

The Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1890.

J. J. BRUNER, EDITOR AND PROP.
T. K. BRUNER, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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Oct. 22, 1889.

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One of the best eyes in the world. It is a grand, double-seeing eye. It is made from the purest materials, and is free from all poisonous ingredients. It is the only eye that is guaranteed to be absolutely pure.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Persons wanting to buy building lots near Livingstone College are requested to inquire at THIS OFFICE.

Sombody.

Sombody crawls into mamma's bed
Just at the break of day.
Smuggles up nose and whippers loud,
"Sombody's come to stay."
Sombody rushes through the house,
Sever one shuts a door;
Scatters her playthings all around
Over the nursery floor.
Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes,
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate and makes mud pies,
Who can sombody be?
Sombody looks with roguish eyes
Up through her tangled hair;
"Sombody's me," she says, "but then
Sombody doesn't care."

Highly Concentrated Sermon.

We copy the following sermon from an old file of the WATCHMAN (1813). It sounds a good deal like Sam Jones:

My dear dandies and lollies, fops and flirts and other stragglers down the hill of life, my text to-day is that much used and abused saying, "Does your mother know you are out?"

Poor silly inflated grub-worms, I would say from your shins and capers that she don't know you're out. You young lady with a parasol like a wet cabbage leaf on a rain-rod, and chains of hair down each cheek, like a bottle-tailed spider dipped in blacking, had been making ever since you were born, over your round-covered face, leaving broad traces behind him, and on your back a pack of bran, and your miming gait, like you were picking your way among rotten eggs, or was barfooted in a briar patch, and your arm linked to a loinsless dandy, (but I'll come to him as soon as I am done with you,) wriggling along the streets, and for what? to hunt up indigent virtue, or suffering innocence, to pour balm on the wounded spirit of poverty, or only to smear your own gaily heart with the corroding grease of vanity to hear folks whisper as you pass, "what a fair girl!" Remember, vain one, beauty is but skin deep, and the storms of matrimony and the bleak winds of affliction blows it all out, and leaves the countenance bare and unbecoming as a weather-beaten barn door, unless you put on a coat of larding paint of meekness, worth and love, and varnish it over with beauty. If you can laugh like him who wins, and knows that you are still loved and lovely, and that you are still beautiful, now that the glass which hid your worth and goodness beneath its dazzling glare is gone, you shed a happy influence on all near you, make us poor erring mortals feel just like a man almost frozen feels when he sits down by a cheerful fire, at his own home. He hears the storm but he heeds it not; he is happy once more. But have you done this? I am afraid that you are but a butterfly, born a worm, to die an insect.

Ah, I don't half like that laugh—it was forced; you pretended to be pleased with that fool's wit, when you knew it was stolen! Oh, why such deceit, giddy, fluttering worm of the cabbage patch; you are sold, soul and body, for a little empty, windy, useless adulation; yes, sold to the old snake with the fish hook on his tail—the same snake that fooled your manny in Adam's truck patch—and oh, scissiors! how he will strip that finery and raise a dust for a mile around with that peck of bran. Say, flower-sucking butterfly, does your mother know you're out? If she does, she is unfaithful to her trust; and ought not to be trusted again any more than the man who stole a handful of acorns from the blind sow. Go home, gossamer, and try to prepare yours if to be a woman, and then when you are abroad, anybody will know that your mother knows you're out.

Now you that was cut out for a man, but was so villainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your case. For what did you burst upon the world's door and rush in uncalled, like a man chased by a mad bull, what good do you expect to bestow upon your fellow man—some useful invention, some heroic act, some great discovery, or even one solitary remark? No, those that look for anything useful or good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught the skunk and thought it was a kitten; or the woman when she made grease of gunpowder tea. You know where the nearest, tightest punts, with the strongest straps, can be got on "tick," but you don't know where the next useful lecture is to be delivered, you know the fashionable collar of a vest, but you never studied the gorgeous lines of a rain-bow, unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat of; you know how a fool feels in dress, but you don't know how a man feels when heets the bread earned honestly by the sweat of his own brow; but you know how a monkey looks; for you see every day, twenty times, in your landlady's looking glass, but you don't know how a man feels after doing a good action, you don't go where that sight is to be seen. Oh! you wisp-waisted, catfish-mouthed, habson-whorled, caterpillar-legged, goose-eyed, sheep-faced, bewiskered drone in the world's beehive! what are you good for? Nothing but to cheat your tailor, nearly lip by note a line for some milk and cider poet sentimentally, eat mysters gravely, smoke cigars lazily, make silly girls act the fool shamefully. Lasy, does your mother know you're out, poor useless toad? I am afraid you have no mother nor never had.

