CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 50--NO. 33. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883. WHOLE NO. 2,462.

WINDOW GLASS.

—:o:—

We are Agents for the

NEW ALBANY GLASS WORKS!

And are prepared to offer

WINDOW GLASS!

at MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

Full Stock of

White Lead, Linseed Oil and Ready Mixed Paints

at Prices that Defy Competition. Try us.

OWEN & MOORE.

DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,

29 Franklin Street,

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Has on hand a complete stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, Brushes, Chamois Skins, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

Special attention will be given to the Compounding of Medicines, and a careful and competent Prescriptionist will be in attendance at all hours. S. B. STEWART.

March 18, 1882—tf

The Clarksville Wagon Co.

Reduces its Prices.

We have on hand a large stock of superior Wagons of all the various sizes, and made of the very best materials, which we now offer at a reduction of $10.00 to $15 00 per Wagon, according to size, below our previous prices. The TIMBER used in our Wagons has been seasoning under our sheds from 3 to 5 years and is of the very best.

Every Wagon Warranted.

All who need Wagons would do well to see and price our stock before buying.

JOS. ELLIOTT, Manager.

March 9, 1882.

Bowling & Willson sold them to me

DON'T FORGET

—that—

BOWLING & WILLSON

Carry the Largest and Best Selected Stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES for Ladies' Wear.

The Latest Styles and Novelties constantly being received.

Men's, Boys' and Childrens' Fine Hats and Caps.

NOBBY GOODS.
GENTS' FINE UNDERWEAR.
NEW GOODS for the HOLIDAYS.
NECK-WEAR, GLOVES, SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, SUSPENDERS, &c.

They make to order

BOOTS and SHOES

Novelties in

Ladies' and Gents' Rubber Boots and Shoes.

THE "RAMBLER,"

A shirt that never tears down the back.

The best line of Suspenders on the market. Call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

Respectfully,

BOWLING & WILLSON,

17 FRANKLIN STREET.

Sewanee Planing Mill

—o—

G. B. WILSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

And Dealers in

Builders' Material of Every Description.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Cor. Spring and Commerce Sts., - - Clarksville, Tenn.

Jan. 1, 1880-tf.

Magistrates' Blanks for Sale at this office.

Clearing Out Remnants

—ON THE—

BARGAIN COUNTER.

We have been quoting prices on Shoes that were put on this Counter, but we find that the BARGAIN PRICES sell them so fast, that before the notice reaches a great many readers of THE CHRONICLE that the Shoes were sold. We erected this

Bargain Counter

To close out broken lines, and we will continue to throw on just such SHOES and BOOTS that have no regular run of sizes. It will pay you to call and examine this Counter. Respectfully,

M. A. STRATTON.

Corner 1st and Franklin Sts.

GRANGE Warehouse Association,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.,

Commission Merchants

For the Inspection and Sale of

LEAF TOBACCO.

T. HERNDON Supt'. and Salesman.

Cash advanced on Tobacco in store, or in the hands of responsible farmers and dealers. All Tobacco insured while in store at the expense of owner, except where there is no advance, and then without written orders not to insure.

DIRECTORS.

W. F. TAYLOR, Todd Co., Ky., Pres. W. W. GILL, Logan Co., Ky., Vice-Pres.
T. M. ATKINS, Montgomery Co., Tenn., Sec'y. T. M. BARKER, Christian Co., Ky
J. S. FLOWERS, Logan Co., Ky. L. B. SIMS, Caldwell Co., Ky.
GEO. W. JESSUP, Todd Co., Ky. B. W. USSERY, Montgomery Co., Tenn.
T. F. NORTHINGTON, Montgomery Co., Ten. R. Y. JOHNSON, Montgomery Co., Tenn.
A. H. CARDEN, Crittenden Co., Ky. JOHN DUNN Robertson Co., Tenn.

Jan. 6, 1883-8m

IKE H. SHELBY. WM. H. RUDOLPH.

