

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner said he had received several letters of late inquiring what initiation fee is charged, and how much dues were expected during the year. No initiation fee is required, but members who desire certificates of election are charged twenty-five cents for the same. These certificates are printed on pink paper from new type, new ink, and discount any amount offered for \$5. Over 2,000 of them have been issued up to date, and it is a fact beyond dispute that lightning seems to avoid the house where one of them is hanging. They ward off rheumatism, foretell the weather for a week ahead, and keep the house clear of rats, snakes, wolves, bears and all disagreeable visitors. The dues are \$2 per year, payable quarterly in advance. Any member who has Waydown Ebebe's receipts for a year's dues in his pocket is excused from serving on the jury and is entitled to a free railroad pass whenever he can get it.

PEITITIONS.

Among the thirty odd applicants for membership were two of the most famous colored men in America—Gen. Napoleon Dodo, of Toronto, who first applied sour milk and mashed potatoes for the cure of chilblains, and Judge Shipback Cassowary, of Virginia, who invented three different attitudes for safely milking a kicking cow. Both of them have stood in the shadow of the Pyramids, floated on the Nile, climbed the mountains of Switzerland and been swindled at Niagara Falls. They are now ready to join the Lime-kiln Club, buy a checker-board and a corn-cob pipe and settle down for a life of domestic peace.

ELECTION.

Sir Isaac Walpole was picked up for dead at 8 o'clock in the morning, having come down stairs in a new spring fashion, but yet he handled the bean-box with such celerity and dispatch that nine minutes sufficed for the election of all candidates favorably reported on, viz.: Uncle Dave Smith, William Elder, Overcome Smith, Col. Rambo Jones, Elder Jackson, John Quincy Adams and Berryville Scott.

UNADULTERATED GOODNESS.

The Secretary then read the following: SCHLEMBURG, TEX., March 13, 1882.

DEAR BROTHER GARDNER—I herewith inclose you circular announcement of installation of officers of our lodge, and extend to you an invitation to attend the same, and I herewith authorize you to draw on our Treasurer for a sufficient amount to purchase you a first-class round trip ticket and defray all expenses in a style befitting your position.

Yours truly,
TUNKAWAY SNIPES,
Cor. Secretary.

QUIET JOHNSON,
Treasurer Job's Coffin Lodge, No. 21 and Queen Esther's Tabernacle, No. 22.

The programme revealed the fact that over fifty honorary members of the Lime-Kiln Club were down to participate in the festivities. The following paragraph is selected from the programme of exercises:

7. The following subjects will be debated upon by different gents and ladies: First subject: Who has the most right to the United States, the African or the Indian? Second: Which has been the greatest destruction to the world, fire or water? Third: Which will take a person through the world farthest, money or manners? Fourth: Which exists the most in the world, love or jealousy? Fifth: Which is the most service to man, a dog or a gun?

Brother Gardner desired to return his heartfelt thanks for the invitation, but, owing to the near approach of the season for repairing the front gate, mending broken windows and surveying off onion beds, he would be unable to accept.

IT DOES NOT.

After lowering the contents of the water pail an inch and a half, and raising two windows to admit more oxygen, the Secretary announced the following inquiry:

GLENROSE, TEXAS, March 14, 1882.

DEAR BROTHER GARDNER—There is a superstition among the negroes of the South that all lawyers go to the bad place. Does such an idea prevail among the members of the Lime-Kiln Club? By answering this question you will oblige greatly.

Your distant friend,
COTTONSEED WHITE.

"I never heard dat dis club entertained any such superstition," said Brother Gardner in reply. "So far as de average lawyer goes, dis club has no particular respect for him. De average lawyer isn't a bit better dan de average criminal he keeps out of jail. De thief breaks de law to get money. De lawyer defends de thief for de same purpose, an' it most all happens dat de thief an' dem cleaned out when de lawyer an' frew wid him. But de greatest criminals an' de meanest men an' generally given time to repent. Arter de lawyer begins to grow old, an' de rheumatism catches on, an' his wife dies, an' his house burns up widout insurance, he an' forced to reflect on his past life, an' dat reflection probably brings repentance. I deem 'spose Heaben an crowded wid lawyers, but I reckon dat 'nuff of 'em squeeze in to keep things pretty lively fur sich angels as disturb de peace or obstruct de sidewalk."

