

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

Vol. XX.

W. H. CRILE,  
Editor and Proprietor.

GASTONIA, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1899.

(Published for the Proprietor.)

No. 41.

## THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES.

### History of the Contests for Possession of the Trophy--The Shamrock's Attempt Will be the Tenth to Wrest the "Blue Ribbon of the Sea" From the Hands of the New York Yacht Club--Sketches of the Rival Captains.

New York, N. Y.

For the eleventh time the cup won by the schooner America in 1851, and which is now named after that famous yacht, is now to be raced for this week. Since the grand old schooner brought the trophy across the ocean line attempts have been made to win it back, and now Sir Thomas Lipton, with the Shamrock, is to take the tenth, "Tenth" of the former trials were made by British yachtsmen and two by Canadians, Englishmen, Scotchmen and one Irishman (Lieut. Henn) have tried, and now with the Shamrock, a boat owned by an Irishman, built from designs by a Scotchman by a firm of Englishmen, an attempt is to be made by the combined talent of Great Britain. If the Shamrock loses Sir Thomas has made the cup to be made, because she is the best that Great Britain can produce. The way the cup has been won and been defended is an oft-told story and a dear one to all American yachtsmen and is almost the history of yachting in this country.

The America won the cup on August 23, 1851. There was a world's fair in London that year, and the Royal Yacht Squadron decided to offer a cup for a race around the Isle of Wight, a regatta open to yachts of all nations. The race was to be sailed without time allowance and was for yachts of all sizes and statures. Commodore J. C. Stevens and some of his friends decided to build a schooner and cross the Atlantic to show the Britishers what Americans could do in the way of yacht building and yacht sailing. The syndicate was composed of J. C. Stevens, Edwin A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. Beekman Finck and George Leitch. These men went to George Steers, who had a yard at Williamsburg, and asked him to build a yacht that would beat the world. Mr. Steers had designed several famous boats, among them being the pilot boat Mary Taylor, the most celebrated craft of that kind in those days, and the sloop yacht Ona. The old Ona is still afloat, but is rigged as a sloop. The new boat was to be an America, built and launched the schooner America, and that vessel, with the sterling yachtsman on board, sailed from the foot of 13th street on June 21, 1851. She arrived safely on the other side, and after defeating the cutter Laverock in a match race entered the big regatta. The way she won this race is now an old story. Fifteen yachts started, some of them being much larger than the American boat, but the American won, much to the chagrin of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the cup was brought to this country.

The America finished at 8:35 in the evening and the nearest British yacht was eighteen minutes behind. Commodore Stevens had tried to cover the expenses of the trip by making a few wagers, but the Englishman declined to bet anything worth taking. A syndicate had made a job for the America, which, by the way, was carried during the race. He agreed to bet the price of the vessel, and that, the sailmaker, bet the price of a flying jib.

The cup, which weighs 100 ounces in silver, was deeded to the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual challenge trophy by the owners of the America on July 8, 1857, nearly six years after it was won. The yacht club at that time was notified of the fact and that challenge would be in order, but it was not until 1870 that a challenge for the cup was received. Mr. James Aubrey then brought over the schooner Cambria, and he raced his yacht across the Atlantic against the schooner Dauntless and won the race. The victory naturally put the Cambria stock at a premium, and the wisecracker then, as they have in nearly every race since that time, thought the cup would go back to England. The conditions for the first race were the same that governed the race when the America won the cup, but with time allowance. The challenger had to race against the fleet of the New York Yacht Club. Twenty-four vessels started to defend the cup, and of these six were ketch schooners. The race was started off Stapleton, Staten Island, and the course was down the bay to the South-west Spit, then to Sandy Hook light ship and back again. The start was made from an anchorage. The schooner Maglio, owned by Franklin Osgood, was the first boat to finish, her elapsed time being 4 hours, 7 minutes, 54 seconds. The Cambria was the tenth yacht to reach the line and her elapsed time was 4 hours, 34 minutes, 57 seconds. The old America started in this contest. She beat the Cambria 15 minutes, 2 seconds, elapsed time, and the Dauntless beat the challenger still more. The Cambria remained in these waters for some time and several matches were arranged, the American boat winning each one.

