Devoted to Bolitics, Titcrature, Agriculture, the Barkets and General Information.

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NO. 9.

IN COMING HOURS. In coming hours, when all we say, Makes fullness of our bliss to-day Has faded, as from summer sky The sunset glories slowly die, From gold and rose to dreary gray.

And I must learn as best I may To watch it, as it fades away; I think I will not moan or cry In coming hours.

I think I will not utter "nay," Knowing that all things must decay; Nor even weep, or question why, But o'er our dead dream, tenderly, For blessings for my darling/pray,

In coming hours. -All the Year Round.

## DEVOTED FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I. Ralph Archer and Louis Plover were held so closely together by the interlacings of friendship that they were rarely ever seen apart from each other. They were employed in the same department. of the Arkansaw State government; they occupied the same room, read the same books, and, at the restaurant, as Archer once declared, always ate off the same table-cloth. Both Archer and Plover were much given to study. The war having come on just in time to spoil the chances of a professional course at college, the two young men after the giant struggle had ceased, found themselves almost on a financial level with the demonstrative old Southern governor, who, construction of a railway, replied, "You, haven't a blamed cent." Archer's parand sister lived a short distance from of their leisure time. Young until Archer found himself and El Plover was especially devoted to be the only occupants of the room. soft, winning voice, but her eyes were cat like; she was easy of manner, but brother every time he comes home. her words of greeting echoed with the

"Ella," Plover one day said to his sister, "what do you think of my friend?" "Mr. Archer?" "Yes, you know I always speak of him

nature had not granted to herthat rich gen-

as my friend " "Oh, I like him because he is your friend." "And for no other reason, Ella?"

"You mustn't ask me that. Lu." "Well, but I want to know, sis." " "Are you afraid that I will marry

"Afraid! Why, I would give anything if you should. He is a noble fellow, and quite worthy of you. In fact, he is the only man I would like to see you marry. Tell me, now, don't you love him?" "Lu, you must be crazy. Do you supl

love a man before I find out that the man loves me? Tell me, Lu, did he ever say anything about me?" "Oh, it is hardly time yet, for you

have been home but a short time. Do you know that I cannot bear the idea of your being a governess any longer? I couldn't stand it, that's all." "You are getting off the subject, Bud. Are you sure you never heard him say anything about me?"

"Quite sure. I have never asked him, and he is not the man to tell me unless "I tell you one thing I've noticed.

Every time he comes home with you -no, "Yes, you must. What were you going "No, it is better to leave it unsaid. It

would sound selfish." "Remember, girl, that you are talking to your brother. What were you going

"That while down here he always goes over to Gladrow's." "What of that?" "He goes to see Eva Gladrow. That's

what there is of it." "I think not. I have never heard him speak of her." "But have you asked him? You said

just now that he was not a man to tell you such things unless you should ask him. I declare the friendship existing between you two men is peculiar. You never confide your secrets to each other."

"Because we have none, doubtless." "No, it is because you don't know how to be friends. You make a pretense of thinking much of each other, but I just know it wouldn't take anything hardly to make you fight."

"If he should insult me I would fight him, of course; but understanding each other so well, there is no likelihood of a quarrel. Believe I'll take a stroll. Want

"No. Say, Lu, sometime I wish you would ask him." "Ask him what?" "Don't you remember? Oh, pshaw,

your recollection is not as long as my finger. Ask him what he thinks of me." CHAPTER II.

Young Archer sat in the Gladrow parlor. Beside him sat a girl with sunny hair, glowing cheeks, and eyes expressive of tenderest love.

"So you had no idea that I loved you, little girl?" taking her hand. "I had hoped so, but I thought you must love your friend's sister."

"I don't see what put that into your "Because she is so intelligent, I

were the only being in the world I could A negro girl met him at the door. "Tell me, Mr. Archer," she anxiously

"Such a time will never come," he replied, arising, leaning over and kiss- asked.

ing her. 'I could love no one else, for "I don't wish to see you again, sir. couragement, and were but some of the I believe that we were created for each You are unworthy of any one's confiother. I know that such words must dence. I do not care to hear an explana- straining health for a future pittance in have an old sound, but they are true, tion. Oh, you are a villain," bursting one or another of the spheres of teach-Eva, and old truths are the truest truths into a flood of tears. "Leave this house ing to turn their attention in this direc-"Are you going so soon?

She accompanied him to the door and he was acquainted—a friend of Miss Gladkissed him.

CHAPTER III. "Hello!" cried Plover as Archer was passing through the orchard. "Which

his friend.

them to keep dinner waiting."

governess. It makes me mad every bed, reading. time that I think she has been compelled to work for a living. It shall not occur | country, eh? Did you see sister?" again. Tell me, Archer, what do you think of her ?"

"How could I think otherwise than ished that you should ask such a ques- has ruined me. tion, old boy."

"I am rather astonished myself, but it grievous disappointment to know that me out a wretch, and-" you did not like her. There's the dinner bell now. We are just in time."

