

# The Manning Times.

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## THE FAMOUS DEATH VALLEY.

### THREE ADVENTUROUS MEN FIND THE LONG LOST MINES.

Their Wagons Stranded and Their Water Barrels Burst—Almost Perishing Before the Mountains Were Reached.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., September 27.—There are now in this city three men who have recently crossed and recrossed the famous Death Valley of Southern California, and who have succeeded in solving a mine of mystery which has baffled the most daring and skillful prospectors for many years. The Gunsight placers were located in '49, but afterward lost, and though repeated attempts have been made to find them, most of the men engaged in the effort have perished.

About six weeks ago when A. F. Judson, A. D. Spring and Barney Carter announced that they were going after the Gunsight trail, their friends tried to dissuade them, and chance acquaintances laughingly bade them good-by forever. No one ever expected to see them again and when they set out confidently on their mission they were given up as dead men might have been. So many such expeditions had left this and other towns only to meet death in its most horrible form that this one was regarded as especially fool-hardy.

About a week ago the three men returned. They came in by rail, ragged, emaciated and feeble, and one of them, Carter, sick abed. But all were enthusiastic over their achievements, and each had in his pockets nuggets to prove his assertion that the Gunsight mine had been found. The story of their trip would be incredible were they not here as living witnesses to its truth, their bodies bearing all too plainly the proofs of the sufferings which they have undergone.

Knowing that the discoverers of the Gunsight mines crossed the Death Valley, these adventurers sought, if possible, to make the same trail. Once through the Mojave desert, they soon came to the dazzling white sandy plain where no life can exist. Almost at the first step they were prostrated by their fierce heat from above and below. Their feet swelled so that they were compelled to open their shoes, and the goggles which they had prepared were but feeble protection for their eyes.

The men had two wagons, each drawn by two horses, and in these vehicles they carried water in barrels and other supplies. After an hour or two of the most painful locomotion, the heat becoming more intolerable at every step, the party paused a few minutes for rest and refreshment. The poor beasts fairly groaned in their agony, and the men themselves did not dare look at each other lest they would read in each other's eyes the despair which all knew was setting upon them. On every hand they beheld the whitened skeletons of men, of horses and of burros. In some places they found the remains of what appeared to have been an expedition—ruined vehicles, with the skeletons of horses and men lying about. Vultures swooped down upon them with angry cries, and other birds of prey circled high above their heads, following them as they progressed.

When night came they followed the north star, one man trying to sleep while the others drove. At daybreak there was nothing to relieve the eye. All around them was the gleaming sand; overhead the brass sky, and far away the rocky sides of mountains on which no vegetable life was ever found. Wearily they pressed on, confident that the worst was over, but when almost in sight of the east range of the Amargoses, to which they were bound, the blasting heat played them a mercurial prank.

The scorching which the men and beasts were enduring with reasonable fortitude rose too much for the water barrels and their wagons. The wood of which they were made shrank and shriveled until they fell to pieces, first the wagons and then the barrels. All attempts to keep them together were useless. With the water gone the party was well nigh in despair, but when the wagons, too, fell to pieces there was a minute when all recognized the probability that another expedition was to be added to the long list of those which had gone into that arid waste of death never to be heard of again. When things appeared at their worst, Carter spied something in the white sand a few rods away, and, hurrying toward it, found the pieces of a wagon which had belonged to a '49er whose skeleton lay close at hand. Wood never decays in that atmosphere, and of the three wrecked wagons the men were able to gear up one vehicle that would convey their remaining supplies and their tools.

This delay came very near being fatal to all concerned. One horse died in the harness, and Carter was prostrated so completely that for a time his life was despaired of. Trolling painfully along, now without water and with no hope of any until they could clear the desolate valley, Judson and Spring were at length compelled in their agony to dig deep into the sand in the hope of finding moisture with which to quench their intolerable thirst. At a depth of a few feet they came upon water, but it was so hot they drank it, but it only served to increase their suffering, and when they gave some of it to their horses the beasts refused to swallow it. With a firm determination to press on to the utmost limit of their strength, the men continued their journey, and, at length, more dead than alive, they emerged from the valley and began the ascent of the mountains.

