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GERMANY.

The Home of the Celebrated Composer, Beethoven.

Bonn and Cologne Entertainingly Written About—"John Bull" Comes on the Scene.

A Postscript, in which Our Correspondent, after a Few Remarks About Photography, etc., Bids Us Good-bye for a Short Time.

COLOGNE, August 14th, 1886.

EDITOR NEWS-HERALD:—Bonn, frequently mentioned by Tacitus, and probably by Drusus, was one of the first Roman fortresses on the Rhine. The Roman Castrum was very extensive and stood near the end of the modern Steinway, to the north of the town; as is proved by excavations made both recently, and in the beginning of the present century. In the Middle Ages, Bonn was a place of little importance until 1267, when the Archbishop of Cologne transferred his residence and seat of government hither. The German Kings, Frederick of Austria (1314), and Charles IV (1346) were crowned in the Munster. It now has a population of nearly forty thousand, is the seat of a university founded in 1818 and attended by about fifteen hundred students, and is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, at the beginning of the mountain scenery and the narrow picturesque valley. We see the statue of Beethoven, the minister, the university buildings, the promenades, and the cemetery. The celebrated composer Beethoven was born here in 1770, and died when he was fifty-seven years of age. His father was tenor-singer and his grandfather band-master to the Elector. The bronze statue was executed by Hahnelt of Dresden, and inaugurated in the presence of Queen Victoria in 1845. The church is cruciform, with two choirs, four small towers, and a lofty octagonal principal tower over the cross, and is a good specimen of the late-Romanesque style.

The university buildings were erected a century and a half ago, and served originally as the electoral palace; they are on the south side of the town and are the most extensive in Germany—six hundred yards in length. They are well fitted up and contain lecture rooms, library (250,000 vols.), collection of coins, museum of antiquities and a physical cabinet. The chemical laboratory, designed in part by the Berlin chemist Hofmann, is one of the most extensive and best organized in the world. Then the anatomy building, the physiological institute, the agricultural academy—comprising lecture rooms, collections, a laboratory, etc., and Wessels' porcelain and stoneware factory, employing one thousand workmen and dating in its origin from a porcelain factory established by the Elector Clemens in 1755; and lastly, the university clinical institute with the pathological institute, built at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars.

From an old bastion on the bank of the Rhine, a fine view is had of the opposite bank, including Beuel, Bensberg, Siegburg, and the seven mountains. In the center of the park is a monument to the poet Ernst Moritz Arndt in bronze. The two French guns here, captured in the late war, were presented by Emperor William. The principal promenade of the town is a quadruple avenue of beautiful horse-chestnuts, half a mile long, flanked with handsome villas and gardens. The cemetery is the resting-place of many eminent men, chiefly professors at the university. A monument of Niebuhr erected by Fred William IV to his "teacher and friend," and the monuments of Ernst von Schiller, the second son, and Charlotte von Lengefeld, widow of the poet, are here to be seen; also, the graves of Schuman, the composer, Argelander the astronomer, and Simrock the poet.

After a pleasant day—because we do not leave until the middle of the afternoon—we start for Cologne. The night we can not say as much for; when weary one can sleep under almost any circumstances, but one's surroundings when he retires is somewhat like the food, somewhat like the manner in which women are treated here—peculiar. However much the scenery may change with the locality, the inhabitants, their habits, their houses, the food they eat, and the beds they sleep in, remain the same. There is a melancholy monotony in the doors and windows, even their hinges and locks, in chairs, tables, dressers, desks, mirrors, and stoves. The reason mirrors should be divided into three or four pieces, and why the seam in them should always cut the top of one's head off and graft it on a shoulder we can not conceive. We are inclined to think that humorists who always try to be funny and often succeed in being ridiculous, very often, to use a mild term, exaggerate. But this defect in the German mirror, and the tall, square, stately, white porcelain stove in the corner, that looks like a monument, and keeps you thinking of death when you ought to be enjoying your travels, are realities. The style of the lace curtains at the windows, the paper on the wall, the pictures and

