The Observer and Gazette.

OBSERVER ESTABLISHED 1825. GAZETTE ESTABLISHED 1872.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1885.

NEW SERIES: VOL. I.—NO. 11.

Observer and Gazette.

JOHN R. MYROVER, Proprietor.

Office: 17 and 19 Green Street, next to Overbaugh House.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY.....DECEMBER 17, 1885.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year (in advance).....2 00
Six months (in advance).....1 00

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Closing In.

Alone my life the twilight shades are deep—
All soon, alas, soon must be down and sleep.
How long I know not: through the dark'ning air
Of my worn soul strange thoughts and fancies fare;
Some steal like solemn phantoms silent by,
Lifting cold eyes that glitter warningly;
Some with aerial soft'ness flit and pass,
Like birds of night o'er dead autumnal grass;
And some scarce glimpsed athwart the twilight glow,
Glance bat-like, with black pinions, to and fro;
While from afar a dreary wind, whose breath
Seems thick with odors of long dust of death,
Moans round me with the low, half-muffled fall
Of music waiting a funereal call.
O wind of woe, through skies of ghostly gray!
O mournful closing of a mournful day!
Would heaven that even now, at this last hour,
Fate could uplift me on a storm of power,
Nerve the frail limbs, roll back the ebbing life,
And whirl me, bold, to the most heart of strife,
Where, from some hallowed field by heroes trod,
My soul might pass on cloud and fire to God!

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

In the Light.

The day was very dark, but toward its close
The sun shone out in sudden beauty buried
The tinted sky, and all the clouds were turned
To a great flame of purple, gold and rose.

And though from early dawn the skies did lower,
That moment's glory swept all gloom away—
Its memory even—for of that long day
I do remember but the one bright hour.

So sweet, so strong, its light can never die;
The conquering sunshine with its perfect joy
Not all life's later shadows can destroy—
O heart of mine! still look thereon and by!

—*Carlotta Perry.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Different Themes from Different Fields.

The Emperor William of Germany is seriously ill.

The Servians have been repulsed in their attacks on the Bulgarian frontier.

The leading London papers speak in high terms of President Cleveland's message.

It is officially denied from Paris that France has entered into any armistice with Burmah.

The crop report of the Department of Agriculture gives the farm prices of the principal crops.

Senator Voorhees has introduced in Congress a bill for the admission of Idaho into the Union as a State.

In an accident on the West Point Railroad in Georgia the engineer was killed and a fireman badly injured.

The London *Times* of the 11th inst. says that the Eastern difficulty may now be regarded as virtually settled.

Thomas M. Affleck, the oldest underwriter in the South, died on the 11th inst. in Richmond, Va., aged 74 years.

Maj. E. B. Kirk, United States Army, has been ordered to thoroughly inspect the national cemeteries in the South.

The most intense cold weather that has been experienced for five years prevailed throughout England last week.

A Berlin dispatch says that the German inter-oceanic steamship lines have definitely chosen Antwerp as a port of call.

It is officially announced that Servia will abide by the decision of the powers if compatible with her interests and dignity.

The Irish Invincibles in Dublin are startled at the announcement that a notorious informer supposed to be dead has turned up.

In a riot on the 10th inst. between Pennsylvania striking coal miners and men working at reduced wages ten men were wounded.

The Mexican Congress has approved a contract with Capt. Eads for a ship railway, and a bill has gone to the President for his signature.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt was buried in the Moravian cemetery at New Dorp, Staten Island, the home of the Vanderbilt family for many years.

A recent official report states that of all the National Banks established since the inauguration of the system, there are now 2,727 in existence.

The celebration of the 200th anniversary of the introduction of the art of printing in the middle colonies began in Philadelphia last Friday night.

A solemn requiem mass was celebrated in Washington city for the repose of the soul of King Alfonso, which the President and Cabinet attended.

W. D. Kellett, United States Marshal of the northern district of Georgia, was waylaid on Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, and killed by "moonshiners."

Last week a bill was introduced in the United States Senate prohibiting the mailing of newspapers containing lottery advertisements, with a penalty of $200 for every violation of the law.

The final results of the Parliamentary elections in England give the coalition of the Tories and Parnellites against the Liberals a majority of 12, after the most arduous work and the most intense feeling.

Carl Schurz addressed a large civil service reform meeting in Boston on the night of the 11th inst. He urged the support of Cleveland in his practical application of the principles of civil service to government work.