SHELBY & RUDOLPH,

(Successor to SHELBY & CO.)

Tobacco Salesmen,

BAILEY WAREHOUSE,

Commerce Street, Near Court House,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Liberal Cash Advances made on Tobacco in store. All Tobacco in my Warehouse, on which advances have been made, will be insured until sold. Tobacco not advanced on will be insured until sold, unless we have written instructions not to insure. nov25-6m

WM. J. ELY. JAS. T. KENNEDY.

ELY & KENNEDY,

(Successors to TURNLEY, ELY & KENNEDY.)

Tobacco Salesmen

AND

Commission Merchants,

Elephant Warehouse,

CLARKSVILLE, - - TENN.

Careful attention to the interests of our customers, and best prices obtained for Tobacco.

All Tobacco in our warehouse, on which advances have been made, will be insured at owners' expense until sold; and all Tobacco received by us, upon which there is no advance, will be insured at owners' expense, unless we have written instructions not to insure. After being sold, all Tobacco will be held at the risk of the buyer. nov25-tf

J. C. KENDRICK. JOHN H. PETTUS. GEO. S. IRWIN.

Kendrick, Pettus & Co.,

Tobacco Salesmen,

—AND—

General Commission Merchants,

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE,

Cor. Main and Front Streets, - Clarksville, Tenn.

Just Below the New Tobacco Exchange.

—:o:—

All Tobacco in our warehouse in Clarksville, on which advances have been made, will be insured at owners' expense until sold; and all Tobacco received by us at our warehouse in Clarksville, upon which there is no advance, will be insured at owners' expense, unless we have written instructions not to insure; and after being sold, all Tobacco will be held at the risk of the buyer. nov5-tf

BLANK BOOKS

Of Every Description

Made to Order at this Office.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

I.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seem to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

II.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call;—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

COMING HOME AT LAST.

WILL CARLETON.

I.

The banishment was over long,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Is coming home at last!
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered lond between
This singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea;
And grander than of any king
His welcome here shall be!

* * * * *

III.

He wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own.
'Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And wheresoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead.

IV.

He heard the melodies it made
Come pealing o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender, crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And wheresoever true love had birth
This thrilling song had flown;
But he who taught Home's matchless worth
Had no home of his own!

V.

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine.
And pilgrims with glad eyes grow dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

Recollections of a Scene in a Texas Court.

The following sketch of a scene in a Texas court was written many years ago by Judge Arrington, of that then republic, under the nom de plume of "Charles Summerfield." He wrote many sketches of incidents, which attracted much attention at the time; but none of them have been more admired or oftener republished than this one. The volunteer counsel, John Taylor, was so full of eccentricities that he was sometimes called "cracked." He was born in New York, highly educated, studied law and was admitted to the bar at twenty-one He soon after married a belle of the best society. A year or so afterwards he suddenly left New York for Texas, his wife obtained a divorce, and changed the name of their only child to that of another whom she married. Taylor remained until his death in Texas. At the time of his appearance in this case he was devoting most of his time to preaching. In after years he seldom preached, but devoted his time to law practice, in which he was attentive but not brilliant. It is related of him, that after the Hopkins' trial, he announced his desire to build a church in a certain locality, and to obtain funds for the purpose, would wager $2,500 that his mare could beat any animal in the country any distance not over a mile. The wager was taken, the race run, he riding for himself, and he won the stake, and with it built the church. The following is "Summerfield's" sketch of the trial:

At an early hour on the 9th of April, 1840, the court-house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war times past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River county, while the strong feeling apparent on every flushed face will sufficiently explain the matter.

At the close of 1839 George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men in Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage; whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. The occurrence produced intense excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of public opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath, which was at first violent against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character of the woman who had suffered such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And thus two cases, one criminal and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court for 1840. The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issue became far deeper when it was know that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansw, and the celebrated Prentiss, of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defense.

The trial for the indictment of murder ended on the 8th of April with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might have been foreseen by comparing the talents of counsel engaged on either side. The Texas lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the arguments and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of a dwarf against giants.

This slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in number as well as excitement; and what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment was decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured pointed witnesses who served most efficiently his powerful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant had been the success of the previous day, that when the slander case was called Mary Ellison was left without a lawyer—they had all withdrawn. The pigmy pettifoggers dared not brave against the sharp wit of Pike and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir, they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, blushing even to tears.

"In such a case will not a chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent as death.

Judge Mills repeated the question.

"I will, your honor," replied a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, situated behind the bar.

At the tones of that voice many started from their seats; and perhaps there was not a heart in that immense throng which did not beat something quicker—it was so unearthly, sweet, clear, ringing and mournful.

The first sensation, however, changed into general laughter when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure that nobody remembered to have seen before, elbowed himself through the crowd and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the Sphynx herself. His high, pale brow, and small, nervously twitching face seemed alive with concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his infantile blue eyes, hardly visible beneath the arches, looked dim, dreary, almost unconscious; and his clothing was so shabby that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

"Has your name been registered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the judge, suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name being on your roll," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up into a fiendish sneer. "I may be allowed to appear for once, by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America;" and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment. The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity, as was commonly thought. He suffered each one to tell his own story without interruption, though he contrived to make each tell it over two or three times. He put a few cross questions, which, with keen witnesses, only served to correct mistakes, and he made no notes, which in mighty memories always tend to embarrass. The examination being ended, as counsel for plaintiff he had a right to the opening speech, as well as to the close; but to the astonishment of every one, he declined the former and allowed the defense to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to flit across the features of Pike and to darken even the dark bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw they had "caught a tartar;" but who it was and how it happened was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of close, dry logic, which years afterward rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.

Then the poet, Albert Pike, with a rich vein of wit and a hail torrent of ridicule, in which, you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney were either forgotten or spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendent with a glow of gorgeous words, brilliant as a shower of falling stars, and with a burst of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern "order of the bench." Thus wonderfully susceptible are the Western people to the charms of the impassioned eloquence.

It was then the stranger's turn. He remained apparently abstracted during all of the previous speeches. Still and straight and motionless in his seat, his pale, smooth forehead shooting up high, like a mountain cone of snow; but for that eternal twitch that came and went perpetually in his sallow cheeks, you would have taken him for merely a man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dreamy eyes were invisible beneath those gray, shaggy eyebrows.

But now, at last, he rises—before the bar railing, not behind—and so near to the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long, bony finger. With eyes still half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curl as in a measureless scorn, slightly part, and the voice comes forth. At first it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain as an artless tune winding its way into the deepest heart, like the melody of a magic incantation; while the speaker proceeds without a jesture or the least sign of excitement to tear in pieces the argument of Ashley, that melts away at his touch as the frost before the sunbeam.

Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so brief and luminously clear that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without an effort.

Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his sallow face kindled up, and his eyes began to open, dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as fire globes, and glaring like twin meteors.

The whole soul was in the eye. The whole heart streamed out on his face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed like folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity when contrasted to the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasm of the stranger, interspersing the jest and anecdote that filled the room with roars of laughter.

Then, without so much as bestowing an illusion on Prentiss, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled into their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled as with an ague, and two of them actually fled dismayed from the court-house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul appeared to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the power of his own passions. He saturated them with the poisons of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. He was the sea of all thought and emotion, which rose and fell and boiled in billows as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glare furtively at the assassin, Hopkins, and his lean taper fingers slowly assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge bastions of unsurmountable facts.

He dug beneath the murderer and slanderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no stretch of ingenuity invade; and having thus, as one might say, unbound his victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions, before graceful as the wave of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of the oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with whirlpools, deafening the ear with crashes of powder yet intermingled with all the softest cadence. His face was as red as a drunkard's—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace—his countenance looked haggard—like a maniac—and ever and anon he flung his bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts. He drew a picture of murder in such appaling colors that hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such an accursed monster, and then fixed both portraits on the brow of Hopkins, and he nailed them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from this perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead, and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster—tall men wept and lovely women sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury and bystanders. He entreated the panel, after they should bring in their verdict for the plaintiff not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it, in other words, "not to lynch the villian, Hopkins, but leave it to God." This was the most arful trick of all, and best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterward Hopkins was taken off his bed and beaten almost to death.

