

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1889.

NO. 49.

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE ROUTE.

Richmond & Danville Railroad.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

IN EFFECT JULY 7, 1889.

TRAINS RUN BY 75° MERIDIAN TIME

DAILY

SOUTHBOUND

NO. 70. N. 22.

7:15 A.M. 5:30 P.M.

7:45 " 6:00 " "

8:15 " 6:30 " "

8:45 " 7:00 " "

9:15 " 7:30 " "

9:45 " 8:00 " "

10:15 " 8:30 " "

10:45 " 9:00 " "

11:15 " 9:30 " "

11:45 " 10:00 " "

12:15 " 10:30 " "

12:45 " 11:00 " "

1:15 " 11:30 " "

1:45 " 12:00 " "

2:15 " 12:30 " "

2:45 " 1:00 " "

3:15 " 1:30 " "

3:45 " 2:00 " "

4:15 " 2:30 " "

4:45 " 3:00 " "

5:15 " 3:30 " "

5:45 " 4:00 " "

6:15 " 4:30 " "

6:45 " 5:00 " "

7:15 " 5:30 " "

7:45 " 6:00 " "

8:15 " 6:30 " "

8:45 " 7:00 " "

9:15 " 7:30 " "

9:45 " 8:00 " "

10:15 " 8:30 " "

10:45 " 9:00 " "

11:15 " 9:30 " "

11:45 " 10:00 " "

12:15 " 10:30 " "

12:45 " 11:00 " "

1:15 " 11:30 " "

1:45 " 12:00 " "

2:15 " 12:30 " "

2:45 " 1:00 " "

3:15 " 1:30 " "

3:45 " 2:00 " "

4:15 " 2:30 " "

4:45 " 3:00 " "

5:15 " 3:30 " "

5:45 " 4:00 " "

6:15 " 4:30 " "

6:45 " 5:00 " "

7:15 " 5:30 " "

7:45 " 6:00 " "

8:15 " 6:30 " "

8:45 " 7:00 " "

9:15 " 7:30 " "

9:45 " 8:00 " "

10:15 " 8:30 " "

10:45 " 9:00 " "

11:15 " 9:30 " "

11:45 " 10:00 " "

12:15 " 10:30 " "

12:45 " 11:00 " "

1:15 " 11:30 " "

1:45 " 12:00 " "

2:15 " 12:30 " "

2:45 " 1:00 " "

3:15 " 1:30 " "

3:45 " 2:00 " "

4:15 " 2:30 " "

4:45 " 3:00 " "

5:15 " 3:30 " "

5:45 " 4:00 " "

6:15 " 4:30 " "

6:45 " 5:00 " "

7:15 " 5:30 " "

7:45 " 6:00 " "

8:15 " 6:30 " "

8:45 " 7:00 " "



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the hundreds of low test, short weight, cheap phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

B. B. B.

Almost everybody wants a "Spring Tonic." Here is a simple testimonial, which shows how B. B. B. is regarded. It will knock your malaria out and restore your appetite.

Spreads for a Spring Tonic.

ATLANTIC CITY, Ga., June 30, 1888. I suffered with malarial blood poison more or less all the time, and the only medicine that did me any good is B. B. B. It is undoubtedly the best blood medicine made, and for this malarial country it should be used by every one in the spring of the year, and is good in summer, fall and winter as a tonic and blood purifier.

Gives Better Satisfaction.

CADIZ, Ky., July 6, 1887. Please send me one box Balm Balm Catarrh Snuff by return mail, as one of my customers is taking B. B. B. for catarrh and wants a box of the snuff. B. B. B. gives better satisfaction than any I ever sold. I have sold to dozen in the past to weeks, and it gives good satisfaction. If I don't remit right for snuff write me. Yours, W. H. BRAXTON.

It Removed the Pimples.

