greatest Mormon elder east of Utah and the leader in what was once a settlement of 250 of the Latter Day Saints, which an' he preached an' occurred at Perryville, N. J., last week, virtually closes the history of Mormonism in New Jersey. Of all the old set- found up here in the woods near Fidtlement but two people now remainone, Adeline Meyers, an old maid, now residing in Hainesville; and the other, pretty well along in years-around the Martin Recton, an old bachelor, living away back in the Blue Ridge Mountains, fifteen miles from Deckertown. The the spirit moved him; then he'd talk an in the New York Sun says that the Presi-history of this community, as obtained hour at a time, real smart, too. It was dent's habits have not yielded to the from Silas Suydam, or "Whoa-boy Sile" as he is more commonly called, is an interesting one. In fact, old Sile himself min and seventy-five men in his congre- with her, who will remain as Mrs. Cleveis in an interesting story. Sile is one of oldest settlers in the Blue Ridge Mountains, and lives in what was once the very heart of the eastern Utah. Early one morning last week a Star reporter started from Deckertown to hear Sile's story of Mormonism. He found the old man suffering from rheumatism, contracted during the war, and for which he now draws a pension. After the usual remarks about the weather and the value of the horseflesh which the reporter had been driving, the latter said: "Say, Sile, did you ever hear of a Mormon settlement up in this neighbor-

"Did I ever hear of it? Do I remember it? Well, I guess I do. I come pritty near bein' a Mormon myself them days. 'Long in the spring of '50, I think it was, when an old, long-haired pilgrim come marchin' into town one mornin' He said his name was Lane, Elder Lane, from Salt Lake City. He had a pack of paper-covered books under his arm, and he left one at every house. I think I got the one he left here yet. Just wait till I go in and see." The old man walked into the house

and returned in a few minutes with a yellow-covered book containing about fifty pages, entitled "The Christian Way; A History of the Rise and Progress of

the Mormon Church, by Julius Lane."

"Thet ere book," said Sile, resuning his story, "is what did it. The wimmin folks got a hold on it an read it over an over, an' they'd get together an' talk about atween themselves. Old Lane didn't stop that time, but he came back in about a week an' writ out notices thet he was agoin' to stay an' preach on Sunday. Thet was long about the middle of the week, I think, an' he spent the rest of the week goin' around nailin' rest of the week goin around main is a little shed in the rear. Tom was since his marriage has Mr. Cleveland atthese notices up on trees. Well, Sunday quite a character. He was born poor, tended to any official duties before going and by dradging and so drawn and s out to hear what the old man had to I was there 'long with my sister, Sallie Ann, on' I hed a lot of paper and of charged, an' I put down the Scrip-of charged, an' I put down the Scrip-of charged, I ture notes that the old fellow read. kinder thought he might lie a little, or read 'em wrong or suthin', don't you know, an' when I got hum I got down the old Bible, an' hunted up every one of the texts what he had read, an' gosh, they were there, an' just like he'd said 'em, too. I thought I was a pritty good scriptorian myself, but some how I then; things before. There they was, though, in black and white, an' I couldn't go back on the Bible. It was the most devilishest hole I ever got into. I talked with some of the neighbors about it, and at lest we decided to hold a meetin' unbeknownsi to I e to talk it over and see what to do about it. We didn't just like the idea of goic back on our Methodist brethren down to Saidiston, but we was agoin' to be right, brethren or no brethren. The night for the ing or the roadside near by one can see meetin' come, an' about thirty-five of us gathered in my house, this same old house right here," pointing to the house. "I thought we'd best open the meetin' with prayer for help to decide the question, an' so I got up an' prayed the good Well, Lord to tell us which was right. 'Sile, you'd best leave

