WINTER AMONG THE WOODSMEN.

Hard Work by Day and Jolly Times at Night in the Ferests of Maine.

Despite the unprofitable year just

past in the lumber business, the woods-

men have gone in awarms from Bangor,

as usual, this winter to cut sprace and pine on the name Tenobscot. One in-ducement to the lumbermen to operate

is the low cost of provisions, it being

possible to board a crew of men 20 to 25

per cent. cheaper than a year ago.

Labor also is low, as the Prince Edward

Island boys have poured into Bangor by the hundred this season looking for em-

ployment, and they have put wages

down and kept them there. Think of a

stout young man swinging an ax all

winter for \$10 to \$15 a month and his

board. These are the wages accepted

by many of the Prince Edward Island

loggers. There was a time in the days

of big pines, near by, when a woodsman

was looked upon as a man who had

learned a trade.

Many people have queer ideas of how

loggers live in the woods. They build

a camp immediately, if there is not one

already near the scene of their work,

and are seldom more than a day about it. The samp is simply a log house,

with low sides and steep-pitched roof,

The chinks of the walls are filled in with

mad, moss, and leaves, and a high bank-

ing of earth or snow reaches almost to

the eaves outside. The entrance is

in one end, and the only window is in

the opposite end. The cook and his as-

sistant have a sort of panty partitioned

off at the window end, and there are

wood and provision storerooms on either

side of the entrance. The remainder of

the building forms one room. On one

side is a long couch made of boughs,

hay or straw, covered with heavy quilts

and blankets, oh which the men sleep in

a row. On the opposite side is a long

table, made of small logs, hewn smooth

on top, on which the food is served. In

front of it is a big log hewn out for a

settee, and called the deacon seat, The

men, when done eating, have only to

turn around in their seat to toast their

shins at a big fire of logs, which glows

like a small vocanol in the midst of all,

The fare is plain and monotonous,

but wholesome and substantial. Pork

and beans, bread and molasses, and

pork fat, the latter used for butter, make

up a breakfast at sunrise. Then the

crew go to work, and, if near by the

camp, they come back at 12 o'clock for

dinner, which is beans and pork, with

draft being aided by a roof-tree.

WHOLE NO. 614.

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ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND CO., N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1885.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

AN ECONOMICAL WOOD-HOUSE,-The

Indiana Farmer tells how to build a

wood-house, inclosed by the wood itself.

at very little expense. Set four posts

firmly in the ground for the corners of

the building. Spike plates on these to

receive the rafters supporting the side

plates by a middle post. These posts

feet high. When the roof is completed,

pile up stovewood to the plates on all

the sides, leaving an opening for a

door at the proper place. In this the

fuel for the winter can be safely stored

away in the fall, and the stock can be

replenished at any time when necessary.

The walls may be used as a summer

supply for the cooking-stove, and re-

placed before another winter. Such a

wood-house costs but little more than

ASSES IN POTATO CULTURE. - In the

fall of 1883 I turned over two scres of

sod land. Last spring I applied a good

coating of stable dressing, and on one-

half the piece spread 100 bushels of un-

bleached ashes. We planted the pota-

toes in drills, using a liberal amount of

superphosphate in the hill, where we

placed one whole potato, the seed being

selected with care. The potatoes had a

vigorous growth and we looked for a

bountiful crop, which we had; but they

were the roughest and the most scurvy

lot of potatoes I ever raised, and it was

the ashes that did it, for we planted a

few rows without ashes, otherwise

dressed the same, and we harvested a

fine crop of table potatoes, -- RAYMOND.

PRESERVING POTATOES DURING WIN-

TER.-A crop of a hundred bushels of

potatoes was put in the cellar in Sep-

tember. An offensive odor seemed to

arise from them, which pervaded the

house, although the windows of the

cellar were all open and an outside door

was left standing open night and day.

Potatoes were occasionally found in the

pile showing a strong inclination to de-

cay. Not wishing to remove them, one

over and all suspicious-looking ones

were thrown out and fresh lime was

sifted over them lightly as they were

heaped up. No further trouble fol-

lowed either from decay or bad odors.

