

The Fairfield News and Herald.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1884.

An "It" Which Saved a Life.

[B. G. Johns in Tinsley's Magazine.]

I was sauntering down Regent street one evening, as twilight came on, when I suddenly ran up against my old friend, James Rayton, whom I was glad to see as he gave me a hearty greeting. "Whence comest thou, O dreamer?" were his first words, "and whither art thou bound, wandering on in this blundering fashion, and driving even an old friend off the curb into a slush of mud?"

"A thousand pardons, Rayton," said I. "You were the very last man to come into my thoughts, and I am grieved at the idea of your dress boots in such weather as this. But, come home, man, and smoke a quiet pipe with me, and we will talk over all that has chanced since you and I discussed that strange dream of old 'Strat,' the Dutchman, on board the Nile boat."

"Half an hour later found us by the side of a cosy fire, with a fine aroma of Latakia floating about us. "You were talking just now," said Rayton, at last, "of that queer dream of old 'Strat.' I can tell you a much queerer story now, that chanced here, not so many years ago, in this very Babylon, if you care to hear it."

"Care to hear it?" said I. "Of course I do. But first give me chapter and verse, witness and authority—most sage of necromancers."

"Well," replied Rayton, "all I can give you, by way of chapter and verse, is briefly this: The dream, if it was one, has been told over and over again, for years past, at our club, the Megatherium, and is firmly believed in by all the men who have heard it. I have asked a skeptic he is slow to talk of himself, and utterly incredulous of all dream lore and stories of dreamers. You must remember Osborne yourself?"

"What! the gray-haired, wily little barrister," said I, "who had rooms in Dixie's court?"

"The very same man. Well, one evening in September, about 7 p. m., Osborne came out of the club, and slowly descended the broad steps into the well-lighted street. As he did so, he chanced to glance across the way at an opposite window, when, to his utter amazement, he saw standing underneath it, in the full blaze of light, his own identical self; his own white hat, cane, dress, figure, tout ensemble. He looked once and again, but there was no mistake whatever. There he was, like a ghost, in the same place, in the same attitude, in the same light. He thought (the practical joke man who was always 'rigging' some fellow or other), purposely dressed up after his Osborne's own fashion. He therefore ran across the road to detect the said Smith, but, to his further amazement, he found that the man was gas-lamp, the practical joker was coolly standing on the club steps which he himself had just left. As he re-crossed the road, his seeming double descended the steps, and gravely walked down Regent Place till he got to the next corner, where he turned the corner and disappeared."

"I'll have my revenge," thought Osborne, as he strode wrathfully down the broad pavement, "when I catch that fellow to-morrow." Meanwhile, he walked on.

At a certain Ebrington street, as every body knows, is a mighty gas-lamp, which flings a broad ray of light, north, south, east, and west, into the gloom of four diverging right lines. Standing under the shadow of that gas-lamp was now to be seen, clearly, unmistakably, a thing with a white hat, like the well-known one, and dressed as Osborne dressed.

"What was to be done?" in his extreme hurry and agitation, Osborne nearly dashed up against the post, determined to get at his friend Smith and demand an explanation. But no sooner had he reached the lamp than the thing was gone.

At this Osborne began to feel cold and chilly; in fact, he was frightened. He clenched his stick, pulled his hat firmly over his brow, walked resolutely on, and tried to think that the whole affair was the mere bilious result of indigestion; but when he reached the well-known gas-lamp, he knew full well that he was in perfect health at that moment, as he had been for months. He had tried walking fast, he would now try a slow pace; but neither availed him in the least.

At every main street corner, there stood the thing looking like Osborne, whether really he or not. But, at last, when Osborne was almost desperate—it vanished. It was with great satisfaction, therefore, that he at length rang at the doorway leading to his lodgings, in one of the highest rooms of which the next to the roof, was his peculiar sanctum.

"He had expected, as the doorman rung back, to catch a glimpse of the ghostly likeness of himself, peeping over the servant's shoulder. But, all was as usual. Mrs. Tomkins, sleepy and grumbling, gave him a black-berry-cake, and he went out. "Good night," and disappeared. The three flights of stairs were soon cleared, and in a few moments his hand turned the well-known door-handle. The door opened as usual; the fire blazed cheerily; the servant, knowing Osborne's punctuality, had the lighted both, and the gas. His arm chair was in his favorite place, between the table and fire, but it was not, as usual, unoccupied. There, in his own chair, reading cosily, with his back to the door, sat the thing, shade, spectre, or whatever you choose to call it.

