

OUR INLAND NAPLES.

Burlington, the Queen City of Vermont State.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE GREAT FIRM OF WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co.

Where Paine's Celery Compound is Prepared for the World.

Far Burlington! I bring a song to thee,
Thou lovely Naples of our midland sea.
The finest island sea in America is
lake Champlain; the finest city on its
shores is Burlington.

Hundreds of American cities could be named which have especial attraction of mountain, lake or river scenery, and each of which is deemed by its inhabitants the prettiest and pleasantest of places. But it would not be easy to mention one which combines all these different elements of natural attractiveness in greater beauty and grandeur than Burlington, or one which has won from strangers more enthusiastic admiration. Its site, sloping upward from the curved shore of the bay for a mile, rises to a ridge 300 feet above the water, crowned by the college buildings and by handsome residences, which stand relieved against the background of the Green mountains, rising into the peaks of Mansfield and Camel's Hump, 4000 feet above the level of the lake.

"Burlington in Brief," the title of a handsomely illustrated book just issued by Chas. H. Possons, describes many of the features of the city.

Looking westward from any of the hundred points of view along the slope lake Champlain, here ten miles wide, stretches out to the mountain wall of Adirondacks. The prospect thus viewed embodies all the features included in Wordsworth's famous description of what was to him an ideal scene of rural splendor.

The valley of lake Champlain is historic ground. Events have taken place in it which have again and again shaded the destinies of large portions of the American continent. Before the foot of a white man had trodden its solitudes, it had been, for no one knows how long, the dark and bloody debatable ground on which the great rival tribes of North America fought for supremacy.

On the eastern side of this historic lake, and amid the scenes of these events, sits the city of Burlington. Its site was selected 130 years ago, on the shore of the lovely bay which bears its name, nearly midway of the length of the lake, nearly midway between the Green mountain range on the east and the Adirondacks on the west, and upon the bank and near the mouth of one of the largest rivers of Vermont—once called the French river because its valley was the route of the French in their forages on the English settlements on the Connecticut during the French and Indian wars.

As a manufacturing and commercial point Burlington occupies today an important position. It would be difficult to name a city that has felt the "hard times" less than Burlington.

Its public buildings are handsome, substantial structures, and its schools and charitable institutions are unsurpassed by any city of equal size. The fine building of the Young Men's Christian Association was largely the gift of the present mayor, Mr. W. J. Van Patten, of the firm of Wells, Richardson & Co.

The most widely known concern in Burlington is, of course, Wells, Richardson & Co., one of the largest and most successful firms of manufacturing chemists in the country, which has its headquarters here, and does a tremendous business shipping diamond dyes, laceted food, and Paine's celery compound to the four quarters of the globe. The buildings of this concern on College street extend nearly through the block to Main Street and impress the visitor to the city with the importance and prosperity of the establishment. About two acres of floor space are completely devoted to the interests of the company.

Wells, Richardson & Co. are known to millions of families. In the various departments of the house some 300 or 400 men and young women are employed, and a tour of the establishment is intensely interesting. In the various manufacturing departments, such

laboratories, shipping facilities and finely appointed offices are met with in no similar establishment.

It is a great concern, and to one seeking the cause of such success in this line, Burlington people will say that it is strict integrity, and the fact that every preparation bearing the firm's name is at least all that is claimed for it.

Another institution is the Vermont University, with its famed medical college, where the great Dr. Phelps was once a lecturer.

The city is the home of Senator Edmunds, ex-Minister Phelps, Dr. W. Seward Webb, Le Grand B. Cannon and many more men of national repute. It is well named the "queen city."

OBITUARY—E. H. MEAD.