Mr. Aubrey was not satisfied with this defeat, and, like Lord Dunraven, decided to try again. This was in 1871. He wanted all sorts of impossible conditions arranged, one of which was that he should bring a yacht over with challenges from twelve British clubs and sail for the cup twelve times. If his yacht won one race he was to take the cup. The New York Yacht Club would not agree to any such arrangement, but agreed that only one boat should be selected to defend the cup, and a series of match races was arranged. The first race was sailed on October 16, 1871, the schooner yacht Columbia, owned by Franklin Osgood, being selected to defend the cup. The course for the first race was from off quarantine out to the light ship and back again, and the Columbia won by 27 minutes, 4 seconds. The second race was sailed two days later and the course was twenty miles to windward and return from the Sandy Hook light ship. This race was won by the Columbia by 10 minutes, 33 3/4 seconds, and was sailed in a cracking breeze which before the finish, had increased to a moderate gale. The Columbia had to take in her foremast before the race was over and the time made was the fastest in the history of the cup races. The Columbia made the twenty miles to windward and return in 3 hours, 1 minute, 33 1/2 seconds, and on elapsed time she beat the Livonia 4 minutes, 35 seconds. The Livonia had to allow the Columbia.

The third race was sailed on a fresh breeze. The course was the same as the first day. The Columbia made a bad start and was three minutes behind at the Narrows. At the apt buoy she had made up this loss, but parted her flying jib stay and after taking hung in irons and finally boxed off on the same tack again, losing fully six minutes before she got under way again. On the way in from the light ship her steering gear broke and her mainmast had to be lowered. She ran under foresail and jib and was ten in 15 minutes and 10 seconds.

The Columbia having been disabled, the Sappho, owned by W. P. Douglas, was selected to sail the remaining races of the series. The Sappho won the fourth race, twenty miles to windward and return, by 33 minutes, 21 seconds, and the fifth race over the inside course by 25 minutes, 37 seconds. James Aubrey then presented the second race on the grounds that the Columbia did not turn the outer mark properly, and having won the third race he claimed a continuance of the series. The series was not continued and Mr. Aubrey claimed the cup. A long squabble ensued and ended in Mr. Aubrey returning to his home without the trophy after having stirred up a lot of bad feeling.

The next country to try for the cup, and the schooner Countess of Duffryn came down to race against the Madeline, owned by J. S. Dickerson. The first race of this series was sailed over the inside course of the New York Yacht Club on August 11, 1876. The American boat won by 10 minutes, 50 seconds. The Madeline also won the race twenty miles to windward and return by 37 minutes, 14 seconds, and the cup was still safe.

In 1881 the Countess had another try, this time sailing the cutter Atlanta, owned by Alexander Outback. The Madeline, owned by J. B. Burd, was selected to defend the cup and she won, defeating the Atlanta over the inside course by 28 minutes, 30 1/4 seconds, and over a course sixteen miles to windward and return from buoy 5, off Sandy Hook, by 38 minutes, 54 seconds.

These races were sailed in 1885 and the British yacht was the Gemetta, owned by Sir Richard Sutton. The Puritan, built from designs by Edward Burgess, and owned by Gen. Charles J. Paine and J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, was the defending yacht. The races were started early in September and there were light winds the first few days so that the yachts could not get over the course. Then came the gale, when the Puritan on the wrong tack carried away the bowsprit of the Gemetta. The Puritan was disqualified and the Gemetta told to repair and sail over the course, but Sir Richard Sutton, like a true sportsman, declared that he came for a race and not a walk-over, and declined to sail over. The yachts were repaired and then the Gemetta was beaten over the inside course by the Puritan by 10 minutes, 19 seconds, and over a course twenty miles to windward and return, 38 seconds. This race was regarded by those who saw it as the best ever sailed for the cup. It was sailed in a strong breeze, and the Puritan had to house her topmast. The Gemetta rounded the outer mark first, but when on the wind the Puritan gained fast and sparsed the line with something to spare.