Gladstone has written a letter in which he expresses himself greatly pleased at the result of the elections, and declares that it will be shown that the Liberals have gained greatly on the Tories in the past five years.

After quite a stormy little revolution Governor Sepulveda with his forces has entered Monterey, Mexico, and the strength of the insurgents is supposed to be crushed; the people, it is believed, will support the government.

Nelson Stewart and Anderson Davis, colored, were hanged for burglary at Charlotte, N. C., on Wednesday, 9th inst., the execution being private in the jail enclosure. There were no scenes of excitement, the men dying bravely.

The Queen regent of Spain has commenced with very conciliatory and pleasant measures —amnesty to political and newspaper offenders. Prosecutions are to be stopped, and all journalists now languishing in prison are to be released.

Senator Ransom has introduced a bill in Congress providing for the erection of a handsome public building in Wilmington, N. C., to cost $100,000; Senator Vance has also introduced a bill to erect public buildings at Charlotte and Asheville, N. C., to cost $100,000 each.

NEW YORK LETTER.

MATTERS LIGHT AND WEIGHTY IN THE METROPOLIS.

The Gothamites Will be Burned—The Preachers Trying to Save Them First—Antiquaries in Search of Rare Print—Counsel from the "Sage of Grammercy Park"—German Opera—Remarkable Japanese Artisans.

Special Correspondence of the Observer and Gazette.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1885.—If what the preachers say be true there is many a New Yorker who will be burned hereafter. But your New Yorker is an enterprising fellow, and he is now for getting ahead of the old arrangement. In short, he has built a crematory, and instead of burying the dead he will now burn them. There are a great many people who prefer to be burned to being buried, and now they can all be accommodated. After trying the furnaces on the body of a sheep or two, the first human body that was subjected to their heat was put into the great oven the other day, and there it melted away to a mere handful of white ashes. In the chapel religious services were held over the dead man, just as they are conducted at a grave; and his friends got a little urn full of dust, which they can bury or keep, as the old Romans kept the dust of their friends. More than forty bodies are waiting to be burned, and the crematory will have plenty to do for some time to come. The atheists as a rule are the first to prefer this method of disposing of the dead, but they are not the only advocates of it.

AN INFIDEL CLUB.

There has lately been formed here a body the like of which has never before been known in our country, and seldom in any other land. It is an organization of infidels, under the presidency of Bob Ingersoll. They publish a paper and have a sort of infidel book-store. What they wish to do, or propose to do, I do not know; but some of them seem to think that they are going to turn the world over one of these days.

QUITE A DIFFERENT MOVEMENT.

On the other hand, there is now in progress here one of the most interesting and significant religious movements that has ever been known in the history of New York. The Episcopal churches some time ago began what the Methodists or Baptists would call a revival. It differs from a revival only in that there is less of the customary religious excitement. All the Episcopal churches gave themselves over to evangelical, which they call "missioners." The "missioners" are simply Episcopal clergymen from other churches, mostly outside of New York, who under the general leadership of the Rev. Mr. Aiken, an Englishman, are holding work-day services, visiting all sorts of people and distributing tracts. It is the old-fashioned revival work. And if there ever was a field where such work, and a plenty of it, was needed, it is this city. Not a tithe or a twentieth of the people here ever saw a fervid religious meeting, and in the old-fashioned, vigorous sense they have no conception of what a religious experience is. Old Trinity Church stands on Broadway just at the head of Wall street. The Rev. Mr. Aiken has been occupying its pulpit at noon every day, and the church has been filled with brokers and their clerks and with men from the Produce Exchange. A great many of them never before heard a week-day sermon, and some have heard monstrous few on Sunday. This movement of the Episcopal church has awakened the other churches, and there is a general movement on foot to make a greater effort to do evangelical work in the great cities.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE.

I have taken the trouble this afternoon to look over the Christmas catalogues of books published especially for the holiday trade, and I have found that among the books of travel and adventure there is a volume about every land under the sun. Africa is of course an old and well-known land to the makers of books of travel; but now from Africa to the furthest point yet reached toward the north pole every land is described and pictured, and every one is made attractive to children as well as to grown people.

LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

One of the most wonderful places among all the wonderful places in this great city is the second-hand book establishment of Leggatt & Co. There are a million volumes of all sorts and sizes; everything tumbled together—new books, old books, immensely valuable books, worthless books; and yet call for what you may, there is a fellow there who can in a moment put his hand on it and save you a dollar or two of the cost at any other place. It is always crowded, and it is really one of the greatest places to visit in all New York.

