

PEOPLE AND SUBJECTS, AS SEEN AND TALKED ABOUT IN OUR EXCHANGES, GET ADDITIONAL ADVERTISING.

Feeling Himself Out of Danger, the Editor Make Some Comments and Observations.

Did Hill gain any votes by Southern trips?

Quay has furnished Mahone with \$50,000.

Will it be Cleveland or Hill in 1892?

Goodness! Where's my son Oliver? Like to hear from him.

There is a period of trusts, but there is a painful scarcity of that genuine trust.

That's a big compliment paid Col. L. L. Polk by the Atlanta Exposition. Came for him in a special car.

It is thought that Harrison will recommend the repeal of the tobacco tax. Wouldn't that be surprising if he did?

A young fellow in Kansas City petitioned the court to change his name because his "father disgraced it."

A national official has been removed on account of his "being too suspicious." The Harrison gang can't endure waiting.

Ohio's governor is laid up with "arthritis"—this is probably a disease caused by the too extensive use of his venomous tongue(?).

Boys that have three or four marriageable girls sustain considerable expenses these dark, cold nights.

T. N. Ingram, of Australian fame and native of this county, writes from Baltimore to the Charlotte News protesting against locating the Apache Indians in Western North Carolina.

The new two-cent stamp will be smaller, and red in color. This will save a lot of licking, but the red color seems rather "tacky," but please Wamwam likes consistency. It suits the complexion of some of the bloody-shirt month-pieces quite well too.

What mighty results are attained by the capability of the human mind! The new scheme of the electricians proposes to move trains at the rate of 175 miles per hour.

The Fayetteville Observer is pretty pointed in this: "The most vivid and startling illustration we heard of the devil quoting scripture is Ex. 6:6. Holden writing on the second coming of Christ."

The only sign of solemnity that Bill Alexander showed when sentence of death was passed upon him last Saturday in Charlotte, was a most vigorous emptying of an accumulated quantity of tobacco juice squirted out to the distance of two yards. He's game.

The North Carolina Teacher for October, contains two chapters of the series of articles to be written on the European trip. These chapters tell of the secretary's efforts in getting up the excursions, and a too vivid description of the vomiting that was indulged in.

The milk trust! What an enterprise! This thing will work handsomely where water costs a good deal, but the rural districts can knock the spots out of the concern as long as water flows abundantly in our streams and chalk is cheap.

The New York Tribune, in speaking of the movement in North Carolina to provide for a soldiers' home says: "This is a charity in which every Union man, soldier or citizen will heartily sympathize."

There seems to be a growing tendency to speak of the leading characters, in church and state, as self-made men. This thing is a hobby that won't stand long—for the students of persons now figuring in public affairs, while "self-made," may have cheated themselves unmercifully.

The Charlotte Chronicle, in a few glowing remarks upon the signing of the death warrant of the green-tinted stamp, says: "Farewell to the beauty lost! Farewell to the lovely green stamp! The melancholy days have come."

My brother, do you think Mr. John will sell the "red uns" any cheaper by the hundred?

THE STANDARD.

VOL. II.--NO. 41.

CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

WHOLE NO. 94.

POETRY.

MY AUTUMN.

Once there was a Spring for me, When she was here; With morning song for melody, And golden smiles for sunny hours; The sky was happy-toned with love; 'Twas April chant around—above, When she was here.

The summer came with fevered hand When she was here; Her cheek was by a hot wind fanned, And her eyes went out of bloom, And clouded hours died in gloom. She waked not to her baby's cry, Dark lashes o'er-sweet tired eye,— She was not here.

Nesting, lift your little head, And call her here; Leaves are crimsoned, falling, dead; Heart and bough grow bleak and bare; Frosty spangles edge the air. Call her to our Autumn nest, For our warmth lay in her breast, When she was here.

Then, then came my winter home, With her not here; Nor will another Spring time come, For joy now quivering, now is dead, My darling and my heart are wed; Leave them—frozen into one; Keep away—both song and sun; For she's not here.

Brave Scotch-Irish.

THEIR DEEDS OF VALOR IN THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Mecklenburg and the Sturdy Pioneers Who Built It.