Here they found some bunch grass on which their horses feasted, and a spring of water, copious draughts of which soon revived the entire party. Tarrying at this spring for a day or two for the purpose of recuperating, the men finally pushed on, prospecting the country closely as they went. For a week no trace of gold or the previous presence of man was found, but on the eighth day, as they were digging for water, they came upon gravel abounding in coarse gold in nuggets worth from \$1 to \$3 a piece. This, then, was in the vicinity of the far-famed Gunsight placers, and another day's investigation brought them upon the very ground where nearly twenty years ago the mines had been staked out. Procuring many fine specimens, the men returned by a roundabout way,

and on arriving here made known their discovery. The dilapidated appearance of the adventurers and the magnificent specimens which they had with them brought plenty of friends to their side, and already preparations are in progress for an expedition which is to have for its object the opening of the mines.

This caravan will be supplied with wagons with steel wheels, and it will carry water in barrels made of sheet iron. The experience of the party has convinced them that wooden vehicles and reservoirs are useless in the parching atmosphere of Death Valley, and they will run no further risks with them. It is expected that a start will be made in about two weeks, the company this time being larger and going prepared for a winter campaign.

## WHAT THE KUKLUX DID.

WARM SPRINGS, N. C., September 22.—Sitting on the broad piazza of the hotel here, away from the promenaders, I listened last night to a passionate, earnest justification of kluks in Louisiana and other Southern States. The story of wrong and outrage, the violation of rights and wrongs, as it came pouring most dear and sacred, as it came pouring from the lips of one of the New Orleans' most eloquent divines, was in striking contrast to the perfect peace that wrapped the valley in deep silence. The moon was shining with a brilliancy seen only in Southern climes, and the clearly defined mountains were patched with alternate light and shadow as the clouds drifted by. The conversation had drifted on Southern topics, and as the preacher, whose faith is a firm belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, warmed with his subject his physical ills for the time were forgotten, and the mentality that has stirred many a congregation with its fire burned and glowed like molten iron. "Was kluks justifiable?" he said, in answer to a question. "Yes, sir, and if the doctrine that 'the end justifies the means' was ever correct, it was during the reign of terrorism in the Southern States when kluks was rampant. Remember, sir, that at the close of the war and during the Reconstruction period the white men in the South were disarmed, and it was penal offense for them to have firearms in their homes. The negroes, however, were armed; our streets and highways were patrolled by negro soldiery, who were but a set of barbarians and savages, worse than are the savages to-day in the interior of Africa. It got so that a white woman dare not cross the threshold of her house lest she be assaulted by one of these brutes, while white men had to abandon the roads to the negroes and make their cross the field as best they might. To appeal to the law was useless, for the judges were carpet-baggers and sustained the negroes.

"It was this state of affairs, when we saw our civilization, and all the rights and privileges of society being swept away, and our dear ones exposed to a fate worse than death, that gave birth to kluks. Self-preservation is a fundamental law, and recognizing that naught but heroic measures would quell the growing evil, the white men quietly organized, and in armed bodies began the redress of the wrongs from which they were suffering. Do not imagine that the kluks were recruited from the criminal classes. Such I know is the prevalent Northern idea, but it is absolutely false. The members of the K. K. K. were gentlemen of fine education, struggling manfully to retain and sustain their manhood, and give to their children as a heritage of the war a higher civilization than perhaps they themselves had enjoyed. In many instances that was the only legacy they had to give, for all else had been swept away in the storm of shot and shell that had for four years been sweeping over the land."

"How did the bands work?" "Negroes, like sheep, require a leader, and the bands quietly noted the leaders and where they lived. At nights they visited their cabins, and called the men out. The most brutal were either shot or hung; others thoroughly whipped and ordered to leave the country. In this way a reign of terror was created among the negroes, and the white men gained control. Why, sir, even the Federal troops that were sent down to suppress kluks refused in many instances to interfere, and in some cases actually aided. They knew that it was not a condition of crime and anarchy, but a necessity born of negro insolence and intolerance."