BOTOM MOUNTAIN, Tenn., March 29, 1887. A lady friend of mine has for several years been troubled with bumps and pimples on her face and neck, for which she used various cosmetics in order to remove them, but these local applications were only temporary and left her skin in a worse condition. I recommended an internal preparation—known as Botanic Blood Balm—which I have seen used and selling about two years; she used three bottles and nearly all pimples have disappeared, her skin is soft and smooth, and her general health much improved. She expresses herself much gratified, and can recommend it to all who are thus affected. Mrs. S. M. WILSON.

A BOOK OF WONDERS, FREE.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Head Pains, Sciatica and Sciatic Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can receive by mail, free, a copy of our 200-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before foretold. BLOOD-BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.



WADSWORTH PAINT OIL & CO.

DAVID WADSWORTH, PRESIDENT.

PURE PAINT FORMS AN UNDESTRUCTIBLE PORCELAIN SELF-FACED POLISHED MARBLE. BEST FOR COVING FOR FLOORING. RESISTING WEATHERS. PERMANENT. PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

COVERING CAPACITY OF 2.0 SQUARE FEET TO THE GALLON. WE GUARANTEE THE COST TO THE CONSUMER ONLY \$1.12 PER GALLON.

CALL FOR CIRCULARS AT

D. A. ATWELL'S HARDWARE STORE,

Where a full line of goods in his line, may always be found.



CLARK'S EYE SALVE

CURES CUTS, BRUISES, BURNS

TRADE MARK

25c

CRAIG & CLEMENT, Attorneys at Law

SALISBURY, N. C.

Feb. 3rd, 1881.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS, Surgeon Dentist.

Salisbury, N. C.

Office in Cole building, second floor, next to Dr. Campbell's, Opposite D. A. Atwell's Hardware store, Main street. 25c.

Jackson's Old Home.

There was recently started in Tennessee a movement which has for its object the preservation of the "Hermitage," Gen. Andrew Jackson's old home. The movement is chiefly due to the efforts of the ladies of Tennessee, who have been for some time trying to bring it to a successful termination. A plan of action was at last adopted, and the Hermitage association was formed. This plan was similar to the one used to preserve Washington's home at Mount Vernon—indeed, the Mount Vernon plan, which everybody knows was so successful, has served as a model. It is the intention to make the society national in character, and as it will take a great deal of money to carry out the project, it will be the society's endeavor to reach every admirer of Jackson.

Under the Mount Vernon plan \$200,000 was raised to purchase the estate of Washington and set it apart forever as hallowed and sacred ground. Thirty-two years have passed since Mt. Vernon became in this way the property, to all intents and purposes, of the whole American people, and the success which has attended that undertaking has probably had a great deal to do with "The Hermitage Association."

Gen. Jackson moved from North Carolina to Tennessee in 1788, and in 1804 he built the hut where he lived so many years.

There is not in the whole country another log hut so rich in historical associations. It was the home of Jackson when his deeds as an Indian fighter thrilled the young republic from one end to the other. It was here that Burr visited him in 1805 and unfolded his famous project of an empire in Mexico. Jackson was living in this hut in 1812 when war was declared against England, and it was from this hut that he started out with his little army of 2,500 volunteers to sail down the Cumberland, the Ohio and the Mississippi one thousand miles to New Orleans. In this log cabin he heard the news of the Fort Mims massacre by the Creeks in August, 1813, and from it he again took the field at the head of 5,000 men, called out by the Governor of Tennessee. It was here that he received his commission as major general in the regular army, and from here he again started on the march which ended with his seizure of Pensacola, then belonging to Spain. He returned to the hut after the battle of New Orleans, and again set forth to return a conqueror from the Seminole war, and it was after the Florida purchase came his commission as first governor of the new territory.

In 1818 Gen. Jackson built a handsome mansion on the site of which is the present building. The house was nearly all destroyed by fire in 1836. In the same year the present structure, which is an exact copy of the first one, was erected. Mr. Patton, in his "Life of Jackson," thus describes it: "It was not a very spacious building, and very far, indeed, from being an elegant one. A two story brick house with a double piazza, both in front and in the rear; the piazza wooden and painted white, supported by thick grooved pillars of the same material and color. The floors of the lower piazza are of stone, and each end terminating in a wing of the house.

