

MAJOR JONES TRAVELS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

By Major Joseph Jones of Georgia.

LETTER XIII. NEW YORK, June 2. To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir— I arrived in this city, all safe and sound, yesterday afternoon about three o'clock, but to tell you the truth I had come up minus my coat-tail, or even a log or arm, after such a everlasting racket as I have been in ever since I left Philadelphia. I wouldn't be much surprised, as for collecting my senses and getting my mind composed so as to know myself or anything else certain, I don't expect to do it, as you as well as in this great whirlwind of New York.

A little circumstance happened to me last night, before I had been here only a few hours, that got me back a little more. I never was so unaccountably lonesome in all my born days, and if you had heard me out about it, you'd thought I was turned a real hot-water sure enough. But to begin what I left off in my last letter. The porter at the United States Hotel woke me up early in the morning and I got to the steamboat just in time. It was a beautiful woman and the storekeepers were opening their stores, while the servant girl was scrubbing the doorsteps of the houses and washing off the pavements in front of them. I looked at 'em as I rode along in the hack, and I couldn't help feeling sorry to see such beautiful, rosy-cheeked white girls down in the dirt and slop in the streets, doing work that is only fit for niggers. They say here that they ain't nothing but sheavers—but I seed sun white girls if I had seen 'em in Georgia. Sheavers or whatever they be, they is my color, and a few dollars would make 'em as good as their mistresses to the estimation of them that turn up their noses at 'em now.

The Delaware is a noble river, and Philadelphia is a city worthy to stand on its banks. From the deck of the steamboat we had a splendid panoramic view of it, as we passed along after block, the streets run up on top of the water's edge, straight as a bow-tie, and afford a view of the fine blue houses and elegant public buildings that makes Philadelphia one of the handsomest cities in the world. But, long as it is, we was soon past it, and in a few minutes we was in the middle of the city and there we was in the distance, and we turned our eyes on the beautiful country on both sides of the river. Beautiful farm houses and bright-looking little towns was most all the time in sight. We got to the place where they call Bristol, where we tuck the cars on to the back of a canal part of the way, crosses the river on an splendid bridge, and passes through Trenton, Princeton, Newark, and a heap of other towns, in New Jersey, till it gets to Jersey City, which stands on the Hudson River, opposite to the city of New York.

what it was so still that noises began to sound natural to me again, I set down on the railing and rested myself for awhile, and then set out for my hotel. I walked and walked for some time, but somehow or other I couldn't find the way. I inquired for the American Hotel two or three times and got the direction, but the streets twisted about so that it was out of the question for me to follow 'em when they told me, and I began to think I'd have to take up my lodging somewhere else for that night. I was so tired, I bled my way to a street that was very still and quiet, what they called Chambers street, and while I was standin on the corner, I think which way I should go, I longed for a pote woman with a bundle under her arm, creepin along as if she wasn't hardly come up to me and put her handkerchief to her eyes, and see what I could do for 'em, and I heard a child cry.

I looked at her a bit, and thought of the way the matter-boy served me in Baltimore, and you got it. "Hain't you see me up relations nor neighbors that can help you?" "Oh, no, sir; I'm too pore to have relations or neighbors. I was better off once, and then I had plenty of friends." "That's the way of the world, thinks I; we always have friends till we need 'em." "Oh, sir, if you only know'd how hard I have to work, you'd pity me—I know you would."

I felt so sorry for the pore woman that I couldn't refuse her a little favor, so I tuck her bundle and helped her for 'em. She said she was afraid the fine doctors might get rumpled, and then her customers wouldn't pay her; so I tuck 'em in my arms very careful, and she went to the store after the maulin. "I was a good many people passin by, and I walked up from the corner a little ways, so they wouldn't see me standin that way with the bundle in my arms. I begun to think it was time for the woman to cum back, and the bundle was beginnin to get pretty heavy when I thought I felt something movin in it. I stopped right still and kept my breath to hear if it was anything, when it begun to squawk about more and more, and I heard a noise just like a two-cent in the bundle, and never was so surprised in my life, and I cum in a ace of lettin it drop into the pavement. Thinks I, in the name of creation, what is it? I walked down to the lamp post to see what it was, and Mr. Thompson, would you believe me, it was a live baby? I was so completely tuck about that I staggered up again the lamp-post, and held on to it, while it kicked and squawked like a young pouter and the sweat just poured out of me in a stream. What you yeath to do I didn't know. That I was in a strange city, whar nobody didn't know me, out in the streets with a little young baby in my arms! I never was so much shocked, ever since I was before in all my life, and I never felt no much like a drafted fool as I did that mornin.

I started for the drug store with the baby squallin like rath, and the more I tried to hush it the louder it squawked. The man whar kept the store said he hadn't seen no such woman, and I mustn't bring no babies in thar. "This is time a everlasting crowd of people, men and women, was gathered round, so I couldn't go no where till the gabbins and talkin so I couldn't hardly hear the baby squall. I told 'em how it was, and told 'em I was a stranger in New York, and ax'd 'em whar I should go with the baby. But there was no gettin any sense out of 'em, and some of 'em would laugh and say, 'If it had been so much plain, I'd heard a noise like 'em.' "That won't do," see one feller. "You can't cum that game over this crowd."