"What about the Fort-Murphy murder in New Orleans?" "New Orleans is and has been since the days of Warmouth cursed by ring rule. The spectacle of a judge adjourning his court and deliberately going out and shooting a man to death as one would a wild beast was simply disgraceful, and is a blot on the fair fame of the Queen City that will not soon be effaced. The ring did all in its power to save the murderer, and perhaps would have succeeded had it not been for the efforts of the Rev. R. A. Holland, of Trinity Church. He not only published a letter after letter in the Picayune, demanding their punishment, but also publicly and from his pulpit demanded their execution. His life was frequently threatened by members of the ring, but he persevered and won. Had those men been pardoned they would have been lynched within twenty-four hours. So determined were the members of Trinity parish, the wealthiest in New Orleans, to rid the city of the scourge, that 100 of them organized secretly for the purpose of lynching the murderers. Among the members of this band were numbered some of the most respected citizens of New Orleans, and their counsel was their pastor. In many respects the Rev. R. A. Holland is a remarkable man. He is a Kentuckian by birth, and although of small physique, is all pluck, and does not hesitate to raise his voice in denunciation of wrong-doing and in favor of a higher civilization. From his pulpit he fought the fraud in the exposition management, and alone was the means of stopping the bull fighting on the exposition grounds. You may know how devoted he is to principle when I tell you the men he fought in the exposition were among the wealthiest members of his church. He is strongly intellectual, and has most pronounced views, which he never hesitates to express.

"A cooper in Exeter, Canada, built a large tank in the shop and then had to tear down the whole front of the shop before he could get it out.

## MR. CLEVELAND'S NEW HOUSE.

The Villa on Tennyaltown Road Is Not Yet Ready for Occupancy—What May Be Seen There Now.

(Washington Letter to Pittsburg Dispatch.) I went out to the President's cottage on the Tennyaltown road this afternoon to learn the exact condition of the novel residence of the chief executive of the United States and his bride. It is novel because no President has yet purchased a house and taken up a residence at his own individual expense outside of the Executive Mansion, where expenses are paid out of the public purse. President Grant and President Hayes lived for weeks and months in summer at the Soldier's Home, but they lived at the expense of the soldiers of the regular army, out of whose pay is deducted twelve cents a month each for the maintenance of the house. The meat they consumed was furnished by the private soldiers, the milk they drank, the new-laid eggs they ate, the garden truck that yielded the royal appetites, the very flowers that were placed at the plates of the distinguished guests were produced by the aged and decrepit soldiers, or were paid for from the slender purses of the enlisted men of the army.

It was left for a Democratic President to purchase a private residence in the suburbs of the national capital out of his own purse, where he might live with his wife as any other American gentleman might, at his own expense and pay for the roof that shelters his private guests and for the food and drink wherewith he entertains them. The residence and its improvements will cost Mr. Cleveland in the neighborhood of \$50,000, and to keep it up with the expenses incidental to the position of its owner not less than \$10,000 and probably \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. President Hayes went out of office with \$100,000 or more, or a saving of half his salary. President Cleveland will not save any money out of his Presidential salary. He evidently believes that salary was given by the government to enable the President to live like a gentleman and pay his bills, and the cost of entertaining such guests as are worthy of the honor. His purchase on the heights above Georgetown includes twenty-two and one-half acres of land. There was an old square stone house of the cold, old-fashioned type on this plot of ground. It lies or lay back from the pike about five hundred yards, a strip of forest trees along the road hiding all but a glimpse of the mansion from the vulgar eye. To the southeast lies the capital city, the great white dome of the legislative halls arising above the horizon of green, and the sharp outlines of the Washington Monument appearing against the blue sky. Only a slight dip of the great city is exposed between a bird's-eye view down the western gorge. To-day, under the fierce heat of the sun of expiring summer, the white dome is whiter, the monument outlines are sharper, and the green is a greener green. The old stone house has been metamorphosed into an artistic residence of the colonial style, the very grounds have changed, the roads and drives appear where none were before; nothing save the prospect remains, and that no art can beautify and no money can make more lovely and picturesque. A myriad of workmen are busily engaged on house and grounds.

Under the trees near the entrance is a vacant chair, and in the absence of the watchmen, your correspondent drives up the winding roadway unchecked. A man in brass buttons rushes hastily down the hill from the house, waving his hands frantically, but it is too late, the correspondents are up on the other side before they can be intercepted. The man reaches us and says we must go out, we are not permitted there. We tell him we are there anyhow, and hope we don't intrude. He says it is against strict orders from the White House to come within the grounds. We innocently say we are only two newspaper men looking for an item. This sets the man wild. Newspaper men are especially prohibited. We ask to be allowed to walk around and look at the outside of the house. The guardian of the place turns fairly white at the idea. Couldn't we look at the city—surely we couldn't hurt the city, what would we see of it from this hill, by looking at it without a pass. But the man is inexorable. Then we ask him how he is getting along. "What you see in the newspapers is nonsense," says he. "The house isn't near completion. See the workmen outside. They were swarming on the unfinished verandas, and spread out among the half finished drives about the grounds."

