others bringing up the rear. Not a word had been addressed to little Eva by any of the men, although all had looked at her with softened expression. She realized what was going on, but went through the scrub her father carried her on his shoulder. We traveled for six or seven miles before halting, and then came upon a camp fire, with a fifth bush ranger sleeping beside it. He was rudely awakened, and I then saw that he had his right arm in a sling, having been wounded or meeting with an accident. The camp was a thicket, with a temporary shelter of brush to sleep under. The five of us were ordered to sit down under this shelter, and then every man's feet were tied together at the ankles and a guard took a seat before us. Then the fire was replenished, and the bush rangers gave us such a supper as they could afford, which consisted solely of roast mutton and a flour cake baked in the ashes. When we had eaten this and been offered a drink of water all around, the leader sat down before us and said:

"Now, gents, business is business the world over. We have got to make money. We want it to convert these 'ere natives from the error of their ways, and it will take a heap to do it. You first gent, who was so ready with your tongue, how much are you worth?" "It's none o' yer blasted business, you scoundrel, you," was the hearty reply. "Well, mebbe not. Being as you is so poverty stricken, I'll put you down for only £200. Now, you second gent." "I could raise £100 if in Melbourne." "That means £200 for you, then. You'll lie a half or more. Now, you third gent."

"I'll see you hanged for this day's work" was the reply. "Mebbe you will, but not until after I sees your money. You also go down for £300. Now, the fourth gent." "You've got my last dollar," I replied. "I landed in Melbourne only a week ago." "That's bad for all of us, but I guess you tell the truth. Now, you fifth gent." "I might possibly raise £5 if up at the ranch," replied Davis, "but that would be all. I am poor and just making a start." "Is that your little gal?" "Yes." "Where's the mother?" "Dead." "Shoot! That's too bad. What's the gal's name?" "Eva." "Mighty sweet. Say, gal, come and kiss me."

She went over to him and kissed his bronzed and bearded cheek without the slightest hesitation, and he held her for a moment and looked her over and said: "Sweet as honey! I wouldn't hurt you for all the gold in the big world!" She was allowed to return to her father, and the leader then said: "We shall hold you three peppy gents until you raise £800 for us, and as these Americans might give the alarm we shall be obliged to hold them as well. Sorry to do it, but business is business, and if we don't look out for ourselves no one will." Each one of the Englishmen swore by all that was good and great that he'd never pay a cent, but the bush rangers only laughed at their words. At a late hour we were ordered to go to sleep, and the last thing I saw before my eyes closed was the guard sitting on a rock at my feet. The night passed quietly, and as soon as we had breakfasted in the morning the leader took pen, ink and paper from a box and said to the Englishmen: "Now, then, here's the chance to write to your friends to raise the rocks, and I'll see that the letters reach them."

Each one of the Englishmen refused point blank to make any attempt to raise money, although it was plain that they had a desperate lot to deal with and that they would suffer for their obstinacy. "Well, some other day will do just as well," laughed the leader, "but I want it understood that each day of delay adds £25 to the ransom."

We were then untied, given a few minutes to get over our stiffness of limb, and then we all set off over a rugged, scrubby country toward a range of hills. We traveled steadily until noon and then came to a very secure stronghold among the hills. By placing us in a natural inclosure of about an eighth of an acre we were surrounded by rocky walls on three sides, and on the fourth the bush rangers built their fire and made their camp. As we were penned in here the chief of the bush rangers announced to the Englishmen that he would give them two days in which to make up their minds to send for the money. If they held out at the end of that time he would take his own measures to extort the money. One of the Englishmen was a large landowner in Australia, another was a civil officer at Melbourne, the third was fresh from England and was intending to start a manufactory of some sort at Melbourne or Sydney. Davis and I both labored with them to make them realize the situation, but they were pigheaded and obstinate, declaring that it was all a bluff, and that the rangers would not dare proceed to extremes. We believed differently. They were escaped convicts, each one outlawed, and a more villainous gang one never looked at.

On the morning of the third day, without being annoyed us. In the least during the interval, the chief called for their decisions. Each Englishman curtly replied that he would never get another dollar of their money. The civil officer was the leader and the most independent. He was seized, tied hand and foot, and after his boots and stockings had been removed he was placed with his feet to a fire. He stood the torture until we could smell the odor of his burning soles and then gave in. The other two followed his example without waiting for the torture. Each one wrote a note to a friend in Melbourne worded by dictation. While the chief was a rough looking fellow, he proved to have a very fair education. When the letters were ready he took them and started, presumably to find a messenger to act as a go-between. There were four left to guard us, and after the chief had gone one of them bruised some herbs and kindly tied up the Englishman's feet. Our three fellow prisoners rather shunned Davis and myself during the afternoon, seeming to be put out because we were not called upon to ransom ourselves. But we afterward recalled that they made much of the child, and had her with them a good share of the time. Each outlaw also had a good word for her whenever she came near, and she was permitted to run about without restraint.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon this was the situation: Three of the guards were asleep beyond the fire. The fourth sat on the ground, with his back to a rock, reading a novel, while he had a rifle across his knees. Davis and I lay close together, talking matters over, and the Englishmen were ten steps away. Little Eva was running about, shouting and playing. All at once we heard the pop of a revolver, followed by a death cry, and as we sprang up two of the Englishmen, each with a pistol in hand, dashed past us. In sixty seconds more every one of the bush rangers was dead. They had coaxed Eva to bring them the pistols, which were lying on the far side of the camp, and she had passed behind the guard and made two trips. As soon as they had the weapons one of them shot down the half asleep guard, and then the others were slain before sleep was fairly out of their eyelids.

