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WORKING MEN IN POLITICS.

A Meeting of Delegates Held in Columbia. A Convention to be Held in March which will Perfect the Organization for an Open and Square Fight Against Class Rule in the South Carolina.

[Special to News and Courier.]

COLUMBIA, January 10.—The Industrial and Wage Workers' Democratic League was organized here to-night on a sensible basis. The committee on constitution and declaration of principles had not been idle during the recess and when the body met it was found that five or six various plans were before the committee. After considerable discussion the paper which was thought to be the freest from objection and the most feasible was adopted, and the Industrial Union goes before the world on its merits. It does not ask for encouragement through prejudice, but reason. It sets forth in unequivocal language, without personalities or abuse, its principles and asks and expects the endorsement of the laboring men of the State.

The organization is not confined to laboring men of any class; that is exactly what it is intended to avoid. Every wage-earner is eligible and desired for membership. The laboring man, who has never been allowed a prominent part in Carolina's politics, is going to take a place. The committee plainly and emphatically expects to have the agricultural laborers cooperate with it, and shows how their interests are identical.

The committee consists of H. A. Williams, J. J. Cummings, John Hoffman, J. M. Brawley, Jas. P. Cahill, T. W. Bohlman, W. S. Martin, L. W. Warren, R. G. Ward and J. Pat Meehan.

On behalf of the laboring men they have been as- to represent them have presented a declaration of purposes as clear as decisive. They have called a convention to approve or reject their plans, and if acceptable to carry out the purposes of organization. The ball has been set in motion, with what success the thinking people of the State can estimate for themselves from the preamble and declaration of principles. Here they are:

Fellow wage workers and sympathizing fellow citizens: Your committee having been appointed to formulate a plan upon the basis of which an organization, capable of correcting the evils of which we complain, might be effected, feel that they cannot do better than to present the plan agreed upon with a few remarks calling attention to the grounds upon which we seek to justify our action.

Speaking of the possibility of opposition to the Iniquitous laws enacted at the recent session of the Legislature, it has been said: "Your head is in the mouth of the Reform lion, and so long as the lion don't close his jaws it is policy to keep quiet and not engage it to crush you; such opposition would engage and embitter the triumphant faction, and you would bring down upon the corporations and towns perhaps stricter laws than those which they seek to escape. It would be political suicide to every ambitious man enlisted on the side of the minority."

In this manner does the "triumphant faction" seek to freeze the manhood in the veins of those who might undertake to oppose its unbalanced course! Thus is the vaunted intellectual civilization of the nineteenth century resolved again into the kingdom of brute force! So has it been decreed that we shall bow down in homage to the edicts of this political Nebuchadnezzar!

But surely the God of Hosts, who delivered Daniel out of the den of lions, will deliver us also, who have the courage to declare our manhood, out of the mouth of this "Reform Lion." How, then, shall the scriptures be fulfilled, if, in the sequel, there be not "weeping and gnashing of teeth?"

Has it not been written that "the zeal of mine house hath eaten me up?" and have they not testified to the zeal of both houses in doing as well as in leaving undone? Witness how salaries have been cut down! Behold the reduction of taxes! Mark how the Rum Trust was defeated! Oh, Prohibition, relentless in pace, for "when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee!" See how "justice to all sides" has been meted out! What matters the might of ten thousand against the might of fifty? "Damn!" Wherefore should corporations and the dwellers in cities and towns object to being legislated "against?" Why should druggists, keepers of hotels, saloons, restaurants and places of public amusement complain because exempt from the burdens of the new "dispensation?" Under such conditions as these is it "policy to keep quiet?" Shall the fear of "embittering the triumphant faction" permit the sword of liberty to rust in its sheath? For the shadows of "political suicide" cause the hand to tremble as it is drawn from its scabbard?

Friends, let us not "strain at gnats and swallow camels"; pious expletives are not issues of vital importance to the people of this State. Let them damn to their hearts' content, so long as they shall not undertake to dam the sacred stream of individual liberty by denying equal rights to all, by granting special privileges to any, or by challenging the right of a judicial appeal, a right which has been to a free people as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It is, however, the violation of not one, but all of these, which causes us to take counsel with each other.

We are in a minority, yet why should

that discourage us? Let us go forth like David, with naught but the stone of honest purpose in our sling, and so shall we have strength to fight against Goliath and his Philistines in defense of the heritage of free men.