Lieut. Henn had challenged for a race for the cup at the same time that Sir Richard Sutton had and the races with his boat, the Galatea, were sailed in 1885. Geo. Paine ordered a new yacht from designs by Edward Burgess and the Atlantic Yacht Club had a rule "a thumb boat built by Elsworth. The Puritan also took part in the trial races and was selected to defend the cup. The first race with the Galatea was sailed on September 9 over the inside course, and the Mayflower won by 12 minutes, 2 seconds. The second race, 30 miles to leeward and return, was also won by the Mayflower by 23 minutes, 9 seconds. The Gemetta and the Galatea were designed by J. Beavor Web, who has since then settled in this country and turned out several fine steam yachts, among them being the Cornish, the old Cornish, which is now the Gloucester; the Sovereign, now the Wasp; Utowana and the Sultana.

In 1877 the Teutonic, owned by a Scotch syndicate, and designed by George L. Watson, came over for the cup. The Volunteer, built for Gen. Paine, by Edward Burgess, was the defending boat and succeeded in keeping the cup hers. The first race was sailed over the inside course on September 27, and the Volunteer won by 19 minutes, 13 1/4 seconds. The race for twenty miles to windward and return was won by the Volunteer by 11 minutes, 46 3/4 seconds.

The Gemetta and Galatea were the plunk on edge type of cutters, and the Puritan and the Mayflower were shoal draught, centerboard boats, but the two types came near together in the Volunteer and the Teutonic. The British had seen the advantage of beam and the American yachtsmen had learned that ballast down low was a good thing. The Teutonic was 85 1/2 feet long on the water line, 20 3/4 feet wide 13 1/2 feet draught. The Volunteer was 83 10 feet beam and carried fifty tons of lead on her keel, five tons less than the Teutonic. She drew ten feet without her centerboard.

The first Valkyrie to come to this country, the second one of that name, was owned by Lord Dunraven and she crossed the ocean in 1893. That year four yachts were built to defend the cup, namely: The Jubilee, a fin keel boat with an outboard; the Pilgrim, as our last outboard; the Dolphin, a beam boat, built by the Herreshoff and the Vigilant, a centerboard boat, also by the Herreshoff. The races between these yachts were highly interesting and after some rattling good contests the Vigilant was selected to defend the cup. The models of the Valkyrie and Vigilant were more alike than any that had yet come together in an international race. The British boat, the Vigilant, was built in the American manner. The conditions for the races were different from any that had governed former contests. The series was to be the three in five. The first, third and fifth were to be to windward and return, 15 miles, and the second and fourth over triangles, ten miles to a leg, the same series as the Columbia and Shamrock were billed to sail. The first race was the first race on October 7, by 5 minutes and 43 seconds. The second race she won by 10 minutes, 33 seconds, and the third by 40 seconds.

The third race was the fastest ever sailed over the thirty mile course. It was sailed in a strong breeze, and the Valkyrie led to the outer mark. On the run home she lost two spinnakers and finished the race with a big jib topsail set as a spinnaker. The Vigilant's time was 3 hours, 21 minutes, 30 seconds.

In 1897 Lord Dunraven came again with another Valkyrie. This time the Herreshoff built the Defender, a beam boat. Both yachts drew about 30 feet and the British boat had the more beam. This series has been named the "duke, foul and fiddle." The first race to windward and return was won by the Defender by 8 minutes and 49 seconds. In the second the Valkyrie was disqualified for fouling the Defender. The third race was sailed by the Defender alone, the Valkyrie crossing the line and withdrawing. The Defender and Defender were managed by C. Oliver Leinin, who, this year, is the managing owner of the Columbia.

Sir Thomas Lipton, the owner of the challenging yacht, which represents the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, have agreed upon the conditions which are to govern these races and they are exceedingly fair to both parties. The series is the three in five, the first, third and fifth races to be fifteen miles to windward or leeward and return, and the second and fourth over a triangular course, ten miles to a leg. The start is to be made from Sandy Hook light ship, but if the course cannot be laid from the light ship the starting point will be changed.

