Herald and Tribune.

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BOB TAYLOR'S FIDDLE.

Some Rich Stories of Tennessee's Great Campaigner.

How he Fiddled His Way to Congress Over Pettibone

It is announced in the that papers Bob Taylor has settled down at Johnson City for the balance of the summer and is engaged in the preparation of another one of those gorgeous phantasms of the brain with which he has delighted the public for two or three years past, says the Dayton Times. This will be welcome news to all who have heard the distinguished gentleman in those delectable gems known as the "Fiddle and the Bow" and the "Paradise of Fools," and when Bob gets on the road with his new lecture, which will be entitled 'Cross Purposes in Life," we hope he will not fail to take Dayton in his circuit, for without knowing anything in advance as to the character of his latest effort, we are justified in the prediction that it will do more to revive drooping spirits and drive away dull care than the late Democratic victory or the passage of the tariff bill.

A correspondent recalls a period in Bob Taylor's life when he was not so famous as he is now. That was nearly twenty years ago. He was then simply plain Bob Taylor, a rough, unpolished diamond, unknown beyond the limits of his native county in the wild and romantic mountains of East Tennessee, where the song of the uncaged bird, the babble of the brook that goes on forever, the sweet perfume of many tinted flowers growing in rank luxuriance throughout nature's vast conservatory, were the inspiration of his waking hours, while the scream of the wildcat and the hoot of the owl made up the lullaby song of his slumbers by night.

The first time he came into something like general notice was when he made his memorable race for Congress against A. H. Pettibone in 1878. Pettibone was a distinguished lawyer and Republician politican, a man of wealth, and considered the best all around Republican campaigner in the State. Two years before that time he had been an elector for the State at Large on the Hayes ticket, and made a great reputation for his prowess on the stump. His nomination for Congress by the Republicans was considered by everybody as equivalent to his election; and the Democrats simply put out Bob Taylor as a practical joke, relished by none more keenly than Pettibone himself.

But Bob did not look upon it as a joke. On the contrary, he thanked the Democrats for their distinguished consideration and told them he was going to be elected. That was considered the best part of the joke. The idea of Bob Taylor going to Congress. It was so funny that people had to hold their sides while they laughed.

Bob's accomplishments were thought to consist solely of a very happy faculty for telling years, and extraordinary facility with the fiddle and the bow and a most captivating grace in "swinging corners" with the mountain girls on a puncheon floor hoedown. And those were the very auxiliaries upon which Bob confidently relied to encompass his election. He knew the mountain character thoroughly. His native intuition had taught him that with the average mountaineer the fiddle would go a great deal further than the best speech on the tariff Pettibone could make. But how was he to make a canvass and meet the people? That was the preplexing problem. Pettibone was able to go over the district like a lord, but if steamboats had been selling for a dollar apiece, Bob couldn't have bought a gang plank. And while all had the utmost confidence in his honesty and integrity, nobody was willing to advance him money to "blow in" on such a fool hardy, wildgoose chase as that. Bob was not dismayed in the least. "Walking is good," he said, "and I don't believe in style, nohow," Acting on that impulse, he took his fiddle under his arm and started out.

When he would meet one of the rugged mountaineers on the road he would hail him in an "easy go luck" sort of way, swap a yarn with him, play him a tune, inquire about his wife and baby, rake up some kinship with him if at all possible, and wind up with causal information that he himself was a candidate for Congress. There was one vote made sure. If the mountaineer happened to be going Bob's way and on horseback, Bob would get up behind him, or, if driving an ox cart, he would take a seat beside him and awake the echoes along the road with his joyful songs.

The chances were that he would spend the night with him, help him feed the stock, nurse the baby, churn the milk, bring water from the distant springs and play the fiddle for the children. If there was a frolic in the neighborhood Bob was in his glory. Nobody could, nor can to this day, play an old fashioned "breakdown" better than Bob Taylor. Nobody could "prompt the set" half so loud or long, nor whirl the buxom lasses thro' the bewildering measures with half so much energy or grace. He was not married then, and during that campaign, he had every eligible girl in the district for a sweetheart. The fresh and beautiful creatures fairly doted on him, and he had all the soft and sweet things, which the girls like so well, right on the end of his tongue. And if I wasn't afraid his wife might see this, I would say he hasn't changed much in that respect to this day.