The other places where old, rare and second-hand books are sold are exceedingly interesting. Down on Nassau street, not far from one another, are three of these quaint establishments. Two of them are upstairs in dark back-rooms. A stranger would never stumble on them. They have a large stock of quaint volumes, most of which are out of print. They have their regular customers—people who are making curious collections of books on special subjects.

SOMETHING FOR OUR STATE TO IMITATE.

Several companies of land speculators in Florida have been doing a big business here lately for themselves and for that State. They have selected a beautiful village that can be made a town to the advantage of everybody concerned by enough people purchasing lots and building houses and planting groves of oranges. There are hundreds and hundreds of people here who have money for all such luxuries and investments; and when their attention is called in this way to an advantageous place they do not hesitate to pay enough for land to pay the company back for all their original outlay, the expense of advertising and a reasonable profit besides. Now, orange culture for profit is not practicable in North Carolina, but a great many other things are. The first point and really the main point to determine is what kinds of investments or of industries will undoubtedly pay—say in Fayetteville. If you find such an opening, and if any one with the capital and the pluck would present it here as the land companies in Florida are presenting their orange-growing scheme, the same result would follow.

MR. TILDEN'S WISE COUNSEL.

The old man of '76 broke his silence the other day long enough to write a letter to Mr. Carlisle recommending that the House of Representatives make proper appropriations to reconstruct our sea-coast defenses. The truth now is that the men-of-war of any nation that has a navy could anchor out the bay and tear the city of New York to pieces in a few nights with their long-range guns, and we could not prevent it. Our old forts are what they were before the long-range guns of modern warfare were invented, which can now shoot shell somewhere like thirty miles. If we never have a war with a foreign country, there is no use in spending money in this way. But we have in our brief history already had two wars with England, one with Mexico and one with one another. Mr. Tilden thinks the subject of enough importance to call public attention to it at as critical a time as this.

POLITICAL.

The first selection of Logan as President *pro tem.* of the Senate did not please the better element of the Republican party here. They did not hesitate to call it an act of unwarranted and unwarrantable partisanship. And the final selection of Sherman has not been received with any very great enthusiasm.

The Hoar bill, which will place the Cabinet officers in the line of succession to the Presidency, meets the approval of all classes of thinking men in New York, and it is expected to pass as soon as Congress gets its organization completed.

The great season of

THE GREAT GERMAN OPERA

is now at its height, and this continent never saw a more magnificent display of fashion and wealth than can be seen now on the notable nights at the Metropolitan Opera House. On every great occasion prominent among the beauties that made it brilliant have been Southern ladies—especially a little company of them from New Orleans, who are spending the winter in society in the metropolis.

One of the most novel and instructive diversions ever given in New York is

THE VILLAGE OF JAPANESE ARTISANS

that has been bodily brought over from Japan. They live and work in a large room in Madison Square Garden, and they give "receptions," during the most convenient hours, morning, afternoon and evening. At these receptions they are simply doing their usual work. Some are making fancy boxes, some copper-work, some fans, some are painting, some are weaving silk—all the leading trades of the Japanese are carried on with native materials before your eyes, and the inner life of that great empire is seen at a glance. They are intelligent and well-trained people, and it has already become the fashion to go and see them. They are very well worth seeing and studying. A Japanese baby is one of the funniest sights that American eyes ever looked upon.

Foreign Life at Washington.

Correspondence of the New York Mail and Express.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29, 1885.—It is a curious thing that the capital of the United States should be more like a foreign city than any other town in the country. It is a great place for people who have lived in Europe for a good many years to set up their households. It is a kind of break which gently lets them down from the intoxication of European life to the dead level of an American commercial city. This class of returned tourists make up much of the winter population of Washington—and being as a rule both rich and idle, they add much to its charm. Nowhere on this continent is there so much leisure as here. Everything like work begins at 9 o'clock and ends at 4. Then, unlike other great cities, the workers do not have to traverse the whole length and breadth of the town to get to their homes. The public workshops are all central—it is not far from any man's work to his home. The shorter hours of work which prevail in foreign cities are a continual marvel to the American. The idea of a man of business making his first appearance at his office at 10 o'clock in the morning, then taking a big slice off at noon—just the most valuable part of the working day—and then quitting about the time the American gets fairly warmed up to his work, is certainly very surprising. But it becomes still more so when he comes into and finds that after 4 o'clock all the town is at leisure. It is true that the higher officials have longer working hours, and the Cabinet officers are driven to death if they mind their business, but the average worker does his eight hours of work, and then leaves off, with two hours of daylight before him even in winter.