Each yacht this year will have two skippers on board. On the Columbia Capt. Charles Barr is in charge and Capt. Len'g Utler is second in command. On the Shamrock Capt. Arthur Hogarth and Robert Wring are the responsible parties. All these are able yachtsmen and there is no doubt that the boats will be well handled.

Capt. Barr is a Scotchman. He was born at Gourk, July 11, 1864. His first yachting experience was in the ten-ton cutter Urtier. Later he sailed in the cutter "Ira and crossed the ocean in her when she came to this country. The cutter Shona, owned in Boston, was his next yacht, and then he went back to Scotland and bought the cutter Minerva, which boat he sailed in her races here making a great record. In 1891 he sailed the 46-footer Oweens for Albin B. Turner, and after that raced the Wasp and Giordana in 1893 he crossed the ocean in the Navaho, but left that yacht while she was in foreign waters and sailed here with his brother John Barr, on the cutter Jubilee. In 1895 he brought the Vigilant back from British waters and raced that boat against the Defender, and the next year he took command of Commodore C. A. Postey's schooner Colonia, in which he made another record. When the Columbia was ordered C. Oliver Leinin selected Capt. Barr, to sail her and he has been with her in all her races. Capt. Barr is married and lives with his family in Boston. He is a naturalized American citizen.

Capt. Miller has sailed in several small boats, but his greatest success was in the 46-footer Wasp, which boat is still the best in her class.

Capt. Archie Hogarth, of the Shamrock, is about 25 years of age. He is rather above the medium height and of typical big-boned, muscular, long-lined Scot. Capt. Archie began yachting in 1895 in the 10-rater Doris, and he remained in that boat for five years. In 1890 he accepted the position of skipper in the 10-rater Yvonne, owned by Peter Donaldson.

At the end of the season the Yvonne had sixteen winning flags. His next yacht was the Yvonne, and with this he made his most class victory of the prize. In 1893 he took charge of the Calista, built by William Finck Jr., but this boat did not do anything remarkable. The next year Hogarth sailed the Lith, and in 1895 took charge of the Isola, which he sailed for four years with great success.

Capt. Robert Vrinon was born at sea off the east coast of England. His play ground was a schooner's deck, and until he was 24 years old he was untrading schooner. Then he went in for yachting, being appointed mate on one of Admiral Montagu's yachts. His first ocean passage was on the schooner Alceste in 1898. The yacht he sailed with fair success for four years. In 1894 he took charge of the 40 rater

Carlin. His next yacht was the 95 footed Aliso, and last year was on the Eldred, in which he was very successful. He is a cool determined helmsman with a reputation for being able to take his yacht wherever there is room enough to squeeze her and water enough to float her.

The crew of the Columbia are sailors from Deer Island, Me., and the men on the Shamrock are yachting sailors, the pick of all the English and Scotch.

Heading the Middle.

Virginius objection has been made from time to time in various quarters to the practice of requiring witnesses taking the oath in our courts of law to kiss the Bible as a part of the ceremony. It is objected to on religious grounds as detracting from the reverence due to the Bible; it is still more strongly objected for sanitary reasons. The Northwestern Christian Advocate (Chicago) reasons against the custom in the following manner:

"The custom of kissing the Bible in connection with the taking of oath in court has practically become obsolete in America. The custom has been abandoned almost imperceptibly, and obliquely, perhaps, as the result of the enactment of sanitary laws for the prevention of the spread of disease. It seems, however, to be still continued in foreign countries. Occasionally a witness refuses to 'kiss the book,' but it is a rare, if indeed, there has been more than one occasion when this method of administering the oath has been denounced from the bench. Such denunciation, however, took place recently in one of the English courts.

"The witness insisted, upon not being sworn in that fashion, and for his discouragement the magistrate, who was also a physician, said: 'That book has been kissed this morning by all sorts and conditions of men--some with dirty faces, others with sores on their faces and lips--and I am delighted that one person, at any rate, has had the common sense to stand out for the solemn oath.' He added: 'I would rather see a witness many a time over than kiss that book.' The habit of kissing the book is one of the most fruitful sources of infection."