We are not and must not become a class. Let us welcome to our councils and our comfort the farmer and the mechanic, the operative and the laborer, for our cause is a common cause. We are a minority of the people of South Carolina, but, like the woman of Macedonia, who appealed to "Philip in his sober senses," we claim the attention and challenge the reason of the majority of our fellow citizens.

Let us begin now to educate ourselves so that we may judge between the wise and the unwise, the evil and the good; for in no other way can we hope to have our efforts crowned with success, conclusive of the integrity of our purposes.

Your committee recommend the organization of an Industrial and Wage Workers' Democratic League, which shall consist of a State league, with subordinate county and district leagues; and, in connection with the State league, the establishment of a bureau of information; and finally, when the objects sought by the organization of the Industrial and Wage Workers' Democratic League shall have been attained, through the enactment of just and equitable laws, in which the rights of every individual citizen, however humble, shall have been duly considered, your committee recommend that we disband, so that we may not become a political machine in the hands of designing men, to the detriment of the interests of this State and its citizens.

Your committee will appoint an organizing committee in each county, with instructions to organize county, municipal, township and ward leagues, and to arrange to send delegates therefrom to a convention to be held in the city of Columbia on the 11th day of March, 1893, for the purpose of electing officers, adopting a plan of organization and ratifying or amending the following draft, submitted as a

DECLARATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE INDUSTRIAL AND WAGE WORKERS' DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE.

The Constitution of the State and of the United States guarantees equal rights to all, and prohibits special privileges to any one of its citizens. It is, therefore, the duty of those who may feel themselves aggrieved through the enactment of unjust laws, the effect of which is to deprive some of their constitutional rights, while bestowing upon others unlawful privileges, to assemble and protest against such unjust, inequitable and unlawful legislation, and to take measures to accomplish its repeal. More especially is this a duty when, from the decision of partisan officials, empowered to execute and enforce such laws, the right of appeal to the Courts is denied; a right wisely guaranteed by the fundamental law of the land, and recognized as one of the cardinal principles of Democracy; a right which experience has proven to be a shield of safety to the weak against the strong, to the few against the many; a right which has been, and which must be, cherished amongst the dearest privileges of a free people.

We condemn the vicious class legislation attempted and enacted by the Legislature at its recent session, and endorsed and approved by the Governor of this State, the pernicious effects of which will be to put to hazard all industries dependent upon corporate capital, to lessen the volume of currency, to increase the cost of credit, and to render uncertain and precarious the occupation of all wage workers within the State.

We denounce the inconsistency of the so-called Reform party, which, proclaiming salaries too large, omits to reduce them; declaring taxes too high, increases them; professing opposition to monopoly, conspires to make the State a monopoly; preaching prohibition; legislates the State itself into a rumrunner.

We declare our principles to be embodied in the simple but sound Democratic doctrine of "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none," and our purpose to repeal and to oppose all legislation inconsistent therewith. We acknowledge agriculture to be the master-wheel of industrial mechanism; but we declare that in the enactment and execution of just and wholesome laws it is essential to consider that the quality and quantity of the product depend upon the harmonious working of the whole machine, and that upon no industry more than agriculture will fall the injurious effects of a departure from this just principle.

We believe the interests of capital and labor to be the same, and we assert that a blow aimed at one will fall upon both, and that legislation directed "against" either will react upon the people of the whole State.

We recognize the propriety of just laws restraining the abuse of rights and privileges granted to individuals or corporations, but we condemn all laws tending, unjustly, to lessen inducement to capital to invest in the development of legitimate industries within the State.

We assert the necessity of maintaining the independence and high standard of the judiciary, and condemn any and all attempts to curtail the one or lower the other of these safeguards to the enjoyment of individual rights.

Adhering strictly to the sound principles of Democracy, living within

their limitations, and believing that "a people is best governed which is least governed," we shall undertake to maintain to the highest standard the financial credit and political dignity of the State.

The signatures to the document are: H. A. Williams, Columbia; J. J. Jennings, Wilmington; Columbia and Augusta Railroad; Sol Hoffman, Florence; J. M. Brawley, Chester; Jas. P. Cahill, J. W. Bohlman, Charleston; W. T. Martin, Columbia; L. W. Warren, Clinton; R. G. Ward, Charleston; J. P. Meehan, J. T. Riddout and J. P. Darby, Columbia.