THE FOUNDATION OF A GREAT PEOPLE—A REUNION OF THEIR DESCENDANTS SUGGESTED.

Nashville American.]

As so much has been said recently about the Scotch-Irish, you may publish this note if you think it worthy of a place in your good paper.

On the 4th of July, 1888, I left Nashville and on the night of the 4th landed at Concord, the county town of Cabarrus county, N. C., which was in 1790 formed from Mecklenburg. The facts I gathered there of the Scotch-Irish were very interesting to one who loves to listen to the exploits of those hardy pioneers who settled that country and brought with them their Presbyterian religion, and from whom a majority of the Scotch-Irish of this part of Tennessee are descended. Many of those who settled that country were of those who suffered persecution in the old country and fled to America for protection and liberty. Many of them were of the Presbyterian faith—brave, faithful to their God and having a longing desire for liberty of expression to their religious belief.

Mecklenburg County and a few bordering counties was the place selected as their home, and there they came shortly after coming to America. This is the great Piedmont belt that lies midway between the Atlantic coast and the Appalachian range of mountains. In 1752 they organized two churches in that county, one at Sugar Creek and the other at Poplar Tent, about twelve miles apart. It was this blood that drew up and signed the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on that memorable day the 20th of May, 1775. Hezekiah Balch, one of the signers of this document, was a Presbyterian minister, whose eloquence and zeal was of great influence in urging its adoption. He preached at Poplar Tent and Sugar Creek for a long time to the ancestors of many families now living in this part of Tennessee. Some of his members moved to Southern Alabama, Mississippi and Missouri, whose descendants still live there. Rev. John C. Robinson also preached at the above places for many years about the time of the great move from that country to the then new States. In nearly every case these were of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian blood.

That is the country that General Cornwallis called the Hornet's Nest during the Revolutionary war, and where the seven "Black boys" destroyed his wagon load of powder on its way from Charlotte to Salisbury. It was here that twelve Americans drove 400 British soldiers into Charlotte while out foraging and plundering. They were attacked at the house of one McIntire, five miles from Charlotte, and the same house is standing there now, a monument to the stratagem of these twelve Scotch-Irish patriots. It was at Sugar Creek that our own beloved Andrew Jackson, while a boy, listened to the eloquent patriotic appeals of Rev. Hezekiah Balch from the pulpit, while electrifying the Scotch-Irish blood around him. No doubt his youthful blood was then stirred by such appeals for liberty that his young heart grew warm while breath-

ing the pure Scotch Irish atmosphere around him, and perhaps laid in him the foundation of his future greatness. He was born near the southern limit of this belt of country, but to escape the insults of the enemy during the Revolution, his mother moved with him to the vicinity of Sugar Creek into the midst of the Hornet's Nest, peopled by those generous and hospitable Scotch-Irish, and among whom she found friends and protectors for the boy that was to become one of the greatest and grandest men the United States has ever produced.

It was here also that John McNitt Alexander was reared. He was chairman of the Mecklenburg Declaration Convention, and left a long line of Scotch-Irish blood behind him, which has formed some of the good material that has preserved that country, and helped to lay the foundation of everything that pertains to advancement in education and political importance. I was shown his knee breeches, silk stockings and other relics that his descendants have preserved. It was the Scotch-Irish blood that formed the colleges in that county which are of national reputation, and were for a long time the leading institutions of learning in the South.

In mingling with the descendants of those sturdy first settlers of that country one is impressed with the adherence with which they cling to the traditions of their ancestors, and find their hearts ready to imbibe that which is elevating to the human mind and conscience, and their pure and generous hospitality. There are so many names that might be mentioned—it would be too tedious to name them—who came from Mecklenburg and adjoining counties, whose warm, Irish blood has been the principal factor in forming our political importance and advancing in everything that is for the welfare of a free republican government. Mecklenburg was one of the principal places in the United States where the Scotch-Irish influence was felt, and from which came the material which laid the foundations of Presbyterian churches in Tennessee, and from whom are descended many of the leaders in the other denominations in our country.

