THE WATCHMAN AND SOUTHRON, MARCH 28, 1894.

The Watchman and Southron.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1894.

IT RAINS.

It rains. And the leaves fall thick and fast, As the boughs are bent in the autumn blast; The sparrows hover 'neath sheltering eaves, And the voice of the wind is like one who grieves.

It rains.

It rains. And the team goes not afield To seed the earth for another yield; The farmer sits by the kitchen fire And smokes his pipe to soothe his ire. It rains.

It rains.

And the fire burns cheerful and bright, And the heart of the mother is happy tonight, And she smiles as the lamplight shimmers o'er Her babes at play with their toys on the floor. It rains.

It rains.

And with voice with emotion choked, An what there will enoted to be the source of the source o

It rains. And the sailor's wife is sad, As the wind shricks by like a demon mad, And a prayer ascends to the great white throne, "Oh, Father, leave me not alone!" It rains.

It rains.

And the tall trees sadly wave Their drenched boughs o'er a new made grave, And the grief stricken hearts burst forth again, As they think of the loved one out in the rain. It rains. -A. Willis Lightbourn.

AN UNLUCKY DEPUTATION.

The Villagers Followed the Lead of the Mayor With Ludicrous Consequences.

On one occasion, while on a journey through Italy, the pope halted at a small village, the inhabitants of which resolved to send some of their principal men as a deputation to his holiness. The mayor, who was to head the deputation, proposed to present him with some of the chief produce of the country, consisting of pineapples, figs and cream. It was accordingly arranged that each member should carry some figs and cream in silver basins, the pineapples, however, being dispensed with.

Before setting out the mayor thus addressed his followers: "As you do not know very well how to conduct yourselves before exalted personages, you must watch me closely and do as I do."

The procession was formed, with the mayor stalking majestically in front, furnished, like his followers, with a basin of figs in his left hand and another of cream in his right. There was a step down into the room, but the mayor failed to notice it. He stumbled, and the shock sent his face and beard into the cream basin. Trying to recover himself, he only made matters worse, for he fell upon his knees, with his hands and basin under him, and his creamed face raised imploringly to the holy father.

The members of the deputation, think-

Anecdote of General Polk. A good story is told of Bishop (then lieutenant-general) Polk of the Coufederate army and another general, whom we will call "Blank," who now resides in Alabama :

During the Georgia campaign, and not long before General Polk was killed at Pine Mountain, he requested General Blank to accompany him to a hill in front of the lines which commanded and excellent view of the position of the opposing Federal forces. The figures of the two officers, outlined upon the sky as they stood upon this eminence, offered a tempting mark for some Federal gunners, and in a few moments both lay on the ground, stunned and senseless from the effect of Federal shells. The fortunes of war had brought together a most distinguished churchman, and one of the bravest and most trusted of Forrest's officers. The latter, however, was not at the time noted for extreme piety, but was rather given to the use of vigorous language and forcible expletives, which fact the good bishop knew and regretted; he also knew that his present companion was one of the very best and bravest men in the Confederate service.

The two officers lay stunned for several minutes. General Blank was the first to recover. Looking about him in a dazed way he soon discovered the burly form of his companion, who was breathing heavily, but evidently coming around alright. In a few moments he heard General Polk mutter: "O Lord ! where am I, where am 1?"

General Blank, keenly alive to a sense of grim humor, whispered gent-

"In hell, general."

"Impossible," murmured the semiconscious Polk. "Who is it that tells me so ?"

"It is I-General Blank," solemply responded that practical joker.

"O Lord," groaned the good bishop, 'have mercy on me ! If Blank is here I know it must be true !"

Rich men in Chicago, like Armour and others, pay taxes on a few thousand dollars. They are worth many millions each. Still the foolish people in the North oppose an income tax. If such a tax was levied like the one before the Congress, the Platocrats would have to disgorge and pay at least a part of what they should pay in taxes for the great protection they receive in life, liberty and property. Here are some of the estimates of the taxes they should pay: John D. Rockefeller would have to pay \$122,225 per aning that this was the proper ceremony to Dum ; William Waidorf Astor, \$178,-000 a year; Russell Sage, \$90,000; \$35,000; C. P. Huntington, \$20,000; William Rockefeller, \$60,000 ; Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, \$30,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, \$60,000; estate of Moses Taylor, \$50,000; Singer estate, \$30,000; J. Pierpont Morgan, \$25.-Newcomb, \$15,000; George W. Vanderbilt, \$30,000; William C. Whitney, \$20,000; D. O. Mills, \$20,-000, and men of less incomes from \$5,000 to \$10,000. Pass the bill .-Wilmington Messenger.



observe in the presence of such a distinin the cream, threw away their vessels lius Vanderbilt, \$80,000; William and bent down on their knees, at the K. Vanderbilt, \$75,000; Henry M. same time casting a half inquiring and Flagler, \$60,000; Louis C. Tiffany, confident look at their leader, as if they meant to say: "You see we are all right. We have carefully followed your exam-

ple." The pope was at first astonished, but soon burst into a fit of the most boisterons laughter, while the attendants. thinking that the deputation had come 000; Eldridge T. Gerry, \$20.000; to mock their master, began pelting them | Andrew Carnegie, \$20,000 ; Victor with the saturated figs.

