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DEATH IN THE SKY.

Who that looks upward to the sky In some transparent summer night, When mystic stars are burning bright, When there is nothing wide and high Save what enchants the sight— Who that looks upward to the sky We call eternal, and which seems Quiescent as the flow of streams, Unmarred by bitter death or strife, Ethereal as our dreams— Thinks that within the calm vast- World-nature rolling overhead Some circle which are cold and dead, And spheres which blazed in ages past Are lifeless globes, that shed No glimmer through the lucid air, Yet whirl upon their unseen ways Like ghosts of other skies and days, In hazy shadows lingering darkly where The ancient splendor stays? A radiant earth is but the tomb Where death awaits behind its bars, Hearts torn with many wounds and scars, The sky is an unflashing gloom— A splendor of stars. Harper's Magazine.

Good and Bad Cooking.

House-keepers or cooks do a vast amount of mischief by the perversion of taste, and the subsequent derangement of the stomach. Making sour bread is one of their most common sins. Many do not know when bread is sour, and supply it with a distinct acid flavor, believing that it is very "nice," because it is so very light. They suppose bread is sour only because of the vicious fermentation which has changed to the acetic. Bread is sour as soon as it tastes at all sour. This may go on increasing, but to the best bread-maker the least acid flavor is a source of grief. Really good bread is positively sweet, and will be just as light and spongy as the nicest sour bread, if good material and proper care are used. In families where the taste is perverted by sour bread, other abominations are usually tolerated—biscuits tasting either of excess of soda, or of bitter buttermilk; vegetable-seasoned with bad butter, pecked strongly flavored with lard or tallow; cake tasting of rancid butter, etc. Along with this diet naturally goes a deal of spicing to cover the bad flavors, or much washing down with hot, strongly seasoned coffee or tea. Sour bread is never good in any and children prefer to lunch on pie or cake, rather than on sour bread and milk or butter. The whole family eat as little bread as possible, and the butcher's bill is very heavy—and they call all this "good living." Just consider the empty bottles labelled "Bitters" or "Blood Purifier," that lie around the house, where sour bread and "good living" (as generally understood), either or both hold sway! The plainest food can be made to taste very good simply by selecting, preparing, and preserving it. Those who eat food selected and prepared with chief reference to its nourishing qualities, eating moderately to gratify a natural appetite, instead of a morbid craving, really enjoy eating more than the gourmand or glutton, whose chief pleasure is in eating, and who must have everything fixed up "good," with condiments or hot sauces, and washed down with stimulants. He becomes incapable of detecting and appreciating delicate flavors, and so wears out the sense of taste, that it is hard work to find anything that he can relish; while a dish of good bread and good unskimmed milk, seems very delicious to people with undepressed appetites. Recently I heard a little girl who does not like bread and milk, say of a piece of bread and butter, that "no cake could taste better!" The bread was made of good whole wheat flour, stirred up with nothing but water, and baked in gem tins. It was spread with my own butter, and I think any one to be puffed who would not like the taste of such gems and such butter. Through chewing adds to the pleasure of the sense of taste, this taste resides in the tongue, and in the soft palate and its arches. One common way of abusing the sense of taste is, by eating fast with very little chewing, so that the food is not retained in the mouth long enough to give the nerves of taste a chance to fairly taste the quality of the food eaten. But for this rapid eating, and washing down with agreeably flavored drinks, much that is usually eaten would be rejected as either bitter or tasteless. American Agriculturist.

Origin of 'Bogus.'

