

AMONG MOONSHINERS.

A TRAVELER IN THE CUMBERLAND RANGE HAS TO PROVE UP.

A Philosophical Colored Boy—Halted by a Mountaineer—The Process of "Proving Up"—Grim Possibilities of Being Shot Before Identification.

As I was to take a short cut over a spur of the Cumberland mountains in northern Tennessee I hired a colored boy about 15 years of age to go a part of the distance with me. He had a solemn, serious look, and I soon discovered that he was a philosopher. I had been told that there were moonshiners in the Cumberland, and that the chances were I would be stopped and sharply investigated. When ready to part from the youth, I asked:

"Do you think I'll meet any moonshiners?"

"Dat depends, sah."

"On what?"

"On whedder somebody hidin' behind de bresh or rocks doan' pop you ober befo' you kin meet. If he'un's gun hangs fiah yo'un will probably meet."

It was a hot day in July, but I asked him if he thought the weather would hold, and he looked at the sky and replied:

"Doan' want to say, sah. If you should hold, you wouldn't give me no credit; and if it should snow, you wouldn't cuss me all day. Good day, sah. Keep to the right arter you cross de branch. If dat doan' bring you out, den cum back an' keep to de left."

I had gone about a mile when the trail branched, and after debating the case I took the right hand again and went forward, with the comfortable feeling that I had half of a big state at my personal disposal to get lost in.

IN A STRANGE PLACE.

The path suddenly ended, and about that time a mountaineer stepped from a thicket on my left and confronted me, and inquired:

"Whar' from, stranger?"

I told him.

"What you'n doin' hyar?"

"Traveling."

"Look hyar!" he said, as he came nearer. "You'n kin either prove up or ye can't."

"That's so."

"You'n either all right or you'n cum fassin'."

"Well?"

"Kin ye prove up?"

"I'll try."

"Then walk along."

He walked beside me, or behind me, through thickets and over rough ground to a shanty just at the mouth of a ravine. There was a man, a woman and a boy of 12 there, and my nose detected the odor of a still. The three people mentioned stood at the door as we came up, and the man queried of my conductor:

"Who's he'un?"

"Gwine ter prove up."

I sat down on a rock, and leaving the boy to watch me, the other three withdrew a few yards and held a consultation. This lasted about five minutes, and when they returned the man who had captured me said:

"We'un's agreed on it. You'n either revenue or not. You'n kin prove up or ye can't."

"Can any of you read?" I asked.

"We kin or we can't," replied the woman, who was smoking plug tobacco in a clay pipe.

"Well, perhaps you've heard of — at Monroe?"

"We mought or we moughtn't," replied the husband of the woman.

PROVING UP.

"Well, here's a line from him. If you are moonshiners you have sold him whisky, and know him to be all right. Here's my card, here are letters addressed to me at Monroe, and you can overhaul my knapsack."

They couldn't read a line of writing, and put up a job to catch me. After consulting together a bit the woman said:

"What did you say he'un's first name was—George or William?"

"Neither one; it's Henry."

"And does he'un live in a single or double log house?"

"In a frame house."

"Which eye is he'un blind in?"

"Neither one. Come, now, he's a big, fleshy man, wears long whiskers, is bald on top of the head, and has a front tooth out. His wife is a little cross eyed woman and has two children."

That settled it, and I was at once given a bite to eat and told to make myself at home. I had some tobacco for the man and pins and needles for the woman, and the present of a harmonican set the boy wild with delight.

"Sposin' you'n had shot he'un down thar!" suggested the woman to my captor.

"Then he'un would hev bin dead, of co'se," he calmly replied.

By and by the men went up to attend the still, and the woman unrolled the paper of pins to the last row, opened the paper of needles, and, placing the two spools of thread beside them, she called to the boy:

"Danny, cum hy'ar."

"Yaaa."

"Look in my eyes."

"Yaaa."

"Is I flighty?"

"Skereely, ma'am."

"Well, I'ze either flighty or the richest woman on these yere mountain, an' I wish pop would hurry back an' tell me which!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Other Thing.

An Iowa justice of the peace didn't actually fine a man \$11 for declaring that the world was flat, but because he knocked the postmaster down for insisting that it was round. It was a narrow escape, though, and the defendant was cautioned to look out next time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Same Thing.

"That let's me out," exclaimed Miss Blecker.

"Yes," assented Miss Beacon Street, of Boston, "that permits your exit."—*Judge.*

STAMP SAVINGS BANKS.