Then for a fraction of the world known as "society" the hours are fixed and invariable, and this, too, conduces to the economy of time. One is in no danger of having a whole day, from noon to twilight, monopolized by a string of inconsequential visitors. Nobody visits before 2, and nobody versed in Washington society before 3, and at 5:30 it is all over. All official houses and nearly all private ones have a day for receiving, so that each individual has six days in which to labor and do all that he or she has to do. Is it a wonder that this easy, well-ordered life charms people to Washington, and getting them here keeps them?

The Oldest Known Work of Man.

From Treasure Trove.

The tenth king of the line of Menes, first king of Egypt, is supposed to have left what is considered the oldest known work of man—the great pyramid with steps at Sakkarah. A group of statues of a few reigns afterward are among the best specimens of Egyptian art and represent a race of men of the highest type—higher than those who succeed them. And it was the kings of the fourth dynasty—relatively very early, and still of the first of the three great periods of national prosperity—that left the most stupendous and enduring monuments, the crowning wonder of the ages, the great pyramids. The oldest character known to profane history was Menes, the Egyptian king referred to. His antiquity passes all our standards of chronology, and can hardly be comprehended by those whose studies have been bounded by what passes for ancient history. Some calculations of his epoch place it at several hundred years before what is assumed in "Ussher's Chronology" as the date of the creation of man; and relatively modest estimates fix it before the time assumed in the same chronology as that of the flood. His name, which means "the stable," occurs in all the sources of history—Greek and Egyptian—on the monuments and in the papyruses, as that of the founder of the empire.

A MODERN CROESUS.

VANDERBILT AND HIS MANY MILLIONS.

A Staten Island Farmer Becomes the Richest Man in the World.

New York Correspondence of Philadelphia Times.

W. H. Vanderbilt, who died suddenly in New York on the 8th inst., was born at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1821, and began his business career at the age of eighteen in a Wall street banking house. He left there two years later, owing to ill health, and engaged in the cultivation of an unimproved farm on Staten Island. During some years following he toiled as hard as any farmer ever did. After he became interested in railroads he gave no further personal labor to his farm, but he did not cease to manage it.

HIS FIRST RAILWAY VENTURE.

His first experience as a railroad man was as receiver of the Staten Island Railroad Company. This is only a short road, but the company was overwhelmed with debt and embarrassments. Mr. Vanderbilt displayed remarkable efficiency and business talent in the management of affairs. He paid off the debt, connected the road with New York by an independent ferry and placed it upon a secure financial basis.

WONDERFUL BUSINESS TALENT.

In 1864 William H. Vanderbilt was elected vice president of the New York & Harlem Railroad Company and the following year of the Hudson River Railroad Company. He now entered fully upon his career as a railroad man. During the entire subsequent life of Commodore Vanderbilt his son William was his confidant and chief reliance and agent in everything. He familiarized himself with every detail and personally superintended every department, stopped the leaks, reduced the expenditures and increased the business of the roads to an unparalleled extent. The Harlem Railroad, which was bankrupt when the Vanderbilts became its owners, was made one of the best-equipped and best-paying roads in the State. The Hudson River Railroad was trebled in value, and in 1869 the Central and Hudson River were consolidated, making a corporation with ninety millions of capital. Wm. H. Vanderbilt was named in the articles of incorporation as vice president and executive officer.

THE OLD COMMODORE'S FAVORITE SON.

Upon the death of Commodore Vanderbilt William inherited the chief part of his estate, amounting to something in the neighborhood of one hundred millions. It was principally in railroad bonds and stocks. The will was unsuccessfully contested by some members of the family. W. H. Vanderbilt was soon elected to his father's positions in the different railroad companies, and from that time has held the controlling interest.

VANDERBILT'S MARRIAGE.

While he was a Wall street clerk Mr. Vanderbilt married Miss Kissam, an attractive and educated woman, who still lives. Mr. Vanderbilt, like his father, was fond of good horses, and spent a great deal of money to gratify his taste. He is also credited with having been liberal in his charities, and he has often been a large contributor to funds for public enterprises. It was his money which paid for bringing the obelisk to this country. It was said he was always lucky and never lost money but once, when he was cleaned out in Wall street of $8,000 in New Jersey bonds, which the old man had, in a fit of generosity, given him. Report says that the said bonds were traced into the hands of his wily progenitor, who then exhibited them to his son with the advice: "Sonny, never sell what you have not got, and never buy what you cannot pay for."

