Observer and Gazette.

G. G. MYROVER, Proprietor. Overbaugh House.

PAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1886. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

RATES OF ADVERTISING

A Song of Rest.

0 weary Hands! that all the day Were set to labor hard and long, Now softly fall the shadows gray, The bells are rung for even song. In hour ago the golden sun Sank slowly down into the west: Poor, weary Hands, your toil is done:
"Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

weary Feet! that many a mile Have trudged along a stony way, at last you reach the trysting stile; No longer fear to go astray. The gentle bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest;
And softly sings the quiet breeze:
"Tis time for rest!"—'tis time for rest"

weary Eyes! from which the tears Fell many a time like thunder rainweary Heart! that through the years Beat with such bitter, restless pain, o-night forget the stormy strife, And know, what Heaven shall send is best sy down the tangled web of life:
"Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest;
—Flurence Tyler, in Chamber's Magazine.

Tessie.

The gentle season that we know, A sunny season only, Has vanished like the morning's dew And all the world is lonely; Ah, how we miss her winsome face! Our souls are stung with sorrow As we behold her vacant place And yearn for God's good morrow.

We know she lives beyond the tomb Where sorrow is a stranger; Where there is neither grief nor gloom, Nor pain, nor sin, nor danger; Yet as we think of her in life-Her soul-inspiring gladness,

As daughter, playmate, sweetheart, wife, Our hearts are erushed with sadness. How empty life is since she left! In vain the sun is shining For those dear hearts of her bereft,

And love itself is pining To soar away beyond the stars To the joy that shines about her, And leave behind the grief that mars Our lonely lives without her! -J. E. Barrett.

The Turn of the Tide.

The harbor lights are dim with smoke Which hangs about the under sky And wraps the simple fisherfolk In lurid mists as they go by. Keen twilight kisses the wan sen kar out; steer hither, watch with me The tender stars come out on high.

The sky is deepening overhead; The sail flaps loose; the wind has died; The water laps the boat like lead; Faint ripples splash against the side. And shimmer with unearthly light; The harbor lamps are out of sight; We drift into a starless night

Together on the ebbing tide. How still-how strange-the tide is slack, We eddy round, we drift no more, What swell is this which sweeps us back To where the gathering breakers roar About the pale unlighted land f Can any tell if we shall stand

Safe in the morning hand in hand Upon the steep and rock-bound shore? -C. A. Simson.

-----SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Different Thomes from Different Fields.

A notorious moonshiner named Chenault was shot and instantly killed at Etna, Sunday morning, 12th inst., by one McKay. Cause, Mine No. 3, at Huntsville, Mo., the larges

a that vicinity, after being idle more than five months, has just reopened on the cooperative plan. The miners are to have the use of the company's machinery and to pay the latter royalty of one cent per pushel. A railroad collision occurred last week on the Nickel Plate Road, in New York State, in

which nineteen persons were killed. Blame is attached to the engineer and conductor of the train. The engineer has not been seen since the accident, having run away. A dispatch from Eauclaire says: The Chipewa Lumber and Broom Company's saw mill at Chippewa Falls, Minn., the largest in the

country, was struck by lightning at 2 o'clock on the 16th inst., and completely destroyed. Loss \$250,000; partially insured. Henry Barnes, colored, was lynched on the 16th inst., at Millen, Ga., for outraging a thite lady at Roger's station, on the Central

Railroad. A party of masked men did the ynching. Barnes was taken from the train ear Millen and riddled with bullets. John Wyatt and Dompsey Loftin are neighors, in Marshall county, Ky., who have not spoken for years. Loftin spoke to Wyatt on the 15th inst., at a funeral, and the latter

knocked him down with a rock. Loftin then drew a knife and killed Wyatt, stabbing him Matthew Hotheffer, keeper at the Zoo, in

Cincinnati, was killed by a grizzly bear on the 13th inst. He was sweeping in front of the den, when the bear reached out through the hars, caught him by the shoulders and held on till the flesh was torn to shreds. The man was removed to the City Hospital and died that night of his indicate. that night of his injuries.