The State of Georgia has made a curious and suggestive contribution to the vocabulary of the English language. Webster's dictionary gives the definition of the word "bogus"—spurious: a cant term, originally applied to counterfeit coin, and hence denoting anything counterfeit.—(American.) The word is of Georgia origin. William A. Bogus was a Georgia land lottery commissioner years ago, caught in rascality in connection with his office. He was an issue of fraudulent land rights. It was curious that this obscure Georgia scamp should have furnished our vernacular with a genuine name for every-day use. The State presented a business-like appearance. Lively little towns seemed to be as thick as hops, and every one appeared to be as busy as a bee. Along the coast were seen colliers, coke ovens, gasworks and rolling mills. On the 16th of May, at 1 o'clock p. m., we landed at Pittsburg. After remaining there for fifteen minutes we proceeded on our journey again, and in two hours we were walking the streets of our "own" town. As I have already written in "Elegant Facilities," I must draw this episode to a close, with a promise that I will soon bring my arduous duties as chief leader of the party to a close. I will, from time to time, inform your readers of the doings in this forsaken country. Till then, adieu. Robt. Yat.

Corn Beer.

Ingredients: One gallon of warm water, one pint of New Orleans syrup, or good molasses, one pint of boiled corn, half a pint of good hop yeast, tablespoonful of ground ginger. Boil the corn until soft, but not till the husk cracks; put all the ingredients in a jug together, shake it, set it away and in warm weather, it will be fit for use in a few hours, in cold weather it will take it one or two days to ferment. Syrup is better than molasses, it is easier to ferment. The same corn will answer for several weeks. It is best to have two jugs and fill one every night; then you can have good beer all the while without waiting for it to ferment. This is a splendid drink, and very wholesome, also very cheap.

That Bad Boy.

"There, you drop that," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came limping in the store and began to fumble around a box of strawberries. "I have never kicked at your eating my cod-fish, and crackers and cheese, and herring, and apples, but there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, and I make it at strawberries at six shillings a box, and only two layers in a box. I only bought one box, hoping some plumber or gas man would come along and buy it, and by gum, every body that has been in the store has sampled a strawberry out of that box, shivered as though it was sour, and gone off without asking the price." And the grocery man looked mad, took a hatchet and knocked in the head of a barrel of apples, and said, "there, help yourself to dried apples."

Convict Labor vs. Free Labor.

The question of bringing convict labor in competition with free labor is now receiving a good deal of attention in all the States, and not from the working classes only, but from all right thinking and fair minded men. When a person is sent to the penitentiary it is for a crime committed, and an effort made to improve his moral condition. Now, is it right for a State to bring the labor of its convicts in competition with free labor? Justice would say, no! It is true, the institution should be, and can be, made self-supporting; but it can be done without resorting to the present system of management adopted by the penitentiary officials.

A convict can be hired for less money and be made to do more work in a day (working them from twelve to fifteen hours each day) than can consistently be expected of a free laborer. The product of the convict's labor, therefore can be sold in the market at a lower price than that of the free laborer, thus receiving a preference over the work from free labor, and forcing the price of free labor down, in order that the employer of free labor may be able to compete in his prices with the employer of convicts. The free laborer has himself and his family, probably five persons in all, to support with his labor, while the convict is to support himself alone, the larger part of the profit from his labor going to the contractor; hence the State is virtually compelling its well-behaved citizens to work for lower wages than just justice should demand, or quit their occupation and go to something else, thus discriminating in favor of the criminal while the State itself is not in reality much the gainer.

Again we would ask the penitentiary established for the purpose of bringing in a revenue to the State? Not at all. It is for punishing criminals, and as long as it can be made self-supporting without bringing their work in competition with free labor it should be done. We have highways, bridges, canals, etc., that need repairs, and for which repairs money has to be paid out of the public treasury; why not then put these criminals at work at repairs and save that money to the State, and at the same time remove this competition with free labor? We mean to say that public work should be done by public servants, especially when these servants cost the State nothing but their keep.

We have no doubt but that there will arise up a number of persons to oppose any scheme that may be proposed for stopping this competition of convict labor, but these persons are the interested ones who reap the profit of the convict labor. The answer to labor done by public servants, especially when these servants cost the State nothing but their keep, is that there will arise up a number of persons to oppose any scheme that may be proposed for stopping this competition of convict labor, but these persons are the interested ones who reap the profit of the convict labor. The answer to labor done by public servants, especially when these servants cost the State nothing but their keep, is that there will arise up a number of persons to oppose any scheme that may be proposed for stopping this competition of convict labor, but these persons are the interested ones who reap the profit of the convict labor.

