

DID NOT TURN DOWN GRANT.

A GOOD STORY WELL TOLD.

How the Late A. E. Garland Managed to Get a Pretty Confederate Woman Out of Trouble.

Amos J. Guinniss in Charlotte Observer.

The deaths of Nelson Dingley, John Russell Young and A. H. Garland have opened up a flood-gate of reminiscences...

One incident related by him throws a charming light upon the character of Gen. Grant and President Johnson...

At a moment afterward Radeau made his appearance, Gen. Grant presented him to Mr. Clay, and then said: "General, I wish you would look at the roster, and see whether Clement C. Clay, Jr., is a brigadier general in the Confederate army."

"Take that paper to the Secretary of War. I don't think he will throw it into the waste basket."

"You may be sure," said he, "that Grant is right. Stanton will neither tear this order in two nor throw it into the waste basket."

On the following day the lady returned to the office of the Secretary of War. She was treated even more courteously than on her first visit.

She stood before him the personification of womanly dignity and beauty. In the order of Gen. Grant, he started as if surprised, read the document carefully, and approved it, gritting his teeth as he did so.

Mr. Garland assured the lady that Andrew Johnson had a kindly disposition and would undoubtedly receive her with the utmost courtesy.

"Array yourself in your most attractive attire and put on your sweetest smiles," he said, "and you will certainly succeed. Johnson can never withstand the pleadings of a lovely woman."

"What do you want, madame?" he gruffly inquired.

In well chosen words she told her story. Describing her interview with the President, she presented the order for her husband's release, and asked him if he would be so kind as to endorse it.

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FRANCE'S PRESIDENT DEAD

DIED SUDDELY OF APOPLEXY.

Large Crowds Assemble About the Palace on the Announcement of the Event—Last Hours of the Stricken Man—He Realized That Death Was Near and Spoke Affecting Farewells—A Biographical Sketch.

PARIS, Feb. 16.—M. Faure, President of the republic of France, died at 10 o'clock this afternoon after an illness of three hours of apoplexy. It had been known for some time that his heart was weak, but the first intimation that he was sick was given at 6:30 o'clock this afternoon, when a messenger was dispatched to the Premier, M. Dupuy, announcing that the President was ill. M. Dupuy immediately repaired to the Elysee. All medical efforts proved futile and the President died on the stroke of 10.

Up till the very last, M. Faure worked in his customary habits of work and even in his equestrian rides. He ate well and slept regularly. Nevertheless, several times recently he had been heard to exclaim: "How weak my legs are," and "I can scarcely stand," or to make some such remark.

He left his study about the usual hour, at 10 o'clock last evening (Wednesday) remarking that he would ride on horse-back from 7 to 7:30 o'clock on the following (Thursday). He then retired to his private apartment, dined with his family, went to bed at 10 o'clock, got up this morning at 6 and informed his valet that he would not rise.

M. Legall, his secretary, on learning of this hurried to the President, whom he found in his dressing room about 6:45 a. m. M. Faure said: "I do not feel ill, but I prefer to abstain from fatiguing exercises to-day. Otherwise the President would be usual and read the official documents and dispatches as was his custom, in order to prepare himself to preside at the council which assembled at 9 a. m. M. Faure presided with his usual ability and on their taking leave, the ministers could not have imagined that they were pressing his hand for the last time. He took his luncheon as usual at noon, returned to his study at 2 and spent the afternoon seated in a favorite arm chair by the fire, conversing with M. Legall, who about 5 o'clock was accorded permission to depart. At 6 o'clock M. Legall returned immediately, reporting himself to the President, who was then signing decrees presented by General Bailioud, according to his daily custom. The work of signing was then about over and soon ended. General Bailioud had gone but a few minutes when the President called M. Legall, saying "I feel unwell, I feel ill." When M. Legall reached him the President was rubbing his forehead and saying: "It does not feel well." M. Legall asked where he felt the pain and the President replied: "I feel a general weakness. I am fainting."