It is a tradition that the flavor of pota-

toes is best preserved by leaving them

in the field in pits, covering first with a

layer of straw and a few inches of earth,

At the approach of cold weather they

are covered again with alternate layers

of straw and sods sufficient to keep out

the frost. They may be finished with a

thick layer of cornstalks if desired

When needed for use they are removed

to the cellar, and the taste is superior to

those which have been exposed to the

light. In the spring, if they are packed

in boxes of dry sand, they will not wilt,

A Neighborly Way.

A Citizen having heard that his

Neighbor was Scandalizing him called

Around at the office for an Explanation.

and yours?" he asked.

these many years past?"

"Oh, yes."

"Yes, but-"

"Haven't I always Spoken Well of you

"Haven't I lent you my Snow Shovel,

"But What! What on Earth could

have Induced you to throw out hints

"Why, my Dear Sir, your Snow

Moral: When you can't live off a

Shovel is broken, your Flat-frons too

that my Aunt was my Uncle?"

my Flat-irons and my Coffee Mills for

as they usually do in warm weather,

rainy day they were carefully sorted

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J. W. PARKS, Hamist, N. C.

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34 16' dlunt

NOT HIS NAME.

Ont in Xenia, Ohio, there is a bright lawyer. There is a score of them in fact, but this bright particular legal star is Henry Warrington. I call him Henry Warrington because that is not his name, His real name appears on the playbills of "Youth," Well, the Second Adventists came to Xenia one time and the preacher did a lot of street preaching. One day Lawyer Warrington stopped to listen to him just at the time when he was wanted in court, and a bailiff came to the window to call him. The preacher was just shricking: "And who will be damned?" Roared out the stentorian tenes of the bailiff over the way: "Henry Warrington! Henry Warrington!" And Henry only said he would be, if he was. Only he didn't say it just that way. -Bun-

The Oyster's Enemies.

At a meeting of oyster raisers or Long Island, Mr. John Mackey said: "I have made a special study of what oysters feed on. They feed on vegetable matter so minute that it can be seen only under a microscope. A star spreads itself over it and cuts off a part of the upper shell with an instrument it has in the centre of its body. Then it sticks a long kind o' thing into the oyster and sucks it out. The winkle has a saw with which it outs off the edge of the shell and so does the drill or borer Twe seen star fish chaw up see spiders. too. It picks 'em all to pieces, and things look like a wreck when it gets

old to be of Further use, and your An express train of eight cars is valued Coffee Mill will no longer grind. How 1 886, 700; the engine and tender at \$10,can I Longer Neighbor with such 500, the baggage car at \$1,000, the postal car at \$2,000, the smoker at \$2, a mau ?" 200, the two common passenger cars at 43,000 each, and three palace cars at \$15,00 each. Neighbor make him sorry for it, -Detroll Free Press.

ARAB LOVE SONG.

The love fires glitter in the sky,

The earth is filled with dreamy light.

Oh, come to me, for I am nigh!

Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!

The earth is filled with dreamy light, The night wind scatters odors sweet. Oh, come to me, my soul's delight! Lo! I am waiting at thy feet!

The night wind scatters odors sweet,
It wakes the slumber-laden flowers.
Lo! I am waiting at thy feet—
Oh, leave thy jammine-scented bowers!

It wakes the slumber-laden flowers, The nightingale breaks forth in song. Oh, leave thy jasmine-scented bowers!

My heart, why tarriest thou so long?

The nightingale breaks forth in song, The roses sway above the gate. My heart, why tarriest thou so long? When they awake wilt thou still wait?

The roses sway above the gate,
Thy sister blossoms, red and white. When they awake wilt thou still wait? Oh, come to me, my soul's delight!

SYDNEY HEREER PRESSON.

JOHN'S DAUGHTER.

"You will care for my child? You will not let my little one suffer?" My old friend and college chum, John Harmon said this as he wrung my hand hard. I repeated my promise that in my own homenest, where there was a nursery full of little ones, Susie Har-

mon should hold a daughter's place.

We were standing upon the wharf waiting for the signal that it was time for my friend to step aboard an outgoing California steamer. He had lost his wife within the year, and soon after was beggared by a fire that totally destroyed the cotton mills in which he had held the position of superintendent for ten years. With his home desolate, his purse empty, he resolved, as many a man had done before him, to seek his fortune in the modern El Dorado, and dig for gold in her mines.

The only drawback to this scheme was the difficulty of taking his threeyear-old daughter, who had been in the care of hired nurses since her mother died. I, who shared every thought of John's mind, talked with my wife, and the little one.