The smoke was still hanging over the camp when we began the construction of a litter, and within half an hour we were headed for the highway and carrying the victim of torture along with us. We kept going all night, as we had to go slow, and about daylight came out at the stage station. A squad of mounted police set off for the camp, and on their way to it came across and killed the leader of the bush rangers, thus wiping out the last of a bad gang.—New York Sun.

SOME WONDERFUL WELLS.

TRIO THAT PRESENTS EXTRAORDINARY FEATURES.

Roarers, Blowers and Gushers—Wells from Which the Wind Whistles, and One Possessing Remarkable Electrical Properties.

Today's excursion among wonders and marvels should be taken beneath the surface of the earth, in a description of the localities and character of "wonderful wells." The first of these wells, with its long "sweet" rope and bucket attached to a modern windlass, with its saving device of two buckets attached to a single rope, wound around a cylinder in such a manner as to let one bucket down while the other one is coming up, the same that was known to and so graphically described by the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," or even the present wooden or iron pump, with its manifold attachments, are common objects in every small city and in the rural districts. It is not these, but others dug on similar plans, which it is proposed to describe under the above caption.

A BRITISH BREAK. One of the most remarkable of the many wells, which the reader will be willing to dub as "wonderful" before he has finished this dissertation, is on the edge of the Bridlington harbor, in Yorkshire, England. This well was dug in the early part of the present century and was first described in a paper read by Dr. Storer to the Royal Society. The bottom of the Bridlington harbor is composed of a gravelly, porous clay. In boring the well this stratum was penetrated and bored through its entire depth and into a bed of other and more solid clay below. A copper lining was provided and the sides of the well properly secured. When the first tide arose after the well was finished it flowed to within fifty inches of the mouth of the boring.

This was nothing singular within itself, it having regularly so flowed during the four weeks that work on the well was progressing; the well itself furnished the free show. Before the tide had reached within thirty yards of the well the water began flowing from the mouth and by the time it had reached its maximum height, was gushing out in torrents. The water from the well was perfectly fresh, although the sea water flowed to within ten or fifteen feet of its mouth. As the tide rises the fountain gushes with less and less impetus until at last it disappears from view in the cavernous depths of the well, only to reappear and form a perfect fountain when the next tide flows.

THE SIERRA BLANCA ROARER. An American wonder, similar in many respects to the Bull's Yorkshire marvel, and which was fully described in the columns of the old Republican some three years ago, is the Sierra Blanca marvel, in the Texas and Pacific railroad zone, also county, Texas. The well was dug on the artesian plan in the spring of 1884. Some little water was obtained and prospects were bright. A depth of over 600 feet had been reached, when the tools suddenly fell into a cavern; the bottom had in reality broken out, and they were treated to a rush of cool—not water, but air. Correspondents by twos, by singles, by dozens and by scores visited it and photographed the results of their observations to the leading papers of the United States, in speaking of the phenomena of the ebb and flow of air to the same phenomena as exhibited in certain wells.

From 9 a. m. to 10:15 p. m. a current of air issues out of the pipe with a sound resembling the noise made by a locomotive blowing off steam, and so loud that it can be heard for forty or fifty yards. At 10:15 p. m. the overflow of air ceases and a strong suction sets in which lasts for the next twelve hours, this ebb and flow continuing day after day, and it has been observed by horsemen that whenever they get in the neighborhood of this well strong magnetic forces are felt and sparks given off if the horse's mane is touched.

THREE STONES. Mr. Peter Taylor, of Sarnia, Ontario, was more fortunate than the Texas Pacific in getting something tangible from his roaring well, which was sunk some years since in the suburbs of the city above mentioned. The well, which had been drilled to a depth of about 150 feet before it developed abnormal propensities, was situated some 300 yards south of his home, which is one of the largest and finest in Sarnia.

As soon as the cavity had been penetrated the rush of air, which, by the way, was expelled with much greater force than that from the Sierra Blanca well, was accompanied by millions of pebbles and bushels of sticky yellow clay, the pebbles varying in size from about the bigness of a hickory nut up to some which were almost as large as a man's head, the latter weighing from eight to fifteen pounds. That these stones were expelled with great force may be guessed from the fact that they were thrown hundreds of feet high, many of them going entirely over the Taylor residence, which, as above mentioned, stood 300 yards north of the well.