Aiken's Views.

Hon. D. Wyatt Aiken made a characteristic speech in Greenville lately. It was in the interest of the Greenville Fair and at the exhibition of Jersey cattle in that city. He advocated hog raising, and the repeal of the lien law. He condemned the change in the usury law, stating that the change had increased the value of money from seven to ten per cent. The Legislature might just as well have fixed the price of bacon as of money which was not a commodity. The management of the penitentiary was improper. Instead of letting out the convicts to railroads they were putting them to work for Northern capitalists inside the walls, competing with honest labor. The convict who was sent to the penitentiary for burglary was taught how to make shoes and stockings; when his time was out he was an expert mechanic and competed with the honest mechanic. That ex-convict was without character or morals, yet he became the competitor with upright men. He loses his morals, and ought not to compete with mechanics. It had not been two days since he had read an article in the News in reference to the public roads. This was where the convicts ought to be cracking stones; then we would soon have McAdams' roads all over the State. There was no greater force in existence than the present road system. He also opposed the exemption of factories from taxation.

A Street Car Scene.

An amusing incident occurred on a street-car the other day. A woman of fifty made up to look about twenty-five years old, got aboard at a crossing to find every seat occupied. She stood for a moment, and then selecting a poorly dressed man, about forty-five years of age, she observed: "Are there no gentlemen in this car?" "Indeed, I dunno," he replied as he looked up and down. "If there are, and you are going clear through, I'll hunt up one for you at the end of the line."

There was an embarrassing silence for a moment, and then a light broke in on him all of a sudden, and he arose and said: "You can have this seat, madam. I am allus willing to stand up and give my seat to anybody older than myself!" That decided her. She gave him a look which he will not forget to his dying day, and grabbing the strap, she refused to sit down, even when fifty seats had become vacant.—New York Herald.

That Bad Boy.

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"O, I don't want your strawberries or dried apples," said the boy as he leaned against a show case and looked at a bar of red transparent soap. "I was only trying to fool you. Say, that bar of soap is old enough to vote. I remember seeing it in the show case when I was about a year old, and pa came in here with me and held me up to the show case to look at that tin tobacco-box, and that round zinc looking glass, and the yellow wooden pocket comb, and the soap looks just the same, only a little faded. If you would wash yourself once in a while your soap wouldn't dry up on your hands, and the boy sat down on the chair without any back, feeling that he was even with the grocery man.

You never mind the soap. It is paid for, and that is more than your father can say about the soap that has been used in his house the past month," said the grocery man, as he split up a box to kindle the fire with. "But we won't quarrel. What was I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them to lunch?" "Don't let that out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands that goes about town playing tunes, for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard we had a baby at the house, had hired a band and was coming in a few minutes to serenade him, and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighbors to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted to have some music, and they didn't care for expense, so they quit blowing where they was and come right along. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to go and take a drink when he is invited. My chum stole the band to our house and got them to play "Babies in our Block," and "Baby Mine," and I stopped all the men who were going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and the Prussians were emptying the beer out of their horns, and puffed out on the porch, there was more than a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dition to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat and struck an attitude. He looked like a congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared, 'cause they thought he was mad, and some of them were going to run, thinking he was going to throw pieces of a brick house at them, but my chum and the leader kept them. Then pa called in. He commenced, "Fellow Citizens," and then went way back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa, 'cause I knew how he would feel when he came to find out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English, looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally pa wound up by stating that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then he invited the band, and the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen them. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Est? Well I should smile. They just reached for things, and talked like John Bull. Drink? Oh, no, I had guessed a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bubbled in it, though they had a fair inside. Pa tried to talk with them about the baby, but they couldn't understand, and the leader got full and started out, and the leader asked pa for the dollars, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentlemen who got up the serenade had paid for the music, and the leader pointed to me and said, "I was the gentleman who got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eye, and me and my chum got out and the Bohemians came down the street blind-fold, with their horns on their heads, and they were talking Bohemian for all that was out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to play, but you couldn't hear what time it was, they were so full, and a policeman came along and drove in a horse, and me and my chum and the band were stable tonight, and my pa is still responsible when anybody asks him three dollars, besides the champagne."