"Just behind the edifice is a large garden with pebbled paths and beds bordered with bricks. The rooms are lofty, rather small and plainly furnished. The parlors are hung with portraits of the general and his friends—Coffee, Bronaugh, Gadsden, Eaton and others. There is a portrait of Mrs. Jackson in white satin, topaz jewelry, low neck and short sleeves; fat, forty and not fair. In the hall are busts of Edward Livingston, Lewis Cass, and Levi Woodbury.

The New York World give a short history of the present movement to preserve the Hermitage which is extremely interesting, and from which we copy the following: "This is not the first attempt that has been made to save the famous Hermitage, with all the associations which cluster around the home of the great soldier, patriot and president. In 1855 it was bought by the Legislature of Tennessee for \$75,000 from Andrew Jackson, Jr., an adopted son of Gen. Jackson, and bonds, which are still a part of the State debt, were issued for that purpose. The property thus acquired included the mansion, tomb and 500 of the 1,000 acres which Gen. Jackson died possessing in 1845. Mr. Jackson, after the sale had been effected, was allowed to reside in the place for two years, until he could make other arrangements. At the end of that period he removed to Louisiana with part of his household goods and negroes, leaving a few of the old servants behind to protect the property. Just before the outbreak of the civil war he returned to the Hermitage at the request of Governor Harris, and again took up his residence there. Shortly afterwards, while hunting in the Hermitage woods, he received a gunshot wound in the hand, which resulted in his death through lockjaw.

Mrs. Jackson herself died about two years ago, and then it was that the State authorities resolved to resume possession of the property. For two years the house and grounds have been moldering in decay, until last spring, when the question of what should be done with the Hermitage again came

up for consideration. The idea then occurred to some of the ladies of Nashville to form an association on the Mount Vernon model, raise a fund to restore the house and grounds as nearly as possible to their condition when Gen. Jackson died, and to preserve them as a memorial to the man who was admired and beloved by so many of his countrymen.

A few leading men of the State who were consulted on the subject were in favor of the scheme as a happy and patriotic solution of a problem which the authorities saw no clear way of solving, and the ladies of the Mt. Vernon association, who were written to, contributed out of the store of their ripe experience. Accordingly, these patriotic Nashville women took out a charter to enable them to accomplish in a legal way their design. The project did not arouse much enthusiasm. A brief newspaper paragraph calling attention to it was, however, enough for the introduction of a bill in the Legislature, at the instance of the State Livonages of Confederate soldiers, asking for the Hermitage for a period of twenty-five years, as a home for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers.

The idea and bill became very popular, especially as it was so well known that Jackson, in his life, had done so much for the soldier, and the ladies began to look upon their charter as so much waste paper. They did not however give up, and a counter bill was introduced providing for the purchase of the house, tomb and 250 acres of the property. A large number of influential citizens rallied to the support of the ladies and promised their co-operation. This was a flank movement, and the disposition of the Hermitage was held in abeyance. In the meantime efforts were made to harmonize the two parties. A meeting of the citizens was held, and there was some vigorous oratory on both sides. This meeting was decisive of the struggle. The soldiers' home committee altered their petition to the Legislature, exempting the house and tomb and twenty-five acres. Both bills were then passed.

Mrs. Dorris, secretary of the association in writing of the Hermitage at the present time, says: "It is now in that state of dilapidation that unless prompt and efficient measure are taken it will in a few more years pass into utter ruin. To the eye the house still presents the same stately appearance of old, but the eaves, the roof, the foundation, the ceiling, are all in need of renovation. The proper steps taken now, the home of Jackson will be preserved forever, and future generations will praise the efforts of those who saved it. The peering upon the walls has never been changed since Gen. Jackson's death. His bedroom is just as it was the day he died. The hall is papered with the legend of Telemachus, which style was fashionable in his day. The walks in the garden are just as he left them. The old fashioned flowers—peonies, lilacs, daffodils, snowballs, lilies of the valley—now a wilderness of the garden, which may, with proper care, be restored to its original neatness and order."