On the evening of the 14th inst., as a freight train on the "Long line" arrived within a mile of West Quiney Ills., it was thrown from the-track by a misplaced switch. Jack Mc-Carthy was caught beneath his engine and rushed to death. Fireman Meefe was so badr scalded that he died an hour later. Lee Piggott, brakeman, was also fatally scalded. ackson county, W. Va., on the 15th in

A large rock overhanging the mountain side ecame detached and rolled down. The dwellng and barns of Lostie Cummins were de-melished. Cummins' son Frank and a hired man, Edward Jenks, were killed outright— two other children of Cummins' were so badly hurt they will die. Several horses were also killed.

RISEN FROM POVERTY.

A LIST OF WEALTHY EX-CONFEDERATES. Men Who Are Alike Skilled in War and in the Art of Gathering in the Shekels.

Washington Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times

General Marcus J. Wright, Chief of the

Confederate Records Office, is preparing a biographical work, in which the fortunes of the ex-Confederate generals will be traced up to date. According to the information collected by him, a good many of them, Southern leaders who found themselves penniless after the war, have carved out new fortunes for themselves. some of them even ranking among the millionaires. General Mahone, of Virginia, is the richest of them. After the surrender at Appomattox he owned a horse, some war trappings and his box of surveying instruments which he had before the war used as a civil engineer. In less than a week after the last gun had fired he was employed by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad at civil engineering. He bought stock with the savings from his salary, sold it opportune-ly, invested in other Virginia railroads and in a few years retired from the civil engineering to take the position of vice president of the Danville Road. From that position he graduated to the presidency of the Norfolk and Tennesse Road. After ten years had passed he was the railroad prince of Virginia, and is now a millionaire. His fortune is estimated at \$15,000. 000, and he is adding to it daily by shrewd investments. Senator Mahone is one of the very few men who have never lost in any enterprise undertaken. Whatever he touches seems to turn to gold. He is sometimes called the "Virginia Ed Stokes" for this reason.

The two Senators from Louisiana, Gibson and Eustis, rank next to Mahone in wealth. Gibson was a Confederate general and served throughout the war. At its close he had several hundred acres of land, which had not been tilled for four years, and had a must; law office in New Orleans, which he had not entered since his brigade was ordered to the front. With borrowed money he set to work planting, and at the same time began once more the practice of his profession. Now, after the lapse of twenty years, he ranks among the wealthiest planters in Louisiana, is at the head of the bar in New Orleans and is worth considerably over a half million of dollars. This will be increased eventually to a million or more, as his wife will come into a large fortune at the death of her nother, Mrs. Montgomery. His colleague Eustis, after fighting under Johntson till the close of the war, turned his attention to law and sugar, and between them has eked out several hundred thousand dollars. He is regarded as the shrewdest mau in the New Orleans Sugar Exchange, and although not a broker, always has the "tips." He was the candidate of the sugar men for the United States Senate and, it is said has a hand in the Louisiana Lottery Com-

Nearly as wealthy as the foregoing is General Brown, of Tennessee, twice Governor of that State since the war and now the receiver of the Texas Pacific Railroad. General Brown, like so many of his associates, took to civil engineering and railroading when he laid down his arms. Af ter constructing several small roads in Tennessee he entered the service of the Texas Pacific at a salary of \$20,000 a year and has his headquarters at Dallas. As a result of his railroad adventures he is worth nearly \$1,000,000 and is increasing his fortune yearly. After the surrender he was as penniless as General Mahone, but. like Mahone, he did not lie back and complain. His first surveying job brought him fifteen dollars a week, but in a year thereafter he was receiving five thousand dollars a year as president of the Nashville Railroad. General Rosser, of the Northern Virginia Cavalry, now living in retirement at Charlottesville, has an estate valued at over \$700,000. He made it all since the war, and at railroading. After surveying for several years in the Western States, he became connected with the Northern Pacific Railroad, and was elected its vice president eight years ago. His estate is almost adjoining the old home stead of Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, and is generally conceded to be the finest in Virginia. He has a hobby which is laughed at throughout the State. While in California he took much interest in the grape culture there, so when he settled in Charlottesville a few years since he planted an extensive vineyard and was always boasting of his knowledge of the vine. It turned out that his knowledge was like Greeley's in the farming line. The vines grew not, neither did they bear fruit, ex-General rides his hobby and is determined to make California vines grow luxuriantly in Virginia. He has lost many thousands not be said to be poor with \$700,000. General Polignac, who served in the

