The Colonist.

FRIDAY, OCT. 7, 1892.

REGINA VS. POTTS.

The case of the Queen vs. Potts ended as any man of common sense who was acquainted with the circumstances knew it must have ended. As no offence had been committed, there was no evidence to support the charge. How the prosecution came to be instituted has been from the first a mystery to us. Information was given to the city editor of the COLONIST that improper practices were carried on in one of the lodging houses of the city. To Mr. Potts the business of enquiring into the truth of that information was assigned. He at the time appointed proceeded to make his investigations, and he embodied the result in an article that was published in the COLONIST. On the same morning he went to the Police Magistrate and informed him of what had come to his knowledge. The sergeant of police on duty was present when Mr. Potts made his communication to the Police Magistrate, mentioning the names of the persons implicated. It is absurd to suppose that a man guilty of the offence with which he was afterwards charged would in this open manner take the steps he considered necessary to bring the offenders to justice. This is not how persons guilty of indecent assault act. Our readers will be as surprised as we were to learn that the Chief of Police proceeded against the man who had made the matter known. The reporter who, in the course of his business and in the interest of public morals, found out what was going on, was made the object of a cruel prosecution and forced to bear the odium of a disgraceful charge, while the persons named as concerned in the misdoings, were allowed to go unwhipped of justice. Mr. Potts, being guilty of no other crime than that of discovering and exposing iniquitous practices, was, when the matter was enquired into by a competent judge, immediately acquitted. The carefully concocted story, which was expected to fasten on him an abominable crime, would not bear examination, and he was shown to be, as all who are acquainted with the facts on which the charge against him was based believed, guiltless of any intention to do wrong. We cannot say that Mr. Potts had a narrow escape, for we were sure that the charge against him would not bear examination, but we do say that he was cruelly, and without the slightest necessity, made to endure much suffering.

IMPARTIAL TESTIMONY.

No one who has observed the course hitherto pursued by the Vancouver News-Advertiser, will think of accusing it of being unduly favorable to the Provincial Government; yet after carefully considering the criticisms of the Times with respect to that Government's interference in the municipal affairs of Victoria, it says:

We believe from the remarks of the Premier and some of his colleagues (in the interview with the Committee of the City Council) that they themselves were reluctant to carry out the course suggested, and hoped the Council would work out the problem for itself. But we are not inclined to condemn the Government in the manner that the Times does, nor, we think, will any fair-minded man do so, even though he may be a political opponent of it. It is to be deprecated that such a matter as this should be brought into what is called "politics" at all, and any true friend of Victoria will best serve the city's interests by letting it be understood that all that has to be considered in regard to the subject now under discussion is the best way in which the city may be extricated from the difficulties which appear to surround it. What appears to be the want of Victoria at the present time is a little more brain power in its civic rulers, together with some decision and determination to help themselves instead of appealing to others.

With regard to the matter of interference with the City's affairs the Advertiser says:

The Government did not go to the City, the latter went to the Government. Nor did the Premier make the mistake of taking upon himself to declare the method proposed was, either legal or practicable. Of course he gave it as his opinion that there was no insuperable difficulty in arranging the matter on the basis which he and his colleagues suggested, and at the same time, as a lawyer, he stated that he thought the arrangement would not be in excess of the power vested in the Government under certain contingencies not in contravention of the Municipal Act. But he was very careful to suggest (indeed to require) that the City Council should consult its own legal advisers.

The rejoinder of the Times is the weakest kind of twaddle about the defeat of the by-laws and the attitude assumed by the minority of the Council. We believe that nine citizens of Victoria out of ten will agree with the conclusion arrived at by the News-Advertiser, that the want of this city at the present time is a little more brain power in its civic rulers. It was owing to the want of such power that they have fallen into the hole, out of which they find it impossible to get without aid from the outside. If they had brain power and the disposition to exercise it for the good of the city, there never would have been any reason to call in the aid of the Government to prevent the spread of the smallpox, there would never have been any clashing with the Provincial authorities, and the Mayor and Council would not have allowed the financial affairs of the city to get into a most disgraceful muddle.