CAN'T TELL.

The Committee on Unsolved Mysteries, to whom was referred the query: "What becomes of all the men who start for the North with washes to remove the tan from colored faces, and with preparations warranted to straighten hair?" reported that they were unable to arrive at a unanimous conclusion. One member of the committee thought they fell into rivers and canals; another was convinced that they got lost in the woods, while the third was of the opinion that shot-guns had something to do with their disappearance. It was a mystery still. They leave Richmond, Atlanta, Louisville and New Orleans for the North, are heard of in Ohio and Michigan, and all at once turn up missing. Friends write about them—search is made—rewards offered, but not a trace is obtained. An old hat is found in

a swamp—a bottle of hair-oil in a pasture, but the body is searched for in vain. The committee were instructed to take the matter under investigation for another month, and Pickles Smith was requested to serve with it. A rain storm having set in and twenty-eight of the members being unable to retain their seats on account of the leaks in the roof, the meeting adjourned, leaving Elder Foots in his usual state of sweet repose.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

Interesting Notes from All Over to Entertain Anybody.

A RUSSIAN traveller says that one-third of Asia and a considerable part of Europe still remain unexplored.

The importation of eggs into Great Britain last year was 750,000,000 or about two dozen for each man, woman, and child in the country. Their money value was over \$10,000,000.

In the far north of Europe spring has been unusually early this year. Primulas and rosebuds were gathered in Danish gardens in January, and the starling, the first harbinger of spring, had arrived from the south in flocks.

HOGE, on trial for his life at Bellefontaine, Ohio, was a handsome fellow, and women of the place made much of him, crowding round him in the court-room, piling his table with flowers, and some of them though only slight acquaintances, kissing him when a verdict of acquittal was rendered.

A RECENT treatise on plate shows how curiously slow people were in taking to forks. Thus the Duchesse of Tourraine possessed in 1389 nine dozen silver spoons, but only one fork. Thomas Coryat tried on his return to England from Italy in 1608, to introduce general use of forks, and got the sobriquet of *Furcifer*.

An eagle, whose wings measured seven feet from tip to tip, attempted to steal a goose on a farm in Jutland, Denmark, not long ago. The cries of the goose awoke Farmer Jensen, who caught the eagle, and, with the aid of his servant girl, cut its throat before it could extricate its talons from the goose's back.

The large estates in the province of Posen are passing from the hands of their Polish owners into those of Germans. Last year twenty-nine estates with \$9,500 acres of land had thus changed hands, and many large estates are now in the market. The Polish press lifts its warning voice in vain against these transfers of property.

A NEW ENGLAND court has decided that a man has a right to snore in the pew which he pays for in church. But a Chicago church is trying one of its members for sitting in a pew and making such faces at the clergyman as to prevent his going on with the service. According to the Massachusetts decision, however, he has a right to disturb the service if he does it in his own pew.

THE Sheriff of Dallas County, Iowa, wears shabby clothes, and is insignificant in appearance. He had occasion to take a portly well-dressed prisoner to the penitentiary. The convict, when they came into the Warden's office, coolly remarked, "Here's a man for you," and handed over the Sheriff to be locked up. The trick was not successful, yet the Sheriff had to submit to detention until his identity could be established.

MANY regiments in the British army have pets, and the Inniskilling Fusiliers brought from India in 1876 an antelope, which made a host of friends at Colchester, Portsmouth, and Preston, where the regiment had been quartered. But as soon as the regiment reached Enniskillen, Ireland (whence it has its name), their pet was shot. A circumstance of this sort gives rise to unspeakable bitterness, and is quite likely to lead to trouble.

Two acres of land near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, caved in the other day, the coal mine beneath having give away. Luckily there were no buildings on the ground, but there are tenement houses on the edge of it, and the inhabitants are busy moving. Loads of immense timbers are brought and thrown into the coal hole in the hopes of putting a stop to its caving in, but as yet it has had no effect. One man's farm has entirely disappeared.

