

SOUTH CAROLINA POSSUM.

BY CHARLES H. WELLS.

When de night heah de possum cry,
He say an' he peal his eye,
He jump aroun' an' he kick up high,
For he know dat de critter gotta die.
Sure die! Shiloh!

He grab an' he fly' de tree;
He look up high. Mr. Possum he see,
He all stink veg'able as he happen fer to rot;
Den at twelve er' clock on d' table it am rot.

Steamin'! Shiloh!

Nex' he skin Mr. Possum an' he put 'im in de pot.
Wid de billin' wat' a' he do'k' grease hot.

An' all stink veg'able as he happen fer to rot;

Den at twelve er' clock on d' table it am rot.

Steamin'! Shiloh!

All pitch in, niggahs, now, an' help yo'sel's t' meat;

Den's nunnin' on d' earth dat's as good's possum

Be legs an' tender an' de tail am sweet,

Be back-bone am honey-comb, an' likewise de feet.

Yum-yum! Shiloh!

RAISING A CHURCH DEBT.

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

The Methodist Church at New Albion had long been struggling under a load of debt. Its edifice, built in the flush times following the war, was an ambitious piece of architecture—the church of the future beyond a doubt, since it was much larger than the congregation, and the pews were still vacant which the sanguine builders had expected to see filled by the men who were expected to pay off the mortgages. The Rev. Mr. Thorpe, the pastor, had carried this debt now for two years. It had been the burden of his days and the nightmare of his dreams. At length he had brought his congregation to the point of attacking it. He had made several anxious pilgrimages to the rich Methodists in neighboring cities, but found small encouragement. It was evident that the Methodists of New Albion must shoulder their own load. Accordingly, the first Sunday of October was devoted to a carefully-planned effort for the payment of the debt. Mr. Thorpe had concluded to dispense with the services of a "financialist" and to direct his own forces. There was to be no regular service in the church, but the public were invited to meet at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and, by the grace of God, the meeting would not adjourn, Mr. Thorpe said, until the debt was paid. A collation was provided in the basement, so that the people might spend the day in the work.

The debt amounted to \$22,000, and when the meeting opened in the morning \$17,000 were at once subscribed, this amount having been secured before and by private conference with the able contributors. The excellent start awakened great enthusiasm, and for a time subscriptions came in rapidly; but long before near the limit of the people's ability seemed to have been reached, and the list footed up only about \$24,000. Mr. Thorpe kept his forces well in hand, however, and showed no signs of wavering. Exhortations and appeals were interspersed with singing; a judicial and energetic committee did a great deal of personal work with individuals; messengers were dispatched to labor with absentees. But it seemed evident that the large gifts had all been gathered in, and there was still a deficiency of \$7,000, that the small subscriptions yet to be obtained would by no means supply.

As Mr. Franklin, of the Congregational Church, walked home after the service with his pastor, they passed the door of the Methodist Church.

"Let's look in a moment," said the pastor, "and see how they are getting on."

They sat down on one of the back seats and watched the proceedings. From Mr. Thorpe's occasional remarks they learned the situation of affairs, and saw that the cause was indeed popular, though the result was not to be

moment assured to such a conclusion.

As they walked along, Mr. Franklin said:

"Making a strong right turn, they?"

"Yes."

"But they will not take the last?"

"I don't know."

"I do. They have got to make a sticking point, and they will not get past it."

"Pity!" said Mr. Franklin, sentimentally.

After a moment's thought Mr. Franklin added, with a new interest:

"Is it lawful to pull your fellow-creature out of a pit on the Sabbath day?"

"I should say so, especially if he is trying to get out himself."

"Lawful to hitch up your horse to pull him out?"

"Yes," laughed the minister.

"Well, you go home and get your lunch and I'll get mine and have Major put into the buggy. I'll be around here before 1 o'clock, and we'll see what we can do."

"All right."

It was not long before the good white horse came at a walk-day pace to the door of the parsonage, and the friends were soon whirling away.

"Now, we've got to be swift," said the banker. "My first thought was to call only on some of our own people, but I am now inclined to give some of the rest a chance. The Episcopalians and the Free Baptists have a heavy debt of their own, and the Adventists are not able to help much. We must enlist the others. Brinsmade must call on the First Church folks, Ellsworth on the Baptists, Thompson on the Universalists, and you and I will look out for our own."

They were stopping at Mr. Brinsmade's door, and the master of the house answered the bell.

"We have set out," said Mr. Franklin, "to give the Methodists a little lift in paying their church debt. Will you go and stand in the vestibule of your church and waylay as many as you can of your strongest men, as they go into the afternoon service, and get subscriptions from them? Start the paper yourself. Then ask Mr. Phelps to take up a collection before the sermon for the same object. Get cash subscriptions, payable to-morrow at my bank. Report the amount to me at Mr. Strong's house by 4 o'clock, sharp. Will you do it?"