The Times ought to see that the whining school boy plea, "It wasn't me, sir," will not avail the Council in its present humiliating situation. It is wholly to blame for the difficulties out of which the Mayor and the minority obstinately refuse to be extricated. If they only were the sufferers, it would be easy to laugh at them and to allow them "to stew in their own juice." But as the inhabitants of the city must suffer for the consequences of their stubbornness and their stupidity, they must not be permitted to pursue their policy of obstruction much longer.

SUCCESSFUL SO FAR.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald, Mr. Stanhope, as our readers have been informed, was inoculated with the cholera virus. After the operationhad been completed, he set about trying its efficacy. He went into the cholera hospital in Hamburg, he slept between two cholera patients, he handled the bodies of persons who had died of cholera, he drank water known to contain cholera microbes, yet he remained in perfect health. As far, then, as his case is concerned, inoculation may be considered a preventive of cholera. But here the doubt suggests itself, was he susceptible; was it possible for him to catch the cholera under any circumstances? It is well known that there are persons who seem proof against nearly every contagious disease. They live where it is, they nurse those ill of contagious disease, and come in contact with it in many ways, and yet they escape unharmed. It is quite possible that Mr. Stanhope may be one of this class. The efficacy of inoculation cannot be proved by one case or by ten cases. It will have to be proved by a series of experiments on a great many persons in different states of health and under different circumstances. It is greatly to be hoped that the experiments which are now being made will all turn out as this one that Mr. Stanhope has tried, and that a 'sure preventive against cholera will be discovered. Mankind will then have one deadly enemy the less.

SOMETHING NEW.

The usefulness of electricity is extending. It does many wonderful, and many great things, but it has in Ottawa been made to do a somewhat humble but very useful service. The Ottawa experimenters have harnessed electricity to a cooking apparatus and made it do good work. A dinner was, the other day, in that city, cooked entirely by electricity. Not only were the meats and vegetables boiled and steamed and roasted by electricity, but the bread was baked by that agency. One of the wags who enjoyed the unique banquet asked if the ice cream of which he partook, was also prepared by electricity. The reply was that the freezer was worked by an electric engine. The inventor of the cooking apparatus is Mr. Ahearn, of the firm of Ahearn & Soper. The details of the process of cooking by electricity are not given, but the cooking was well done. The success of this experiment has set the theorists at work. They are already talking about utilizing great waterfalls and rapids to generate electricity for the purpose of supplying the cooking stoves of continents with heat. The Hamilton Spectator says that "the power of Niagara can be sent to Hamilton at a price which will make it available here for the operation of machinery and railroads, for the lighting of streets and houses, for the cooking of food, and most probably for the warming of houses." We live in an age of wonders. It would not surprise us, if in the course of a few years, stores are opened in every city and village in which the careful housewife can, for a very small sum, buy stored electricity enough to light the rooms, cook the food and run the sewing machine for, say, a week.

THE ATLANTIC FISHERIES.

Now that Mr. Gladstone is in power, the Americans expect that Great Britain's foreign policy will again become weak and vacillating. They evidently think that it will be very easy to make Mr. Gladstone nervous. They have therefore commenced to revive the Atlantic Coast fishery question, of which very little, indeed, had been said during Lord Salisbury's administration. The Oregonian, not to be out of the fashion, gives its readers the old American version of that question. It is, however, candid enough to tell its readers that the only privileges allowed American fishermen in the Atlantic ports of what in 1818 was British America, were shelter for a limited time, leave to repair damages, to purchase wood and to obtain water. It, however, does not go so far as to inform its readers that the Americans made in this treaty a formal renunciation of the privileges they had previously enjoyed in British waters, and that their contention now is that they have some kind of right to exercise and enjoy the rights and privileges which by that treaty they had renounced. Their whole contention is so flimsy and so unreasonable that we are surprised that any one can have the audacity to raise it with a serious face.