the frames that contain them, if repetition is the secret of memory, will never be forgotten. First in frequency comes perhaps, photographs and paintings of the Emperor, Empress, and lesser rulers; then battle scenes, then rustic scenes of love or revelry, and photographs of groups of young soldiers: for if there is not a son who has his photograph framed in a group with twenty-five or fifty others, the daughter has a lover who has, and it adorns the wall by the side of the king or a charge of the infantry in the battle of Sedan. The rug, wardrobe, sofa, and bookcase, the same that we saw at Heidelberg, Mayence, Bingen and Bonn, complete the sitting room or study, or whatever you choose to call that which is more public than your bed-room and less public than the parlor. The bed-room has a bed in either end as Mark Twain says "about an old-fashioned brass-mounted single-barrelled pistol shot apart." They might all belong to the same individual, who has not an idea above low, narrow beds and hated variety. A sac of feathers to sleep on, and another to sleep under, with an heirloom pillowcase, profusely and tastefully embroidered by hand. Asleep or not asleep, one has the ineradicable habit of finding its way to the floor. Such was our experience and such were our surroundings last night.

From Bonn to Cologne is an extensive plain, and no attempt is made to follow the curves of the river. At two points, Widdig and Wesseling, where the concavity is toward us, do we approach it; then we see on the other side the villages of Reith Nieder-Cassel, Lulsdorf, and Langel. Surdt is the last before Cologne. It is a town of one street a half mile in length, and the houses framed and filled with brick but not plastered, one and a half stories high, are stuck as closely together as is possible. The houses look centuries old—but one yet unfinished is a fac-simile of the others in every respect. From here we can see between the two rows of trees which border a road as straight as a line and seemingly as level as a floor, Cologne, with a cloud of smoke overhanging it that obscures spires and towers, although only six miles distant.

We have not gone far on this road—beautiful enough to be called a promenade—until we meet "John Bull." The difference between the English language as spoken by Americans and English as read by Americans, James' "International Episode," the frequent visits of English "Lords" and "Dukes" to the United States, and the famous Oscar Wilde, have served to make Americans well acquainted with their nauseating drawl and lead them to believe that the words "jolly" and "nasty" are the alpha and omega of their vocabulary. The mention of Oscar Wilde's name recalls a couple of anecdotes which I do not now remember ever seeing in print; but if they have been they deserve a repetition, because they are actual occurrences. The adjective "nice" is a word that is frequently used by Americans—and by any one else to whom the word might be applied. Once when the late Mrs. George H. Pendleton used it in the presence of Oscar Wilde, he turned upon her and asked, "Don't you think nice a nasty word?" She replied, "Do you think nasty is a nice word?" At another time when asked how he liked America, he answered, "O, you have no curiosities, no ruins." "No," replied the same lady, "but we import the one and the other will come with time." In all of Dickens' works I remember now only one occurrence of the word "jolly," when after traveling in a coupe until eleven o'clock at night, he is served with a supper which he says "is so hot and we are so cold, that it appears almost jolly." A part of our first railroad ride was in company with a party of English, who found nothing in the scenery to admire unless it was very "jolly" and resembled their own "Devonshire." But one of these we meet is a German by birth, yet has lived in London long enough to acquire the peculiarities. We have met more English tourists and bicyclists than Americans, and their style of dress and appearance is as characteristic as their language and tone of voice.

At five o'clock we arrive at Cologne, an average of a little over thirty miles a day for the five days, which was between three and four hours riding each day. We stop at the Rheinischer Hof opposite the cathedral, accepting the proffered courtesies of the "Cologne Bicycle Club," which numbers over five hundred members. Cologne like Bonn, Coblenz and Mayence, is surrounded by strong fortifications, and as with the two latter, the smaller city on the opposite side of the river, is included. It has a population of 160,000 people, including a garrison of 7,000 men. Five-sixths of them are Roman Catholics. Deuts, on the other side of the river, has 20,000 inhabitants. Cologne is the largest town in the Rhenish Province of Prussia, the residence of an archbishop and one of the most important commercial cities in Germany. It is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, which here traverses an extensive plain. The town is closely hemmed in by the fortifications, or was until recently, when the medieval wall was removed, and four and a half million dollars paid for the space between it and the new glacis. The old streets are narrow, gloomy and badly drained, but many of them contain interesting specimens of domestic architecture dating from the 10th, 15th,