THE PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

is to make it as general as possible, but to have a membership that can depend on. There is to be an organization in every county and township where possible. Delegates are to be elected to a convention to be held in Columbia on Wednesday, March 15, 1893. The Union expects by that time to have at least a good start, and to then turn the further management over to a more complete and representative organization.

It might be noted that the Union has already a large membership promised without any solicitation. There were some of the committee who favored a secret organization on the order of the Alliance, but it was thought best to have a fair and square contest, with no secrets, as the Union will have nothing to hide or of which it will be afraid to let everyone know. They expect to conduct as honest a fight as is possible under any circumstances.

Death of Senator John E. Kenna.

Senator John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, died in Washington at 3 o'clock yesterday morning after a long illness. His death was not unexpected, for he had been falling steadily since midnight. His illness was heart disease, of which his father had died before him.

Senator Kenna leaves a wife and six children, four boys and two girls. The oldest of the children is about 17, and the youngest boy was just 5 years old yesterday. To-morrow night the remains, escorted by the Congress committee and attended by the members of the family and a few personal friends, will be taken to Charleston, W. Va., the home of the dead senator.

John Edward Kenna was born in Kanawha County, Virginia, now West Virginia, April 10, 1845. He was left fatherless at the age of 8 years, and moved with his mother to Missouri, where he worked on a farm in summer and in winter was employed digging coal. At the age of 15 he enlisted in the Second Missouri Confederate Cavalry, and followed the fortunes of the Confederacy to the end. He was wounded in the shoulder and arm in an engagement between scouting parties, but kept up active service during Gen. Price's retreat from Missouri in 1864, carrying his bruises and bandages in this march with fortitude. At the close of the war he returned to his native Kanawha and was employed in a salt furnace, saving from his earnings enough money to acquire an education. Through the kindness of Bishop Wheelan, of West Virginia, he was admitted to St. Vincent's College at Wheeling, where he finished his studies. In 1868 he studied law in Charleston, W. Va., and was admitted to the bar in June, 1869. He rose rapidly in this profession, and in 1872 was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Kanawha County, and in his four years' service in this capacity he won distinction by his conduct of important cases defended by the ablest lawyers in the State. He was elected to Congress as a Democrat against strong opposition, and entered the House at an extra session in October, 1877, being the youngest man in that body. Here he distinguished himself by his ability and won the admiration of his associates by his speeches on the financial and economic issues. He served four years in the lower branch of Congress, and in 1883 was elected to the Senate and re-elected in 1889, being the youngest member in that body.

Senator Kenna's death is the fourth among the members of the Senate since the Fifty-second Congress was called together a little more than a year ago. First there was Senator Plumb, who died in Washington, Dec. 20, 1891. Then there was Senator Barbour, who died in Washington on March 4, last; Senator Gibson, who died at Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 15, last, and now Senator Kenna.

Why Gen. Butler Erased the Prayer.

[From the Boston Evening Record.] I was sitting in the State House yesterday near the Governor when he took the oath of office. He not only has to take it, but to sign his name in a little leather-bound book, where lots of his predecessors have put their autographs. He called my attention to one page. It was where the solitary signature of "Benj. F. Butler" appears.

In the oath the words, "So help me, God, were stricken out. B. F. did it himself. I asked the reason why. One of the officials standing by told me that Gov. Butler remarked, as he crossed out the words, "The Constitution of this State has no reference to God."

The General, however, himself is a devoted member of the P. E. Church.

To preserve a youthful appearance as long as possible, it is indispensable that the hair should retain its natural color and fallness. There is no preparation so effective as Ayer's Hair Vigor. It prevents baldness, and keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The Story of a Successful Writer and Poet.

[New York Observer.]

The home of Mrs. Preston is the cottage town of Lexington, in Rockbridge County. Before the Revolutionary War a college was founded here, which was afterwards endowed by Washington, and took its name from him, being the first institution of learning called after him.

After the Civil War, when General Robert E. Lee became its President, the name was changed to Washington and Lee University. Here also is the Virginia Military Institute—the West Point of the South—with whose founding Colonel Preston, (the husband of the lady with whom our sketch concerns itself), in his early manhood had everything to do, and where S. C. Jewell, whose first wife was Mrs. Preston's sister, was professor for ten years.

