

A MEMORABLE TRAGEDY.

It Grew Out of the Last Great Slave Auction In This Country.

The last great slave auction held in this country occurred just a year and a half before the war—in October, 1859—at the race track in Savannah. The slaves were the property of Pierce Butler, a picturesque and prominent figure at that day in Philadelphia society, who is today only remembered as having been the husband of Fanny Kemble, the actress, reader and author. His family name was Mease, but he inherited a fortune in lands and slaves from his grandfather, Major Pierce Butler of South Carolina, on condition that he should take the latter's name.

Butler's inveterate passion for gambling got him into financial difficulties. It is said that he lost \$26,000 on a single hand-four deuces against four kings held by his opponent.

Finally, to meet his losses, Butler was forced to sell his slaves. There were 988 of them in all. The sale took two days and netted \$303,850. Butler had chosen a good time to sell. A year later his negroes would not have been worth a dollar a head. But the sale would have been more profitable had it not been announced as one of the conditions that no division of families would be permitted; hence in order to secure a good slave buyers often had to take with them infirm or aged relatives. Out of this limitation grew a memorable tragedy. Tom Pate, a well known Vicksburg trader, bought at the sale a man, his two sisters and his wife, with the guarantee that they should not be separated. Disregarding this, Pate sold the sisters, one to Pat Somers, a brother trader, and the other to a resident of St. Louis. What legal rights a negro had in the south were well protected. Somers was told of the guarantee, and he sent the girl back to Pate and demanded his money. A quarrel was the result, and Somers was shot dead. Ten days later his nephew killed Pate and died from wounds received. The feud was kept up until every male bearing the name of Pate was wiped out, and then the war liberated the sisters.—New York Herald.

IF YOU—

Find fault with others, it will make them faultier.

Worry about your work, it will make you less capable.

Anticipate evils, you will be sure to bring them upon you.

Imagine you are disliked, it will make you less likable.

Talk about your ill health, it will make you less healthy.

Sit bemoaning the past, you will never get on in the future.

Talk much of what you are going to do, you will never do it.

Complain of lack of opportunities, you'll miss what you have.

Wall bitterly that it is an unjust world and life not worth living, you'll find it come true for sure, in your own case at least.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Get What He Asked For.

Among the best of the stories told by Russel, one of the Scotsman's former editors, was an instance of the innate cleverness of the newspaper boy. Russel had entered a train at Prince's street station, Edinburgh, one Friday, when a smart little newsboy immediately called out to him, "Scotsman, sir?" "How much?" said Russel jokingly. "A-penny, sir," replied the boy. "Oh," said the editor, "I don't want today's Scotsman, but if you could give me tomorrow's I will give you a sovereign for it." "Here you are, sir!" delightedly shouted the youngster and handed him the Weekly Scotsman, which bore the date of the following day. Russel paid the sovereign.—London Chronicle.

Little Red Riding-hood.

Little Red Riding-hood is the heroine of a well known nursery tale, which relates her encounter with a wolf in the forest, the arts by which he deceived her and her tragic end. Grimm derived the story from tradition current in the region bordering upon the river Main, in Germany. The legend is, however, widely disseminated. The wolf meanwhile takes refuge in a tree, the wolf meanwhile gnawing at the roots, when her lover, glarred by her cries, comes up just in time to see the tree fall and his ladylove crushed beneath it.

The Old-Time Almanac.

An old minister in a Massachusetts town tells how implicitly the people of a generation ago trusted the weather predictions of the "Yearner's Almanac." One of his flock had died and the pastor was consoling his widow, the subject of the funeral came up, and he asked when it was to be. "Wait, doctor," said she; "we must have it on a pleasant day." The kindly searched the almanac, and the day was set.

He obeyed the Law.

The professor swims from the sinking boat and climbs up on the bank. Then, dashing in again, he returns to the wreck and rescues his wife.

"But why didn't you save her before?" asks the captain in amazement. "Ah, my dear sir," was the learned man's reply. "I was bound to save myself first. Self preservation is the highest law of nature."—*Ellegende Blatter*.

No Quarrel.

Housewife—And you left your last place because of a quarrel with your mistress? Applicant—Not a quarrel, ma'am. Housewife—How was it, then? Applicant—Well, ma'am, I was after interferin' wid me, an' I spoke to her as one lady to another.—*Cleveland Leader*.

QUIT GRUMBLING.

Cease Worrying Over the Inevitable and Court Contentment.

