THE MARLBORO DEMOCRAT

BY S. A. BROWN & Co.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1890.

Published Weekly.

OIL ON THE RAILS.

The Remarkable Manner in Which a Wild Engine Was Stopped.

"Talk about fast time," said a railroad man on the Missouri Pacific train the other day to his companion, "but I have never heard of a trip that would beat one I made myself some years ago, nor of any half so exciting. I formerly lived at Garrett, Ind., the terminus of the central division of the Chicago division of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. I had little to do, and made the railroad yards my loafing headquarters. At that time the "Billy-O" had an arrangement with the Wabash to transfer all New York freight at Auburn junction, nine miles distant, to the east of us. This was done by the old switch engine, the 642, which made the trip to the junction daily.

"Well, one day I climbed aboard a box car when the engine left with a few cars of merchandise to transfer. There were six of us in the party—four yard men, another fellow and myself. We had a jolly time going down, made the transfer and were to come back 'light' that is, with nothing but the engine. We had all crowded on the tender, the signal was given and Gent Potter, the engineer, threw himself forward, pulled at the throttle valve and the engine jumped forward as if shot from a catapult.

"We did not think much of this at the time, as Gent was a fine engineer, and handled the engine to suit his fancy. We went tearing over the railroad crossings and frogs in a manner that was frightful. The tender rocked as if on hinges. Something must be wrong, we thought, as Gent was placing our lives in jeopardy. Climbing over the coal we found the cab full of steam, and Gent and the fireman hanging on the side of the engine.

"'Jump boys,' said they; 'jump, for God's sake! The throttle valve is pulled clear out, and the engine is running wild.'

"To jump would have been instant death. As one of the boys said afterward, the telegraph poles looked like a fine tooth comb. The mile posts flew by with unseemly rapidity. The yard foreman claimed that a mile was covered in thirty-eight seconds, and not one would doubt his word. St. Joe was in sight. Would the track be clear? Only three miles to Garrett, with its network of tracks, switches and spurs! The steam gauge registered ninety pounds. There was no hopes of the engine dying out in five or six minutes. With presence of mind the foreman dashed off a few words:

"'Engine wild; telegraph Garrett to clear track.'

"This he dropped as we passed St. Joe, and the operator, clear to comprehend the situation, sent it to the dispatcher on the east end without a 'call,' as we learned afterward. There was Garrett in sight, with its tall chimneys belching forth smoke; there were the yards filled with freight cars and engines. As we got closer we could see the men hurrying hither and thither. The other yard engine was rushing madly to the west end of the yard. The main track was clear. We passed the depot like a pursued victim. Pale faces watched us in our mad flight. We passed the railroad shops, and hundreds came running to see the cause of the commotion. The engine was in a quiver; the bell was ringing wildly with each sway of the engine the escaping steam whistled as if demented, and fires blazed from the hot boxes. Then we saw something that made us think we were doomed.

"The switch to the coal chute was open, and the long ascent could only end in our destruction. We looked again, saw men working on the track, and then we knew we were saved. What were they doing? Why, bless my soul, friend, those fellows were oiling the track up the chute. We struck the ascent and slid up about 100 feet; and then the old 642 stood still and the wheels flew around; sparks came from beneath them like from an emery wheel. Gradually the engine slid down, the wheels still in the forward motion, and thus the engine died out. We all suffered a severe shock to our nervous systems, but had it not been for the presence of mind of the master mechanic, who ordered the oil poured on the chute track, I might not have been here today."

"And how fast did you go?"

"Well, the first six miles were made in less than five minutes; the last three were made in much slower time, as the steam was exhausting itself rapidly."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

New Trout.

In the last ten years five names have been added to the list of trout known in American lakes and streams. Two new species have been found—the Salvelinus Sunapee of Lake Sunapee, N. H., which was first noticed in 1881, but was not recognized as a new species until 1885, and the "yellow fin trout" (Salmo Mykiss Macdonaldi) of Colorado, which was named as an independent species in 1889. In addition three imported species—the common brown trout of Europe, the German saibling and the Lock Leven trout from Scotland—have found American homes.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Quick Wit.

Andrew Lang says of Americans that they are "almost too good company," and that their enlivening effect upon the "dejected Britons" with whom they are thrown is often very startling. Even among our most animated countrymen, however, conversation is not made such a distinct art as it was with the English wits a century ago.—Youth's Companion.