The Oregonian repeats the old story that because British fishermen are allowed the privileges in American waters which they claim that they have a right—notwithstanding their renunciation of them—to exercise in British waters, therefore the refusal to accord those privileges by the Dominion Government is inhospitable and not in accordance with the comity of nations. But the Oregonian does not know or it forgets that British fishermen do not fish off the American coast, and that they do not want any accommodation in American harbors. In point of fact the Americans have ruined their own inshore fisheries by wasteful and improvident practices, and they want to have the opportunity of doing the same thing for the Canadian inshore fisheries.

Our Portland contemporary makes a mistake when it says that after Confederation, and while Prince Edward Island was an independent colony, Americans were allowed the use of its ports in contravention of the terms of the treaty of 1818. The fact is that when representations were made to the British Government that American fishermen were treated with undue indulgence by the Prince Edward Islanders, a British ship of war was sent to cruise off the Island, and the terms of the treaty were never before, in those waters at any rate, so stringently carried out. Capt. Hardinge required every fishing vessel on the coast to comply with the fishery regulations, and if an American schooner remained an hour longer in an Island harbor than she had a right to, she was notified to clear out without any loss of time.

But while Canadians insisted upon the honest observance of the treaty of 1818, they have always been ready to extend to Americans fishing privileges on fair terms; and when, without any sufficient reason, the Americans abrogated the fishery clause of the Washington treaty in the middle of the fishing season, the Canadian Government, without any compensation, permitted their fishermen to exercise the rights extended to them by the treaty for some months after it was abrogated. There has never been a time since then that Canadians have not been willing to come to an equitable and enduring understanding as to mutual rights in the Atlantic fisheries.

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORSHIP.

We were much surprised at a statement in a telegram published yesterday morning, from our special Ottawa correspondent, that the members of the Provincial Government had embodied their views in favor of Hon. Mr. Dewdney, in a memorial to Premier Abbott. This would have been a most unusual proceeding, and we have it on the best of authority that no such memorial ever had existence, but that, on the contrary, the members of the Government are divided as to the merits of the several gentlemen whose names have been put forward by their friends for the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and that, the appointment not being one of local government concern, no effort has been made to reconcile the differences of opinion which exist.

THE REASON WHY.

The Argonaut of the 3rd inst. contains an article in which the writer accounts for the failure of many who purchase ranches in California, expecting to make fortunes in a short time by growing fruit. The article applies to this Province, and indeed to every new country, as well as to California. The reason why so many do not succeed who settle on the land with the intention of cultivating it is simply that they do not understand their business, and will not take the pains necessary to learn how to conduct it. There are a good many who believe that farming comes by nature, that anyone who is willing to work hard will make a successful farmer or fruit grower. There never was a greater mistake than this. Skill and intelligence and technical knowledge are required to ensure success in farming as in any other occupation. The settler who does not study agriculture or horticulture as a business may succeed in time, but it will be after his ignorance and his blundering have caused him to lose a great deal both of time and money. The requisite knowledge must be acquired, and it is folly to expect to succeed until it is acquired. It will not do just to tickle the land with a hoe or a plow, and then expect the harvest to be abundant. There are favored spots on the earth's surface where crops grow almost spontaneously, but generally the earth requires a good deal of coaxing before it will yield sufficient to support the cultivator in comfort and a little profit besides. There is no royal road to success in farming. Unless the rancher makes up his mind that besides working hard he must learn a good deal, he had better sell his ranch and try some occupation that he does understand.

But the knowledge is not hard to gain, although of the utmost value when it is gained. The difference between the rancher who gives his whole attention to his business, who thinks and experiments and observes, and the one who does not put brains in his work, is the difference between success and failure.

LORD ROSEBERY'S ESTIMATE.