How full the world is of grumblers! Many of the same people who scold in summer because it is warm scold the next winter because it is cold. There is no point between zero and the nineties that suits them. Whether the gray clouds yield rain or snow makes no matter. Neither is wanted. If skies are clear, somebody's cistern needs rain. If the showers descend, somebody's feathers are ruined. It would add much to our happiness and detract much from the fatal tendency to grow old if we would strive after contentment and cease worrying over the inevitable. The truly happy are the happy-go-lucky, who take everything as it comes and make the best of it.

If it rains, all that is left to do is to put up our umbrella, if we are so fortunate as to have one, and trudge along. Wet feet and bedraggled skirts won't kill any one any more than poverty and drudgery will, if there is something within us too sunshiny for poverty to cloud and too noble for drudgery to debase. The person who spends his life scolding because things don't go to suit him is like the fly on the king's chariot wheel. Things may not be planned exactly for the comfort of the fly, but his protest will never stop the procession. The best tactics for flies and grumblers to pursue is to take what comes along and be glad it is no worse.

OLDEN TIME PENAUTIES.

Charges of the Days When Criminals Were Boiled in Oil.

The subjoined record, extracted from the archives of old Paris, possesses a sufficient interest to warrant its publication. Our readers will see from it what a terrible thing the capital penalty was in former days and at the same time learn that the gentlemen who acted as executioners, with their assistants and torturers, did not labor for glory alone:

AN EXECUTIONER'S PRICE LIST.

To boiling a malefactor in oil.....48
To quartering him while alive.....30
To affording a criminal passage from life to death by the sword.....20
To breaking the body on the wheel.....10
To fixing his head upon a pole.....10
To cutting a man into four pieces.....25
To hanging a culprit.....20
To enshrouding the corpse.....20
To impaling a living man.....24
To burning a sorceress alive.....28
To flaying a living man.....38
To drowning a child murderer in a sack.....24
To burying a rascal at crossroads.....24
To applying the torture.....24
To applying the thumbscrew.....4
To applying the baskins.....4
To administering the Gehenna torture.....10
To putting a person in the pillory.....2
To flogging.....20
To branding with a hot iron.....10
To cutting off the nose, the ears or the tongue.....10
—London Lancet.

LIFE IN PENANG.

The Misery and the Discomforts of the Rainy Season.

A resident of Penang thus describes the rainy season there: "Our rains have set in with all their attendant comforts and discomforts, and they make one feel something like Robinson Crusoe when he made up the list of his blessings and evils. The planters are all rejoicing and are putting out their seedlings and cuttings and generally doing all they should do. The bullocks are beginning to fill out those ugly hollows between their ribs and about their flanks, for the grass on their limited pastures is growing rich and rank, and these patient, half starved beasts profit by it. Our trees have all put on new coats of brilliant green, and the whole place wears a newly washed appearance, very comforting after the dusty, dry season in which our soup tastes gritty and a piece of bread and butter seems to have had a bit of sandpaper glued on the butter side. But even our rains have their disadvantages.

"When I come home, thoroughly wet and disengaged with everything, and go to bed immediately after dinner, the roof commences to leak, and I have to get out and shift the bed. I interview the landlord in the morning, and he tells me roofs can't be repaired in the rain and that in all probability as soon as the tiles swell the roof will become water tight of its own accord. That doesn't cure either my lumbar or rheumatism, and when I take my bath I discover we are on the Adler Itam water service and have to bathe in pea soup.

"I mention the fact to the municipal president over a stengah at the club, and he says, 'My dear boy, I'm on the same service and have been combing mud out of my hair for a week.' This doesn't make me feel any cleaner. The lizards on the ceiling are waxing fat from the insects which are driven into the house by the rain, and I notice that the soup at dinner seems to have more body in it from the same cause. This does not improve my temper."—Chicago News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Almost every one has need of more sense than he has.

Even notice that when your judgment gets in its work it is too late?

A great many men imagine they would be governor if the office really sought the man.

It is awfully hard to believe that the man who catches you stealing just found you at it accidentally.

When a widower is having a love affair, he must wonder what idiot wrote "The whole world loves a lover."

When people are too easy with you, be careful. They may be letting out enough rope for you to hang yourself with.

Occasionally a man marries to prove that he can do as he pleases and finds when that is done that he no longer can.—Atchison Globe.

Black Hair Strongest.