So quiet is Mrs. Preston, so little seeking personal publicity, so successful has she escaped interviewer and newspaper illustrator, there is really little known of her, save the glimpses she gives us of herself in her poems. Though she has so studiously avoided notoriety, saying with Lowell, "We Americans disprive ourselves too much," we hope she will not bar the door against us now if we thus quietly visit her, and learn a little more of her home life and work. She is of right a "literateur," being the daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, who was the founder of Lafayette College, Pa., and who preceded General Lee as president of Washington College.

Lexington has been her home since her early years, and she loves it to no other spot on earth. By her long residence and family ties she has become a thorough Virginian, though she is also a true American, with love deep and strong for the whole country, as her "Colonial Ballads" will show.

In a recently published sketch of a visit to "Beautiful Ellery," the home of Christopher North, she gives us this glimpse of her girlhood tastes:

"When I was a child of a dozen years I used to pore with delight over dear Kit North's 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' and when I grew a little older I often carried in my girlish rambles a volume of his essays with me, and his 'Noctes Ambrosianae' I might well know by heart; so Ellery was a sort of shrine to me, and I came to it with something of a pilgrim's veneration."

Being too devoted a student in her early years, she overtaxed her eyes by night study. A serious illness intervened, which made her sight delicate, so that, although she has never in any degree been blind, and hopes never to be so, yet she has spared her eyes by doing much of her later literary work by means of a typewriter and an amanuensis. It was her English friend, Philip Bourke Marston, who was very much interested in her learning to use the typewriter, and persuaded her to get one. In a sketch of him published just after his death in Lippincott's Magazine, Mrs. Preston says:

"From his writings it would never be gathered that he was blind; nor, indeed, was he willing that in the slightest degree any abatement in the judgment formed of his poems should be made in consequence of his terrible affliction. Nor would he have let it be known, could he have helped it, that he was blind; he was very adverse to having his calamity alluded to, and in both his prose and poetical writings, and in all his letters, he constantly speaks like a man who had clear eyesight." And in this respect Mrs. Preston is like him.

It was a great disappointment to both Mr. Marston and herself that they did not meet when Colonel and Mrs. Preston visited Europe a few years ago, and he writes to her afterwards: "To think that I should have missed you when in London. How can that be forgiven? Yes, five thousand people may pay me visits, but these don't atone for the one I missed."

Of her methods of work, Mrs. Preston writes to a friend: "I have never given myself up to literature as my life-work, being too busy a wife, mother and friend for that luxury—for many years the mistress of too large a household to be able to command the wide margins of leisure that are the makings of a literary life. In the dedication of 'Old Song and New,' in a sonnet's breath, is the account of the way I have always written. The poems that would have utterance were crowded mainly into some little interstice not at the moment filled with other more imperative things."

Since 1858, sorrow has come fast to her; the death of many friends, and above everything, the loss, in July, 1860, of her husband, who had made her life one of ideal happiness, have tried her physical strength, and Christian fortitude to the utmost; and for the last two years her health has been precarious.

Someone has said a poet is many-sided and uses whatever tongue he finds, and Mrs. Preston has many ways to speak "the thoughts that burn."

Her first book was a story, "Silverwood," now out of print. The second, written by the light of "confederate candles," wooden torches, so placed upon the hearth as to illuminate the room, was "Bechenbrook," a fervid rhyme of the war, which though reaching its eighth thousand, and popular all over the South, is little known at the North. Though "Old Song and New" which followed, showed fine culture, the power to see

the picturesque in nature and human life, much depth of domestic and devotional feeling, with unusual vigor of thought and character, Mrs. Preston is better known by her three later volumes: "Cartoons from the Life of the Old Masters, the Life of Legends, and the Life of To-day"; "For Love's Sake," a volume of religious verse; and "Colonial Ballads." No lover of art can afford to be ignorant of her "Cartoons from the Old Masters"—giving as they do such picturesque glimpses of them in studio and chapel—not of her "Childhood of the Old Masters" in her latest book, for Mrs. Preston has a wide range in art.

Her ballads are stirring; her religious poems show a faith so pure, so ardent, so elevating that they are at once a prayer and a benediction; while of her sonnets an English writer has said: "They show great richness and variety of mental culture and vigorous and original treatment, and a knowledge of her work would have made Leigh Hunt happy." In this department she has no American compeer, unless it be Helen Hunt Jackson. Of her ballads she herself says: "One would think I was a regular daughter of the Puritans, when truth to tell I have not a drop of Puritan blood in my veins."