"This was a climax beyond bearing. At the sight of it, Osborne flung down jappaned candlestick, cleared flights of stairs as with seven-league boots, rushed through passages, annihilated Mrs. Tomkins, and at last, breathless, freedly, burst out into the crowded street. That night he tried to sleep at a neighboring hotel—not successfully, as may be supposed. The next morning, with infinite misgivings, he made up his mind to go to his chamber as usual. On his arrival there, he found the house full of light and confusion. During the night, a huge beam, supporting the roof, had given away, and coming down with a great crash had dashed his bedstead into a dozen fragments. Had he slept there as usual he would have been as one of the fragments.

Gould and Keene.

The Two Noted Wall Street Operators.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Probably no two men on the street differ so widely in temperament as do these two operators. They both have in them the elements of unpopularity, and that's about all they have in common. The unpopularity of each, however, will be wrought out by the very reasons. Keene would be generally unpopular because he is indifferent as to the opinions of others, and is somewhat irritable in disposition, and not always agreeable in manner. Gould, on the other hand, while not seeking the favor of those with whom he comes in contact, is notaverse to his bestowal, and in temper and manner is as soft and fine to the social touch as the wool of the lambs whose symbols he has fleeced by the thousands.

Gould is said to have some kind of traits, but they are not so plentiful as he carries them around with him during business hours. Probably no man in the world has so many and so good opportunities as he to assist others in money-getting, by merely speaking a truthful word now and then. He has lost money on words and opinions uttered by him, or through his office, within the past two years, it is because that friend has not heeded his utterances.

Keene, on the other hand, while he is a few inches shorter, and neither inviting nor accepts confidences, is above any little petty misrepresentations for the purpose of sticking an acquaintance with a few hundred shares of stock. If Gould could give an opinion to a man of moderate means, to a certain stock, or a safe investment, he would as much balance could be placed in it as upon the varying winds of March; while Keene, if he could be induced to offer an opinion at all, and if he believed his opinion was to be acted upon, would express himself sincerely and on his best judgment. Of course, the safe investment would be in the utterances made to active traders in the market—it is considered entirely the proper thing on Wall Street to deceive any one who might exert the smallest fraction of influence on the market's general course.

A few weeks ago, a few editors, and a few legislators, have made money through Gould's office points, but the line must be drawn there. The more faithful the service, the more close the relation, the greater the confidence reposed by an associate or friend, the greater cannot be said of Keene. In no respect do these great operators differ so widely as in business scope. Keene is a speculator, pure and simple, and so thoroughly imbued with his spirit that he has never made his mark on the street of the ablest and most operators in that line, however, that ever came to Wall street, and had it not been for one mistake—that of extending himself into every branch of speculation, and particularly his dealings in "privileges" of the stock exchange, he would have delivered about \$1,000,000 for each \$100,000 that he had.

But Gould is one of the shrewdest and most successful speculators in the world, and at the same time the organizer and promoter of stupendous business enterprises. One of the surest evidences of his wonderful ability is the class of men with which he has become surrounded, and of whom he is the leader. He is not afraid of great associates outshining him, and so well poised is his leadership that his staff is not jealous of his supremacy, which is so naturally attained and so discreetly exercised as not to irritate those who acknowledge it. Keene is agile, needle-witted, and bold in his operations; Gould is slow, patient, deliberate, broad and conscientious in his.

The Red Man's Welcome to Villard.
[Iron Bull, of the Crown, at the Splice.]

It is a pleasure to know that there is still living a man who has seen the thing we are here, and hope my people of the Crown nation are glad to see you, too. There is a meaning in my part of the ceremony, and I understand it. The end of our lives is near at hand. The lives of many of our people are being already they are dropping off like the rays of sunlight in the western sky. Of our once powerful nation there are now but few left—just a little handful, and we, too, will soon be gone. After the savage, though, has given way to civilization, the white man will come. They will enjoy the same bright skies, the same glad sunshine, the beautiful mountains, lakes and rills, where once we delighted to roam. They will probably live in it, populate it with the flowers of their race, but will they be content with the present possession of this grand domain? Who knows, but that some day, at present unknown, will make its appearance and overpower and take away the land from them, too? Then, as the last chief of the pale face nation stands before the conqueror, he will bid him to take his all, his home, his life, to his very soul, with his most earnestness and with as much sincerity as his red brother welcomes him now? I am glad to see you here.

