

## ONLY A COLORED GIRL

WONDERFUL TEN-YEAR-OLD PICKANINNY PREACHER.

Said to Have Made Many Converts—She Tells How She First Came to Preach. Talks Like an Adult.

Wonderful stories have come from the south about the power of a little colored girl who has been converting hundreds of persons, both white and colored, from the error of their ways. It is in the Carolinas that most of her work has been done, and the people there call her the pickaninny preacher. Her name is Claretta Nora Avery, and she is 10 years old.

Wherever the girl preached, she stirred up a sort of religious frenzy among the people, and the mere announcement of her name was sufficient to crowd the largest halls beyond their capacity. What made this the more remarkable was that the girl herself went into none of the ecstasies of emotional excitement so common to revivalists of her race. Her sermons were temperate, dignified, appealing, and her command of language such that it was difficult to realize that a child and not a grown woman was speaking. In her prayers she seemed to be particularly moving, and of those who came forward upon her call for the penitent a very large proportion became true converts. She is now in New York, where a reporter called on her. On the way up the stairs the reporter passed a colored baby and a little colored girl playing together on the landing. A woman was at the head of the stairs.

"Is the girl preacher here?" asked the reporter of her.

"You just passed her," was the reply. "She is looking after the baby. Claretta, come up here for a moment."

"Yes, I'll be there right away," came the answer, and a moment later Claretta and the baby were in the front room, where the reporter explained his errand. The preacher sat down on a chair which couldn't have been very comfortable, because her feet dangled clear of the floor, although it was a chair of ordinary height, while the reporter looked at her. He saw a girl about the size one would expect a child of that age to be, rather plump and clad in a heavy cloak. One of the noticeable things about her is that her head is very large, like the head of an adult person, in fact, with plenty of brain room above the forehead. In the face there is not an African characteristic except the color, which is that of the African negro. All the features are finely cut. The eyes are large and rather widely set under a broad and high forehead. The nose is rather small, with nostrils by no means thick, and the mouth is sensitive and delicate. There is none of that broadness or flatness of feature so generally seen in the negro face. On the other hand, there is nothing distinctive to show the intermingling of Caucasian blood, and, as far as the girl knows, she is pure negro. But hers is a refinement of the type. It is no exaggeration to say that she is a very pretty child.

"I am deciding where to begin," she said. "I have talked for the newspapers before, but each one wants something a little different. One gentleman wanted me to preach him a sermon," and she smiled.

"You might begin at the beginning," suggested the reporter, "and tell me where you live."

"My home is really in Washington, but I haven't been there since I was a baby. My mother has had to travel about for her health, and she and papa and I went about in North and South Carolina giving a Bible picture exhibition with a magic lantern until I began preaching. Papa died last summer. He was a preacher and a lecturer, and he taught me to lecture."

"Did he teach you to preach too?" asked the reporter.

"No one taught me to preach," said the child gravely. "The Lord told me to preach and I took heed to do as he bid."

"How long had you been lecturing before you began to preach?"

"Well," said she reflectively, "I really can't tell you exactly. I was such a child when I began and I have so many things to think of that I don't remember all those matters. But papa used to lecture while the pictures were being shown and my mother would sing. My part came before the pictures began. I would lecture for half an hour on different subjects. 'Our Young People,' 'Noah,' 'Work and Play,' and other subjects. Papa would help me on the subjects and I would study them."

"And from that you went to preaching?"

"Well, not just in that way. It wasn't like stepping from one thing to another. It was more sudden. One day the Lord called me to preach. Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord, and call sinners to repentance. My first sermon was on Aug. 17, 1893, in a church at Raleigh. I was to lecture as usual and there was a very big audience."

"Have you any favorite text that you preach from?"

"Well—no. I think not. The Lord tells me what to preach from, and I preach. I don't study the Bible for texts, but there is always one ready when I want it. People used to ask me if I wasn't frightened, speaking to so many people, but I can't see anything to be afraid of in that. I never have to stop and think for a word or an expression. It always comes to me right off."

"You have converted a great many

people, haven't you?" asked the reporter. "No, indeed. I can't convert any person. No one can do that. They must be converted in themselves by the power of the Lord. But many have been converted through me. I have held many revivals, and at one of them about 300 persons came forward when I called for mourners."

"Have you heard of Schlatter's work?" asked the reporter. "After a moment's thought the child shook her head, and upon being told of Schlatter's so-called miracles she shook her head again."