FREMONT'S CARAVAN PROJECT.

Across the American Desert Before the Iron Track Was Thought Of.

Mrs. M. A. Bingham, widow of the late Gen. Bingham, met Gen. John C. Fremont in Kansas City in the days before the war, and has many incidents to relate of the Pathfinder. One of the most interesting refers to the meeting of Senator Benton and Gen. Fremont in this city forty years ago to discuss the establishment of a caravan route to California.

"I met Gen. Fremont along in the fifties," remarked Mrs. Bingham. "He came here and stopped several days at the famous Gillis house. I remember taking dinner with him. He was regarded as a brave, adventurous, daring spirit. We looked upon him very much as people of today look upon Stanley. At the time Gen. Fremont was in Kansas City planning for a caravan to travel across the great American desert. His right hand man in this project was Lieut. Beale, a civil engineer, educated at West Point. The father-in-law of Gen. Fremont, Senator Benton, was also here, and regarded the caravan scheme with favor. They proposed to import camels from Africa and use them in transporting goods overland along the route known as the Santa Fe trail. The camels were imported at a considerable expense, but the trip was found impracticable. The camels could not stand the climate. It was proposed to winter them in Texas or Southern California, but the project fell through, and the promoters of the scheme lost considerable money.

"I shall never forget," continued Mrs. Bingham, "how one bright sunny morning Gen. Fremont rode away from Kansas City on his way to California, looking every inch a soldier in his handsome uniform and military trappings. Reining his steed to one side, he said laughingly to me; 'When I come back, get your saddle ready and I will give you a ride on one of my camels.' I never had the privilege of taking that ride. Gen. Fremont soon forgot the camel scheme, and went off to new fields. The camel idea seemed perfectly feasible and practicable, but the idea of a Pacific railroad seemed preposterous. While discussing the caravan project Senator Benton said to me: 'You are young, but you will live to see the iron cars start from Kansas City and cross the mountains to the Pacific slope. I am old. I shall never live to see it. But I have confidence in the country, and I believe in the future of the railroad. This little town of 300 inhabitants will yet become one of the great cities of the world.'

"I could not comprehend such a project. I was surprised at its magnitude. Visions of my school days of the great American desert, second only to Sahara in size, the geographies said, came flitting through my brain, and I remarked:

"'But, senator, how about the great American desert? How can they ever cross it?'

"'That is nothing,' he replied. Standing in the moonlight on the portico of the famous old Gillis house, impressive and majestic in manner, the aged senator has seemed to me ever since a prophet. The caravan, which seemed so plausible, a failure—the Pacific road, which seemed so far away, a success. Who can tell what to expect?"—Kansas City Times.

The "Potato Cure."

The removal of foreign bodies from the stomach by the so called potato cure consists in requiring the patient to eat large quantities of potatoes, which have the effect of proportionately dilating the whole intestinal canal, so that the foreign body is enveloped and cannot cling to any part during its passage. Dr. Salzer showed at the clinic of Professor Billroth several foreign bodies which in this way had been removed—one of these being a weight of five and a half drams, which had been swallowed by a child; the second a set of artificial teeth upward of five centimeters long and three centimeters broad, and the third was a needle. Many gastrotomies could be obviated by this method in the case of swallowed foreign bodies.—Exchange.

Diplomacy.

"Papa," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby; we will call her Imogen."

Papa was lost in thought for a few minutes; he did not like the name, but if he opposed it his wife would have her own way.

"That's nice," said he presently. "My first sweetheart was named Imogen, and she will take it as a compliment."

"We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.—Harper's Bazar.

The Dog in Humane Literature.

Every now and then we get a letter from one of those unfortunate people who would be glad to have all the dogs exterminated. To such we would say, you might as well attempt to strike out the gospel of St. John from the New Testament as the songs, stories and pictures of the dog from our humane literature. The world has settled that matter long ago, and through the ages the dog will occupy a high place in the regard and affection of millions of human beings.—Our Dumb Animals.

It Made a Slight Difference.

Jones—I am opposed to working on Sunday. It's wicked.

Tough Citizen—Well, that's not the way you used to talk.

Jones—I know it, but I'm working for the government now.—Texas Siftings.