Dr. Humbert, on arriving, gave ether inhalation. He did not consider the case serious, but on finding that his patient did not revive he decided to inject caffeine. The president was apparently aware of the seriousness of the attack, for he expressed a desire to see his wife and children. When Madame Faure and Mme. Lucie Faure entered the room, the President exclaimed: "I am suffering greatly. I am lost." At 8 o'clock when the doctor acquainted M. Legall with his worst fears, the latter informed M. Dupuy, who announced his intention to come to the Elysee, but on M. Legall, observing that his presence might needlessly alarm Madame Faure, who was not aware of the gravity of the situation, the Premier said he would remain at the Ministry of the Interior in the adjacent to him at any moment. At the same time he summoned the members of the cabinet. Meantime Faure reclined on the sofa, repeating that he had no illusion as to the issue of the seizure. His wife came to him and he bade her an affectionate farewell. It was a touching scene. He thanked her for the affection and devotion she had constantly showed him, then he bade farewell to his daughter, the doctors and his personal attendants, thanking all for their care and devotion, and asking them to pardon any hasty words he might ever have uttered.

Until a late hour the crowds remained in front of the Elysee. On the boulevards the greatest emotion was displayed. All street vendors ceased their sales and hurried off to await the special editions of the papers giving details. Many of the papers are already out at this hour (10 o'clock Friday morning) with brief details of the death. Parisians heard the news as they were leaving the places of amusement, but were utterly incredulous at first, so sudden and unexpected was the calamity. All the streets in the vicinity of the Elysee have been filling up for several hours with private carriages whose occupants wait anxiously for future information. At 10:30 an order was issued that no one should be admitted to the palace. M. Faure's body has not been removed from the study where he signed his many decrees and laws. Thus it may be said he literally died in the harness. In the little room known to all who ever received an audience with him, furnished and decorated in the style of Louis XVI, he now sleeps his last sleep on a brass bedstead in the circular end of the room, facing the window, his countenance as serene as it is slumber. He is dressed in a white shirt and his hands are crossed over his breast. On each side of the bed sits a nun. Monseigneur Legall and Mondon and the officers of the military household are in attendance. On a chair to the right of the bed are the

THE ROAD TO MATRIMONY.

A LITTLE HUMOR AND A LITTLE SARCASM.

Widowers, Fliers, Military Men and Why Men as They Appear Under the Wings of Cupid's Arrow.

Washington Post.

There is a little song, very popular among Boston maidens, where the chances of marrying are 10 to one against, entitled, "In May." It tells how a lover proposes to a maid by the name of "sweet May." The maid is coy, and, with laughing indifference answers that "perhaps she may—some day—or—next May." The lover "goes away," a year passes, and he returns. May beams upon him from afar, and welcomes him back with open arms. But the lover scoffs at her constancy and informs her that he has been married for "a year and a day." In fact, the event took place "last May."

Widowers, on the whole are the best kind of a proposal. This is not from the fact that widowers happen to have some rare experience in this line than any other ordinary young man. It is the result of the calm, scientific manner in which the quondam Beauclerc goes about the thing. Widowers know women. They understand the sex. They realize that there is nothing so dear to the heart of a girl as a proposal, and that, in thus catering to her vanity, they are placing themselves in a very flattering light; whereas, the raw green youth is apt to feel that he is committing an act of degradation, a sort of crime, or at least a degrading thing to make himself very ridiculous in the eyes of the loved one. Therefore, a widower knows all the results of a proposal, and how little such things amount to anyway. No undue excitement mars the serenity of his calm contemplation of marital bliss.

Added to this calmly scientific manner, there is something so delightfully protecting in the air a widower assumes toward the gentler sex in such matters, something so tender and thoughtful, that it prepossesses him in feminine favor at once. They say widowers make the best husbands, and the reason given for this by an old maid, who has asked the sex question and knows all about it, is this: "They have learned to appreciate the things through the experience with their first wives."