"The time has come also in the history of the world when, for both sentimental and sanitary reasons, the practice of kissing the Bible should be abandoned. It certainly adds nothing to the practical value of the oath, as those who have no regard for their oath even when accompanied by this solemn act, which has become a mere formality."

With Man of Kentucky Lives on Lizards and Snakes.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A cave on the hillside at Mount Washington, thirteen miles from Taylorville, Ky., is the home of a wild man. Whence he came is a mystery, but he lives on fish, snakes, lizards and anything else he can catch, and his powers in this line are as well developed as those of a wild beast.

Squire N. L. Harris, near whose home the cave is situated, discovered the wild man a few nights ago. While feeding his stock he noticed a man peeking from the mouth of the cave. Going to the entrance he found a lot of bones and feathers scattered around. He did not care to go inside the cave, not knowing what wild animal might abide there.

He decided however to watch and discover the tenant. A day or two afterward he returned to the place and found the lodge outside the cave. It was the strangest bit of humanity ever seen hereabouts--a little dried-up man, not more than four feet high, weighing ninety pounds or less, and covered with a shaggy coat of hair. His clothing was hardly worthy of attention.

The wild man tried to escape into the cave, but Mr. Harris intercepted him and endeavored to find out whence he came and who he was. The strange creature, however, could only talk in a jargon not understood by his questioner, but the squire finally made out that he came from South America.

Capt. Archie Hogarth, of the Shamrock, is about 25 years of age. He is rather above the medium height and of typical big-boned, muscular, long-lined Scot. Capt. Archie began yachting in 1895 in the 10-rater Doris, and he remained in that boat for five years. In 1890 he accepted the position of skipper in the 10-rater Yvonne, owned by Peter Donaldson.

At the end of the season the Yvonne had sixteen winning flags. His next yacht was the Yvonne, and with this he made his most class victory of the prize. In 1893 he took charge of the Calista, built by William Finck Jr., but this boat did not do anything remarkable. The next year Hogarth sailed the Lith, and in 1895 took charge of the Isola, which he sailed for four years with great success.

Capt. Robert Vrinon was born at sea off the east coast of England. His play ground was a schooner's deck, and until he was 24 years old he was untrading schooner. Then he went in for yachting, being appointed mate on one of Admiral Montagu's yachts. His first ocean passage was on the schooner Alceste in 1898. The yacht he sailed with fair success for four years. In 1894 he took charge of the 40 rater

Carlin. His next yacht was the 95 footed Aliso, and last year was on the Eldred, in which he was very successful. He is a cool determined helmsman with a reputation for being able to take his yacht wherever there is room enough to squeeze her and water enough to float her.

The crew of the Columbia are sailors from Deer Island, Me., and the men on the Shamrock are yachting sailors, the pick of all the English and Scotch.

Heading the Middle.

Virginius objection has been made from time to time in various quarters to the practice of requiring witnesses taking the oath in our courts of law to kiss the Bible as a part of the ceremony. It is objected to on religious grounds as detracting from the reverence due to the Bible; it is still more strongly objected for sanitary reasons. The Northwestern Christian Advocate (Chicago) reasons against the custom in the following manner:

"The custom of kissing the Bible in connection with the taking of oath in court has practically become obsolete in America. The custom has been abandoned almost imperceptibly, and obliquely, perhaps, as the result of the enactment of sanitary laws for the prevention of the spread of disease. It seems, however, to be still continued in foreign countries. Occasionally a witness refuses to 'kiss the book,' but it is a rare, if indeed, there has been more than one occasion when this method of administering the oath has been denounced from the bench. Such denunciation, however, took place recently in one of the English courts.

"The witness insisted, upon not being sworn in that fashion, and for his discouragement the magistrate, who was also a physician, said: 'That book has been kissed this morning by all sorts and conditions of men--some with dirty faces, others with sores on their faces and lips--and I am delighted that one person, at any rate, has had the common sense to stand out for the solemn oath.' He added: 'I would rather see a witness many a time over than kiss that book.' The habit of kissing the book is one of the most fruitful sources of infection."