☞ Statistics show that a large proportion of the children die from what is known as Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cholera Infantum and Dysentery. Humphreys' Specifics Nos. Four, Five and Six are safe and certain.

Have your Job Work done at THE DEMOCRAT Office.

A PREVALENT DISEASE.

Ten Symptoms Peculiar to Churchgoing Members on Wet Sundays.

When preachers hanker for a rest the flock can hardly be condemned for doing likewise. With the mercury traveling above the 90 mark the inducements for churchgoing are hardly as strong as when the temperature is more moderate. And when the regular shepherd is talking in ocean or mountain breezes the part of the flock which by necessity is compelled to stay by the stuff can really find excuses for absence from church when a strange preacher fills the pulpit. What with camp meetings, watering places and hot weather the stay at home preacher meets with slim congregations, as a rule, during dog days.

There are not a few churches in this city of which a large proportion of the membership are absent from the city during the months of July and August. Some churches take advantage of the summer lull to clean and renovate. It has come to be understood that the pastor is to have his rest at this season of the year, and most of the churches stipulate this when the bond is made. In the line of absenteeism from church services the following is suggestive: "The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night; the patient sleeps well and awakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and continues until the services are over for the morning."

Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better and is able to take a walk, talk politics and read the Sunday papers; he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well and wakes Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease till the following Sunday.

The peculiar features of the disease are as follows: 1. It always attacks members of the church. 2. It never makes its appearance except on the Sabbath. 3. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite. 4. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours. 5. It generally attacks the head of the family. 6. No physician is ever called. 7. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul. 8. No remedy is known for it except prayer. 9. Religion is the only antidote. 10. It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to destruction."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Proper Way to Study Europe.

Among the renovating forces of my later years I must name three seasons of European travel and sojourn, each of them when I was in special need of rest and relaxation. I returned each time with the feeling that I had thrown off a full half score of the years reckoned as mine. I was between fifty and sixty years of age when I first went abroad, and I have been glad that I first saw Europe so late in life. What a man gets by foreign travel depends on what he carries with him. He finds answers only to the questions which he is prepared to ask, and the longer he lives the more numerous are the interrogations which he has in his mind to put to and concerning the places and objects that he visits. Then, too, the power of enjoyment as to whatever is grand or beautiful grows, or ought to grow, with one's years, and a lake or mountain, a palace or cathedral, a picture or a statue, is more, means more and tells more to a man of 50 than to a man of 25.—Professor A. P. Peabody in Forum.

Lemon Squeezer.

One of the best lemon squeezers ever invented has just been patented. It is designed especially for hotel keepers, and others whose business includes that of making lemon squashes and similar drinks. It is worked by the foot, and can be operated quickly and easily. It consists of a sliding bracket containing a cup for the lemon and a superlying stud for pressing the same, a glass fitting underneath. Pressure is made by the foot on a treadle, to which is attached an iron rod, the other end of which is connected to the sliding squeezer. Care has been taken in the design to avoid all sharp edges, and the cups are made of the hardest ironstone china, and extra thick to avoid all risk of breakage. The cost is stated to be less than that of the screw presses now in use, and the speed with which the squeezer can be manipulated and its simplicity are excellent recommendations.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Farm Without a Whip.

There is a beautiful farm just back of Ocean Springs, Miss., owned by Mr. Parker Earle, who, very wisely, allows no man on the place to use a whip on any of the stock. It is said that there is but one old whip on the farm, probably a relic of some other owner, but the old whip is not used, and the farm does well and the animals work with a will and never feel the lash. Kindness can run anything, even a farm.—New Orleans Picayune.

Modern Heroes.

"There are just as many heroes and heroines now as in any age before," says a Cleveland paper, "but the opportunities for exhibiting acts of heroism are somewhat scarcer." That's entirely correct, unless a young lady wants to pick up the broom and give her old mother a rest, or a young man dares face a crowd with his pants bagging at the knees.—Detroit Free Press.

AGENTS WANTED.

ONE AGENT IN EACH TOWNship to take orders for the "LIFE OF CHRIST." Good pay guaranteed. Call at my office in Bennettsville.

E. N. ODOM, General Agent, Bennettsville S. C.

A JACKAL TEMPLE.

A Feast Spread and Homage Done to the Animals by Hindoos.