"Well, course one couldn't do nuthin' shirty-four, an' so they hed their way, an' Lane was invited to preach. He was more than willin' to, you bet, an' he ker't right on Sunday after Sunday makin' new converts all the time. By an' by, I guess 'twas after he hed been community, but if wanted to come and meetin' one Sanday, an' said: Brethren, we been here some time now alaborin' together, an' the charch of God has growed up to be a big one. Part of our miles over a stony, rocky road and religion is to baptize, an' all of you must are in Brick House, the only town in the be baptized afore you can git to heaven.' neighborhood that did not have at least Then he said he would be astandin' on one convert to Mormonism when it was the shore of Lake Shipcong at 12 o'clock prevalent. Why it was called Brick thet night, an' he would baptize all who House is a myster, as a brick is somehed jined the faith. Everybody wanted thing probably never seen by the into see how it was done, an' so everybody habitants of that village. Here is who was there. At exactly 12 o'clock old the weary traveler eats, however, and if Lane stepped into the lake, an' about a there is any one thing more than mother minute after Ann Harrison, a young girl that the proprietor of the Brick House about 20 years old, followed him. He Hotel knows about, it is feeding hungry commenced to sing a song, and then he people 3 good, square meal, giving a douced her down into the water. He horse six quarts of oats, and asking the done this three times, an' then he asked traveler when he has finished his meal for anybody else that wanted to be bap- whether he would like a liele "chain stepped into the water. He was followed stone fence." If he prefers "chain by twenty-one more, an then they all lightning," he goes apple whiskey went home. After this baptism they straight, two drinks of which is warrant-asked the Star. had one every week, and if there was ed to take the lining off the stomach of anybody what wasn't baptized he warn't a cast-iron man. If he prefers to "buck nobody. The church kept a-growin' an' a-growin' until '55, when Lane said good-by an' left for Utah. We heard cents. afterward that he died on the road-any-

that galoot alone. I heard it just as

seem to strike the others that way,

though, for every mother's son of them

voted to have the old sinner stay and

way, we never saw him agin. For 'bout three years there wasn't no head an' the church died down. There in '58 a fellow calling himself Ed Dockerty an' claiming to hail from New York came and is wives. He m the girls here ri bim two an' said th was a dand

abouts was clean gone on him. andn't been here no more than three the man. There was no written contract onths before he married Sally Beebus, e was about 150 members. Along

know. Let s jus '63 a fellor ome an' nothin' was heard of him until about old bachelor? a month after, when his dead body was dler's Elbow. He was buried in great style. It was during Sparks' term when Tom Perry was converted. Tom was sixties, somewhere, I guess-but he become a red hot Mormon, an' he used to House has not been altered much since a get up in the old school-house an' say bride come to preside there. A writer get up in the old school-house an' say on account of this talking power that old change in his domestic affairs. There is spirit of National pride that is manifest-Perry took charge when Sparks was one more servant, a German girl, whom gone, and I think he had 'bout 150 wim- Mrs. Hoyt brought from Fayetteville gation. The old school-house wasn't land's maid. But the presence of a misbig enough to hold them, an' they held their meetin's outside. Old Tom had not be perceived by the easual visitor. One wife when he jined the church, an' A close inspection of the private portion afore he got through he had eight. I of the house, however, shows that a hear they's all dead now. The old woman's dainty hand and refined taste man war 84 when she died, an' the have passed over it, and the rooms look youngest, a gal named Minnie, war less like a club house and more like a about 22. 'Long in '72 or '73 Tom made home. Mrs. Cleveland and her friend up his mind to convert the whole coun- have been overhauling the artique furnithe question with the Methodists down and pushing another into that, and at to Sandiston. The meetin' lasted eight the west end of the private corridor they days an' both sides claimed they got the have fitted up a little snuggery, where best of it, so it was put into the hands of committee to decide, but somehow they never reported how it come out. In '74 the thing commenced to dwindle, an it kept gittin' lesser an' lesser until now, I guess, there's only two left. One of 'em is a cousin of mine, Miss Meyers, down in Haynesville, an' t'other one is the President's library nowadays hear old Mart Recton, who lives up here a unaccustomed sounds, a snatch of song piece in the mountain on the road to disclosed by an open door, or an echo of nowhere. The settlement just below at laughter, or a few notes of a piano gayly haytown, which was run by Charlie played. Abers, never 'mounted to much anyway, an', I guess, they're all gone now. Well,

of life up here. After thanking Sile for his story the cribe drove on to the old school-house happier and more contented man. children. It has but two rooms, and these are used for cooking, eating and to the consideration of the fisheries quest sleeping purposes. Half a mile further up the road is Tom Perry's old place. On a little clearing by the road is the Twenty years before he joined the Mormon Church he quarreled with his wife about a trifling thing, and they never spoke to each other until the night he was baptized. All that time they lived in the same house, cooked, ate and slept together, yet they never spoke a word to each other. He was the father of fourteen children by the woman. How many he had by his later wives is not known. He had eighty-two grandchildren when All are scattered in different a cigar. he died. parts of the country, none of them living near the old place.

