

The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1887.

VOLUME XXIII.—NO. 15.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

Have you a Record Book?

Have you ever seen a copy of the Teachers' Institute or of the Carolina Teacher? Call at this office and get one.

You might afford to live on two meals a day, one possibly; but you can't afford to teach without the aid of some educational journal.

At this writing, October 11th, of the meeting of the Association at Honea Path promises to be unusually well attended, and promises good results.

Is it too late to make a final appeal in behalf of the school houses? After awhile, this delightful weather will give place to cold winds and frosts. How about it? Are your school houses prepared for your children?

We are glad to see a neat, new school house at Neal's Creek; and we are rejoiced that the patrons of the Cedar Grove school are arranging to build a new Church and turn the old Church building into a school house. Hurray for Cedar Grove!

Miss Lizzie Anderson's letter was crowded out last week. Miss Lizzie has our thanks for this mention of the Williamson Institute. It shows her appreciation of the work done there and the many good things the absent teachers missed. Miss Anderson was a faithful teacher-pupil, and we are glad to say, puts into practice what she learns. Her note book was well filled at the Institute and her *modus operandi* in the school-room now fairly sparkles with the many ideas she caught.

The schools will open on the first Monday in November. Let us insist again that each Board of Trustees hold at least one meeting before that time. You can do it, you know you can. You are very busy looking after such things as the children's stomachs and backs; that's right, but don't forget that you owe them another duty. Send and get a Trustees' Book, there is one here for you. Hold your meetings regularly. The Commissioner in his rounds will take pleasure in examining your book.

Teachers will get married sometimes. That's all right and well, but when it begins to thin our ranks as much as is done this fall, it gets to be a serious matter with us. Some weeks ago, Miss Belle Elrod, of Brushy Creek, was married. Last week, Mr. W. P. Holland, of Lebanon, was married, and a few days after, Miss Annie Emerson bade adieu to single blessedness. We have no objection to our teachers marrying, if they will continue to teach, but when they speak farewell to Pedagogics just about the time they have learned to teach successfully, we must beg to enter an earnest protest. We regret to lose Misses Elrod and Emerson from our list of teachers. They have done excellent work. We thank them for their efficient labors in the past, and, in behalf of the Teachers' Association, of which they were both members, extend to them the heartiest congratulations. An earnest, faithful teacher is apt to make a good wife.

Of the nine white applicants for teachers' certificates last Friday, only four fought the battle through and won. And let us whisper into the ears of some of these persons who are eternally croaking about "man teachers," three of those who failed were "man teachers," the successful ones were females, who plodded away at their papers until after 9 o'clock at night. Some people seem to think that anything with breeches on can teach school. A big mistake. It takes brains, not breeches, to teach school. One of the dear "man teachers" who failed Friday, has been pegging away for the last two years, trying, or pretending to try, to teach school. He hasn't a grammar in his house. Until recently he took absolutely no paper, educational or otherwise. No wonder the examination papers frightened him like the roar of an earthquake. But he was a "man teacher;" let not that fact be forgotten. He failed, but he writes us: "Providence permitting, I intend to come through all right next April." That has the right ring about it, and if he but sticks to that resolution, he may make a man yet. Yes, a "man teacher." His failure may prove a blessing to him. We shall see.

TRUE AS THE GOSPEL.

Now is a good time for the teacher to convert himself. The greatest obstacles standing in the way of educational progress are not so much outside, as inside the teaching ranks. There are thousands of teachers who take no educational paper, and own no standard educational book. This is a fact! It is a disgrace! There is absolutely no hope for such. They are stubborn obstacles (*ob-sta*). They stand in the door of the temple of progress, not going in themselves, and not suffering those who would go in to enter.—*Teachers' Institute.*

We are glad to know that a journal of so wide spread influence holds the same opinion that we have been advancing for the last three years. Surely the greatest obstacles to progress in the work of education are to be found, not outside, but inside the ranks of the teachers. That fact we have boldly asserted (and time will decide upon the matter).