Lord Rosebery, two or three weeks ago, made a pleasant speech at the dinner of the Institute of Journalists at Edinburgh. There was under his pleasantries a vein of thoughtful remark which was appreciated both by the hearers and the readers of the speech. As is well known, the new Foreign Secretary is an enthusiast in the cause of Imperial Federation. He properly considers that the press can do a great deal towards bringing about that Federation, and he sees the principle which he prizes so highly at work in the Institute. He said:

But he would welcome that great institute if from only one point of view alone, and that was that it recognized the principle of Imperial federation in its constitution and in its membership in a way which must be gratifying to all who had the unity of the Empire at heart. That principle of Empire was one which had often been derided, but nothing was more certain than that it was imperceptibly, and in associations like that, growing and making its way. No one in that hall would dream of making an institution of journalists which should be limited to these islands alone, and which should not comprise those empires beyond the seas in which lay the future and the salvation of their country.

Lord Rosebery was pleased to observe that the press of Great Britain is now paying a great deal more attention to the colonies than it used to do. "Some years ago," he said, "if they had ransacked all the papers of the country they would not have found a colonial telegram in them. Now they found that the Parliaments of the colonies were usurping the place of other subjects." This is to colonists an encouraging feature in the British journalism of to-day. The people of the Mother Country now look upon colonists not as poor relations, whose existence duty compels them not to ignore, but as kinsmen whose interests are bound up with theirs and who are entitled to the respect and the consideration that are involved in true kinship. There is no doubt that the tie which binds colonists to the Mother Country is stronger now than it was some time ago, and this is what makes the idea of Federation so welcome to both colonists and the inhabitants of the Old Land. Lord Rosebery finds that his federalism meets with a hearty response both at home and in the colonies, and this is very likely why he and others are even more enthusiastic in the cause of Federation than they were some years ago. Many newspapers, both in Great Britain and in the Colonies, look upon the theory of Imperial Federation coldly, but there are also many which regard it with favor, and their number is increasing.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council is a significant indication of the tendency of the times. It shows that neither national boundary lines nor race distinctions can keep men who think alike, and who have a common object, separate. The Council is not a regular court of the Presbyterian Church. It is not convened by any central authority. It is simply a voluntary assemblage of Presbyterian divines and church office-bearers, who meet together to consider how best the objects which they all have in view can be advanced.

The moral effect of such a gathering from a national point of view must be most beneficial. The clergymen and church members from different lands, who meet together in council, realize in fact what they before held as a merely speculative truth, namely, that all Christians are brethren. They feel, when they are face to face with men of other nations and other races, that the differences which, when they did not know them, appeared so great, are really so small as to be hardly worth noticing.

Peoples whose religious teachers know each other well and sympathize with each other heartily will not be apt to quarrel about trifles or go to war without great provocation. The Pan-Presbyterian Council will, without perhaps being conscious of it, become a great peace society. It will make those who attend it more tolerant in a national sense, and more liberal-minded than they would be if they had associated only with Presbyterians of their own nation and their own race.

Attending a Pan-Presbyterian Council must be to many ministers and elders almost a liberal education. They hear there questions discussed from different standpoints, and by men of different modes of thought. This of itself is calculated to uproot many cherished prejudices and to give national pride a wholesome check.

It must be remembered that the Council did not confine itself to the discussion of threadbare theological questions or matters of Church work. Its members deviated from stale topics, of which they heard more than enough at home, and, talked about matters that are of interest to all men everywhere. Important social questions were ventilated, the condition of the Indian on both sides of the line was freely commented on, and the way in which he is treated, not only by churches but by governments, sharply criticised. Some American clergymen were edified and some, no doubt, shocked at the way the negro question was handled by British clergymen, and British clergymen may have had their views somewhat modified and their judgments softened by the representations of their American brethren of the North and the South. The treatment that Chinamen receive from professors of Christianity was the subject of a pretty free discussion at one of the sittings of the Council. It is satisfactory to see that all these and other subjects were treated in a manly way. The namby-pamby, goody-goody style does not appear to be popular among the members of the Council. They were not afraid to face the facts as they are and to call things by their right names. They, however, exhibited a broad and a Christian spirit, and if the native races and the Asiatic strangers were treated as they would have them treated, Christianity would not lie under a reproach, nor would there be complaints of injustice and bad faith. From a purely secular point of view, we are quite certain that the influence of the Pan-Presbyterian Council will be altogether beneficial. What its effect in the religious world will be we do not presume to offer an opinion.