CHAPTER IV. Mr. and Mrs. Plover were quite old people. They looked as though their spirits, once gay and vigorous had been broken. The empty row of cabins falling into decay; the once rich land the black stumps where the boughs of when asked if he could not aid in the the walnut grove once whispered in luxuriant drowse; the falling roof of the gentlemen, may not believe it, but I gin house-all may have had much to do with throwing the shadow of sadness ents were dead; Plover's father, mother on the faces of the old man and his

until Archer found himself and Ella to his sister, a tall young women who wore short hair. She possessed a wisits, Mr. Archer," said the young lady, "and we hope that you will accompany

"I warmly appreciate the kindness hollowness of insincerity. Vain and envious, spiteful and jealous, the keen per-ception of young Archer told him that frown of war, that I never tire of contemplating its surroundings." erosity with which her brother had been "I hope the inmates, too, receive a share of your attention."

> "Oh, yes. To the inmates, I think, belong the especial charm." "Thank you. I did not think you spilled?" could be so gallant." "You are mistaking mere truth for gallantry."

"Do you know that I once thought that your conversation was surely as musty as the old books you read? Yes, and I could in imagination see you raking the cobwebs from your voice." 'An inconsistent conceit, Miss Ella, for in the first place I do not read musty books. Some of them may be old-

which makes them all the better but they are not musty. Mustiness does not necessarily accompany age. If so, old wine would be no longer sought. Where pose that I am going to tell, you that I did Louis go? It was our intention to return this evening." "If you are not entertained I will call

He looked up quickly, and studying her face, to discover whether the remark were in jest, replied: "Another inconsistent conceit. You

of entertainment." "Oh, no, Mr. Archer. I know that I am dull. I know there are persons with whom you can find keener enjoyment." Archer began to grow nervous and long for a chance of escape. Her face was flushed, and with a stare almost brazen, she gazed into his eyes. "You would rather talk to Eva Gladrow, and

you can't deny it. Oh, I know I am "You are certainly peculiar, Miss Plover." An adroit admission. Peculiar peo-

ple are always dull. Shall I call my brother?" "If you please." Louis and his father were standing in the yard. She went to the window and called. A moment later Louis entered

"Your friend is very restless," she said. "You'd better take him back to "Ready any time, Arch. The horses are at the gate. Good-bye, sis. We'll

the room.

be down again pretty soon. "Good-evening, Miss Plover." "Good-evening, sir."

Louis looked in astonishment. "What makes you so silent?" asked Plover to his friend, when they had ridden some distance toward town. "Your own silence, Louis, must have

spoken since we left the house." "I was thinking of sister." "So was I," Archer could not help

"She is a dear girl, Arch, but I fear fee of one rupee, and shouted his warthat you do not understand her." "Rather strange, I think."

"How strange?" Louis eagerly asked. "Oh, I don't know." "Of course not. If you knew, she would not be strange. Mystery ceases many a day been sightless, except to diswhen we understand it, and the fact tinguish light from darkness, and who that you do not understand her, makes in this way was successfully operated

"Like my father, eh?"

my mother?

"No, she is unlike any one I have ever "You are not in a very good humor, found you to be so gloomy."

CHAPTER V.

the next day, but instead of stopping at of the world or British usage has yet Nonsense, little woman. If she Plover's, he went direct to Gladrow's. altered in the slightest degree either the

"Can I see Miss Eva?" "But for a moment, sir," replied the To supply a vacancy so long unfilled, asked, "are you quite sure that you young lady, appearing in the hall. Ar- lady doctors have now appeared on the really love me? If you should ever discher advanced, not without perturba- scene, who, it is hoped by reaching the cover that you had made a mistake, how tion, and extended his hand. The girl zenanas, may reach the real source

drew back. "What of earth is the matter?" he

or I'll call my father. Go, I tell you!" tion, they would find an opening of Archer was stunned. Mounting his wider and greater utility before them. "Yes. The Plovers' will keep dinner horse he rode away. He could not un- and a prospect of large and rapid emo waiting. Good-bye, sweet girl," putting derstand the cause of the treatment he ument.—Chambers' Journal. his arm around her. "I shall see you had received. He had not proceeded

> ladv. "Yes, but she-"

"I understand, and have tried to rea-"Just going to the house," stopping ken,"

and joining his friend. "I didn't want "Great heaven, what is the cause of all this?" "Where have you been roaming

"I will tell you, but you must not allow my name to be mentioned. Late "I am not much of a roamer, you yesterday evening Ella Plover, in whom know. With an easy place to sit and an Eva has great confidence, came over, entertaining book I can content myself very much excited, and told Eva that without killing time by muscular force." she had just rejected your offer of mar-"Have you been reading a book, riage. 'I told him,' said she, 'that I Archer?" asked Plover, looking slyly at thought he was in love with you, but he laughed derisively, and replied that you "Yes, a book of beautiful poems. were a weak little thing, credulous and Shall we return to town this evening?" without force of character.' That's the "Just as you say. I am willing at any cause, put please don't say I told you." time. Father complained this morning | Archer did not go to his room until because we do not come down oftener. late at night. The thought of meeting He is growing old and I must humor Louis made him shudder. When he him. Ella shall not go out again as entered the room, Louis was lying on the

"Hellow, Arch; been down in the "See the dickens!" Louis sprang up. What do you mean?" "I beg your pardon, Louis. I did not well of my friend's sister? I am aston- intend to speak so harshly. Your sister

"Ruined you!" "Yes. She told Eva Gladrow that I was anxiety, Archer, for it would be a had proposed to her, that-oh, she made

> "I don't believe a word of it?" "And more than that, you shall not speak in that manner of my sister." "You have heard what I said." "Yes, and you shall hear what I say.

