

The Jonesboro Leader

JONESBORO, N. C.

Old Red Cloud, who was deposed from his position as Chief of the Sioux to make way for American Horse, a younger man, is now a pitiful spectacle, it is said. He frequently visits the Chadron agency and weeps and wails about his fall from power. He is now rapidly growing blind and seems to be dying from a broken heart. His aged squaw remains faithful to him, and he is popular with the Sioux Nation.

Sig. Henri Bosquet, of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, says there are some sixteen men to one woman in that very interesting South American metropolis, and that any newly arrived, fairly good-looking candidate for matrimony can readily have a choice of fully fifty eager swains. Buenos Ayres was once something of a cowboy capital, and has evidently not yet passed the frontier period of woman worship.

"Few people are aware, perhaps, that slave hunting is still carried on in Africa by the local chiefs," states the Trenton (N. J.) American. "At a meeting of the African Society at Colozue on Wednesday, a statement was read showing that the most revolting cruelty was still practiced in connection with this business. One slave hunter, Makatuba, brought back from a recent expedition 2,000 natives of every age and sex. They were chained together in batches of twenty, and were like living skeletons. Hundreds of them died of hunger, fever, and dysentery on the route, and a large number of women and children who, for lack of strength, delayed the march, were drowned. It would seem from this and similar statements that there is ample justification for the interference of civilization in the cause of humanity in Africa as well as in China."

The census bulletin giving the population of Texas by minor civil divisions shows some wonderful percentages of increase of population, notes the Louisville Courier-Journal. The increase over 1880 in the whole State was 643,774, equal to 40.44 per cent., which is itself a healthy percentage, though quite insignificant compared to the growth in population of some of the counties. Only sixteen counties show decreases. Armstrong County shows an increase of 2945.16 per cent.; Childress, 4600; Collingsworth, 5880; Hardeman, 7708; Randall, 6133.33, and Floyd, 17,533.33 per cent. The effect of these magnificent percentages is somewhat impaired by giving the figures upon which they are based. Armstrong, for example, had only thirty-one population in 1880 and 344 in 1890—an immense relative but very moderate positive increase. Childress increased from twenty-five in 1880 to 1175 in 1890; Collingsworth from six to 357; Hardeman, from fifty to 3904; Randall, from three to 187, and Floyd, from three to 529. There are still counties in the State the population of which is put down at 3, 4, 7, 9, 14, 15, 16 respectively.

The preacher must be a man of fine presence, awe inspiring, and, if possible, philosophical and pensive, logical, poetical and fanciful, asserts a writer in the St. Louis Republic. He must also see the humorous side of things, and be the center of the social circle, and must likewise possess the ability to touch the feelings. He must not only weep with those that weep but must make those who do not weep at least moisten their dry orbs. Beyond this he must cause mirthful smiles to glisten on the half-dried tears that he may have started. He must in his eloquence be a Cicero. He must be pious without seeming to be so, for there is no offense more obnoxious than cant and long-facedness, though he may employ the undertaker tones at funerals. Smartness and novelty must be possessed, even if they trench on sacred associations. He must not be oblivious to the funny side of serious things, for he must draw like a poulter, developing the financial side of the church. The pews must be filled. Railway companies and banks and corporations of every kind may refuse to pay dividends, but the church must pay through good and bad times. The pastor must be one of those nondescript financiers who can do better pecuniarily for everybody else than for himself, as it is commonly understood to be "the prerogative of divine grace to keep him humble and of the church to keep him poor."

A PARTING GUEST.

Dear world, how shall I say farewell to thee
As from thy friendly house I go at last?
Let me not like an unloved wanderer be
From thy door cast.