A TROY doctor was recently awakened by the voice of one of his patients living in an adjoining village, apparently at the front door. The doctor hastened to dress. When he opened the door no one was to be seen. His patient died at or very near the hour that the doctor heard the voice calling him. This, we suppose, is a new version of the old story: "I guess they've given up all hope of old Podgers." "Why so?" "Well, I heard this morning they had called Dr. M."

A MAN in California took a revolver from his pocket to show his sister how a friend was killed with "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" pistol. "I won't be foolish enough to point it to anybody," he said, and turned around, and the bullet went into his sister. He does not pretend that he didn't know it was loaded. He says "he hadn't cocked it, and didn't touch the trigger." If these self-shooting pistols would not shoot anybody else, the population of the United States would be larger.

It is estimated that England alone consumes 1,200,000 pounds of ivory a year. This entails the death of 30,000 elephants, and it is thought that not fewer than 100,000 die annually. They breed slowly in the jungle and not at all when in confinement, even in their own country. The recent cases of birth here are extraordinary exceptions to an established rule. The London *Spectator* contemplates that Jumbo, if he attain full age—some 150 years—may be the last of his species; but it remains to be seen whether, as the births in "Zoos" have begun, the animals may not increase and multiply.

Russia Unprepared for War.

A St. Petersburg despatch to Berlin says that the general staff have made a report recognizing the impossibility of Russia waging an offensive war, and recommending that the Warsaw and Western fortresses be strengthened against a possible invasion.

Guittean has sold 7,000 of his autographs and 1,000 of his photographs, and 8,000 people are thus anxiously awaiting his execution. He now sees where he made a great mistake.

ALMOST HANGED.

A Condemned Murderer Unexpectedly Reprieved

Isaac Turner was not hanged to-day, but he had a close call. The scaffold, a huge, immensely strong thing, was erected in the jail yard, and while the public gazed upon a structure so novel for this part of the country Turner was in the hands of his valet. The doomed man bore up manfully. He submitted quietly to be dressed and shaved, and had his hair clipped. In his nice new black cloth suit and white shirt and elegant black necktie, he looked very respectable. He was surrounded by some colored ministers, who shaved his lips moved in prayer, and now and then, in an audible whisper, were uttered the words, "Lord, have mercy." The hanging was announced to take place at half past 11 o'clock, but it was determined by the sheriff not to stretch the culprit's neck until 12 o'clock, in order to allow time for intelligence to reach him of the last attempt made by Turner's attorney to either secure a reprieve or obtain a stay of execution. At 11½ the ministers having prayed with the doomed man, he was permitted by the jailer to see and shake hands with such of the prisoners as he desired. He shook hands with Neal and Craft, the Ashland murderers, both of whom bade him farewell, Neal's eyes filling with tears as he said farewell, and answering kindly Turner's expression of a hope that they would meet in heaven. Some doomed man in the same cell also spoke farewell and added: "I'm on the same road." He bade his brother good-by, and also some old friends, and left word for his photograph to be sent to his old mother in the country. He was then reconfin'd in his cell with the ministers, Arthur Johnson, Elder Daniel Jones, G. W. Hatton, and A. A. Price, with whom he began to pray loud and fervently. Everybody else had withdrawn. The scaffold and rope was examined for the last time. The crowd in the jail yard were put out, except the holders of tickets. From the cell of the doomed man came a hymn in which prisoner and preachers joined. It fell on the ears of those outside like a wail of anguish, and expressions of sorrow for the prisoner were loudly made. The clock now indicated 11½. In three minutes more the prisoner, who had expressed himself ready to die, would have been brought upon the scaffold, and, after prayer, launched into eternity. A housetop overlooking the jail yard was crowded with spectators, and everybody stood in momentary expectation of the tragedy. At 11:31 there was a bustle at the door near the office, and instantly a telegraph messenger came with the following message to the sheriff:

FRANKFORT, Ky., Nov. 26, 1881.

To Capt. Nicholas, Sheriff Fayette County: Appeal granted. Execution stayed. Beachamp and Sharp will be there with supersedeas by 4 o'clock P. M. Answer quick. THOS. C. JONES,

Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

The news was instantly communicated to those in the cell by the exclamations of the crowd in the yard and the sudden appearance of the jailer at the door, and the wail of misery was changed to a hymn of thanksgiving.