"There are as many as can be advantageously employed," continued the superintendent. "Inside the house will not be ready for occupancy before the 1st of November, though the President has been pushing us all summer." And things in sight bore out this statement. A dozen laborers were grading the new drive up to the porte cochere; out in the rolling field another driveway was being built, leading to Woodley lane, a lovely road that leads at right angles from the turnpike down into the Rock Creek gorge, while the sound of the hammer inside and out of the mansion woke the echoes of the hills. There was another gang of men with carts pecking away at a gravelly knoll which lies by nature a little higher than the foundation of the house, and in direct line of vision between the veranda and the dome of the Capitol, four miles away. Part of this hill has already been carted away, the gravel being deposited on the south another gang of men are at work on a high barbed wire fence. It is six feet high at least, and appears to be especially designed to keep downspaper men out. No pair of journalistic pantaloons can ever stand that climb.

We took a hasty glimpse of all these signs of preparation and turned our dog cart toward the road again. From Woodley lane a finer view of the mansion is obtained. The irregular high pitched curving roof of red tiles is the main artistic feature of the new house, though it is the broad verandas over which this roof extends which give the air of comfort to the place. The workmen look at us suspiciously as we pass, but go on with the hammering and digging and grading and leveling, at which we leave them to dip into the gorge. On every side are great yellow and white signs in big black letters announcing "Villa sites." The names of real estate men

crowd every elevation and line every picturesque vale, and the seductive titles are enough to make the mouth water. Every bare knoll covered with weeds and boulders, every clump of scrub oak lined with golden rod and every rock-ribbed run has been gobbled up and is on sale by speculators.

## THE LABOR PLATFORM.

Platform Adopted by the Workmen of New York—Mr. Henry George the Noninterferer Mayor.

(From the Baltimore Sun.) It has already been announced in the Sun that the labor campaign in New York city was opened Thursday evening by the adoption of a platform and the nomination of Mr. Henry George for mayor. Over 300 delegates were present, representing, it is claimed, 6,000 organized men. The following is the platform, which was adopted with great unanimity.

## THE PLATFORM.

The delegates of the trade and labor organizations of the city of New York, in conference assembled, make this declaration: Holding that the corruptions of this government and the impoverishment of labor result from neglect of the self-evident truths proclaimed by the founders of this republic, that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights, we aim at the abolition of the system which compels men to pay their fellow creatures for the use of God's gifts to all, and permits monopolizers to deprive labor of natural opportunities for employment, thus filling the land with tramps and paupers and bringing about an unnatural competition, which tends to reduce wages to starvation rates and to make the wealth producer the industrial slave of those who grow rich by his toil.

Holding, moreover, that the advantages arising from social growth and improvement belong to society at large, we aim at the abolition of the system which makes such beneficent inventions as railroad and telegraph a means for the oppression of the people and the aggrandizement of an aristocracy of wealth and power. We declare the true purposes of government to be the maintenance of that sacred right of property which gives to every one opportunity to employ his labor and security that he shall enjoy its fruits; to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak and the unscrupulous from robbing the honest, and to do, for the equal benefit of all, such things as can be better done by organized society than by individuals; and we aim at the abolition of all laws which give to any class of citizens advantages, either judicial, financial, industrial or political, that are not equally shared by all other citizens.

We further declare that the people of New York city should have full control of their own local affairs; that the practice of drawing grand jurors from one class should cease, and the requirement of a property qualification for trial jurors should be abolished; that the procedure of our courts should be so simplified and reformed that the rich shall have no advantage over the poor; that the officious intermeddling of the police with peaceful assemblages should be stopped; that the law for the safety and sanitary inspection of buildings should be enforced; that in public work the direct employment of labor should be preferred to the system which gives contractors an opportunity to defraud the city, while grading their workmen; and that in public employment equal pay should be accorded for equal work without distinction of sex.