"What a steamboat you are!" said Brinsmade, laughing.

"Will you do it?" said Franklin,

strenuously. "No time for nonsense, old fellow."

"Yes, I'll do it."

"All right. Good-bye!"

And the white horse was soon flying down the street.

None of the other churches had afternoon services, and all that could be done in them must be done by personal application to a few of the most prosperous members. But Mr. Franklin had selected the right man as canvasser in each society, and after they had been sat at work he and his pastor returned to their own parish, which they divided between them, confining before 4 o'clock to a good proportion of its most generous members. At that hour they all met at the parsonage, as by agreement, bringing with them a much larger sum than the most sanguine of them had hoped to get.

"They came down handsomely," said Brinsmade. "Three or four refused to give anything, but most of them had their names down before they knew it. It dropped on them so sudden-like that they hadn't time to hunt up excuses. The old doctor warmed up to the business beautifully, and begged like a professional. Didn't suppose it was in him. They brought in nearly \$400 in the boxes, beside all I got from individuals."

The others had much the same story to tell. Sympathy with the Methodists in their courageous efforts was universal, and it had found a generous expression.

"Now each of you sit down and write a short letter," said Franklin, "explaining that the amount you have collected is from friends in your church, naming the amount and stating where it may be called for to-morrow, and we'll go over at once and send the letters up to Brother Thorpe. I trust he is holding out yet, but it must be pretty tough for a man who doesn't believe in the perseverance of the saints to hang on to such a poor promise."

It was about half past 4 when Mr. Franklin and his friends entered the Methodist Church. The back seats were all occupied, so they stood in the space behind the pews and looked on.

The church was pretty well filled, and Mr. Thorpe was still keeping up a lively fire of appeal and argument, but there were no responses, and it was plain that hope had departed from most of the solicitors.

"Will you walk forward and take seats, gentlemen?" said one of them.

"No, thank you," said Franklin; "we are only lobby members. How do you get on?"

"Slowly."

And the solicitor shook his head dolefully.

"How much have you got?"

"Only a little over twenty-five thousand."

"Why don't you stop where you are?"

"Then we lose everything."

Dr. Edward Eggleston, in a historical paper in the *Century*, on the "Indian War in the Colonies," says of the heroism of the wives of the pioneers: "The women of those times developed a readiness and courage as remarkable as that of the men. The Swedish women near the site of Philadelphia, while boiling soap, were warned that the Indians were coming. They took refuge, sow and all, in the formed church, blew the conch-shell horns to alarm the men, and when the Indians tried to unmask upon them, and so saved themselves from destruction until their husbands arrived. The known Indian Bradley, of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, who had more than her share of captivities and adventures, killed an Indian who was rushing into the open gate of her husband's garrison, by throwing boiling soap upon him; and when the savages came to capture her a third time, she saved herself by shooting the foremost one dead. In 1676, the battle which Hadley was fighting in defense of Hadley was decided by the promptness of the women, who loaded with small shot and muskets a canon that had just arrived from Boston and converted it to the defenders; these discharged it to the dismay and rout of the savages. A story is told of a maid-servant in Dorchester who defeated an Indian single-handed by the use of a musket and a shovel of live coals. A young girl in Maine shut a door and held it, and thirteen women and children had time to reach a block-house, while the Indians were shopping down the door and knocking down, though they did not kill, its defender. Twelve years after Bickford's ingenious defense of his house at Oyster river, some women at the same place imitated it. There being no men in the garrison, they fired an alarm, loosened their hair to appear like men, and used their guns so briskly that the savages fled. In 1712, Esther Jones saved Heard's garrison, in the township of Dover, in New Hampshire, by mounting guard and calling so loudly and confidently as to make the Indians believe that help was at hand. The stalwart Experience Bogaard, of Dunkard's Creek, in Pennsylvania, in a hand-to-hand fight in a doorway, in which two white men were killed, slew three Indians with an ax."

The reading of the letter was followed by a storm of applause and all the usual Methodist responses in the midst of which the organ struck up the Doxology, and the whole congregation rose to its feet and sang it with a tremulous energy.

"Will Brother Brinsmade come forward?" shouted Mr. Thorpe. But before he had time to insist on this a little girl was mounting the pulpit with another envelope, which the pastor received with trembling hands.

This letter stated that \$515, the gift of a few friends in the Universalist Church, would be on deposit the next day, at the same hour and place.

Over this the furore was redoubled, one enthusiastic brother mounting a seat, and calling for "the second verse of the Doxology."

"Better not protract the agony," said Franklin to Ellsworth. "Let us send our notes together."

The minister, who had now for six hours been under a continuous nervous strain, in whose heart confidence had given way to anxiety, and anxiety was beginning to change to discouragement, was so completely overcome by the contents of the other two envelopes that he sat down in his chair and could not speak for a moment; but at length he arose and half sobbed out:

"Two more, brethren. One from friends in the Baptist Church, with a pledge of \$925, and one from friends in the Second Congregational Church, with a promise of \$1,810. God bless them, every one!"