rou fellers stoppin'. I don't see much

About half a mile north from Perry's place is Lake Shipoong, where all the converts were baptized. It is quite a large body of water, considering the fact that it is on the highest point of the Blue Ridge range, over 1,900 feet above the level of the sea. The view from the lake old things, and the young women have is one of the grandest in world. Standfifteen villago; with the naked eye, the nearest one ten miles away. Four miles from the lake, on the old stage line turnpike, is Shaytown, which was also once a Mormon ettlement. C. D. Abers was the leading elder in this place. He be- necessity for Mrs. Cleveland exercising came converted while microding the any supervision over the domestic officies sir, maybe you won't believe it, but meetingent Perryville while Elder Lang was in charge of them. Upon his return home he gathered around him a band of passes without a consultation with the plain as day. It come so suddint, by a dozen, and every Sunday during the gosh, that I made up my mind on the summer they would go off in the woods spot to stick to the Methodists. It didn't and hold their meetings, while in the and hold their meetings, while in the young mistress as much as the public do. winter they would be held in his house. Abers had but one wife. He had eight children, six of them girls, all of whom joined the Mormon Church, and married young Mormon converts. None of them

are living now. A few miles back of Shaytown digre was a settlement of Mormon women. The leaders were a Mrs. Ray and a Mrs. Fox. No man was allowed to join this bors six months, he got up in get a wife he was welcome, provided he agreed to go away with her. At one time there were as many as fifteen members in this settlement. A drive of three and young Tom Haggermann lightning," or would prefer to "buck a curred this fall he would be elected by a cast-iron mad. If he prefers to "buck ceed in a fight against well defined pubthe stone fence," he gats a big bowl of lie sentiment. With Mr. Carlisle second hard cider. All this is done for fifty

Three miles from Brick House nesville, the home of Miss Meyers, among Democrats in the House. ily living female Mormon in Jerarkably sharp old lady. When asked ing to hail from New York about the old settlements in the mountaing. When asked Cleveland's renomination, and that allowers. He brung with takes she told substantially the same politicians.—Washington Star. e days according to the

He ment on the part of the woman to obey simply a shake of the hand. In reply to ce young gal. The church growed the question if polygamy was practiced le Dockerty was here, an' when he to any extent she shook her head and there was about 150 members. Along said: "Some did it, but I never tried it."

After "bucking a stone fence" the t before the war broke out. We exas, takin' his thry wives scribe started on his weary way of thirty bear be died shortly after odd miles back over the hills to Deckertown, having learned more about eastern at multiple of I don't he had ever learned before in his life. Is there not a moral lurking somewhere in the fact that the only two living than

THE WIFTE HOUSE BRIDE.

Meking the Mansion More of a Home and Less

ry an' he made up a meetin' to discuss ture, pulling one piece out of this room they sit sometimes and exchange confidences. A piano has been taken up into one of the south chambers and that part of the house, which has so long been gloomy and forbidding, has now become musical and merry under the touch of their fingers. Visitors who are shown into

When the President hears these sounds he often looks surprised and many a I must go to work. Much obleeged for time leaves a pile of official papers on his desk, looks into the adjoining room to see what the girls, as he calls them, are up to and then returns to his work a where the meetings were held. It is a Cabinet meeting was interrupted the little old hut, not much larger than a other day and grave matters of statecraft good-sized dry goods box. At present were laid aside by a little confusion in it is occupied by Martin Cole and his which two girlish voices were apparent, family, consisting of a wife and eight but the interruption passed suddenly away and diverte t attention was restored