You are no more use in this world than a time piece in a beaver dam, or a hair mattress in a hog pen. You fill no longer space in the world's eye than the toe-nail of a mosquito would in a market house, or a stump bailed dog in all out doors; you are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grand-mother's last tooth down her throat, and as for brains, ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of brandy and have as much sea room as a tail-pole in Lake Superior! and as for ideas, you have but one and that is stamped on your leaden skull an inch deep, that tailors and females were to be gulled by you, and that all may envy your appearance. Poor useless tobacco worm, you are a case. Does your mother know you're out? It is lunch time; so start, buy a brandy toddy on tick from some good-natured laundress, and eat lunch until you are as tight as a drum, sneak to bed and think of nothing until you fall asleep, to dream of asses, pant straps, and tailor's bill, not to awake until the dinner bells call you to eat again.

How many harmless, shallow mortals of another order go scudding about on the surface of the world's great waters, without a motive; guided only by chance, whim or impulse, like a mellow bug in a big eddy under a shady willow, until they are swallowed up by the greedy bass of death, and the first thing that they know, they know nothing; when I see one of these, I always think your bug, your mother don't know you're out?

How many silly ones neglect their business and get after some foolish pleasure and chase it, and keep chasing it—like a boy after a butterfly, until they wear out the hat of constitution, leading the ground with the vain hope of catching the swift phantom and finally fall into some hidden pit covered with flowers to rise no more? I then think poor fool, your mother don't know you're out; nor you won't be out soon again.

When I see a young man step in the skiff of dissipation, and start down the stream of pleasure, using the oars of prudence, while folly holds the helm, passing the shores of propriety faster than a streak of lightning can pass a sick cow, and at last is drawn over the falls of total destruction and dashed into as many atoms as a drop of water from a four-story roof. I then ask myself, for I can't ask of him, did his mother know he was out? When I see a boy leaving the prison door, after a long and dreary confinement, with a pale face and withered hands, his step weak and tottering skulking along, dodging all he meets like a guilty thing, shading his eyes from the usual glare of daylight, cut from the society of his fellow beings, for some trivial offense committed in the thoughtlessness of erring boyhood, (when if mild treatment had been resorted to and the crime buried in silence, and inducements held out to him to think well of himself, perhaps that boy might have been saved from treading the slimy road of villainy.) I say when I see this, I think of the grey haired mother at home, if a novel can be a home, the scalding-tears of misery chasing each other off her high cheek bones, and her bony hand shaking with age and sorrow for her only hope—her son, while her bold looking eye rests upon nothing; I say to myself poor suffering woman, you don't know he is out—yes, he is out! out of jail, out of friends, out of credit; and out upon the world, a scoundrel, for the rest of his days, all for the commission and punishment of a boyish crime. So the world goes, and so it will go, till it is run down, and I begin to think that but few of our mothers know we are out!

Newspapers as Life Preservers.

Washington Star.

General Bussey, the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, has a novel use for newspapers. The other day when the weather was sharp he was preparing to go out of the department building for lunch. A reporter who happened to be in the room at the same time was surprised to see him unbitten the lower buttons on his vest, fold up a newspaper and, placing it over his abdomen, button his vest over it.

"I always do that," he said, in reply to a surprised inquiry from the reporter, "when I am going to be out in the cold. The newspaper is a non-conductor of heat, and when placed over the stomach preserves the supply in what has been called the reservoir of the heat of the body. A newspaper is a good substitute for an overcoat, and in cold weather is the best device that people with scanty wardrobes can employ. Insufficient bedclothing can be reinforced in this same way, and the newspaper may be said to be the poor man's friend in more senses than one. When chilled by sudden cold a newspaper placed over the stomach soon restores the normal temperature of the body and prevents an attack of pneumonia. I have frequently recommended this use of newspapers, but I find that practically very few people really appreciate its value."

A Lady's Texas Writings.

My case of long standing; has baffled many physicians; have tried every remedy I could hear of; but Braxfield's Female Regulator is all that relieved me. Write The Braxfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

We Are All Guilty.

The greatest crimes committed in this country are the crimes against criminals. Society makes criminals, then punishes them for being what society made them.

Every spirit occupying a material body on the earth is an output from God, the great All-Father, and is entitled to the same degree of care and kindness. These spirits come from it, the great I Am as His children, not alone ours, though we may be the workman who pastures the farm under the rules of nature and make the spirits to be narrow, even crooked and warped as we are, bigoted, narrow-minded and creed-bound.