Then let us cherish in our memories the names of those sturdy Scotch-Irish, so full of zeal and love for that which is ennobling to the character of man, and still hold in reverence the place of their nativity in the old North State, under whose broad-spreading poplars and high-reaching pines they taught their children to fear God and keep his commandments, and sowed the seeds of those virtues that have sprung up in this country and produced so much good fruit to the glory and honor of God. Well did they choose a place for their settlement, for Mecklenburg and the bordering counties are to-day the most productive in the State, and their towns are noted for their beautiful residences and refined appearance. Charlotte, a city of 15,000 inhabitants and the capital of Mecklenburg, is a progressive place and contains many beautiful buildings that would be ornaments to any city in the South. It is situated 760 feet above the level of the sea and from its house tops splendid views of the mountains can be obtained. King's Mountain, of historic interest, can be seen from this place. The elegance of its churches, the neat and comfortable appearance of its private residences bespeak a refining influence.

The First Presbyterian Church especially, stands as a monument to the Scotch-Irish love for that which is well-pleasing to God. Queen's College, the first educational institution of the kind established in the United States, was built here. The brick used in its construction was imported from England. The house used by Lord Cornwallis for his headquarters remained standing till 1886, when it was torn down to give away to the march of improvement. He camped here for eighteen days in the fall of 1780, but it was too hot a place for him, so he left and called it the Hornet's Nest. The county and city are named in honor of Princess Charlotte, of Mecklenburg, and the county was formed in 1762. We should feel proud of the fact that this grand old county should have such a beautiful city for its capital—and such an important one in a commercial sense. Several railroads cross here, and about 30,000 bales of cotton are bought there yearly in wagons for shipment, and about 60,000 bales are shipped from there every year to England. The United States had a mint established there in 1838. I hope I may not

say too much of this city, and only speak of it because of its elegant appearance, the hospitality of its people, and because it was founded by the Scotch-Irish, who have so many descendants in this country.

If any of the readers of The American visit this city and have a desire to learn more of its people and history, let them call on Gen. R. Barringer or Dr. W. M. Hayes, and they will receive a hearty welcome and learn many interesting facts concerning the history of that country not yet published. And before leaving do not fail to visit Sugar Creek, a short distance from there, and also Poplar Tent, seventeen miles from there in Cabarrus county, and call on Col. Thos. H. Robinson, who is now over 80 and a son of Rev. John Robinson, who can tell many things of interest concerning the early history of that country, and whose father was for a long time a leader in education and the ministry. At Poplar Tent are the graves of Rev. Hezekiah Balch, Rev. John Robinson and many others who were prominent and influential factors in the history of that country.

It would make this article too long to mention all the prominent men who were born in this part of North Carolina and speak of their noble and patriotic qualities, but it must be remembered that this same county, in the old North State was the birthplace of James K. Polk, who occupied the Presidential chair during an eventful era in the history of the United States. If we turn to other States as Missouri, Alabama and Mississippi we will find that the Scotch-Irish blood that came from Mecklenburg county arose to importance and became the leaders in politics and religion. Shall the patriotism that filled the hearts of these men be allowed to die? Should the youths of our country be allowed to grow up without being taught that patriotic devotion to their country that enthused the hearts of their ancestors? While so many reunions of the soldiers are being held every year in the North and South, could not the descendants of those patriotic Scotch-Irish of the days of '76 afford to meet together in Mecklenburg county, N. C., and do honor to the memories of her noble and illustrious sons?

The Scotch-Irish assemblage at Columbia, I hope, is the first step to do this. If the speeches that were made there had been made while standing on the soil of Mecklenburg, it certainly would have made the heart feel warmer and inspired the youth of the country with a greater reverence for the memory of their ancestors. We may go North or South, and I think we will fail to find another county in the Union that deserves as much honor as Mecklenburg, N. C. After one has visited the old cemetery in Charlotte and also the ones at Sugar Creek and Poplar Tent and learned the history of their buried dead, and also that of their descendants, they certainly will arrive at the same conclusion. Would that the youths of the present generation could be inspired with the same sentiments that filled the hearts of their ancestors.

A. H. Gallatin, Tenn., Sept. 30.

Whipped Two Men.

It appears that Willow Springs has at least one contagious girl that understands how to use a cowhide. A dispatch from there says: This little city has been in a fever of excitement all afternoon over a cow-hiding affray. Travis Taylor, a middle aged man, with a wife and two children, wrote a very insulting letter to Miss Fannie Osborne, a daughter of a respectable farmer.