and even the 13th century. Most of these streets are being swept away and replaced by new ones containing new and tasteful buildings. The new space acquired is nearly equal to the old town in size, and has been laid out in building lots, and a handsome series of boulevards, which will encircle the town from the Bayenturm on the south, to the Eigelstein-Thor on the north, a distance of three miles and a half.

Cologne was founded by the Ubu at the time they were compelled by Agrippa to migrate from the right to the left bank of the Rhine. In A. D. 51 Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus and mother of Nero, founded here a colony of Roman veterans. Of the strong walls of this settlement there are still some remains. In 308 Constantine the Great began the construction of a stone bridge over the Rhine to Deutz, which was afterwards destroyed by the Normans. After the fifth century Cologne belonged to the kingdom of the Franks. Charlemagne raised the bishopric to an archbishopric; but the archbishops began to lay claim to political as well as ecclesiastical power, and endeavored to construe the privileges granted to them by the Emperor into unlimited jurisdiction over the city. In consequence of these pretensions they were continually at variance with the citizens, and their quarrels often assumed the form of sanguinary feuds. At the end of two centuries' contention, the contest was decided in favor of municipal independence, and the archbishops were compelled to transfer their residence to Brühl, and afterwards to Bonn. For two centuries longer the power the archbishops still exerted over the citizens, together with the conflicts carried on in the town itself between different noble families, or between the nobles and the guilds, disturbed its peace. During the two succeeding centuries (14th and 15th) the city was often the scene of revolutionary struggles; but in spite of all these troubles Cologne was unquestionably one of the wealthiest and most prosperous cities in Germany. After the 16th century it declined at first gradually, afterwards rapidly. The Protestants were banished 1608; it was occupied by the French 1794, then incorporated with France 1797, and it was not until after 1815 under Prussian rule, that it began to revive. The rapid progress of its steamboat and railway systems, and the enterprise of the citizens, many of whom possess great wealth, have combined to make it the center of the Rhenish trade and an important commercial city. In the course of its medieval history, Cologne boasts of having twice been the cradle of German Art.

We visit the principal churches (and there are scarcely fewer now than in 1800, when there were over a hundred) and of course the cathedral (where we linger long, and visit it the second and third time), the museums, the theatre, the zoological and botanical gardens, and the promenades and parks, where we see the bronze statues of Frederick William III, Prince Bismark, and Field-Marshal Moltke.

The Cathedral, which justly excites the admiration of every beholder, and is probably the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world, stands on a slight eminence partly composed of Roman remains, about sixty feet above the Rhine. As early as the 9th century an Episcopal Church occupied this site, but in the course of time the inhabitants regarded it as unworthy of the rapidly increasing size and prosperity of their city. The Archbishop, St. Engelbert, first conceived the idea of erecting a new church, but in consequence of his untimely death it was never fulfilled. His second successor, Conrad of Hochstaden, after the old church had been nearly destroyed by a conflagration, at length laid the foundation-stone of the present structure with great solemnity, just 658 years ago to-day (Aug. 14th, 1248). The choir was the first part proceeded with, and in seventy-six years was temporarily terminated by a lofty wall towards the west, and consecrated by the archbishop. Two years later (1325) the foundation stones of the north and south transepts were laid. Seventy-three years later the nave was sufficiently advanced to be temporarily fitted up for service, and in fifty-nine years more the bells were placed in the south tower (1447). Subsequently the enthusiasm subsided, and by the end of the 15th century all hope of seeing the church completed according to the original plan, was abandoned. The unfinished building was provided with a temporary roof and nothing further was done, except to decorate the interior. In 1796 it was converted by the French into a hay-magazine. Frederick William III and IV, kings of Prussia, rescued the sacred edifice from total destruction, caused it to be examined by an eminent architect, and in 1816 gave instructions for its restoration. The work was commenced in 1823. Zwirner was the first to form the project of completing the cathedral. The foundation-stone of the new part of the building was laid on the 4th of September, 1842, and more than \$75,000 were expended annually on it, until completed in August, 1880; a total of over four and a half million dollars. On October 15th its completion was celebrated in the presence of the Emperor and almost all the sovereign princes of the German Empire.