I have it from Bob's own lips that the only time he was ever completely "sold out" in that campaign was after this fashoin:

Some charitably disposed old mountaineer had loaned him a mule to ride. According to Bob's description it was as weather beaten and dilapidated a quadruped as ever cheated the bone yard out of its dues; and Bob solemnly avers that as he slowly progressed over the rough and precipitous highway, a couple of buzzards with corresponding speed overhead accompanied him, with their eyes ever askant upon the melancholy prospect beneath. By and by he rode into a mountain village; and observing a number of men lazily laughing in front of a store, whittling sticks and expectorating tobacco juice after the true mountain fashion, he approached the group and at once concluded to put himself on easy terms with them.

"How are you, gentlemen? Fine day we're having."

There was an indifferent nod and a low, gutteral "Hi yer" on the part of the crowd. Bob thought he would preceed to break the ice.

"Gentlemen, this is the finest mule in Tennessee."

Nobody said a word.

"I say, gentlemen, this is the most remarkable mule in Tennessee," repeated Bob, with emphasis.

"Not a doubt of it. I lows as how he's the most remarkable mule I ever seed," said a long, cadaverous moonshiner, as he squirted about a yard of tobacco juice on the mule's legs by way of impressing his decision.

"Well, now, my friend what do you know about mules?" said Bob, good naturedly. "Why do you think this noble courser of mine is a remarkable mule?"

"Wall, I see the buzzards have had him, and he's managed to get away from em and bring yer in safe."

Of course that put 'em on Bob, and he at once procceded to discharge the obligation in a way that made him forever solid in those parts.

Thus the canvass proceeded—Pettibone making great speeches on the issues of the day and Bob Taylor fiddling and dancing and having a big time generally—until the Republicans of the district began to wake up the fact that Bob's candidacy was not the egregious joke they had taken it for. They didn't laugh nearly so loud nor long at the bare mention of it as they did at the outset. The sentiment of the masses was all setting Bob's way, and the Republican leaders realized that they must stop that fiddle or be hopelessly beaten. So they began to dicker with Bob for a joint discussion. Bob said all right—that a joint discussion was what he had been hankering for all his life; but he modestly informed them that his bank account was running low, and that if he should meet Pettibone at widely distant points it would be necessary that a fund be provided to pay expenses. He was assured that would be all right, for the wily Republicans thought a campaign fund could not be more judicially expended than in making a spectacle of Bob on the stump with such a man as Pettibone. And it is probable that this is the only instance in the entire history of American politics where the campaign expenses by the candidate were defrayed by the opposite party.

Finally, the two met at an appointed place, and a vast crowd was present. Pettibone led off in a masterly speech of an hour. When Bob arose and made his way to the stand with that old familiar fiddle under his arm; the roof of the house was almost lifted with cheers. There was no mistaking the sentiment of that crowd. For a full hour he kept the audience in a constant roar of laughter and applause. He burlesqued and ridiculed Pettibone until that veteran stumper was ashamed of himself. All of his inexhaustible resources of wit, mimicry, satire and sarcasm were brought into play, and good judges have declared it was worth going a hundred miles to hear. At the conclusion he took up his old fiddle and let himself loose on his most inspiring "breakdown" ("Possum in the Gum Stump,") calling the measures of the dance as he fiddled away. It was no time until the whole house was patting and dancing at a furious rate. Pettibone picked up his hat and hurriedly left in disgust, while the crowd gathered Bob up on their shouldiers and paraded the streets with him amid deafening shouts of triumph.

They only met at two or three other points, Pettibone declaring he was not afraid to meet any man in the State in a manly discussion, but he "couldn't speak against Bob Taylor's d—d old fiddle."