During the time of this remarkable display there was a constant, ever increasing roar issuing from the bowels of the earth through the well, the smallness of which seemed slowly to check the pent up forces in the subterranean boiler and save the whole town from a coating of clay and a bombardment of rocks. It was about 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon when the first premonition of coming trouble was noticed in gurgling sounds proceeding from the well, and for about an hour and a half, or until 6 p. m., Taylor's home made geyser was the wonder of all that part of Canada able to get within hearing or to catch a glimpse of the cone shaped column of mud, stones and water that were being shot into the boreal atmosphere.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Wonderful.

An Englishman, traveling in Burma, gives a laughable account of the astonishment with which the natives regarded his air pillow. The very ignorant, like the very wise, find plentiful occasion for wonder in what to people in general seem only commonplace objects and occurrences.

I began blowing up my air pillow. The Burman nearest my corner, who had been watching my preparations for bed with sleepy interest, sprang to life with a start, as he saw the pillow increasing in bulk, and sat upright on his mat. "Ahmay!"—"mother!" he exclaimed. "He Moung Gyeet! Oo gyaw! Poh gine!"—"Hi, you fellows! Look! Look! Look here, all of you; look at this!" Slumberers were rapidly awakened by the noisy scrambling of the wakeful members of the party; and I was soon surrounded by a crowd of squatting figures.

Ko Chaik and his family, roused by the scramble and the loudly murmured "Ahmay!" as the pillow slowly swelled, glided quickly in, by twos and threes, and by the time I had screwed up the nozzle the entire household and all the visitors were among the audience. "What's that for?" asked Moung Gyeet, a little wizened up man like a dried monkey. "A pillow for the head," I replied. "A wind head bag," said Moung Daw, promptly, and his remark elicited a universal murmur of "Houkiah! houkiah!" which might be freely translated, "Ah yes: of course, of course."

The pillow was now gently taken from my knees and passed slowly from hand to hand, patted and pinched, squeezed, smelled, tasted and bumped on the floor. Eyes were applied to the nozzle, but they could make little of that, and after the pillow had passed about the entire room, receiving as much criticism as a new fossil in the hands of a learned society, it was respectfully placed by Moung Daw at the top of the spread blankets, balanced on one end against the wall, where it continued to receive silent admiration. "Show us how it is done," was the demand.

I yawned widely, but unscrewed the top and returned the curiosity to Moung Daw, who forced out the air in the faces of his friends, to their great satisfaction.—Youth's Companion.

Where the Wild Fowl Nest.

Until the acquisition of Alaska by the United States it was a wonder where certain wild fowl went when they migrated from the temperate climes on the approach of summer as well as snow birds and other small species of the feathered tribe. It was afterward found that their habitat in summer was the waters of Alaska, the Yukon river and the lakes of that hyperborean region. A reporter lately interviewed C. J. Green, of Norton Sound, Alaska, and he confirms the statement of Dall and others. People wonder where the wild fowl come from, said he. They see the sand hill crane, wild goose, heron and other fowl every spring and fall pursue their unwearied way, but, like the wind, they do not know whence they come or whither they go. Up on Golovine bay, on the north shore of Norton sound, is the breeding place of these fowls.

All the birds in creation, seemingly, go to that country to breed. Geese, ducks, swans, and thousands upon thousands of sandhill cranes, are swarming there all the time. They lay their eggs in the blue stem grass in the low lands, and if you go up the river a little way from the bay, the noise of the wild fowl is almost deafening. Myriads of robins and swallows are there, as well as millions of magnificent grouse, wearing red combs and feather mocassins. This grouse turns as white as snow in winter. You can kill dozens of juicy teal ducks or grouse as fat as butter bills in a few moments. The wild fowl and bears live on salmon berries and huckleberries, with which all the hills are literally covered.—Asterian.

A Banner of Rattlesnake Skins.

A lady residing on the west side has perhaps the most unique banner that has ever been seen in Kansas City. It is as beautiful as it is unique, and is prized by its owner for its beauty and oddity. It is made of the skin of an enormous rattlesnake, with a background of plush. The snake skin was sent the lady by a friend who lives in Texas. It is beautifully tanned, the back being colored and covered with spots resembling small scales, which on the background of plush look for all the world like mosaic. The skin is over five feet long without the head and tail, and fourteen rattles denoted its age. In the widest part the skin is nine inches in width, thus showing that in life the rightful owner of the skin which now adorns the lady's parlor must have been an ugly customer. A letter which preceded the present states that belts made of rattlesnake skins are much worn by the young ladies of Texas, and are a common article of a belle's apparel.—Kansas City Times.

A Good Advertisement.

It is customary to say that when a man survives three score years and ten he is living on borrowed time. Some men at 75 consider themselves very youthful, and instances are not uncommon of hale and vigorous men who lack less than a decade of touching par. They had an old Indian from Monterey at the state board of trade not long since, who set up a claim of being 150 years of age. He might have been younger—perhaps older—but at any rate he was a tiptop advertisement for the "glorious climate," although his complexion was a trifle off color and his skin looked like the tanned hide of an alligator.—San Francisco Alta.

The Act of a Friend.

Wittix—I did you a great favor while I was waiting for you. Critix—Much obliged to you, old man. What was it? Wittix—I cut the leaves of Gusher's book, which you slashed up so in your last review column. Critix—Thanks, awfully.—Harper's Bazar.