"I am sure I loved Mary as well as you loved John," she said, "and there is no one can have a stronger claim upon the child than we have."

So, sure of her cordial welcome in our nursery. I made John the offer of s home for his little one, and it was accepted as lovingly as it was offered. This care removed, my frion? haste

companied him to New York and saw

The next morning I returned home to find Susie almost inconsolable, crying perpetually for "papa to come to Susie." My wife was distracted at the failure to comfort this childish sorrow, and our own three children looked on wonder-

"Naughty Susie, who cried and cried, after mamma told her to be quiet." Fortunately, Susie was accustomed to see me, to snuggle in my arms when I talked with John, to associate me with her father, and she allowed me to comfort her. In time this violent grief wore away, and the child became very happy in our care. My business, that of hardware merchant, being very prospercus, we did not feel the additional expense of the child's support a burden; and as the years wore by, she was a

dear to us as our own little ones. But she understood always that she was not our child, but had a dear father who loved her fondly, and was away from her only to make a fortune for her. As soon as she was old enough she had her father's letters read to her, and her first efforts at penmanship were letters

John wrote often for ten years, recounting his varying success, sometimes sending money to buy presents for Susie. He was winning fortune slowly, not at the mines, where his health broke down, but in the employ of a San Francisco merchant, and some speculations

He was not a rich man, he wrote after an absence of ten years, but pros pering, when he purposed paying us visit. He wrote hopefully of seeing his child, perhaps of taking her home with him, setting no definite time, but leading us to expect soon to see him. Then his letters ceased, and he did not come I wrote again and again. Susie wrote, No answers came to either one or the other. We did not know the name of his employer, and after nearly two years more passed we sadly thought he must

It might have seemed to many un natural for Susie to grieve so deeply as she did for a father almost unknown to her in reality, but she was a girl of most sensitive feelings, with a tender, loving heart, and we had always kept her father's name before her, striving to win him a place in her fondest affection. That we had succeeded only too well was shown by her sorrow, when week after week passed, and there was no good news from California.

the stories I remembered of her father's boyhood and youth, his college life, our many excursions, and, above all, of his marriage and the gentle wife and mother so early called to heaven.

She dearly loved those talks, and no memories were more precious than my description of her father's pain in parting from her, and his desire to win money in California only for her. Time softened Susie's grief, and at

eighteen she was one of the sweetest, most winning girls I ever saw. Without being a wonder of erudition, she was John. well educated, had a fair musical talent and a sweet, well-cultivated voice. She was tall and graceful, and when she was ling when we reached the railway depot introduced to society with Joanna, my of our own town, and as we had been

handsome, brunnette daughter, both be to walk home. came popular.

Albert and Will., my boys, were older than the girls; Albert in business with me, and Will at college, the winter when Joanna and Susie made their

It would take me quite too long to tell of the pleasures of the young folks during this winter, but Joanna was won from us by a Cuban gentleman, and Susie became, if possible, dearer than

Spring had come, when one evening Albert came into my library, where I was plodding over a book, having worked busily all day. He fussed about the books in a nervous way, quite unlike his usual quiet manner and finally said:

"Father, you have often said Susie is as dear to you as one of your own children." I looked up amazed at this opening speech.

"Well?" I asked. "Will you make her your daughter in fact by giving her to me for a wife?"

Dear I dear ! To think I had been so blind. Susie had in truth become so much one of our children that I was as much astonished as if Albert had fallen in love with Joanna,

But I soon found, when Susie's blushing face was hidden upon my breast, that she, too, had given away her heart, and I was only too well pleased that no stranger had won the precious gift,

In September they were married, my son and the child of our adoption, and l gave them a house next our own for a home, having old-fashioned ideas about such matters, and believing it is better for young married people to live by themselves and assume housekeeping

The new home was a gem of neatness under Susie's dainty fingers, and the spirit of perfect love kept it ever bright. Having been brother and sister for so many years, Albert and Susie thoroughw understood each other's dispositions and I have never known domestic happiness more perfect than theirs.