"I don't know anything about that," she said. "I have never seen it done, that healing. No. I would never try it myself. I am a preacher and nothing else, and I shall always be a preacher. As yet my future plans are uncertain, but I shall enter the Charleston Industrial school soon, and after that I may go to college."

"Where have you been to school?" "Nowhere; my mother taught me reading as far as the Fourth Reader. I'm in that now. I've done a little arithmetic and geography. When I go to Charleston, I'll go into the Fourth Reader class there."

The speaker had suddenly become a child, and that encouraged the reporter to ask how she amused herself here.

"In the morning I read, and in the afternoon I play," she said. "I play—oh, I don't know what I play, but I just play. I've been around the city too. It's very big; bigger than any other I've seen. I don't know any other little girls up here. Anyway, I generally play alone."—New York Sun.

## A CRIPPLE MADE HAPPY.

His Hobby of Keeping Clippings Leads to the Recovery of a Diamond.

The old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," received another exemplification at Marshall, Tex., a few days ago. Some three years since a young physician named Pollard, residing in Nashville, was a passenger on a Texas and Pacific train from El Paso. Between Fort Worth and Marshall he discovered the loss of a valuable diamond, which formed the setting of his scarfpin. A vigorous search was instituted, but without result, and the loss was advertised in the Marshall papers, a large reward being offered for the recovery of the stone.

Several days ago an employee of the carshops, while overhauling a coach which had been run in for repairs, came across a large diamond firmly wedged in between the cushions of one of the seats. Now it happens that this man, Hagan by name, has a little crippled son who has a passion for everything connected with his father's business, and who is in the habit of clipping out of the newspapers notices of advertisements relative to railroad affairs and pasting them into an old scrapbook. When Mr. Hagan spoke of his find, his little boy seemed struck with an idea, and asking for his scrapbook he began turning over the leaves. Presently he showed his father Dr. Pollard's advertisement of three years ago. The doctor was communicated with, the diamond was identified by fitting it into its old setting, and the little cripple was made happy by a handsome reward.—Philadelphia Times.

## BIG PAPER MILL.

Largest in the World to Be Erected at Sault Ste. Marie.

Within a short time the largest paper mill in the world will be erected at Sault Ste. Marie. It will be built by the Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper company, of which F. H. Clarke is president. J. P. Morgan & Co. are the backers of the new company, of which the Cramps, the Philadelphia shipbuilders, are the leading stockholders.

A representative of a New York machinery manufacturing company stated that the company has already placed orders for machinery that will give it nearly double the capacity of any paper mill in the world. The company, which already has a mill on the Canadian side, has purchased the water power rights on the American side for \$265,000 with the added condition that within five years there shall be constructed on the American side a grain elevator of 4,000,000 bushels capacity and a flouring mill with a capacity of 10,000 barrels a day.—New York Tribune.

## Women Really Advancing.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, in a sermon on "The End of the Age Woman," speaking of the Stanton celebration, where a number of ladies gave addresses from five to eight minutes in length, remarked, "I do not believe that at any meeting of men, political or otherwise, the addresses could have been restricted to any such limits." He also affirmed that not one of the addresses fell below a high standard of literary excellence.

## A Thanksgiving Song.

It's comin' long—Thanksgivin, with its pleasures an its joys—  
An we're all a lookin' forward to the meetin' with the boys;  
An sue will come from college, an Jimmy won't forget,  
An we'll all feel mighty thankful that we're all a livin' yet!

The turkey's been a-spreadin' of his feathers—  
Fat an fine,  
An his 'gobbie, gobbie, gobbie' seems a-darin' us to dine,  
But the verdict's been agin him, an his execution's set,  
An he makes us feel right happy that we're all a livin' yet!

There's folks will come from Texas, from Illinois an Maine;  
New York will send us Billy, an Hampshire'll give us Jane;  
We'll have a grand handshakin when all the friends are met,  
An won't we feel right happy that we're all a livin' yet!

It's comin' long—Thanksgivin, with all its love an light,  
Its dinners in the daytime, its melodies at night;  
The turkey's fat an juicy—the table silver's set,  
An we're feelin' mighty happy that we're all a livin' yet!

—Frank L. Stanton in Chicago Times Herald.

## MITCHELL'S MIXTURE

ANOTHER DISCOVERY OF A SO CALLED ELIXIR OF LIFE.

The Field a Result of Ten Years' Experimenting—Applied Both Externally and Internally—His Great Ambition.