cept the fruit of expense. Still the old of dollars in his vine venture, yet he can-Western Tennessee army, is worth not far from a million. He is the French soldier who, at the outbreak of the war, came to this country and offered his sword to the Confederate cause. Though he gained no especial distinction in the field, he fought bravely till 1865. Finding that soldiering did not pay he thereafter devoted his energies to civil engineering and soon attained distinction in the profession. Several times he was sent by the French Government on surveying expeditions in Africa, and proved that his daring was equal to his skill. He received several decorations from the government and, what was better

still, some large government contracts, out of which he extracted a snug fortune. General Trimble, who lives in Baltimore found a fortune in liquor after the war. The whisky which bears his name found its way into popularity at once, and has so far yielded the General more than a half million. He owns extensive distilleries near Baltimore, and although very old he

still superintends their operations.
General Wheeler, of Alabama, now Congressman from the Eighth district, after gaining the reputation of being the most oddities which exist in the management of daring cavalry leader in the South after J. this little railroad it hauls large quantities little one? An intent lies on its hack its E. B. Stuart, stepped from the saddle into of freight and is making money for its stockholders. to be the richest man in his State. His

estate is valued at nearly a million. General Gordon, of Georgia, made a for-tune since the war, but lost it recently

THE CHILD OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Jeff Davis's Pretty Daughter Visiting Friends in Virginia.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., September 10, 1886.

—Jefferson Davis's youngest daughter—
who has been called "the child of the Confederacy," because she was born at Richmond while her father ruled as President of the Confederate States-is on a visit to the family of Gen. "Runy" Lee, who lives a few miles outside of this town. Until last week Miss Davis had lived, ever since the war, at her father's home, Beauvoir, Miss. A few days ago she came to Richmond with her aunt, and after calling on some of her family friends she set out for Fairfax County for a visit to Gen. Lee, who is one of the Confederate President's closest friends.

Many Alexandrians have gone out to Ravenswood, Gen. Lee's country seat; to pay their respects to this "child of the Confederacy." All speak of her admiring-ly. Miss Davis is a typical Southern beauty. She is just tall enough to be commanding in appearance, and has a willowy, graceful form, which is clad with a richness and taste that are surprising, when it is remembered that the young girl has lived all her life in the retirement of a country house. Her face is long and somewhat inclined to leanness, but its very lineament pespeaks the patrician. Her complexion is a rich olive, her eyes hazel and her hair black and curling. Although still very young, and without society experience, she looks like a queen among women as she stands receiving her callers. From her conversation it appears that she cherishes the sentiments of her father in regard to the "Lost Cause." She regards it as a sacred theme and considers the Southern people as martyrs to Northern greed and jealousy. That she should imbibe such sentiments is no more than natural. Ever since the war she has been at her father's side, his chief support and consolation. He educated her personally, gave her his views of life, and fashioned her in the mould of the

aute-bellum Southern ladv. It is said by those who know Miss Davis well that she helped her father considerably in the preparation of his recent history of the war. Her studies from youth had been directed in the line of Southern war records and political history, so that when it came to preparing the work she was a valuable assistant. Her aunt says that the old Confederate leader relied on her almost entirely in the matter of collecting and arranging statistics of the war and time while preparing the work. Nothing pleased her so much as hunting up facts and theories to defend the South and the policy of her father's administration. Her favorite retreat at home is in the big library, which consists almost exclusively of the war records and histories of the United States. Here she reads to her father several hours daily, while the fallen chieftain listens, nods and dreams of the past. It is said that he fairly dotes on his andsome child-cannot bear to let her out of his sight. It was only after a long struggle that he consented to her trip to Richmond and Alexandria. She seems equally devoted to her father, for she has refused several advantageous offers of marriage from wealthy Mississippi planters, in

order to soothe his declining years by her While Miss Davis is in Virginia she will. it is said, visit most of the places of historic interest. She has already seen the room in the Governor's mansion at Richmond where she was born, and pored over the war records at the Capitol. Anything of interest connected with the war has an all-absorbing interest for her. Wherever she goes she is received as a princess. She has received hundreds of invitations from members of the "F. F. V.," but will of course have to decline most of them, since her visit is to be a brief one. It is reported that her next visit will be to Gen. Park Custis Lee's, and thence she will visit some of the first families along tidewater Vir-

ginia. A Queer Little Western Railroad.