His Distress Signal.

A colored man was busily engaged in sawing wood for Col. Powis when the latter observed that the bosom of the man and brother was adorned by an Odd Fellows' breast-pin. Do the white Odd Fellows and the colored Odd Fellows in Austin still are? "Don't flayate wuf a cuss, but dey helps each other out." "Well, that's the same thing, ain't it?" "No sar, hit's not de same ting." "What's de difference?" The colored man stopped sawing wood and made the following explanation: "Last week when dat northern was freezing the marrow in yer bones, I went into der saloon of a white man what-fores G's very same oblong. I was in distress, and dere, as I had a bad dram dat morning; so I gib him de signal of distress." "Did he respond?" "He didn't gib de proper response. De proper response would had been to had rubbed his left ear wid his right hand, and to hab set de bottle." "Then he did not respond correctly?" "No, sar; he made a action at de doah wid one hand, and reached under de bar wid de other. I made de Odd Fellows' signal of distress once moah, and den samun had hit me on de head and knocked me clean out inter de street." His was the bang-starter. Dey don't flayate, but dey helps each other out later de street wid de bang-starter, but dey gib no help to buy garden seeds at Dr. DeLorain's when times is hard an' finances skeere."

Layering the Grape Vine.

Some of the hard-wooded varieties of the grape are propagated from cuttings with so much difficulty that nurserymen resort to layering. Amateurs who wish to propagate only a few vines, will find layering a desirable method even with those that grow readily from cuttings, as it will give them much stronger plants than can be produced in the same time in any other manner. Layering is done with the ripe wood—the canes of last season's growth, and with the new shoots of the current season. The time for operating with the ripe wood layers may be made as soon as the shoots have become sufficiently strong to be handled without breaking. The shoots at first are exceedingly tender and readily snap off at the joints." About midsummer, when they have become more woody, bend down a shoot in such a manner as to allow a portion of it to be laid in a small trench and covered with five or six inches of soil. Remove the leaves from the part to be buried, and tie the above-ground end to a stake. To keep the soil over the buried portion moist, cover it with a mulch of some kind. A flat stone laid upon the surface at this point serves to prevent evaporation and at the same time helps hold the shoot in place. Most varieties treated in this manner will be abundantly supplied with roots by the end of the season of growth, and may then be transplanted to the place they are to occupy.—American Agriculturist for January.

Arp's Reflections.

Haden't we better go a little slow about this tariff business? I'm afraid it's a tricky horse or mule that bucks his rider or a gun that kicks backwards. What we all want to do, you know, is to get into office and run the government, and capture the treasury, and grow fat on the spoils, and incidentally save the nation. We Democrats want revenue, and we want protection, and if anybody knows which is the best way to secure these great blessings, why of course I'm for that way, but I am getting powerful doubts about the horse. The tariff has always been an unpopular thing with the people—sorter like death and taxes—everybody tries to postpone the one and dodge the other. The very name of it sounds like an oppression, while free trade carries with it an idea of liberty and equal rights to all. History says that a long time ago a barbarian, whose name was Tariffa, came over from Africa and settled on the bluff by the straits of Gibraltar, and he made every body that passed pay toll on everything he carried, and he and his clan got rich off of these spoils, and after awhile these tolls were called the tariff, and all such exactions from the trading people have had that name to this day and it is looked upon as a barbarian business. Nevertheless all civilized governments have a tariff for revenue, and our people have lived under this sort of machinery for over a hundred years and I reckon we can continue to live under it. What I'm dubious about is the propriety of our Southern people raising much of a rumpus against a little protection just at this particular time. We are trying to encourage manufactures and manufacturer-need protection, and they can't live without it.