Three of the five Utah Commissioners agree upon the annual report presenting the affairs of that Territory. The population is about 200,000, and the property is assessed at a valuation of \$35,000,000. The Mormon population is 162,000, 46,000 of whom are children under 8 years of age. The income of the church from tithings was \$5,000,000, in 1880, and must now be much greater. Since the passage of the Edmunds act in 1882, 414 persons have been indicted for unlawful cohabitation and 250 have been convicted. Fourteen have been convicted of polygamy and many have fled to avoid arrest.

educational journals, pleading for anything that would give the children light and the teachers power. We congratulate ourselves that our efforts have not been wholly in vain. There are more educational journals read in Anderson County now than at any period in the past; of the eighty white teachers in Anderson County, more than seventy attended the Institute at Williamston. These new things mean something. They mark a new era in the educational progress of this County. If we can induce our teachers to take and read an educational paper; if we can induce our teachers to attend an Institute and drink deeply of the enthusiasm it radiates, we count ourselves and the cause we represent fortunate. Let us away with the obstacles that "stand in the door of the temple of progress," and move steadily onward.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to mention a few of the many good things those teachers missed who failed to attend the Institute.

The members of the faculty, inspired with renewed interest every day, filled each period with something intensely interesting and profitable to us all. They represented by their actions our ideals of teachers, showing us that if we expect to interest our pupils, we must be alive with interest and enthusiasm ourselves. We were shown how flowers, wood, paper, clay or sand afford the objects from which children can find out things for themselves.

In Dr. Klemm's teaching you saw and felt as well as heard. He used telling illustrations in explaining a subject, often drawing diagrams on the board, thereby making more lasting impressions. He tried to impress us with the fact that the only way to reach a child's mind is through the five senses, especially that of sight, always linking the known with the unknown. Geography was taught from a board consisting of a map of a country without cities or boundaries put down. The child supplies what is lacking, so does his geography as well as his arithmetic. Dr. Klemm says memorizing names is not geography. Pupils must be made so familiar with a country that they can travel in imagination over it, though they have never been ten miles from home. The same thing is true of history, which, by being taught correctly, is nothing but a series of mind pictures.

I wish you could have heard Miss Leonard's talks on teaching Language Lessons and English Grammar, also Prof. Morrison's on History of Education and School Law. Both were very instructive. Miss Leonard insisted on comparison as most valuable in training the minds of pupils. Her moulding forms in clay and color lessons were what we wanted to see. Her method of teaching vocal music and calisthenics pleased us all. We were especially pleased with Dr. Lander's way of teaching primary arithmetic. He uses objects, and makes things plain. He insists upon a thing's being done well, before beginning anything else.

Space forbids any further talk, so can't tell you this time how much we enjoyed the fine lectures, the splendid reception to which we were all invited, or the exhilarating walks to that health-giving spring near the college.

LIZZIE H. ANDERSON.
Sept. 28, 1887.

The Order of Murderers.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 10.—A special to the *Picayune*, from Greenwood, Miss., says: Prophet Segar, Mike Brown, Robert Brown, Major Mack, John Hinton, Robert Owens, Wash Johnson and Wash Scott, negro Masons, charged with the killing of Harry Taylor and wife, after a hearing before Justice Paris, have been, with the exception of the last named, who gave bond, committed to jail without the benefit of bond, to await the action of the grand jury, and have been brought here for safe keeping. Morton Ford, who has been in jail, will have a preliminary examination to day, and probably some others not yet arrested. There is clear evidence against them, and they will no doubt be convicted. During the preliminary trial, it was discovered that a resolution to kill Kerney, a white man who had a fight with one of their brethren, whose arm he broke, was passed during one of their meetings, but the time appointed for the deed had not yet come. Two days were consumed in taking testimony, and many other negroes have been implicated. There is no doubt that a colored man, a member of the Dry Bayou Lodge of negro Masons, was killed by Harry Taylor, and that both Taylor and his wife had disappeared, a body answering to Taylor's being found in the river with marks of violence upon it. The body had been weighted down. Lodges in the country were organized by a negro named Stringer, who claims to be working under the authority of the Grand O. U. of France. Their lodge was founded in 1882. Several other lodges have been founded in this section. Colored Masons are not recognized by white Masons at all, and their order is not under the authority of the old York order of masonry. It is hard to say whether they have an obligation that teaches them to avenge, slay, etc., or whether they construe the obligations they take to suit themselves. The white people of the County are determined to break up their lodges and to punish the guilty members of this death dealing order. The Circuit Court, when it meets, will decide upon the matter.