Many of her shorter poems are familiar through the newspapers (though often published without her name, "Nunc Dimittis," "By-and-By," "In-as-Much," "Comforted," "Calling the Angels In," "Before Death," but not "Alpenglow," which will bring both smiles and tears to those who have ever seen such light upon a loved face—though it shines not for them now.

Her Sonnets on Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow and Browning are of the best—and there is nothing finer "Nature's Threnody." Her dirge for Paul Hayne, her loved and his loved friend—

"A murmur sad as from off muffled bells,
Goes faintly sighing through the
shimmering pines,"
and the poem written for the Edgar Allen Poe celebration in New York are worthy of high place.

The little book published by Randolph—a reprint from Harpers—"Aunt Dorothy" is a story partly in dialect. The plantation described belonged to her sister and the sketch is an absolute photograph of the old Virginia life.

"A Handful of Monographs" is a volume of travel sketches abroad, not at all in the usual vein, and most delightful reading both to those who have been, and those who hope to go over the ocean: Her article on Stonehenge and her brother-in-law, in Century in 1888 won high praise both here and in England; and her apostrophe to Washington in the Centennial Ode for Washington and Lee University is fine.

"That name, which like the sun,
Loses no light by all it rests upon,
Which glories with gorgeous Alpen glow
Mount Blanc's stark summits of
eternal snow,
Yet glides the crouching below."

This imperfect sketch of Mrs. Preston can best be closed in her own words: "One day as I was sighing over the fast falling leaves my gay-hearted young niece said to me—'Oh, but think how much more room it gives you to see the beautiful blue sky beyond' and is it not a sweet thought, that as our little joys and pleasures, and earth's many lovely things fade and pass, they open spaces for us through which we may look into the illimitable depths above us. To those who mourn lost treasures, earth is sad, but then how many happy homes and happy hearts there are in it after all, and it becomes us to say with our dear Elizabeth Browning

"Through death and death—
Through fire and frost,
With emptied arm and treasure lost,
We praise Thee while the days go on."

SOPHIA B. GILMAN.

Cleveland's Inauguration Silk Hat.

ROCHESTER, Jan. 11.—Peter Jensen today received a letter from Grover Cleveland, thanking him for his inauguration silk hat, size 7 1/2. Jensen made Cleveland's hat for the same purpose in 1855. On the top lining is the President-elect's fac-simile signature. The hat has a new feature, which may be generally adopted later. Mr. Jensen made inauguration silk hats for Senator Hill and Gov. Flower.

MR. CLEVELAND MUST PAY MCKINLEY RATES.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 11.—Arthur W. Robson, a Custom House broker, received today an invoice of a parcel containing a pair of woolen gloves for Grover Cleveland and a pair of silk stockings for Mrs. Levi P. Morton. The package will arrive on the steamship Rosemore. Mr. Robson does not know who sends these presents, as the notification comes through his London agent, who notified him that freight had been prepaid. The sender, however, failed to pay the duty, and as a result Mr. Cleveland will have to pay at the rate of 40 cents per pound and 60 cents per cent. ad valorem. The wife of the Vice-President will also be expected to pay the prescribed duty on the stockings. Mr. Robson has notified Mr. Cleveland, and now awaits his pleasure in the matter.

"Handsome is that handsome does," and if Hood's Sarsaparilla doesn't do handsomely then nothing does. Have you ever tried it?

SHORT STORIES BY DEPEW.

The Railroad President in His Best Aspect. A Budget of Good Ones from the Gifted Lawyer and Orator.

[New York World.]

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is properly considered the great metropolitan joke writer. So it has come about that whenever the great American republic hungers and thirsts for a sparkling epigram and merry jest it goes to the accommodating foundry and leaves its order. The foundry does the rest. A careful statistician has figured it out that the foundry has been turning out funny stories for thirty years. The average is four a day. So in three decades it has tickled the ears with something like 43,800 stories.

Some people account for Mr. Depew's marvelous fund of stories by the fact that the crowds of daily visitors to the Grand Central station bring grist to the mill, and that, as he has a splendid memory, when he hears a good story he puts it in a mental pigeonhole to be taken out and used at an appropriate time. That is to a certain extent true. Then again many of his stories arise from incidents that happen in the office, on the streets, in the railway train—anywhere. He embellishes them and exaggerates them. Some of the stories are pure and deliberate inventions.