The tomb of Jackson is in the southwest corner of the garden, three hundred feet or so from the mansion. The material used in the construction is solid limestone, and the flight of years has made but slight impression on it. The dome is supported by eight columns of the doric order and three large steps serve as well proportioned base. Upon either side of the monumental piece in the center are two heavy slabs of stone, lying horizontally upon the floor of the tomb and in them are cut the inscriptions. Nothing could be simpler than this one:

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, Born March 15, 1767—Died June 8, 1845

History tells the rest. Poor Rachel, who never saw the White House to live in it, and who never cared to go there except to be with her illustrious husband, has one of the most beautiful inscriptions ever cut in stone or graven in bronze:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretended methods. To the poor she was a benefactor, to the rich an example, to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and virtuous slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of God."

The latest expensive whim indulged in by the King of Wurtemberg is the photographing of the moon to ascertain whether it is inhabited. He has the negatives magnified one hundred thousand fold, and has thus far discovered nebulae covered with little dots, which he believed to be lunar people.

The gallotint is much more active in Paris than it was some years ago.

A Cruel Suggestion

Is that of a Republican resolution adopted by some convention up in Iowa or Minnesota or some other of the blizzard States to urge upon the discontented negroes of the South, to emigrate in a body to the North-west, escaping trouble at home and putting themselves safe under the protecting wings of the Republican party. This is clearly the object of the resolution, to add to the strength of the party with heartless indifference to the physical sacrifices the negroes will make in accepting the invitation. It is bold naked deception attempted to be practiced upon credulity and ignorance, a cruelty that might be amazing in people claiming to be governed by the tender motives of philanthropy, if we did not know it to be all snivelling hypocrisy. The negro is a sub-tropical procreant; he has never been the subject of acclimation or adaptation like the whites to the extremes of cold. He finds it a hard struggle to get through the winters of North Carolina. He wilted under the rigors of the New England climate. The thrifty people of that energetic land recognized the fact, sold off to the South and West India all the abled bodied slaves on hand, and then a virtue of necessity, became converts to the doctrine of the wickedness of slavery, emancipated the old, worthless, young and helpless, and then entered upon the long, holy and successful crusade against the slave-holders in the South. We are not sorry that they were successful. We are much better off without than with the slaves. But these liberators never let well enough alone, they never know when to stop when their work is done. We very much question whether the happiness of the negro is increased. He is kept worried in soul to keep up his allegiance as a good Republican as compensation for the service of liberation—for with those so-called philanthropists there must always be a *quid pro quo*—and now it is proposed to worry him in body by insuring his party fidelity in moving him up North exposing him to the rigors of an arctic winter, with the certainty that he must perish, but not perhaps until after he has given one or two Republican votes and saved the party.

As an offset to the Iowa resolution, the Democratic State Colored League of Pennsylvania has recently issued an address. After complaining of the want of recognition of the northern colored man by the Republican party the address gives the following counsel to the colored man of the South: "We deplore the condition of our people in the South, and counsel them to ameliorate the condition by allying themselves with the people of their section of the country, with whom their interests should be identical, rather than stir up strife by adhering to the Republican party, which either is unwilling or unable to give them the protection guaranteed by constitutional enactment to all citizen."—*Asheville Citizen.*

School for Beggars.

At Westminster Police Court recently, two boys of 13, named Frost and Oakes, living with their parents on Wandsworth, were charged with begging at Vauxhall bridge, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The boys allege that a woman living in Woodgate street, Nine Elms, trained them and other lads as beggars, and that she used to mind their decent clothes and supply them with rags to go out in. Her own boy, it is said, was the head of the gang of juvenile beggars, and used to take the money, which partly went to his mother, and partly in refreshments and visits to transmute music halls.