The girl and her mother brought the letter to town and showed it to friends, and upon the advice and encouragement of a number of the best citizens, the girl purchased a cowhide to whip Taylor.

They found him in the office of the hotel, but she was prevented striking him by the landlord. Taylor put himself in charge of police Young for protection.—Young made himself very officious in the matter, and started to accompany Taylor home, but was whipped by the girl and her mother. They began whipping Taylor, but Young seized the cowhide and arrested the girl.

He placed her under bond, which was quickly filled by a large number of indignant citizens who were encouraging the girl. As soon as the justice came out of his office the girl proceeded to wallop him with the cowhide in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. The justice was so overcome that he did not again place the girl under arrest.

Relating to Immigration.

Statesville Landmark.]

"The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company is inducing mechanics to leave New England cities and locate in the towns of Alabama," and the Raleigh News and Observer said something sensible again when it remarked:

The trouble with us here is that we have not the proper kind of work to offer such people. We have workmen here at home for all the use we have for them. What is desired is to create more of that kind of employment. Start new enterprises requiring skilled labor. There is no want of men—there is want of employment for mechanics and artisans.

This is the situation exactly, and hence the unwisdom of a general invitation to Tom, Dick and Harry to come and make their homes with us. There is an abundance of idle and half idle land in the State. We need more farmers of the class who can buy or rent land, stock their farms and set up on an independent basis; of farm labor, pure and simple, we have enough, such as it is.

We need men to come to North Carolina who have money enough to set up in manufacturing, on a great or small scale—men who will engage in any branch of productive enterprise on their own account. Idle labor stands around the streets of all our towns; we need no more population of this class until employment is found for that we already have. We need no more merchants or shop keepers; this business is already so cut up that there is little profit in it to those engaged in it. The need of North Carolina is an immigration of men who will produce something or develop something or manufacture something that we already have in the raw state. When these come and give employment to our present labor, common and skilled, then we can invite in more common laborers, more mechanics and more artisans. If we bring them here before that time we will bring them only to disappoint them. What would be a great deal better, however, than waiting for the manufacturers to come, would be for our own people who have means invested in stocks and bonds and notes and mortgages and merchandise to become manufacturers themselves, and we do not hesitate to express the conviction that until they do so it is idle to invite outside manufacturers in.

Prices of Cotton.

Below we give an interesting table showing the number of bales raised and the highest and lowest prices paid each year since 1825. We would like to have been able to give the prices paid here during these years, but it was not possible to get them.

Table with columns: YEAR, BALES, Highest, Lowest. Data from 1824 to 1888.

\*To September 1st.

A little boy, thirteen years old, has been sentenced in New York to five years in the Juvenile Asylum for selling lozenges in Central Park.

Surveying.

It was not expected that the founders of this government, State or National, would have made the government machinery to work without a few jars, but is the duty of those, who, by experience, find a screw loose or any part where friction is injurious, or where some part of the machinery can be adjusted to work more smoothly and without friction, to exert themselves to better the condition of our people, to do so.