Arp's Reflections.

Foreigners can deliver pig iron in our ports at seven dollars a ton, and we can't make it at home for less than twelve dollars. It is all stuff about our iron men at Birmingham making it at nine dollars. They never have done it and they never will while they pay fair, living wages to the workmen. But suppose that Birmingham can make it at that, no other place can, and we must take the average. Georgia and Alabama and Tennessee have got millions invested in that business, and we don't want to cripple our own people. If they are making too much and are getting bloated, let us take off a little protection—but do it by degrees—regulate 'em like we regulate the railroads, but don't cripple 'em for there are thousands of poor families dependent upon these iron works. Farming don't pay a poor farmer on poor land, and farming wants protection more than anything, but I don't see how it is to get it, and because it don't pay any better, our poor people have to work in their iron business. I don't believe the average farmer gets more than fifty cents a day for his labor. There are thousands of them who don't get the half of it. I heard a Talladega man say the other day that farm labor was the poorest paid labor in north Alabama and would not average more than thirty cents to the hand. He didn't mean hirelings, but meant the farmer who worked for himself on his own land or on rented land. The papers make much ado over Mr. Furman's success, and a few others, and over truck farming, and peach growing, which is all very well and very encouraging, and hopeful, but the average farmer has no such advantages. Joe Brown pays his niggers a dollar a day to dig ore in his mines. Railroads pay about the same, car builders and foundries pay it, but the farmer can't do it. He can't pay more than the half of it and come out even; and he wouldn't get any hands at all if the darkeys didn't have families and wanted to work where their children could help 'em. Farming is a slow way to make money, but then there is a law of compensation about everything in this life, and farming has its blessings that other pursuits do not have. The farmer belongs to nobody. He is the freest man upon earth and the most independent. He has more latitude and longitude. He has a house in the country with plenty of pure air and good water. If he makes but little in the field, he has no occasion to spend but little. He can raise his own hogs, and sheep, and cattle and chickens. His wood costs nothing and the luxury of big back logs and blazing fires in open fire places all winter long, is something that city people long for, but cannot afford. My own farm cost me seven thousand dollars. I have 120 acres of open land in good condition, and it yields me on an average about five dollars an acre over all expenses. Say nine per cent upon the investment. Well, that is mighty little, considering my own labor and supervision. I've seen the time when I made five times as much without any capital except my head. But then we have to keep a pair of horses to ride around and they have to be fed from the farm.

Arp's Reflections.

There are little leaks all round, but still we are happier on the farm than we were in the town and feel more secure from the ill-effects. We fear no pestilence or disease, no burglars or thieves. We lock no doors, and Mrs. Arp has quit looking under the bed for a man. I love to hear the church ladies splashing in the gutter milk. I love to hear the roosters crow and the peacock holler, and see martins sailing around the martin boards, and chat about the growing crops. I love to take the children with me to the water mill and fish below the dam and the roar of falling waters, or paddle around the pond in an old leaky bateau. I love to wander through the woods and glades and wear old clothes that can't get no older or dirtier and get caught in a shower of rain if I want to. Old man Horace remarked about two thousand years ago that the town was the best place for a rich man to live in, and the country was the best place for a poor man to die in, and inasmuch as riches were uncertain and death was sure, it becomes a prudent man to move to the country as soon as he can get there. Farmers have their ups and downs of course, but they don't collapse and burst up like tradesmen. They don't go down under a panic. Ten years ago nearly all the iron men broke or suspended, and they are on the lookout now for another squall, and I don't want the squall to come from anything our party will do when we get in the government wagon and begin to pull the reins over the dashboard. Let us go slow and let everybody get down easy. I do not think it is good policy for our newspapers to say very much on the tariff question. Touch it up tenderly, handle it gingerly, for it is a dangerous old gun, and kicks awfully when overloaded. They might shoot a blank cartridge or burst a cap occasionally, but we must all be careful or the Democratic log will split into pieces in this tariff business. There are some cracks in it now. Let us say to the country that the tariff is now very unequal and unsatisfactory, and we intend to make it all right and do everybody justice; but don't go into details—make no specifications, but generalize—votes are what we want—votes enough to elect. Let the newspapers go slow, but let our candidates promise everything to everybody. General Forney must promise protection to iron in north Alabama, and General Somebody must promise to have everything free somewhere else. Fit the promise to the people and when we all get into office we can harmonize on the spoils. I wonder what will become of these office holders when 'we us' get in next year. I'm getting sorry for 'em in advance for I don't know what they will do for a living. They have held office so long they are not fit for any other business and I am afraid they will perish to death or fall on the County. But then I reckon they will pick up some little something and put it away before we turn 'em out. I reckon they will. BILL ARR.