Some are inspirations—humorous fictions concocted while on his feet addressing an assemblage. He invests them with such an air of probability, especially when he lays the scene "up at Peekskill," that men have come to him and said, "I remember firsthand when that happened. I was living next door to the man you tell it of."

"You have a wonderful memory," says Mr. Depew with a grave face. And then perhaps he thinks, "Well, I must stand by one another," and holds his peace.

The first story with which Mr. Depew made a public hit was one he originated when he was a Yale student. Since he first told it, thirty years ago, it has been often repeated, has been appropriated by other people who had no right to it, and has indeed, like many other stories, that he invented, become common property. If it were to be told in public to-morrow it would be pronounced a chestnut and nobody would think of giving credit to its originator and original teller. Mr. Depew placed the scene not in Peekskill, but a flourishing community where the self industry flourishes and the most successful kinds of eelports are regarded with high favor.

Here is the story of the afflicted widow and the consoling eel:

The wife of a fisherman was approached one day by his fellow workers with a statement that her husband had been drowned. Her grief was inconsolable, and her despair was heard through the whole village. She went into convulsions. Next day they came to her again with the somewhat alleviating announcement that the body had been found. "But," they said "it's condition is dreadful." "Well," she said, "tell me the worst." "Well," they said, "madam, he is covered with eels." "Covered with eels?" "Yes, madam; we bated to tell you, but it is true. He is covered with eels." "Well," said the widow, drying her tears, "set him again."

Another story that has gone all over the country is about a spotted coach dog that wouldn't wash.

The husband of a lady in Peekskill got rich in the foundry business, having been previously a moulder. So the wife set up a carriage. Some one told her she ought to have a coach dog; otherwise the establishment would be complete. So she came to a dog fancier in New York and bought a nice spotted coach dog. A week or so afterward she was out one day and got caught in a tremendous rainstorm, which washed all the spots off the dog. In great fury she went back with the dog to the dog merchant and said: "You scoundrel! Why did you cheat me by selling me this dog as a coach dog?"

Said he: "It's all right madam. I did not cheat you. He is a coach dog, but there is an umbrella goes with him, which I forgot."

Here is a story Mr. Depew tells of Georgia:

I went to a hotel in Georgia and said to the clerk, "Where shall I autograph?"

"Autograph?" said the clerk.

"Yes, sign my name, you know."

"Oh, right here." I signed my name in the register. In a little while in came some Georgia crackers. One of them advanced to the desk.

"Will you autograph?" asked the clerk with a smile.

"Certainly," said the Georgia cracker, beaming. "Mine's rye. What's yours, fellow?"

The clerk treated with good grace. Then he leaned back and glared at me. I felt sorry for him and was somewhat conscience stricken. "Too bad," I said. "This is what comes from speaking a foreign language in one's own country."

No. 4 is a story by which Dr. Depew shocked an English duchess. She was one of those insular old ladies who are very anxious to know if all these dreadful things said about America are really so. Mr. Depew took her in to dine.

who have been in the United States, but by Americans who delight in shocking the English people by outrageous stories about Americans. I know of only one state and one town in my country where the divorce laws are so scandalously lax as they describe. That is a small town in Indiana.

"There are two great American railways which have very luxurious trains, fast trains which we call limited expresses. One of these trains passes over the New York Central railway," of which I have the honor to be the president, and the other over the Pennsylvania. It is customary, I believe, one hour before the limited express on the Pennsylvania road reaches that town, for the conductor, or guard as he is called in Britain, to announce that the train will stop half an hour at the next station for those desiring to obtain divorces, and that the court house is at the right of the station and directly across the street.

"So many Americans, I regret to say, avail themselves of this escape from matrimony that the Pennsylvania limited express is never without passengers. Sometimes if the divorce has been mutually agreed upon by husband and wife, they travel together in the greatest luxury and good will imaginable, and where either party intends to marry again, it is, I believe, not uncommon for the new bride elect and bridegroom elect to accompany as a third party the two persons about to obtain their divorce. The court is always in session when the train arrives, so that the petitions may be filed, cases argued and decrees entered well within the limit of half an hour, which the railroad allows.

