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The Songs That We Sing

BY DICK STEELE.

"Only a Fanny Blossom,"
Left on the stairs by the three girls,
And the old man glides with a
whirl
Adown the jagged slope.

"I Never Can Love Another,"
She said: "N'ose but you,"
And the youth leered on her cheek,
Then at her graceful figure, neat
Then lack to her ponderous shoes.

"O, Jakey, Jump the Baby,"
The tootsy-wootsy thing,
While I build a fire and burn
steak
And spoil the coffee, and madly
The borrowed waffle ring.

"Come into the Garden, Maud,"
And call the blue-plat fair,
I'll dig the taters you hoe the week,
And together we'll plant some ca-
sauer,
For sauer-kraut rich and rare.

"We Met by Chance, the Usual,"
I checked her baggage through
And, riding over the rails afar,
She chatted merrily in the car,
And patted my pockets, too.

"We Never Speak as We Pass By,"
Thought of us go and come;
But the reasons plain, if you
know,
We both may come and we both
go.
But the girl is deaf and dumb.

"See that My Grave's Kept Green,"
I'm tired of neglect;
You know that the grave of old
Jones,
Beside the lotches and old beef
With a murdered cat is peeked
—*Texas Sign*

Was Shakespeare a Fraud?

The versatile and ingenious Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, has joined the society of the chosen few who have made it their object in life to prove that Shakespeare is the stupendous humbug of the world; the P. T. Barnum of literature, the poetical Jacob, who from the posterity of three centuries has been worshipped; his genius, has stolen a blessing that be- longed rightfully to another.

Donnelly believes that Bacon wrote "Shakespeare," and that he has found the key to the profound mystery which has baffled generations of critics and congregations of literary spies that have vainly tried to solve the great puzzle.

A passage in Bacon's works (De Augmentis, book vi, chapter 3) hints, according to Donnelly, at certain secrets of knowledge, "removed from the capacity of the vulgar and reserved to selected auditors or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil." He also speaks of "writing in folding hold- ing a quintuple relation to the writing in- folded." In other words, Donnelly is said to maintain that Shakespeare's plays are not what they seem to be, but a secret or cypher history of his own times written by Bacon and to be translated by a key which Donnelly has discovered.

For instance, in the first part of "Henry IV," (act ii, scenes 1, 2 and 4 and act iv, scene 2) he found the words "Francis," "Bacon" (twice re- peated), "Nicholas" (twice repeated), "Bacon's," "son," "master," "kings," "exchequer, St. Alban" — the latter, as is well known, being the name of Bacon's place of residence. In act ii, scene 4, he found the name "Francis" (Bacon's first name) repeated on one page twenty times; while in a scene in the "Merry Wives" act iv, scene 1, the name "William" (the first name of Shakespeare) is repeated eleven times in one short verse, as if by one reiteration of these two names to call attention to the fact that there was a cipher in the plays. The name of Shakespeare occurs as "Shake" and "spear" or "sphere," or as "Shakes" and "peer," and these combinations are found in every one of the plays. It was upon these clues Mr. Donnelly labored until he has discovered the rule and worked out enough of the cipher story to show that the plays contain a nar- rative of Bacon's own life, and a secret history of the reign of Elizabeth.

At this interesting and eventful mo- ment Mr. Donnelly was called off to accept a nomination to Congress in the Third District of Minnesota. It appears that he would rather run for Congress or go to Congress than es- tablish a cipher which he is perfectly sure will prove that Bacon not only wrote "Shakespeare," but made those immortal tragedies and unparal- leled comedies merely a medium for writing the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign. So he has left a task which would make Donnelly as famous as Shakespeare himself, to go off and kiss all the babies and talk over the crops in the Third Minnesota District.

There is no accounting for tastes in this regard, but we suspect, if the truth were known, that Donnelly's pretend- ed discovery is a good deal more of a fraud and humbug than Shakespeare was. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Jim Wild.

BY BRET HARTE.

Say, there! P'raps
Some on you 'chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well—no offense;
That ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!
Jim was my chum
Up on the bar;
That's why I come
Down from up thar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! You
Ain't of that crew—
Blest if you are!
Money?—Not much;
That ain't my kind;
I ain't no such;
Rum?—I don't mind,
Secin' it's you.
Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?
Jesse 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes;
Well, that is strange;
Why it's two years
Since he came here
Sick, for a change.
Well, here's to us!
Eh?
The h—l you say!
Dead?—
That little cuss?
What makes you star—
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
S' glass in yer shop
But you must rar?
It wouldn't take
D—n much to break
You and your bar.
Dead!
Posr—little—Jim!
Why, thar was me,
Jones and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben—
No account men;
Then to take him!
Well, thar—Good bye—
N'm're, sir—
Eh?
What's that you say?
Why, dern it!—hol—
No? Yes! By Joel!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb,
You ornery,
Derned, old
Long-legged Jim!