Not for many years has the medical world been so interested in any discovery as it is interested today in what is now known among the profession as "Mitchell's fluid." Its scope is ambitious and its claim apparently well founded. Physicians not only in New York, but wherever medicine is practiced, have been deeply interested in this mixture, which, it is believed, will cure consumption and will prove a most valuable aid in the treatment of specific diseases.

And while the world is discussing this new discovery Dr. Mitchell, who practices in New York, talks freely of the "mixture," as he carelessly calls it, and visits and receives his patients as he has done for years. He goes on experimenting, for he is not satisfied yet. He believes himself on the eve of making a discovery which may be the means of blotting out a hideous disease.

To do this is the dream of the doctor's life. As he emptied a small quantity of iodides into a vial containing a small amount of his now famous mixture and watched the chemical operation by which the yellow fluid was transformed into a darker liquid, he remarked:

"I don't want to be too sanguine, but I honestly believe that before many months I will have so far advanced in my researches that something very like that red fluid you see there will do much to lessen the misery of this unhappy world of ours. I hope so anyhow."

He goes out each day with the conventional silk hat and the conventional instrument case, but when the last call has been made and the last office patient is gone he descends to the cellar of his home with J. W. Higgins, a chemist, and in the stuffy, darkened room below the pavement the two work, sometimes until dawn.

Dr. Mitchell has a habit of patting his left knee as he talks, and when he becomes interested in his conversation he puts it so vigorously that should a stranger take the same liberty with that left knee it would call for an apology or a duel.

"Phthisis," said the doctor, patting the knee with the regularity of a pendulum, "is consumption or tuberculosis—it's all the same—and the fluid which I claim cures this disease is a chemical combination of the hologen, or holdid group of salts in solution, and the resultant fluid is what is now called by physicians 'Mitchell's fluid.'"

"This fluid is a pale yellow—something like chartreuse. I'll show you a new brew."

The doctor stopped patting his knee and brought forth a large bottle, from which he poured into a glass a small quantity of the fluid.

"Now, this," he resumed, "has a hydrochloric acid reaction and a specific gravity of 10.23 to 10.25. I made my discovery after years of patient research and experiment. It makes me tired almost to think of the labor I performed, but Higgins and I kept at it, and we succeeded. Yes, we have certainly succeeded."

"I first used it in October, 1893, not for consumption, but for carbuncle. Mr. S—, 30 years old, came to me then as patient. He had on his neck a carbuncle 2½ inches in diameter, greatly inflamed and swollen, leaving him totally incapable of exertion. I applied the fluid with cotton, and in three days he was able to resume work, and in two days more he was cured."

"Do not make any mistake now in this fluid. I claim that it cures phthisis and heals the external evidences of specific diseases. For the former it is taken internally, for the latter it is applied with cotton. I have yet to meet with a single failure in either disease. Since its discovery I have treated nine cases of consumption, and eight of the patients were women. The cases were, with one exception, far advanced, both lungs being affected. In each of these eight cases complete cures were effected in from four to six months. A young man, who had a large cavity in the middle of the right lung, was cured in three months."

"I now have five patients, all men, under treatment of phthisis, and in each case rapid progress is being made, so I feel much encouraged."

"The fluids are given internally, in doses of a dram to 1½ drams, four or five times a day. When taken on an empty stomach, it is immediately absorbed and carried into the blood vessels and conveyed to the lung tissue. There it seems to act by destroying the bacilli and rendering them incapable of further increase."

"In the treatment of specific diseases having a contagious external eruption, such as ulcers, macula patches in the mouth and elsewhere, I have been uniformly successful. The affected parts have been treated by an application of the fluid, and healing at once without difficulty has been the result. Ulcers of the leg of a specific character and ulcers dependent upon accident, which have been obstinate and difficult of cure, have healed very rapidly under a local application of the fluid. I have treated over 30 cases and have yet to record a failure."

"In the domain of gynecology, or diseases of women, the fluid has been of most signal benefit. Ulcerations and inflammations have been promptly cured by local applications. In ulcerative tonsillitis, or old-fashioned quinsy sore throat, or putrid sore throat—whatever you wish to call it—the symptoms have been promptly subsided after applications with a brush. I use a common camel's hair brush, which I affix to a glass rod. This, you see, is perfectly antiseptic. An atomizer can be used, but it is not nearly so successful."

"The formula of the fluid I am willing the whole world should have, for there is nothing secret about it. I am

experimenting constantly with a mixture of iodide of potassium and the fluid, which I believe will positively cure specific diseases."