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Mr. Vanderbilt was richer than any single member of the Rothschild family. The Duke of Westminster is said to be worth $200,000,000, but Vanderbilt was richer, because the Duke's money pays him only about two per cent. It is mainly in land and houses. Mr. Vanderbilt had a much larger income. He was the richest man in the world.

FABULOUS WEALTH IN STOCKS, BONDS, ETC.

The Vanderbilt railroad system will be managed and owned as heretofore. The sons will manage the estate of the properties, all of which are here, the same as if the master hand was still at the helm. Last winter he held $51,000,000 of four per cent. bonds, and later he reduced this amount to $35,000,000 of government three and a half per cents. His government bonds were worth almost $45,000,000. At one time he owned 240,000 shares of Michigan Central, 300,000 shares of Northwestern and 200,000 shares of Lake Shore. He is said to have sold considerable Lake Shore lately. In addition, he had 30,000 Chicago and Rock Island, 20,000 Delaware and Lackawanna and about 20,000 shares in other railroads, making in all about 860,000 shares of railway stock; also, $22,000,000 worth of railroad bonds, $3,200,000 of State and city bonds and $2,000,000 in various manufacturing stock and mortgages. He valued his house on Fifth avenue, with its art treasures, at $3,000,000. His ordinary household expenses were $200,000 a year. In 1884 he gave a ball that cost $40,000. He loved horses, and was a good judge of horse flesh. He sold Maud S. for $40,000.

Vanderbilt was worth $200,000,000 although his fortune shrank $54 per minute through a big decline in stocks and through business depression, but the "bull" movement of the past few months brought it up again. His income was calculated as follows: $2,377,000 a year from government bonds; $7,394,000 from railroad stocks; $576,695 from miscellaneous securities; total, over $10,000,000 a year, or $28,000 a day, $1,200 an hour, $20.00 a minute, 33 cents a second.

THE VANDERBILT FAMILY.

Mr. Vanderbilt leaves eight children and eleven grandchildren. His four daughters are married to New Yorkers, and two have been presented with small palaces costing $900,000 apiece, while he built houses for the other two at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-fourth street, adjoining St. Thomas's Church. The ground for the two buildings cost $400,000 and the houses cost double that. His two eldest sons, Cornelius Vanderbilt—who seems destined to occupy toward his father the same relation that William H. held to the Commodore—and William K. Vanderbilt, the second son, have been for a long time millionaires in their own right, and have palaces which even eclipse the new home of their father.

A VERY ROMANTIC STORY.

Cardinal McCloskey's Early Love, Who was the Niece of a Queen.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In the death of Mrs. Parmelia Crane, aged 92, Chicago has lost a most remarkable character. She was born at Truro, Mass., and at the age of 15 married Mr. Charles Adams, a distinguished connection of John Quincy Adams. Her husband was captain and part owner of the *Ploughboy*, a sailing vessel running between Boston and Baltimore. In those days a trip of such a character was considered a risky undertaking, and much anxiety was felt for the safety of voyagers. At the age of 19 she was taken to Baltimore by her husband and placed in care of an old family friend while he was to make another trip to Boston and back. While on the way a terrible gale sprang up, during which the *Ploughboy*, with its captain and all hands, went to the bottom.

At the house in which she resided in Baltimore were quite a number of young people who were fond of pleasure and who made the house resound with their merry-making. Her great sorrow at the fate she felt had befallen her husband moved her to seek a quieter abode, and the place selected for her by her husband's friend was none other than the residence of the mother of Cardinal McCloskey, who lived a retired widowed life with her son. The Cardinal was then preparing for the priesthood. The two women became endeared to each other, and the young student, it is said, looked with favoring eyes upon the youthful widow. Being one of the most studious of young men, his attentions to Mrs. Adams were marked by a quiet but most sincere regard. So far did he forget for the moment his theological prospects that he proposed for the hand of the widow in marriage. In speaking of the affair in after time Mrs. Crane used to comment upon the depth of devotion the young student evinced for her, though she could not return his passion.

She did not marry for seven years after the death of Capt. Adams, and then wedded Mr. Joseph Crane, of Quincy, Mass. In 1852 the family came to Illinois and settled on a farm at Plato, in Kane county. Her second husband, though an old man at the time, went on the call to arms into the Eighth Heavy Artillery, and during a campaign through Kentucky in 1862 died at Bowling Green, he being 64 years of age. The widow came to Chicago and lived for 23 years with her daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Edward Smith, at No. 292 Fulton street. She had been sick for about ten weeks before her death, to and the end retained full use of her faculties.