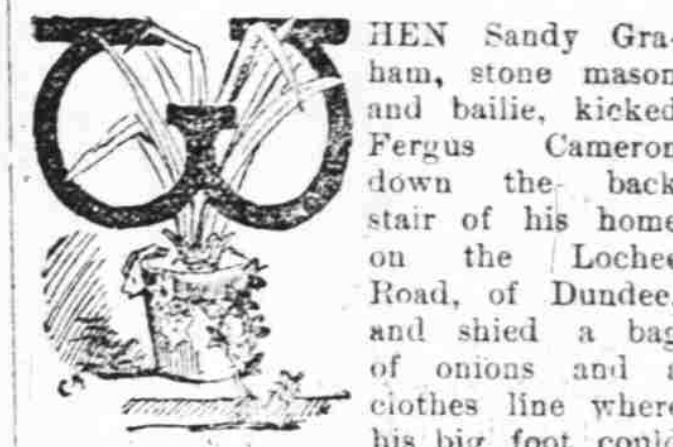
No, I have been a little while thy guest;
Still there are light and music, down thy halls
The laughing recognition of a jest
Rises and falls.

Thou hast with love and bread my wants supplied,
And hurried on my hours in joyous flight,
But longer with thee now I cannot bide—
I come to say good-night.

But leave not other friends who need thee here—
Give me thy hand and I am quickly gone,
Thy lamps will light me with their genial cheer
Until I meet the dawn.

—Meredith Nicholson, in the Century.

A MIDNIGHT ASSIGNMENT.



WHEN Sandy Graham, stone mason and bailie, kicked Fergus Cameron down the back stair of his home on the Lochee Road, of Dundee, and shied a bag of onions and a clothes line where his big foot could not reach, he was an unconscious fact or in one of the prettiest romances that ever cast a fragrance over the life of a newspaper man.

This was the cause of all the trouble. Fergus Cameron was the ten-shilling-a-week clerk at the salt pans. One and one made two during the day, but one and one in the evening represented only one, for while the former might be bags of salt, or pounds, shillings or pence, the latter were the mutually sympathetic hearts of Fergus Cameron and Maud Graham, the pretty daughter of the Dundee bailie.

Now, the average Scotch bailie is a much bigger man, in his own estimation, than the President of the United States. A chief magistrate of our nation might allow his daughter to marry an ordinary book-keeper; but a President of the United States is no criterion in estimating a man chosen to fill the chair once graced by such illustrious characters as Donald MacTavish and Sandy Jamieson. Shades of Nebuchadnezzar! who so great as a Scotch bailie?



HE FOUGHT THE BLAST.

You may have heard of the Scotch bailie, but I knew one. It was long ago, but the awe-inspiring influence of a personal acquaintance with him has not yet departed. He was a newspaper man, so he said, claiming the title by virtue of part ownership with his wife and Kirsty Buckley, a crabbed old maid, in a newspaper and magazine depot. All in all, he was a great man in the town. Examination day always brought him to school, and on such an occasion he generally stood with the Latin book upside down.

"Excuse me, Bailie," our teacher would remark in his meekest way, "excuse me, you have the book upside down."

"Sir, don't you think a bailie can read Latin upside down?"

How we prayed that a kind Providence in much love and mercy might make of us bailies and newspaper men.

Do you wonder that Fergus Cameron was kicked downstairs, and that a bag of onions and a clothes-line hastened his departure, and that three weeks later he stood upon the deck of an Atlantic liner, gazing with tearful eye on the fast fading shore-line of the land of blue mist and purple heather? An American youth would have been happier under the circumstances, for he would have had Maud Graham with him, so little respect has an American youth for the exalted office of a Scotch bailie.



FERGUS CAMERON SURPRISED.

Cameron arrived in New York with a few dollars in his pocket and fewer friends by his side. He spent the first night in a cheap lodging-house on West street, and in the morning set out to find an old friend of his father. The prospects of employment at his own occupation were by no means bright, but an acquaintance on the part of the old man with the city editor of a morning paper opened for him the door of the newspaper kingdom. Into the humblest position went Fergus Cameron. Naturally bright, well educated, and with no end of capacity for work, he cheerfully and manfully faced his new duties with a calm determination to turn the battle of life into victory, and be a bigger man than a Scotch bailie. His was the old, old story of success and failure, of failure and success, but his application to business and the excellence of his work carried him into the good graces of his superiors in office. The star that ruled his luckless lot might have faded him much that was disheartening, but its adverse influence did not extend to his business career.