You have a friend handy, I suppose?"
"I am not altogether friendless." ing into decay; the once rich land "Very well," getting up and putting on his clothes. "My friend will call on you, sir. Good night."

An hour afterward arrangements for a duel were completed. The young men were to meet in the country, not far town, in an old red brick house, where the parlor. One by one they went away expressed this wish, so that one or both from the Plover residence. Louis had of them, as the case might be, could be conveyed to the old house. The sun had just risen when the parties met in a little field surrounded by woods. "Louis," said Archer, "even though we fight, let us remain friends. I can-

not bear to think that the long time we have spent together was wasted. The witching Congressmen into voting as tween the bishop's house and water is a word friendship was not to be blotted from the page of human intercourse." "Archer," replied Plover, "as a man my heart warms toward you, but as a brother I can shoot you." "Gentlemen." said one of the seconds.

"can't we somehow arrange this unfortunate affair so that blood will not be 'I am afraid not," Archer replied. "It can be," exclaimed Plover. "Tell me from whom you got your information.

Then we can investigate ' "I cannot." "Then sir, I am ready." "I don't see any harm in telling him," said Ployer's second. "Even though you were to violate a promise you could find consolation in the thought that you | had saved human life." "Your remarks are kind, but unavail-ig," rejoined Archer. "I believe that

my informant told the truth." 'I am ready," remarked Plover. "Who is that climbing the fence?" asked Archer's second, "Your father, Plover. Yes, and he's got a gun." The old man slowly approached. Tak-

ing his gun from his shoulder and cocking it, he said : 'I've got fifteen buckshot in each barrel, and I will kill the first man that must think that I am beyond the range says anything about fighting. Oh, I heard all about it. You are a fine lot of fools. Going to shoot each other, eh?

Louis, Archer is right. Louis dropped his pistol. "Ella" confessed it to me. She and Eva have made friends, and, Archer, she

is at my house, waiting for you." Archer dropped his pistol. "Wouldn't this have been a fine come off?" continued the old man. "I am a great mind to take a stick and beat all of you. Let us go to the house. Breakfast is about ready." Louis and Archer embraced each

"I never saw Eva look so happy," remarked old man Gladrow to his wife. "Well she may be, David, for she's got a good husband, and what more could a girl ask, I'd like to know?"-Arkansaw Traveler.

Native Treatment of Diseases in India. Regarding the native treatment of dis-

eases, one of the most curious things I ever witnessed was a half-clad native shouting through the streets of a country town: "Does any one want back his sight? One rupee only!" as if he were hawking fruits or sweetmeats; and to my astonishment, a patient soon presented himself to be operated on for cataract. There, and then, standing in suggested the remark. You have not the bazaar, the itinerant oculist took out his penknife and performed the operation in a few minutes, bound up the man's eyes, and telling him to keep in the dark for a fortnight, received his

The operation was most unvaryingly

cry for more patients.

successful; one instance among my servants being a woman of eighty, who had charge of my fowl house, and had for her strange. Don't you think she is like upon. Beside this operator are bonesetters and medical rubbers, male and female, especially represented by the hereditary low caste accoucheuse of each village, whose skill in shampooing is such an aid in her lowly calling-as to supplant much of the useless medicine Arch. I don't believe I ever before and enforced rest of more civilized countries, and save endless mischief and suffering to her sex. What skill they have is, of course, almost Archer went down into the country purely traditional. None of the science customs of the native or his horror at the idea of male physicians for women. through which a higher enlightenment in India is possible. An immense field is open to them along with every en-

There are four hundred newspapers published in London, writes Robert Laird Collier in the Minneapolis Tribune. "Did you see Eva?" asked the young Of these sixteen are morning, nine are evening, and 375 are weekly.

"Now your talk has the true ring," son with her, but her heart is most bro- said the girl to her lover when he began to speak of a diamond circlet.

WITCHES OF THE LOBBY.