Susie's first child, named for her father. John Harmon, was two years John calling: old, when the mail brought me a letter opened it, and upon a large sheet of paper found written, in a scrawling, uneven hand, three lines: "DEAR SIR: Will you come to me at

47 M-- street without letting Susie JOHN HARMON." At first I believed it was a hoax. John had written a bold, clerk-like hand, clear

as print. This was a scrawl, struggling over the paper, phone as the fire

distante of the marking But the more I pondered over the matter the more I was inclined to obey the summons. So pleading business. saving nothing of the letter to any one, I left home by the night train for Cin-No. 47 M -- street I found to be a boarding house for the poorest classes,

and in a shabby room, half furnished, found an aged, worn man, perfectly blind, who rose to greet me, sobbing. "Fred, I knew you would come," "Why, old friend," I said, when sur

prise and emotion would let me speak show is this? We thought you were

"Does Susie think so?" "Yes We all move you up." "Do not u meant to come gratify every ...

Do not let her know that only a blind, sick wreck is left for her to call father. Tell me of her, Fred, Is she well? Is she happy?" "She is both, John-a happy wife and

mother ' "Married! My little Susie?" "Married to Albert, my son, of whom you may judge when I tell you folks say

he is his father over again." "I would ask no more for my child."

Then, in answer to my anxious ques tions, he told me the story of the years of silence. He was preparing to pay us his promised visit when a great fire broke out in San Francisco, that ruined his employer for the time, and swept away a row of buildings uninsured, in which John had invested all his savings. Worst of all, in trying to save the books of the firm, John was injured on the head by a falling beam, and lay for morths in a hospital. When he so far recovered as to be discharged, his mind was still impaired, and he could not perform the duties of clerk or superintendent, while his health was too feeble for

manual labor. "I struggled for daily bread alone Fred," he told me, "and when I received your loving letters, and dear Susie's, I would not write, hoping to send better tidings if I waited for a turn of fortune's wheel. It never came, Fred. I left California three years ago, and came here, where I was promised the place of foreman in a great pork-packing house. I saved a little money and was hoping for better times when my health failed again, and this time with it my eye-sight. I hoped against hope, spending my savings to have the best advice, and not until I was pronounced incurable would When we had really lost all hope, it I write to you. I want you to take me became Susie's great pleasure to sit be- to an asylum, Fred; and, as I must be side me and ask me again and again for a pauper patient. I must go to my own

town. You will take me, Fred?" "I will take you to an asylum, John," promised. "And Susie? You will keep my se

eret. You will not disturb Susie's happiness?" "I will not trouble Susie's happiness,"

Yet an hour later I was writing to Susie, and I delayed our departure from Cincinnati till an answer came. It was the answer I expected from the tender, loving heart, but I said nothing of it to

Caring tenderly for his comfort, I took him on his way homeward. It was even-

long cramped in the car-seats, I propose

"Is it not too far off?" John asked "I thought the asylum was a long wa from here,"

"Oh, the whole place is changed from the little village you left !" I answered; "We have a great town here now, and your asylum is not very far from here." He let me lead him then, willingly enough, and we were not long in reaching Susie's home. She was alone in the cheerful sitting-room as we entered, but obeyed my motion for silence, as I placed John in a great arm-chair, after removing his hat and coat. He looked wretchedly old and worn, and his clothes were shabby, yet Susie's soft eyes, misty with tears, had only love in their expression as she waited permission to speak.

"John," I said to him, "if I had found you in a pleasant home, happy and prosperous, and I had known that Susie was poor, sick and blind, would it have been a kindly act for me to hide her misfortune from you, and passing by

your home, to have placed her in the care of charitable strangers?" "Fred., you would never have done that !" he said, much agitated,

"Never!" I answered. "You are right-But you, John, ask me to take from Suste the happiness of knowing a father's love, the sweet duty of caring for a of battle, but when they see inevitable father's affliction."

"No, no, Fred., I only ask you to put no burden upon her young life, to throw no cloud over her happiness. I am old and feeble; I shall trouble no one long." "And when you die, you would deprive your only child of the satisfaction of ministering to your wants—take from her her father's blessing."

He turned his sightless eyes toward me, his whole face working convul-

"Where is she, Fred. ? You would not talk so if you did not know my child still loves her father."