Arp's Reflections.

Editor Watchman and Southron: At midnight on the 10th of May, we left Sumner en route for Pittsburg, Pa. The night was clear and cool. Nearly every object could be distinctly observed in the moonlight. Some seven months ago, when the large comet of '82 looked down upon us, I passed over the same route, and the country presented the same general aspect, when viewed by moonlight, as it did at that time in the misty gray of early morn.

Arp's Reflections.

At 1.35 a. m., we arrived at Florence, at which place we changed cars for Wilmington, and at an early hour we rolled into the latter city, where thirty minutes were allowed us for refreshments. After changing cars at Wilmington we were soon wending our way, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, towards Washington City. On the way we crossed over rivers and swamps; passed through forests, towns and villages; and all along the route we could see the busy agriculturist at work in his field. Here and there some fine fields of oats, corn and cotton, but none of them compared with those in the vicinity of Sumner.

Arp's Reflections.

At almost every station the train was infested with strawberry vandals. Near Weldon, N. C., I noticed a large field of strawberries, in which, upon appearance, there were from 75 to 100 persons engaged in picking the juicy berry.

Arp's Reflections.

The scenery along the route was rather monotonous until we came in the vicinity of Richmond, where it was more beautiful and elevated. The city, with its mills and factories, good market, and healthy location, offers great inducements to any who wish to settle in the South, either for business or pleasure.

Arp's Reflections.

Shortly after leaving Sumner, I met with a man coming from New York, and, as our subject was the same, we remained together. We reached Washington at 9.30 p. m., and after obtaining a room at the... and House were soon wrapped in slumber. It was not a great while before we set about in visiting the different places of interest. The first place of any note, was the Conservatory, where we spent a very pleasant hour. Next we visited the National Museum; then the Bureau of Engraving, at which place we witnessed the making of the "Mighty Dollar." Judging from the speed with which they are turned out, we think Uncle Sam has an easier time in making money than most of his nephews. After calling at the White House, and several other places of more or less note, we wended our way to the Capitol building, and there we spent the remainder of the time at our disposal in exploring the various parts of the building and the surrounding park.

Arp's Reflections.

At 9.55 we boarded the northern-bound train at the Baltimore and Ohio Depot, in a few moments were rapidly advancing to the city of the North. After a short run we had Baltimore, where my companion left me to pursue my journey alone. At an early hour the next morning we arrived at Altoona, where we remained a few minutes for breakfast. From this point until we crossed the mountains, the scene was one of unvarnished beauty. High and heavily wooded hills towered on every side, and the numerous mountain streams added a wild grandeur to the scenery. It was indeed, a rare treat to gaze upon the beautiful scenery, and breathe the pure, morning air of the mountains. The highest elevation reached, was about 1,200 feet.

Arp's Reflections.

