

Springhunters

These unglorious eruptions, painful boils, annoying pimples and other affections, which appear so generally at this season, make the use of that grand Spring Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, a necessity. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you a wonderful good. It will purify your blood, give you an appetite, tone your nerves, strengthen your stomach, and cure all spring illnesses. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

An Interrupted Wedding—Saved by a Human Rope—Death on Either Side, Etc.

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Hour after hour passed, and he came not; the young lady's perplexity passed into grief, then tears, and finally hysterics. The father, a lineal descendant of the Vikings, who had set down his prospective son-in-law's non-appearance to bashfulness, became enraged when it began to look as if his daughter had been deserted.

Summoning his grown sons and a posse of the guests at the wedding which had not materialized, they went to the bridegroom's house, and found it dark, locked up, and with a broad trail of dirt, or Norwegian snowshoes, leading straight into the woods, which confirmed the father's suspicions that Olaf had turned traitor. He said nothing, but hastening home, took down his Winchester, and accompanied by two of his sons, similarly armed, set out for Aitkin in pursuit of the recalcitrant.

It would have fared with Olaf had the old man caught him, but he did not, and for a very good reason. Olaf was having troubles enough of his own about then, and no doubt would have been thankful for the chance to relate them to any one, having fallen victim to a tailor. The tailor, after the fashion of his kind, had failed to send home Olaf's wedding garments as he had promised, on the day before that set for the wedding.

Olaf waited, "nursing" his wrath to keep it warm, till after dark, and then donning his skis, started for town. The distance across country is only a little more than two miles, and being an expert ski-walker, Olaf had no doubt of his ability to reach town, get his garments, and return in ample season to reach his bride's residence in time for the ceremony.

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BILL ARP'S WEEKLY LETTER.

A Few Random Remarks on the Dingley Tariff Bill.

EX-GOV. "MUDSILL HAMMOND" QUOTED.

It Was He Who First Said "Cotton is King"—William See's Prophecy Being Fulfilled—Adam Worked in a Garden, So Does Mr. Arr.

In my last letter I said that I did not know who first said "cotton is king." This admission of my ignorance seems to have surprised and awakened some of my Carolina friends and now I know from many sources that ex-Governor Hammond said it in a speech in the United States senate in 1858, during the debate on the admission of Kansas. It was a great speech, for he was a great man. It was a states right speech such as Calhoun might have made, and in it he said: "No, sir, you dare not make war on cotton—cotton is king. Until lately the bank of England was king, but last fall she tried to put the screws upon our cotton crop and was utterly vanquished—cotton is king." That speech gave much offense at the north and won for him the title of "Mudsill Hammond," for in it he said: "In all social systems there must be a class to do the drudgery of life—a class requiring but a low order of intellect and little skill. This class must have vigor, docility and fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you will not have that other and higher class which leads progress, refinement and civilization. This inferior class constitutes the very mudsills of society and of government, and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build except upon the mudsills. Fortunately for the south, she has a race adapted to that purpose. We call them slaves—a word discarded by ears polite—but you have a similar class at the north. Yes, you have it—it is there, it is everywhere, it is eternal."

I remember how the northern press scarified him for his mudsill speech, but he spoke the truth and it is still the truth, and more so for the mudsills are more numerous now in proportion to population. Almost everybody in this region is a mudsill, and if that Dingley tariff bill becomes a law the masses will all be mudsills for the privileged and protected classes. The common people of a nation can never prosper under a protective tariff until a man can lift himself up by the straps on his boots. Only the protected will prosper and they are but a small class compared with the unprotected. Even Mr. Atkinson, the Boston statesman, says the Dingley bill will prove a burden on the people and bring in but little revenue.

But I did not intend to branch off on this tariff question, though it is an alarming and serious one to the southern people, for we manufacture nothing to speak of. Everything in this room where I am writing came from the north. I have been working in my garden all day with northern tools and even the wheelbarrow has the stamp of "Grand Rapids" upon it. I didn't need to be a mudsill, but I am now and my hands are so cramped by digging and forking the ground that I can hardly hold the pen in my fingers.