From the Chicago News, There is a little narrow gauge railroad in Central Illinois which is rather amusing. It runs through a rich farming country and is owned and managed by wealthy farmers. The conductors, engineers and brakemen are farmers' sons who have grown weary of raising cattle and corn and who have taken to "railroading" as a relief. The various stations along the line of this little railroad are of no consequence whatever, except to their score or more of inhabitants and to the farmers of the neighruns to the opposite end of the road by dinner time, returns again for tea, and ties up for the night. As there is no telegraph any of the stations knows when a train is coming until it arrives in sight. As the rails are laid on ties placed on the flat infrequently, also, the light rails spread apart and the cars run off the track, and go tumbling along on the virgin prairie. Whenever a little accident of this kind oecurs the engineer, conductor, brakemen and passengers jump to the ground and lift the cars into place again. The passengers ride in a ear reserved for them in of this car is partitioned off in order that it press matter and baggage. Not infrequently passengers walk into a village ahead of the train and announce that the ever saw." cars will follow them in an hour or two, providing they can be kept on the track ong enough. Sometimes a locomotive gets stalled on some one of the several gentle hills along the line. The trainmen thereupon quietly wait until the other engine appears. Then the two engines draw the

Needed Characteristics.

THE WHITE ROSE AND THE RED. ALFRED AND BOB TAYLOR IN THE POLITI-CAL ARENA.

Two Brothers Who Aspire to be Governor of Tennessee-Extracts from an Eloquent Speech.

The Taylor brothers, democratic and republican candidates for Governor of Tennessee, opened the campaign at Madisonville on Sept. 9. The people of the sur-rounding country turned out en masse, and a crowd of several thousand heard the novel but dignified discussion of the points at issue between the parties, with nothing

of a personal or unpleasant nature. Hon. Alfred A. Taylor, republican, was first introduced, and made an eloquent presentation of republican principles. He arraigned the democratic party of the State and nation as being in power by false pretenses, and having broken every promise made in recent party platforms. He defended the protective tariff, and ably presented arguments favoring the Blair bill. He alleged that the republicans had been pioneers in every good movement of to-day.

In opening, Mr. Bob Taylor, the demo-

cratic candidate, said: "Fellow Citizens— In the days of the Roman empire it was the custom of the emperors to amuse themselves and their subjects with cruel and bloody entertainments called gladiatorial contests. It is possible that many of you have come here to-day with the fear that you may witness a similar exhibition of orntality between two brothers scrambling for the same office. In this country there are two great ideas of free governmentthe republican idea and the democratic idea. The representative of the republi-

can idea in this campaign is my brother. It devolves upon me, as the choice of the democratic party of Tennessee, to represent the democratic idea. Is there anything improper, indelicate or unbrotherly in our meeting to discuss publicly the interests of a great state and a great nation under these two ideas? We have not met to wrangle or quarrel or scramble for the high office for which we have been made candidates. The tender bond of brotherhood is neither severed nor abraided by our difference of opinion in politics, nor can the discussion of political questions disturb the delicate relations. The red rose and white rose bloom together and shed their odors upon the same atmosphere, and, gently strugging for supremacy, glorify the twilight hours. My brother it all. There is then no hurry, no delay, epresents to-day the red rose and I represent the white. Our political histories vary in this, that in my budhood I was transplanted by tender and loving hands into the sweet gardens of pure democracy, while he, like the 'last rose of summer. in the desert of republicanism was left blooming alone.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear, Full many a flower is born to blush unseen And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

"But, fellow eitizens, when you shall have all taken a smell, and taken your choice of blossoms, the red rose will have the happy consolation of knowing that he is the brother of the governor."