There is a certain style of man—and there are a great many of him in this town of indigestible—who is an expert in the art of saying meaningful things, in fact of coming just as near to the raw edge of a proposal, without actually proposing, as it is possible to come. This is the sort of reef upon which many a credulous 18 year old female heart is wrecked. Such a man is almost invariably fast and a "lad-killer." He is so adept in choosing propitious moments for storming the citadels of feminine affections.

He will begin at the piano, say, in the twilight of a soft summer evening. Perhaps you have been playing in some of those dreamy, sentimental airs from "Carolan" or a Beethoven sonata or a nocturne from Chopin, or Von Weber's last waltz, or any old thing, and he has been leaning on his elbow and gazing into your eyes with a tender earnestness that cannot be misunderstood. Suddenly he bends forward and in a low, excited tone he whispers: "Oh, you have such beautiful eyes! Do you know I could go on gazing into your eyes forever!"

Here you hold your breath and wait. You feel that the auspicious moment has arrived and that he will propose in the next breath. But he doesn't. Perhaps he takes your hand then. Although you feel that isn't quite proper, just yet, you dare not withdraw it for fear of spoiling the proposal.

"What a beautiful hand!" he says in a dreamy, pleading voice. "Just the little hand that might lead a man to love!" Then he goes on to tell you how "bad, bad, bad"—how wicked he has been all his life, and how nobody but an angel could reclaim him now. And then with an air of great self-importance he says: "But I am mad—bah—bah," and passing your hand suddenly from him, walks out on to the piazza with a magnificent bluff at a great sacrifice.

And you—perhaps you follow, with tears of pity in your eyes. Of course, he doesn't know that you follow him. Oh, no! You place your hand tremblingly on his shoulder and you tell him that "perhaps he is not so bad after all," and that you "don't" give a snap for a goodly, goodly man, anyway! "He turns, cries "My darling!" and clasps you in his arms. And then, if you are a little fool, you will let him kiss you. But never expect him to ask you to marry him—for he won't!

The military man is a genius in this line. He is at once the most dashing, graceful and tender of men at a proposal. Perhaps this comes from his irresistible way of going at a thing. There was once a military man by the name of McKenna, who had developed such a facility for sentimental elopement that a certain type of good, long, effective sign was known among his associates as the "McKenna sign." That "see the conquering hero comes!" air which characterizes the military man and with which he can storm a fortress or win a woman; that dash and desperation, that touch-and-go are a sure short cut to the heart of the maid. And the brass buttons and the tinkling spurs and the romanion that hangs about a gallant officer are qualities of war paint that overawe the enemy and handicap her from the start.

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CAROLINA PINE COMBINE.

Representatives of Lumber Mills Consider a Plan of Amalgamation.

Baltimore Sun.

A meeting was held at the Hotel Remont yesterday of representatives of leading mills engaged in the North Carolina pine lumber industry to consider the proposed plan of amalgamation. It was stated after the meeting that nothing was accomplished and that the plan to consolidate the leading mills was no nearer success than when first proposed, more than a month ago. Boston capitalists are promoting the scheme, which aims to control the entire North Carolina pine industry. It is estimated that more than \$20,000,000 will be required to finance the project if it is carried out, and it is stated that those behind it are financially able to supply all the capital needed. A number of Baltimore concerns were represented at the meeting held yesterday.

The Fruit Crop.

While the damage to the fruit crop by the recent severe freeze has certainly been great, there is reason to believe that it is less than was at first supposed. The Georgia peach has not suffered to the extent first reported. Florida has lost heavily by the destruction of early vegetables, but the good news comes that the orange crop, in the main, has escaped injury. Florida has just begun to recover from the terrible effects of the freeze of 1895, and has been sending us this winter the best oranges we have had since that disaster.

The whole country is interested in the Florida orange crop, as it is in the Georgia peach crop. The Florida orange and the Georgia peach have no equals; there is no substitute for either. The peach industry of this state has grown to vast proportions, and the market for its product has been extended to every part of the country. Last year there was an unprecedented yield of peaches in Georgia and it brought millions of dollars into this state at a time when hardly any other money crop was available.