Mrs. Frost said she had been to this woman and warned her that if she heard that her boy's clothes were kept again she would lock her up for unlawful possession. This was the advice of the school board officer. The defendants, questioned by Mr. D'Eyncourt, adhered to their statements about being supplied with rags, etc., and the magistrate said that if it was true the woman really ought to be prosecuted. A police constable said he had seen the woman and she had denied taking care of the boys' clothing. Only the evidence of the boys could be obtained. Mr. D'Eyncourt—I hope the Mendicity will inquire fully into the matter, and that a prosecution will be instituted if the boys have spoken the truth, which I believe they have. The accused were discharged on promising not to repeat the offense.

One of the most convenient articles to be used in a sick-room is a sand-bag. Get some clean, fine sand; dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag about eight inches square in flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sitting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of the sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up in the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of these bags, and keep them on hand ready for use at any time when needed.

Bunker Hill Monument.

A visit to the Bunker Hill monument in Charlestown is none the less interesting because it is easily reached from the city proper. Its romantic position on a high eminence, and its beautiful grass, green as an emerald, are little in comparison to the world of history in connection with it. The strong pedestal is certainly characteristic and defiant, who freely gave their lives in defense of this country in the revolutionary period.

The distance from the bottom to the top of the monument is 221 feet, inside the shaft is a hollow cone, the outside diameter of which at the bottom is ten feet and the inside seven feet. There were over three hundred visitors on one day this week, the average attendance being about two hundred, the total number during the year about twenty-eight thousand.

The old gentleman in charge, Mr. J. B. Goodnow, has spent fully the half of his life on this eminence. He has lately been obliged to call in the assistance of a young lady, who is very courteous to visitors.

The admission to the monument is 20 cents, but the writer was cordially invited carte blanche. The climbing of the winding stairs was more of a feat than was at first anticipated, but additional strength was acquired at every turn, and the top was gained in an almost incredible time. On gaining the summit or observatory about a dozen visitors sniled on the next arrival. Acquaintances are easily formed at such places. The place is lighted by four windows and is provided with iron shutters. A young man was looking from one of the windows and remarked: "I don't think much of the town." "Why?" "I have seen larger cities. I live at Nashville, Tenn. I have been four months from home. I came here this morning, and I return home this evening." "Get a guide book and see more of our city." "I don't want it." Here was a poor grumbler uneasy with himself, who could gaze on a magnificent panorama and look on the beautiful harbor without one patriotic throbb. The lady visitors were entirely different, and praised Boston as she deserved.

Returning, the writer spent some time in the statute room, which is in the charge of a very pleasant and agreeable lady. She directed attention to the statute of General Warren, Putnam's sword, the picture of Webster, and a host of historical relics. The rooms are quite attractive, and an hour was passed agreeably.

Women in the Departments in Washington.

The number of women employed in the departments in Washington increases every year, despite the opposition to them by many, if not most, high officials. The Treasury, the Interior and the Post Office departments, used to be the only ones where females occupied the desks as clerks, but now they are to be found everywhere that male clerks are. Even the state old State Department and the rule-of-three War and Navy departments have had to succumb to the person in petticoats. The officials of the War and Navy departments held out strenuously. The first allowed women to take copying to their houses, but vowed that never should they occupy desks and be regularly employed like men.

It was a case of man proposes and woman disposes. The man who now walks through the corridors of these departments is as apt to meet a female clerk as a male. Every year there is an increase in the clerical force of each department, and with such increase the names of an additional number of females go on the payrolls. This is notably the case this fiscal year, because a practically new department, the Census Office, has been opened up. Already there is a small army of clerks employed there. The proportion is about seven females to three males. And that proportion is likely to be maintained as the work of the Census Office grows and the necessity for more clerks arises.

Eyes of Great Men.

PEOPLE OF HIGHEST CIVILIZATION HAVE EYES OF BLUE OR GRAY.

An oculist who has made the human eye a study for thirty years, and has examined many famous men's eyes, declared the Philadelphia Press, that the "thoroughbred American" eye was steel blue in color.