As spots are put on animals before they are born, so are the lines of character and spots that darken and dismay put in our children during their pre-natal building into the bodies without which they cannot come into this world to endure its schooling and go on with the living we have given them.

Pre-natally we make children to feel that they are unwelcome. They are born shy, timid, fearful of cuffs, blows and ill-treatment. They shrink in a measure from the love or touch of their parents, and are never at ease till away from home influences.

As babies, they are taught to lie, cheat, dissemble, develop selfishness and to struggle only for peace and plantations. They see their parents deceitful and always double-dealing with them. They are educated to deceive, and to go outside of blood relationship for confidants and advice. They see their parents nagging each other, quarreling, scolding each other, bickering, back-biting and the next moment praising, flattering and kissing each other. Thus the mind of the child is kept in a tremor of doubt, disgust and disturbance.

It is educated to hide dirt behind doors, under chairs and in dark corners, and conceal its little acts of meanness, rather than weed them from its life. It hears the parents speaking ill, meanly, ugly of neighbors, then welcoming them with smiles, kisses and compliments. Thus the child is educated to develop a double.

On entering the field that is just beyond the garden of maturity so to speak, the young man is taught business, and to lie, cheat, dissemble and deceive. To make customers drunk and then to do for them. He is taught that all ways to get money are alike honorable. To be sure he has different teachers, who teach different methods to reach the one great object, but they all land the student in the same rut. He is taught to be sharp. To forget honor and man's duty to all other men. To hate, dislike or distrust all who are not of his set, sect or society, when in truth there are as good men, as pure women and as lovely children in other sets and sects as in our own.

As youth advances to become an adult, the command of God is that it shall not commit adultery. That is, love the individuality that is the birthmark and birthright of every one. That it shall journey on through life ever in touch of the line of spirit from which it is an output. Not one per-son in fifty correctly understands what is meant by the command against adultery, and construct it into something different from the original intention. Each person should be careful to preserve his own spirit. His own individuality and thus develop as fast, as far, as strong, as rapidly and progressively as possible.

That mankind owes a duty and allegiance to God, the All-Father but few persons will deny. This is the base of every religion ever sought to be established. It is recognized by every human being of age to reason, who is not lost in the obscurity that follows skepticism and determination to cast from all recognition of, or affiliation with, the Divine origin.

The religions of the past and of the present have all erred in all they have sought to inculcate that man's duty to God consists in worship of God as God, and in seeking a reconciliation with, the All-Father. Our duty to God is performed only when we properly care for, assist and educate all who are born from humanity; when we give proper welcome and attention to arrivals from the womb of time and their millions of deaths; to care for God's jewels and see that we do not set them in mud, filth, sin, misery, degradation and wickedness. To carefully surround our little ones, our loved ones, with influences and environments that will encourage them to the good and protect them from the bad. It is our duty to prohibit, by all means in our power, the approach of enemies to the decent and the good, obscene, the pernicious, the easily angered, the ones who cannot control their thoughts, words and actions; those who make our children, our servants and ourselves other than what we all should be.

Herein consists our duty to God. Instead of discharging this duty we become selfish and wicked. The stream of politics works only into the gutter.

In such little esteem are politicians held in this country that it is impossible for either of the political parties to ruin the country or to lead people far astray. Political parties make

criminals. They preach profligacy, deceit, dishonesty. They are born in, conceived for plunder and build up in blocks of five or other designs in corruption. They teach that the liar, the detractor, the smircher of reputations, the briber, corruptionist and drunkard maker are the most important factors in political movements.

Society then steps in to work under its mask. Those who are made weak and are choked out of their birthrights; who are turned adrift with their education to do wrong, fall by the wayside, made criminals by politics and society, then imprisoned and educated for being what they are made to be by the avalanche of circumstances that ride them down.

There was never yet a criminal who was not made so by his associations, and society thrusts children into these associations when it should seek to remove them by care and honest religion, and a progressive education.—*Pomeroy's Atonance Thought.*

Dying Expressions.

"It is well."—Washington.
"I must sleep now."—Byron.
"Kiss me, Hardy."—Nelson.
"Head of the army."—Napoleon.
"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.
"Let the light enter."—Goethe.
"Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.
"Independence forever."—Adams.
"The artery has ceased to beat."—Haller.
"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.
"This is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.
"Give Dayroles a chair."—Chesterfield.
"A dying man does nothing well."—Franklin.
"Let not poor Nellie starve."—Charles.
"What! is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.
"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Elizabeth.
"It matters not how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.
"Clasp my hand, my dearest friend, I die."—Alfieri.
"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Scott.
"Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—Mirabeau.
"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Horace Greeley.
"God preserve the emperor."—Haydn.
"I loved my father and liberty."—Mme de Staël.
"It is small, very small, indeed," (clasping her neck.)—Anne Bolwyn.
"I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." (ascending the scaffold.)—Sir Thomas Moore.
"Don't let that awkward squad fire o'er my grave."
"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—Thomas Jefferson.
"I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out, I ask nothing more."—Harrison.
"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.
"You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear. How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven."—Humboldt.

The sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying.
"Once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and joy."—Mozart.
"God bless you, my dear."—Dr. Johnson.
"God bless you. Is that you, Doris?"—Wadsworth.
"Now it is come."—John Knox.
"Dying, dying."—Hood.

The Deacon's Propensity.

An amusing incident occurred in one of our down-east churches a few months ago. The clergyman gave out the hymn—
"I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hour of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."
The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon Deacon M., who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a little higher he then sang, "I love to steal." As before he concluded he had got the wrong pitch; and deploring that he had not got his "pitch-tuner," he determined to succeed next time. All the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, while the faces of the young ones were in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, "I love to steal." The effort was too much. Every one but the clergyman and deacon was laughing. The pastor rose and said: "Seeing your brother's propensities, let us pray. It is needless to add that but few of the congregation heard that prayer."

The Word "Wife."

What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin language conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it except femme. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. "Wife" means "weaver." You must either be house wives or house-moths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head. The glow-worm in the night's cold grass be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion—shedding the quiet life for those who are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power.—*Ruskin.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE IN THE WORLD FOR CUTS, BRUISES, SCALDS, ULCERS, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positive cure. Fits, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by Kirtz & Co. 315.

Mr. Davis as a Master.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MILO COOPER, A FORMER SLAVE. Jacksonville Times-Union.

ORLANDO, January 8.—The readers of the Times-Union will remember that in the press dispatches giving an account of the death of Jefferson Davis a touching incident was described of the family servant who threw himself weeping and praying beside the couch of the dead. They will also remember the old colored man's fidelity, under the caption, "Remember Miles Cooper." His name is Milo Cooper, and he has resided in Orlando for five or six years.

Hearing that Milo had returned to Orlando last night, the Times-Union's correspondent hunted him up this morning and had an interesting chat with him, a portion of which was as follows:

"How old are you, Milo?"
"I was born in the year, 1832, sir."
"Were you owned by Mr. Davis?"
"Yes, sir. A friend of his gave me to him when I was about 10, and I waited on him all the time."
"What kind of a master was he?"
"He was a perfect gentleman, sir. He was strict with us, but never whipped us. He would talk to us when we did wrong and make us sorry, and hate to do anything to displease him. I have friends, but my best friend is gone. My only sorrow is that I could not see him before he died, but, thank God! was able to look at him before he was buried."
"Where have you been since the funeral?"
"I was carried fainting from his side to a drug store, and the doctor put me to bed and was just as kind as man could be. I stayed in New Orleans three days, not being able to travel, and then went to Mobile, where I stopped to visit relatives."
Milo has a house and lot in East Orlando. The house has three rooms and is worth about \$40. His lot is only 70x200 feet, but is a model of neatness and thrift. He has twenty-five varieties of fruit trees, besides ornamental trees and flowers. He formerly kept a barber shop, but his skill at ornamental gardening has opened the way for employment at that business, and he is now engaged at a salary to plant and keep the ornamental grounds around the Catholic church. His little home has a mortgage of \$400 upon it, drawing 12 per cent. interest, and if the kindly suggestions of the Times-Union should result in the lifting of this encumbrance it would be a generosity worthily exercised.

During the years that Milo Cooper has lived here he has continually remembered his old friend and master by sending fruits and mementoes, and he has quite a number of letters from Mr. Davis in acknowledgement of the same, some of which he showed your correspondent, and from which the following extracts and copies are made. They are all dated at Beauvoir, Miss. In one of Oct. 5, 1887, occur these words:

"We are indebted to you for kind attentions. The delicious pineapples, and, to us, very rare, fruit, the full-grown citron, have been received. I shall always be glad to hear of your welfare."

The following is copied in full: BEAUVOIR, Miss., May 24, 1880. My Good Friend Milo: The plants did not arrive until the day before your letter came. They have been planted and are much valued by me, and Mrs. Davis unites with me in thanking you for them. The fibre is magnificent, and I should think they would be a valuable acquisition to this climate and inestimably valuable in Florida. Mrs. and Miss Davis and I unite in kindest regards to you, and with best wishes I am, with thanks, yours sincerely, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Where He Got The Fee

"My first case in San Francisco," said attorney James K. Wilder to an Examiner reporter, "was the defence of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court because the prisoner said he had no money. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and as the defendant was leaving the court room I called him back, and, just as a joke, handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first \$50 he got. "Next day he walked into my office and planked down two 20s and a 10. "Where did you get all that money?" I demanded, as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak. "Sold the priest's watch," he replied, as he bowed himself out.