The result of the election was foreseen long in advance. Bob Taylor was carried into the office on a tremendous tidal wave of victory, and he made a good member of Congress. His record is very well known. The State never had a better Governor, and today he is by far the most popular man in Tennessee. He is making a big fortune by lecturing; and no man deserves it more than big brained and big hearted Bob Taylor.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder,
Forty Years the Standard.

HEAD OF A GREAT LIBRARY.

Ainsworth R. Spofford's Thirty Years' Work at the National Capitol.

The library of Congress now occupies quarters in the Capitol Building. Its collection of books outgrew the shelf capacity of these quarters a dozen years ago, and the huge aggregation of printed matter has gone on accumulating at a rate of 25,000 or 30,000 volumes a year. The books are piled everywhere, which would seem to indicate helpless and hopeless confusion. Basement vaults are stuffed with literary treasures, and nothing can now be done with the further increase except to secure some kind of temporary storage and wait for the new building. In the midst of this seeming confusion, says the Review of Reviews, there moves a quiet, keen dark eyed, alert visaged gentleman whose systematic mind and clear intelligence dominates what would otherwise be an overwhelming anarchy of books. Ainsworth R. Spofford is a public servant whom all Congressmen respect and honor. In denouncing the ruthlessness of the spoils system and the scant recognition of real merit in our public service we must always remember that there are notable exceptions.

Mr. Spofford will next year celebrate the attainment of his three score and ten years of life and the completion of thirty years of continuous service as Chief of the Congressional Library. Although the new building may not be ready for the general public use, it quite certain that Mr. Spofford may also next year superintend the placing of at least 500,000 volumes upon the shelves of the new stack rooms. It was to his persistence and energy more than to the persuasions of any other man that Congress yielded when it finally determined to erect a separate and monumental structure for the housing of a national library. For some time it was expected that the immediate problem of a place for the unshelved books would be solved by building an extension to the east side of the capitol. Fortunately this short sighted policy was abandoned. Mr. Spofford's counsels were largely followed in the planning of this new structure, and he is justified in pronouncing it incomparably the best arranged, as it is also the most commodious national library structure of the whole world. Mr. Spofford had for some time served as an assistant in the Congression Library before he became Chief Librarian in 1865; and in that earlier period he had given ample evidence of extraordinary capacity in his chosen field of work. He had catalogued the Congressional Library, and had done much to render it quickly and satisfactorily available for the reference of legislators and the use of others who desire to delve in its rich treasures of America. It now contains approximately 700,000, while in 1865, when Mr. Spofford assumed full charge, it had only 90,000 volumes.

The Delineator for September is called the Autumn Announcement Number, and is the strongest issue of this popular magazine that has yet come to hand. The display of styles is unusually large and attractive, and is the authentic representation of the Autumn modes; and there is besides a special illustrated article on clothing the baby. A most interesting contribution is the plea for and against according the suffrage to women by such well known writers as L. G. Runkle and Edith Thomas, and there is also a valuable paper on public school teaching as an employment for women. The first article of a series on the kindergarden appears in this number, and should prove of much service to both public and private teachers. In the college series a girl's life and work at Radcliffe (late Harvard annex) is described. Further instruction is given in the making of ornamental articles from crepe and tissue papers, in bent iron work, and in the cultivation of the voice for singing and declamation. The instructive talks on the relations between mother and daughter are continued, and in the papers on health there is much good advice on the proper exercise for both body and brain. Grapes are considered in the hints on serving fruit, and there is a suggestive description of a cotton wedding. There are also the usual illustrated papers on knitting, crocheting, netting, tatting, etc. The subscription price of the Delineator is one dollar a year. Single copies, fifteen cents. Published by The Butterick Publishing Co. [Limited,] New York, and for sale by local agents and newsdealers.

Kenneth Bazemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one small bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhœa, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that nature ally follows its introduction and use has made it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

Train Colts to Walk.