The speaker awoke echoes of applause in discussing the scenes at the South at the close of the war. He said: "At the close of that memorable conflict the South, once so fair and rich and powerful, lay bleeding and gasping in the ashes of defeat and humiliation. Her fields laid waste, her wealth consumed, her cities battered and burnt and ruined, and her thousands of happy homes made desolate and mournful by the rage and wrath of armies and the cruel ravages of civil war. The angel of death had crossed almost every threshold. and three hundred thousand of the flowers, of the land were in bloody graves. Every sighing breeze that swept her dreary wastes from the bloody grounds of the Wilderness to the smouldering embers of ruined Atlanta, bore the wails of weeping women. She was a land of sorrowing mothers, heart-broken widows and orphan children. She was a land full of griefs more poignant

than the sword that made them. . . . "But the big brave hearts and brawny arms of those bronzed veterans of a hundred battles were not to thus remain in the stupor and paralysis of lost hope. It did not become a brave people to thus yield up their courage and passively await the finishing stroke of adverse fate. In the misfortune and destitution which the war had brought upon their innocent and helpless families they heard the stern command of a new and arduous duty; in the destruction of their homes and the desolation of their country they saw a new field of noborhood. A train starts from each end of bler strife. They said: 'The storm is past the road every morning after breakfast, and we survive; while life remains the star of hope will not be quenched, though oftentimes obscured by the passing shadows. We can not give back life to those who line connected with the road, nobody at fell-we can only cherish their memory; we cannot bring back the fallen fortunes and departed glories of the old South, but we can build a new South, and by the blessprairie, and as no grade exists from one ing of Almighty God we will do it. We end of the road to the other, the tall grass will build it on a new foundation in which has an awkward habit of getting under shall be incorporated the great constituthe wheels and stopping the train. Not tional principles now settled and established by the arbitrament of the sword. They brushed away the tears of their weeping women and pledged them a brighter day, when the shadows should vanish and the clouds roll by. They turned their backs upon the dead past and bravely faced the future. These, my countrymen, are the principles

the rear of a long line of freight cars. Half of the progressive democracy of the new South. They inspire the energy, the push. may also serve for carrying mail bags, ex- the grip and snap which are rapidly rearing the Southern half of the grandest structure of advanced civilization the world

Don't Blind the Babies.

Has it ever occurred to those wh purchase coaches for their babies, and who make it a point to select the brightest colors they can find for the screen that is eyes upturned toward the bright coverig 'above it, its gaze being the more intent the brighter the cover and the more direct the rays of the sun upon it. Nothing but in-Ine National District Assembly of Miners and Mine Laborers of the United States began its first annual Convention at Chi-rago on Sept. 15th. They represent a membership of 30,000. The order was organized in St. Louis last May, being that branch of the Minights of Laborers. Business has been confined with the angle of the English of the Appointment of committees on far to the appointment of committees on the Many of the Appointment of Committees on the Way of the Appointment of Cash has the Cash the Way of the Appointment of Cash has the Cash the Way of the Appointment of Cash has the Cash has the Cash has the Way of the Appointment of Cash has the Way of the Appointment of Cash has the Cash If a man would be useful continually, he | jury can result from such thoughtless expos-

THE CATERER.

How Some New York Entertainments Are Supplied with Food. From the Troy Times. The caterer is now a power in New York.

A few years ago a well-stocked household was considered sufficient unto itself, but now the caterer and his assistants are called in for anything out of the regular order of things, from a luncheon of six people to supper for five hundred guests. There are caterers of every grade, from good-natured and hard-working negroes who serve meals to bachelors living in cheap rooms, at prices ranging from thirty to seventy cents a meal, up to the Pinards, who pretend to be a peg higher even than Delmonico. The humbler caterers may be seen trudging along in the morning from their homes in the poorer quarters of the city, lugging oblong tin boxes that have been japanned a seal brown at a date more or less remote. and wending their way toward sleeping bachelors all over town. The tin boxes are about a foot square and two feet and a half high, with a big handle on the top. Within are tin shelves. Under the bottom shelf are alcoholic lamps. On the shelf is a platter with chops, steak or ham. The space between that shelf and the next is only three inches, but the shelves above it are about five inches apart, to give room for the caps, saucers, coffee and milk pots and sugar bowl. All of these things have their slots, into which they fit closely. The top shelf is used for the table cloth and napkins. The front of the box is a door. It swings open and exhibits the breakfast to the hungry lodger when the caterer bustles into his room. More pretentious kits than this are sent out by the hotels and restaurants. A breakfast may be carried miles through the snowy streets and laid on the table hot and inviting. The catering department of the big restaurant is a very important one. There is a prejudice against boarding houses in New York. At all events, it is exceedingly unfashionable to live in one, and the people who are not supplied by caterers from choice are from awe of the form of fashion. Contracts to serve meals may be made with the big restaurants at rates far below the regular figures on the bill of fare. But perhaps the caterer is most highly appreciated by people who enter-