"A clergyman has his office next door to the courthouse, so that one and sometimes both of the divorced persons may be united to others seeking conjugal happiness immediately after the late marriage has been dissolved, so that at the end of half an hour the Chicago limited resumes its flight west, and the couples who came to be divorced have taken their partners and are already off on their second honeymoon." The duchess threw up her hands in horror and said, "A civilization which permits such outrages as that is simply dreadful!"

At a Yale alumni dinner held shortly after Andrew Carnegie's declaration that a college education did not do a man any good and was a waste of time Mr. Depew remarked:

A college friend of mine, translated from the law to railroading, rescued a bankrupt corporation from ruin and placed it upon a prosperous basis, and then administered its affairs with consummate ability. When he returned many years afterward to his country home, and sat as of old upon the nail keg of the neighborhood gathered about him, and one said, "Is it true that you are getting a salary of more than \$10,000 a year?"

My friend said it was true.

"Well," said this local oracle, "that shows what cheek and circumstances will do for a man."

Eli Perkins attributes the following story to Mr. Depew. He says that he once got to talking to Mr. Depew about the subject of supply and demand. He asked the president of the Central if an instance had ever occurred when the price of an article did not depend on supply and demand. Mr. Depew said:

Well, the other day I stepped up to a German butcher, and out of curiosity asked, "What is the price of sausages?"

"Twenty cents a pound," he said.

"You asked me twenty-five cents this morning," I replied.

"Ya. Dot was when I had some. Now I ain't got none I sell 'em for twenty cents. Dot makes me a reputation for selling cheap, and I don't lose no odds."

"You see I did not want any sausage, and the man did not have any. There was no demand and no supply, and still the price of sausage went down."

This story about Mr. Greeley has been often told, but Mr. Depew was the first to tell it, and he was a witness of the scene.

To interrupt Horace Greeley when he was in the throes of bringing forth an editorial was a danger which no friend, no enemy, none but a fool, dared to encounter. I was once in his editorial sanctum when the fool was there. He was one of those tenacious and persistent gentlemen with a subscription book. He kept presenting it while old Horace was writing away with his pen up his chin. Horace had a habit of kicking when any one would interfere, and so he kicked at the subscription fiend. Finally, when he saw that he could not get rid of the intruder by this means, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, turned around and said raspingly in that shrill voice of his:

"What do you want? State it quick and state it in the fewest possible words."

affected the railroads. All the members and orators were present and a large audience besides. After the orators in favor of the bill had made their arguments I made a long and exhaustive reply in defense of the railway company, feeling ran very high, and my address did not produce much effect. Then I told this story:

A New Bedford whaler had a very tactful and gruff captain, who treated the officers and crew very badly. The mate, who was on the lookout, called "Thar she blows, and thar she breaches." The captain growled, "I don't see no blows and I don't see no breaches." As the mate described the whale more clearly he yelled more confidently, "Thar she blows, and thar she breaches," and received in gruff tones the same answer. The mate being confident of his whale sang out once more with great enthusiasm, and the captain said, "Mate, if you think thar she blows and thar she breaches, you can lower the boat an go for her."

The mate's capture was soon alongside of the ship and tried out eighty barrels of sperm oil. The mollified captain said: "Mate when we get back to New Bedford you will be mentioned in the report. You will get an increase in salary. Maybe you will be promoted and the mate said: "Captin, I do not want no honorable mention, and I don't want no increase of salary, and I don't want no promotion. All I want is common civility, and that of the d—dest commonest kind."

The whole legislature burst into long continued, uncontrollable laughter. The bill was laughed out of the house; it was laughed out of the senate. The story went into every paper in the state, big and little, daily and weekly. It became the amusement of every barroom, and the incentive to a discussion of the railway question in every corner grocery, and the result was the bringing together of the anti-railroad and railroad people by the lowering of the demands on the one side and concessions on the other. Here is a concluding reminiscence:

I presided at the state convention three years ago, and in discussing the political Bourbons who learned nothing and whom experience taught nothing, I said they reminded me of a small boy of Peekskill whom I met wandering among the children's graves in the churchyard eating green apples and singing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." I heard of a delegate at that convention who was at the funeral of his wife a year or so afterward, and who, when the minister gave out that hymn, had the uproarious scene at the convention suddenly burst upon him, and broke out into a laugh. I have been told that my life would be sacrificed if I ever entered his town.

A Trip to Chicago in 1893.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, in the