A more delighted negro was never seen than Ike Turner when the sheriff read the despatch to him, and he exclaimed, "God bless Gov. Blackburn!" The colored ministers were rejoiced, one of them declaring he hardly knew which had been reprieved, himself or Turner. But the poor fellows were mistaken as to the source of their relief. During the trial the attorneys for Turner saved no exceptions upon which to make an appeal, not even upon the motion for a new trial, relying, it is thought, upon the Governor's clemency, but he resolutely refused to interfere. There was absolutely no attempt made to pray an appeal during term time of the Circuit Court as required by the code, and the record showed nothing whatever upon which to ask and appeal. Nevertheless, the attorneys prepared a bill of exceptions and took them Frankfort. The Clerk of the Court of Appeals refused to issue a certificate of appeal or to docket the case. The Court of Appeals being in session, application was made to the Court for a mandamus to compel the Clerk to docket the case. The Court held that it was a ministerial act on the part of the clerk, and that he had no right to scrutinize the record to ascertain if the power steps had been taken in the lower court. Thereupon the Clerk issued the certificate of appeal, which is a supersedeas, and telegraphed to stay the execution. The attorneys, being too late for the train, came up in a buggy, being bound to present the necessary papers before sundown, which is about 6 o'clock, though in the face of the despatch, if no papers should arrive in time, the Sheriff would hardly have proceeded with his sentence. There appear to be no grounds for a reversal, but the case will now, perhaps, hang fire for some time in the Court of Appeals. When that Court passes upon it the Governor will be requested to fix the time for the execution. Till then Isaac Turner, colored, charged and condemned for the murder of another negro, named Abe Ray, has a lease of life, and after the higher court shall say let the hanging go on, Ike's soul will occupy his body as the Governor's tenant at will. An appeal granted, under the circumstances here detailed is the only instance known in the history of the jurisprudence of the State.—*Chicault Equiper.*

A \$35,000 Seat.

Some thirty years ago Mr. Green, an amiable Englishman, seeing a rather shabby old man looking for a seat in church, opened his pew door, beckoned to him, and placed him in a comfortable corner, with prayer and hymn books. The old gentleman, who carefully noted the name in these latter, expressed his thanks warmly at the close of the services. Time had effaced the incident from Mr. Green's recollection, when he one day received an intimation that by the death of a gentleman named Wilkinson he had become entitled to \$35,000 a year. Mr. Wilkinson was a solitary old man, without relatives. Green's act prepossessed him in his favor; he inquired about him, and found that he bore the highest character. There was a marvellously courteous hospitality in the matter of pews for some time after that bequest, but nobody else has yet got \$35,000 a year for a seat.

EMINENT PEOPLE.

The Empress of Austria did not hunt one day lately, because the weather looked threatening, but walked ten miles instead.

The Russian Prince Bristoff, who was sentenced a few months ago in Berlin to two years' imprisonment for defrauding a jeweler, has just been pardoned by the German Emperor, on condition of his at once leaving Prussia and never returning.

WHENEVER a member of the British royal family receives an English order, the cost of the "insigna" and the fees are paid by the nation. The Duke of Cambridge has been made a Knight of the Thistle. No one would grudge him his thistle, but when it comes to the country to have to pay about £500 for this weed being conferred upon him it is a very different matter.

LORD GEORGE MONTAGUE, an attaché of the British legation, who lately died at Washington, was son of the late Duke of Manchester, by a second wife, and, consequently, half uncle of Lord Mandeville. His mother married secondly Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, a connection of Lord Dufferin. He leaves one sister, now Countess of Kintore. Lord George was a promising young man. He died of diphtheria.

THE Duke of Edinburgh is not popular among the English people. He is thought to be haughty and ultra conservative, and his connection with Russia excites suspicion of his tendency to administrative severity. It is certain that in the present case Charles II's observation to his brother, when the latter declared that he would one day be headed like his father for his weakness in governing an unruly people, might be repeated with great aptness to the Prince of Wales: "Nay, nay, I am safe, for they would never behead me to make you king."