"The time has come also in the history of the world when, for both sentimental and sanitary reasons, the practice of kissing the Bible should be abandoned. It certainly adds nothing to the practical value of the oath, as those who have no regard for their oath even when accompanied by this solemn act, which has become a mere formality."

With Man of Kentucky Lives on Lizards and Snakes.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A cave on the hillside at Mount Washington, thirteen miles from Taylorville, Ky., is the home of a wild man. Whence he came is a mystery, but he lives on fish, snakes, lizards and anything else he can catch, and his powers in this line are as well developed as those of a wild beast.

Squire N. L. Harris, near whose home the cave is situated, discovered the wild man a few nights ago. While feeding his stock he noticed a man peeking from the mouth of the cave. Going to the entrance he found a lot of bones and feathers scattered around. He did not care to go inside the cave, not knowing what wild animal might abide there.

He decided however to watch and discover the tenant. A day or two afterward he returned to the place and found the lodge outside the cave. It was the strangest bit of humanity ever seen hereabouts--a little dried-up man, not more than four feet high, weighing ninety pounds or less, and covered with a shaggy coat of hair. His clothing was hardly worthy of attention.

The wild man tried to escape into the cave, but Mr. Harris intercepted him and endeavored to find out whence he came and who he was. The strange creature, however, could only talk in a jargon not understood by his questioner, but the squire finally made out that he came from South America.

Capt. Archie Hogarth, of the Shamrock, is about 25 years of age. He is rather above the medium height and of typical big-boned, muscular, long-lined Scot. Capt. Archie began yachting in 1895 in the 10-rater Doris, and he remained in that boat for five years. In 1890 he accepted the position of skipper in the 10-rater Yvonne, owned by Peter Donaldson.

At the end of the season the Yvonne had sixteen winning flags. His next yacht was the Yvonne, and with this he made his most class victory of the prize. In 1893 he took charge of the Calista, built by William Finck Jr., but this boat did not do anything remarkable. The next year Hogarth sailed the Lith, and in 1895 took charge of the Isola, which he sailed for four years with great success.

Capt. Robert Vrinon was born at sea off the east coast of England. His play ground was a schooner's deck, and until he was 24 years old he was untrading schooner. Then he went in for yachting, being appointed mate on one of Admiral Montagu's yachts. His first ocean passage was on the schooner Alceste in 1898. The yacht he sailed with fair success for four years. In 1894 he took charge of the 40 rater

## BILL ARP ON ADAIR.

### BILL MOURNS THE LOSS OF HIS OLD AND ESTEEMED FRIEND.

Had Known Him Fifty Years--Colonel Adair's Office Was Arp's Favorite Photo When He Visited Atlanta--Some Reminiscences.

Bill Arp in Happy Mood.

"Friend after friend departs. Who has not a friend?"

I don't know what word my next mail will bring, but I expect that my old friend is dead. For more than fifty years George Adair and I have been friends--good friends. He was always glad to meet me and held my hand tight and long, and smiled a pleasant greeting. Of late years we have drawn closer together for we knew that we were approaching the goal, and that the few of us who were left, the memories of old men are sweet, but they are sad, and it was a comfort to George and to me to get close together as oft as I visited Atlanta and commune about old times and the old people who have passed away. He was never gloomy nor did he ever bring a cloud to darken the sunshine of our meeting. Where shall I go now for comfort when I visit the Gate City? Where will I turn for solace?