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THIRTY LIVES SACRIFICED.

The Horrors of the Chatsworth Disaster Duplicated.

NORTH JIMSON, Ind., Oct. 11.—Another Chatsworth railroad horror occurred on the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad this morning, sixty miles east of Chicago, near Kout's station, Indiana. Seventeen passengers were killed and burned up in the wreck, and from twenty-five to thirty were more or less injured. A heavy fresh meat train telegraphed the evening accommodation train, which leaves Chicago at 7.45 p. m. The accommodation, with one baggage car, two coaches and one sleeper, had stopped at a water tank for water, about a mile west of Kouts, and the freight train following crashed into the sleeper, telegraphing and burning up the entire passenger train, as above stated.

Wm. Perry, Auditor of this (Stark) county, and his wife and child were victims of the terrible fire, which broke out almost immediately after the freight train crashed in among the passengers. The Perrys lived here. Not a particle of their bodies was rescued from the flames.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

KOUTS STATION, Ind., Oct. 11.—The worst horrors of the Chatsworth disaster were duplicated here to-day. A dozen blood stained, smothered, injured victims of railroad carelessness or blundering were brought into the village's little station house early this morning, and this afternoon the charred corpses of victims of the same blundering or carelessness were laid upon the station platform, while three miles west, over the track of the Chi go and Atlantic Railroad, near a lonely old water tank, piles of fearfully tangled debris marked the spot where a collision seldom equalled for terrible results had occurred.

According to the best estimate obtainable, (for only an estimate was possible), fully thirty human lives had been sacrificed outright, and half that number of persons had suffered injuries more or less serious.

As nearly as can be gathered from the confused stories told, the concrete facts are that the passenger train was the east-bound express which left Chicago at 7.15 last night. The eccentric strap had broken and the driving wheels on one side became useless. The engineer had stopped at the water tank to repair, thinking he could do so in a few minutes. He had not stopped more than one minute, when a fast freight train, loaded with dressed meats, crashed into the rear of the train. The last car of the train was a heavy Pullman sleeper. This, when struck by the freight engine, crushed the three coaches in front and appears to have killed or wounded everybody in them. Seven persons were in the sleeper, and these all escaped harm, except shock.

Accounts vary as to how the wreck caught fire. Some attribute it to the coal in the freight engine; but one passenger who was rescued from the crushed coaches says that while fastened between two car seats he saw the gas with which the car was lighted suddenly fill the upper part of the car with flame, the gas pipes having apparently been broken and the escaping gas caught from the lighted burners.

No Evidence appears in any of the stories that a flagman was sent to the rear when the train stopped, or that any precaution was taken to guard against such an accident, excepting that the night telegraph operator at Kouts says the rear brakeman on the passenger train hung out a red lantern when the train stopped. The men on the passenger train were fully aware that the freight train was following them.

The Vision of the Lord.