A wild night in January, 1888. Snow had fallen all of two days and nights, and the States were beginning to feel the deadly effects of the great blizzard. Fergus Cameron was in the West, plowing his way toward a country village. A midnight assignment had fizzled out, his only horse had stumbled into a ditch and broken its leg, and his choice lay between death in the snow and a struggle toward the village. Every minute was like an eternity; he seemed to be dragging the world at his heels. Mind-weary and body-sore he fought the bitter, blinding blast until overtaken nature gave up the battle, and he sank in the snow.

Two weeks later Fergus Cameron awoke from the torpor of oblivion and saw the world of light again. From the large heating stove in his bedroom a cheerful fire shot shafts of light over the soft rugs on the floor. The surroundings were strange; what did it mean? He lay there looking drowsily about him, and slowly recalled the incidents of his terrible battle with the storm, wondering to whose hospitality he was indebted for his salvation. His dreaming was pleasantly disturbed by the entrance of a graceful female figure. Who was it? Cameron rubbed his eyes wondering if it was a new phase of his delirium. Another rub; another look; were his senses playing him false? By his bedside stood grace and goodness personified in his old sweetheart, Maud Graham.

They are married now, and all the trials of the past are forgotten in the sweet bliss of the present. Old Bailie Graham's views have broadened considerably since he failed in business and crossed the ocean, and no one is more willing to admit that his handsome son-in-law is a much more important person than a Scotch bailie who can read Latin upside down.—The Journalist.

Curiosities of Punishment.

An examination of the different entries contained in the Machyn diary sheds a strong light on crime and criminal punishment during the reign of Mary, who served the English people from 1553 to 1558.

First he mentions a young fellow who was tied to a post. "Hard by the Standard Chop," with a collar of iron about his neck, and soundly whipped every two hours for five days by two stout men, for the crime of pretending to see visions. Farther on we read "Cheken, a parson of St. Nicholas, Cold Harbor, was this day driven about the streets of London in a cart, the parson himself dressed in a yellow gown;" all of this because he had sold his wife to the butcher! Was it only a coincidence that a butcher was one of the parties to this transaction, or was it the intention of "the goodly man" to have his better half served up in roasts? As it is now nearly 350 years since "the parson" committed that uncanny crime, it is doubtful if we ever find out whether she "went to the skillet" or not.

According to other items in Machyn one can readily see that purveyors of provisions were the same kind of mortals then as they are to-day. They were inclined to palm off their base goods as sound; to use their arts to take in the customer, only the punishment inflicted when the fraud was discovered was somewhat more personal and severe than it is now. Machyn says that a butcher of that time who had exposed diseased meat for sale "was forced to ride about the streets of London, his face toward the horse's tail with half a lamb before and another half behind, and beef and veal borne before him on a long pole." Men who sold spoiled fish were put in the pillory with decayed fish strung about their necks.

The entry of March 3, 1557, says: "Seen Thomas, the shoemaker, soundly thrashed at Cheapside to-day for making a high priced boot of a cheap quality of leather."—St. Louis Republic.

Here's a Good Hair Tonic.

Here is a good hair tonic: Take seven parts of water to one of acetic acid (five cents' worth from the druggist's will last quite a while), mix well and rub well in the scalp with some sort of brush every night. Of course it takes some time for the effect to become apparent, but in time it really does bring out the hair.—New York Press.

A MAGYAR RESTAURANT

PICTURESQUE SCENES IN A HUNGARIAN EATING HOUSE.

The Wonderously Appetizing Odors From the National Dish, Gulyas—Mad Revels to Gipsy Music.

Like all large cities, Buda-Pesth has beautiful hotels, on which we need waste no words. When we arrive in a strange town we do not go in search of those things which it has in common with other municipalities, but we look for those things which are distinct and peculiar. We will then take advantage of the beautiful evening not to visit the National Theatre, where the Hungarian language is used (which, unhappily, we don't understand), or the New Opera, which strives to compete with the operahouses of other cities, but to enter a Hungarian restaurant in the courtyard of a house, where some dusty oleanders form a sort of garden, covered with an awning. Peculiar, wonderfully appetizing odors of the kitchen greet our nostrils, for we are here on the classical soil of the Hungarian "gulyas," which the Viennese pronounce "gollasch," and the Hungarians "gulyasch."