Professor William C. Lusk of Bellevue hospital, New York, is not willing to commit himself for or against the discovery until he has personally seen some of the experiments tried. He said: "It is a difficult matter for any physician to talk upon the subject of this discovery in the absence of proper knowledge. I cannot imagine how a combination of magnesium, calcium, potassium, sodium and ferrous chlorides with hypochloride of potassium and hypochloride of sodium dissolved in water is going to have any effect on a consumptive."—New York Journal.

## MRS. POLEAT RETRACTS.

Constrained by Her Husband's Parishioners to Explain Her Words.

Mrs. E. M. Poleat, wife of the Rev. E. M. Poleat of the Calvary Baptist church of New Haven, sprang into notoriety recently by her utterance, "I would rather send my boys to hell than to Yale college." She has this letter in The Yale News:

I have been informed that my words are being used on the campus to discredit Christianity and Christian work, and I have been asked to say in The News what I said to the representative students in conversation. This I cheerfully do. Two statements have been attributed to me: The first, that more young men are ruined at Yale than at any place I know of; the second, that I do not consider it a safe place to send boys.

Many persons have interpreted these two statements as an indiscriminate charge of immorality against the students of the college. No such charge has been made or intended. In saying what I said I am not unaware of a strong Y. M. C. A. in the college and of high religious life maintained by a large body of students. I rejoice in these things, and I should be sorry to embarrass one whom, by my words of mine, the noble young men who appreciate the high educational and religious privileges afforded them, and who are using these for the best self culture and the best good of their fellow students. All honor to those young men who stand for Christ and true culture in the midst of the university. My statements were made in view of facts of which you are well aware, for in your issue of Nov. 16 you say:

"Mrs. EDWIN M. POLEAT. This letter is regarded as a partial retraction on the part of Mrs. Poleat. Several influential members of the Calvary Baptist church had signified an intention of asking for the resignation of their pastor unless his wife made a retraction."—New York Sun.

## THE HOUSESMITHS' STRIKE.

A New Trade That Has Sprung Up Within a Few Years.

The strike of the Housemiths' union, which now threatens a general interruption of building in New York city, is indirectly due to the fact that science and invention have recently produced the new industry of converting iron into "house timber." A new trade has been the result. Employment is being given to an increasing number of mechanics who are to structural iron what carpenters are to woodwork, what masons are to brick and stone. They are called housemiths.

Within the past ten years the business of manufacturing iron and putting it in place as the framework of business buildings has assumed great proportions and developed still greater possibilities. The fireproof building supported by a structural iron frame is already the business building of the cities. It will be still more the building of the future.

Progress is often unnoticed until it develops such friction as is a result of the relations between members of the iron league, who supply the iron framework for modern buildings, and the housemiths, who put it in place. Inconvenient as such friction is, it is an indication of the remarkable growth in the building trade which has taken place so recently that the public has hardly had time to realize it.—New York World.

## A Nicaraguan Canal Bill.

Representative Barham of California said recently in Washington:

"In my opinion the Nicaraguan canal question will be the most important matter brought to the attention of the next congress. I have drafted a bill which I will introduce to provide for the construction of this canal. This bill, I think, will not be open to objection. My bill will provide for absolute government ownership of the canal. Under its provisions bonds will be issued as fast as necessary to carry on the work of building the canal. The total issue of bonds is not to exceed \$100,000,000. I believe in paying the Nicaraguan Canal company a fair price for their concessions from Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and paying them in cash or stock, as they elect. I do not believe in giving them any exorbitant sum, however, for what they have already accomplished."

"If the United States do not build this canal, they will be the laughing stock of the world."—New York Sun.

## Eugene Field's Last Poem.

The last poem Eugene Field ever wrote is in the form of an introduction to a little book of childish sayings, aptly entitled "Wee Wits," gotten out by the Lake View Woman's club. It is as follows:

The things the children say,  
Whether in earnest or in play,  
Whether in an inquiring mood  
Or burdened with solicitude,  
Or be it but in jest what things they say,  
We parents store away  
Against a time we feel may come  
When, weary are our hearts and numb,  
We hunger for a presence gone for aye.

Within this heart of mine  
I have set up a shrine,  
And round about it I have wreathed remembrance.

They took my boy. What words surpassing  
Fell from his baby lips and rooted here—  
His thousand words of tenderness and cheer—  
Thank God, they could not rob my parent heart of these!

A Minnesota girl of 15 can distinguish no color, everything being white to her, and she is compelled to wear dark glasses to protect her eyes from the glare.