He Ate His Family.

"This talk about cannibalism in the Greely party is all bosh," he said yesterday on the Postoffice steps as he rubbed his white plug hat on his elbow. "Suppose the living did eat the dead—what of it?"

Nobody answered him, and he pres- ently continued:

"Ten years ago I was lost with my family in the Rocky Mountains. When we had eaten our boots and shoes and whatever else we could worry down we had to resort to cannibalism. The baby went first. We baked him, and a better dinner I never sat down to. Was there anything in that to raise a great fuss?"

Three or four others were added to the crowd, and he went on:

"In the course of six weeks wife and I ate our five children. We had 'em stewed, roasted and warmed up, and I never relished my meals with keener zest. Did the papers raise a great howl over it? Have I been ostracized from society on account of it?"

He mopped his bald head and rubbed his hat some more, and then said:

"The time came when I had to eat my wife. She wasn't as tender, and juicy as the children, but the meat kept longer and furnished more real nourishment. Nothing of her body but the right foot was left when I was rescued. Three days more and I would have been compelled to take my gun and shoot deer and elk and rabbits and such game or starve to death."

"Do you mean to say that game was plenty around?" asked a little man, who had been breathing hard.

"Yes, sir—woods full of it."

"And you had a gun?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you ate your family in pre- ference to killing game?"

"Certainly; hunting was always very distasteful to me."

"Then, sir!" yelled the little man as he jumped up and down and plunged around—then, sir, I characterize you as a monster, and—lemme get at him—lemmie hit him once!"

But the crowd held him back, and the man with the white hat marched off up the street saying:

"Well, well! what a fuss to raise about my eating up a whole family! Seems to be some very queer men in this town."

One Meal a Day.

Dr. George Fordyce, the anatomist and chemical lecturer, was accustomed to dine every day, for more than twenty years, at Dolly's chop-house, in Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster row. His researches in comparative anatomy had led him to conclude that man, through custom, eats oftener than nature requires, one meal a day being sufficient for that noble animal, the lion. He made the experiment on himself at his favorite dining-house, and finding it successful he continued the following regimen for the above term of years: At 4 o'clock, his ac- customed dinner hour, he entered Dolly's chop-house and took a seat at a table always reserved for him, on which were instantly placed a silver tankard full of strong ale, a bottle of port wine and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. The moment the waiter announced him the cook put a pound and a half of the cook pit a pound and a half of porter steak on the gridiron, and on the table some delicate trifle, as a *bonne bouche*, to serve until the steak was ready. This delicacy was sometimes half a broiled chicken, sometimes a plate of fish; when he had eaten this he took a glass of his brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. We say devour, for he always ate as rapidly as if eating for a wager. When he had finished his meat he took the re- mainder of his brandy, having during his dinner drank the tankard of ale and afterwards the bottle of port. The doctor then adjourned to the Chap- ter coffee-house in Paternoster Row and stayed while he sipped a glass of brandy and water. It was then his habit to take another the London coffee- house and a third at the Oxford, after which he returned to his house in Essex street, where he gave his lectures on chemistry. He made no other meal till his return next day at 4 o'clock at Dolly's. —*Newcastle Chronicle.*

Painting it Red.

A citizen who was waiting at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Wayne street, yesterday was accosted by a man about 27 years old, who said he wanted a little information. When told to drive ahead he asked:

"Almost every paper I pick up has something in it about somebody painting the town red. I don't see any red around Detroit to speak of. Do they paint the buildings, or sidewalks, or what?"

"My innocent friend," replied the citizen, "the terms does not refer ex- actly to paint and brushes: If you should come in here to clean out De- troit, or if you were going on a high old spree, or if you intended to raise an excitement, you would slant your hat over your left ear, spit over your right shoulder, and announce in a loud voice that you were going to paint the town red."

"Because red is the color of blood— fire—lightning—red-hot times, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Kind of a figgerative expression!"

"Just so."

"Well, I'm glad I've found out, and I'm much obliged," said the stranger as he walked away.

Two hours later he was conducted to the Central Station by two officers, four-fifths drunk and a tough case to handle. He had a black eye, a bloody nose, a bleeding ear, and had been rolled in the dirt until he was a sight to see. When the Captain asked the charge the prisoner replied:

"Red paint, Captain—put 'er down red paint. Been all around paintin' er town red. Town been all around paintin' me red. Whoop! Lively old town! Lively old red! Got painted till 'er can't rest! Put 'er down red paint—more'n a bar'l of it!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

Tobacco.