There is yet hope that we may have another great peach crop this year. Without an abundant supply of Georgia peaches the pleasure of life is distinctly decreased for millions of the people of this country.

Enjoyed the "Theater."

Greenboro Brethren Telegram.

A Charlotte gentleman who was in the city yesterday said he sat by the window in his residence Sunday and watched people carry off his wood of which he had plenty of ready cords. At half past three he was taken off, he says, and he sat in silence and enjoyed it unknown to those who were "spouging" on him. One of the takers was started off with all his cord early, glanced at the window and saw the owner. Immediately he dropped the wood and was about to depart when the gentleman raised the window and told him to help himself. And the lot almost killed "daddy."

The Reporter says Arthur Chambers, about 10 years of age, and a son of Adam Chambers, a well-to-do and highly respected negro, was accidentally killed near his home, three miles east of Yorkville, last Wednesday afternoon, by Henry Thompson, an uncle about 20 years of age.

A Changed View of a Changed Man.

Some completely discarded after trying to talk specialists and different advertised remedies, I feel that I am getting worse instead of better, and have about given up hope of ever being cured of my kidney trouble.

I have changed my mind, for after reading of the positive guarantee of Foley's Kidney Cure, as a former hope I tried a bottle, and the result was so favorable that I continued its use until I had taken three bottles which effected a thorough cure, and I am a changed man.

For sale by J. H. KENNEDY & COMPANY.

bravest are the tenderest, the valiant are the true." and women know it. West Pointers know it, too, and so do Annapolis cadets, and after dancing divinely with you for a stage evening they can glide into a proposal as gracefully and as easily and as subtly as any man or woman can.

Perhaps the greatest mistake in the world is the popular notion that shy men do not make acceptable lovers. Almost invariably shy men are the most accomplished adept in this pursuit. The young gawk who cannot find room enough in two big drawing-rooms for his hands at a tea or a reception is often most delightfully at home on a late-late sofa or swinging beneath the moonlight in a West-end hammock. One reason for this is that the shy man takes love-making so earnestly and follows out so faithfully all the love scenes that he has ever read in Ouida's thrilling novels that his love-making is most romantically ideal. Another reason is that he is such a great surprise. There is nothing so delightful as a surprise; and when the man would have been dogging all the evening as the prince of charming you are snatched. When he enters you off into a shadowy corner of the piazza, looks at you in that tender way, and murmurs "I love you," as though he really meant it, or at any rate firmly believed he did, you are disarmed at once; and when he grows terribly in earnest and as bold as brass you are so surprised and delighted that his cause is easily won. To the shy man love-making is such a terrible real affair that he becomes almost fierce in his demands and passions. Now a woman likes to be taken possession of, and that is why many a well-favored son of Adam, with plenty of cash and plenty of self-assurance, has stood by and seen some unworldly, quiet, assuring gawk whisk off the girl of his choice from under his self-adoring nose while he looked helplessly on and "wondered why." Oh, no, the shy man can't talk much, but he can look unutterable things, and he's a perfect "devil" wid do women."

Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the proposed popular election of United States senators there can be no doubt that the probability of its adoption grows steadily stronger. The demand for this reform was started by the notorious scandals in senatorial elections in the new states of the west. In several of these states senatorial commissions have been sold time and time again to the highest bidder. One plutocrat who had senatorial ambition was asked a few years ago to contribute to the campaign fund of some candidate for the legislature in his rotten-borough state. He declined to do so on the ground that "it was cheaper to buy them after they had been elected."

There was sense in this remark and it was probably based on knowledge of the experience of other boodle senatorial aspirants. The effort to institute the popular election of senators has been strengthened by the present deadlocks over the choice of senator in several legislatures. At the expense of the public and to the delay of public business many fruitless ballots have been taken in the legislatures.

In two thirds of them there has been a scandalous use of money for the purchase of votes. This is notably the case in California where a son of General Grant is accused of spending a small fortune for very questionable "campaign expenses," and in Delaware where "Gas" Addicks has his barrel again on top.

The election of judges has been taken from legislatures in many states and given to the people, and we may see the privilege of electing senators go the same way. This reform, however, if it comes at all, must come slowly.