"No, indeed," see another little ruddy-lookin feller—"we've got enuff to do to take care of our own babies in these diggins." "Take your baby home to its ma," see another, "and support it like a oneus man." I tried to get a chance to explain the business to 'em but drat the word could I get in edgeways. "Take 'em both to the Tooms," see one, "and make 'em giva account of themselves." With that two or three of 'em cum towards me, and I grabbed my cane in one hand, while I held on to the bundle with the other. "Gentlemen," see I—I—the baby squallin in all the time like forty cats in a bag—"Gentlemen, I'm not gwine to be used in no such way—I'll let you know that I'm not gwine to be tuck to no Tooms. I'm a stranger in your city, and I'm not gwine to support none of your babies. My name is Joseph Jones of Pineville, Georgia, and anybody whar wants to know who I am, can find me at the Americas." "Major Jones? Is a demon of 'em at the same time?" "Major Jones," see a clever-lookin

BILL ARP IN THE SIXTIES.

His Mischievous Career in 1865.

What the Man Wanted—He Had a Friend He Was Anxious to Give Out From the Protest—The Four-Year War Was Full of Heroism. Bill Arp in Atlanta's Constitution.

Only a reminiscence. The veterans do not naturally love to recall the dark side of the civil war. They do not "murse their wrath to keep it warm," as did Tom O'Shanter's watch. They are too busy in making a living to spare much time to memorize of marches and battles and hardback and ragged cloth. But they do indulge in little war incidents and accidents when they meet a comrade and something reminds them of something. The four-year war was full of heroin and thrilling events, but I believe the aftermath, the jutting up of peace, was more provoking and discouraging and of longer continuance than the war itself.

Attention is called to the fact that under the new school law voters may register only on Saturdays between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m. There remain, therefore, only four registration days before the election, as follows: Saturday, Oct. 8, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday, Oct. 15, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday, Oct. 22, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday, Oct. 29, within incorporated towns, 9 a. m. to 12 m. Saturday Oct. 30, within incorporated towns 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday Oct. 29 is known as election day. Within incorporated towns the registration books will be kept open on that day from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., but at precincts not within incorporated towns the registration books will be closed at 12 o'clock, noon, that day.

ALMA L. McCULLOUGH. "Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 15th day of October, 1898. E. S. PARKER, Jr., (Seal) "Notary Public." While you, what do you think of this? Miss McCullough is known to many of you. She is the equal of any lady in this or any other county, and yet, under this infamous school law, passed by a Union Legislature, she is forced to receive wages from a negro school committee while a white teacher is discharged for her duties as teacher of a white school right here in Alamance county. Democrats are pledged to change this school law and if you are a white man you want it changed. We have "mixed school committees" now that is but one more step to "mixed schools." Are you in favor of that step and having "mixed schools?" If you are in favor of white committees having charge of white schools and against "mixed schools," then be a white man and vote the Democratic ticket.

WAY MEETINGS MEMORIAL.

A County Republican of Southwestern Kentucky—His Remarks at Washington in Favor of Home and the Interests of the County.

Mr. Chas. F. Rind, of this city, who has been a life-long republican and has never voted anything but the republican ticket, has just returned from a trip to Washington. Mr. Rind is not only a republican, but two years ago was the republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky, and has been a prominent Union worker, and was a strenuous advocate of the principles of Union.

A NEGRO SCHOOL COMMITTEEMAN.

Mr. Rind also tells of a negro school committeeman in the coming election, who was a republican and a consistent one, but that he believed in white rule as much as any man did; that he had read the reports in the democratic newspapers about the situation in New York and Wilmington, but thought that they were greatly exaggerated. Mr. Rind then told Mr. Rind that if he would go to Wilmington, and inquire the situation there, and did not find it as stated, he would never expose them and back, and the following agreement was entered into:

"It is agreed that if upon going to Wilmington there are 17 negro policemen including health officers, 50 negro magistrates and one negro register of deeds, I will vote and work for the democratic party in the coming election. The expense to be paid by W. F. Howie. This October 30th. CHAS. RIND, Witness: W. C. DUND." Mr. Rind then offered to go to Wilmington to see the exact state of affairs there, and said that he would report the situation exactly as it was. Mr. Rind then returned to Wilmington on Thursday morning.

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Newly Asked one Question Too Many.

Marion Butler spoke here to-day to about 300 people, one-third being Democrats. For about one hour Butler pleads with the people to vote in his honesty, sincerity and faithfulness, and then he exposed his wire place, caused by the Democrats' refusal to fuse. The editors came in for a long criticism for not publishing Bryan's letter, although he had sent copies of the Caucasus containing the letter to all the editors. Here the question of the editor of the local paper was present, when Mr. F. M. Williams arose and said, "I am here." He then asked if he had seen the letter in the Caucasus, and Mr. Williams began to reply: "I did not receive the Caucasus containing the letter. The—"

Three Southern in Commemoration.

"When you are sick, what you like best is to be chosen for a medicine in the first place; what experience tells you is best to be chosen in the second place; what reason (i. e., Theory) says is best to be chosen in the last place. You can get Dr. Hutchinson, Dr. Experience and Dr. Reason to hold a consultation together, they will give you the best advice that can be given. When you have a bad cold Dr. Hutchinson would recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is pleasant and safe to take. Dr. Experience would recommend it because it never fails to effect a speedy and permanent cure. Dr. Reason would recommend it because it is based on scientific principles, and sets on nature's plan in relieving the lungs opening the secretions and restoring the system to a natural and healthy condition. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.