Tobacco is now grown in eighty-sev- en of the ninety-six counties of North Carolina, but it is a staple in perhaps not more than a dozen of these. Rockingham, Person, Caswell and Granville constitute the flower of the tobacco belt, each raising in 1879 about 4,500,000 pounds, and this year the crop in each one of these is estimated at 5,000,000 to 5,250,000. The whole acreage of the State in 1882 was 64,482, and it is estimated that at least 70,000 acres are in cul- tivation this year. The whole tobacco crop in 1882 amounted to 32,275,792 pounds. All the leading authorities now agree that the crop of 1884 will approximate 65,000,000 pounds. But the best feature in the raising of tobacco there is, that North Carolina leads the tobacco State in the average prices obtained for the leaf. As shown by the census the average price paid for North Carolina tobacco is \$14.10 per hundred pounds. Deducting \$9.33, the actual cost of production, there is a net profit of \$4.77 is left to the pro- ducer. The White Sulphur district in Ohio yields an average profit of only \$4.30, while Pennsylvania gives \$4.13, Connecticut \$3.89, Wisconsin \$3.53, New York \$3.12, and so on down the list. This annual profit to the North Carolina farmer of more than 51 per cent, would indicate that the growing of tobacco is the most profitable agri- cultural work done on a large scale in America. —*Ex.*

The average price obtained for tobacco at the Asheville Warehouses the last season was over \$20.00 per cwt.

A Chicago Clerk in Dakota

A beautiful young man of two, who had been clerk at the counter in a Chicago store for several years, was last spring offered the clerkship of a large store in a town, and he took his departure for Eldorado, and was lost sight of this week, when he appeared in a go, and was so changed from the minute date, that he formerly ac- cused to be, that hardly anybody could have recognized him. He has bronzed and his hands, and one a checked shirt and his clothes were old and greasy, and he was disgraced. He asked for his old position and while the manager was talking to him, the female boss gathered around as though a man had come in the store to see the manager. The manager asked the clerk how he liked it out West, and how he came to leave. He had his hands under his coat tails so the girls could not see them, and said:

"O, sir, I did not like it at all, and I came away just as soon as the pro- prietor could get somebody that would do the milking."

"Milking," said the manager, "is the girl clerk's scream at the store, what has talking to do with milking in a store?"

"Why, as I look on there, has she used to milk cows when I was a boy, and like a fool let the boss, and she and the milk eight or ten times. But that was not the worst of it, I had to carry milk cans around on my shoulders, morning and evening, and sell milk. You see a coun- try keeps everything, and a clerk has to do all the business, as the proprietor busy selling land, and he was a clerk, and insurance agent, and a lumber yard, and kept a lumber yard, and run the town. I had to keep the books with a lead pencil on sheets of slip- ping paper, sweep out, hit the coal haul goods from the depot, and sell and butter them. I had to take the butter over, and pack it in jars, and grease the eggs and pack them in weight on rails. A car iron, and boards in the lumber yard, be- draw sorghum molasses, lease over the store for days, be a singer and play a violin in the pumpkins, and sell calico, and things. I didn't see the propri- etor in two weeks, and then I had him on a job. In addition to that I had to do week days, I had in the choir Sundays, teach a Sunday school, act as librarian, day school books, run the soci- eties, on the Fourth of July chief marshal and orator of the Declaration of Independence, and fired off the fireworks at night. I have been the hardest work in the world, and I want a re-

That Marriage of Blaine's.

WASHINGTON, September 22.—The Boston Herald has published the following, which shows that Blaine's state- ments about his first marriage was erroneous: "Again Mr. Blaine invites the confidence of 50,000,000 of peo- ple in one of his explanations and again with disastrous results to himself. By his letter it appears that he married his wife in Kentucky, June 30, 1850, supposing the marriage perfectly legal until the winter of 1851, when he learned that by the laws of Kentucky his marriage without a license was in- valid. This is the explanation. What are the facts? That by the laws of Kentucky, and the repeated decisions of its highest court (3 Marshall, 362; 1 Bush 64), Mr. Blaine's marriage in 1850, if then made, was perfectly val- id. A license was not and never had been an indispensable requisite in that State. Not till July, 1852, two years from that date, did an act of the Legis- lature become a law making marriage void without a license. Whence come those doubts? Is it possible that the early marriage may be as mythical as the as- signed reason for the second one?"

A Suffering Land.