We declare the crowding of so many of our people into narrow tenements at enormous rents, while half the area of the city is yet unutilized, to be a scandalous evil, and that to remedy this state of things all taxes on buildings and improvements should be abolished, so that no fine shall be put upon the employment of labor in increasing living accommodations, and that taxes should be levied on lands irrespective of improvements, so those who are now holding land vacant shall be compelled either to build on it themselves or to give up the land to those who will.

We declare furthermore that the enormous value which the presence of a million and a half of people gives to the land of this city belongs properly to the whole community; that it should not go to the enrichment of individuals and corporations, but should be taken in taxation and applied to the improvement and beautifying of the city; to the promotion of the health, comfort, education and recreation of its people, and to the providing of means of transit commensurate with the needs of a great metropolis. We also declare that existing means of transit should not be left in the hands of corporations which, while gaining enormous profits from the growth of population, oppress their employees and provoke strikes and interrupt travel and imperil the public peace, but should, by lawful process, be assumed by the city and operated for public benefit.

To clear the way for such reforms as are impossible without it, we favor a constitutional convention; and since the ballot is the only method by which in our republic the redress of political and social grievances is to be sought, we especially call for such changes in our elective methods as shall lessen the need of money in elections, discourage bribery and prevent intimidations.

And since in the coming most important municipal election, independent political action affords the only hope of exposing and breaking up the extortion and speculation by which a standing army of professional politicians corrupt the people who they plunder, we call upon all citizens who desire honest government to join us in an effort to secure it, and to show for once that the will of the people may prevail even against the money and organization of banded spoilsmen.

A cucumber has been raised in Iowa which measures four feet in length. A young man at Neche, D. T., near the Manitoba line, wanted to marry a girl at Gretna, on the other side. Her parents forbade her leaving town, so she stood on the Manitoba side and he in the United States, and the minister stood with one foot in the Queen's realm and the other in Uncle Sam's, and the two were married. The legality of the performance now troubles them.

## OLD TIME DUEL.

A Believer in the Code Has Something to Say on the Duel as It Was.

(From the New York Star.) "Is dueling still popular among gentlemen?" was asked by a Star reporter the other day of a military man who has been prominent in several "affairs."

"No, times have changed marvelously. During Jackson's second term the Democrats, flushed with victory at the Presidential election, were rather arrogant. Many dashing and gallant young men had been elected from the Western and Southern States, and conscious of their great numerical superiority were somewhat disposed to carry matters with a high hand. Dueling in those days was much in vogue, and personal discussions in the House were frequently brought to an abrupt termination by an intimation sent elsewhere. John M. Patton and Henry M. Wise, of Virginia, Baile Payton, of Tennessee, Gallatin Haves, of Kentucky, Jesse Bynum, of North Carolina, and many other Southerners were known to be prompt with the pistol, and it was understood that a call to the field would follow any damaging personal attack upon distinguished members of the ruling party. The rude demeanor and offensive intemperance by which Congress has been disgraced for some years past would have been promptly punished forty years ago. Now it excites comparatively little public attention and is only met in Congress by a retort in kind."

"How do you account for the decline of the dueling mania?" "The decline dates from the time it was made ancillary to gambling and swindling, or to the settlement of disputes between vulgar soundraiders. Since then it has gone out of fashion rapidly. The gross abuse of dueling has done more to remedy its own mischief than moral appeals and legal enactments."

"What do the Irish think of dueling?" "Gratton's lying advice to his sons was: 'Always be ready with your pistols. The Irish are often much too ready. There is a trait in the Irish character which is considered by many to be nationally chivalrous, and that is a general dislike to seek in courts of law a monetary compensation for honor outraged through woman's folly. In this country reparation for loss of service is considered a thing as correctly reclaimable as loss of profit on a broken contract for a cargo of wheat or cotton, while among Irishmen, in nine cases out of ten, the man who works upon the weakness of a wife, or trifles with the affections of a sister, is not subjected to an assessment for damages by a jury, but summoned to give personal satisfaction."