Breakfast was formerly served at the White House at eight o'clock and the house where he was born and lived all President was often at his desk an hour his life. It is an unpainted wooden or so before. Now the breakfast hour building containing four rooms. There is nine o'clock, and only once or twice and by drudging and saving he succeed-and in buying the land around his home-library on his way to the dining room to stead, amounting to about 650 acres, take what telegrams or letters are lying upon his desk and runs through them while waiting for breakfast to be served. He gets into the official harness about an hour later than he used to do, and it is generally ten o'clock nowadays before he begins work, when nine was the hour formerly. He pulls steadily along until half-past one, when, on every alternate day, he receives the public and then goes to luncheon, and afterward chats with the ladies for a few minutes as he smokes

During the morning hours Mrs. Cleveland sees nothing of her husband, but spends her time in reading, sewing, arranging things about the house, wandering in the conservatory and gossiping with the gardener about the flowers, of which she is very fond. In the attic of the White House is a wonderful store of been overhauling them, dragging to light relics of Jeffersonian simplicity and Jacksonian severity and throwing them into contrast with the artistic modernness that has prevailed since General Arthur and the Tiffanys renewed the President's quarters. While there is no of the place, as the servants are well trained and numerous, scarcely a day steward or a visit to the cook, who, with the rest of the household, admire their

Bachelors Never Die.

The New York Herald quotes from its Jacksonville namesake to prove that

bachelors never die, thus: John Kelly thought Tilden too old and frail to run a second time as President. John Kelly is dead. The stalwart Chandler wrested the Presidency from Tilden. Chandler is dead. Grant, it is said. would have arrested and imprisoned Tilden if he had attempted to claim the office he had been elected to. Grant is Hancock was chosen as a more likely man to live through the Presidenby then Tilden. Hancock is dead. Hendricks seemed to have a long life ahead of him as compared with the man at the head of the ticket. Hendricks is dead. Seymour, McClellan, all the old candidates are dead. Meanwhile Tilden thinks there is nothing so invigorating as work-

ing away before the mast on his vacht. Cleveland's Renomination Talked Of.

"Mr. Cleveland will beat everybody Texas, to a Star reporter the other day. one can beat him. If the election oc-

"Yes. Machine politicians can't suc on the ticket they would get the largest on a grand scale. The rooms are always majority ever given to any ticket.

There is considerable talk of this sort seems to be acknowledged on all she is about 80 years old, and is a that the turn of the tide is towards Mr. Cleveland's renomination, and that al

> The only thing that can make money cimply an agree- without advertising-the mint.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH.

WHAT A MILWAUKEE MAN THINKS OF THIS SECTION.

An Intelligent Statement of the Condition (Mobile Letter to the Milwauk e Journalist)

The long, lanky editor of a Northern draft, insists that the rebel brigadiers to be their life. Breakfasts, luncheons, an' he preached an cossed the parish mons of the two or three hundred who are again in the saddle, ready for anoth-dinners, balls and receptions! They until '69, when he disappeared one day once lived there are an old maid and an or assemble on the Union. He whitness never tire of the crush, the chatter, the ern man still hates his Northern brother with all the arder of his sunbred nature. As usual, the organ editor lies. I have women are beautiful and wen educated orders. Therefore at this season of the generally. Men idealize them. Their year, when we generally expect to be sway is absolute. The result is doubtless beneficial. They try to live up to I can account for it upon no other theory the standard which their male friends than this is the time of year when South-The daily routine of life at the White structed citizens, without finding one. On the contrary, the visitor from the On the contrary, the visitor from the haps too great a part of their lives is shows the prosperity of that region. North is impressed with the cordiality which marks his reception here, and the cerity and flattery which is poured into have picked up wonderfully and there is

> gesticulation this great and glorious nation. I have not heard the late unpleasantness spoken of except when the subject was broached by a Northerner. Of course there are Bourbons here who can

The story of the business life of the

South is a sad one. It may have been a guest at the Rip Van Winkle banquet; it has certainly slept for twenty years, limit to its resources; to the right and loafer, the left one can see fortunes; but there is nobody here to reach out his hand and take them. One rides through miles of splendid country that bears no sign of

life. Immigration is the first great need; no effort has yet been made to secure new citizens. Is it likely people would go into such a frantic scramble to settle on Dakota blizzards if they knew of the advantages this section of country offers to men of small capital and day laborers? But the Northwest will be exhausted sooner or later, and the tide of immigration will flow Southward. Then, and not till then, shall we know the New South. It is not probable this metamorphosis will be completed early enough to benefit the present generation.