Many colts are now learning to work. The rate of travel required of them is important. Confining the travel mainly to a walk is not the rule with all drivers. As soon as the young animal ceases to rear and plung in the harness, it is often considered "broken" and is allowed to take any gait it may choose. The old horse by which the youngster is hitched is allowed to advance by long, rapid strides, thus forcing the colt out of a walk from the start. The older animal needs to be held back and forced to walk at a rate which the learner can equal. Gradually increases the rate, but only in keeping with the ability of the colt to walk. A colt that proves naturally slow at the walk must be given short trips of not more than five miles, and be steadily urged to a faster gait. It is work to drive a "green" colt properly. The man who takes the reins at such times for pleasure is out of place. The early habits of the colt will cling to it. For this reason it should be made to travel at a brisk walk during the first three months it is worked. The well trained horse finds it a relief from the walk, of course, to be given a brisk trot during the last one third or one fourth of the journey.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Diet for Corpulent Persons.

At the first indication of the abdomen's taking upon itself a disagreeable prominence, accompanied by a sensation of uncomfortable fullness after eating, and often with shortness of breath, it is advisable to make a slight change of diet. Bread should be eaten very sparingly, and only of the coarse kinds; graham is the best. No white bread should be eaten unless cut very thin and toasted brown. It is best to drop all cereals, and also the root vegetables, potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc., and beans and peas. Of course sweets are tabooed, and it is well to erase chocolate from the lists of liquids. All drinks should be taken in moderation, but a goblet of hot water a half hour before meals will hasten the cure. The only meats that are under the ban are veal and pork, and the latter is unfit to be eaten at any time excepting by those working hard at manual labor.

Eat as freely as appetite prompts of fruits, both fresh and dried, and all green vegetables, especially salads. Nuts and raisins, figs and dates, ices and jellies, can be varied for dessert, so you will not miss the harmful pastries, cakes, and puddings.—From "Corpulence Considered as a Disease;" Demorest's Magazine for September.

Breeding Horses.

In breeding horses there are other things to consider besides the appearance and performance of sire and dam. One of the most important of these is temperament. A vicious and ill tempered mare, whatever her good points may be, should never be retained for breeding purposes. Moral qualities are as surely transmitted to decendants as physical features. A vicious brood mare should at all times be rejected. D. Curnieu, a French authority, rightly says: "No mare should be used as a brood mare unless she is perfectly well known." If she has any vice it will most probably be perpetuated, and in an augmented form, especially if the sire has defects of a kindred nature.

It is, of conrse, equally as important that the sire should be free from vice as that the dam should be so. As however, it is difficult to ascertain the temper of the stallion, whether confined to his own stable or traveling the country, unless he has dispayed his bad temper in public, the greater the importance of breeding only from such mares as are not actually vicious themselves, and that have not even a hereditary taint of potential waywardness and ill temper in their constitutions. Although the products of a vicious mare, if they have good looks and free action to commend them, may be sold at high prices as unbroken colts, no one should attempt to breed horses for his own use from such an animal. On the whole, it is good policy never to breed to such mares.

To Make Good Pork Cheaply.

One of the good uses of clover is to make a pasture for pigs by which the cheapest meat may be made and of the best quality. This will also improve the land at the same time. Turn the pigs in such a pasture, but divide it so that a part only may be fed down at one time and a change made, which will afford fresh feed, and economize the feeding and make it go a fourth further at least. In this pasture give the skimmed milk and stir in it half a pound of bran for each pig daily. Add a tablespoonful of salt for each pig in this feed. Continue this until the corn is about ready for cutting; then gather the soft ears and feed these to the pigs. The only food that will count as cost will be the clover and the bran, and the clover will be fully paid for by the manure, as the land will be much enriched by the milk and the bran. Pork may be made in this way for under two cents a pound, not counting the benefit of the land.—Rural World.