As Mr. Edwin H. Mead, who died in South Orange, N. J., Sunday night, Feb. 3, was the father of Mrs. Charles N. Graves of Hickory, who is his only daughter, and as he owned property here, the following obituary notice of Mr. Mead, taken from the N. Y. Tribune of February 5th, will be interesting:

Edwin H. Mead, one of the most prominent men in the coal trade of the United States, and the president of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, died at his home in South Orange on Sunday night from nervous prostration. He had been in failing health for a long time, the result of excessive overwork, but had only been confined to his bed for about a month. Edwin Hiram Mead was a native of this city and was born in Broadway in 1822. The next year the yellow fever broke out, and his parents removed to Berkshire county, Mass., where young Mead was brought up, receiving a good common-school education. His first business experience was when a very young man. He was for a while in the office of the Harárens Express, in Albany. In 1840 he entered the office of Belknap & Karcher, then the leaders of the coal trade in Albany, and after a year or so with them entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Coal Company in New York. His energy and ability soon brought him to the front, and in February, 1852, when only thirty years of age, he was elected the secretary of the company. He was re-elected and successively served as secretary and treasurer, and on the death of George Hoyt was chosen as the president of the company, which place he had ever since then filled. He was also the managing director of the Erie and Wyoming Valley Railway Company, a director of the Washington Life Insurance Company, a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce and of the American Geographical Society. He was also a member of the New England Society of Orange. Mr. Mead married in January, 1845, Miss Laura A. Belknap, of Vermont, and she survives him with three children, two sons and a daughter.

Mr. Mead lived in Brooklyn for some time after his marriage, and in 1868 went to South Orange, building a fine house in Ridgewood Road and making it his home ever since that time. From the first he threw himself into the life of the village, and sought by every means in his power to build it up. He was one of the original men who secured the charter for South Orange, and served two terms as president of the Board of Village Trustees and one term as Trustee. He was influential in bringing about the drainage scheme that has reclaimed so much of the waste land around South Orange. He was one of the principal members of the Meadowbrook Association and an original member of both the Orange Athletic Club and the South Orange Field Club, to both of which he contributed largely. Through wise real-estate speculations he acquired a handsome fortune. He was above all things a public spirited man and ever ready to do all that he could to stimulate the growth of enterprises likely to benefit the place where he lived. Politically he was a Republican, but he held to the belief that the best men should be voted for and did not draw the party lines strictly. He was a great student and his well-stocked library was his delight. He was especially fond of languages and devoted much time to their study. He was in addition to this a thoroughly well informed man on almost any subject. Personally Mr. Mead was a kind-hearted, genial man, domestic in his tastes and ever ready to help those who needed help. He made friends everywhere among all classes of men with whom he was brought into contact, and telegrams and letters have poured into the home since the news of his serious illness.

GENERAL NEWS.

Many deaths from the cold are reported.

More Whisky Trust rottenness has been unearthed, and Greenhut is in great trouble.

Congress has voted the clerks of Congressmen a salary of \$100 per month during vacation of Congress.

"The New Woman" is the theme of a delightful satire by Miss Jean Wright in the Southern Magazine for February.

Threatened war with Mexico is causing Guatemalians to flee the country in droves to escape being drafted into the army.

Active preparations are in progress at the Treasury Department to carry out the bond contract with New York and foreign bankers.

Latest information from Breton indicates that the recent storm was the most destructive that has been experienced there in thirty years.

Fire in a Chicago building in which forty families were quartered caused a panic. There were numerous narrow escapes, but only one was dangerously hurt.

ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 9.—Flags at the signal station here indicate that the mercury is fifty degrees below zero. The suffering among the poor is horrible.

Reports have been received which state that a hundred houses were swept into the sea by a storm at Cape Breton during the early part of last Friday morning.

Col. Cody Bourne, aged ninety-three, and Miss Rose Brown, aged sixteen, were married in Anderson county, Ky. It is the frisky Colonel's seventh matrimonial venture.

President Hellman, of the Nevada Bank, of San Francisco, was shot at on the street there Saturday by William Holland, who then inflicted a fatal wound upon himself.