The cathedral is a cruciform structure, the nave being flanked with double, the

transept with single aisles. Total length 148 yards, breadth 67 yards, length of transepts 94 yards, height of the walls 150 feet, height of the roof 201 feet, height of the central tower rising over the transept 357 feet. The towers, 512 feet in height, are the loftiest in Europe. This enormous mass of masonry is embellished by a profusion of flying buttresses, turrets, gurgoyles, galleries, cornices, foliage, etc. The towers consist of four stories, of which the three lower are square in form, while the fourth are octagonal, with elegant open spires. The principal portal is 93 feet high and 31 feet wide; the side portals 38 feet high and 18 feet wide; the central window is 48 feet high and 20 feet wide; the portal of the south tower was decorated with excellent sculptures in the beginning of the 15th century. The interior, which is borne by 56 pillars, is 130 yards in length. The nave is 16 yards wide and 140 feet in height; each of the inner aisles is 7 1/2 yards, each of the outer 9 yards wide; each of the four aisles is 60 feet high. The area of the interior is 7,300 square yards.

The large stained-glass window above the west portal was presented by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany. The north aisle were executed in 1508-9, and represent archbishops, saints, and armorial bearings. The beautiful modern windows of the south aisle were presented by King Lewis I of Bavaria, in 1848, and represent in the first window, John the Baptist; in the second, Nativity; in the third, above, Last Supper, below, Death of Christ; in the fourth, Descent of the Holy Ghost; in the fifth, Stoning of St. Stephen. The modern stained-glass windows of the south portal, presented by Emperor William, were executed in Berlin; those of the north portal are of Cologne workmanship. The stained glass in the windows on the west side of both transepts, in one is to the memory of Joseph V. Gores, in the other is taken from various ancient churches. The choir is separated from the nave by an iron screen, and is flanked with seven chapels. Consoles projecting from the fourteen pillars of the central part, bear statues of Christ, Mary, and the twelve apostles, overshadowed by artistic canopies. The nine frescoes in the arches of the choir represent "angel choirs," in the ecclesiastical symbolical style, differently colored in accordance with their various stages of development. The walls behind the choir-stalls are covered with tapestry worked by ladies of Cologne, illustrative of the Nicene creed and seven sacraments. Above the triforium of the choir is a series of admirable stained-glass windows, representing the Kings of Judah, etc. Of the seven chapels, three are especially interesting. In the chapel of the "Three Kings" were formerly preserved the "Bones of the Magi," taken by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, afterwards taken to Milan, and in 1146 brought to Cologne. The heart of Marie de Medicis is buried under a stone in front of the chapel. The chapel of St. Agnes contains the celebrated "Dombild," a large winged picture representing the adoration of the Magi in the center, St. Geron and St. Ursula on the wings, and the annunciation on the outside. In the chapel of the Virgin is Overbeck's Assumption, purchased in 1855 for \$4,500.

After viewing the exterior and the interior, we climb the stairway and walk around the entire gallery. What a forest of columns and pillars, which with the choir, the frescoed walls, the stained-glass windows, makes a wonderfully beautiful picture. The scene from the outer gallery includes the plain intersected by the Rhine, the seven mountains and the town. From the towers the view is yet more extensive; the distance to the streets is appalling, men are mere pigmies, houses and wagons are toys and playthings, and it is with an act of the will that we stagger back from the edge, and by deep and forcible respiration try to free ourselves of the unpleasant sensation, due more to the rarified air than to the view that meets our eyes. We go to the belfry in the south tower and now learn the cause of the grinding noise we have heard: it is the swinging of the bells, of which there are six. The largest was given by the Emperor in 1874; it was cast out of twenty-two cannons captured from the French, and weighs twenty-seven tons. The others are from four to five hundred years old. The view of the building, the steep roof, the innumerable spires, the heavy carved stone ornamentation, the flying buttresses and the smaller tower on the east end, is an interesting one. We descend a part of the six hundred steps we had to climb, and at the inner gallery join the ladies of the party, whom we left regretfully behind. Descending another spiral staircase, we take one full and satisfying breath, and turn and again see the building before we will believe that it has not been all a dream.