Her death calls to mind the fact that she was a niece of Queen Fanny Young Kekelaokalani, of the Sandwich Islands. Queen Fanny was the mother of Queen Emma, who died some years ago. Her uncle, John Young, who was a seafaring man, ran away from home when young and took a sailor's life. On one voyage the ship was wrecked, and the crew made their way in boats to one of the islands. Knowing the man-eating tendency of the inhabitants, Young hid himself in a large hogshead that had floated ashore, and thus saved himself from the fate of his companions who were sacrificed to the appetite of the natives. He was discovered soon, however, and his discoverer was the future Queen Fanny, then a member of the King's household. Young afterward married her and was raised to the position of the King's adviser. Through Young's influence Christianity was encouraged, he being the first that was able to do anything in the direction of civilizing the people. He built the first house on the island, the ruins of which are still sacredly preserved. It was made of cocoa wood and dobey, with the aid of a boat hatchet saved from the wreck and a wooden trowel, and was whitewashed with lime made from coral fished out of the sea by the natives. Young's life was so full of good works for the people that to this day they will raise their caps and kneel in front of his tomb. There are many interesting relics in the possession of the family on Fulton street.

The Emperor's Watch.

From the Youth's Companion.

The greatest steel and gun maker in the world is a German by the name of Herr Krupp. He has immense works in Essen and employs thousands of workmen. One of them is remarkably skillful, as the following instance will show:

Not long ago the Emperor William of Germany visited this great establishment in state. In one part of the factory was a costly steel hammer weighing fifty tons, and on that occasion it received its royal name, "Unser Fritz."

The machinist who has charge of this hammer is a very skillful and hard-working man, is one of whom the famous gun maker is quite proud, and he is also the father of eight fun-loving boys and girls. So Herr Krupp presented to the Emperor this ingenious and faithful workman, with the remark: "This is Fritz and his big machine, and he handles it so truly that he can bring down the hammer with all its might and stop it at a *tenth part of an inch* above the anvil."

Without a word the Kaiser took out his diamond-studded watch, and immediately placed it in the centre of the anvil, smilingly ordering Fritz to let fall the hammer and arrest it before it could touch the watch. Some of the Kaiser's suite who stood by looked amazed, and the faces of others showed much doubt. The operator hesitated, but Herr Krupp urged him to make the trial, and at last, by the command of his master, Fritz "let fly!"

Down came the immense tool with all its force, and was checked, as if it had been a feather, so close to the watch that a baby's hand could not have been inserted between it and the dial.

"Well done!" cried the delighted monarch.

The nearest of his courtiers all drew a long breath, and Herr Krupp looked greatly pleased.

Then the master stooped down to lift the watch from its hard bed, but the Emperor stayed his hand, saying, "The watch belongs to Fritz; he has earned it." A cheer burst from the throats of the workmen around and ran the length of the entire building.

Herr Krupp took out his purse, added to the King's gift two hundred and fifty dollars in gold, and handed all to the blushing Fritz, whispering as he did so, "For the pale-faced wife, little babies and good old mother." Another cheer ran through the building, and the King himself clapped his hands.

THE QUAKER CITY.

QUAINT PHASES OF STREET LIFE.

Queer Scenes in the "City of Brotherly Love."

Correspondence of Texas Siftings.

There is no other city in the world where the sidewalks are washed, the marble front door steps scrubbed, the front windows splashed and the house front bathed as high as a hose will carry, nine months out of twelve in the year. The morning air is always full of moisture, even though it freeze quickly on the pavement and congeal to icy and impalpable dust in the air. The well-to-do householder, who often lives in Philadelphia within a half dozen blocks of his office or place of business, walks down town in the morning through an ambush of airy disease. The lurking damp seizes on his lungs and larynx and he nearly always has a "bad cold." When hay fever time comes the well-to-do Philadelphian is the particular personal "pie" of the inland hotel keeper. But these victims have money to pay their doctor's bills, while the thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of factory hands, shopkeepers and clerks and day laborers who traverse from one to four miles of paved streets six mornings a week, on an average, all the year round, are the chief sufferers from the insane, provincial custom of sidewalk washing. As they walk briskly along on a cold, damp, murky day, with the water actually freezing, perhaps, under their feet, they must step over hundreds of streams spouting from the iron faucets set in the front of every true Philadelphia house. They encounter whole regiments of housemaids, broom in hand, splashing everything and everybody in reach. They breathe the poisonous Schuylkill water still further adulterated with the mud of the street and the dust of the broom. In a few months they begin to have catarrh, after a year or two, pneumonia, in the end, consumption. It is a dear old custom, like the ducking stool in New England, but a deadly one.