seen colored children at school, and it is hard to realize that a human being can be so stupid as they are, with rare exceptions. The older negroes have not a park of amortion. They live on a few contented. I could learn of but few his son and Prince Napoleon and his son man of the West or Southwest. colored employers. We drove three and leave the other Princes within miles into the country, in Mississippi, to France, Prince Nanoleon has published see a specimen of negro thrift. The fel- a protest, in which he makes mincement low had rented ground and planted cot- of the supporters of the scheme. An ton. He picked enough to pay his land'Orleans Prince," he says, "marries his lord and merchant, the latter being the daughter, and invites his friends to celedid not harvest, leaving it as it grew in this which has suddenly transformed me superior of many of the Southern men the field; he is sure of food and lodging into a Pretender, though I was not one for the year, and is satisfied. Like all the day before." The perils of the Rethe darkeys, he lives in a small cabin public do not spring from the Princes, that has one room, a big chimney and but from a Constitution drawn up by no windows. He spends no money for Royalists, but shaped into an instrument clothing; in fact a decently dressed of Jacobin oppression. "By what social negro is not a common sight. Where on improvements have you justified your ter's recipe for making an excellent table earth they get the rags that partly cover rule? You have neither been able to their bodies is a mystery. It is fair to respect the Concordat nor to abolish it, say I have seen 5,000 negroes, and every- to continue free traders nor to become one of them were a hat which words can protectionists, to reform taxation nor to not describe, and no two of them were defend it, to soften international unalike. In foot-gear, particularly among friendliness nor to procure an alliance. the curly-headed denizens of Tennessee wonderful ingenuity. The majority wrap

move or change them until warm weather is guaranteed. The relation of the whites and blacks tionate in their conduct toward the white people. They have trouble with continuing with the confiscation of their the uneducated whites, whom they con- property, and ending with the terrible class the overseers were selected in the sands of the best men in France were days of slavery. The stories of bull- sent untried to Cayenne. dozing and shot-gun rule are gross exaggerations. When the carpet-baggers were driven out stormy scenes were witnessed, but now elections are peaceable. The negroes do not exhibit the slightest interest in affairs of State. Thousands of them do not even know when an election will be held. When a Democrat begging the Bourbons' pardon for callng Mr. Cleveland such) became Presilent some of them were excited by pictures drawn by demagogues, but now they seem to regard the administration with favor. Alexander, the colored man who delivered Blaine campaign speeches in Wisconsin last year, died here this week. He was a hard character, according to the general verdict, and openly

trafficked on his influence with his pecple. If the negroes could be intelligenty directed they might do much toward developing the South, but it is doubtful if they can do anything for themselves during the present generation, at least I am not prepared to say they have not advanced since the war, as I know little in 'SS," said Representative Miller, of of their condition when they were in bondage. In judging them the reader "Public opinion is in his favor and no must keep in mind the fact that for generations they have been oppressed. is therefore not reasonable to expect that they will at once raise themselves to a position which humanitarians wish and expect them to occupy.

Socially the South shines. One can not imagine more charming people. Their homes were built for ente large and the ceilings high. Fach house cost a fortune originally, now could buy it for a song. The handsomest place I have seen could be had for \$15,000 or \$20,000. As evidence of its departed glory, paintings that represented an expenditure of \$100,000 cover the walls The grounds are acres wide and deep, finely wooded and watered. Now there is nothing to support such establishis severely plain; there is so little variation that the prospect soon become monotonous. A feature is the bread galleries, with their immense pillars; nearly every building has them.

In these great houses there is room for hospitality. The people haven't as much money as we have in the North, but they know how to spend what they have better. A New Orleans gentleman said: "A great many people live comfortably on nothing." If they have but a dollar paper, who went to Canada to dodge the they spend it like a king. Society seems bly with the rosy cheeks of Northern fabries of a showy character-red, orange

fine and imprisonment. and is now straightening out its legs prepartory to going forth to learn what and where it is. It will find as much cappiness and prosperity as Rip did at the next possibly opportunities. Very few of them still cling to the idea that work the next possible opportunities. There is no is decading that a continuous result is a series of the next possible opportunities. The idea of the idea that work from the decading that a continuous result is a series of the continuous results.