Dannecker, the German sculptor, occupied eight years upon a marble statue of Christ. When he had labored two years the work was apparently finished. He called into his studio a little girl, and directing her attention to the statue, asked her, "Who is that?" She replied, "Some great man." The artist turned away disheartened. His artistic eye had been deceived. He had failed, and his two years of labor were thrown away. But he began anew; and after another year or two had passed he again invited the child into his studio, and repeated the inquiry, "Who is that?" This time he was not disappointed. After looking in silence for awhile, her curiosity deepened into awe and thankfulness, and bursting into tears, she said, in low and gentle tones, "Suffer little children to come unto me." It was enough. The untutored instinct of the child had divined his meaning, and he knew that his work was a success. He believed then, and ever afterward, that he had been inspired of God to do that thing. He thought that he had seen a vision of Christ in his solitary vigils. He had but transferred to the marble the image which the Lord had shown to him.

His rising fame attracted the attention of Napoleon, and he was requested to make a statue of Venus similar to the Ariadne, for the gallery of the Louvre. He refused, saying, "A man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a pagan goddess. My art is henceforth a consecrated thing."

Mr. Deems Wasn't Afraid.

When Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers in New York city, wanted money to pay off a debt on the building he called on Commodore Vanderbilt.

"Are you going to preach what I want to hear?" asked the old man, sternly.

"I shall try to preach acceptably," answered the clergyman, in an evasive manner.

But no sooner had he said the words than all the manhood within him rose in revolt, and the spirit of John Knox seemed calling him to account.

"I shall preach the Gospel as I believe and understand it, and if you have any special sins I shall be most likely to preach against them."

"Humph!" said the Commodore, and ended the interview.

The next day he sent Mr. Deems a check for \$5,000, not being afraid to do his duty.—*Detroit Free Press.*

American Camels.

DALLAS, TEX., September 20.—In order that the Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition may be complete in every particular the association has concluded to bring from the West a number of Texas camels, which will place among the products of Texas. It is not generally known that there are camels, both wild and domestic, in Texas, but it is nevertheless a fact. Texas is a great State, and has a little of everything.

A News reporter yesterday called upon Major John Henry Brown in quest of information in regard to the history of Texas camels. Major Brown says that they were brought to Texas by the Federal Government in 1851 for the purpose of testing the feasibility of using them in crossing the great American desert and the dry region between here and California. Several Arabian convancers came along with the camels for the purpose of instructing the Americans in their art of handling the animals. These Arabs remained in the employ of the Government for the space of two years, and when they left it was believed that the camels were a success as a means of traveling in the dry region, and it was also believed the animals would retain their vigor and health of their native country. The Government then proceeded to breed them at Camp Verde, a military post in Kerr County, and they multiplied and replenished with great rapidity. When the war came on the camels, of course, fell into the hands of the Southern Confederacy, which had control of them until the close of the struggle, at which time Major Brown says that there were seventy-six camels at Camp Verde, ranging in age from one year upward. But all the camels were not concentrated at Camp Verde. They had scattered during the war, and some of them were in use in Arizona, while others had wandered from the settlements and gone wild. Very little attention was given to the camels or to communication by means of them with California during the war, and by the time the Federal Government got Texas reconstructed and ready to resume the caravan business across the plains the railroads were solving the problem for which the camels were being bred, and the ships of the desert were heard of no more as a factor in the commerce of America.

The propriety of running the camels at Camp Verde into Mexico was discussed by some of the Texas who sought refuge in that Republic at the close of the war, but the matter ended in discussion.

Major Brown says he had not kept track of the camels in late years, but he is certain that there are still quite a number of them, both wild and tame.

The move to exhibit some of them at the fair meets with his hearty endorsement. Africa and Asia could get up pretty good camel shows, but with these exceptions Texas is the only country that can trot out a drove of these long-between-drinks animals.

The reporter asked Major Brown in regard to a tradition of the importation of some camels to this State by individuals, but he had no definite recollection concerning the same. It had a vague idea that somebody brought a lot of camels to the coast prior to the time the Government importation was made, but could not say what was the result of the enterprise or whether any of the descendants of the animals were living.—*From the Galveston News.*

What It Costs to Raise a Boy.