I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun, to Dewer, King and Bascom, and have never heard in the form of sublime words anything even remotely approximating the eloquence of John Taylor, massive as a mountain and widly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who ever heard the marvelous man.

The Tariff.

Memphis Avalanche.

The Avalanche is neither a free trader nor a protectionist. Absolute free trade is utopian and protection is robbery. The tariff can not be abolished as the free trade cranks wish and should not be adjusted for the purposes of protection in the sense that Pig Iron Kelley and his gang of robbers by tariff would have it. When whisky and tobacco have furnished their share of the revenue the balance must be raised from importations and on precisely the same principle, so far as applicable, as that which taxes whisky and tobacco. The luxuries and things not necessary for sustaining daily life should be first taxed and so on down with reference to the burden imposed by the taxation on the consumption of the article, the interest of the manufacturer of it being of secondary importance only, so that as much as possible, consistent with sufficient revenue, of the necessaries of daily life should go on the free list. The necessity of discriminating against nations that discriminate against us in their tariffs is an essential element but the interest of the manufacturer should come in only when the interest of the consumer has been as fully as possible cared for by the tariff adjustment. For example, if it be determined that of two articles, one manufactured in this country and the other not, the consumption of each should contribute to the revenue, it would not be always wise to put a light duty on the foreign manufactured article and a light duty on the home manufactured article nor as the protectionists demand a heavy duty on the article manufactured at home and let the other go free or come in with a light duty. But considering the effect on the revenue as the chief element the foreign article should pay its fair share and the other its fair share giving the home manufacturer the benefit of such duty as may be imposed. This is the only kind of protection that is admissible. But, in making a new tariff it would be folly to wreck all the business interests that have grown up under the old tariff by radical changes without regard to these business interests. We have had a high protective tariff twenty years and we cannot abandon the system of protection all at once without a panic and financial ruin. We must return to a better system gradually and be careful not to bring on sudden and unnecessary ruin by our tinkering. We need a policy of reform that looks towards a reduction of taxation by as easy and harmless methods of change as possible and not by a reckless and radical revulsion of policy that would sweep the country like a tornado. Any change results in injury, no doubt, but the least possible injury should be sought for by all revenue reformers. It is only the thoughtless and very fresh extremists who do not know as much as they think they know who fait to comprehend the Avalanche. Democratic policy in 1832 and since has been to guard against the disastrous effects of radical changes in the revenue laws. To jump all at once from a high protective policy to one for revenue only or to the free trade policy would be destructive and the Avalanche is content with a steady but sensible reform. It is a revenue reformer and neither a free trader nor a protectionist. It finds daily illustration of the selfishness and hypocrisy of both political parties in dealing with the subject. Senator Lamar says protection and reduction of taxation are incompatible and so they are on the Pig Iron Kelley theories, but a large national debt, extravagant pensions and lavish expenditures for government buildings in every "deestrick" are incompatible with free trade.

The Son-in-Law Business.

New York Graphic.

The vocation of son-in-law has become quite an important and remunerative one in this country, but it is doubtful whether it has yet been reduced to so clear a business basis as in Berlin, for instance, where an advertisement addressed to would-be fathers or mothers-in-law appeared the other day saying that "a medical student, whose means are exhausted, would like to meet with some one who would advance him the necessary sum to complete his studies, at a moderate rate of interest, and who would, if necessary, marry his creditor's daughter at once as a guarantee, or, if the creditor should prefer it, would enter into a contract to do so on passing his final examination." This is no shilly-shallying youth; he is in the market, and he will deliver himself over to the highest bidder. It is to be hoped that he succeeded in getting a good price for himself, but if by any fortuitous oversight of fortune he should still remain undisposed of, he should lose no time in coming to New York, where genuine "cheek" is appreciated at its true value.