The constitution of the United States cannot be amended speedily and even after an amendment for the popular election of senators is proposed there will be very strong influences to oppose it. It will be resisted by ultra-conservatives of the country and by the money-jugglers who desire to monkey with legislators on senatorial elections.

There is no better medicine for the babies than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Its pleasant taste and prompt and effective cures make it a favorite with mothers and small children. It quickly cures their coughs and colics, preventing pneumonia or other serious consequences. It also cures croup and has been used in tens of thousands of cases without a single failure so far as we have been able to learn. It not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. In cases of whooping cough it liquefies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, and lessens the severity and frequency of the paroxysms of coughing, thus depriving that disease of all dangerous consequences. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.

Senator Mills had a new story about Lincoln. It was told to him by a son of John L. Helm, of Kentucky, who lives in Corsicans.

"Old John L. Helm," said the Senator, "was a famous character in Kentucky. He was, if I remember rightly, a governor of the State, but at any rate his position was a most prominent one. When the civil war came on Helm was a rabid secessionist. He could not praise the South too highly and could not heap enough abuse on the North. He was too old to go to the war with his sons, and remained at home, doing all he could to help the Confederate cause and harass the Union who invaded the State. Finally he was brought into contempt by the Federal Government who in command near Helm's home put him in prison. The old man's age, the high position which he occupied in the State, his wide connections, and his inability to do any actual harm, were all pleaded in his extenuation, and he was released. Instead of profiting by the warning, the old man became more persistent than ever in his course. Once more he was clapped into jail. This happened two or three times, and finally, when he was still locked up, the matter was brought to the attention of the Federal authorities. Even President Lincoln was appealed to, and asked to commit the ardent Southerner to an indefinite confinement in order that he might be cured."

"Lincoln listened to the statement of the case with more than usual interest. Then he leaned back and began to speak with a smile upon his face. 'You are talking about John Helm? Well, do you know that I used to live when I was a boy, in Helm's town? He was a kind to me. He seemed to like me as a boy, and he never lost an opportunity to help me. He seemed to think, said Lincoln, 'with another of his almost pathetic smiles, that I would probably make something of a man. Why, when I went to Illinois, poor and unknown, that man gave me the money to pay my way and keep me until I got a start. John Helm? Oh, yes, I know him. And I know what I owe to him. I think I can fix his case.'"

"And then," said Senator Mills, "Lincoln went to a desk and wrote a few words. The bit of writing is treasured in the Helm household to this day. This is what the President wrote: 'I hereby pardon John L. Helm, of Kentucky, for all he has ever done against the United States and all that he ever will do.'"

Some Weather Signs.

Since the failure of the predictions of the ground hog, the faith of many of those who believe in weather signs has been shaken. But they should not be discouraged. There are signs and signs to fit all imaginable occasions and conditions. A Yorkville gentleman contributes the following: "The 15th of February was Ash Wednesday, and the sun shone brightly during the greater part of the day; therefore, we are pretty sure to have a good crop of wheat this year. I have taken special notice of this time-honored sign for a number of years, and it has never yet failed."

The above quoted remarks were made by a gentleman in the hearing of the writer on Thursday, and are given for the encouragement and consolation of those who are depressed on account of the long continued cold and wet weather that has prevailed during last fall and the present winter.

Another said: "There will be three more snows before the weather settles." "How do you know?" he was asked. "By an old sign, which is that for each foggy evening in August, there will be a corresponding snow during the following winter. There were seven foggy evenings last August. We have already had four more this winter and there will be three more."

Those whose woodpiles have been exhausted, or getting low, or likely to, during the past few weeks, had better take warning and replenish. If the opportunity should offer, so as to be on the safe side.

An Editor's Mail Sent by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1888, I contracted a bad cold which grew very large and was neglected until I found that consumption had appeared in an insidious manner. I was constantly coughing and trying to get something which I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. Edwards, Publisher of The Review, Wm. Ill. For sale by J. E. Curry & Co.