Black hair is stronger than golden tresses and will sustain almost double the weight. Recently a German scientist has been experimenting and has found that it is possible to suspend a weight of four ounces by a single hair provided the hair be black. Blond hair will give way at varying weights, dependent upon the exact tint. A yellow hair will suffice support two ounces, a brown will hold up three without breaking, while a very dark brown will sustain an additional half ounce.

The greater vitality of the black hair is declared to be the reason for the preponderance of blond bald heads, and according to this experimenter, a person with jet black hair will still enjoy a full growth while the blond will have been bald for seven and a half years.

The Paddy Bird.

One of the best known of feathered creatures in India is the paddy bird. A traveler says of him: "The paddy bird is not afflicted with shyness. He is far too lazy to be disturbed by the approach of human beings. So confident is he that the natives of India call him the bluid heron. I once saw one of these birds standing motionless at the water's edge within ten feet of a grunting, perspiring washerman, who was dashing some clothes to pieces against a stone in a dirty duck pond. That is the way washing is done in India. Neither individual took the least notice of the other."

TESTS ACROSS Rings.

"What?" queried the fair maid, "is there the difference between a trust and a ring?"

"I'm afraid I cannot explain the difference in so many words," replied the young man in the case, "but if you put your trust in me I'll blow myself for the ring tomorrow."

And she put her trust in him.—Chicago News.

Prayerful Revenge.

A Puritan preacher named Boyd was in the habit of inveighing against Cromwell. Secretary Thurloe informed the latter, advising him to have the man shot. "He's a fool, and you're another," said the protector. "I'll pay him out in his own coin." He asked Boyd to dinner and before giving him my prayed for three hours.

Success, Not Failure.

May Gabbie—She's evidently willing to be friendly with you, anyway. She told me she invited you to her party, but you failed to get there. Bella Kose—That isn't exactly correct. I succeeded in not getting there. Exchange.

Get Surprising.

Mamma—I'm surprised at you, Johnny. Johnny (thoughtfully)—I wonder if you'll ever get used to me, mamma. You're always surprised at me.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves. Demosthenes.

SOME NEW ONES

In addition to the already large list of real estate now on sale, the SNOW AGENCY has recently listed and now puts the following city property and farm lands upon the market. Call or write for large and more complete list.

No. 452—Is a three-acre tract, in Blue Creek township; fair buildings; on public road.	\$ 400.00
No. 477—Is a ten-acre tract, in Blue Creek township; good land, log buildings.	800.00
No. 475—is a forty-acre tract in St. Mary's township; fair frame buildings; near school; good sized barn; running stock water.	2100.00
No. 456—is a good forty acres on stone road; near school; frame house; drove well; good location.	2800.00
No. 472—is a No. 1 forty-acre tract, in Washington township, one-half mile of stone road; frame buildings.	3200.00
No. 453—is a stock of merchandise that can be traded for a forty-acre farm and balance cash payment.	6000.00
No. 450—is a grain and feed grinder, cane mill and fixtures that the owner would sell, or would trade for other desirable property.	200.00
No. 452—is a desirable five-acre residence, near Madison st., west of the railroad; wool-house, chicken-house and park, cistern, etc.	600.00
No. 457—is a comfortable five-room cottage on First st., near Jackson; good lot; good location.	850.00
No. 479—is a two-room cottage on Tenth st., near Jefferson; good barn, cistern, fruit, etc.	1200.00
No. 451—is a new eight-room, story and half residence on Monroe st., west of 9th st., cistern, stable, chicken-house, etc.	1450.00

Properties listed and advertised without cost to the owner if left on the market for the time listed. Properties rented, bought and sold.

SNOW AGENCY

NATIONAL BANK BLOCK, DECATUR, IND.

Real Estate Transfers

TIME TABLES

ERIE RAILROAD

In effect June 25, 1905

WEST BOUND	
No. 8, New York Express.....	2:38 a. m.
No. 22, Marion and Columbus ex. 6:58 a. m.	
No. 4, New York, Boston, etc. 3:45 p. m.	
No. 14, Wells Fargo Express.....	8:30 p. m.
No. 10, Chautauqua and Buffalo ex. 9:37 p. m.	

WEDNESDAY	
No. 7, Chicago Express.....	1:50 a. m.
No. 9, Chicago Limited.....	2:58 a. m.
No. 21, Chicago Accommodation.....	10:10 a. m.
No. 3, Chicago Vestibuled Limited.....	12:56 p. m.
No. 13, Wells Fargo Express.....	6:02 p. m.

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No. 3, Chicago Vestibuled Limited.....	12:56 p. m.

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