"Student Life at Vanderbilt" is the subject of an entertaining article appearing in the Southern Magazine for February. About twenty-five views and portraits add interest to the text.

A tidal wave completely engulfed the wharf property of Gloucester, Mass., last Friday. Three vessels are ashore, the crew of the Marblehead being rescued by life preservers. A large fleet of vessels are in imminent peril.

The will of the late Samuel A. Miller, who flung himself under a train at Asheville, directs that his property shall be divided according to the laws of Kentucky. The document is a holograph, and was written in a New York hotel by the decedent.

A Georgia editor recently sent out letters to several farmers, requesting them to get up clubs of subscribers. One of the answers he received was as follows: "Esteemed Sir:—My nearest neighbor, who is a nigger, lives three miles away, and he takes everything except a newspaper."

Cardinal Richelieu hated children and loved cats; when he died his favorite Angora pet refused to eat and soon perished.

Daniel Webster was extremely fond of oxen, and all those on his farm knew him by sight and would follow him like dogs.

Scott was fond of riding, and by daylight would be out with his horse and dogs. Most of his work was done before dinner.

Virgil, during the summer season, filled his house with butterflies.

A Des Moines woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold had almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night again took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning awoke free from all symptoms of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of curing a cold. For sale by O. M. Royster Druggist.

A Girl Makes \$212.16 in a Month

I read in your valuable paper how one of your subscribers made money in the plating business, but I can beat that and I am only a girl. I sent and got the new Gray Plater and cleared \$212.16 in a month. Can any of your readers beat this? You can get spoons, forks and jewelry to plate at every house. Some big articles I sent and had plated at the factory. There is plenty of work to do both in the city and country, and why should any person be poor and out of employment when such an opportunity is at hand. Anyone can get my plater by writing to Gray & Co's. Plating Works, Columbus, Ohio. They do all kinds of plating and will teach the art. My plater has a lathe, wheels, tools and materials for polishing—a nice little work shop. I hope my experience will help others.

President Cleveland's Gold Message.

No man of sense believes for a moment that the message sent to Congress by the President on yesterday was expected or intended by him as an appeal to that body. He knows that Congress would no more act favorably upon such recommendations as he makes in the message than they would undertake to substitute a monarchy for a republic. He demands authority to issue bonds payable in gold and to deliver them to whoever will surrender greenbacks and treasury notes at par; in addition to which he also wants authority to sell such bonds at all times when necessary to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to deliver gold to whomsoever may demand it and in whatever quantities. It would be difficult to estimate the limit of such a debt as he proposes. If he could have bonds in exchange for five hundred millions of treasury notes, gold must still be piled up in the treasury for the redemption by the millions of the national bank notes, which would succeed the greenbacks.

It is not true, as Mr. Cleveland says, that we have "five hundred millions of currency notes of the Government for which gold may be demanded." It is not true, as he states, that the gold reserve is essential to the maintenance of our public credit. It is true, as he states, that under the false pretence of sustaining the public credit, the President has well nigh destroyed it, by paying out sixty-nine millions of gold within the last two months—not in the ordinary way of business; not to maintain in this country the convertibility of paper with each kind of coin but to increase the substance of gold brokers, bond dealers and foreign governments. The President has trifled with this great subject, and perverted the law which he is sworn to execute. When agents of foreign banks and foreign countries go to the Subtreasury in New York with millions of greenbacks, the President, instead of tendering them silver, so that the gold in the Treasury may be reserved for the redemption of paper in the ordinary business methods, has shoveled the gold reserve just purchased into barrels, to be exported as merchandise. It is not even counted when it is exported. It is sold by weight like other pigmetal. American gold coin is not considered money in England. It is merely a lump of gold bullion. The stamp of our Government does not determine its value. They weigh it just as they do lead. It is for this purpose and for no other that gold is needed in the Treasury. To buy the gold shoveled out during the last sixty days, at the rate of more than a million a day, the American people are saddled with a bonded indebtedness to a like amount. No law required this of Mr. Cleveland. No law permitted this by Mr. Cleveland. It is an outrageous betrayal of a great public trust.