Yes, I was a college boy when George Adair was conducting the first train that ever ran into Atlanta. I traveled with him sometimes, and since then our warm friendship has been unbroken. His warm Scotch blood beat more kindly to his friends as the years rolled on. He was as frank as he was genial. He had opinions and convictions, and did not suppose them to curtsy favor with anybody. His life was as open book, and everybody who knew him at all knew him well. A stranger would diagnose him in half an hour's conversation. Sincerity was his most striking characteristic; Scotchmen are always sincere; they never dodge responsibility. I don't know whether George carried any Indian blood or not, but his uncles did. The Adairs of Cherokee were close akin to him, and they were half-Indians, and all that he did west with the tribe in 1835. Their descendants are out there now, for I take an Indian paper and see their names among the leaders. It is singular how close Scotchmen mated with the Indian maidens early in this century, and every one of them wanted a chief's daughter, and generally got her. When the old chief died these Scotchmen just stepped into their places and groomed the tribes, and all that their sons after them. There was an English or Irish or French in it; the Scotch alone had secured the Indiana's respect and confidence. There was Ross and Ridge, and McIntosh and McIlwray and Barnard and Vann and many others who became chiefs or sub-chiefs and governed all or a division of the tribe. Ogeola was the son of a Scotch trader. I suspect that George Adair had a strain of Cherokee blood in his veins, and it made a good cross--my wife thinks it does, and is proud to trace her Indian blood line. From her through the Hunts and Hollings and Blandfords; wherever you find it is dominant; I can prove that by myself and my son-in-law--"Woman rules here" is what the rooster says when he crows in this family, but she rules well.

I told Uncle Sam yesterday to clean out the pit when he got through cutting wood. When I got back from the office at night, and he was raking all around the back yard and burning up the accumulated litter and trash. "Uncle Sam," said I, "I told you to clean out the pit, for I must put some of the flowers in there. I'm afraid it will frost to-night." The old man raked on and said: "She told me to do it," and he never got to the pit at all. But my wife came out and explained, and said the back yard looked so dreadful and she knew that the pit could wait a day or two and it wasn't going to frost no how and it wasn't, and of course I surrendered--I always do, but I've got to clean out that pit myself.

Yes, I remember when George Adair and J. Henry Smith started a newspaper in Atlanta, called the Southern Confederation. I wrote for it sometimes just to give our boys some comfort and our enemies some ease. When the foul invader ran my numerous wife and offspring out of Rome I wrote of it on the wing, or the fly, and told how we passed "Big John" on the way, and he was a cheer with the stars' tail drawn through a hole in the dashboard and the end tied up in a knot. I dictated a small poem to my memory, and gave the mournful elegy to my friend Smith, and he published it; George had got all fired up before this and joined General Forrest's cavalry. He proved to be a great favorite with Forrest, and as the admiration was mutual he named his next boy after the general, and it sticks to him yet. I told George some time ago his hat in Apolito's biography of Forrest, which was said to be written by Colonel Jordan, his adjutant general. It was recorded that he was very illiterate, and that his dispatch announcing the fall of Fort Pillow was still preserved at Washington, and read as follows:

"We busted the fort as pie-o'clock and skattered the siggers. My men is was still a collamens in the woods. Them as was cotched with spoons and breadine and sich we kill. The rest was payrold and told to git."

George was indignant when I showed him a copy of it and declared that it was some devilish lie that was made up on him. "I know," said he, "Forrest was no schooler, but he never spelled that bad. I have letters from him that I know he wrote, and while he mis-spelled some words, they were fairly well written. I don't believe Colonel Jordan wrote any such thing about Forrest. Some of these biographers are just like some newspaper reporters. If they can hear a lie they scratch their heads and make one just for a sensation.

If George dies from this stroke, and I reckon he will, where will I go to

while away an hour with a friend. His office in the Kimball was so convenient and his chairs so comfortable and his welcome so cordial that I will feel lost when I visit Atlanta. The boys won't have time or inclination to talk to me, it was the rendezvous of other widowed friends like Dr. Alexander and Egan Howell and J. Henry Smith and Cousin John Thrasler and the Confederate veterans generally. But George was the chief attraction the center of space. He was a friend in need and a friend in deed. He granted his favors with cheerfulness and a willing heart. Sometimes I wanted an order on a bank note for a few dollars and he would say: "Yes, yes, my friend, of course I will." If I shall ever need one again I will not know where to go. I have a thousand good friends in Atlanta, but they are not of that kind.