What is, then, a "gulyas"? Meat roasted in a peppery onion sauce. But what a stupid definition that is! It is like saying that an opera by Mozart is a combination of sounds. One thing, however, is beyond dispute—if there is a Hungarian heaven, "gulyas" is sure to be eaten there. "Gulyas," then, is a concoction of onions, pork, meats of all sorts, and paprika (red Hungarian pepper). But who can praise in fitting language its savorness! Who can describe with adequate eloquence the blood-and-marrow-penetrating strength of the paprika, this boasted national product? Who can praise sufficiently the pungent pepper with which the "gulyas" is seasoned in such abundant measure that the stranger who eats it feels something dissolve inside of him? Stars dance before his eyes, and the perspiration breaks out upon his brow. But this excessive pungency is tempered and enriched by the potatoes cooked into a mealy liquid and the little dumplings known as "nokerln." In "gulyas," as in music, there are infinite variations possible, but the keynote is always the paprika. With the "gulyas," one or more bottles of fiery Hungarian wine are drunk. Ho, ho! Hungarian brother! Ejen!

As an accompaniment to "gulyas" and paprika belongs gipsy music. One of the many bands, whose chief is a local celebrity, installs itself in a corner of the room. In foreign countries one sees gypsies of questionable origin. Often they are Bohemians, or even Germans (in Hungary they are called Schwoob), who in meretricious huzzab costumes exhibit themselves to their guests. But in Buda-Pesth such playing at gypsies would not be practicable. Here the brown, brawny fellows, with their shrewd, deep dark eyes, and their mustaches, show themselves in all their native picturesqueness. Their clothes present a mixture of peculiarly Hungarian and European costumes; on their heads they wear small round hats with turned-up brims. The men play without notes and it is asserted that the majority of them do not know one note from another, but play by ear, if not to say by instinct. The leader of the band plays the first violin, turning constantly with nervous alertness to the right and to the left, and the others simply accompany his melody with all sorts of variations. An important role belongs in every gipsy band to the cymbal-player, who with two little hammers beats a kind of big zither. According to the leader with nervous, almost convulsive motions belabors his fiddle, the others file away after him, until they work themselves up, just as he does, into a musical delirium. Long-drawn, plaintive, melancholy, sighing tunes alternate with sudden, unbridled bursts of joy. Like the clever psychologist that he is, the leader of the gypsies instantly picks out some quiet patrician in the audience, to whom he addresses the music. Boldly he places himself in front of him, sticks his fiddle almost into his face, and performs first fearful tunes, which make the listener gaze with a serious intentness into space; then the gipsy accelerates the tempo until he reaches the delirium, which kindles such an intoxicating ecstasy in the patrician that, with a half-smothered "Jai!" he grabs his head. When the playing is at an end he says not a word, but pulls from his big leather purse a bank-note of considerable value, and spitting on the back of it, pastes it on the gipsy's forehead. Not so quiet is the scene when the whole company have been wrought into ecstasy; then some one present is apt to tear a bill of a high denomination in two, give one half to the gipsy and stick the other half into his pocket, surrendering it only when the gypsies have given the company their fill of music. Frequently a struggle for existence arises between the musicians and the carousers. It has happened many a time that the gypsies, when they have earned money enough, have vanished one by one just as the company had been seized with a desire to dance. To guard against this contingency each one of the band had to pull off one boot and keep the other, playing with one foot bare. The confiscated boots were flung into the cellar, and only surrendered when the dance and jollification were at an end. This ingenious procedure does not express, perhaps, a high degree of mutual confidence; but practical and effective it

is, which is, after all, the main consideration.—Harper's Magazine.

Brick Tea.