Between six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea in the lower range of the Himalayas, to the north of Bareilly, [illegible] lovely lake and lively hill station of Naini Tal. Besides the usual floating population of visitors there is in this earthly paradise a large military depot, or hall sanitarium, where officers and soldiers whose health has suffered in the hot plains of Oude and Rohilkund are sent up for a change of air. One winter day, having been ordered to march a party down to Bareilly, and after encamping for the day I started out to shoot francolin and hares, which are very plentiful in the neighborhood. Before I started my servant, an intelligent Hindoo of higher caste than usual, begged me to return before sunset, as there was a curious "Tamasha," the general expression in India for any show or spectacle, to be seen near camp.

Half an hour before sunset I returned and asked my servant what the "Tamasha" was. "It is a forest temple, sahib," was the answer. It sounded quaint, so I decided, though rather tired, to go and see. A guide was at hand, and off I started, calling to some of the soldiers to come, too, and cautioning them to be silent and do nothing to offend the natives in any way. After crossing two or three fields we came to a great hedge of bamboos, about 100 yards long and very dense. A narrow and tortuous path pierced this wall, which was about twenty yards thick, and then we found ourselves in an oblong quadrangle of high bamboos, at one end of which stood a little Hindoo temple.

It was a simple, clay built, whitewashed building, the tall peaked roof of straw being supported on a few ol and massive beams, whose projecting ends were quaintly carved. A flight of six or seven broken stone steps led up to the temple, in front of which hung on a little cross bar a beautiful old bronze bell.

On either side of the building a little row of very simply constructed cells or cubicles occupied part of the longer sides of the quadrangle. Before each cell sat a priest, naked, save the waisteloth and sacred Brahman string, and busy with the cooking of chupatties, of a singularly thick and coarse kind.

The setting sun struck shafts of light through the delicate foliage of the topmost bamboo. The priests sat silent and stolid before their fires and cakes, as if ignorant of our presence. Then, as the last rays of the sunset died off the feather[illegible] of the mighty hedge round us, there issued from the temple a man of extreme age, clad in white robes, and closely shaven as to his face and head. It was the chief priest, and he began to toll the bell. Very sweet and sonorous was its note. The whole glade rang with the sound, the bamboo feathers seemed to toss in sympathy, and the now dusky thickets caught up and repeated the solemn tocsin.

Then all the priests arose, as if for vespers, and moved solemnly and in dead silence round the quadrangle, bearing with them their huge chupatties, which they broke up and deposited on stones and old tree trunks and on the steps of the temple. What could it all mean? Just then a rustling sound and a startled exclamation from a soldier behind me made me look down. A jackal, big and plump, brushed past my leg, with an upward curl of his lips and an upward look of surprise and resentment in the red bronze, gleaming eyes! Simultaneously from every lane and passage in the darkling thicket came other jackals, singly and in pairs and even a whole litter together, and filled the space before the temple.

Soon the feast was spread and the head priest ceased to toll the bell, and then every jackal, on a wave of the arm and a shout from the chief priest, trotted, without rivalry or snarling or confusion, to what was evidently his allotted place and feast, seized the cake in his jaws, turned and disappeared through the wood. There was no fondling of the wild animals, no sign of worship of them, no ceremonial, nothing but this silent, business like almonry.

The rite was over, the priestly office performed, and one by one the soldiers moved back to camp. In vain did I fee and question the priests as to the meaning of this bounty. "It had always been so," was the answer—the best argument and the most complete raison d'etre for anything in the east.—London Graphic.

Stanley's Austrian Admirer.

One day an Austrian enthusiast called and sent in a polite note asking Stanley to fix a time when he might bring forty of his compatriots with him, all anxious for the opportunity of shaking him by the hand. This astute gentleman accompanied his request by a very handsomely mounted cigar case as a souvenir. This elegant little present obtained for the persevering stranger a brief interview for himself, but the hand shaking of his forty friends could not possibly be entertained.—Edward Marston in Scribner's.

An Inherited Trait.

Chumley—What did your wife say when you got home last night?

Bumley—Nothing—what did yours?

Chumley—Oh, she was terribly red headed.

Bumley—What for?

Chumley—Born so.—Whiteside Herald.

WANTED!

—:o:—

DRY or Green hides at the following prices:

Green, salted, - - 3 cents.
Green, - - - 2 "
Dry hides, - - 5 to 6 "

Apply at the beef market next to Marlboro Hotel.