The Pope and Germany.

ROME, Oct. 4.—The Pope yesterday gave an audience to Von Bulow, the new Prussian minister. Subsequently the Pope held a two hours' private conference with the new minister. It is thought the subtle diplomatist will not be able to change the Pope's policy towards France, which will lead him to oppose the increase of the German army.

BIRTH.

HAGENBUSH—In this city, on Oct. 3rd, to the wife of J. A. Hagenbush, a daughter.

SPRING—In this city on Sept. 29, the wife of Capt. C. Spring, of a daughter.

PETTICRAW—In this city on Sept. 29th, the wife of J. Petticraw, of a daughter.

HILLARD—In this city on October 3rd, the wife of Jos. Hillard, of a son.

MUSGRAVE—At 12 Ashley Gardens, London, Eng., on 4th inst., the wife of Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., of Tourin Cappoquin, Ireland, of a daughter.

DIED.

PEEKE—In this city on the 28th instant, Simon Peeke, late of Comox, B. C., aged 60 years.

LYON—In this city on the 5th inst., Mary Lyon, a native of Nabas, Bas Pyrenees, France, aged 13 years.

MCCONNAN—In this city on the 29th instant, Thomas McConnan, a native of Dumfries, Scotland, aged 71 years.

GARNET—In this city on the 5th inst., at the family residence, 34 Humboldt street, Edward Thomas Garnet, a native of Delaware, Ont., aged 35 years.

MARWICK—At the residence of Mr. Joseph Clark, No. 172 View street, on the 2nd inst., Mary Holland Marwick, a native of Orkney Isle, aged 64 years.

ELFORD—At the residence of his parents, No. 130 Cadboro Bay Road, William Richard, eldest son of Robert and Hannah Elford, a native of London, Eng., aged 18 years.

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

The Senatorial Campaign opens with an Enthusiastic Meeting at Jack's Point.

Brother Gardner on Different Religious Denominations—He is Opposed to Discussions.

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THE ARIZONA KICKER.

OUR GREAT SPEECH.—We shall be nominated to run for state senator in this district. It we had any doubts of it up to last Monday night we have had none since. We opened our campaign that evening at Jack's Point. It had been extensively advertised that we would speak there, and on our arrival we found a crowd of several hundred yeomen. They were not exactly all yeomen. There were about 150 first class wretches belonging to the corrupt opposition, who had been coaxed, bribed or driven in like so many cattle to hoot us off the platform. We expected it and went prepared.

We were introduced to the audience by Captain Jack Scott, who paid us a beautiful and touching triflute. Tears sprang unbidden to our eyes as we listened to his story of our hardships and our determination to conquer or die. He compared us to Washington at Valley Forge, and the mighty cheer that arose from the audience could have been heard three miles

THREE BULLETS PASSED THROUGH OUR HAT.

away. He spoke of our private graveyard, and the hiss of displeasure started by our narrow minded, esteemed cotemporary, who was on hand in hopes to see us downed, was drowned in a Niagara of applause. He alluded to The Kicker as the sunbeam of the mighty west, and to our mayoralty as the reign of peace and good will, and the heavens were rent with thunderous shouts of admiration. Our esteemed contemporary collapsed about that time, but as after events proved he was not yet entirely discouraged.