QUAINT STREET CRIES IN QUAKERTOWN.

If the hurrying multitudes were not so bowed with the burden of daily toil there would be some quaint cries falling on their ears. The fat fisherwomen of Kensington and Southwark, villages long since incorporated into the bigger but no less curious old village of Philadelphia, come along carrying large wooden trays or bowls on their heads, crying in a peculiarly shrill tone, "c-a-t-f-i-s-c-h, cat fesh!" Catfish is a staple product of the filthy Schuylkill, served—of all things—with waffles at every fashionable restaurant in town, and identified, like the no less fat and filth-fed squab, everywhere with Philadelphia markets.

PHILADELPHIA PEPPER POT.

More attractive because of their wares, as well as because of their picturesque appearance, are the women who sit in the market and along the main east and west thoroughfares which run through market places, in the coldest winter months, singing in a worse than Yankee nasal twang:

"Pepper pot,
Nice and hot!"

And who that has eaten it can ever forget it! How inseparably associated with old time Philadelphia is the queer flavor of its pepper pot! Where can a genuine housewife of the old *regime* be found who has not her special receipt for making this most characteristic of dishes!

"DE HOMINY MAN."

The ancient darkey who on the darkest winter mornings was wont to make his rounds carrying a tray on his head and melodiously singing, is no longer so familiar a feature of Philadelphia street life. This was his song, chanted with a peculiar gurgle, half warble, as "catchy" as anything a mock Tyrolean ever warbled on the stage:

"De hominy man
Am de he-e-e way,
Wid de good hominy?"

The oyster peddlers put their extended hands to their mouths as a sort of voice deflector and yell at the tip-top of the scale:

"Oyster, oh!
Very fat oy.
Forty cents a hundred!"

The ice-cream venders and the cucumber merchants, whose shrill voices rang in and out of the smallest, obscurest alleys on a summer afternoon, have disappeared of course for the winter. Their cries were admirably calculated to attract attention, always high-pitched and sometimes musical.

A Curious Swedish Legend.

The 2nd day of February in Sweden is considered the midwinter day. In the era of paganism it was a great festival in honor of the heroine Gea or Goja, deified under the name of Disa, to whom the whole month was consecrated beside. The legend of Goa is very curious. It states that at one time, when the country was visited by a frightful famine, the *Thing*, or national assembly, decided that in order to alleviate the general distress, it would be necessary to put to death a part of the population, especially the old and infirm. Goa alone dared to protest loudly, and claimed to be able to propose a means of remedying the dearth, which would prove more efficacious as well as more humane. The king ordered the execution of the decree to be postponed; but in the meantime, desiring to test the sagacity of the young girl and to confound her audacity, he sent her word that he would receive her only on condition that she would come to his dwelling neither on foot, on horseback nor in a vehicle; neither dressed nor undressed; neither by day nor by night; neither in the course of the year nor on any particular month.

Goa solved the enigma. She went to the king's house on a sledge drawn by a goat, holding on to the side of the sledge, with one foot resting on the pole of the sledge and the other on the goat. She wore a fishing net in lieu of garments; and she came exactly at the epoch of the solstice, when the month is still undetermined, at the time of a full moon, but yet while it was twilight.

Being permitted to speak, she advised that the old and infirm, instead of being exterminated, should be merely sent to the still unpeopled parts of the country, where they would be able to obtain the means of existence without being a burden to the community. The king liked the advice; and, as the adviser had charmed him by her beauty and her wit, he took her for his wife.

Nothing more clearly indicates the true gentleman than a desire evinced to oblige or accommodate.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Brilliant Career of Ward in Command of the Foreign Legion.

The remarkable career of Ward, the American soldier of fortune who preceded Gordon in the command of the Foreign Legion in China, is full of thrilling interest.