## A VENETIAN PALACE.

ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING'S BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

A Building Filled With Memories and Relics of Two Poets Dear to Thousands. The Owner Regards All Visitors as His Guests and Is Unusually Kind.

On the Grand canal at Venice there is a singularly interesting group of buildings. First, at the corner of the small canal which every tourist traverses on his way to and from the station is the great red pile known as the Palazzo Foscarini. It is now used as a sort of business college, and young Venetians learn bookkeeping in the banquet halls of the old doge. Next to it are two gray and ancient buildings, leaning against each other and the Foscarini for support. They form one of the Gustiniani palaces and harbor a mosaic factory. Beyond is a solid and rather gloomy looking building somewhat aloof from the neighbors and with a broad semicircular flight of steps leading from the pillared entrance down into the water of the Grand canal. The posts outside for the convenience of the gondolas are painted a dull brown in contrast with the blue and white posts of the other palaces. High iron gates close the entrance.

The first trip you make on the watery highway of Venice your curiosity will be satisfied in regard to this palace, if on no other point, for every gondolier knows the Browning palace. Get him to poke the nose of his gondolas between those brown posts, and if the custodian is not in sight ring the bell beside the iron gates. A rather crabbed looking man will let you in, and with a gruffness which is only, as it were, skin deep tell you to go through the court and up the broad staircase at the rear.

In the court you will find a bronze statue of a beautiful woman, about whose nude body a serpent has coiled its folds. She holds its head to her bosom and looks at it with a strange fondness. If you like speculation, you will begin to wonder what manner of man it is who modeled this figure, and you will climb the staircase with more than ever of anticipation, for the sculptor is Robert Barrett Browning, the sole heir to the names of two great poets and the master of the house you have come to see.

At the top of the broad stairs the custodian will be waiting for you at the doors leading into a great hall with a high frescoed ceiling by Tiepolo and a polished wood floor. If you are as young as it is to be hoped you are, you will take an experimental whirl across this shining expanse while the custodian's sabbath is turned. Result, an envious sigh when he announces that this is the sale day. You sigh again even more wistfully when he tells you that a few years ago Emma Eames spent a month as a guest in this palace, and that every evening she sang to her host and his friends as they sat in the great easy chairs you see on that island of rugs at the other end of the hall. As if it were not enough to have this delightful old palace without also having one of the great singers of the world come and fill it with music! You become more than ever orthodox on the subject of "to whom that hath shall be given."

The custodian unwittingly helps to ground you in the faith by leading you through one apartment after another, filled with beautiful old wood carving, old frescoes, inlaid cabinets and pictures and statues by the owner of it all. More interesting than the works of art, however, are the reminders of the two poets whose personalities are so dear to thousands of people. Here is a bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, modeled by her son, and her portrait by the same careful hand, and there is an earlier portrait of her, more beautiful than those one generally sees, and a bust of her as a young girl, with the curls in the same way that she wore them all her life. In one corner is the small writing desk she used, and near it is the bust of her husband. In a small alcove is a reproduction of a memorial tablet in Florence.

One is surprised to find how livable this big palace has been made. In the first place, the owner in addition to the kindness of permitting people to visit the house has added the courtesy of regarding them as probably honest. Most "show" houses are scrupulously swept and garnished of everything which makes them homelike and real. They contain a barren array of chairs, tables, and so on, but that is all. Mr. Browning has been kinder to the visitors, whom he evidently regards as in a way his guests. There are books on the table, there is music on the rack in the music room, and there are interesting photographs of his father and mother. He makes you feel as if he understood why you came and was glad. You look at his own photograph with a kindly interest and are not sorry, after all, that he has a palace, and that Emma Eames came and sang to him.

He is, as shown by this photograph, a man of 30 or 35, with dark hair, which in your present kindly mood you regret to see so thin on top. He has a dark mustache and seems a well built fellow, quite as capable of riding across country as of painting the pictures and modeling the statues with which the adjoining hall is filled.

The dining room, looking out on the canal, has a fine big fireplace, lined with polished brass. You long to see how the light would dance in it. The butler's pantry adjoining is as large as the dining room itself, and the walls are covered with row after row of polished china and glass. The library is being made over to suit this fastidious young man and will be most attractive with the old carved pillars and woodwork he has picked up, he knows where. The floor above is occupied by bedrooms, while the ground floor is the home of the custodian, the "boathouse," and general storeroom.—Venice Cor. New York Sun.

## STORIES OF THE DAY.

The Confederate and Federal Helms at the Atlanta Fair.