When moving into our present home I found a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm left by a former tenant. On the label I found the statement that it was good for cuts and burns. I can testify to the truth of this. Nothing in all my experience has found its equal for treating blisters or burns. F. E. Barrett, manager Le Sueur Sentinel, Le Sueur, Minn. Pain Balm is also a sure cure for rheumatism. For sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder,
A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Most of Them Passed the Closing Years of Their Lives in Poverty.

It is a melancholy fact that almost every Confederate general who succumbed to disease or fell in battle died in poverty brought on by his devotion to the cause he espoused, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Raphael and Paul Semmes both died poor themselves, but a daughter of the former married a prosperous lawyer, General Zollicoffer. She left nothing to a family of five daughters, four of whom, however, married well. The fifth may have done likewise, although accurate traces of her has been lost. Gen. Pillow left his family so poorly provided for that they were compelled to sell his library and his house also, though friends rebought it by subscription. Gen. T. C. Hindman died penniless, so did Gen. Dick Taylor, and his two daughters made their home with an aunt. He published a book, but it did not prove to be a monetary success and left him in worse circumstances than before. Stonewall Jackson left his wife and daughter without means, but they were seasonably helped by legacies. Gen. Polk left nothing to his family, but his son, Dr. Polk, located in New York and built up a very large and profitable practice. Gen. Forrest, who became a farmer, labored hard to succeed as a planter, but at his death left only a meager inheritance to his family. Mrs. Gen. Ewell, who died three days after her husband, owned a very considerable property in St. Louis and maintained a very comfortable establishment. Gen. Bragg left no property and his widow went to live with her sister in New Orleans. Gen. Hood was far from being wealthy, and Gen. D. H. Cooper was absolutely poor. Maj. Gen. Whiting, of Fort Fisher fame, who died in prison in 1864, left nothing, and Gen. L. M. Walker, killed by Marmaduke in a duel, left but little to his wife.

Gen. Buckner had a varied experience. His wife owned large tracts of unimproved real estate in Chicago, which was confiscated, but afterward recovered. It was then mortgaged, built up and, in a panic, sacrificed for the mortgage money, leaving him poor. Gen. Zack Deas, of Alabama, whose fame may not have been equal to that of others, was a shrewd financier. He went into Wall street after the war and became rich. Gen. P. D. Roddy, a dashing cavalryman, also made a plunge into Wall street, but his fate was different. He lost everything he had, and then went to London and earned a moderate income as financial agent of some banking house. Gen. J. W. Frazer, who surrendered Cumberland Gap, settled down in New York and prospered as a broker. Gen. Thomas Jordan became editor of the Mining Record, and was, for years, a familiar figure on Broadway. Maj. Gen. Lorin served for four years in the Egyptian army, then returned to America and become connected with a mining company of New Mexico, where he made money fast and became wealthy. Another who went to Egypt was Gen. A. W. Reynolds. He served awhile, dropped out of service, and then settled down in the country of his adoption.

The careers of Early and Beauregard are well known. The lived and prospered in New Orleans, where they superintended the drawings of the Louisiana Lottery Company. Gen. Early's death occured in Virginia only a few months ago. He was one of the last of the great Southern generals.

The latter days of Gen. R. E. Lee's life were passed in the quiet of Levington, in his native State, where he became an instructor of young men. The duties of a college president were faithfully filled by him, though it is probable that the last years of his life were filled with an infinite sadness. Whatever physician may say, it is not far from the truth to declare that he died of a broken heart.

Of the remaining brilliant leaders of the lost cause, some dropped from sight and memory, others had a quiet and prosperous old age, but few fared worse than Gen. Thomas Benton Smith. He passed his latter years in an insane asylum in Tennessee.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from a like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is enclosed. I refer to any county official as to my reliability. Wm. Roach, J. P., Primroy, Cambpell Co., Tenn. For sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

The Question of Loyalty.