Ward was a most remarkable man—a greater man, probably, than Gordon, though the hero of Khartoum commands deep admiration. Ward was born in Salem, Mass., and when he was a boy went to sea with his father, who was a shipmaster. When the Crimean war broke out young Ward enlisted in the French army and became a sub-lieutenant. Unfortunately he became involved in a quarrel with his captain, and resigning his commission he challenged that officer to a duel. The challenge was accepted and Ward killed the captain. Years after, when fortune smiled on him, Ward sent a large sum of money to Paris to be invested for the support of the widow and child of his former captain. Ward's next venture was a commercial one in Vera Cruz. It proved successful and he was then sent to the west coast of Mexico to buy a lot of brass cannon which had been condemned. He embarked on this enterprise in a vessel which took down to Central America a lot of Walker's filibusters. The adventurous character of Walker's enterprise appealed to Ward's fancy, but he saw in it so much to condemn and so much that was repugnant to him in the character of a large part of those who made up the filibustering party that he did not join the expedition.

Having completed his work on the west coast of Mexico, Ward went to San Francisco and got a berth as an officer of a ship going to China. He received his discharge in China and entered there the service of the Emperor. He rose rapidly in favor and rank and organized the Foreign Legion to fight for the Emperor against the Taeping rebels. He married a Chinese lady of high rank and was made a mandarin of their most exalted order. In order to marry a woman of the rank which he did he was told that he must renounce Christianity. He declined to do this, and the matter was finally settled by his marrying her by proxy. He became a citizen of China and subject of the Emperor. Once he was seized by the English and French Admirals and kept for some time a prisoner. He was told that if he would claim American citizenship he would be liberated. This he refused to do, saying, "I was born in America and love my native land, but I have sworn allegiance to the Emperor and am a Chinese."

He was finally released and continued his most successful and brilliant military career. He ordered three gunboats built in America which were to go up the Pekin River and canal and fly his flag before the gates of Pekin. The boats were building when he was killed. He was the most powerful man in China, and had he lived he had the genius and daring to have made himself absolute master of the Chinese Empire. When our civil war broke out he wrote: "My heart is with my native land in her struggle against rebellion. Were I free I would return at once to offer my life and my sword to my country. But my work is here." He was killed while rashly exposing himself in a reconnoissance before some city which he was besieging. He was one of the bravest, most temperate, upright and honorable of men; of boundless ambition and dazzling genius. He was a young man, only thirty-six or thirty-seven at the time of his death. Though he never received a liberal education he was one of the best informed of men, a constant student, a good linguist and a great reader of books of all kinds.

Two Actors' Lives.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The most extravagant among the star actors is undoubtedly Bouccicault. He is a sumptuous liver, putting up at the most expensive and fashionable hotels, and engaging the most costly rooms *en suite* wherever he goes. One of his peculiarities is that he has, night and day, a table in his parlor set with fruits, wines, liquors and cigars, and he has many friends who know of this peculiarity. Bouccicault is also a good diner-out—in fact, a good fellow, take him as you may. He is known in the profession as "the marvellous man," for although seventy years old, he is as chipper and lusty as most strong men are when in their prime, and extracts keen enjoyment from life. He recently married a second time, and since that the members of the profession more than ever consider him a "marvellous man."

Boucicault was, however, surpassed in extravagance by Frechter, who lived like a genuine Monte Christo, and was sumptuous to ruination, for he died in poverty and neglect—a broken-down, broken-hearted, miserable man. Frechter not only had a table in his parlor set with wines, liquors, fruits and cigars like Boucicault, but he went so far as to have the contents of the board changed every three hours, even if nothing had been touched. He claimed that the "spread" offended his sight after that length of time. He was an ocular as well as a gastronomic gourmet. Where Boucicault spends $100 Frechter spent at least $200.

The Happy Women of France.

There are no happier women in the world than French women. Their lives are full of occupation, and a busy life cannot fail to be happier than one in which idleness throws down the barriers that shut out ennui and imaginary ailments. A married woman in France systematically fills her time with business or pleasure. For every hour there is laid out an appointed pursuit of duty or recreation. Her house and family are her first care, but although an irreproachable wife and affectionate mother, she does not let her duty take the form of drudgery. She knows her own value, and fully realizes the importance of keeping her health and nerves in excellent order, so that she will not suffer her cares to master her, but wisely arranges everything with careful method and allows herself time for social intercourse, music, reading, walking, dining and amusements of whatever nature she fancies. She is very practical, and by her systematic method of life preserves herself from the countless worries that make existence a burden to our women.

To tell what a man says, pay attention to the tongue. To ascertain what he means, pay attention to the eye. To talk in opposition to the heart is one of the easiest things in the world; to look this opposition is more difficult than algebra.