Prince Pion-Pion Tells a Truth or Two About the Expulsion.

(From the London Spectator.) On the understanding that the Cham-Proscription has commenced, and conand Mississippi, they display fearful and fiscation will come; then the partisans of Napoleon might, had he chosen, have proved his case by a final illustration. proscription of the Orleanist Princes,

EUROPE REVISITED.

Holmes is Seeing.

The Changes of Half a Century Which Dr. (From the Atlantic Monthly.) After an interval of more than fifty years I propose taking a second look at some parts of Europe. This will give my readers of the Atlantic, as well as the writer, a vacation to which we both seem entitled. It is a Rip Van Winkle experi ment which I am promising myself. The changes wrought by half a century in the countries I visited amount almost to transformation. I left the England of William the Fourth, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir Robert Peel; the France of Louis Phillipe, of Marshal Soult, of Theirs, of Guizot. I went from Manchester to Liverpool by the new railroad, the only one I saw in Europe. I looked upon England from the box of a stage coach, upon France from the coupe of a diligence, upon Italy from the chariot of vetturino. The broken windows of Apsiev House were still boarded up when I was in London. The asphalt pavement was not laid in Paris. The Obelisk of Luxor was lying in its great boat in the Seine, as I remember it. I did not see it erected; it must have been a sensation to have looked on, the engineer standing under neath, so as to be crushed by it if it dis graced him by falling in the process. As for the dynasties which overlaid each other like Dr. Schliemann's Trojan cities, there is no need of mornlizing over history which, instead of Finis, is constantly ending with What next?

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff, Bramleit were strucby lightning on Sunday while driving : hurch in a buggy, what opposite Perr Holliday's place, in Austin. The bol struck a tree and glanced. Mr. and Mrs Bramlett were severly shocked and the mule they drove was thrown down, but no ments. The architecture of all the houses serious injury was indicted.

BUSINESS IN THE SOUTH.

How It is Said to be Picking Up-A Noted Colored Man.

New York is full of business just now. A big merchant says that trade is much etter this menth than it has been for a ong time. An interesting incident of this increase of traffic was related by a gentleman of large affairs.

"Much of our trade," said he, "at this

time of year comes from the South. You would be surprised at the number of Southern merchants who come North on a combination tour of pleasure and busier assault on the Union. He whispers to those who will listen that the Southness about this time. Most of them are spent six weeks looking for uncon- have set up for them-mortals that are ern men find it most convenient and but one step from heaven. "a link between a woman and an angel." Pergoods. This revival of Southern trade haps too great a part of their lives is shows the prosperity of that region. their ears year in and year out is apt to a substance and fidelity about this trade wash away the freshness and simplicity that makes it profitable. The class of ed. A spectacle not unirequently be- which constitute woman's greatest charm. goods that go South has also changed held is that of an ex-Confederate soldier, who gave one of his legs to feed Uncle Sam's bullets, steadying himself with a crutch while he praises with generous Their pale faces will not compare favorative the same time of richer materials. Formatch the same time of richer materials. girls, in the eyes of Northern men at and figured goods predominating. Now least. They ruin their complexions by they are taking more durable materials

using powder; at a very early age their of substantial colors. In fact, no trade course there are Bourbons here who can not understand that we have passed from the 60's to the 80's, but the average Southerner would fight for the Union to-day.

faces are colorless. Congress might pass in this country has shifted so radically within the past five years as the Southerner would fight for the Union that beauty is a gift from the gods for the benefit of mankind, and she who index to the reforms freedom has brought ruthlessly destroys it is a fit subject for about in the economic condition of that section. The way it looks now the South The men do not average as well as the will in a very few years be among our women. They are able, but do not know choicest customers. But the goods they how to make their talents serve them. buy will be a reflex of the broader life

is degrading, that a gentleman must be a This business man had hardly stopped loafer. Amusements are liberally patronized. Southern trade and Southern elements Tuesday was the Mardi Gras festival. When a singular character appeared. It There is no holiday in the North like it. Business is suspended, and the whole population appears on the streets. Fully James Hotel, occasionally speaking to a half the people wear masks and highly man, but most of the time walking about fantastic costumes, and are given due as if in a half brown study. He is looklicense in speech and manners. From ing much older than ten years ago, when early morning until late at night they he had been elected United States Sensblow horns, dance, sing and play the tor from Louisiana and was trying to get fool generally. They are better citizens for the frolic; it revives their interest in sober things, and convinces them that a little nonsense goes a long ways.

