

POET OF PINEY FLATS THE PHILOSOPHER AND PROPHEET OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

Anyone who has spent any length of time in the northeastern part of Tennessee among the people, of whom Charles Egbert Craddock writes, is sure to have heard of H. H. Hyder, the poet, philosopher and prophet of the mountains. In that locality Mr. Hyder is a great man, and his book of verse can be found in nearly every cabin.

Mr. Hyder, who lives at Piney Flats, is a rugged mountaineer. He has received no school education. All he knows he has picked up in reading the poems of the poets, and he has a profound knowledge of astronomy, showing that he has read some books of weight. In his home life he wears a coarse flannel shirt and talks in the dialect of the locality.

Mr. Hyder writes from inspiration, as what he says and what he describes in his verses cannot be imitated. He is a religiously believing that the world is his, and he writes and tells the world of his sin and sound meaning. The poet is a man of a noble and noble character, and his own original way how he came to write the book. The name is chosen from one of his most inspiring flights. Here is:

World more than the revolving globe upon which we live. A double golden chain with blazing diamonds, I've culled from my brain and strangled my tongue. Mr. Hyder writes from inspiration, as what he says and what he describes in his verses cannot be imitated. He is a religiously believing that the world is his, and he writes and tells the world of his sin and sound meaning.

It is seen by the foregoing that Mr. Hyder has the inspiration, nor is that all, for in his verse he refers to a key, which it contains, which men will not decipher for countless ages to come, but which is important nevertheless. He falls to give any clue to this key, so the reader is at a loss to know where to hunt for it. It seems that this man from Piney Flats has designs upon the poet laurelship of the world, for in his opening lines he says:

For grand sublime thoughts I have my banner unfurled, As the genuine laureate of the world. From the heavens to the earth my licenses Out to space's verge and down to duration's own. The out-stretched universe I claim as my own. With life's pellucid river from beneath the throne.

In the canto on "God's Existence" the poet begins: "No, I do not believe I approve prohibition. For years I have been in a drunken condition. I am intoxicated on poetic wine. Made of the God of Nature's mystic vine. I have drunk deeply, poetically, and drunk sunk. At God's Almighty wine press I have been, drinking freely of the grape of His salvation. There have I quenched my burning thirst. Till my soul is well nigh well to burst. I have drunk and drunk and drunk again, 'Till the world was thought I was insane. I pray to die in this sort of a drunk, 'Till my living mark, leaves a dying chunk."

The prophecy of the poet is contained in the following: "I see disorder in the nation's breast. Increasing in the North, East, South and West. There is a secret smouldering in the breeze, Beyond the chasms of the raging briny sea. A terrible commotion there will be. On the rolling ocean and darkening sea. In his conclusion Mr. Hyder sings the following, and the figures of speech are to be noticed: "Christ was launched on Time's sea my frail bark. I have encountered a most monstrous shark. And since to the breeze I have spread my sail, I have been chased by Time's voracious whale."

Edmund Russell Tells How to Dress for Men. The young man, who inherited his father's copy of the poems of the Piney Flats man has recently sent the Journal by a friend, who is spending the winter in the neighborhood of the poet's home. This friend writes that the poet's home life is simple; that he lives as the poet of the past, and he is regarded by them as a giant in intellect. This little volume of poems, which is his treasure, is entitled "Double Golden Chain with Blazing Diamonds Strung." The writer, at an early date in the book, explained in his own original way how he came to write the book. The name is chosen from one of his most inspiring flights. Here is:

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pretty dish of mince, garnished with parsley, and two fresh poached eggs, neatly arranged on a silver platter. The key would not be exhausted, for the same she would serve a most delicious soup.

The Retail Price Not an Indication of the Publishers' Outlay. In the present increase of cheap magazines it is well to remember that those which are made up in the regular magazine and form, with covers of paper, when they "retail" at 10 cents, and not more than 10 cents, are not worth the price. They contain hardly half the amount of reading matter that is found in the 35-cent magazines, and that of a lower quality. The expense of the latter periodicals is the literary material and art work contained in them, and the editorial supervision which provides it. The great features which have made American magazines famous throughout the world are the illustrations and the lower-priced periodicals. Not a number of Harper's or the Century to press with out an expenditure of from six to ten thousand dollars on its illustrations alone.

Important historical and biographical works, such as the Century's "Lincoln and His Life of Lincoln," are the result of them, and are well as successful. Upon the papers more than 100,000 copies are sold each—\$10 a square inch. A photo-engraving could be made for a third of this sum, but it would not compare with the original. The Century's "Lincoln and His Life of Lincoln" are the result of them, and are well as successful. Upon the papers more than 100,000 copies are sold each—\$10 a square inch.