Very truly yours,
J. G. HERRON.

P. S.—I see by the date of the above that I have carried it just one month. If any man would find reason to complain (but he will not), I would simply ask him if he remembers that time he carried his sister's letter a week at one time, and two or three at another, and then by accident found and mailed them and satisfactorily explained away the discrepancies between the dates and postmarks. If he does not, I am sure

that he has not forgotten the time his unselfish, kind and forgiving sister found in his pocket a letter soiled, wrinkled and worn beyond recognition, except by herself—who with her own hands wrote, directed, sealed, stamped, and delivered it to him to post as he went to school or to the store, or his daily toil—or by him for whom it was intended but who never received it.

If any woman would find fault, (but she will not—a post-script will make them all my friends) I would ask her how she could, even for a moment, forget the pleasure of that "making-up" when all the blame rested where it properly belonged, on the broad shoulders of her brother, whom she loved with all his carelessness.

If that is not enough, I will promise not to carry another letter, because I shall not write one. To have continued writing, after we left the Rhine at Essen, and as we journeyed through Belgium and Holland, and across northern Germany here, would have been a task as nearly impossible as transcribing the illegible hieroglyphics I find in my short-hand note book. If their appearance is indicative of the enthusiasm of the moment, penmanship would have been as unsolvable a problem. As I look at the mystical characters now, I realize that there is not anything that I ever knew, that I have been quite so successful in forgetting. If it were as easily acquired as it is forgotten, the incalculable advantage it affords would be sought and turned to account by all those who listen to five or six hours of didactic instruction each day. A lawyer and a judge said that one could learn nine languages before he could the art of short-hand writing. I imagine he made that remark very soon after his first attempt at practical application. Whoever has read the history of "David Copperfield" will remember and most vividly, if he has any knowledge of photography, that graphic description, by the best pen-painter the world ever saw, of a page from his own life's history. First the enthusiasm, then the labor of committing to memory the straight lines and curves which represent consonants, and the dots and dashes denoting vowels, then to forget the latter and abbreviate the former; then to commit arbitrary characters which at first have as little connection in your mind with the word it is supposed to represent, as a straight line looks like the word "advantage" or a crooked one the word "expectation." Then the first speech, which is worst of all—the speaker leaves you floundering far behind, with pencil and brain equally unmanageable, while hot flashes cover your face and beads of perspiration your brow; and you seek the privacy of your own study and vow to conquer or die; and again you follow your comrade, who reads Webster's or Henry's speeches as you clumsily copy. Lastly after learning to copy you must learn to transcribe, which is another Herculean task.

But the study of photography is fascinating, as is almost every subject when one attempts to solve it; and my experience will not deter me from utilizing again the "straight lines, curves and arbitrary characters" in a hasty trip we shall make south to Vienna, across to and through Switzerland to Paris, then south through Spain to the sea, where we will take a steamer to Italy, before going to Berlin for the winter. Some day I may call all those notes and to your generous readers give the choicest morsels, but now it would not be justice either to editor, reader, or writer.
J. G. H.
LEIPSIK, September 14th, 1886.

The Century For Wheat.

Captain D. M. Barrett recently presented us with a copy of the Hillsboro, (Oregon) Independent, from which we clip the following, thinking it would be of interest to our agricultural friends:

WASHINGTON COUNTY

BEATS THE WORLD—EIGHTY-FIVE BUSHELS OF WHEAT TO THE ACRE.