HALLS OF CONGRESS. interesting Sketches of the Persons Whose Business it is to Influence

the Legislation of Congress.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Journal says: The members of the fair sex have at different times wielded a potent influence in the Washington lobby. There are many thrilling and romantic stories about the parts played by lady lobbyists in the past. In this field the ladies have a great advantage over their male competitors. Even in the most palmy days of the lobby no woman was ever heard to say, after the manner of Dr. Bradford: "Yes, I am a Tobbyist, and am proud of it. It is only a profession." It is, therefore, extremety difficult now, when the decrees of society have made lobbying still more objectionable, to ascertain the names of

ladies who interest themselves in pro-Many of the fairy tales told about charming female lobbyists at the capitol really have a very small foundation to not altogether given up the delightful practice of lobbying, the Journal corre-

During the sessions of Congress the capitol building is constantly crowded story. with people of both sexes. At either Tal end of the capitol a special provision is lowing the bank, we make our way made for the benefit of the ladies. These toward the mission station-easily recaccommodations consist of large reception-rooms where ladies can retire, send which floats over it, bearing the letters in their cards to members or Senators C. M. S., this being a station of the and hold long conversations with them Church Missionary society. On our way uninterrupted.\* When a Senator is thither we pass the mission church, a anxious to hold a special private conversation with a visitor he can invite her with a steeple, and capable of accommointo the marble room. The mem-dating about three hundred persons. bers are denied this privilege. They are Leaving this, we soon reach the mission together and talk in whispers.

Mrs. Jane Spencer is a handsome widow and can be seen almost any day quarters of the diocese), one European around the capitol in the act of beshe wishes them to. Mrs. Spencer is grassy slope on which the Indians erect highly educated, and as a conversa- their tents quring their stay. The resitionalist has few equals anywhere. She dent population, the bulk of whom are lives in very modest style in the north- half-castes, number, together with the western part of the city and classes few Europeans and Indians, about one among her friends some of the most dis- hundred and fifty souls; while the Inditinguished people in Washington. No ans who visit the place during the sumone would apply the term lobbyist to mer are estimated at between four and Mrs. Spencer. She is said to be rich five hundred. and only interests herself in legislation that will help poor and deserving people. Many a poor widow to-day owes her nension to the efforts of Mrs. Spencer. Very few Congressmen can resist her. The mute appeal of her large brown eyes would turn a heart of stone.

M & E lizabeth Hawley is under thirty and says that she hates all men, but she makes exceptions to members and Sena- way to the church door. Let us take up tors. She is regularly engaged by a large pension firm here to look after their claims before Congress. Miss Hawley can out talk any Congressman. She haunts the cloak rooms of both houses, and never lets go her hold upon a victim until he has promised to vote for her bill. wood's chief assistant in the presidential canvass.

The "queen of the lobby" is from New Orleans, and possesses the clear complexion and striking beauty so common among the Southern ladies. Mrs. Clarendon is a good lawyer and does not hesitate to enter into the most exhaustive legal argument to carry her point. She lives on Capitol hill, and may be worth \$50,000.

Mrs. Margaret Davis is the widow of a retired army officer. She finds, she says. in watching the movements of Congress amusement and a diversion from the everyday affairs of life.. She becomes interested in measures and follows them up simply for "amusement." Mrs. Davis' eyes are very captivating, and she does not healtate to use them when a vote is

General Sherrill, of New York, stands at the head of the lobby to-day. He succeeded Sam Ward. General Sherrill's motto is the old one, that every man has his price.

He began life as the private secretary of Governor E. D. Morgan. It was there he got his start. He is not very affable and does not believe in wasting time in coming to the point,

Much of General Sherrill's success in Washington is due to his charming wife and daughter. Mrs. and Miss Sherrill have long been prominent social figures here. Both mother and daughter entertain a great deal, and are seen at all the receptions of note. Mrs. Sherrill is very young-looking. Mother and daughter are frequently mistaken for sisters. General Sherrill has charge here of the Union Pacific interest. This pays

him a handsome income aside from any outside work. He is over sixty years old, has snowwhite hair and side-whiskers and walks with a slight stoop. He might easily be taken for retired Wall street broker. On any railroad-day in the House or Senate the general is always on hand, on the principle he says that all men are

honest, but they need watching. Joe Rickey (sometimes called Colonel

for never taking a bluff. me for \$500?" "I will," said Rickey.

The Congressman turned pale. That was more than he bargained for. idea of anybody taking up such a wild, desperate bluff as that made his blood He could not back out, however, and

so he produced a nickel. he tried it again just to get even, and lost once more. This sobered him up. His experience cost him \$1,000. Rickey drives fast horses, lives well

and has a strong hold on Southern and tor" Bradford, the subject of the next some of that postal legislation, designated officially as star route, that passed the House several years ago. Doctor Bradford is a native of Cincinnati.

frankly, Dr. Bradford believes that lobbying as The first case of Asiatic cholera in this

tlemen. Bradford is a smooth talker | KING OF THE SUGAR TRADE and an excellent judge of wine and horses. He keeps the best of both. He HANDSOME WOMEN WHO VISIT THE keeps the best of both. He is seldom HE WIELDS. seen about the capitol. His labors are carried on outside. The three men menioned above are the principal figures in the Washington lobby. There are a number of lesser lights, but as yet they

have only acquired a limited degree of

In Hudson Bay. The houses, not more than twenty-five or thirty in number, are so scattered as to extend along the river bank for nearly a mile; and being all painted white, form conspicuous objects against their dark background of pine woods. On stepping ashore at the landing stage we find ourselves at the foot of a flagstaff indiesting the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay company, to whom, indeed, the whole settlement owes its existence, the entire resident population, except the mission staff, being composed of their officers and employes. Round this center are grouped the residences of the officer in charge and his subordinates, and also one or two large warehouses. Beyond these stretch away to the right build upon. The ladies, however, have Every building on the island is of wood, suitable stone not being easily procurable. In shape and size, however, the spondent has discovered by looking dwelling houses are not unlike those of an English country village, except that only the larger houses have any upper