As we neared Pittsburg, the country presented a business-like appearance. Lively little towns seemed to be as thick as hops, and every one appeared to be as busy as a bee. Along the coast were seen colliers, coke ovens, gasworks and rolling mills. On the 16th of May, at 1 o'clock p. m., we landed at Pittsburg. After remaining there for fifteen minutes we proceeded on our journey again, and in two hours we were walking the streets of our "own" town. As I have already written in "Elegant Facilities," I must draw this episode to a close, with a promise that I will soon bring my arduous duties as chief leader of the party to a close. I will, from time to time, inform your readers of the doings in this forsaken country. Till then, adieu. Robt. Yat.

Arp's Reflections.

A small boy of four summers was riding on a hobby horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's back. After a reflective pause, he said; "I think one of us gets off. I could ride better!"

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Shortly after leaving Sumner, I met with a man coming from New York, and, as our subject was the same, we remained together. We reached Washington at 9.30 p. m., and after obtaining a room at the... and House were soon wrapped in slumber. It was not a great while before we set about in visiting the different places of interest. The first place of any note, was the Conservatory, where we spent a very pleasant hour. Next we visited the National Museum; then the Bureau of Engraving, at which place we witnessed the making of the "Mighty Dollar." Judging from the speed with which they are turned out, we think Uncle Sam has an easier time in making money than most of his nephews. After calling at the White House, and several other places of more or less note, we wended our way to the Capitol building, and there we spent the remainder of the time at our disposal in exploring the various parts of the building and the surrounding park.

Arp's Reflections.

At 9.55 we boarded the northern-bound train at the Baltimore and Ohio Depot, in a few moments were rapidly advancing to the city of the North. After a short run we had Baltimore, where my companion left me to pursue my journey alone. At an early hour the next morning we arrived at Altoona, where we remained a few minutes for breakfast. From this point until we crossed the mountains, the scene was one of unvarnished beauty. High and heavily wooded hills towered on every side, and the numerous mountain streams added a wild grandeur to the scenery. It was indeed, a rare treat to gaze upon the beautiful scenery, and breathe the pure, morning air of the mountains. The highest elevation reached, was about 1,200 feet.

Arp's Reflections.

As we neared Pittsburg, the country presented a business-like appearance. Lively little towns seemed to be as thick as hops, and every one appeared to be as busy as a bee. Along the coast were seen colliers, coke ovens, gasworks and rolling mills. On the 16th of May, at 1 o'clock p. m., we landed at Pittsburg. After remaining there for fifteen minutes we proceeded on our journey again, and in two hours we were walking the streets of our "own" town. As I have already written in "Elegant Facilities," I must draw this episode to a close, with a promise that I will soon bring my arduous duties as chief leader of the party to a close. I will, from time to time, inform your readers of the doings in this forsaken country. Till then, adieu. Robt. Yat.

Arp's Reflections.

A small boy of four summers was riding on a hobby horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's back. After a reflective pause, he said; "I think one of us gets off. I could ride better!"

Arp's Reflections.

Editor Watchman and Southron: At midnight on the 10th of May, we left Sumner en route for Pittsburg, Pa. The night was clear and cool. Nearly every object could be distinctly observed in the moonlight. Some seven months ago, when the large comet of '82 looked down upon us, I passed over the same route, and the country presented the same general aspect, when viewed by moonlight, as it did at that time in the misty gray of early morn.

Arp's Reflections.

At 1.35 a. m., we arrived at Florence, at which place we changed cars for Wilmington, and at an early hour we rolled into the latter city, where thirty minutes were allowed us for refreshments. After changing cars at Wilmington we were soon wending our way, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, towards Washington City. On the way we crossed over rivers and swamps; passed through forests, towns and villages; and all along the route we could see the busy agriculturist at work in his field. Here and there some fine fields of oats, corn and cotton, but none of them compared with those in the vicinity of Sumner.

Arp's Reflections.

At almost every station the train was infested with strawberry vandals. Near Weldon, N. C., I noticed a large field of strawberries, in which, upon appearance, there were from 75 to 100 persons engaged in picking the juicy berry.

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