A Wildcat boards a Steamer.

Galveston News.

While the steamship I. C. Harris was anchored in the bay at Brazos, Santiago, during a dense fog, a full-grown wildcat, which it is supposed had floated down from the river on a log, presumably concluded to take a free passage to Galvestion on the wheel-house, on which he climbed creating somewhat of a senation on board the vessel. The boys on the ship got ropes and lassoed the animal, catching him around the head and hind legs with ropes and succeeded in caging him. On the arrival of the Harris at the Galveston wharf he was taken off and deposited in one of the sheds. He is a large, sleek, and rather good natured fellow, and lacks the gaunt and hungry look of the animals generally on exhibition in shows.

How Mark Twain Wrote "Innocents Abroad."

H. T. Ramsdell.

To my surprise I found Clemens among the boarders. He appeared glad to see me and I was certainly glad to see him. He was not good-natured, but then he was an old acquaintance, and that was something. I was modest then—as I am now—and I was greatly interested in the little quarrel between Townsend and Twain. They were both very aggressive and very opinionated, and neither liked to give up. I said nothing. I was very "green" then, and did not think I knew as much as I really did know. I am quite different now. So I became quite intimate with Twain, for I respected him for his travels, his memory, for the dangers he had wrought and for his droll humor. At that time we all did our work in our rooms, and when one of us got tired we went to the room of one of the others. If the other fellow was working hard he snubbed the visitor; if he was idling he welcomed him. It was here I became a very good drinker and a very good smoker. At Twain's room, however, the visitor was always welcome, for by nature Twain is so lazy that he will not work if there is an excuse for loafing. He had a little back room that was a novelty, a museum, a hermit's cave, a den for a wild animal, and the wild animal was there. In this room Clemens wrote his "Innocents Abroad." I wish you could see it to-day in the light of Mark Twain's present reputation and his half million of money. I am rather hardened now, but I remember it shocked me at the time. The little drum stove was full of ashes, running over on the zinc sheet, which was covered all over; the bed seemed to be unmade for a week, the slops had not been carried out for a fortnight, the room was sour with tobacco smoke, the floor, dirty enough to begin with, was littered with newspapers, from which Twain had cut his letters. Then there were hundreds of pieces of torn manuscripts which had been written and then rejected by the author. A dozen pipes were about the apartment—on the washstand, on the mantel, on the writing table, on the chairs—everywhere that room could be found. And there was tobacco, and tobacco everywhere. One thing, there was no flies. The smoke killed them, and I am now surprised the smoke did not kill me, too. Twain would not let a servant come into his room. He would strip down his suspenders (his coat and vest, of course, being off) and walk back and forward in his slippers in his little room and swear and smoke the whole day long. Of course, at times he would work, and when he did work it was like a steam-engine at full head. I do believe that if Clemens had not been under contract to write for the Hartford firm his "Innocents Abroad," he never would have done it. Of course at that time, Townsend, Stillson, Riley and myself never thought that Twain's book would amount to anything, and probably he did not think it would either, but he was writing for the money his naked manuscript would bring from his Hartford publishers. He needed that money and so he wrote. He is glad he did write now, for that "Innocents Abroad," written in that little back room in Indiana avenue, in Washington, has been the making of the fame and fortune of Mark Twain. Whether he smokes the same stinking old pipes; whether he wears the same soiled undershirts; whether he heats his room with the old uncleaned stove; whether he swears at his own or other people's servants, whether he mopes and snarls and whines—well, I don't care. He is rich and aristocratic. He has edited a paper in Buffalo and another in Hartford. He failed in both. Editing is not his forte. Mining is not his forte. Humor is his forte, but will you excuse me if I say that coarse humor should be nobody's forte?

What Made the Pancakes Taste So Queer.