"Would you say that black eye and brown eye men are deficient in intellect?" "Not that to be sure, since history has afforded some examples of able men whose eyes possessed this pigment. But, undeniably, among the people of higher civilization eyes grow higher in hue, and there are to-day far more blue-eyed persons than there were a century ago. If you will be at pains to inquire the color of the eyes of Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow, Buchner, Renan, in fact, of any of the living great, as well as of the great army of the dead who in life distinguished themselves, you will learn that most of them have, or had, eyes of blue or gray. It has seemed to me that the pigment in the way that it obscures the objects presented to the visual organ, and the aspiring mind seeking the greatest light, cast-off."

"Come and See Me."

Never take "come and see me" as a phrase meant in earnest unless it is accompanied with a date. An invitation without "circumstance" is no invitation at all. Depend upon it, if any man or woman desires your company, he or she will appoint a time for your visit—"Call on me when you can make it convenient;" "drop in as you are passing by;" "make us a visit whenever you have an hour or two to spare," are social indefiniteness by which men of the world understand that they are not expected to do the thing requested.

When people wish to be cheaply polite, there is nothing like this kind of vagueness. The complimentary small change of society should always be taken at a large discount. It is never worth its face, or anything like it. Yet it is a convenient medium of exchange for all that, and heavy debts of gratitude, that ought to be required in better coin, are often paid with it. People who have more polish than principle use it lavishly—plain blunt, honest men sparingly, or not at all.

Whoever makes a friendly visit to a fashionable house on the strength of a mere "come and see me," will be likely enough to find that the family circle which he has dropped into by request is ungenial as the arctic circle, and to leave it with a chilly feeling about the heart that will prevent him from venturing in the same high-latitude thereafter.

But when a whole-souled fellow, whom you know to be your friend, grasps you vigorously by the hand, and says—"Come and dine with me to-day—dinner on the table at five o'clock—be sure to come, we shall expect you"—go if you can, and you will be all the better for it both in mind and body. One likes to meet friends at the hospitable board—one's own or theirs, it matters not which—but a nod in the street is all-sufficient from a fashionable acquaintance.

Twenty-two Days in Open Boats.

New York Herald.

A wild, weird story of the sea—one to make your heart stop beating if you are a man, or if a woman to fill your eyes with tears.

The British ship Garston started from Sydney, New South Wales, for San Francisco. She sprang a leak, and though the pumps were worked with might and main, the water gained inch by inch. At last it was clear that the vessel would go down. The boats were lowered, manned and provided with such provisions as could be carried.

For twenty-two days those sailors drifted in their shallow craft at the mercy of wind and waves. It was useless to hoist signals of distress, for not a traveller here in sight. Hope died slowly and desperation and despair took its place. The food was soon gone and the fresh water was exhausted. Day after day passed and the agony increased until it almost became insanity. The sailors glared at each other, their lips parched, their eyes bloodshot, and the hunger pangs took possession of their hearts.

There was nothing else to do so they decided that one of their number must die. It was long before this point was reached, but it was reached at last, and they began to cast lots.

Just then, so the story goes, some one thought he sighted land. The next few hours cannot be described. With what eagerness the dim spot on the horizon was watched! It was land indeed, and they were saved.

Politicians Should Marry.

A well-known Congressman, who has been spending a few days at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when asked yesterday by a reporter during the course of a half hour chat, if a politician should marry.

"That is the very first thing he has to do," was the reply. "No man can hope to fill one of the higher offices successfully without the aid of a wife. Take John A. Logan for instance. He was one those good-hearted, clever sort of fellows, but he didn't know everything. His wife did. She was full of the social magnetism that attracts. She was up on every point of diplomacy. Her information was thorough, broad and at ready command. Logan's political success was more his wife's doing than his own. Harrison is the same way. All that austerity of demeanor which characterizes him in his official relations wears off in his wife's presence, and he becomes the most genial of men. Blaine is an exception. He has the social attractiveness in himself. Yes, sir, the young politician must have a wife. She will save him from more expenses than when he has only the expenses of one to pay, and, besides, she will prove his best political ally in a thousand emergencies."

A rock breaker has just been made at Chicago which weighs forty-five tons and which will break a big rock at the rate of two to three tons per minute.