"I am here, father," Susie said: and stole softly away, as John clasped his child in his arms. Albert was in the dining-room with Johnnie, and I was chatting still with him, when I heard

"Fred. ! Fred. !" struggling to rise. Susie vainly trying to

"I want my child!" he cried, deliriously, "you promised me my child!" I saw at a glance that the agitation of the evening had brought back the wandering mind, of which he had told me, Albert and I released Susie, who left us

guided her, for she returned with John nie, and whispering him to be very good and kiss grandpapa, she put him in her father's arms. In a second his excitement was gone, and he fondled the ourly head, while Johnnie obediently pressed his lips upon the withered cheek. So, in a little time, they fell asleep, Johnnie nestled in the feeble arms, and the withered face drooping upon the golden curls. We watched them silently, till we saw a shadow pass over John's face, and a change settle

there that comes but once in life. Gently Albert lifted the sleeping child, and carried him to the nursery, while Susie and I sat beside the arm-chair.

"Uncle Fred," she whispered, "Albert will go for a dcctor. But may I waken him? Let him speak to me once Even as she spoke John opened his

eyes. All the wild look was gone from them as he groped a moment till Spain put her hands in his. Then a heavenly smile came upon the wasted lips, and he said softly, tenderly: "Susie, my own little child, Susie."

And with the name on his lips John's spirit went to seek an eternal asylum, in which there will be no more poverty, pain or blindness.

A Wealthy Railroad Man.

The estate of John W. Garrett amounts to \$35,000,000, says a Baltimore letter. After he had lost his wife there seemed to be hardly a spot for him to look for shade and rest. Yet he turns out to have been true to his purpose of riches. He saved himself enormous commissions by keeping up a banking-house of his own, which his sons controlled. Robert Garrett he designed to take executive charge of his estate, and his other son, Henry, who was a man of cultivation, too, he kept at the head of the banking-house. In the bankinghouse all the transactions of Mr. Garrett were concealed. If he had operated through any other house his secrets would have leaked out. He has left Henry Garrett, the head of the house worth \$10,000,000. His daughter Mary is the richest single woman in America -worth \$12,000,000, it is believed. Robert Garrett is worth \$12,000,000 or more. Miss Garrett is still a young woman, not more than twenty-six or twentyeight, I should think, or thereabouts. She has never married, and did a good deal of her father's correspondence and particular work. She is a woman of cultivation, and rumor in Baltimore has said that she is going to marry a phy-

No Letter Yet.

Did you ever spend the day in a coun try Post-Office? No! I sat behind big glass case with the Postmaster, and as we sat and chatted girls and boys came trooping in, asking for letters for "our folks." The Postmaster was urbanity personified, and with a smile he would say again and again and again, "Nothing to-day for you." "Do you knew that some of these children's parents, to a certain knowledge, haven't had a letter in three years? And yet they come here every mail without fail and chirp out, 'If you please, sir, anything for our folks?' And do you suppose they are dismayed, after a year's continued daily inquiries? Not at all !" -Kingston Freeman

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DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

HOW MINERS CAN DIE BRAVELY

Calmly Writing Messages to Loved Once while Death Creeps Upon Theu.

Sixteen years ago there was a terrible

colliery explosion in Saxony, by which a

large number of miners lost their lives. Of that disaster an old miner in Scrapton has preserved a most remarkable record in a series of manuscript copies, translated into English, of messages written to their friends by such of the doomed Saxon miners as were not killed outright by the explosion, but were preserved for the no less sure and more terrible death by suffocation, as the poisoned gases slowly destroyed the pure air that remained in the mine. These messages were found in note-books and on scraps of paper on the dead bodies of the poor men when they were at last recovered. The manuscript copies of these touching notes were made in Cornwall by a relative of the old miner. and were sent to him shortly after the disaster. They are interesting outside of their pathos, as answering the frequently asked question, How do men feel when about to die-not after being wasted and weakened by disease, or when the blood is heated by the strife death slowly but certainly approaching them, and know that in exactly so many minutes it will seize upon them? Do they rage and struggle against their fate, or do they meet it with calmness and resignation? These messages show that the poor miners awaited the coming of death with singular calmuess and resignation. Not one word in the whole record reveals a feeling of bitterness

against the fate they could not avert. There is a curious pathos in some of the lines scrawled by these death-besieged men in the gloom of their narrow prison. A young man, Janetz by name, had pinned to his coat a leaf from a note-book. On it were written his last words to his sweetheart; "Darling Rika-My last thought was of thee. Thy name will be the last word my lips shall speak. Farewell."