His Last Chance.
[New York Journal.]

As Mr. Poppertman threw himself on the sofa last Monday evening, and took up the evening paper, he was greeted by a complimentary ticket to the gallery, he concluded to attend the performance. He went dressed up in his Sunday attire. He had not been inside of the theatre more than an hour when he emerged shaking his head.

"Don't you like the performance, old man?" asked the surprised doorman.

"No, sah, I don't like dem performances no way 'n' kin fix it."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nuffin' much, 'cep'in' 'n' oman on de platform got to talk 'bout 'omey' fairs 'bout de husband ob 'nudder' oman. I didn't perpose to say that. My ole master in Virginny got slum put pieces for doing dat berry foolishness. Dars allers trouble whar dat sort ob foolishness is gwine on, 'n' Ise a judicious nigger, 'sah. I don't want de climate is apparantly bad, and I've been brought up as a witness in case when it s'ikes de courts."

The Climate for Good Votes.
[Exchange.]

An English newspaper says American singers have made a much greater mark in Great Britain than American actors, notwithstanding the conspicuous absence in America of long-established academies and colleges of music.

"The climate," it adds, "clear and dry as it is, will scarcely account for the number of good votes produced in America, for one effect of the American climate is apparent, and having revealed a husband or wife in mistake, or be brought up as a witness in case when it s'ikes de courts."

Giants in Those Days.
[Scientific American.]

A party of Italian scientists have just returned from an expedition to the south Pacific, having proved to their own satisfaction that a race of giants once existed in Patagonia. In wandering over Terra del Fuego they found human bones of marvellous large size.

The "Van-Den-Beltz" Family.

An Old Lady of New Brunswick (N. J.) Tells of a Belting Family's Antecedents.

"R. D. B." in Chicago Herald.

The old lady slipped her tea complacently.

"Cornel" Vanderbilt's people," she went on, half retrospectively, "were not of course, people that we would have been apt to know personally." And she smiled at her granddaughter.

"Of course I hear a great deal of their doings now, but it makes no impression on me, except as illustrating the power of money and impudence."

At this point The Herald ventured to ask if the Vanderbilts had really not descended from an ancient Dutch family called "Van der Belt."

"No sir," thundered the old lady, "has seen this statement going the rounds here, and it is an impudent assumption. The old and honored name is Van-den-beltz—a mixture of Holland and Flemish. In the sixteenth century it was simplified to Van Den Belt. Those who came to Long Island really got down to Van-Belt, and that the old family are known as 'Van Pelt.' The Vanderbilts—I don't know where they came from. They claim—or, at least, old 'Cornel' used to say to my uncle, Abram Wykoff, who knew him well, that Cornel used to keep the tavern down here, and it was Dutch, but didn't know how much Dutch he was."

"What are your reminiscences of the original Vanderbilts?" The Herald responded venturing to ask.

"Oh, I hardly know," she thought. You see my family never knew them, of course. Dear, dear, no. If they had not got so rich, and in everybody's mouths, I suppose I would have forgotten them altogether. Let me see—and the granddaughter filled in another cup of tea. The kind old lady slipped her tea complacently.

"I don't know how far they were from miles from here, and it was 12 years old when I came in town to school. Then the 'Raritan house' was in full bloom. 'C. Vanderbilt, proprietor.' I remember was on a big sign. We school girls, I know, for several summers used to go to school at his house, and he was a very kind man. She never liked to see her serve out rum to people. She did that while 'Cornel' was away. The boy—the first boy, William—he's now the great William H. I remember well as a chubby-faced little chap about 10 or 11 years old. His father used to go to school at his house, and she was a very kind woman. She never liked to see her serve out rum to people. She did that while 'Cornel' was away. The boy—the first boy, William—he's now the great William H. I remember well as a chubby-faced little chap about 10 or 11 years old. His father used to go to school at his house, and she was a very kind woman. She never liked to see her serve out rum to people. 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