Taking now a path to the left, and folognized even at a distance by the flag modest structure of wood surmounted compelled to draw their chairs up close buildings, which beside the school, include the residences of the bishop of Moosonee (this station being the head-

We will now see how Sunday is spent in this little community. As both English speaking people and natives have to be provided for, the services are begun early enough in the day to allow of four being held in all-two in each language. At 6:30 A. M., therefore, the church bell sounds, and soon a stream of Indians (most men at this early hour) winds its our stand here and observe them as they enter. At the outlying settlements the Indians dress almost entirely in one style; but here at headquarters, where they come a good deal in contact with Europeans, they adopt something of the variety of European dress. Some of the Miss Hawley is sometimes described as well-to-do Indians (i. e., the most skillful the "holy terror." She was Belva Lock- hunters) appear in black cloth suits and colored neckties, and a few even were English boots, though the majority seem to prefer the soft deerskin shoes usually worn in the country. The women naturally allow themselves still greater freedom, and not unfrequently adorn themselves in a dress of glaring hue, with a striped shawl or beaded jacket equally conspicuous, and the whole surmounted (but this not often) with a straw hat and colored feathers .- The Quiver.

A Voice From the Bead.

A circumstance of recent origin, which is vouched for by people of Christian character and high social standing in this community, confirms this strange story of biological conditions. A couple of years ago Willie Lord, a young man well known and well liked in Pontiac and Detroit, lost his life in Washington. There was no preliminary sickness, as his death was caused by drowning. At the time he died, a lady, the member of a She was formerly Miss Virginia Palmer, of Pontiac, and is now, I think, Mrs. Anderson. This lady who, in common with her family, regarded Willie as a dear friend, was sitting in her room in New Mexico with open windows, when she heard a well-known whistle-a snatch from a bar of music, with which young Lord always announced his coming. Her first thought was one of mingled pleasure and surprise; pleasure at seeing her friend and surprise that he should be in that far distant part of the country. But there was no mistaking the repeated | practically, a corrupting institution. He strain of the signal-whistle. She ran to the windows; he was not there. To the sibilities of the good and the bad. His doors. No one had seen any person. scale of developments is of immense The event so impressed her that she sat down and wrote to Mrs. Lord, and the his qualities are only to be known, within bereaved mother answered that at that any moderate approximation, by an extime her son was dead. Was it then the music of the spheres that had been conveying an unintellig ble message to can be hidden so much deception. But earth-bound ears? - Detroit Free Press.

In looking over exchanges, in an ar-Joe) of St. Louis, is a younger man than ticle on "Forest Preservation" the eye us yesterday is not the one that now General Sherrill, but he is almost as use- lights on the following statements: "It limps and wheezes. The real entity was doubt salt water will soon become a is an accepted fact that trees attract rain, marvelously concealed. It is a wonder fashionable craze in connection with the He will bet that it will rain to-morrow, that in sufficiently wooded districts and that the head of the mythical sphynx bleeding process."—Chicogo Tribune. or he will bet that it won't, and give you areas of country, droughts are of less was not mounted upon a horse. If it odds either way. He has the reputation common occurrence than in over cleared had been, Œdipus would have been worse sections." That the above is an ac-A short time ago a Western Congress- cepted theory (with many) is admitted. man meeting Rickey in a bar-room alone That it is an accepted fact is not true. trader, is easily accounted for. He canthought he would test his "sand." Call- The worst drought experienced during not very well help it. It is altogether and many Viennese have never seen her. ing several of his friends around him the congressman said in a loud voice: "I'm six at locality is faithfully cherished in probable that he is half the time cheated that he is half the time cheated the probable that he is half the probable that agressman said in a loud voice: "I'm gion of Western Virginia and Eastern a better from Bettersville. Who has Kentucky and Tennessee, a sparsely got the courage to match nickels with settled, densely wooded district. Intense droughts in the densely wooded districts of Northern Michigan have prepared the way for the destructive forest fires which have swept over that country. During the last season Southern Illinois and Indisna, naturally a forest region and with a large percentage of the land yet in timber, have suffered severely by drought, while the prairie region of much of "Lost!" said the Congressman. Then Northern Illinois and Iowa has had an excess of rainfall. Enthusiasts on the subject of forest preservation and forest culture are apt to propound theories claimed to be based on facts which the facts themselves do not sustain. The Western Congressmen. He and "Doc- real facts are that the sources or original cause of rainfall are remote from the losketch, are said to be responsible for cality of precipitation, which depends upon currents of pure air charged with moisture coming in contact with colder currents, and not upon what may be growing upon the earth. The clouds may "Yes, I am a lobbyist," he says dreds of miles from the locality of pre-"and I am not ashamed of cipitation-New York World.

a fine art can only be carried on by gen- country occurred in 1832.