Instead of bulldozing the regulation cook into preparing a dinner for a number of guests, a note to the caterer settles no wrangles with servants, and the surety of a good dinner well and promptly served. Half an hour before it is time for the guests to arrive a wagon of the hearse pattern with a chimney through the roof drives up. Nimble assistants carry in the wine from the refrigerator in one end of the wagon and the edibles from the hot compartment in the other end. Everything is there, from the flowers to the salt. The regular servents retire and the caterer takes possession of the kitchen, pantry and dining room until the guests have gone. Then the wagon drives up again, and in twenty minutes all traces of the dinner party, whether to six or a hundred guests, have disappeared. This plan of giving dinners grows more and more popular every year. The extent to which the fashonable New York housewife depends on the caterer, not only for food but for nearly everything else in the way of entertaining, is growing more and more noticeable. These useful servants take all the details of the work of party-giving off the hands of the hostess. They lay the dancing cloth, provide musicians, have the dancing orders composed and printed, decorate the rooms, put up the storm awnings, number the carriages, provide extra chairs, coat checks, supper and help, and virtually give the entertainment. All the lady of the house has to do is to walk down to her parlors and receive her guests when they begin to arrive. The cost of all this is very much less than one would imagine, and the relief from the din, hubbub and annovances that prevail when the house servants undertake the work is decided.

A T. Stewart's Widow.

New York Correspondence of San Francisco Argonan Some days ago, walking past that marble palace on Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, I had a glimpse of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, the first for years. Poor old lady! One look at her is as good as a sermon on the-follies of this life. Her coupe, gorgeous in gilded trappings and satin cushions, was standing at the curb, and, just as I passed, the great white hall doors were thrown open with a flourish, and out she came. Against a long vista of marble columns and shining floors she began to creep slowly down the stairs, leaning heavily on the arm of her major domo. That major domo, by the way, is a wonderful old creature. He looks like a creation of Trollope's, and always dresses in decent black, with a black velvet skull cap on his long, silvery hair, and his goldtipped wand of office in his hand. He led Mrs. Stewart with fatherly care down the long flight of steps, then at the bottom delivered her into the hands of two gigantie footmen, who supported her to the carriage, while a maid followed, her blooming face peeping out from under a mass of shawls and air cushions. That the widow of the merchant millionaire is fond as ever of the points and vanities is shown in her pianted cheeks, in the maze of wild black curls, bobbing into her eyes and pouring a jetty cascade down her back; in her gown of black silk, stiff as pasteboard, and covered with laces and jet and red satin bows, dragging its heavy length out be-

A good many people will be surprised to learn that the biggest building in the United States will be the City Hall of Philadelphia, now in process of construction. Pattern 211 000 000 and 212 010 000 tower on the north side will be surmounted by a statue of Penn, and its extreme height when completed will be 535 feet. It has now reached a height of 270 feet.

Stove without a fire. The knowing beggar is the perfected herald of joy "—so it is of grief.

This column is finished. Next!

Senate, is Hon. Horatio King, ex-Post-master-General. The only man who has been employed in the Senate chamber as a page and attained the position of Senator of the United States is Hon. A. P. Gorman, of Maryland.

THE "HORN OF PLENTY."

HOW AN EDITOR AND HIS WIFE UTILIZED THE "PROCEEDS."

Archimedes Hardpan Gives His Experience as a Journalist-Liver Pads Refused by His Grocer as a Legal Tender. Scott Way, in the Detroit Free Press.

The following woful experience should serve as a warning to the country editor ho sells his advertising space for "truck" that he has no use for:
My name is Archimedes Hardpan. Un-

til recently I was editor of the Wayback Horn of Plenty. My journalistic career was short, sad and painful. I am now

my painful past. My wife's name is Maria. She is a woman of an economical turn of mind and great force of character. In her domestic walks "waste nothing" is her maxim, and

mach of my painful past. The advertising patrons of the Horn of Plenty paid me mainly in sad-irons, corkscrews, garden seeds, health food and a variety of other things which Congress has thus far neglected to make a legal tender. In this respect my paper was truly a Horn almost fatal plunge. The water did not of Plenty. It was more of the nature of a receive her form in a loving embrace, but of Plenty. It was more of the nature of a

hollow horn. My first advertising contract yielded me dozen liver pads. I tried to trade them to the grocer for a piece of bacon, which, thought, would give my liver more joy than a pad, but he looked at me coldly and said that liver pads had gone out of style. When Maria found them on my hands she insisted that I should wear them, and when Maria insists I usually give in to save trouble and loud talk. For twelve weeks I wore a large, scarlet-trimmed pad over an innocent and well-behaved liver. Then Maria gave the cast-off pads to the local benevolent society for the poor.