The mayor hobbled out of the room, closely followed by his brethren, one of whom whispered to him:

"How lucky it is for us that we did not bring the pineapples! How nicely our heads would have been battered by them!"-London Million.

Mrs. Stevenson In the Chair.

Mrs. Stevenson presided at the recent convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The wife of the vice president has evidently never opened the covers of her husband's authorities on parliamentary order. But she was not blind to her own defects, so she supplied them quite easily by engaging as adviser a mild mannered man, who nevertheless knew all about overruling and quashing and laying on the table. This man sat at Mrs. Stevenson's elbow, told her what to do next in all cases and scuttled a number of ships in the shape of resolutions offered by adventurous Daughters.

The first little incident of this sort was when a motion was offered by a distinguished looking woman from the Mount Vernon chapter. Mrs. Stevenson was standing at the time, and without waiting for any discussion asked the yeas and nays and got them, too, before the little man or any one else had a chance to draw a long breath. Immediately there was a storm of opposition. Then the mild parliamentarian whispered something to Mrs. Stevenson. She pounded in a ladylike manner with her pretty gavel and said:

"The question before the congress, ladies, is the resolution. We can do one of two things with it. We can eitherwe can either what?" she blandly and frankly asked, turning to the blushing parliamentarian.

It was so openly done that it brought down the house. Mrs. Stevenson laughed, the little man laughed, everybody laughed, and order was not restored for several minutes. Then they laid the resolution on the table and went gayly on about their business .- New York Sun.

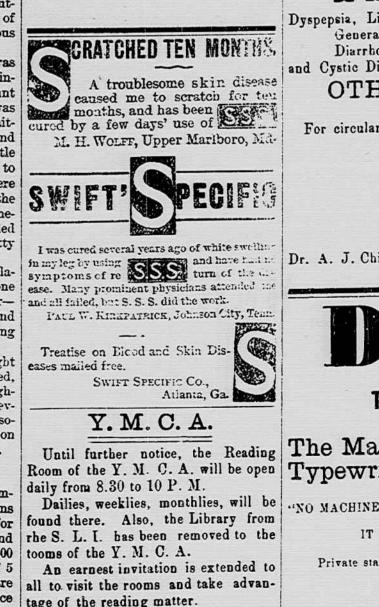
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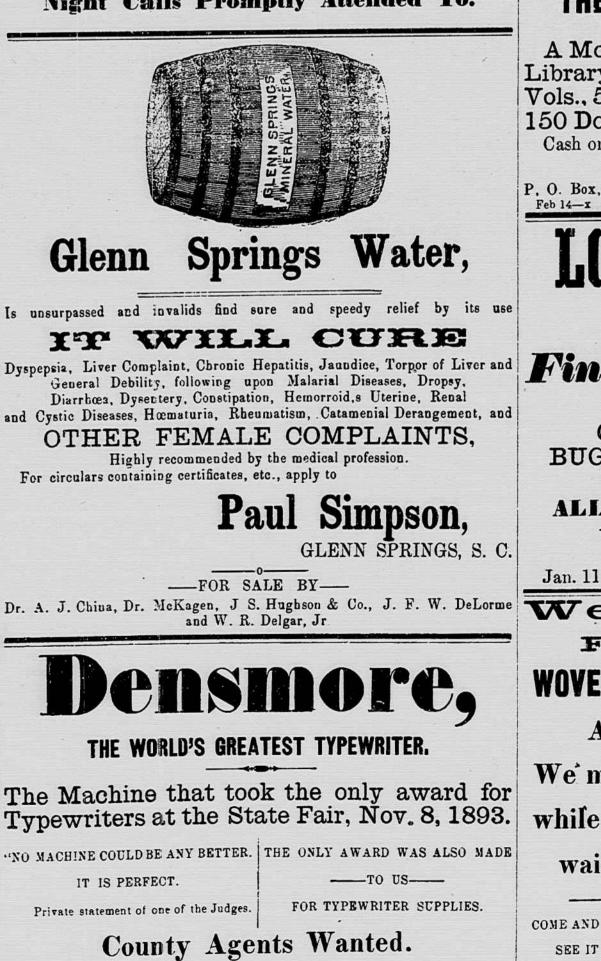
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