Bismarck's trick in taxing American hams wrapped in canvas as "cotton" goods calls to mind the expedient of Alexander von Humboldt, when, in 1805, he was engaged, with Gay-Lussac, in experiments with atmospheric pressure in Paris. A great many glass tubes were needed in the experiments, and those being costly in France and subject to a high duty, Humboldt had them imported, sealed at both ends, and described in the bill of lading as "German air." Air being non-dutiable, they were allowed to pass in consideration of the use to which they were to be put.

LORD SALISBURY is the descendant of the second son of the famous Lord Treasurer Burghley. Queen Elizabeth made but seven Peers in her fifty years' reign. Burghley was one. James I. raised Burghley's two sons to earldoms on the same day, but he made the younger an earl in the morning, and the elder in the afternoon, so that the younger had the precedence. Subsequently the younger got a marquise in 1789, while the elder did not get one until 1801, and now it is on the cards that the younger will still further keep the lead by a dukedom some day.

Towed by a Shark.

Heading across the bay to St. Simon's light the man in charge of the wheel hailed Mr. Tift and directed his attention to something ahead of us. The object turned out to be a shark's fin, so large as to be a matter of wonder to the sailors aboard. The boat happened to be provided with a shark line—a manilla cord about a half-inch thick, with a large hook tied to a trace-chain. A small piece of beef was quickly put on the hook, a float put on the line and then cast out, and then the line made fast to the capstan. As we neared the fish the fin disappeared and all eagerly watched the float. Suddenly the line tightened, the float disappeared, and the headway of the capstan yelled out: "He hooked!" I have been fishing, but I never saw the like of that. The fellow rose to the surface of the wave and looked at us. He had about seventy-five yards of line out by this time, and actually in a second he made a run and jumped clear over the bow of the steamer. The ladies then got under shelter and all hands held to hold that line. The fellow when he failed to eat us up, made for the ocean and fairly made the waters foam. After about a mile's run he began to tire, and the boat was headed for the beach on Joke Island. Gradually we pulled in the line until the boat touched the beach, and there one of the hands waded ashore, taking the end of the line with him, which he made fast to a stump, and came back for help. Four of us got on shore and we commenced to pull Mr. Shark ashore. It took all we could do, and two mile balls to boot, to land him. When I tell you that he measured seventeen feet ten and a half inches from tip to tip you will know what a job we had. We determined to prove that we caught this shark, so we gave two negroes \$4 to cut him open and get his head off so that we could get his jaw over home. His teeth are wonderful, being about three and a quarter inches long and so strong that he actually flattened out the big iron hook. The negroes made quite a prize. In his stomach they found eleven silver Mexican dollars and one Spanish doubloon, gold and a whole lot of brass buttons.—*Correspondence Albany (Ga.) News.*

The German Army.

An examination of the new Prussian army list shows that the slowness of promotion, at all events in the junior ranks of the German army, is increasing rather than diminishing. In the highest ranks, indeed, promotion was unusually brisk in 1881, twenty officers have been advanced to Lieutenant-Generals, and thirty-four to the rank of Major-General during the twelve months; whereas in 1878, for instance, only four Lieutenant-Generals and sixteen Major-Generals were nominated. There were also sixty-five promotions to the rank of Colonel in 1881: but in an army so large as the Prussian a few extra promotions in the highest ranks do not appreciably effect the rate of advancement among the great body of the officers. The number of years which a subaltern has to serve before he gets his company, or a Captain has to serve before he attains the rank of field officer, is continually increasing, and it is difficult to see how a remedy is to be provided for this stagnation of promotion without enormously adding to the pension list. Closely connected with this slowness of advancement is probably the noticeable dearth of subalterns in the infantry and cavalry.

HOW WOMEN EAT.

Dainty Women as Seen at the Supper-Table.