Swimming attempted in Great Salt Lake.

The water is too heavy to make any

My next important contract brought me an artificial leg. That rather stumped Maria, as we were both fully supplied with legs. The old wooden limb caused her a culty, since the buoyancy of the water pregreat deal of mental pain. Sometimes she vented his body from sinking into it seemed to almost wish I would lose a leg enough to make a successful stroke. He somehow or other, so that the artificial met with an experience somewhat similar she was grieving herself sick because I tle gale accidentally got some of the salt couldn't wear it and wouldn't try. I oft water in his mouth and nostrils. He found her weeping o'er the old unavailing strangled, and was rescued by two young leg, and I was sorry I had told her anymen in a boat. Leaving the lake you find thing about it. She worried over it for months, and then a bright idea struck her. She sent it to a dear relative on the occasion of her wooden wedding. The dear relative had a full set of legs of her own, but Maria said that did not matter, as an anniversary gift was not valued for its usefulness, but for the giver.

Then a traveling agent traded me a case of horse powders. That sort of health food nonplussed Maria for a time, as we had no horse to feed them to. She often gazed on me in a way that seemed to say I ought to end her perplexity by taking the health food myself, but she did not speak out, and was glad. After some months I ventured to ask about the horse powders, and then Maria told me frankly she had mixed them in my griddle cakes, and that I had seemed to like them thus. She couldn't think of having them go to waste, she said, and as I complained so much about taking any little thing of that sort, she had decided to smuggle them into me in disguise.

I had another short respite from keeping things from going to waste, when a mustard plaster maker sent me six dozen of his biggest and strongest plasters, with

a request for a write-up.
"Dear Archimedes," said Maria, with a tender look at me, "we cannot afford to waste these excellent plasters. You must let me put several of them on you every night. A man of your build and habits is liable to have some sort of sickness at any moment. These six dozen mustard plasters may save your life." I kicked, but to no purpose. I went to

bed with six or seven large, warm, thrilling mustard plasters stuck about here and there on my person. There was one on each foot, a large one covered my gothic backbone and another warmed itself in my bosom. It also warmed my bosom. When all these shop-made mustard plasters got to work they made things lively for poor old Archimedes Hardpan. They filled me full of intense excitement. I am a tough old fossil, but I couldn't stand a great deal of that sort of thing, so I rose up in bed with a wild, blood-chilling war whoop and filled the air with profanity and mustard plasters.

I sold the Horn of Plenty soon after that last painful event. Maria has given those vigorous, thrilling mustard plasters to the missionary society to send to the heathen. and when the heathen adorns himself with nine or ten of them and a stovepipe hat, and goes to church with a triumphal air, I shall want to hear how he deports himself. I am, therefore, anxiously awaiting advices from the heathen. I don't know the heathen, but I am well acquainted with those mustard plasters.

Ways of City Beggars.

From the New York Sun. The simulation of disease is to be me everywhere in the streets of New York. thirty consecutive years. The only inbegging, and observe the devices he adopts hind her. It looks, however, as if she to deceive the public. If he has a wound Hon. Henry Dodge, Senator from Wisconcould not have much more time to enjoy he will do his utmost to keep it open, and sin, and his son, Hon. Augustus C. Dodge, them. She was so feeble the other day even to make it permanent. He will tamthat her footman had almost to lift her into her earriage; then the maid came tripping to the door and began putting rumberless tricks known to these vagaher into shape—punched up her cushious bouds alone. Some of these fellows can quently from Minnesota, and then from and arranged her shawls, pulled the gloves counterfeit the palsied and paralyzed to Missouri. John Quincy Adams held posiup over her skinny, trembling hands, the very life. Most of them are station- tions under the Government during every appears. Then the two engines draw the train up the hill. Notwithstanding the oddities which exist in the management of this little railroad it hauls large quantities of freight and is making money for its

GREAT SALT LAKE

Difficulties of Swimming in its Saline Waters— The Mishap of a Young Lady who Attempted a Natatorial Feat.