I was ruminating about the difference between his domestic surroundings and my own. He died at home with wife and all his children at his bedside. His eyes can look upon them all, and perhaps his ears can hear their loving voices.

But my wife and I are living out our days in and apprehension of the coming stroke, for four of our dear boys are far away--too far to reach us even at the call by telegram--one in New York, one in Texas, one in Florida and the baby boy, as his fond mother calls him, is 3,000 miles away in Mexico. This is the saddest part of life about a widowed old man, to know that one of the unmarriageable sons would approach the door of death and his earnest telegram should be for his mother to come his bedside and soothe his last moments, what could she do but stay at home and weep? Oh, for another life in another world where all is love without affliction or grief or separation.

"Farewell, good friend, I would that I might be spared to see you again--spare to see you one epithet and to realize what a noble life is worth to a man. Would that the rising generations might learn a lesson from your example. The approach of our dissolution is very stealthy. When last I saw my friend he was as bright and genial as a boy and showed no sign of failing health. I thought that he had a few more years to live, but he died at that time in the fullness of his days, and the house of Richard Steers, Clark and Witherspoon, signs of the Declaration, being occupied, the next suitable place was the judge's old home at Rocky Hill. To this home Mrs. Washington came, entertaining all the notable persons visiting this country.

The Washingtons occupied the place from August 27 until November 3. Portraits of General and Mrs. Washington were painted by Joseph Wright while they were Rocky Hill. General Washington's portrait was sent to France.

Fearing that this noted building might go to decay, in the fall of 1896 an association was formed of 130 members, to restore the Barton house, which was purchased and given to the association. In one year the building was repaired, painted white, with green trimmings, and a new carpet was laid on the north side of the second floor bearing the name "Washington's Headquarters."

The rooms have been well furnished. The parlor, or Reception room, shows the home-spun carpet, spinning wheel, rush chair, spinning, sampler of the seventeenth century, the cabinet containing many old powder pipes, also a chain of over 100 years ago, the golden hair of Thomas Jefferson, with Monticello engraved on one side. The furniture is of the black horsehair variety.

Opening into this parlor is the old-fashioned bedroom with canopy bed and other antique pieces of furniture. Adjoining this room on the north side of the house is the Trustees room, furnished by ladies of the chapter in 1793. Across the hall is the registration room, on the walls of which hang many interesting papers and maps. The dining room has been furnished by the ladies of 1793. This room was the study of Washington, when in which Washington wrote his "Farewell Address." The boys of the Revolution of Washington, D. C., and New Jersey furnished this room.

From this room one enters Washington's bedroom, in which is a fine old high-post mahogany bedstead brought from the headquarters of Cornwallis in Brooklyn, and in which General Washington slept on the night of his heroic flight. The room contains many pieces of furniture, such as the room's homelike. From this one may enter into the curio room, where hang pictures of Washington, Lafayette and other generals, a sword of Cornwallis, pieces of Mrs. Washington's dresses, an old-fashioned wig and many more relics of interest.

The flag which floats in the view of the vast low sweep of country, a gift from the school children of the neighboring villages, were a welcome to all visitors.

H. K. Burman.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. DeLoach, pastor M. E. Church, South E. St. James, Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended with a slight fever, but without coughing. He was treated for some time by a number of so-called "cures," but they kept in the house, he so person, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most obediently recommend it to the public." For sale by J. E. Curry & Company, Druggists.

"I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Cough, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine." Mrs. W. W. Mendenhall, of Beaumont, Texas. There are many thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of diphtheria and cholera infantum who must feel thankful. It is for sale by J. E. Curry & Company, Druggists.

Memorable Moments.

Mrs. Michael Curdiss, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs, she was treated for a month by family physicians, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless case, and she was so. Her friends advised her to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most obediently recommend it to the public." For sale by J. E. Curry & Company, Druggists.

Ignorance is a disease of which some persons never make an effort to get cured.

"I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Cough, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine." Mrs. W. W. Mendenhall, of Beaumont, Texas. There are many thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of diphtheria and cholera infantum who must feel thankful. It is for sale by J. E. Curry & Company, Druggists.