This time they were too excited to sing, but there was a volley of amens in response to the last ejaculation, and men and women all over the house were laughing and crying like children.

"Give us the footing now, Brother Harrison," said the minister at length to the Treasurer, who was keeping account of the subscriptions.

"Thirty thousand, one hundred and fifty-five dollars," was the answer.

"Less than \$2,000 more are wanted," said Mr. Thorpe. "What do you say to that?"

"Two hundred dollars more for me!" was the response from one of the heaviest of the subscribers; and then the supplementary subscriptions, large and small, came pouring in for ten minutes faster than the Treasurer could record

them. As soon as there was a short pause he summed up the amount again, and rising to his feet, quietly said:

"Thirty-two thousand, four hundred and sixty dollars—\$460 for shrinkage!"

The scene that followed can only be imagined by those who know what an enormous a church debt is to a devoted congregation, and who are familiar with the ways in which Methodists are wont to express their feelings.

"I perceive," said Mr. Thorpe, rising to his feet, after the tempest had subsided, "that all these pledges are to be paid to-morrow, at noon, at the First National Bank. It is easy to guess who is at the bottom of all this business, and I see him now, standing near the door."

"No scenes for me," whispered the banker to his minister. "I'm going. Make my excuses."

And he slipped out of the door and walked quickly away.

"Walter Franklin is the man," continued the parson, "and he is leaving the house this moment. Will some one bring him back?"

But that was a vain suggestion. Mr. Franklin, as everybody knew, would not be brought back.

"Mr. Franklin's pastor must answer for him then," said the minister; and Mr. Strong walked up the aisle amid great cheering. In a few graceful words he told the congregation that Mr. Thorpe was right in his conjecture; that the plan of aiding them in their difficult undertaking was conceived and set in motion by Mr. Franklin, who had, nevertheless, been supported in the heartiest manner by the gentlemen whom he had called; that the whole scheme was the inspiration of a moment and the fruit of a few hours' work; and that he trusted that the result of it would be, not only the emancipation of the Methodist Church from the bondage of debt, but the strengthening of the bonds of fellowship among the churches of New Albion. To that wish there were many fervent responses, and after a prayer of thanksgiving by the pastor and singing of "Blest be the Tie that Binds," the congregation broke up.

The day will never be forgotten by any who had part in its doings, and the fruit of the seed then sown will be reaped in the increasing charity of many generations. —*The Century.*

Women as Indian Fighters.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, in a historical paper in the *Century*, on the "Indian War in the Colonies," says of the heroism of the wives of the pioneers: "The women of those times developed a readiness and courage as remarkable as that of the men. The Swedish women near the site of Philadelphia, while boiling soap, were warned that the Indians were coming. They took refuge, sow and all, in the formed church, blew the conch-shell horns to alarm the men, and when the Indians tried to unmask upon them, and so saved themselves from destruction until their husbands arrived. The known Indian Bradley, of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, who had more than her share of captivities and adventures, killed an Indian who was rushing into the open gate of her husband's garrison, by throwing boiling soap upon him; and when the savages came to capture her a third time, she saved herself by shooting the foremost one dead. In 1676, the battle which Hadley was fighting in defense of Hadley was decided by the promptness of the women, who loaded with small shot and muskets a canon that had just arrived from Boston and converted it to the defenders; these discharged it to the dismay and rout of the savages. A story is told of a maid-servant in Dorchester who defeated an Indian single-handed by the use of a musket and a shovel of live coals. A young girl in Maine shut a door and held it, and thirteen women and children had time to reach a block-house, while the Indians were shopping down the door and knocking down, though they did not kill, its defender. Twelve years after Bickford's ingenious defense of his house at Oyster river, some women at the same place imitated it. There being no men in the garrison, they fired an alarm, loosened their hair to appear like men, and used their guns so briskly that the savages fled. In 1712, Esther Jones saved Heard's garrison, in the township of Dover, in New Hampshire, by mounting guard and calling so loudly and confidently as to make the Indians believe that help was at hand. The stalwart Experience Bogaard, of Dunkard's Creek, in Pennsylvania, in a hand-to-hand fight in a doorway, in which two white men were killed, slew three Indians with an ax."

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OBESEITY.

A Chapter for Fat People.
(From Harper's Barn.)

The disadvantages of obesity are numerous, its dangers to both health and life not a few. One of the very least of the former is the difficulty a fat person has in getting about, and in taking that amount of exercise without which the body cannot long be maintained in the only state which can with propriety be called condition. Exercise alone will not reduce a man's weight, though people usually believe so, but exercise will retard the accumulation of fat.

Adipose tissue is, to those inclined to corpulence, usually deposited not only under the skin—it would be well, indeed, if this were all—but in the spaces between the various muscles of the limbs, all around the heart and the kidneys, and