When we were led forward we began speaking as if we had summered and wintered with Henry Clay for the last dozen years. [Cries of "Put him out!"] While we knew it was to be the effort of our life, we were as cool and collected as on the day we split Jim Thompson's ears with right and left handed shots. [Hoots and yells and hisses, mostly started by our esteemed.] As was afterward remarked, we knew exactly what that audience wanted. We skipped the garden of Eden—dodged the whale which swallowed Jonah—twisted around the fall of Rome, and only just touched the pyramids of Egypt as we galloped past. [Yells of "Shoot him off the platform!" but no shooting:] After we got down to the Revolutionary war we realized that we had our audience with us. [Yells of "Go hang yourself!" When we got down to where the bell of Liberty sent its notes reverberating across the American continent the applause became so deafening that we had to pause for two minutes. [Another collapse by our esteemed.] When the applause died away we formed this glorious Union of States, put George Washington at the head of the Continental army, and then proceeded to lick the British out of their boots. We probably piled it on a little thick, but everything goes out here in a political campaign. [Cheers for the speaker, which was us, mingled with the noise of a fight near the door.]

When we struck the war of 1812 the outburst of enthusiasm lifted the roof two feet high. [Yells by our esteemed of "Why don't somebody shoot him?"] when we got along down to the Mexican war nothing could longer hold our audience. From our position on the platform we saw seven fights in progress at once, and were pleased to observe our esteemed contemporary crawling under a bench for safety. We had intended to bring matters down to the present date, but the enthusiasm of the audience prevented. When a majority of any crowd out this way makes up its mind that a speaker is sound on the goose question he needn't break any more suspenders in furnishing additional proofs. While we were waiting to go on three bullets passed through our hat and two dead jackass rabbits fell at our feet. In return for the compliment our crowd cleaned the opposition off the grounds and rounded up six fingers, a couple of eyes, somebody's chin, four ears, thirteen pistols and a basket of knives. The meeting closed with a volcano of enthusiasm, during which we were carried around in triumph on the shoulders of Arizona patriots.

The canvass may be said to have fully opened. We realize that we are to be opposed by a vindictive and malicious minority, whose motto is, "Rule or ruin," but we firmly believe that we shall come out on top of the heap. We shall speak at Lone Tree on Monday evening, and we hope to be greeted by an audience just as full of ardor and enthusiasm. We shall ship 2,000 extra cartridges by stage to-morrow, and about seventy patriots will go over with us and help make the meeting a glorious success.

BROTHER GARDNER ON DOCTRINES.

"When a pusson am tooken into dis club as a member," said Brother Gardner, as the regular order of business was concluded, "we doan' ax what his religun is. We doan' even find out if he's got any 'tall, though we hope he's at least a believer. It has somehow happened dat we has got in a sprinklin of Methodists, a sprinklin of Baptists, a sprinklin of Presbyterians an a few Univarsalists an United Brethren. While our bylaws expressly forbid any religus discushun among members, it has cum to my knowledge dat dar am a good deal of it gwine on. 'Deed, but it was only two days ago dat Waydown Bebee, who am a reg'lar built Methodist, got into a row wid Elder Toots, who am a two story Baptist, an dey spilt each odder's blood widout settlin de pint as to which was de best religun. I shall impose a fine of $35,500 on each one, an dey will boaf stand suspended from dis club till de same am paid up. It's no use of hevin bylaws onless we lib up to em.

"An now 'bout religun. I've tried moas' all kinds in my day, an I find 'em all 'bout alike. I went from de Baptist ober to de Methodist bekase a brudder sold me a blind mewl. I left de Methodist bekase a brudder borrowed my coffee mill an wouldn't return it. De Presbyterian doctrine suited me all right, but a brudder sold me a watch widout any wheels in it. I jest got comfortably settled among de Univarsalists when I backed a note fur a brudder an had it to pay. I was gittin along fine wid de United Brethren when I missed so much of my woodpile dat I loaded a stick an blowed up de family ob de man who had de pew right in front ob me. Den I sorter ambled back down de scale till I struck de Methodists agin, an I'ze stickin right dar. I hev diskibered dat it hain't in de religun 'tall. It's all in de man. If de Lawd made a man pizen mean to begin wid yo' may chuck him full o' seben different kinds o' religun widout makin a decent pusson o' him.