"Men disinclined to make targets of themselves in obedience to a conventional code of honor have often got out of the difficulty by availing themselves of the right accorded to the challenged to choose the weapons. An old whaling captain not long since declared he would fight with harpoons or not at all, an alternative declined by his adversary. A Missourian daunted his antagonist by insisting upon a combat with rawhides, limited to half an hour's duration. General Putnam was once challenged by a young officer and proposed that each should sit upon a powder-keg, with a lighted fuse in the bung. As he would hear of no other terms, the General had his way. At the appointed time the belligerents took their seats, the fuses were ignited, and the veteran watched the progress of the flame with unmoved countenance. Not so his opponent. He took intense interest in the fast-lessening match, and when the flame got suggestively near the bung hole showed his possession of the better part of valor by jumping off the keg and making for the open field till arrested by Putnam roaring out: 'Hold on, my boy; it's only onion seed!'"

"Two Western editors of opposing newspapers once made fools of themselves. It came about through the editor of one of the papers declaring in a leader that the editor of the other paper was a bigamist, and that gentleman resenting the calumny by pulling the libeler's nose in the public street. The Mayor of the town kindly undertook to arrange for the difficulty being settled in a proper way, and the two editors were soon ensconced, rifle in hand, behind the trees in a wood. For two mortal hours they dodged and peeped, neither caring to fire, lest by missing he should leave himself at his enemy's mercy. Then the rain came down, and one of the combatants discovered that it had saturated his powder.

"Is your powder wet?" shouted he to his rival. "No," answered the other. "Mine's beautifully dry," continued the first.

But his adversary, guessing how matters were, came boldly out of cover, with his weapon ready to come to the "present."

"Stop!" cried the appalled man, "stop! Let's have a parley. You're a damned good fellow. Suppose instead of shooting we go into partnership."

"All right," replied the other, and they returned home together. Of course both editors had to set themselves right with their subscribers, which they did by telling them that their guns were wet, and wouldn't go off.

Born With Three Eyes. A wonderful freak of nature was seen in a child born in this city a few days since of respectable parents which doubtless has no parallel. When the child was born it was discovered that it had three eyes, one of which was set directly in the top of its head. The eye was perfectly formed, with lids, and was similar to the two eyes in its forehead, with the exception that the eye was very large and perfectly blue, while the others were black.

The child was hideously deformed otherwise, both of its feet being grown together, but were well formed. There was also about two inches of the spine missing in the small of its back. The monstrosity weighed fourteen pounds, but only lived about two hours after birth.—Chattanooga Times.

A convict in the jail at Athens, Ga., stripped the iron hoops from his cell, made them into saw-blades, sawed through an iron bar an inch square making a hole in the window fourteen inches square, soaped his naked body, and thus slipped through it, and was then detected by the sheriff. He said he had to get out of his dark cell.

## THE PLYMOUTH ROCK SOLD.

Merry Life on the Old Boat During Jim Fisk's Time.

The famous old steamboat Plymouth Rock, redolent with memories of Colonel Jim Fisk in his palmiest hours, of the great reign of shoddy at Long Branch in 1871, of the famous coaching rivalry of Fisk and Helmbold, of Jay Gould and Black Friday, champagne and oysters, Jarrett and Palmer, and mysterious petits soupers in gilt-edged state rooms, has been sentenced to death. She was sold at auction on September 22 to Butler, Clancy and Co., of Boston, for the sum of \$5,100. They sent Captain Riley, a crack steamboat skipper, and their junior partner, Mr. H. Fitzgerald, here with a crew to take charge of her. This morning at 8 o'clock, in tow of the big tug Cyclops, she will move out to the eastward through Hell Gate, and bid farewell to the Bay of New York forever; for when she reaches Boston she will be broken up and sold for old junk.

She ran fifteen years on the Sound before Colonel James Fisk, Jr., saw her and fell in love with her. It was at the time when Fisk was in his glory as a railroad and steamboat manager and the proprietor of the Grand Opera House. He was also Colonel of the Ninth Regiment at the time he formed the idea of becoming a commodore, and he engaged the regimental band to play on board the steamer. He himself used to appear in her saloon wearing a yachting cap heavily trimmed with gold bullion, a blue reefing jacket with black buttons, and white trousers. Just before reaching the city or Sandy Hook he would disappear into his stateroom and presently emerge clad in his street costume. On the same boat traveled Dr. Helmbold, then full of wealth and ambition for display.