The miner Reiche, when his body was found, clutched in his hand a scrap of paper. "Dear sister," it read, "Mever. in the village, owes me ten thalers. It is yours. I hope my face will not be distorted when they find us. I might have been better to you. Good-by." Reiche, according to the old Scranton miner. who seems to have the histories of all the unfortunate Saxon miners at his tongue's end, was a severe man, and

thought that he had not done right evidently haunted him in his death hour.

The absence of all selfishness, all repinings on account of themselves, is touchingly apparent in all the messages. "My dear relations," wrote the miner Schmidt, "while seeing death before me I remember you. Farewell until we meet again in happiness." Lying next to young Janetz, whose message to his sweetheart is quoted above, a miner named Moretz was found. On a paper in his cap was written: "Janetz has just died. Reiche is dying and says, 'Tell my family I leave them with God.' Farewell, dear wife. Farewell, dear children, May God keep you." The miners who died by suffocation had evidently been driven from one place o. refuge to another, according to the following, found in the note book of a miner named Bahr: "This is the last place where we have taken refuge. I have given up all hope, hecause the ventilation has been destroyed in three separate places. May God take myself and relatives, and dear friends who must dia with me, as well as our families, under

His protection." "Dear wife," writes Moller, "take good care of Mary. In a book in the bedroom you will find a thaler. Farewell, dear mother, till we meet again," Mary was the miner's only child, who

A miner named Jahne or Jachn wrote o his brother, who was a miner, but had been unable to work that day "Thank God for his goodness, brother You are safe,"

"No more toil in darkness," wrote

The uniform spirit of piety that marked all the messages of the dying men was explaned by the custodian of these touching records. He said the miners of Saxony are all reared in a strict religious school, and that on entering the mines they all petition Heaven for protection through the day, and on leaving the mines return thanks to God for guarding them and bringing them safely through the dangers of their toil.

"I never read the simple messages of those poor men without moistened eyes," said the old miner, and his eyes were certainly more than moist as he spoke. "I can picture to myself the scene of the rough-handed but soft-hearted men. spending their last moments not in wild aries for mercy and screams of remorse, nor in repinings against their cruel fate. out in sending these farewell messages to their loved ones, who were even then bewailing them as dead. While my heart bleeds over the picture, I thank God that, humble miners though they were, they showed the world how bravely and nobly they could die,"

Every DAY .- An old broken-down gambler of Paris may be seen daily promenading in the shabbiest attire, with a magnificent white camelia in his button-hole. Some years ago he won a great deal of money and determined to make sure that he should always be supplied with his favorite flower. He therefore paid a large sum in cash to his florist who agreed to supply him with white camelia every day for the rest of his life. And now the decayed old sport struts up and down the boulevards with a camelia worth more than the coat which it adorns.

THE GUY FAWKES PLOT. The Infamons Conspiracy to Blow Up the House of Lords Recalled.

The explosions in the English House of Parliament recall the infamous "gunpowder plot," of 1605, for which Guy Fawkes was executed in London, January 30, 1606. The event has already been a memorable one in the history of England, and November 5, the day of the disclosure, was set apart as a day of thanksgiving, and is religiously observed in England. The historical features of the affair may be told briefly. Guy Fawkes was an adventurer, who, at the time the plot of blowing up the House of Parliament, and thus destroying the King, Lords and Commons, was conceived, was serving in the Spanish army

in the Netherlands. Upon the accession of James I., the severe penal laws of Elizabeth against Remanists were again put into execution, contrary to the expectations of the followers of that faith. The plot was conceived by Robert Catesby, a Roman Catholic of an ancient family, who vowed vengeance against the English rulers for the severity of the penal laws. Guy Fawkes was the fourth person admitted into the conspiracy. He with the others took the oath of secrecy, and the sacrament was administered by a Jesuit priest. Among the other conspirators was Thomas Winter, who seected Fawkes to visit Spain and solicit the intervention of the King in behalf of the English Catholics. Fawkes returned to England in 1604, having been unsuccessful in his mission. Shortly afterward Thomas Percy, another one of the conspirators, rented a house adjoining the one in which Parliament was to assemble, and Fawkes, who was unknown in London, took possession of it under the assumed name of Johnson. Parliament adjourned until Feb. 7, 1605. and on Dec. 11 following, the conspirators held a secret meeting in the house. The work of excavating a mine was begun and seven men were engaged in this labor until Christmas Eve. They never appeared in the upper part of the house, where Fawkes kept a constant watch. When Parliament reassembled the work was abandoned, but finally and sends its smoke and sparks through completed between February and May a hole in the roof, six feet square, the following. About this time Fawkes hired a vault beneath the House of Lords, which had been vacated by a dealer in coal. At night thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were carried into the vault and covered with faggots.