A New Party Forming.

Mr. Chase Reys, the lawyer, is the accredited representative in this city of the order whose cardinal principles are practically those of the old American party, but so modified as to accept as members any foreigner who has come to this country, and owes allegiance to it, and are recognized as paramount to those of any foreign power, either secular or religious. It is known as the American Protestant party. There is an association of that name with headquarters in Pittsburg, and with branch organizations in several States and in many of the larger cities.—*Washington Post.*

How They Made It.

The New York Times prints an interview with "one of the oldest inhabitants," who, in the course of his remarks, says:

"John Jacob Astor had his store in Vessey street, in the buildings in which Dr. Halleck lived. Fitz Greene Halleck, the doctor's son, was one of Astor's clerks. Old Astor got his start in life by hiring out to a furrier to beat furs—keeping the moths out of them—for a dollar a day. He was economical and saving and presently began to buy cat furs and muskrat furs, and, when he had accumulated a lot of them, he took them to England and sold them at a large profit. Then he established his own business here, and extended his connections westward and northward until he became the largest dealer in the country.

"Commodore Vanderbilt was at this time running a 'perry-sauger' (periana—a small ferryboat, carrying two masts and a lee board) between quarantine station and the city, and was becoming very popular with boatmen and others who were thrown in his way. Fulton & Livingston owned an exclusive charter to run steamboats between New York and Albany, and the monopoly was paying immensely. Two old Jerseymen then started an opposition line, but as they could not run direct between New York and Albany, they got around the difficulty by going from New York to Jersey City, and making that the starting point for Albany. They encountered all sorts of difficulties, however, the monopolists going so far as to wilfully run their boats down and otherwise cripple them, and they were threatened with bankruptcy.

"One of the proprietors was at Dew Drop one day, when he asked old Mr. Guoin if he knew of a man who was competent to take hold of their line and make a success of it. 'Yes,' said Guoin, 'I know such a man. His name is Cornelius Vanderbilt. He'll take your boats to the mouth of hell if you want him to.' 'That's just the man I want,' was the response, and in a little while the bargain was concluded and Cornelius Vanderbilt took charge of the line. The monopolists tried every possible means to prevent the line from doing business in New York, and at last put a sheriff on board with instructions to arrest Vanderbilt if he should attempt to move the steamer from the wharf. Vanderbilt got all ready to go and then stood by with an axe, and when the wheels had begun to revolve and there was a good strain on the hawser he he up with his axe and cut the hawser and steamed away to Albany with the sheriff on board. A continuation of his vigorous policy finally broke up the Fulton & Livingston monopoly and established the opposition line on a profitable basis.

"Vanderbilt's daughters were a wild kind of girls. They were perfectly at home every where on Staten Island, and were very popular. I used to see them in a grocery over there sitting on the counter and swinging their feet and talking to the young fellows who were chafing them.

"The Lorillards had a snuff and tobacco business, and they made a good deal of money out of it. There were three brothers of them—Jacob, Peter and George. Jacob had a butcher shop up near the Bowery Theatre—that was the Dutch of it; it came to be Pierre after it had been translated into French soil a few months. Peter and George were the snuff and tobacco dealers. After they got wealthy nothing would do but old Lorillards must have a carriage and a coat-of-arms upon it. He chose for his coat-of-arms: 'Who'd thought it—snuff bought it.' This made the people laugh, and so he changed it after a while, putting in its place: 'Quid rides?' which means, 'At what do you laugh?' His tobacco store was in Chatham street."

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"My first case in San Francisco," said attorney James K. Wilder to an Examiner reporter, "was the defence of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court because the prisoner said he had no money. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and as the defendant was leaving the court room I called him back, and, just as a joke, handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first \$50 he got. "Next day he walked into my office and planked down two 20s and a 10. "Where did you get all that money?" I demanded, as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak. "Sold the priest's watch," he replied, as he bowed himself out.

A New Party Forming.

Mr. Chase Reys, the lawyer, is the accredited representative in this city of the order whose cardinal principles are practically those of the old American party, but so modified as to accept as members any foreigner who has come to this country, and owes allegiance to it, and are recognized as paramount to those of any foreign power, either secular or religious. It is known as the American Protestant party. There is an association of that name with headquarters in Pittsburg, and with branch organizations in several States and in many of the larger cities.—*Washington Post.*