But Senator Hammond did not use that word in any invidious sense. He did not mean to sling mud at anybody. He had built a mill on his farm and knew that it was necessary for the mudsill to be sunk deep down below the water and quicksand or else the floods would wash the mill away. Protection props will not protect the mill unless the foundation is laid deep and strong, and it is the toil and sweat of labor that makes our food and clothing. Labor is the mudsill—the foundation of society and government. Extinguish labor for a year or half a year or even a month and the Goulds and Astors and Vanderbilts would perish. We are told that there is never a week's supply of food in New York and those millionaires couldn't ride and wouldn't walk to the west after it. I am mighty sorry for these rich and helpless people. Just let the trains stop running and the cooks quit cooking and all the butchers and bakers shops be closed for lack of supplies and all the horses get out of food what would become of the millionaires in New York city? They would be as helpless as a painted snip upon a painted ocean. They would be like Mr. Rouss, who says he will give any man a million dollars who will restore his sight. The mudsills must not be dishonored, for they are the only class who are fulfilling destiny, for the Lord said to the man, "by the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread." Yes, I am a mudsill right now, and if it is a curse it brings a blessing with it. I work hard at manual labor and get all over in a sweat of perspiration, as Cobz says, and I feel proud of my day's work, and Mrs. Arr gets off her matronly dignity and walks out to see what I have done and condescends a few remarks of approbation. That satisfies me till next morning, when I work some more before breakfast—work makes me forget to brood over little troubles and it gives me a good appetite and my food digests and I sleep better and snore less and don't cry out with the nightmare. It is a blessed privilege to be a mudsill, a horny-handed son of toil, for it secures good health and brings a man nearer to his Creator, for he was made out of dirt and unto dirt he must return. Adam worked in a garden and so do I. Eve stepped around and smiled on Adam while he toiled and so does Mrs. Arr smile on me. So let the tariff roll on. It won't affect what I raise in my garden, I repeat.—BILL ARR in Atlantic Constitution.

Death of a Money Miser Whose Room Was a Curio Shop.

Excentric John Weisbrode, of Cumberland, Md., is dead. He had lived as a recluse and was eccentric to the utmost degree. During his illness he refused medicine until this morning, when he took the first dose in his life. Mr. Weisbrode was a native of Germany. He leaves a sister, residing in New York, and a niece by marriage, Mrs. Maggie Weisbrode, a widow, living in Cumberland. He owned a store building on Center street, nearly opposite the city hall, which he rented, living in rooms in the rear. He also owned a city lot, which he cultivated, raising tobacco, besides vegetables. He was reputed to be worth \$25,000, but he lived in squalor.

Rescued From Beneath Thirty-Five Feet of Earth.

John Gamble, of Montague, will have a thrilling story to tell to his great-grandchildren of an experience that befell him Saturday.

At 9 o'clock that forenoon Gamble was at the bottom of Mr. Clapp's well cleaning it out, when, without warning, the walls caved in. A force of men at once rushed to the spot and began digging. No one ever expected to see Gamble alive again, yet each man worked as if his own life depended upon his efforts. Along through the darkness of the night they toiled, and one by one the rocks and spadefuls of earth were lifted from above Gamble's resting place.

At 2 o'clock a. m. they were down thirty-five feet with the digging when the man at the bottom of the excavation was astonished to hear groaning from beneath his feet. With a shout the men renewed their efforts and tore the stones away. Gamble was found in a crouching position against the lower stones of the well. The falling walls had formed a low arch just above him, thus saving him from being crushed and furnishing him space for breathing. He was alive and conscious, but very weak, and was taken tenderly up and restoratives applied. In a short time he recovered and was placed in bed. The bruises on his body will disable him for a few weeks. The village was never so awfully worked up, and many wept with joy when Gamble was found to be living.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Deed of a Brave Mother.