The first of the present week we were given an item for publication regarding the following big yield of wheat, which was deemed so incredible we refused to publish it without further proof of veracity. Upon our refusal Mr. R. Cave immediately communicated with Mr. J. L. Hallett, who, in answer sends the following letter and affirmation:

DILLETT, OREGON, August 24, 1886.
R. CAVE, Hillsboro, Oregon.
FRIEND CAVE:—Your letter received. I will acknowledge that 85 bushels per acre is a very large yield, but, at the same time, I got 85 bushels per acre off from 22 acres of "beaverdam" land. This I sowed the last of October, 1885, two bushels to the acre of "Old White Winter wheat," and was nice and plump wheat. I kept it sown down until about the middle of May.

Yours,
J. L. HALLETT.

P. S.—My machine threshed one thousand bushels of the same wheat in just four hours.

AFFIRMATION.

As a great many people laugh at the idea of 85 bushels of wheat being raised to the acre, we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that that amount was threshed off of 22 acres of J. L. Hallett's land in Washington county, commonly called "beaverdam" land. The wheat was what is called the "Old White Winter wheat," and was nice and plump wheat. Signed,

W. C. JOHNSON, in charge of machine.
J. P. VAUGHN, measurer.
T. A. McCOURT, hauler.
F. FARNSWORTH, hauler.
W. E. McCOURT, sack holder.

Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

TRAMP PRINTER

Writes about the Greenfield Fair.

And the Memories of a Greenfield Fair of Long Ago.

Not Forgetting to Speak of Greenfield Generally and Indulge in His Penchant for Giving Advice.

It is nearing the noon. The date is the 10th, and the month is the tenth of the year. In half an hour the sun will be at its meridian height (whatever that is) and the thunder tones of the monster bell in the tower of Bob Duffey's City Hall will ring out in stentorian tones the fact that this forenoon is settled and forever settled; and Barrere II, in his peculiarly own majestic style announces that the composing corps are waiting for copy—copy that I am expected to furnish. The last straggling bum (Hillsboro bum I mean—including candidates) has returned or is returning from the Greenfield Fair (the only successful rival of the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition). I among the rest have just arrived, and having been extremely busy having a splendid time on the picturesque banks of Paint river, and having neglected to put anything down in short-hand in my Russia-leather, alligator-skin note-book, am a trifle uncertain as to what I am going to write about. The sun was

BRIGHTLY BEAMING
In the Orient over back of the Institute last Wednesday morning when I boarded Carl Utman's Overland Express to do the Greenfield Fair and gather material for the six-column letter I intended to furnish this week. I wasn't just certain whether I would write up the history of Greenfield, or the history of some of its celebrated cases, or the history of the fair, or just what, but I thought I would write of some of these. But, alas, when I reached my destination, I entered into such a whirl of gaiety that I neglected to remember anything much, and now I am placed in the unpleasant predicament of having to "make up" a letter "out of my head."

THE FAIR
Management certainly had to labor under many disadvantages this year. Wednesday was of course the first day of the fair that was supposed to have amounted to anything; but nobody came—that is very few bodies came, and the Fair Ground on that day was about the loneliest place in the county, so far as attendance was concerned. The racing was very mediocre to say the least. Perhaps, had more sporting blood coursed through my veins it would have been more interesting to me. There was one driver who always came out behind. He was a man evidently approaching middle age, with long red hair and beard on his countenance. So invariably did he come out behind in all the races that my sympathetic soul was moved, and laboring under the inspiration of the moment I seized my lyre and wrote—No, I didn't have any lyre with me—but as I was going to say I wrote or determined to write something like those:

Upon the black mare's tail he sat;
(He didn't want to risk hers.)
But everybody noticed that
The wind blew through his whiskers.

Neither the Quaker Post, the Hoosier Post, the Rustic Post or the Rusty Post assisted me in the manufacture of those touching lines. They are mine—wholly mine—excepting the sentiment of the last line.