As before remarked, the message was not intended for Congress. Congress will pay no heed to it. The next Congress will give just as little heed. No gold bonds will be issued. No duties will be made payable in gold. The gold now in the Treasury will be shoveled out by the President during the next week or ten days. There is plenty of good money in the Treasury. Greenbacks have to be left in exchange for the gold that goes. Mr. Cleveland has not yet got far enough to deliver

the gold to our foreign financial enemies without receiving something in return for it. The revenues only fall short of the expenditures seventy millions a year, and there is now nearly twice that amount in the Treasury—only it is not in gold. The Government can go right along and pay all its bills. It can also redeem in silver all the notes presented by Mr. Ickelheimer and Lazard Freres.

But, while Mr. Cleveland expects nothing from Congress in response to his absurd recommendations, he has accomplished the object he desired, and that is to offer himself to the gold kings as the leader of the political gold party of the United States. He has now done what we predicted he would do at the opening of the session. He has cut loose from all Democrats who are not slaves to the gold power. He has made a bid for the support of the banks and of those they can control. He hopes to divide the Republican party as he has divided his own. He hopes that the gold wing of each party will seek consolation in the company of the other, and that by a marriage between gold Republicans and gold Democrats he will form one grand gold party, which will have him for its gold leader and elect him for its gold President. He believes that money will buy the people at the next Presidential election, and that the Rothschilds and their fellows in Europe will regard him as "the only original Jacobs." He thinks that the gold power can command gold Republicans to follow whatever leader it dictates. He will point to the presence in the Republican party of Teller, Wolcott, Dubois and all the Western Republican silver Senators as evidence that the Republican party cannot be trusted on the gold question.

Only one thing remains for Mr. Cleveland to do, and that is to disqualify from voting all who are opposed to him and his gold allies. If he can do that, he will be our first third-term President. Failing in that, he will be a collapsed balloon. He will linger two years more on his political deathbed, at the end of which time the pallor of political death will rest upon his countenance; and when he finally leaves political life, his political remains will be deposited in the political potters' field, to which are consigned the political servants of the people who have been unfaithful to them. The same resting place also awaits those cuckoos whose servility may prompt them to respond to his latest deliverance.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

We think this is cold weather, but listen to this mild story as recorded by the Cincinnati Enquirer: "Talking about cold weather," said T. L. Maloney at the St. Nicholas, "reminds me of the winter of 1873. Dakota was just opening up, and the town of Fargo was lively, although possessing but a few hundred inhabitants. It grew so cold there one night that the mercury froze in the thermometers, and no one will ever know how cold it was. Among other damage done was the freezing of the whisky in the saloons. It was impossible to secure enough heat to thaw it out, and the only course left was for the saloon keepers to put it in scales and sell it by the pound, customers putting cakes in their overcoat pockets and biting it off. For several days it was common for friends to offer each other a chew of whisky."

On last Thursday, President C. A. Collier, General Counsel J. J. Spalding, Vice-President H. H. Cabaniss, Hon. Clark Howell, Chairman of the Committee on Legislation, Gov. R. B. Bullock and E. P. Black went to Raleigh, by invitation, to address a joint session of the North Carolina General Assembly in behalf of the Cotton States and International Exposition. They were treated with distinguished courtesy, and received assurances from a number of leaders that the legislature would vote an appropriation to make an exhibit. The representatives of the Exposition also addressed, by invitation, the National Farmers' Alliance and the Negro Emancipation Society. The Farmers' Alliance passed a resolution endorsing the Exposition, and the negroes gave it a very hearty endorsement, saying that North Carolina would eclipse all other States in the negro exhibit.

Next to money, Rembrandt loved nothing so well as his monkey. He shed tears when the ape died and painted a portrait of his pet from memory.