"I had a little quiet fun this morning at the breakfast table," said the bad boy. "You see pa is the contrariest man ever was. If I complain that any thing at the table don't taste good, pa says it is all right. This morning I took the syrup pitcher and emptied out the white syrup and put in some cod liver oil that ma is taking for her cough. I put some on my pancakes, and pretended to taste of it, and I told pa the syrup was sour, and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second, and poured out some on his pancakes and said I was getting too confounded particular. He said the syrup was good enough for him, and he sopped his pancake in it and fired some down his neck. He is a gaul durned hypocrite, that's what he is. I could see by his face that the cod liver oil was nearly killing him, but he said that syrup was all right, and if I didn't mine he'd break my back, and by gosh I had to eat it, and pa said he guessed he didn't have much appetite and he would just drink a cup of coffee and eat a doughnut. I like to dide. But I felt sorry for ma. Ma ain't got a very strong stummic and when she got some of that cod liver oil in her mouth she went right up, sickern a horse, and pa had to help her, and she had nooralgia all the morning. I ate pickles to take the taste out of my mouth, and then I laid for the hired girls. They eat too much syrup, any way, and when they got on to that cod liver oil and swallowed a lot of it, one of them, a nirish girl, she got up from the table and put her hand on her corset and said, 'howly Jaysus,' and went out in the kitchen, as pale as mam is when she has powder on her face, and the other girl, who is Dutch, she swallowed a pancake and said, 'Mine Gott, vas de matter from me,' and she went out and leaned on the coal bin. Then they talked Irish and Dutch an i got clubs and started to look for me, and I thought I would come over here. The whole family is sick, but I guess they will get over it. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week, and I'll bet we'll have some fun. Pa says I need a change of air, and I think he is going to try and lose me. It's a cold day when I get left any where that I can't find my way back.

When "You Town Niggers' Vides."

Walton (Ga.) News.

Saturday night as we were passing down the street we heard a country darkey make the following remarks to a town colored politician who had been begging him to vote as he said: "You town niggers needn't say nothing to me 'bout votin.' You has your ginrals, your captains and your corporals, and every one of you gits money for votin', and we country niggers never gits none. You may call me Dimicrat or Publican, jest' as you please, but Ise gwine to 'vote jes' as I please, lessen you town niggers 'vides your money wid me and then I'll sorter begin to listen at you."

Mrs. Gen. S. G. French says: "My dear little boy Robert was at death's door with Cholera Infantum, and I never forget the gratitude I owe Dr. Moffett for saving his life with his Teethina (Teething Powders.)

Poetry of Journalism.

J. T. Child, in Kansas City Herald.

Upon the loftiest mountain, trod alone by the sandalled foot of Deity, grow the daintiest flowers; on the empurpled field of battle blooms in beauty the timid forget-me-not, and from the dusky den of the printing press have emerged thoughts, luminous as a sunbeam, that will sparkle and scintillate in the realm of letters while the flowers hold their fragrance and the gentle dew cools the brow of the earnest delver in the musty tomes of the world's majestic thinkers.

The mission of the press is poesy. Grand garner of intellect, it perpetuates the jewels of thought that otherwise would be lost, and in its clasp of cycles holds them for man's benefit.

Angelo saw the angel in an unhewn block of marble, Guido dreamed of immortality when he painted his bright Aurora, and the passion-tossed genius, gifted with the Divine afflatus, in the press sees a lightning winged Pegasus that shall bear him on to high Olympus. There is poesy in the rustle of the printed page; how it runs the gamut of every day life in its compact columns, and no bugle blast or subtle strain of music's softest melody can more quickly stir the heart than the details of some knightly deed even if told in stately prose.

Poesy—grand gift divine—is not merely words linked with rhyme, nor the bright imagery of a painter who can with artistic pencil limn with glowing words a picture that will haunt the memory like some vanished gleam of silver that kissed the mountain's brow "cold as the cold moon that shines upon the colder grave," but a thought that strikes the great heart of humanity as beat of drum in the busy mart, that makes man pause and think and feel that he is mortal. This is the mission of the press.