The exhibits in the Floral Hall were quite fair, though I only saw one pumpkin. Perhaps, however, I wasn't looking for pumpkins. There was the usual supply of crazy quilts and needle work and sewing machine agents. The "2 Jim" Murrays had a showy display of cheerful looking undertaker's supplies, and several other local business houses made creditable displays. There were lots of flowers of various kinds and the wonted lay-out of preserves, jellies and pickles. Two rival piano agents furnished the instruments at which local aspirants for musical honors struggled with high A's and diminished sevenths. On various parts of the grounds were divers quacks and a banjo can make the ordinary mortal imagine himself a sufferer from nine hundred and eleven of the thousand and one ills to which flesh is heir, while the man with the gilt jewelry and nickel watches did not fail to honor the occasion with his presence.

On Thursday, when it was expected the Fair would begin in real earnest, it rained like fury all morning, but dried off in time to entice a few people out to the grounds. But Friday morning dawned clear and beautiful, and the people began coming and they kept on coming until noon found the grounds well filled, and two o'clock found them thronged. The racing was about as on previous days—perhaps the time was a trifle slower—I didn't keep any account of it, and I guess it don't matter anyway. A bicycle race between three youthful wheelmen was interesting. One of the three got first premium, another one got second, and another got left.

It had been sixteen years since I had attended a Greenfield Fair—sixteen long weary years—but the fair grounds looked as natural as they did so long ago. It has scarcely changed.

Sixteen years ago I was a kid, and a pretty young one, but I wasn't so young but that I can now remember a great many incidents of that visit. I remember a side-show, the principal attractions of which were a "chinaman and a steam man. I wasn't inside of it, but the almond-eyed child of the blooming Orient came out at "semi-occasional" intervals and attracted a throng around the doorway by the deft and artistic way in which he rendered solos upon a massive brass gong, and I know the steam man was there for I saw his picture on the outside banner, which represented him pulling a buggy at the race of two-forty on the mud-road. I also remember that Packard's Band furnished the music, and that when they paraded around the ring in advance of the premium steers they played the old familiar plantation melody entitled "Nancy Hill." I also remember a notion dealer, who wore a red-topped army cap and long golden curls that fell in massive ringlets on his shoulders, and I, in my childish innocence, imagined them real. I have never had much faith in anything since I saw that when he raised the cap to wipe the perspiration from his manly brow the golden curls were fastened to the edges of the cap. I might remember even more yet, but these few may be enough to prove that I can remember a little bit when I want to, and perhaps some of our older friends may be made to recollect some of those little incidents of the Greenfield Fair of '70 or '71—which was it?

The pig-pens have been recently rebuilt. The present amphitheatres are built after the manner of circus seats, though they are much more unsightly, and the only canopy above them is formed by a few scattering oak boughs—unless we count the azure dome you have read about previously in some novel or some where else.

The fact is evident, if all reports may be relied upon, that the Greenfield Fairs, to say the least, are not improving any. There may be several reasons for this. The purses offered in the speed ring are hardly big enough to attract the attendance of owners of fast flyers, and the Fair also has much more opposition than it did a few years ago. The average granger don't want to go to the trouble of displaying his product or fine stock for the high but only honor of having a red ticket tied onto it—or them. Did I not seem too young to give advice to such older heads as may be found in the management of their fair I would advise more liberal premiums all around, and the squandering of a little of their spare change in the erection of respectable amphitheatres for the accommodation of the public to which they must be indebted for support. They might continue as successfully as in other years by being enterprising, in spite of the fact that the Hillsboro and Washington C. H. Fairs have just begun to amount to something. Strong opposition always requires strong counter-opposition, and enterprise always tells.

As for Greenfield itself I had not been in the town for six years, when I went over to attend a torchlight procession during the Garfield-Hancock campaign. The place can hardly be said to have grown much though its growth seems to be solid and healthy. Business was lively during my stay, and "everything went," so to speak. Gambling devices were illy concealed in various places, and the rural youth who can now scratch his forehead and wish that he hadn't "tried his luck" may, no doubt, be numbered by the score. The City Hall, somehow or other don't look as big a structure as it seemed to me then, but they've got a public school that knocks ours silly—at least from an external point of view.