On arriving at the Branch the Doctor was always met by his coach, drawn by six bay horses, and whirled to his splendid mansion in Chelsea avenue. Fisk had three cottages on Ocean avenue, near Bath avenue. He occupied one himself, while the other two were tenanted by several beautiful young women who appeared to be very well acquainted with Fisk. These enchanting creatures used to meet the gallant Colonel at the train, whither they went in a handsome landau with gold trimmings, drawn by bay horses with gold mounted harness. Fisk himself used to ride in an enormous dray drawn by a crossed team of six blacks and grays. He had a coachman and a tiger on the box and two footmen on the rumble behind.

All the wealth and fashion of the Branch, from John Hoey and Charles J. Osborn to old Jeremiah Curtis, the father of Mrs. Winslow's Scolding Syrup, and Russell Sage, the grandfather of puts, calls and straddles, used to travel on the Plymouth Rock in those days; and with the music and the champagne, and the gilt-edged staterooms with spring locks, every trip was a picnic, a manager and a sideshow thrown in. After a checkered career stories got afloat that the vessel was unseaworthy, and Scofield, who then owned her, lost money on her as an excursion boat. Then he built a great platform on top of her, put an awning over it, called her a floating skating rink, and ran her up the Hudson. But she failed to draw, and on November 12, last year, she was put up at auction. Scofield bought her in for \$7,875, and owned her until she was sold last week. Her career has ended, but no boat ever had a merrier life of it.—N. Y. Star, Sept. 29.

## DORMAN B. TALKS OF CLEVELAND.

He Thinks the President Will be Renominated and Re-elected.

(From the New York World.) Dorman B. Eaton, being in town for a few days, consented yesterday to tell a World reporter something about his views on the possibility and probability of Cleveland's renomination in 1888.

"There exists no doubt," he said, "that Cleveland's worst appointments have been brought about by the willful deceit of the politicians of his party. This has, of course, hurt him, but in his position towards Civil Service Reform the best elements of both parties are certainly in his favor. By the time his present term of office has expired two-thirds of the fifteen thousand people who hold office under the Civil Service rules will be Democrats, whose interest it will be to support him. In addition to this, if the Democrats nominated any other man except Cleveland, he would probably be defeated by the Republican vote; whereas if Cleveland is nominated by the Democrats he would not only carry with him the Democratic vote as a matter of policy, but also that of the Independents and many Republicans."

"The motto of the Democrats," said Mr. Eaton, "is 'Better Cleveland for President with such spoils as we can get than a Republican administration and no spoils.' The consular service should come under the Civil Service law. That was a splendid change, too, but it was lost. Succeed? Of course it would succeed. Why, Blaine was in favor of this civil service in the consular service, though I haven't much confidence in Blaine. Yes, sir, whichever way I look at it Cleveland's renomination seems to be a thing of some certainty, but not because his party wants him, for if considered through a private ballot they would doubtless throw him over, but because it is policy to appear favorable to him."

## A Warning Against Bad Writing.

Henry Clay, who was a neat penman, was quite an enthusiast on the subject of plain handwriting and was in the habit of telling a story in point about a Cincinnati groceryman who wanted a lot of cranberries and thought he could get them cheap in a little Kentucky town. To this end he wrote to a customer at the place requesting him to send him one hundred bushels of cranberries per firm of the name of his teamster, Simmons—the name of the party to whom the note was addressed could not make out the word "cranberries" at all, but did conclude that his correspondent did want one hundred bushels of persimmons, which were at once gathered and forwarded, much to the disgust of the Cincinnati man.—Ben. Perley's New Book.

The new Attorney General of Tennessee is George W. Pickle. He is generally regarded as a well preserved man.—Ez. Now let some fellow gherkin a joke about his being mixed up in family jars.

## WOMEN'S NAMES.

A Simple Device by Which Personal Identity May be Retained.

(Charles Dudley Warner in "Their Pilgrimage.") Now, however good a woman's name may be, she is in danger—except, they say, in Massachusetts—of losing it, and commonly in the change she blots out all traces of her former existence and to some extent imitated this in our republic by giving girls two and three names, sometimes a string of very pretty appellations taken out of novels, and especially if the child is poor, will she be rich names. This is all very well so long as the girl remains Clarissa Elvira Euphemia Hoskins; but when it would become Clarissa Elvira Euphemia Hoskins Pond it is too much, and either the surname or some of the baptismal names have to be thrown overboard. All these and many other inconveniences can be avoided and the personal identity of a woman be secured through all changes by a very simple device.