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Sept. 24 '90

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WE HAVE just received our full Stock of Ladies' Goods and Notions, and ask the attention of close buyers. We quote a few lines and prices to give our customers some idea of what we can do:

DRESS GOODS, Single width, 5, to 25c per yard.
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LINEN CRASH 6 to 10c
SATEENS 10 to 35c.
DRAPERIES 8 to 10c,
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RIBBONS any price.
HANDKERCHIEFS 3½c up.
GOSSAMERS 50c up to $5.50 each
JOCKEY CAPS, Woolen Hoods, Saques, Tobogans 15c to $1.50.
LADIES Leather Belts 10 to 65c.
CORSETS 25c to $1.50.
RUCHINGS 8c up
LADIES COLLARS 6½c up.
LADIES Straw Hats 25c up to $1.50.
FELTS from 65c up $3.75.
CHILDREN'S Cloaks from $1.25 up to $7.50
LADIES Jackets from $2.50 up to $10.00.
NEW MARKETS $7.50 up to $15 00 for Children, Misses and Ladies
A NICE Line of Ladies Shoes.
UMBRELLAS, Gold Head from $1.00 up.

Thanking our friends for past patronage we respectfully solicit a continuance, pledging to do our best to please.

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TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. S. F. Chapin, President W. C. T. U., says: "The ELECTROPOISE is a panacea for nervousness, brain fatigue and general debility. I feel it a duty to say: try the ELECTROPOISE."

Rev. N. W. Edmunds, Sumter, S. C., says: "Mrs. E. has been using the ELECTROPOISE for malaria for several months, and at present her health is excellent."

W. C. Sibley, Pres. Sibley Mills, Augusta, Ga., says: "I have used the ELECTROPOISE for sciatica, and am one thousand per cent. better. I recommend its use to all similarly affected."

T. J. Hardaway, Charleston, S. C., says: "Three weeks' use of the ELECTROPOISE relieved me of chronic sciatica."

Dr. Wm. N. Hinz, 214 W. 44th St., New York, says: "I have found the ELECTROPOISE a most wonderful curative agent. I would consider my professional skill crippled indeed without it."

Rev. C. N. Morrow, Hawthorne, Fla., says: "Four months' use of the ELECTROPOISE restored me to health from a complication of bronchitis, catarrh, dyspepsia, and torpid liver, with a gain of 40 lbs. in weight."

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Sept. 2, 1889.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that application will made at the next session of the Legislature for a charter for a Railroad from some point on the North Carolina line, near Gibson Station to Bennettsville, S. C., and from said town to Marion Court House by Clio and Little Rock or Blenheim.

August 2—3m.

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—o:o—

Home grown Rust Proof Oats in any quantity for sale by,

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LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
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SPECIFICS.

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done at short notice and by a thorough smith.

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I can also furnish the new buttonhole attachment—something every lady should have.

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Prescriptions Carefully Compounded Day and Night.

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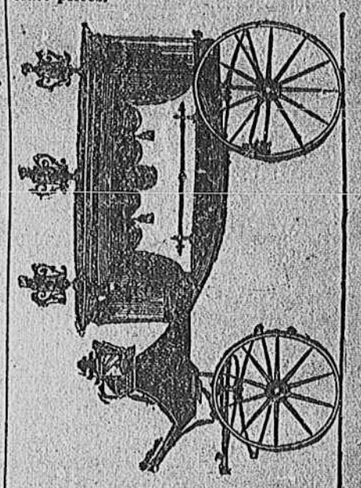

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When not in my shop I can be found at my residence in West Bennettsville, near Wallace Swann's.

Jan. 11, 1888.

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WAGONS AND LOG CARTS

cheaper than ever before, at short notice.

—REPAIRING—

Done in the very best manner, on reasonable terms, for spot cash only.

I Mean Business!

☞ GIVE ME A CALL. ☜

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Februar 5, 1890.

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DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
Marlboro County.

THE partnership heretofore existing between J. N. Gillis and A. D. Pitts has been dissolved by mutual consent. J. N. Gillis has assumed the liabilities of the late firm and settlements must be made with him.

Witness { J. N. GILLIS
Z. B. NEWTON, { A. D. PITTS

Bennettsville, S. C., Sept. 8, 1890.

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