At this writing, not having seen this week's Enterprise, and consequently not knowing whether it alludes to me as a coming rival of Bill Nye or the only man to be feared by Gath, I don't know what I ought to say about it. The Enterprise is manufactured in a nice, clean little office in the city building, and Brother Sprung deserves to rest well in the knowledge of the fact that he gets out one of the nicest and best local journals in the country and that its name is most exceedingly well chosen.

CLOSING REMARKS.
In my closing remarks concerning Greenfield I will only add that as I have never neglected to give Hillsboro fits on the slightest provocation, I trust my Greenfield friends (and I hope I have lots of 'em) will not get on their ear-paregorically speaking—because I have offered their Fair Board a little friendly advice. As I may have incidentally remarked in some previous communication, if there's any one thing I know more about than another it is giving advice, and then Charles Dickens offered some similar "apology" for the way he showed up America in his "Martin Chuzzlewit," and all us big literary people—but I digress. But if you can ever mention something new that will enable me to express the contempt I feel for Hillsboro, or any other place that isn't what it ought to be I will be much obliged, and will assure you the subject will be given prompt attention.

My stay was made more than pleasant by the kindness of Mr. E. J. Price, the News-Herald's Greenfield correspondent and leader of the Greenfield band, and the gentlemanly young fellows who compose that organization.

ed as natural as they did so long ago. It has scarcely changed.

Sixteen years ago I was a kid, and a pretty young one, but I wasn't so young but that I can now remember a great many incidents of that visit. I remember a side-show, the principal attractions of which were a "chinaman and a steam man. I wasn't inside of it, but the almond-eyed child of the blooming Orient came out at "semi-occasional" intervals and attracted a throng around the doorway by the deft and artistic way in which he rendered solos upon a massive brass gong, and I know the steam man was there for I saw his picture on the outside banner, which represented him pulling a buggy at the race of two-forty on the mud-road. I also remember that Packard's Band furnished the music, and that when they paraded around the ring in advance of the premium steers they played the old familiar plantation melody entitled "Nancy Hill." I also remember a notion dealer, who wore a red-topped army cap and long golden curls that fell in massive ringlets on his shoulders, and I, in my childish innocence, imagined them real. I have never had much faith in anything since I saw that when he raised the cap to wipe the perspiration from his manly brow the golden curls were fastened to the edges of the cap. I might remember even more yet, but these few may be enough to prove that I can remember a little bit when I want to, and perhaps some of our older friends may be made to recollect some of those little incidents of the Greenfield Fair of '70 or '71—which was it?

The pig-pens have been recently rebuilt. The present amphitheatres are built after the manner of circus seats, though they are much more unsightly, and the only canopy above them is formed by a few scattering oak boughs—unless we count the azure dome you have read about previously in some novel or some where else.

The fact is evident, if all reports may be relied upon, that the Greenfield Fairs, to say the least, are not improving any. There may be several reasons for this. The purses offered in the speed ring are hardly big enough to attract the attendance of owners of fast flyers, and the Fair also has much more opposition than it did a few years ago. The average granger don't want to go to the trouble of displaying his product or fine stock for the high but only honor of having a red ticket tied onto it—or them. Did I not seem too young to give advice to such older heads as may be found in the management of their fair I would advise more liberal premiums all around, and the squandering of a little of their spare change in the erection of respectable amphitheatres for the accommodation of the public to which they must be indebted for support. They might continue as successfully as in other years by being enterprising, in spite of the fact that the Hillsboro and Washington C. H. Fairs have just begun to amount to something. Strong opposition always requires strong counter-opposition, and enterprise always tells.

As for Greenfield itself I had not been in the town for six years, when I went over to attend a torchlight procession during the Garfield-Hancock campaign. The place can hardly be said to have grown much though its growth seems to be solid and healthy. Business was lively during my stay, and "everything went," so to speak. Gambling devices were illy concealed in various places, and the rural youth who can now scratch his forehead and wish that he hadn't "tried his luck" may, no doubt, be numbered by the score. The City Hall, somehow or other don't look as big a structure as it seemed to me then, but they've got a public school that knocks ours silly—at least from an external point of view.

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