South Carolina. But he is interesting Mobile has about 40,000 inhabitants, now only as a reminder of the curiosities and is better off than many other South-ern cities. It is a delightful place for take him for a colored man as he walks The belief quite generation.

The belief quite generally entertained by Northern people, that the negro is destined to act an important part in the development of the South, is fallacious.

They do not appear to progress. I have seen colored children at school, and it is winter tourists, and as its fame spreads about among the throng which drifts gross. His full beard is growing very gray, and his hair is following suit. His whitening whiskers and locks make his whitening whiskers and locks make his olive complexion seem much lighter than it really is, and he would readily be dollars a year, and are lazy, shiftless and ber will expel the Comte de Paris and taken taken for a well-to-do business He is apparently well to do financially. stops at a swell hotel, wears good clothes, plenty of jewelry and eats and drinks of the best. If he had not been a colored man with a reputation for gambling he would probably have secured a seat in man from whom he buys meal and mo- brate that event." That is not a cri .e. the United States Senate, for in point of lasses. About one-third of the crop he "I had no connection with it; yet it is looks, manners and ability he was the

Wine Recipe.

struction.

The following is Mr. A. F. Broadwawine from blackberries, grapes, musca-

dines or apples: Fruit, 2 bushels; sugar (best white) 80 bounds; mash the fruit, put into a 40 galon barrel, then put in the sugar. water until the barrel is filled to within i inches of the bung, and shake the barrel until the ingredients are thoroughly the Princes will be expelled, and then mixed. Then cover the bung with some des Suspects." It is all true, and Prince stand ten days to ferment, then add water to within 2 inches of the bung. Now stop the barrel perfectly air tight. syphon into the water and not allow any

off. After the wine is drawn off, leave second, and in another one was going the pummace in the barrel and add a few pounds of common sugar or molasses and fill the barrel with water; let stand to make vinegar.

Moved to Tears.

"John!" "Yes, dear."

"Do you remember coming home last ght and asking me to throw you an asorted lot of key-holes out of the window so that you might find one large and steady enough to get your latch-key in?"

"And do remember the night before how you asked me to come down and hold the stone steps still enough for you to step on? "Yes, dear."

"And the night before that, how you tried to jump into the bed as it passed your corner of the room?" "Yes, dear."

"And still another night, when you carefully explained to me that no man was intoxicated as long as he could lie down without holding on, and then attempted to go to bed on a perpendicular wall?

"John, do you realize that you have come home sober but two nights in the nst week?"

"Have I, dear?" "That's all, and you ought to be shamed of yourself, too. The idea of a nan of your age—. But, John—why, cou're crying. There, there, dear, I lidn't thean to be too severe. After all on did come home sober two nights."

And then the meeting adjourned .-Chicago Rambler. .

Do be reticent; the world at largs has no absence of any sanitary regulations, should not be overlocked by owners of wells. interest in your private affairs.

"MAIDEN'S CREEK."

THE INTERESTING STORY OF AN OLI ENGINEER.

He Tells How He Crossed the Stream Running Fifty Miles an Hour to Keep Out of the Way

of a Detached Box Car--- A Place Dreaded by Engineers---His Narrow Escape. "Yes," said an old engineer yesterday, talking to an interested group of listen-

ers, "I have had some novel experiences, and some narrow escapes, too, since I began to pull the throttle of an engine I stand before you, though, without scratch, except a patched up arm."

Rolling up his sleeve he exposed to view an arm that looked, judging from the scar that remained, that it was at one time a very useful factor in pulling the lever of a locomotive.