Man in an humble position in life may see errors which may, by a judicious use of printers ink, be brought before the Legislature, and be corrected. Each member of the Government system has a duty to perform. It was a point well-put in our last Legislature when some member introduced a bill requesting each Judge to recommend to the next Legislature such change, or changes in our judicial system that would better advance the machinery of the courts. We all have seen in our lives a need of a system of land surveying, which will be just and right. Many have been the suits in the several courts, where heavy costs have been incurred, by bad surveys, in land measurement, and land calculations. Few men, not more than one in a thousand in each county can compute an area of land from notes. It has been my experience, in thirty years with the compass and chain, to find many errors in land measurement and the calculation of areas; and with such an experience it is fit for me to point out a correction of the present mode of computing areas. Let our next Legislature say, by enactment, that each county surveyor, or any man who proposes to survey land shall be required to stand an examination as to his qualifications to fill such an important part in the county, and obtain a license to survey, if found competent. If not competent, not be allowed to survey land. The teachers who teach our children the multiplication table and the rudiments of an English education are required to stand an examination and if not competent are not permitted to teach. This is right. How much more important is the need of the public knowing that the man who surveys your land is qualified to perform that duty correctly. Any man of ordinary education and aptness to learn, can in a few months, practice with compass and chain, take bearings and measure lines, but this is a small consideration to calculating the contents of a survey correctly. There is but one correct method of computing a survey, and that is by the traverse tables. All other methods are approximation, guessing. It has been my privilege of late to compute the areas of several surveys, which have been calculated by protraction. In one, said to be sixty acres, I find an error of 5 Acres, 2 Rods and 15 P., which land was sold at \$40 per acre, a difference in dollars and cents of \$223.75. In another of forty acres which was sold at \$100 per acre, I find a difference of 1 of an acre. In another tract of land surveyed by a county surveyor I find an error of 94 acres in 400 acres. I could give many instances of errors in this county in land surveys. Your readers will naturally ask how is this erroneous system to be corrected? Let me say, very easily. Let our Legislature in addition to the plan of an examination of surveyors, establish a county computer, a competent person whose duty it shall be, when so required, to calculate by the traverse table, when furnished with the field notes, any parcel of land. The sixty-five and one-half acres of land mentioned above (27 lines) could have been computed for \$7.75, a saving to the parties who sold it of \$216. I have the highest authority in the State in saying my work is correct, and am willing to let it be seen. Yes, let the next Legislature give each county a county computer for land surveys, whose duty it shall be to order a re-survey in cases where the error in the survey is too great. I further state that in the method of computing areas by protraction or from the plat that to divide into triangles from one side, and re-divide into triangles from another side the amounts will not be the same. But in computing by the traverse table the result will be the same commencing at any corner. I am also in favor of a law compelling a periodical survey of all lands in each county, once in twenty years, so that old corners destroyed, may be pointed out by living witnesses. In the Legislature of 1870 a bill was passed requiring the county commissioners of each county to establish a true meridian, marked by stones, and

each surveyor required to compare his compass two or three times each year to correct any defect in the needle. This is an excellent law. Has any county in the State complied with the law? I hope the press will pass this article around and start the ball in motion, by bringing the subject before the members of the next Legislature.

J. W. MEHAFFRY.

Of Use in Diphtheria and Croup.

W. R. White, of Chester, sends the following, whose value he has tested: In a report to the French Academy of Medicine, Dr. Dietholl stated that the vapor of liquid turpentine and turpentine would destroy the fibrinous tissues which choke up the throat in croup and diphtheria. He described the process of treatment as follows: Take a teaspoonful each of turpentine and liquid tar; put them in a tin pan or cup, set fire to the mixture, taking care to have a larger pan under it as a safeguard against the spread of the flames. A dense, resinous smoke arises, making the room dark. The patient immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rattle stop; the patient falls into a slumber and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrinous membrane soon becomes detached and the patient coughs up microbes, which when caught in a glass, may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days the patient entirely recovers. This remedy has proven successful in many instances, and householders everywhere should bear it in mind. A prominent gentleman in Charleston, who applied the treatment to his child, after the sufferer was given over as incurable by his family physician, suggests that before burning the ingredients named, all such articles as would be likely to be injured by the thick smoke should be removed or covered up closely.

A Wizard's Fan.

New York Sun.]

"Talking of the Chinese play here, said a well-known lawyer yesterday, 'I never had more fun than I did at the Chinese performance in San Francisco several years ago. I went there with Herrmann, the magician, and several San Francisco journalists. It was in the Chinese quarter, and the performance was the adjourned act of a play that had been started a month before. In the lobby were a lot of Chinamen peddling Chinese sweetsmeats, oranges and other fruits. Herrmann made a dead set at the orangeman, a thin-faced avaricious looking fellow, who wore queue at least five feet long. Herrmann bought an orange and cut it open. With an exclamation of delighted surprise, his eyes sparkling, and his face lit up with smiles, he drew a \$5 gold piece out of the pulp and held it up so that the latter's Chinaman could see it. The latter's eyes bulged from their sockets and a pained look of disappointment crossed his expressionless face. Herrmann bought three more oranges, and from each he drew a shining fiver. By this time the perspiration rolled in beads down the Chinaman's face, and he looked so sick I felt sorry for him. He gathered up his stock, muttering to himself, and when Herrmann wanted to buy another half-dozen the Chinaman refused to sell them. 'I'll give you a dollar for them,' said Herrmann. The price was only twelve cents, but the Chinaman was tired of giving away gold pieces. 'Me no wantee sellee,' he said shrilly. 'A few minutes later he retired into a corner, and with the air of a conspirator began to cut up his oranges. One after another they went, and his look of disappointment became darker as the magic gold pieces failed to appear. It was actually tragic when the last one was gone, and Herrmann gave him a dollar to prevent his committing suicide.'