"My father never did anything for me," recently remarked a young man who, a few weeks ago, finished his school life and is now seeking a good business opening. Judging by the words and the complaining tone in which they were uttered, the member of the firm who heard them is prone to the belief that the young man's idea of "doing something" is an outright gift of \$1,000 in a lump, or the purchase of a partnership in an established concern. The young man, to the knowledge of the writer, has never done one month's actual work for others in his entire life. His life has been passed in the pleasant pastimes of the home circle, in reading, studying, hunting, fishing, ball playing, yatching and other employments not particularly beneficial to others. He is a type of that class of boys whose parents are sufficiently well-to-do to keep servants to attend the household drudgery and whose fathers follow vocations in which no use can be made of the boy's spare time. Like most boys of his class he looks upon his board and clothes for twenty years, together with his pony, jewelry, bicycle, etc., as matters of course. The writer, while the complaining remark was still ringing in his ears, had the curiosity to make a conservative compilation of what it costs to raise an ordinary boy for the first twenty years of his life, and here it is:

\$100 per year for the first five years..... \$500
\$120 per year for the second five years..... 600
\$150 per year for the third five years..... 750
\$200 per year for the next three years..... 600
\$300 per year for the next two years..... 600

Total..... \$3,050

This is a moderate estimate of the financial balance against the boy who complains that his father has never done anything for him.—*DuPont's Express.*

Give the Babies Water.

The St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal says: "Dr. Touissant, in an article in the *Union Medicale de Couvance*, calls attention to the fact that milk does not satisfy the thirst of babies. It appeases hunger, but it frequently intensifies thirst; and the author maintains that it is this very thirst that causes healthy children, raised altogether at the breast, to cry so frequently and so violently. We have seen peevish, fretful infants, upon whom all the arts of the nurse and mother had in vain tried without eliciting a smile, suddenly brighten up at the sight of water, reach eagerly for it, and, on obtaining a drink, go off to sleep calmly and contentedly. We quite agree with Dr. Touissant, when he declares that many cases of infantile indigestion would be benefited or cured by giving the little patient a regular supply of water."

How Hawks and Owls Eat.

It appears that the table manners differ among birds, as they do among human beings. It comes to the same thing in the end, but what a queer method it seems, to eat a chicken first and then pick it!

An enthusiastic sportsman says: "Did you ever notice a hawk or an owl preparing to make a meal of a bird? The difference in their methods is very great. A hawk will first pick all the feathers off the bird, and then pick it to pieces as it is devoured. He goes at it in a very systematic and dainty manner.

"Not so with an owl. After killing a bird, the owl swallows it whole, feathers and all. He then sits quietly, and in an hour or so will see him more and his neck about, as if trying to untangle a knot in it. Then he will hump his back, lower his head, and a ball of feathers will roll out of his mouth.

"The operation shows that the owl divides the bird of its feathers after swallowing it, while the hawk plucks out every feather and quill before he takes a bite."

Successful Laboratory.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 26.—The operation of laparotomy has just been performed in this city, and the life of "Banty" Mitchell, a colored tough, saved by it. Mitchell was shot in a low resort on Sunday night by Bob Bryant in a quarrel over a game of craps. The ball, fired from a .31 calibre revolver, entered the abdomen, leaving a small round hole a trifle above and to the left of the umbilicus. When he was taken to the ward he was writing in agony, and from the hasty examination made it was believed he could live but a few hours.

At the hospital Dr. P. S. Conner concluded that the ball had penetrated the stomach, and probably the intestines. Under ordinary circumstances the wound would have been treated only to ease the patient's pain, as there would be scarcely any hope for recovery; but Mitchell is a man of fine and powerful physique, and Dr. Conner, thinking that his iron constitution would stand it, suggested the only hope of safety—that of an operation.