The conspirators then adjourned to hold a consultation. A number of wealthy men were taken into the plot. among whom were Sir Everard Digby,

perk scraps and doughnuts. The men brose thousand that Francis Tres lock from a spruce, and men come back am. Parliament was to meet again on November 5, and Fawkes was appointed to eat a supper of the same viands, varied with dried apple-sauce. Fish is served once or twice a week. to fire the mine with a slow match. Some of the new men who had been admitted into the conspiracy, desired to erage is cheap tes. save their Catholic friends in the two Evenings and Sundays are passed in houses. Lord Monteagle, a Roman

for tobacco, clothing, and even wages. The woods beans are the Fest of all night, November 4, a search was made of the neighboring houses and cellars,

> The woodsmen range in age from to 65, dress in heavy woolen or kni derwear, cheap ready-made cloth or knitted caps, moccasins

A Story of Cantain Bynds

In the Polk-Clay camp

first reported that Clay

which resulted in the capture of Guy

Fawkes as he was coming from the cel-

lar. Matches and torchwood were found

in his pockets. Although put to torture.

he refused to disclose the names of his

confederates. A meeting of the con-

spirators 'was convened, and in the ex-

itement that followed they were all

either killed or captured. Guy Fawken

and eight others were tried, after which

they were drawn, hanged and quartered

and as such Mr. Frel was nominated for Vi the Clay ticket, was seren Whigs. He made his app. the balcony of his house in rethe serenade and modestly disclar. pride or delight in his election wound up his speech to the enthusiastic Whigs by declarin' that he "would welcome the day when his term of office should expire, and that he would be more glad to get rid of his office then than his friends were glad to bestow it on him now," all of which sounded first-

But next day the news came that not Clay, but Polk, and not Frelinghuysen, but Dallas, had been elected. Rynders, at the head of the Empire Club, started off to the house of Benjamin F. Butler, the New York lawyer who had nominated Polk at the Baltimore convention, and announced the glad tidings.

Butler and Frelinghuysen lived next door to each other, and so the Whig candidate who had been congratulated on his success one night sat at his window the next night while the crowd announced the success of his opponent. Rynders was mounted on a fine gray horse, which he rode well. And sittin' on his horse right under Butler's window, he addressed that gentleman in his usual blunt enthusiastic way, congratulatin' him on the victory of his

nominee. During his speech Frelinghuysen poked his head out to listen, naturally enough, and naturally enough, Rynders caught a glimpse of him doin so. The sight of the defeated Whig candidate gave the Democratic speaker a bright idea, which he acted upon with characteristic promptitude. Drivin' his gray borse right under the Whig candidate's window, Rynders said, addressing the aston-

ished Frelinghuysen: "You said last night, sir, that you would feel glad when your time came to be relieved of the cares of office. We Democrats have taken you at your word, As a Democrat I am glad to announce to you that James K. Polk has been elected President of the United Sto and that therefore you are relieall further care or duty deat " Men York "

telling wonderful yarns, singing ear-Catholic peer, received an anonymous splitting songs, and smoking. In some note cantioning him against attending camps the men play cards, and gamble the meeting of Parliament. The matter was laid before King James, and at mid-

baked beans, and put Boscon in the shade. They are cooked in an iron pot placed in a pit surrounded by live coals and covered tightly with earth over night. In the morning they are done to a turn. No range can compete with the bean hole of the woods.

many socks and mittens

sentiments C. upon everybo who heard then lady very highly, in action of the whole public letter is now found to have varbatim from a book of corwhere it appears under t "Letters from a young lady of a valuable gift." Everyb don is said to be laughin discovery. But as Miss Fo received her \$50,000, she wi

not be much affected. - Bost Who Was Driving

One of the prettiest conceit Remus' new book is put into of an old negro driver, he away from his master and coul caught; but an old lady boug because he had saved the life of and he surrendered himself and a faithful servant.

When his old mistress her wandering mind dwei negro who had served her se She fancied she was making "The carriage goese

pause, she ask

and the weer corner of th "Tain't Lord whe t. And so dre would dream, & life into the br the dead mear