GOING WITHOUT BREAKFAST. Connecticut People Who Eat Only Two Meals a Day. New London, Day. The very latest is the skip-over-breakfast-and-healthy idea, which is being followed by more than 100 persons in this vicinity, and as a result of their experience you will not get them to eat breakfast. They were to set before them a feast such as Lucullus was wont to enjoy or imagined he enjoyed.

Doing Away with Bath Tubs. Attention was called in this column in the early part of last summer to the interesting argument put forward by Paul Gerhard, civil and sanitary engineer, in favor of the rain or shower bath over the ordinary tub. It was then predicted that the tub would eventually be abolished in all public buildings, where it was constantly the cause of the prime requisites to keep the inmates in a healthy condition, and that the tubs in private houses would be put in rain baths, just as they do gas pipes now.

Synthetic Painter. The language of hints is Greek to children, as a rule, and the interpret it after a simple fashion. "Where have you been all the morning," Dick inquired Mrs. Sampson of her ten-year-old son. "I've been down by the old sawmill watching a man paint a house," said Dick, whose chubby countenance was decorated with paint of various colors. "What do you mean by that?" inquired Mrs. Sampson. "I've been down by the old sawmill watching a man paint a house," said Dick, whose chubby countenance was decorated with paint of various colors.

Great Roads of Antiquity. London Standard. Perhaps the earliest road on record is that mentioned by Ctesias, the Egyptian King, in order that stones might be dragged across the desert. There must have been several hundred dead men and horses, and a great number of killed camels, a quarter of a mile long and several yards wide. The signs and smells about this place were so great that it could not stand long enough to make an accurate count of the dead. Truly, war is a dread thing when men are killed.

Chicago Tribune. "I wouldn't think dear boy," velle-smelling things, spoke Louis Stastevy. "Why not?" Robert Louis Stastevy asked. "I know it, but he had humiliated me to go to the middle of the Pacific ocean to do so."

FIELD OF PING YANG PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS THREE WEEKS AFTER THE BATTLE.

More Testimony Showing Chinese Cowardice and Incredibly Paper Umbrellas as Weapons of War. Dr. Graham Lee, a Presbyterian missionary in Corea, who was sent to that country in the expectation that Ping Yang would be the basis of his operations, described the scene of the battle and has written the appended letter to relatives in this State: "On Oct. 1 Mr. Moffett and I, in company with Dr. Hall, of the Methodist Mission, Ping Yang, on a tour of investigation to find out in what shape our work would be carried on after the battle. The Japanese had captured the place and were in such force that we felt no fear about the Chinese army returning, so, having obtained passes through the Japanese lines, through the kindness of the Japanese writer, we started on our journey. It should be noted that there was no wheel traffic to cut up the level surface of the hard pavement. There was considerable rain, the fact that it was not till the Spaniards forcibly entered the city that the roads began to fall into disrepair."

LINCOLN IN WAR TIMES. Sketch of Him by Noah Brooks, Who Was a War Correspondent. The White House did not witness many bright days there since the war, but that famous party which was given by President and Mrs. Lincoln early in the year of the Lincoln administration. But Mrs. Lincoln's afternoon receptions and the President's public levees were held regularly during the war. Nothing could be more democratic than these gatherings of the people at the White House. A week usually held twice a week during the winter, these receptions, and the Saturday levees being less formal in character. A majority of the visitors were in full dress, and in lace, feathers, silks and satins, without bonnets, and the gentlemen in evening dress. The galleries were crowded with hundreds of officers and privates, and the highest feature of the period being a conspicuous feature of the moving panorama. Here and there a soldier looking as though he had just left his work-bench, or a hard-working clerk with ink-stained hands, and the popular character of the assembly.

On the night of the 15th in the darkness and rain they left the city, and from all I could learn they were not in a retreat, but a mad rush, with every man for himself. For miles west of the city the country is strewn with Chinese clothing thrown away in the flight. I saw many paper umbrellas which had been cast aside for the purpose of making a road, and seeing to get that a portion of a Chinese soldier's outfit was a clumsy paper umbrella. I saw also many bamboo pipes, tipped with iron points, very frail, and very easily broken. I saw also many bamboo pipes, tipped with iron points, very frail, and very easily broken.

In Case of a Cold. Camphor, when very much diluted, may be held in the hand and snuffed up the nostrils, affording great relief. Colds, however, become a serious matter, and at least a serious one at their onset, and the best remedy is to get the matter brought forth. In the event of hoarseness or sharp, constant coughing, nothing helps so much as a thorough turpentine steam-bath. To do this fill a basin half full of very hot water, into it pour a few drops of turpentine, and breathe over it, throwing a flannel cloth over neck and head, being careful to breathe over the possible of the rising steam. It is the turpentine fumes that find their way into the choked, strained passageways and soften and liberate the glands.

Mean Man. Boston Transcript. Mrs. Fogg and Gayburd was here today, and he complimented me on my good looks. What do you think of that? Mr. Fogg—this young man must have hypnotized him.

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