The patient was suffering intense pain. His wishes were consulted, and the case was fully explained. He knew that death was inevitable if something was not done, and on the other hand that few persons survived the operation more than a few hours. Something had to be done, and that at once, as every instant the patient grew worse. He hesitated only a moment and then consented.

Preparations were begun at once. Instruments to meet every emergency that might arise were brought to the operating room. Perfectly cool and apparently unconcerned, Mitchell allowed the surgeons to remove his clothing and lay him on the operating table. Dr. Murphy was present to act as Dr. Conner's assistant, and administered the anesthetic, that soon rendered the patient unconscious. A little group of interested internes stood in a group about the operating table, and a death-like silence reigned as the surgeon removed his coat preparatory to the probably fatal cut.

Then Dr. Conner, with a steady hand, made an incision extending nearly the whole length of the left side of the abdomen. The external part of the operation was finished, and then came the extremely delicate operation of removing the intestines from their place. As the operation progressed the surgeon proceeded more and more. Nine bullet holes were discovered, and in addition several large blood vessels had been severed by the ball, and the prospect of saving the patient's life was indeed a gloomy one. Dr. Conner, however, never stopped for a second. The holes were sewed up and the intestines were carefully put back into position. The external wound was closed with silk and silver wire. The patient soon recovered, and did not appear to suffer much pain.

Since then Mitchell has steadily improved, even beyond the most sanguine hopes of the surgeons. The only danger apprehended at this stage is from inflammation.

The Business Instinct.

Some interesting letters were published in the *Sun* of yesterday morning, in which suggestions were given by successful business men about the best way to acquire wealth. Gen. Butler, P. T. Barnum, Erasmus Wiman, and Henry Faxon are the writers of these letters, and most successful business men have they been. Each began life without a dollar, and each in very diverse pursuits has accumulated vast possessions.

Though the suggestions they give differ somewhat, they all agree upon this point: though none of them directly speak of it, and that is that the first prime qualification for business success is an aptitude for making money and for using what is made so that accumulation will follow.

Very many able men have made large sums of money at labor for which they have special abilities, and yet have not been able to accumulate a competency. Henry Ward Beecher was able to earn very large sums, and it has been estimated that in the course of his life he had received nearly \$1,000,000 for his services, and yet he was not a money-maker, and was often put to personal annoyance.

We know of men who earn large salaries, from ten to fifteen thousand dollars a year, who are always more or less embarrassed, and each year find themselves a little behind. That the earning capacity of a man is not a test of his money-making ability. Mr. Jay Gould is said to believe that the ability to make money cannot be acquired, but is natural; and we once heard a very successful accumulator say that the money maker, meaning the man who not only receives but accumulates, is, like the poet, born, and not made, and business instinct requires but little training.

So that it comes to this: the young man who is capable of netting upon an interesting and valuable suggestions that successful men have given may make up his mind that he has the business instinct.

How Sulphur Matches are Made.

Nearly all the operations of match-making are now carried on by machinery. The wood is first sawed into blocks of uniform length, one and a half inches long, or the length of the match. These blocks are then fed into the cutting machine, which cuts twelve matches at every stroke. To make round matches the wood is forced through perforations in metal plates. The splints are then put into slats arranged on a double chain 250 feet long. On this they are carried to the sulphur vat, dipped therein by mechanical movement, and then in the same manner to the phosphorus vat and dipped. Machines are also used for making the boxes and packing the splints therein. As the consumption of matches is most enormous—being estimated at six a day for every man, woman and child in Europe and North America—they form an important article of commerce, and the invention of machinery for their manufacture has proven of great advantage. But the special value of machinery is that it so largely reduced the mortality caused by working over the phosphorus. The substance when heated, throws off fumes that cannot be continuously breathed without causing disease. In large factories 144,000 small boxes of matches are often made and packed ready for shipping in a single day.

"My young friend," he said, solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?" "Yes, sir, regularly every Sunday night," replied the youth. "I'm on my way to see her now."