"That was nearer a serious accident than any I've ever been in," continued the narrator, "but that ain't what I was going to tell you about." After the lis-

"It was on the Baltimore and Ohio. about forty miles out of Toledo, Ohio. that the accident, or to be more correct as to the nature of it, I will say, incident, occurred, for I can't say that it was an accident at all. It was the most novel, funny, and at the same time mostdangerous experience that I ever witnessed. The place I speak of was called -let me see-it was called the "Maiden's Creek," and was a very autiful place to the tourist and pleasure seeker, but a vory formidable place to the engineer who had as many as forty cars to pull.

The "Maiden's Creek" was spanned by a

trestle about one hundred yards in length, and it was approached from the north by a grade of one hundred and ten feet, about two and a half miles in length, and one of about the same length, and steep in proportion, to ascend on leaving the creek. To an engineer with a moderately loaded train following him, it was necessary that he got a good start on his descent, in order to be able to clear the grade on the other side. We had orders from headquarters not to approach any trestle in general, and this one in particular, at a greater speed than twenty miles an hour. Well, now, it would have been utterly impossible to go over that hill with an impetus of twenty miles per hour from the other side. As we were approacing this place, one night, my firemen said to me, 'George, you'll have to give 'er

ed, we went over so quickly. The first

ning I remember was, we were about

half way up the grade on the other side

going about fifty miles an hour. I thought we were climbing mighty easy, but I had a brand-new twelve-wheeler, and I attributed it to that. Finally I made the top of the grade, and started down another. Something told me that something was wrong, but I couldn't see anything. I was letting her roll down the grade at about fifteen or twenty an hour, and as that 'something' kept telling me that something was the matter, I who appeared in Congress during reconsent my fireman back over the cars to see if anything was the matter, sure When he crossed twelve boxes enough. he came to a halt. We had been disconnected. By this time we were at a standstill. This was a predicament! About half way to the bottom of a steep grade, in the dark, disconnected, not knowing whether the other part of the train was coming down on us, or whether it had failed to come over and had gone back the other way! ong to wait, however, for all at once we heard a terrible rattling, and then I knew that was the detached part of the rags around their feet, and do not rethe Chamber will be driven to the Loi thin cloth to keep out insects. Let it train that had managed to get over the grade, and was coming down on us! What must I do? It would not do tostand still and let the wild train in itsis misrepresented. The negroes are ex- His cousin, the Emperor, was driven on Introduce a syphon-being careful that mad rush run over my engine, which tremely respectful and frequently affect that precise declivity beginning with the it does not dip into the liquid—and let would have meant certain destruction!

the outer end dip into a vial filled with In the meantime, my trusty fireman had water. The gas will escape through the gotten off and was going back to discover if he could see or hear anything. So sider beneath them. It was from this Law of Public Safety, under which thou air to enter the barrel. Let the barrel it was he who yelled to me: Fly! Out remain in this condition unmolested 4 run it! It is a box car!' I caught his months, and the wine is ready to draw meaning, and took in the situation in a down at a fearful rush, pursued by empty box car. While going down I thought of a plan by which I could stop the car without serious damage. I would run just a little slower than it, and by that means let it overtake me. This plan worked admirably. The car caught up with me just before I reached the foot of the grade, and the connection was so slight that it was scarcely perceptible. After checking up, and coming to a standstill, I found that I was still in a fix. Where was the remainder of the

train? For it was plain that we were in three sections instead of two. After waiting there about ten minutes I saw the balance of the train coming slowly down the grade with two or three of the crew holding their lights, not knowing what minute they would run into the box car, or my engine. They came on down, however, and we coupled up again and finished our trip without any more

accidents. "But I have always thought," continued the old engineer, "that was the most novel, as well as the most dangerous way of getting over a grade that I ever heard of. I could not do it again in a thousand years without smashing up property, and probably sacrifice life.

Could I, boys?" The unanimous answer was: "You are right, you couldn't."

In view of the vast quantity of rain that has fallen recently, saturating the ground with water and filling the wells with surface drainage, medical authorities advise that "Yes, that's what makes me feel so much sickness may be averted by drawing off the water now in the wells, and contin ning the operation for two or three times, or until the water resumes its normal depth. This is an important matter which, in the