CLAUS SPRECKELS, AND THE POWER

How From Selling Cheese and Crack-ers in New York Spreckels Became the Master of Millions.

A San Francisco letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat thus details the career of a great sugar monopolist: Claus Spreckels, commonly known as the "Sugar King of the Sandwich Islands," wields a power more democratic, if not greater, than than that of any other monopolist in the world. He is sometimes more than a Warwick, because he has not remained content with making the king, but has guided all his movements like a puppet, so that he is actually the ruler of the pigmy realm and its financial ministry. His dream is to exercise equal sway on the coast. Spreckels is a South German, born in Hanover, a man of small education, who came to this country about 1830, and started in the retail grocery business in Church street, New York. He made the impression on those who knew him there as a man of great shrewdness and of the thrift which is proverbial of his He came to California soon after the gold fever broke out, and at once engaged in the grocery business in this city, preferring it to the hazards and hardships of mining. Every thing which he touched seemed to turn to gold. He made large profits in his business. Combining with several of his brothers who had come out to the coast, he bought a quarter interest in the Albany Brewery, in this city, for \$40,000. This was the foundation of his present large fortune and commercial importance. After running the brewery a few years, his keen business instincts saw in sugar-refining a far more profitable field of enterprise. The story of his conquest of the Sandwich Islands in a nutshell, is that he took advantage of the ignorance of a king who wanted | vated plateaus and valleys yield a mag-

of his property is mortgaged, and it is understood the greater part of his fortune is embarked in the sugar business, which is apt to depreciate. He makes daily, the year round, however, 630 barrels of sugar, containing 275 pounds of sugar each, worth an average of \$30 a | fact that solar disturbances strongly af barrel. This makes a business of \$18,000 | fect the earth's magnetism. It is very a day, or \$6,570,000 a year. He makes a clear profit of \$10 a barrel, or \$6,000 a day, which amounts to \$2,190,000 a year. He controls the entire sugar trade of the coast, which represents \$10,000,000 a year. Down at Honululu he puts on more the airs of an autocrat, and his course there lately has put him into disfavor with both the native and foreign population. Last January he loaned the king \$1,000,-Among his employes Spreckels is probably more popular than any other millionaire on the coast, because he has always treated his people well.

He is of medium height, compactly built and dresses neatly. He has the face of a typical German, with the high cheek-bones, fair skin and blue eyes of the Fatherland. His eye is as clear as that of a young man, and his skin though browned by exposure, is also clean and healthy. His round head is covered with a thick growth of hair, rapidly changing from gray to white. This is the only indication of his years. He has the alert look and movement of a man of thirty, and in his steel-blue eyes is a look which goes far to reveal his character. He married years ago, when he was a poor man, a comely German girl, who was then employed as a domestic in the family of a large Eastern sugar refiner, and she has proved a good wife and mother. They have four sons and one daughter. The father and the three elder sons, among whom is Adolph, who shot De Young, are members of the Pacific club, in this city, where the sons are general favorites. They are all fine-

looking men, of polished address, and have traveled much in Europe. tirely to draw any information out of family who were all intimate friends of visit he said: "You may put it down Claus Spreckles, and never fail to turn this knowledge to account,"

> The Horse-Trader and the Horse. The habitual horse trader is not always a bad man and neighbor; but he is always supposed to need especial watching. He, certainly, is a double moralist except where he sometimes merges his private code into his official one wholiy. For, the horse, which is among the noblest of animals really, is somehow, contains in himself pretty nearly all posreach; and the worst of it all is, that pert. It is hardly credible that under the visage which seems so guileless there we know, to our sorrow, that it does hide there. We generally find out the day after an unfortunate purchase that the animal driven up so proudly before baffled to unravel the mystery. The slipperiness, therefore, of the horse himself. That he has more virtue than he is credited with is evident from the fact that he is rarely, if ever, known to be rich, and is never a millionaire. - New York Hour.

Tanned Snake and Frog Skins. Even the delicate skin of a frog can be tanned. An opera glass covered with the handsomely marked skin of a garter or a small water snake will soon become fashionable. Card eases, small books and little bed-room clocks are some of the articles in the manufacture of which they are used. The surface of the skin is thickly glazed and in such things it takes a long time before the scales begin to stand up. The upper portion of slippers and shoes and even dressingcases are made from the larger snakes. Nearly all of them come Africa, but a good many are also obtained from Brazil and other parts of South America. It is a singular fact that the skins have to be Mail and Express.

W. E. Gladstone, the premier, has an elder brother who has no less than thirteen farms on his hands. He also owns over 45,000 acres in Kincardineshire.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

The tape-worm has no distinctive apparatus but absorbs the already digested food of its host. The chemical prepara-tion of the food has preceded its ab-

sorption. In animals precocity is generally a sign of inferiority; compare the chicks of the hen and of the robin, a colt with a kitten, and the comparatively well-developed caterpillar with the footless

grab of the bee. A St. Louis man has discovered that catfish skin makes elegant leather, and roposes to get out a patent and make a ortune. He uses it for everything, for shoe-laces to slippers, cabas, pocket. Till at the window mocked old carebooks and fancy pocket-case covers.