I used to know a husband, says Clara Belle, who said that he always fell more or less out of love with his wife on Sunday, but tumbled slap in again when he saw her arrayed for church. She was at such times so neatly dressed, so smiling, so sweetly different from her everyday aspect, that she made a regular weekly conquest of his heart. Oh, there are few women who can't be charming if they earnestly set about it—even while eating. I mention this test of feminine grace because it is a severe one. The process of filling the stomach ordained by nature is vulgar in itself, and a great deal of daintiness is required in the woman who would eat unrepellantly. Fried oysters are a sore trial to the cerebral girl who sits down to them with her admirer after a late theatrical performance. It has been five or six hours since dinner, and she is as hungry as a bear that has lived on its paws all winter. She knows that bed-time is close ahead, and she will not have to endure her corset long, if she does tighten it from the inside. But a big appetite is disenchanting in a maiden, and fried oysters are greasy. The problem before her is how to put the seven oysters into herself without convincing the young man that her stomach is about like his own in its periodical call for food. There is a risk in the matter that no skill can wholly eliminate. The best rule is to put on an expression of very mild disdain at each mouthful, as though you took it in under protest. Don't overdo this and look as though sickened, but just elevate the brows a trifle smile faintly, and try to give the impression that you tolerate a fried oyster, but do not, banker after it. I watched a slender, graceful, angel-faced creature in a fashionable oyster-house the other night, and saw that by neglecting her deportment she was shocking the fellow across the table. Perhaps she didn't care whether he adored her or not. Anyhow, she was putting the oysters into her mouth by halves, chewing them with undisguised gusto, swallowing plenty of bread and cut cabbage along with them, and taking no pains whatever to disguise the fact that she was enjoying them mightily. At the next table sat a thicker and older woman, who practiced the art of oyster eating as I have indicated it. Her facial expression was clever. She slipped in the food in big pieces when her companion wasn't looking and nibbled when he was looking. She got away with a hearty meal without appearing to have taken anything to speak of, and it was only the empty plates that revealed the fact. She was not less skillful in drinking her half of champagne. The glass was lifted to her lips like the hand of the queen to kiss; her mouth shut over barely an inch of the brim; there was no slopping or gurgling; the wine trickled neatly down her throat, but with quite sufficient celerity. When starting to go out, with considerable of the fluid effervescing in her brain, she failed for a dreamy instant to recognize her reflection in a full-length mirror, and tried to turn out to let herself pass by herself. The blunder was seen by nobody but me. She recovered her equanimity instantly, and departed as smoothly as a fairy.

A Cycle of Earthquakes.

The recent terrible earthquake in Costa Rica recalls again the fact that we are now witnessing one of the most remarkable periods of terrestrial disturbance that has ever been recorded. The fact that we hear of so many minor earthquakes, mere tremblings and shakings which cause more or less alarm without doing much damage, may be owing to the system of observation that has recently been adopted. The study of earthquake phenomena as a special branch of science is comparatively new, and the men who have established what may be described as earthquake observatories, or rather observing stations, at various points on the globe do not allow any tremor of the ground, however slight, to go unnoticed. But besides the many slight shocks that have been felt in almost every country, there have been, within a year or two, several destructive earthquakes, the like of which the world, fortunately, does not frequently see. In November, 1880, occurred the great earthquake shock at Agram. About a year ago, in this same month, Casanoviola was destroyed. A month later followed the still more terrible disaster at Chios. Shocks of less intensity were felt at times at both Agram and Chios during the whole of last year and the disturbance has not even yet ceased altogether. It was hardly to be expected that the Central American countries, crowded with volcanoes and forming one of the great centres of earthquake commotion, would escape a shaking, and the recent disaster in Costa Rica is, therefore, not a matter of surprise. More than a year ago there was evidence of the struggle of internal forces in that region when the surprising phenomenon of a lake was witnessed at Illopango, in San Salvador.

Disastrous shocks have, within the last two years, been experienced in two or three of the principal earthquake regions of the globe, namely, the Mediterranean region and the narrow waist of the Western continent. In the East Indies there has been no great disaster within this time, but further north, in the interior of China, earthquakes have caused great loss of life and property within twelve months.

Raisins.

There are three principal kinds of raisins known to merchants—the small sultana or stoned, the large red, and the large black. The sultanas are taken chiefly by the countries of puddings, England and Germany; three-fourths of the larger red fruit go to Trieste, Germany and Holland; and the black fruits were until lately almost wholly for Constantinople, Salonica and the Danubian provinces. But the growing manufacture of raisin wine in France brings an increasing quantity of raisins to the French ports. The remainder are not all eaten—vast quantities are taken by distillers in all European countries.

Wrapped in mystery—a bone in the commuted fool.