The almost miraculous escape from a horrible death of Mrs. H. Kirke White, editor of the *Owosso* (Mich.) Press, and her three-year-old son, has been a matter of general conversation at that place. In company with Mrs. C. W. Loring and her little boy, they went to Burton to spend the afternoon with a friend. Returning to the depot after dusk, they were obliged to cross the railroad track. Mrs. White's son started down the track, and stepped into the cattle guard at the side of the road. He was unable to extricate himself, and the train was fast approaching. Mrs. White rushed to his rescue, loosened the boy's feet and threw him off the track just as the locomotive struck her. After the train had passed she was found lying on the road bed between the rails. She was brought home on the train, and medical attendance summoned. Beyond severe bruises and the shock to the nerves she was all right. The boy escaped with a bruised shoulder.

A Hat Size.

A size in hats is one-eighth of an inch. According to the English method, the smaller diameter of the head is taken at the starting point. One-eighth of an inch increase in the shorter diameter makes a little more than three-eighths in circumference. The French and German hat makers have a rule slightly different from this.

Big Soap Bubbles.

Everybody has tried, at one time or another, to make soap bubbles, which, you know, is quite easily done by means of a pipe, a straw or a small tube of some sort. But everybody does not know how to make bubbles as big as your head. We are going to tell you how to do it.

Take a piece of ordinary wire and place it around the body of a bottle, drawing it close and twisting the ends together to form a handle to the ring thus made. Having prepared the soapy water, adding a little sugar to make it stronger, dip the wire ring into it and then take it out carefully.

You will see that the ring has, on the inside, a thin covering of soapy water. Hold the ring upright before your mouth and blow gently but steadily against the center of the soapy skin, when it will begin to swell out into a pocket, which will grow larger and



BLOWING SOAP BUBBLES.

larger until it finally detaches itself from the ring in the shape of a big bubble, beautifully tinted with all the hues of the rainbow. And the bubble thus made will last for some time.

Having become familiar with this method of blowing bubbles, try another class you that other and higher class which leads progress, refinement and civilization. This inferior class constitutes the very mudsills of society and of government, and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build except upon the mudsills. Fortunately for the south, she has a race adapted to that purpose. We call them slaves—a word discarded by ears polite—but you have a similar class at the north. Yes, you have it—it is there, it is everywhere, it is eternal."

I remember how the northern press scarified him for his mudsill speech, but he spoke the truth and it is still the truth, and more so for the mudsills are more numerous now in proportion to population. Almost everybody in this region is a mudsill, and if that Dingley tariff bill becomes a law the masses will all be mudsills for the privileged and protected classes. The common people of a nation can never prosper under a protective tariff until a man can lift himself up by the straps on his boots. Only the protected will prosper and they are but a small class compared with the unprotected. Even Mr. Atkinson, the Boston statesman, says the Dingley bill will prove a burden on the people and bring in but little revenue.

But I did not intend to branch off on this tariff question, though it is an alarming and serious one to the southern people, for we manufacture nothing to speak of. Everything in this room where I am writing came from the north. I have been working in my garden all day with northern tools and even the wheelbarrow has the stamp of "Grand Rapids" upon it. I didn't need to be a mudsill, but I am now and my hands are so cramped by digging and forking the ground that I can hardly hold the pen in my fingers.

But Senator Hammond did not use that word in any invidious sense. He did not mean to sling mud at anybody. He had built a mill on his farm and knew that it was necessary for the mudsill to be sunk deep down below the water and quicksand or else the floods would wash the mill away. Protection props will not protect the mill unless the foundation is laid deep and strong, and it is the toil and sweat of labor that makes our food and clothing. Labor is the mudsill—the foundation of society and government. Extinguish labor for a year or half a year or even a month and the Goulds and Astors and Vanderbilts would perish. We are told that there is never a week's supply of food in New York and those millionaires couldn't ride and wouldn't walk to the west after it. I am mighty sorry for these rich and helpless people. Just let the trains stop running and the cooks quit cooking and all the butchers and bakers shops be closed for lack of supplies and all the horses get out of food what would become of the millionaires in New York city? They would be as helpless as a painted snip upon a painted ocean. They would be like Mr. Rouss, who says he will give any man a million dollars who will restore his sight. The mudsills must not be dishonored, for they are the only class who are fulfilling destiny, for the Lord said to the man, "by the