In the first place give the girl in baptism only one name. She will be perfectly content with it. Her lover never requires, never uses, but one of her names, if she has half a dozen. In the height of his tenderness he never says: "Amelia Jane, come to my arms!" He simply extends his arms and cries: "Jane!" In the second place, when the girl marries let her always keep her surname. Thence, whenever we see a woman's name we shall know whether she is married or single; and if she is married, we shall know what her family name is. If she has earned a reputation as a writer or a doctor or an L.L.D., as Mary Brown, she will carry that with her as Mary Brown Johnson; and in all cases there will be spared an indefinite amount of talk and inquiry as to who she was before she was married.

This system is essential to the "cause" of woman. It may be said that it lacks perfection in two respects. We could not tell from the three names whether the bearer of them might not be a widow, and it makes no provision for a second marriage. These are delicate questions. In regard to the first, it is nobody's business to know whether the woman is or is not a widow, unless she chooses to make that fact prominent, and then she has ways enough to emphasize it. And in the second place it does not at all matter what becomes of the name of the first husband. It is the woman's identity that is to be preserved. And she cannot be required to set up mile-stones all along her life.

## WATCHING BIG HEAPS OF MONEY.

The Syst m Was Loose Before, but Now It Is (From the Philadelphia Record.)

Assistant United States Treasurer S. Davis Page has been in actual charge of the Sub-Treasury in this city about three weeks, but during that time he has made many changes in the method of conducting the business of the office. There is stored in the vaults of the office over \$22,000,000, and great care must necessarily be exercised to insure the perfect safety of this large sum of money. After the experts sent from Washington had completed their count of the money in the office Mr. Page stepped in and assumed control. The first day he was surprised to find the clerks and tellers go in and out of the big burglar and fire proof vault and deposit therein trays containing hundreds of thousands of dollars. It occurred to Mr. Page that this was rather a loose way of doing business, as a dishonest clerk could steal a roll of bills or a package of gold from another tray and get an innocent man in trouble. He issued an order that no clerk or teller should enter the vault alone under pain of dismissal. If a clerk has any business in the vault he must call another clerk, and the two must enter together, where the first must transact his business in full sight of the second. Mr. Page also caused the combinations of the big safe to be changed. One combination was given to one teller and the other to another teller, so that both must be present to open the safe. Proper precautions have been taken to cover any exigency that might arise in case of the sudden death or sickness of either of the gentlemen possessing the secret of the combination. But the most important reform is a perfect system of checks upon each of the clerks and tellers. At the close of business each day the redemption clerk and paying, assisting and interest tellers make out a statement of the amount of money received from each and the amount paid out. These are furnished to the book-keeper, who makes out a general statement which proves the correctness of the individual statements. These are at once furnished to Mr. Page, who can tell at a glance if everything is running smoothly and properly in his office, and, at the same time, it gives every assurance to that gentleman of the safety of the many millions entrusted to his care.

## John and His Fight With the Indians.

A number of years ago a Dakota settler who had recently come from Missouri went in a hastily formed company to repel a Sioux outbreak. After a few weeks a neighbor who had also gone returned and informed the man's wife that her husband was dead. "Was he killed during a fight with the Indians?" asked the woman. "There was a little skirmish going on, that was all." "Yes?" "We had retreated to one side of a ravine and the Indians were on the other. He ventured down into the open space and was killed." "Do you mean to tell me that John crawled out of good cover right down where the Indians could see him?" "Yes, ma'am." "I can't believe it, sir; he knew more about Indian fighting than that. I don't believe he would risk his own life that way, even if he knew he could kill an Indian." "Oh, he didn't creep out to kill Indians." "What was it, then?" "Why, when we retreated somebody dropped a bottle of whiskey in the bottom of the ravine, and he went back to get it before the Indians did." "How large was the bottle?" "It was a quart bottle of good old whiskey, and he got most of it drunk before the Indians succeeded in hitting him." "Well, I believe you now. John was an excellent judge of whiskey, and would make almost any sacrifice to get it."—Estelline Dakota Bell.

The marriage write—the certificate.