In an Insane Hospital.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—On the 23d of September a young woman applied for lodgings at the Temporary Home for Women, at 84 Second Avenue. She gave the name of Nellie Brown. Towards evening she began to act queerly. The lodgers, who are all working women, became alarmed. She was apparently insane. The next day the matron sent for an officer and she was taken before Judge Duffy, at Essex Market Police Court. The Judge became very much interested. He said she looked like his sister. He thought she was suffering from the effects of drugs. He sent her to Bellevue Hospital for examination. She remained there for a day or two. The physician said she was insane. Reporters went to see her and tried to unravel the romance of her life, but she could remember nothing, and there were all sorts of guesses as to her identity.

From Bellevue she was committed as insane to the hospital on Blackwell's Island. There she remained for ten days until friends claimed her and she was released. All these facts were duly chronicled. The mystery has at last been solved. Nellie Brown was in the employ of the World. She feigned insanity and went to Blackwell's for the express purpose of writing up her experiences.

The remarkable part of this story is that the young woman was able to deceive all the experts. She says, in telling about it: "I took upon myself to enact the part of a poor, unfortunate, crazy girl and felt it my duty not to shirk any of the disagreeable results that should follow. I became one of the city's insane wards for that length of time, experienced much and saw and heard more of the treatment accorded to this helpless class of our population, and when I had seen and heard enough my release was promptly secured. I felt the insane ward with pleasure and regret—pleasure that it was once more able to enjoy the free breath of heaven; regret that I could not have brought with me some of the unfortunate women who lived and suffered with me, and who I am convinced are just as sane as I was and am now myself. But here let me say one thing: From the moment I entered the insane ward on the island I made no attempt to keep up the assumed role of insanity. I talked and acted just as I do in ordinary life. Yet, strange to say, the more sanely I talked and acted the crazier I was thought to be by all except one physician, whose kindness and gentle ways I shall not soon forget."

Miss Brown began the story of her experiences in the *World* to-day, but has not yet given an insight into life on Blackwell's Island. At Bellevue she was not roughly treated, but she nearly froze to death for want of coverings. Her bed was hard as a rock, she was fed on a piece of cold boiled beef and potato and was told that she was a charity ward she had no right to complain. The nurses talked so loudly all night that sleep was impossible. She met two persons there who were, she thinks, perfectly sane.

Hot Water Remedies.

There is no remedy of such general application, and none so easily attainable, as water, and yet nine persons out of ten will pass by it in an emergency to seek for something of far less efficiency. There are few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or napkin, folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, with thick dry flannel outside, will afford relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times, and dipped in hot water, and quickly wrung and applied over the toothache or neuralgia, will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. I have seen cases that have resisted all other treatment for hours yielded to this in ten minutes. There is nothing so promptly cuts short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism, as hot water, when applied promptly and thoroughly. Tepid water acts properly as an emetic, and hot water, taken freely half an hour before bedtime, is the best cathartic possible in the case of constipation, while it is the most soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia. Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and the back of the neck.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Cured by Faith Alone.

A reliable physician in Danbury relates a remarkable case of curing a woman who had been unable to utter a syllable in two years. She had been treated by a number of doctors for her loss of voice, but to no purpose. This physician satisfied himself that there was no disease of the organ of speech, or any derangement. He concluded that she could speak if only she would be influenced to exert the will power. From a conversation with her, carried on in writing, he discovered that she had great faith in miraculous cures, and thought she could only be relieved in some such way. He found, too, that she was superstitious.