The leather is light gray in color, very soft and tough. Skating rink floors are now made of aper. It is done by pasting and pressing straw boards together under a powerful hydraulic press, in the same way as the disks of the paper car whoels are made. When these blocks are perfectly seasoned and dried, they are sawed into flooring boards and laid with the edge of the paper forming the surface of the floor. This surface is sand-papered until it is as smooth as one vast sheet of ice, and the adhesive quality of the paper prevents any slipping of the roller upon the floor. The floor is without joints, perfectly smooth and comparatively noiscless

The dwarf coco grows abundantly sverywhere around the city of Tepie. From its kernel the finest lubricating oil known is extracted, as well as the base for a soap, whose appearance and excellence would meet with universal favor. Why some one has not smassed a fortune from the manufacture of this oil here is one of the many mysteries of favored Mexico. On the low lands, cotton, sugar-cane, coffee, corn and tropical fruits are easily grown, while the elenoney, and that he works his coolies to afficent grade of wheat. And yet, strange to say, in this populous section. Of Spreckels' wealth it is impossible to constantly traveled, not a single flour or form any accurate estimate, because much | grain mill is to be found nearer than Guadalajary, 250 miles from the coast.

Observations concerning the effects odically appearing spots on the sun have given very contradictory results, and | Call. have established thus far only the single probable that sun-spot influences may have a certain real effect upon terrestrial elimates, but much further research will be necessary to prove beyond a doubt that they do. Professor C. A. Young affirms, however, that it has already been lick me."-Boston Boscon, shown that such influence, if it exists at all, is very slight and difficult of detection; that it is not dominant, or even very powerful, in terrestrial meteorology; and that there is no reasonable ground for expectation that the periodicity of sin-spots will ever enable us to predict

the season in advance. The Latest Fashionable Folly.

"Bleeding is becoming fashionable among young society swells of both sexes, but is mostly practiced by young ice: "Your name? Your address!" men," said a physician." "Yes, but—" "Not a word! It is for-"By bleeding persons naturally bekind of aristocratic or distinguished ap- stances."-La Carionfure. pearance. For instance, if a young man has been rejected by the lady who has upset his reason he can play upon her sympathies by having himself bled. The loss of blood would make him pale and interesting, and he could lounge around home for a few days and send out a report that he was dying of a broken heart. His paleness would show that something was the matter with him, and it might excite the lady's sympathy, if she had that element in her icy fashiouable composition. The face could not be powdered or painted so as to represent illness. The ladies understand that artifice too well; and a great many are adopting the bleeding process. It is not that they wish to convey the impression Mr. Spreckles is an easy man to get that they are dying by inches from access to, but it is another matter en. grief. They don't do that now. But occasional bleeding makes them When told of the object of the naturally pale, and their pretty faces are more easily colored in consequence. With the young man, was living in New Mex- that I know what is always good for a white background, or rather face, the face is colored without the preliminary trouble of washing it with a white com-pound before coloring is put on. The colors stick better, the paint does not I could stay up all night, you know, show so plainly, does not close the pores of the skin so hermetically; a smoother | want to do such a ridiculous thing as appearance generally. Then, again, it is that for?" she tittered. "To wit: to not the correct thing in Iashionable so- woo."-Pittsburg Chronicle. ciety to appear too rosy and healthful. It would look as if they followed some occupation for a living. School girls, you know, eat pickles and slate-pencils under the impression that it will make them thin by drying up the blood. Bleaching is the latest device in fashonable society, and is resorted to by both sexes for opposite purposes. During the summer ladies are bleached, or bled, under the impression that the reduction of blood prevents an excess of perspira-

The Empress of Austria.

tion-and nothing is considered more

unfashionable than to perspire. That is

why so many ladies look so cool and

icy chilling in the red-hot months of

summer. I do not know that the young

men drink salt water after being bled

like the other calves that are bleached for

the market by cruel butchers, but no

According to a French paper, hardly elegant figure. She owes this to horseback exercise and to early rising. Her disdain for popularity and the people has its source in her attachment to the old prerogative of the crown which the emperor has resigned. She guards the court against the invasion of new ideas, and would consent to mingle with the people at fetes if she thought they still respected their princes. But she knows the sacred character of the throne has disappeared in their eyes. The empress who disdains to show herself at balls, is curiously enough the intimate friend of circus riders. On the eve of the grand religious processions, in which former empresses took part, escorted by pages and ladies, she has convenient illnesses, which enable her to go to the country; but she has one virtue, rare in emperors' consorts: she never meddles with politics. She is despotic mistress of her household, the first huntress in the world, and might be the first professor of taken to France to be tanned. - New York | circus equitation of her time. She believes in Homoeopathy, violent exercise and in shampooing.