Utah Letter to the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I did not anticipate any advantage in either way, but I lacked the moral courage to turn away and confess I had seen Great Salt Lake without taking a bath in its celebrated waters. While I stood on the long platform deliberating as to the style of debut most impressive for a tall, thin man, with a bathing suit for one whose propor-tions were latitudinal rather than longitu-dinal, an ideal of beauty stepped from the next dressing room, and, conscious of her loveliness and its power of attraction, brooding o'er the painful past. I have so much painful past to brood o'er that I haven't time to do much else.

Let the frivolous and trifling pause here

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These residues and its power of attraction, stopped a moment on the stairs to survey the field before making the plunge. Could she swim? Like a mermaid, I'd have wagered my last nickel. She was from one and turn to another column. These remarks are not for them. They are for those who can weep a couple of tears over plunged into the surf at Long Branch, and sported in the warm water of the Japan current of the Pacific coast. She was an expert swimmer, but neither mermaids nor finny tribes inhabit Great Salt Lake. It her constant efforts to have me help her is a dead sea, where nothing in the animal or vegetable kingdom finds life. Its waters waste nothing? have been the cause of are nearly one-fourth pure salt, and its specific gravity six times greater than the ocean. It is as buoyant as a rubber ball. But the beauty had not been told all this and did not discover the true nature of her surroundings until after she had made the repulsed her familiarity. Her body re-bounded as though it had struck a great rubber ball, her heels went into the airand then she took a header, with eyes, mouth and nostrils open wide with surprise. The water is like brine, and this dive was a terrible experience to the mermaid of the east. She strangled, and without prompt help would have drowned. She said it was like swallowing a great gulp of lye.

I profited by the experience, and was satisfied to wade until I found it required no effort at all to float, which is the only

progress in swimming. When Paul Boynton was here he found that with his rubber suit on he could swim with great diffilimb could be turned to use. I knew that to the young lady mentioned, and in a litin your dressing room a large pail of fresh water for another bath, without which you will present an appearance not unlike that of Lot's wife after she disobeyed the command not to look back. These baths are really intoxicating, and many invalids are here for medical aid, and Salt Lake physicians say there are not more invigorating. baths anywhere in the country. The waters of the Dead Sea hold more minerals in solution than do those of the Great Salt Lake, but there is nothing to equal this anywhere else. It is six times more salt than the ocean, and, as I said, tastes like brine; but it looks as clear as the waters of Lake Michigan, only a darker green when viewed as a great body.'

Life in Persia.

From the Cincinnati Commercial. Though Persia moves a little, it is one of the most unprogressive empires. It had no postal system until 1876. It has but one wagon road of any considerable length. No railroads have been built, as the Shah will not incur the financial risk, nor make any investment of foreign capital secure. The telegraph now connects the capital with the provincial capitals. The cost of living has greatly increased in the last few years. Most of the Persians are very poor. the tenants or agriculturists forming the poorest class. A merchant with \$50,000 is considered very rich.

The social life of Persia has not changed perceptibly. "The Persian of the genuine type and old school hardly thinks himself in a condition to be seen until his hair and beard have been dyed and his finger nails stained, if not his fingers also. He rises at the early dawn, and repeats the usual prayer; and having drank a cup of tea, if he is rich enough to afford it, goes to the field or to his shop. At 10 o'clock he sits down in his place of business to eat a breakfast of bread and sour milk which has been brought upon a tray and set before him. The hours of midday, in summer, are passed in sleep. Labor, when resumed, is continued until sunset. The principal meal of the day-and the best he can afford-of meat, rice and savory dishes, is partaken of in company with the members of his family, and after nightfall, and in the open court of the house, or upon the roof. If inclined to drink wine and arak. the most approved custom is to indulge at this hour. He satiates his thirst, if that be possible, by drunkenness, having first taken the precatuion of locking the doors and going to bed."

Scraps of History.

Martin Van Buren is the only man who held the office of President, Minister to England, Governor of his own State, and a member of both Houses of Congress. Thomas H. Benton is the only man who held a seat in the United States Senate for States Senate at the same time is that of Senator from Iowa. Gen. James Shields