"I h'ar talk 'bout dis doctrine an dat doctrine, but I doan' go a red cent on doctrines. Dar' am no short cuts to heaben. If yo' wish to git dar' yo' has got to go around all de elbows an climb all de hills. I'ze knowed men who war' great sticklers fur doctrine to steal sheep. I'ze knowed men who carried pounds of doctrine around in deir coat tail pockets to leave town between two days, so as not to say goodby to de sheriff. Heah am a case in pint. Waydown Bebee an Elder Toots each claimed de only doctrine by which anybody could squeeze into heaven widout rubbin de hide off. Dey was so bigoted dat day had a fout about it. One of dese doctrine men has owed me three dollars borrowed money fur a y'ar, an de odder broke my wheelbarrer an lied about it.

"I'ze got a doctrine o' my own dat I'm libin by. I pay my debts, keep sober, use my fam'ly right, help de distressed, try to speak well of eberybody, an either speak de troof or keep my head shet. I'm seen at church on Sunday, turn up purty reg'lar at Thursday evenin prayer meetins, and if anybody sticks me wid a lead nickel I melt it up to mend de holes in de washdish. If de ole woman feels like gwine to de circus I take her, an arter we has seen de Bengal tiger we passes in to witness de performance. I has bin seen at cakewalks an hoss races, an arter de co'n has been husked at a huskin bee I has bin observed to take de ole woman on my arm an lead de fust cotillon. Mebbe my religun hain't a good one an won't pass me frew de gates, but it's de best I'ze bin able to scratch up arter thirty y'ars o' lookin around, an I'ze gwine to keep peggin away wid it.

"IT'S ALL IN DE MAN."

"I say to yo' all dat yo' may hev 'doctrines by de dozen, creeds by de score, an worship arter any fashion dat pleases yo' best, but doan' bring de argyments in heah. Doan' argy anywhar! If you's got de best doctrine doan' giv it away. If you's got de bulge on de angel bizness keep shet. Keep all de advantage yo' kin git ober de odder feller. I doan't ax nobody to accept my sort o' religun. While dar's no patent on it, and while I'm willin to sheer it, I'ze jest as liberal 'bout all odder kinds. We will now wrap up our varus sorts an kinds of doctrines an creeds an put 'em under our arms an go home."

HAVING FUN WITH BILL.

"Gentlemen," said the old farmer as he came up the steps of the varanda, "I'm a Christian man and a prayin man, and may the Lord forgive me for what I'm about to do!"

"What are you about to do?" asked one of the crowd.

"I'm about to ask if there is anybody among you who kin put on the boxin gloves and knock my son Bill into the middle of next week! Bill is twenty years old, and he's got a fit on to be a prize fighter. I've talked and talked, but it don't do no good. He's as sot as a mule, and nuthin will change him till somebody comes along and knocks his chin off."

"Where is your son?" asked the man who had spoken before.

"Over here in a place they call the rink. He's even blowin around that he's goin to open a boxin skule. Consarn him, but he thinks I don't know putty!"

"And you want someone to put on the gloves and crack his jaw?"

"I dew, and I'll give the cracker five dollars fur his work. Do you scrap, as they call it?"

"Just a little—just enough to make your son Bill see about a million stars while he is falling. I'm feeling pretty well this morning, and will go over and tackle William on the chin."

"Good! The five is yours if you do it. Hain't you a drummer?"

"Yes, I travel for a Buffalo house, but that's no reason why I can't have some fun with your son Bill.

"Not a bit of it. Don't break his neck or anything, but put him to sleep, as they call it. You know how to do it."

The drummer looked like an athlete, and from the confident smile on his face we had no doubt of his prowess as a boxer. The whole crowd went over to the rink, and Bill was found mending a rip in an old glove. He was long and lanky. He had white eyebrows and a vacant expression in his turnip colored eyes. A number of the villagers dropped in, and pretty soon the drummer picked up a glove and said:

"Wonder if there is anyone around here who can box?"

"I believe my son Bill over thar does a leetle boxin," replied the old man as he happened in just then.

"Does he? Here—you—want to put on the gloves?"