He concluded to try the effect of a little mummery on her. Accordingly one morning when visiting her he sat down by a table and leaned his head down upon his hands for some five minutes without speaking, as if in wrapt meditation. He suddenly jumped up and told the woman that he was now right, that he was going to cure her on a certain day. He then gave her minute directions in respect to it. He told her that on the day he should come to the house at 10 A. M.; that he should first give three raps upon the window, and then he should go to the front door and give two raps; that when the door opened he would be found standing with both hands upon the door post and his head leaning upon them; that the door to her room must be opened wide, and that he would walk in with measured tread, and when he got to her bedside he should say, "Good morning," and that she would answer in reply, "Good morning doctor." On the appointed day he did just as he said he should do, and when he said "Good morning" to her, she promptly made the reply, "Good morning, doctor," in a loud, strong voice. She seemed utterly astonished herself, but said she felt that what the doctor said would be true, and firmly believed that he had wrought a miracle in her cure.

A Moonshiner Arrested.

GAINEVILLE, GA., Oct. 6.—A moonshiner jumped over a precipice in White County to escape the revenue officers, and in jumping over a second ledge was so disabled that the officers caught him. Deputy Collector Ware, with Deputy Marshals Cape and Carter, stole upon the still of William J. Crane, near Cleveland, in White County. When the officers were almost near enough to surround the house one of them broke a limb of a tree and Crane heard the noise. With the quick eye of an Indian he saw the revenue officer and darted away, holly pursued by Ware. Crane jumped over a ledge of rock to the ground, forty feet below. Ware did not take the dizzy leap, but Cape ran round to the bottom of the precipice. Crane was stunned by the fall, but got up and ran from Cape. He jumped over another ledge and fell stunned to the ground. Cape ran down, and leveling his gun on the moonshiner, ordered him to surrender. "I don't give a— for your gun, but the breath is knocked out of me and I cannot run," said Crane. The officers came up, and Crane was handcuffed and taken to Gainsville.

Mr. Randall has admitted that a tariff bill has been virtually agreed upon between Mr. Carlisle and himself. The tobacco tax, except on cigars, will be abolished. The whisky and brandy tax will remain. The tax on a few raw materials yet to be agreed on will be taken off and the bill passed early in the session.

J. H. Hall, of Jacksonville, Fla., is a genuine sympathizer with the afflicted Irish people. He offers to give 100,000 acres of land in Georgia to the sufferers of Ireland, in tracts of twenty-five acres to each family.

The Rattlesnake's Eye.

Never seeing a snake charm a bird, or animal, I concluded it was a superstition or fancy, devoid of fact. So I continued to think until a few days ago, when a farmer friend of mine, living four miles south of Abilene, told me what he had lately witnessed. He said he was riding along on a prairie and saw a prairie dog within a few feet of him which refused to scamper to his hole, as prairie dogs usually do when approached by man; on the contrary, he sat as if transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away. My friend thought this was strange, and while considering the spectacle he presently saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six or seven feet from the dog, which still heeded him not, but looked steadily upon the snake. He dismounted, took the head of the head and thrust him off, when the snake, which had up to that moment remained quiet, immediately swelled with rage, and began sounding his rattles. The prairie dog for some time seemed benumbed, hardly capable of motion, but grew better, and finally got into his hole. My friend then killed the rattler. Now, was this a case of charming? If not, then what was it? My friend, who told me this, is named John Irving McClure, a farmer, well known to me, a good and truthful man. I now give it up that snakes do indeed charm or so paralyze birds and little animals with terror, when they catch their eye, that they become helpless and motionless, almost dead. What say the scientists?

And to one who is familiar with the eyes of rattlesnakes, it does not seem unreasonable that they should have such power. If you will examine the eye of one when he is cold in death, you will perceive that it has an extremely malignant and terrible expression. When he is alive and excited I know of nothing in all nature of so dreadful appearance as the eye of the rattlesnake. It is enough to strike not only birds and little animals, but men, with nightmare. I have, on several occasions, examined them closely with strong glasses, and feel with all force what I state, and I will tell you that there are few men on the face of the earth who can look upon an angered rattlesnake through a good glass—bringing him apparently within a foot or two of the eye—and stand for more than a moment.—*Exchange.*

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