> The price of wheat in England is lower than it has been during the past | 1883. 104 years.

JOB PRINTING

THE PRESS JOB DEPARTMENT

is supplied with all necessary material, and its fully prepared to do work with NEATNESS, DISPATON, AND AT THE

VERY LOWEST PRICES

He sure to give us a trial before contracting with anyone clea.

THE HOUSE OF CLAY. There was a house-a house of clay, Wherein the inmate sang all day, Merrywand poor.

For Hope sat likewise heart to heart, Fond and kind-fond and kind. Vowing he never would depart-Till all at once he changed his mind-Sweetheart good-bye!" He slipped away. And shut the door.

But Love came past, and looking in, With smiles that pierced like sunshine thin,

Through wall, roof, floor, in the midst of that poor room, Grand and fair-grand and fair, Making a glory out of gloom,

Love sighed-"all lose and nothing win?" He shut the door. Then o'er the barred house of clay,

Kind jamine and clematic gay Grew evermorend bees brummed merrily outside Loud and strong-loud and strong, The inner silentness to hide. The stendfast silence all day long-

Till evening touched with finger gray The close shut door. Most like the next that passes by, Will be the angel whose calm eye Marks rich, marks poor;

ho pausing not at any gate, Stands and calls stands and calls; At which the inmate opens straight-Whom e'er the crumbling clay house falls He takes in kind arms silently And shuts the door.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The old slipper strikes the hardest in the fall. -Lowell Courier. Motto for craxy quilt manufacturers: Blessed are the piece-makers." -- Chi-

Although photographing is dull, new

features are constantly being introduced in it.—New York News. Mrs. Purtington says that it is not true that her son Ike has ulsters in his throat .- Somerville Journal.

In newspaper parlance the merchant who gets ahead of his fellows is the one

who has the "ad" vantage.-Philadelphia There's love on a railroad, Love in a carriage; Lots of it in courtship,

-Chicago Ledger, Boy (with feeling)-"I'm an orphan, and father's broke his legs and is in jail. and mother's in an insune asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll

A young man, dressed in elaborate style, on the skates with a confident smile; "But in spite of his "gall." His pride got a hard fall, And now his head is too big for his tile.

A clothing dealer hung out an overcost for a sign, and marked thereon "Hands off! Beware!" A thief observed it, and, shouldering the responsibility, remarked, "Hands on! Beworn!"-Pittsburg Chronicle.

When old Jacques broke through the bidden to bathe in this lake, and I am come a little pale, and this gives them a not here to listen to extenuating circum-When you hear the old veteran with a head like an oyster bowl, telling the old

story of the weather back in the twen-

ties, you perceive that, in spite of the

progress of invention, there has been no mprovement in lying worth mentioning. -Lowell Courier. "I didn't see you out at the party," said one Renedick to another Priday. "No, I was tending a wake," was the answer of the other, as he thought how he promenaded the bedroom for four mortal

ours with a kid that refused to be comforted, -Mgrathen Independent. Actress (to washerwoman who has brought her bill)-"How can you be so impertinent as to dun me in this way!" Washerwoman-"Impertment! What do you mean? Who are you, I should like to know? If I choose to pay sixpence for a gallery ticket, you have got to faint on the stage for my amusement.

- Cologne Zeitung. "I wish I was an owl," said the young dear," he replied. "What would you

Between infancy and the ballot-box a man tumbles into many pitfalls of terror, but about the biggest mistake he ever makes with his eyes open, is when he goes carefully along, with the lautern of reason in one hand, the staff of prudence in the other, seeking happiness in the pathway of matrimony, and then, like an old fool, tells his wife what a staving good cook his mother is .- Chicago Lei

Rachel's Tomb.

A correspondent of the New Orleans

Times-Democrat says in a letter from the Holy Land : Still further on we arrived at Rachel's tomb, a modern square white structure, made out of coarse plaster, roofed over a dilapidated dome. By a singular coincidence of traditions, Jews, Moslems, Armenians, Greeks, Latin and Protestant Christians all unite in pronouncing this the spot where Rachel's life went out and Benjamin's began, when Jacob and his family were journeying Southward from Bethel. The pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the site which has now passed away, but the the hearts of the people. The too at the very junction of the Bethlebem and Hebron roads. We took the latter, of course, pursuing a journey that had been trodden before us by Abraham, Issac, Jacob, Joseph, David, Saul, Samuel, Solomon and most of the patriarchs and prophets of the Old Testament. Across the valley to the right, as we turned our backs on the tomb, was the modern village of Beit-Jela, with some 4,000 inhabitants, all Christians, and the majority Latin and Greek church dignitaries. The village was apparently one of the most attractive in the Holy Land.

Speaking of the business situation, "an employer" says in the Boston Journal: I have carefully looked the subject over, and know, from actual computation, that seventy-five cents will buy more of the necessaries of life than one dollar would in 1881 and 1882. In fact there never was a time when so much could be purchased for one dollar as

The total production of anthracite coal during the year 1884 was 30,860,-755 tons, against 81,771,189 tons in