For twelve months the province of New South Wales, Australia, has not been visited by a rain. For a whole year the heavens, like a canopy of brass have spanned the suffering land, and the scorching rays of an almost tropi- cal sun have dried up the streams and pools and transformed the once fertile plains into a desert. Sheep and cattle are dying by thousands, and ranchmen are in great distress. One ranchman had 150,000 sheep and 15,000 cattle. Hundred of men are already ruined, and a continuation of the drought will plunge the entire province into bank- ruptcy. Never since the great drought of 1846 has the country been called to pass through a period of such dire dis- tress. The broad plains which a year ago were covered with a rich carpet of grass ten or twelve inches high, and capable of sustaining millions of cattle, are now covered with light, dry sand to the depth of five or six inches, blown there by the winds. The smaller streams are all dried up, and the larger ones are no longer streams, but a series of muddy pools following the course of the stream. So scarce has water be- come that cattle are often driven thirty or forty miles to a pool of muddy wa- ter which is drained dry before they leave it. At these few watering places cattle, wild animals and such birds as the great emu struggle together for a chance to slake their thirst. Nor is this terrible drought the only difficulty with which the South Australian farm- ers have now to contend. Kangaroos and rabbits have greatly increased in number until they overrun the en- tire land. It is said that often rabbits are so numerous that the plains for miles are alive with them, completely hiding the ground from sight. Since the drought has destroyed all herbage the myriads of kangaroos are driven from the woods and thickets and forced to forage more openly for subsistence. So bold have they become that they frequently enter houses in search of food. The condition of South Aus- tralia is indeed deplorable, and the worst is not yet, unless the winds change and the rains fall. The actual suffer- ing thus far has been confined to stock, but the death of so many cattle and the utter destruction of crops will entail a scarcity of provisions, which will yet bring suffering to many. —*Ex.*

The Stingiest Man in the World.

The old man who drives the stage over here is the stingiest man in the world. He always collects his money at the start, because several years ago a passenger from New York or somewhere died on the way over, and the old man never got his fare. He doesn't pro- pose to lose another fifty cents in that way. Passengers can do whatever they like, for all he cares, but he proposes to get his money before they do it. The way he used to keep a livery and feed stable, where farmers who came to town put up their horses and fed them. A shoe factory failed at Haverhill, and the old man went over there when they sold the assets at auction. He bought a wagon-load of shoepegs, brought them home, and put them in an oat bin. When a farmer put up his horse the old man would give the animal four cents for shoe-pegs and charge fifty cents for them. It was a dark barn, and the owner couldn't tell them from oats. Of course the horses wouldn't eat any, and the farmer would get scared because they had lost their ap- petites. The old man had a mixture which he recommended in such cases, and which he sold at fifty cents a bottle. It was harmless stuff, and was made by stirring up thistle tops or some- thing of that sort, but it had a great reputation, for the horses would be given a dose before they started, and another when they got home, and, having had nothing but shoe-pegs all day, they were hungry enough to eat their own heads off by the time they got a taste of oats. "The credit of the ap- petite was given to the medicine, of course, and the old man got a big re- putation; as a horse doctor, and made a mint of money out of his thistle-top soup until the shoe peg business was discovered, when he quit the livery business and went to driving stage. —*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

How New-Yorkers Spend The Summer.

It is said that the Manhattan Beach and Oriental hotels took in about \$1,500,000 during the summer. The Manhattan Beach railways earned about \$250,000 and carried about 800,000 passengers without a single accident occurring. There was sold on an average, a carload of wine at Man- hattan Beach every day. Counting 300 baskets or cases to the car, this would make for the season about 30,000 baskets or cases, or 360,000 quart bottles. Gilmer's band gave 250 con- certs, and entertained audiences, rang- ing from a single person in a rain storm to 30,000. The leader has writ- ten his autograph for 2,000 young la- dies, and has promised to do so for 720 young men. At the Manhattan Beach bathing pavilion, 45,000 people sported in the water during the sea- son. The baggage man handled over 25,000 parcels for guests of the two hotels. The most interesting fact is that the cost of keeping grass on the front lawn has been about \$5 a yard for the summer. —*New-York Herald.*

Pith and Point.

FROM THE "OIL CITY DERRICK."

A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and said: "O, mamma, you ought to hear her gargle! She does it so nicely."

"Do you know what the board over the cow's face is for?" asked the Colo- nel. "No," responded the Major, "un- less it is to keep her blushes from being seen when the milk man works the pump handle."

A San Francisco showman is adver- tising a troupe of educated flies. If he will send one on here to teach others how to walk around the edge of a milk pitcher without falling in, he will gain everlasting fame.

"Thar! Husband of Mine" was lying upon the lap of a young married woman on the train the other day when a base-ball dude and would-be masher leaned over the seat, read the title of the book, and then looking around in monkey pantomime, simpered out: "Oh! where is he?" "Minding his own business, I hope," was the crushing re- ply.