It is a well known fact that the great majority of the strikers have personal interest in or relation to the original cause of the difficulty. They do not complain of any ill treatment from their employers, and are not seeking a rectification of any wrong that they have themselves experienced. At the time when they stopped work, they were receiving satisfactory wages, and all the conditions of their employments were agreeable. They had voluntarily contracted to perform certain service on certain terms. There was a definite bargain between them and the railroads and that bargain involved reciprocal rights, duties and responsibilities. The consideration of loyalty on their part was a most important one, the very essence of the contract. They could not have secured situations except upon the understanding that they would faithfully obey the orders and promote the interests of their employers. Their first allegiance was due to those employers in all matters affecting the welfare and success of the enterprises thus represented; and yet, without a day's warning, and in the absence of any provocation, they repudiated that allegiance, and placed themselves in direct and mischievous antagonism to the sources from which they had been deriving the means of living. Such is the position they now occupy, and such is the conduct that the country is asked to indorse.

The only plea of justification that these men offer for this sudden and injurious severance of friendly and mutually advantageous relations existing between them and their employers is that they were commanded to do so by the leader of a labor organization to which they belong. At the autocratic bidding of that individual, whose authority is not recognized by the laws, they have chosen to break a contract, to betray a trust, to return evil for good. They can not reasonably expect public sympathy under such circumstances. The logic of honor, of justice and of common propriety is against them. It is impossible to popularize the idea that the laborer owes a higher allegiance to a man like Debs than he does to the corporation that provides him with work and pays him the wages which support his family. The American sense of fair dealing is opposed to that theory of personal duty and responsibility. If the strikers had any distinct and substantial grievance, if their contract with their employers had been in any way violated by the latter, the case would be different, and they might consistently claim indulgence and encouragement. But they acknowledge that there is no such condition in their favor, and thus they are left without any rational excuse for their lack of fidelity to the railroad companies.

There is a distorted impression afloat as to the right of a man to quit work when and for what he pleases. In a strictly legal sense, no man can be forced to render service against his will except under sentence of court and in punishment for crime; it is true at the same time that every man who accepts service on given terms thereby incurs an obligation of honor which forbids him to quit that service without due notice, or reasonable cause, and regardless of the injury that may follow to his employer or to others. This applies with particular force to railroad employes, whose occupation is of quasi public order, and whose faithfulnes is of more importance than that of any other class of laborers. The most radical advocate of the right to quit work would hardly justify a switchman in abandoning his post when a train comes thundering down the track and a disaster must ensue if he does not open a switch; and yet this is only an extreme illustration of the story of the present strike. Trains have been abruptly deserted before reaching their destination, leaving passengers helpless, and causing great loss of perishable freight; and in a general way the operations of a dozen different railroad lines have been practically suspended because of the sudden desertion of duty by their employes in obedience to the mandate of Debs and on the pretext of supreme fealty to the head of a labor organization that has no legal authority and no responsibility. This is not loyalty, but a perversion and mockery of that splendid virtue. The strikers are in the wrong from every point of view; and in no other one respect so much as that of their false and pernicious attitude upon the question of allegiance.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Simple Cure for Backing.

When a horse stops and proposes to turn around don't resist the turn, but give him a quiet horizontal pull in the direction he wants to turn so as to carry him further around than he intended to go, and if possible keep him going around a half a dozen times, says a horse trainer. In most cases this will upset all his calculations, and he will go quietly on without much ado. If six turns will not do give him twenty. In fact, if he will keep on turning to your rein you are sure to conquer, as enough turning will confuse him and leave him at your command. If he will not turn, and will back to the rein, keep him going backward in the direction you want to go. He will soon get tired of that and prefer to go with the right end forward, but before you let him go give him decidedly more backing than he likes.

In order to introduce Chamberlain's Cough Remedy here we sold several dozen bottles on strict guarantee and have found every bottle did good service. We have used it ourselves and think it superior to any other. W. I. Mowrey, Jarvisville, W. Va. For sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

"Your conduct is not nice, Emil. You invite me to take dinner with you in a restaurant, and the moment we sit down you forget all about me and bury yourself in the newspapers."

"Pardon me, my dear. Waiter, bring my wife a newspaper."

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder,
Most Perfect Made.