A SYSTEM OF SMALL SAVINGS THAT IS POPULAR IN DETROIT.

It Appeals Especially to Young Children, but Men and Women Are Also Among the Stamp Book Depositors—How the Method Is Conducted—A Boon to Many.

"The 'saving stamps' have let us into an almost new and profitable field of business," says Edwin F. Mack, cashier of the Citizens' Savings bank. "It has increased our business more in eight months than we were able to do by other methods in five years. The beauty of the arrangement is that it reaches a class of people who ordinarily have no business with any bank. When it is considered that we get this new business at the rate of less than one-half a cent on the dollar, and that this expense is more than covered by the actual operation of the system, we are pretty well pleased."

"The cost of the stamps is only one cent for fifty, the cost of the books is very small, and the expense of getting the stamps in the hands of depositors is also very slight. To offset this we have the use of the money from the time it is received for stamps until the stamps are turned into us as record of deposit. The persons buying the stamps let them accumulate for weeks and even months before having the amount entered on their regular bank books. We get interest on this money for that time without charge, and as this amounts to several thousand dollars the profit is quite an item."

HOW IT WORKS.

"Of course we are not philanthropists, but we take much satisfaction in knowing that the system is inducing a large number of people to save money who never did before. We have agents in many of the large factories, and the young employes after getting their pay buy a few stamps, while otherwise they would spend every dollar of their wages. They would not come down to the bank and open up an account with the small amount. But after they have a little start with the stamp process they very frequently come to the bank with a five dollar or ten dollar deposit. We have some depositors with hundreds to their credit who made fifteen and twenty cent starts. These are the ones that are liable to be the big customers of the future, and we are very glad to have their early trade."

"The corner grocermen, who are our agents, tell how the system works. For instance, a woman goes in with \$1 to buy groceries, and has five, ten or perhaps twenty-five cents left, which she invests in stamps. She leaves her book with the grocer and he cares for the stamps. The children, if they have no books of their own, are instructed to invest part of the small change in stamps. Her husband, instead of spending his small change for cigars, lends a helping hand by placing a few stamps in his wife's book."

"With the children the stamps are like the merit cards which you and I used to get at school. Each Sunday we get a little card and when we get a dozen of those we get a large card, and so many of those deserved a still larger and more brightly colored card. The delight of accumulating these cards you can well remember. It is the same with the children and these stamps. They hustle around until they get twenty stamps to fill a page and are much tickled when they can make the first entry in their bankbook."

"We have ninety-five agents in this city and agents in Saginaw, Port Huron and other cities. Of our thousands of depositors a large per cent of them are children, but as many of them brought their parents with them we are well pleased."

HIGHER DENOMINATIONS.

"The stamp saving system has proved to be a very good thing for us," said E. C. Bowman, cashier of the Detroit savings bank. "Unlike any other stamp system of savings, our stamps are of different denominations and different classes of customers are accommodated. For instance, we have 5 cent, 10 cent, 25 cent and 50 cent stamps, and \$1, \$2, \$5 and \$10 cards. That is to say, when a card is filled it has these respective values. Our customers have learned this, and those who make enough money so that they frequently can deposit 25 cents at a time do not bother with 5 cent stamps, which require so much 'licking' and 'pasting.' We were somewhat surprised ourselves to see the popularity of the larger denominations."

"Of course the working of the system is pretty well understood. We have 125 agents at present, and the stamps are placed in their hands. It requires several thousand stamps a day to supply their demands. The depositors place the stamps on a card, and when this card is full they get a credit on their bank book. We make the feature incidental to our banking business, and think it admirable because it enables us to reach every class of people who may be induced to save money. It has largely increased our business, not only by the depositors who use the device, but the people who come with them. Fully 75 per cent of the depositors are children, and, of course, their accounts are small, but very frequently their fathers come to the banks where the children are doing business."

While the reporter and Mr. Bowman were in the basement of the banking building looking over the record of the stamp business, the cashier called attention to several wooden cupboards which he said contained all the saving bank books issued by the bank from 1849 to the present date. They were numbered from 1 up to 73,000. Then he showed No. 13, which was issued to a young man who was then employed on a railroad. The man is still a depositor in the bank, and there has never been a time since when he did not have a small balance. He still has the same number, is still in the employ of the same company and ought to have a snug bit of property by this time.—*Detroit News.*

A PAIR OF PET LIONS.

ANTICS OF THE TERRORS OF THE FOREST THAT ARE AMUSING.