The Crooked Elbow.

A San Francisco four year old was observed making queer movements with his elbow. His aunt asked him what he was doing. 'Crooking my elbow,' said the precocious. 'But what are you crooking your elbow for, Johnny?' 'Cause I want to get a nice little strawberry on my nose.'

The Mayor is Unhappy.

Chicago Mail.]

The mayor of Litchfield, Ill., is a very sore man. A sand-bagger happened along the other day and arranged to hold up a few of the wealthiest citizens. His plans were given to the police by a confederate and a posse of six officers set out to take the robber. In order to be caught red-handed, as it were, the mayor was sent ahead to be held up. He was stopped by the young man and made to throw up his hands and keep them up while the robber took his watch, money and valuables. Then the police charged, but the robber began shooting at them and after a general fusillade on both sides he drew a knife and cut his way out and escaped with the booty. The mayor is feeling as sore as a stubbed toe and is contemplating getting even with the police by firing the whole force.

A BULL RUN INCIDENT.

While Gen. Beckwith was on duty in Washington as commissary the battle of Bull Run was fought. Among the hundreds of war correspondents then located in and hovering about Washington was the editor-in-chief of a Chicago daily paper—a man who has since achieved national reputation. This journalist was very anxious to go to the front, but the means of his conveyance were scarce. In his extremity the Chicago editor applied to Capt. Beckwith for a horse, and was furnished with a splendid and very valuable animal, on which he rode down to the vicinity of the battle. When the raw union troops were routed the editor fancied his precious horse was a trophy of particular value to Beauregard's victorious troops, and he made a desperate ride of it back to Washington. His fright did not end with his arrival under the shadow of the capital, for he thrust Capt. Beckwith's jaded steed into the firstillery stable he came to, and it was months before the owner found it, and then discovered it by the merest chance. Meanwhile the great editor had scurried back to his desk, whence he fought the rebels gallantly and safely for the ensuing four years.

ANCIENT HOLY WINE.

In the wonderful wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville in Bremen there are twelve cases of holy wine, each case inscribed with the name of one of the Apostles. This ancient wine was deposited in its present resting place 265 years ago. One case of this wine, consisting of five oxforts of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix-dollars in 1624. Including the expense of keeping up the cellar, interest on the original outlay and interests upon interest, one of these oxforts would to-day cost 555,657,640 rix-dollars; three single bottles 2,273,812 rix-dollars; a glass, or the eighth part of a bottle, is worth 340,476 rix-dollars or \$272,380, or at the rate of 540 rix-dollars or \$273 per drop!

The Poor Can.

New York Times.]

Perhaps the strongest comment on the present condition of affairs in Russia is furnished by the careful arrangements which have been made to protect the life of the Czar on his homeward journey from Berlin to St. Petersburg. The cable flashes the report that from Berlin to the German frontier the road taken by the Czar is guarded by German infantry and cavalry, so arranged that not an inch of the track is beyond the sight of a watchful soldier. The life of the Emperor of all the Russias is in danger even in a foreign land, but as he approaches his own dominions, the danger increases a thousand fold. It lurks at every railroad station in Russia, and may spring up at any point of the road. To guard against it 50,000 men are patrolling the track from the German frontier to St. Petersburg—a large army engaged in the one business of watching over the safety of one of the greatest monarchs of the earth. The humblest peasant in his broad empire, if he has the wisdom to keep his mouth shut, can count with reasonable certainty on living until death comes to him in the due course of nature. His Emperor, less fortunate than the peasant, has the reasonable certainty of eventually falling, as his father did, at the hand of an assassin.

Why the Mayor is Unhappy.

Chicago Mail.]

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State Library