This is the process of manufacture: The leaves and twigs, after being sundried, are put into a cloth and suspended over a boiler to be steamed. Meanwhile the mold is got ready, consisting of four short boards set up on end and securely fastened, with an internal space of about nine inches by three and a half inches. Within this cavity is placed a woven mat basket, and into this the softened leaves and twigs are dropped in small handfuls with a little rice water to cause the mass to adhere. As layer after layer is added, the stuff is compressed by powerful blows from an iron-shod rammer. Next the coarser twigs are dried and ground to powder and sprinkled over the whole mass or between the layers, so as to become welded in. The flexible basket round the tea prevents the mass from taking too angular a shape, as sharp corners on the bricks would make them awkward to carry on the long journey they have to perform.

After the mold is filled and sufficiently compressed it is taken to pieces, and the cake, still within the mat, or basket, is taken again to the fire to be thoroughly dried. Then the ends of the mat are drawn together and closed up, and the pap, or cake, is ready for transport to Ta-chien-lu, where it undergoes further preparation. It should be mentioned that the cakes are weighed after steaming, and are sold on that weight, although they lose about a third after being dried. At Ta-chien-lu they are cut into uniform sizes and repacked as chuan, or bricks.

The best kind of brick tea, such as is meant for the Russian market, is more carefully prepared. The choice leaves only are taken, and are spread in the sun until slightly withered. They are then rolled in the hand until they become moist with exudation, and pressed into small balls, which are left to ferment. When fermentation begins they are ready for the molds, and the process is pretty much as above described, but without the admixture of the twig dust.—Chamber's Journal.

Russian Etiquette.

At the Russian court it was (and is) etiquette that the Empress and Grand Duchesses should choose their partners for the dance themselves. A gentleman of the chamber is especially charged with the office of telling the lucky (if individuals of the honor accorded to them. On one occasion a foreign minister was conversing with Nicholas in the corner of the ball-room, when a chamberlain very thoughtlessly came up and addressed the diplomatist thus: "Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg begs you to do her the honor of dancing with her the next quadrille." The ambassador, astonished and perplexed and not knowing what to do, glanced at the Emperor as if to ask his permission to respond to the invitation of the Grand Duchess.

"Go and dance with my daughter," said Nicholas. "We will resume our conversation afterward." Hardly had the diplomatist turned his back than the Emperor caught the chamberlain by the arm—"Animal," he cried, "stay here; I want to speak to you." And then the unfortunate courtier seemed suddenly transformed to a statue, the czar continued: "Triple fool! First of all, you might have chosen a more opportune moment to have delivered the message my daughter intrusted you with, secondly, it is not right to say her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg; you ought to have said her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Nicholasievna; and thirdly, and lastly, it is the Princess, do you understand, who honors her partners by inviting them to dance with her." Here the Emperor shook the wretched man, who was half dead with fright, and thus continued: "Here are my orders: You must stay here when the lights are put out until to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock, walking up and down this room, and continually repeating, out loud, 'I am a brute! I am a brute!' 'Is douarak! Is douarak!' Of course the miserable chamberlain took good care to obey this perille order of his Imperial master.—Chicago Herald.

Giants' Bones Unearthed.

Tradition tells us that somewhere along a ridge in the southern part of the county, there lies buried "twenty million loads of gold." This treasure is supposed to have been placed in some isolated spot by the early inhabitants of the land—possibly the mound builders. A week ago some one in meandering about a cave which is formed by an over-throw of this ridge, accidentally found a mound upon which could only be distinguished the letter "A. D." This exciting curiosity, and knowing of the traditions of treasure, led him to make further explorations. Securing a pick he began digging and soon unearthed the skeleton of a human body, which was described to our informant as being extremely large. The jaw-bone was large enough to pass over the jaw of an ordinary man, and the arm-bone was over two inches longer than of men above the medium size. Not being satisfied with this find, digging was continued until the second, third and fourth skeleton was unearthed, which equalled in size the first one discovered.—New Florence (Mo.) Leader.

Edward Everett Hale favors the nationalization of the railroads of the country.