"I don't keer," replied Bill, and he slowly got up and thrust his big sunburned paws into a pair of gloves.

"Play him a couple of minits and then crack him," whispered the father.

As the two squared off Bill appeared as awkward as a haycock on stilts, but for all that the drummer failed to get in

"SOME OF YOU BOYS HELP ME OVER TO THE HOTEL."

on him. After about a minute and while we were wondering why Bill didn't drop, the Buffalo man fell in a heap and lay lide a log. It took us ten minutes to bring him to. It too him another ten to locate his surroundings and say:

"Some of you boys help me over to the hotel and then get a doctor to my jaw."

"I thought you was goin to make Bill see stars," said the old man as he came up.

"You go away, you old villain!"

"Gentlemen, listen to him! As I'm a Christian man and a prayin man, I had the oxen and cart all ready behind the rink to load Bill in and take him home to die. I didn't 'spose Bill could knock a grasshopper off a post. Won't some of the rest of you gentlemen put up your dukes, as they call it, and slam him to hash? It's five dollars fur the slammer."

But William waited in vain. No slammer appeared, and an hour later the old man passed the hotel on his way home and yelled at his oxen:

"Haw, thar, Nero—gee up, Buck! Whoa, now! Gentlemen, I'm mighty sorry, but I was deceived in Bill myself. Stand still, Buck! If any of the rest of you should feel like"——

But we rose up and threw chairs at him, and drove him away.

NO HAIR NEEDED.

"Now, gentlemen," began the fakir, as he arranged half a hundred bottles on a temporary table at the street corner, "I am here to sell the original and only Patagonian Hair Renewer. It has been in use for thirty-two years, and has been tried by millions of people, and yet I have never heard of an instance where it failed to act as warranted. If it fails to produce a growth of new hair on the head within six weeks I agree to forfeit $500. I have deposited the money in the Second National bank and shall be here about three months. Who buys the first bottle for a dollar?

"Look a-here, mister!" said an old man as he pressed forward, "wasn't you down to Skinnersville last spring?"

"Skinnersville? I believe I was."

"Wasn't you sellin this same stuff down there?"

"Stuff? I was selling my Patagonian Hair Renewer, sir!"

"Waal, I want you to look at my head," continued the old chap as he uncovered a poll as small and shiny as a new dinner plate. "I bought a bottle of that stuff."

"Stuff! Do you mean my Hair Renewer?"

"Exactly. You warranted it to force a growth of new ha'r inside of six weeks. I used it. Whar's the growth? Whar's the new ha'r?"

"My friend," said the fakir as he grew very solemn, "do you recall the words blown into the glass?"

"No, I don't remember."

"Then let me jog your recollection. It says on every bottle, 'Not warranted in the case of an old baldheaded coon looking for a third wife.' Now, then, you were looking weren't you?"

"Yaas, I was lookin, and I got her, too, and you can go to pot with your old whitewash!"

"My friend, I"——

"And I got a hundred acre farm with her, and she's expectin a thousand dollars back pension, and if I was sixty-five years younger I'd lick yer outer yer butes fur a deceiver!"

"My friend, I"——

"Growth of new ha'r be durned!" shouted the old man as he backed off. "Didn't need new ha'r, nor any ha'r at all. She'd bin lovin me fur twenty years, and jumped at the chance to hev me! Go to ballyhack with yer old Pattygonian diswater and don't never speak to me again!"

M. QUAD.

Killed by Robbers.

JACKSON, Miss., Oct. 5.—This city was thrown into intense excitement, this morning, by the report that, last night, five miles south of Deny, in the Southern portion of this county, two white men, named Ben Watkins and J. D. Davis, and a negro, were killed by a band of four robbers and horse thieves. Watkins and Davis kept a country store, and the supposition is that the men attempted to rob it, and that while resisting them, Watkins, Davis and the negro were killed. A telegram received from Edwards, fifteen miles from the scene of the murder, says that the robbers' horses were found near that point. They are supposed to have taken an early train for Vicksburg.