In every heart there is a depth that plummet never sounded, in every life there is a shadow that should have a silver lining and in every paper that floods the land, humble though it may be, are thoughts that will live and carry to some of earth's denizens inspiration, strength to gird themselves for the race of life even though they do not reach the goal a winner.

How few realize the influence of the "poet's corner" in their village paper. In such a nook Gray's deathless elegy first greeted the public eye, and that sweetest strain ever sung by bard, Annabel Lee, flashed into being in a secluded corner of a Detroit paper, while Lenore, Poe's inimitable tracery on the mystic margent of his imagination, was first put in type for that weird child of sorrow by him who now pens this tribute to America's immortal son of song.

The press is the nursery of poesy; poems "round and perfect as a star," pulsating with passion, burst forth like rippling rivulets, sparkling with the corruscations of genius, fresh and pure as the dew-gemmed flowers of morn, and greet us daily in the journals that each morning flutter through our casement.

Prentice, by the deft stroke of his magic pen, made his mother's grave a Mecca in the land of poesy, Gen. Lytle's fame is not that he died with victory sounding in his ears, but because he penned

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

And O'Hara will live in his deathless lines long after Kentucky's lofty monument to her heroic sons, that he immortalized, has crumbled into dust.

From the sunny slopes of that land of romance, California, the poetry of journalism has been enriched by the genius of Bret Harte and that grand singer of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller, whose gems of thought, engraved on the world's pulsating heart will be read and treasured by mankind so long as the blue billows of the placid ocean break upon the spotless strand.

From out the printing office speed winged words that make the circuit of the globe, poems in every sentence, genius gleaming in every line, with immortality woven in the song as it goes sounding down the ages.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

We Must Educate Skilled Workers in the South.

Atlanta Constitution.

It is now settled beyond question that Atlanta is to be a manufacturing city. We have many factories and we are to have many more. But where are our workers to come from? Are they to be recruited from our own ranks or are they to be imported? Are the children of the State to be hewers of wood and drawers of water in the next generation, while our money-breeding factories become the spoil of the latest arrivals? These questions are all embraced in the subject of industrial education. We need, in other words, schools that will prepare our bright and active boys for careers in our factories instead of our lean offices. We want schools that will turn out mechanics instead of professors. We want young men whose hands have been cultivated as well as their heads. And the more money we put into manufactures the more pre-sing will be the demand for intelligent workmen, and the better opportunities will they have for rapid and profitable promotion.

St. Louis has industrial schools, and a visit to one of her manuel training institutions is said to be sufficent to establish their value and usefulness. One of them has three full classes, numbering about 200 boys in all. This school gives a three years course in drawing, mathematics and the English branches of a high school course, together with instruction and practice in the use of tools. The tool instruction includes carpentry, wood engraving and turning, pattern-making, iron clipping and filing, forge work, brazing and soldering, and the use of the machine shop and tools. The time of the students is divided between mental and manuel excercise. The essential principles of all trades and occupations are taught. Finished work for the dexterity of the skilled mechanic is not aimed at; that is left for after years; but a thorough knowledge of how a machine or tool is used is imparted.

The school includes a blacksmith shop, which looks like the forge room of a large manufacturing company; a machine shop full of lathes and a driving engine; and a carpenter shop, where the boys work with chisel, gouge and plane. Boys enter this school at the age of 14; and the experience of the St. Louis institution is that boys trained in this way not only make good mechanics, but that they secure at once employment on advantageous terms. They do not go to work as ordinary apprentices.

We need such a school here in Atlanta, and in every town in the State; and the man or the legislature that will open the way will do Georgia great good. The first school of this nature should be established in Atlanta; and it should be a model for similar schools in ther portions of the State.

A Loss Prevented.

Many lose their beauty from the hair falling or fading. Parker's Hair Balsam supplies necessary nourishment, prevents falling and grayness and is an excellent dressing.