"Oh! you needn't mind," said a pleasant voice over my shoulder as I wiped a few tears from my eyes. "Great big men come in here and cry like babies. Why, it was only the other day that I looked around and saw way over in one corner of this little room a man at least 50 years old, a tremendous, sluey man, burying his face in his hands and sobbing like a child."

I bit my lip and turned to the speaker, who had caught me bending over an old suit of soldier's clothes in the Confederate Relic building at the exposition. She was a tall, slender, aristocratic, blond girl, and she volunteered the information that she was the daughter of the late General Kirby Smith and was in charge of the building.

"Sometimes," she said, "I just can't stand it, and I have to go out. I don't think I can stay in here Confederate day, because then all the old soldiers will be here. My, my," she went on, "what stories I could write of my experiences in this building! One morning an old countryman came in and sat down for some moments without saying a word, and then, his eye lighting on my father's old coat there, I heard him say to himself, 'By George, if that be't Kirby Smith's coat, and I fought under him in every battle from the beginning of the war to the end.' And when I told him I was Kirby Smith's daughter the old man looked as if he would embrace me on the spot."

"The women, too," I said, "must show lots of feeling, don't they?"

"Well, not so much as the men. They come in, the old ladies who remember those days and the young who have been told about it, bite their lips to keep back the tears, and just as they leave you hear them say something. Sometimes they are rebellious and say, 'I declare, I'd just like to have them fight it all over again; it makes me so mad!' But generally they are quiet and tearful and pathetic, and you hear them say as they pass out in quivering voices, 'Well, it's a long time over, but some way I just can't keep from crying.'"

"And the northern people," I asked, "what do they think of these old flags and swords, these proclamations of secession?"

"Oh, most of them are very much interested, and the majority are sympathetic too. Now and then a woman will come along and be disagreeable. One of the sweetest experiences I have had was with a woman from Denver. She came in and seemed so affected by the things that she saw that I asked her if she had lost any dear one in our army. She cried over those poor, old patched clothes there, but she turned to me and said, 'No, my dear, my husband was in the Federal army and was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, but my heart goes out to all of the blue and gray, for I know well how both sides suffered.' And she gave me this badge of the Women of the Grand Army of the Republic to keep as a memento between us."

"So often," said Miss Kirby Smith, "the old soldiers who own different relics here will pay the place a visit. General Bulger, the man who owns that sword there, called the other day. He is the oldest Confederate veteran living, being 96 years and having lived under the administration of all the presidents except the first two. The Chinamen flock here too. Having been conquered themselves, they have a kind of sympathetic instinct toward the place, and they look at the poor old flags and swords and pictures with the most appreciative interest."

"You see that horn there," pointing to a horn that lay in the case beside the Bible which Alexander Stephens carried all through the war; "the man that owned it paid a visit here recently, and he told me its interesting history. The horn was presented to him by a famous old hunter whom he had never seen—he simply fell heir to it through the will of the man bequeathing it to the greatest hunter in the neighborhood next to himself. It gave the first blast for secession in Charleston. It has been the means for a number of years of winning for its owner \$300 to his income. This good fortune came to him through the exchange of courtesies with a wealthy northerner of his neighborhood, to whom he loans the horn for hunting, and in return the northern gentleman transacts all his business through the old soldier's postoffice, which in some way assists his revenue. Over there is the fiddle which the same old man carried through the war, and which between the hours of carnage cheered many a lagging and homesick spirit."

Just here the owner of the Georgia barbone, an old soldier who served under General Kirby Smith, carried his pretty daughter off for dinner. And so I was left to investigate the pathetic secrets of this sacred little place alone. Not alone, but at least without this pretty human guidebook of information.

I tell you the old things there will make anybody's heart ache, be they from north, south, east or west. There is the cradle in which Jeff Davis was rocked, there the swords of Stonewall Jackson and Robert Lee. There is an old spinning wheel, one of the few things left of Sherman's bonfire of Atlanta, and the saddle from which General Paul Simmes fell, wounded to the heart, in the battle of Gettysburg.

In the midst of all these signs and symbols of sorrow now and then there is a lighter note. A pair of satin slippers made by a plantation shoemaker for a bride during the war; a wedding dress, spun, woven and dyed by a bride bearing the aristocratic name of Cahoun—such a poor, pitiful, little wedding dress of brown homespun, corded along the seams and ornamented with homely brown buttons; such a poor, pitiful, little wedding dress as the young mistress would not have considered fit for one of her slaves in the prosperous days.—Maude Andrews in Pittsburg Dispatch.