They Were More Playful Than Kittens. Seemed to Have a Human Love for Fun—They Played Havoc, However, with Tame Animals at First.

Previous to making up country trips in South Africa I always laid in a supply of calico dresses and pound packages of tea to serve as presents for the wives of the Boers in the outlying districts. Tea is used by them only in cases of sickness, and the donation of a calico dress is always met by an interchange of dairy and hen roost products. In one of my trips, while in the neighborhood of an old vrouw, finding that the larder needed replenishing, I jumped on my shooting pony and cantered over to her house, followed by my Kaffir henchman "January," carrying a basket containing the tea and dress. The noise of my pony's hoofs on the sunbaked earth caught the old lady's ears, and she met me at the door with the explanation:

"I'm so glad you have come!"

"Why?"

"Because I have a pair of young lions for you."

"Where are they?"

"Knocking about the house somewhere."

I immediately dismounted, handing the reins to January, started indoors, and finally brought up in the kitchen, where I found the whelps asleep on the hearth. On asking how they were captured she informed me that some two weeks previous her son had shot a lioness, and, finding her in milk, hunted around until he picked up the youngsters. I immediately bargained for them with the understanding that they were to be given all the milk they would drink, not teased, and kept until my return, some three months ahead. The tea and dress were then produced, and January had to enlist the services of one of the farm Kaffirs to assist in carrying to the wagons the butter and eggs which were received in exchange."

On my return I found the cubs had been partially weaned, which was fortunate, as it would have been impossible to get fresh milk for them daily. Taking them in my arms I started toward my cart, which had been driven up in front of the house, for the purpose of throwing them on my bed; but the oxen bolted on catching scent of them, and it required a deal of patience before they would allow them to be loaded."

On coming up with my train of wagons, loaded with antelope, guns, etc., the cart was prudently kept some distance in the rear, for fear of a stampede of the teams, and it was fully a week before the oxen became thoroughly accustomed to lion odor.

The whelps would pass the time while traveling looting about on my bed, which I shared with them at night, but as soon as we stopped and the oxen were turned loose for grazing their heads would be thrust out from the front of the cart waiting to be lifted out, so that they could have their customary game of romps with the dogs and myself."

We had reached the more thickly settled portion of the country when one day, just as we were outspanning, a couple of young Boers cantered up to the wagons, one of whom carried a fine chacma seated behind him. On dismounting the reins were handed to the baboon, who had seated himself just in front of the horses, and I started for the cart in search of the "square rigger"—i. e., gin flask—in order to pave the way to purchasing the baboon."

On reaching it the heads of both whelps appeared, expecting to be lifted out, as was customary. On catching sight of them the baboon gave a scream, the horses a snort of terror, and each one took a separate path across the veldt, followed by a pair of blaspheming Boers. I saved my gin, but lost the chance of buying a fine chacma, and sulkily refused to join in the usual frolic."

The trip home was made without further incident, and on arriving the youngsters were allowed the run of the house, but at night they would persist in sharing my bed with me. After having been nearly smothered by a trick which they had of lying across my face, I finally compromised matters by arranging a cot alongside my bed with a stout wire screen intervening."

Of course the arrival of the young lions was soon noised about, and I did not lack company, especially on Sunday afternoons, when my establishment resembled a miniature zoological garden, and the female whelp seemed to select just such occasions to play pranks on the beds of her own sex."

Her favorite ambush was under the table of the dining room, and the door of which opened on the passageway through the house. So long as males passed she would remain quiet, but as sure as a single female or a party of them attempted to pass through she would spring out and crouch just in front of them, invariably causing a hasty retrograde movement, accompanied by a series of screams. Once, while in the rear, giving some directions to the Kaffirs, I was startled by a piercing shriek, and turned just in time to see a frightened female dart out of the back door and come at racing speed toward me. In so doing she had to pass directly under a tree in which was chained a baboon."

So soon as she was fairly under it the brute dropped on to her shoulders, whisked off her bonnet and wrap and was up on his perch in a jiffy. She dropped in a dead faint, and before I could dash some water into her face and bring her to her senses the bonnet and wrap were torn into shreds, and on looking toward the house I saw the head of the lioness lying over the doorsill, seemingly enjoying the mischief she had wrought.—*Forest and Stream.*

Indignant.

Mr. B.—Have you attended "Die Walkure," madam?

Mrs. B. (superciliously)—Certainly not. I don't feel the slightest interest in these pedestrian matches.—*Demarest's.*

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